



SHRINES TO SPEED







AS IS EVER SO ON THE ROAD

BY BROOKE LYNN MCGOWAN

IN PLACE OF A FORWARD: YOU JUST HAVE TO EXPERIENCE IT

On a dark night in the middle of the 20th century, architect-turned-artist Tony Smith found himself in a car, with three students from New York's Cooper Union, trespassing on the yet unfinished stretch of the New Jersey Turnpike, across the industrial landscape of "stacks, towers, fumes, and colored lights" between Meadowlands (exit 16) and New Brunswick (exit 9). No lights, no lines, no shoulder markers, no railings led the way. Nothing could be seen except the endless expanse of the ever on-coming dark pavement, the short throw of the headlights, the sweeping outline of the windshield: framing an experience which escaped art. "This drive was a revealing experience. The road and much of the landscape was artificial, and yet it couldn't be called a work of art. On the other hand, it did something for me that art had never done,"¹ wrote the artist in 1966.

This experience, Smith described, as not only formative but also foundational, even defining, to his future art practice. He continued, "The experience on the road was something mapped out but not socially recognized. I thought to myself, it ought to be clear that's the end of art. Most paintings look pretty pictorial after that. There is no way you can frame it; you just have to experience it." In describing this experience—which was once immersive and illusive to representation—which was not an object, but a phenomenon of duration, as fleeting as it was endless—which could not be captured in tableau—Smith described the inspirational referent for the sculptures he would call 'presences'—and what fellow Minimalist sculptor Judd would nominate in his own practice as 'specific objects'.

Certainly, for Donald Judd, as for Smith, this duration, and thus experience, marked the nature of a new approach to sculpture as "open and extended, more or less environmental"³. Critic Michael Fried called it exhaustion, or rather an aesthetics of the inexhaustible. He states, "Like Judd's Specific Objects and Morris's gestalts or unitary forms, Smith's cube is always of further interest; one never feels that one has come to the end of it; it is inexhaustible. It is inexhaustible, however, not because of any fullness... but because there is nothing there to exhaust. It is endless the way a road might be." He continues "Endlessness, being able to go on and on, even having to go on and on, ...for example, by the repetition of identical units (Judd's 'one thing after another'), which carries the implication that the units in question could be multiplied ad infinitum. Smith's account of his experience on the unfinished turnpike records that excitement all but explicitly."⁴

The ever augmenting mathematical calculation of Judd's form ad infinitum has previously been understood in art historical discourse as an extension of the perennially culpable 'grid'—the foregrounded and formalist prime-mover in Modernism. As writer Jorg Heiser notes, "The grid itself is anything but a New World invention... the myth of the ever-expanding West produced the idea of its implicit infinity. The bars of the grid delineate and endlessly multiply the surfaces—building façades, billboards, factory frontages, streets, even landscapes. Seen through the window of a ... car ...travelling straight as an arrow to the horizon and beyond."⁵

From 'excitement' to 'energy rush': what Smith's account of driving on a road at night does explicitly state is that the highway, and in fact the automobile itself, presents its own framing device for an ever increasing velocity of experience. The 'plain surface' not only could be but in fact is Tony Smith's undifferentiated and ever-receding expanse of dark pavement; this 'three-dimensional energy rush' is an aesthetic encounter 'seen through the window of a car'. Thus, Smith's impression of his nocturnal episode on the unfinished Turnpike is one which betrays the deep filiation between postwar art practice and a key essence of late modernity, that of the automobile, acceleration, and the vast infrastructure networks—today marked by virtual 'highways', framed in the same persistent metaphoric language.

For this exhibition, *Shrines to Speed*, the experience which 'cannot be framed' not only comes to inform an artistic inquiry on the car, the road,

and a culture of ever-increasing acceleration, emergent from the work of multiple, renowned postwar and postmodern artists, from around the globe. Each extending the discourse of the icon of modernity that is the automobile in both its aesthetic and cultural dimensions: in its seduction of escape and the open road, in its violence and potential for danger, in its unique engagement with landscape; and in its ultimate expression of a new exalting and endless experience of speed, excitement, energy ... 'travelling straight as an arrow to the horizon and beyond.'

FROM THE CRASH TO THE DEATH DRIVE

It all began with a crash. The year is 1963. President Kennedy is assassinated in Dallas, Texas. US carmaker Studebaker ends production. And Andy Warhol—the son of Slovakian immigrants, whose mother would gaze upon him for hours as he slept, even as an adult, whose work founding the pop movement is credited with pre-figuring celebrity culture, reality TV, even social media—gave an interview with G. R. Swenson, in a series that the young critic pursued in order to attempt to define what we still do not understand today: what is this art that went 'pop'. Swenson asked the same question of each practitioner. Publishing his interview in November that year, he enquired to Warhol, "What is pop art?" The artist responded, "I think everybody should be a machine. I think everybody should like everybody." The critic responds, "Is that what Pop Art is all about?" "Yes, it's about liking things."⁶

Indeed, this fantasy of a mechanistic, embracing, yet impervious state of being crossed with the embodiment of commodity form, informs the very work *Car Crash* (unique silkscreen on paper) upon which the exhibition *Shrines to Speed*, according to curators Alexander Heller and Vivian Brodie, was first based. *Car crash*, part of a body of works commonly referred to as his *Death* and *Disaster* paintings, composed between 1962 and 1964, including infamous images of Elizabeth Taylor, Marilyn Monroe, car wrecks, and electric chairs. When asked about this group of works, the artist responds, it is not the extraordinary nature of this disaster, which beckoned the artist to enshrine it into a work of art, but rather it's utter banality: its affect of non-effect. "Did you see the *Enquirer* this week? It had 'The Wreck that Made Cops Cry'—a head cut in half, the arms and hands just lying there. It's sick, but I'm sure it happens all the time [...] But when you see a gruesome picture over and over again, it doesn't really have any effect." He blithely adds, "My next series will be pornographic pictures. They will look blank."⁷ Such purported insensitivity on the part of the inert masses to the travesties of their own society, or 'blankness', announces, for Warhol, at once the alienating gesture of mediation upon the visceral desire for lived experience, and the disavowed attraction to trauma or destruction as *itself* a form of desire. Or, in fact, the mode of desire formation in late capitalism. It is this dialectic between affect and interest which structures their approach to the economy of the image in relation to the violence and seduction of the automotive mythos, which is not a pure product separable from the urges of soft human flesh, but itself built upon structures of fantasy, fetish, and ideological cultural form. Where joy and terror cross paths: the car, the crash, and the speed of the open road collide.

The culture of the car is built on not only the fantastic, but bound by a seeming primordial desire for speed, at the service of a persistent sublime. The car as both visceral experience and scopic regime, endows the individual with the possession of mastery over time and space, which "plays key role in secularizing supernatural and relocating it in the everyday."⁸ This 'need for speed' points to a deeper and more elusive psychological urge located on the level of the id, the preconscious, in the form of a drive, either infantile, erotic or both. As Schnapp notes,

fundamental ... anthropological ... features of rapid motion's association with pleasure, power, and joyous fear, that is, appear to qualify as trans-historical and transcultural facts. Since time immemorial, children have felt the fascination with fast moving objects; spun themselves dizzy [...] simulated crashes and smash-ups. [...] Whatever their nature or gender contours, [such childhood intoxications] readily translate into a wide variety of adult pleasures and pursuits. [...] The convergence contributes to an *erotico-transcendental* characterization of speed that seems to be nearly universal. Velocity is attributed to sovereign

and supernatural elements [...] to forces of nature [...] and to the movements of the heavens. When and if mortals partake of it, velocity’s effect is rapturous either in the calamitous sense [...] or in the metamorphic sense.⁹

That rapture is the excitation of a thrill that is speed, often resulting in the calamity of a crash, such as with Warhol, fate for the pretenders to the divine, which is not ‘traumatic’ as such but either by turns voyeuristic, thrilling, or banal, or, and for Schnapp’s purposes, a sign of self-transformation—*metamorphosis*. Thus the fetish emerges and the car is not not only “a prosthetic extension of self”¹⁰ facilitating locomotion and conquest, but also, “the vehicle, by means of which rapture is accomplished becomes at once the image of a transfigured self, an object of desire in its own right, and the crystallization of desire’s logic of excess.”¹¹ This excess is the crash.

This excess is also, for the father of psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud, the death drive, that incessant enigma of the movement towards self-annihilation, which unbridled acceleration, mythological or otherwise, invites, tempts, if it does not bring into being. For Freud this *Thanatos*, or death instinct presents an existential opposition against *Eros*, the sexual or life-giving instinct. Yet Freud comes to assign these theoretical foes at duality, even dialectical complicity. “The libido has the task of making the destroying instinct innocuous, and it fulfills the task by diverting that instinct to a great extent outwards [...] The instinct is then called the destructive instinct, the instinct for mastery, or the will to power. A portion of the instinct is placed directly in the service of the sexual function”.¹² Elsewhere, Freud calls this the “Nirvana principle”¹³ —an agent of rapture. In either case, it is considered the complicit, dialectical source of all motivations and drives in the latent unconscious, as well as a wellspring for compulsive repetition. If Schnapp does not pathologize the ‘trauma’ of the car crash, and if Warhol finds it banal, if that is, *it doesn’t really have any effect—or affect*—this because the hole in the psyche already exists—the *death drive*—by which the car—as either subject, object, or apparatus—of experience is not rejected, but in fact luridly celebrated.

Or as Paul Virilio suggests in *Negative Horizons*, ideology finds a way: “the multi-lane motorway inscribes the procession of convoys in the crossing of conquered landscapes.” Describing this “Victory of the sequencing”,¹⁴ he continues, “Let us disabuse ourselves of any illusions, we are here before the true ‘seventh art’, that of the dashboard”, adding, “the vanishing point becomes a point of attack sending forth its lines of projection onto the voyeur-voyager, the objective of the continuum becomes a focal point that casts its rays on the dazzled observer, fascinated by the progression of landscapes.”¹⁵ It is a call to arms. Or to engines.

DISABUSE US OF OUR ILLUSIONS

By a ‘victory of sequencing’, which is the act of appropriation art itself, it is Richard Prince, in *Shrines to Speed* which disabuses us of our illusion of the triumphant personal mastery of the landscape, perhaps in even the future, and time itself, which the ‘car’ is meant to suppose. Indeed, in the battle between subjective and collective desire, which is also the contest between the authentic and the ironic, Prince calls it: you have already lost. The artist answers the myth of victorious individuation, with the lure of the abandoned and enclosed. There is no landscape. No vanishing point. No voyeur. In *Untitled (Van Door 3)*, modernist heroism dissolves through self-incrimination. Prince’s cast resin and fiberglass work presents itself in the aesthetic mode of a wall-based and minimalist monochromatic gesture at the end of painting, (said to have occurred some thirty years prior to the fact of the work’s creation), yet this bas-relief of the plebian backside of an Econoline transport vehicle evidences, like the photograph, the form of an imprint, whose *punctum*, or psychic ‘prick’ according to Roland Barthes, recalls for the viewer tales of kidnapping and the occult: Polly Klaas as much as Lolita.

And the reference is not displaced. Richard Prince’s modus operandi of appropriation, a strategic and subversive response to the myth of authorship as the bearer of the cross of value in response to the demand of privatized capital in the investment in art, abducts the original context of the image, or in this case, form. Further, though Prince’s retrospective at the Guggenheim in 2007 may have taken on the title of *Spiritual America*, this was no less the title of the artist’s exhibition of appropriated images of

a ten-year-old pre-pubescent naked Brooke Shields, in 1983 on New York’s lower east side. This imagery on the level of accusation, but the finger is not pointed at the artist, but the at the original and unconscious drives of a society which found such images somehow appropriate for display at all.

Yet it is this gap, the *between* of the logic of display as an instrument in the myth-making in later 20th century media culture—*driven, consciously as well as unconsciously*—which informs the space of practice for Prince, as well as, in terms of other works of the post minimalist era included in *Shrines to Speed*—whilst the car and the road are the ideological image apparatuses or interruptions tout court. In terms of the signifying mechanism of the image, in his case the photograph, Barthes posits a psychoanalytical affect to the image, understood as part of a two-part structure endemic to photography itself. Gazing upon what he calls an un-extraordinary photograph of political rebellion on a South American street, Barthes confides, “Did this photograph please me? Interest me? Intrigue me? Not even.” His interest rather “derived from the co-presence of two discontinuous elements”.¹⁶ These elements he goes on to name, the *studium*, or study of the image, i.e. the information it might convey as documentation or witness, and the *punctum*, the latter, is a form of disruption, or wound. “The second element which will disturb the studium, I [call] punctum; for punctum is also: sting, speck, little whole. A photograph’s punctum is that accident which pricks me (but also bruises me, is poignant to me).” For Warhol, this informs the image of the crash—the accident—per se; for Tony Smith, this is the accident of an experience; for Prince, as for Ruscha and Baldessari, it is an effect of the affect—through the mythological romantic, and visceral *drive*—the culture and landscape of the road.

“It took a Russian-born writer to awaken us to what Mark Twain knew” Landon Jones notes in a recent article for the *New York Times* following the footsteps of Vladimir Nabokov across open plains, through truck stops, and seedy motel parking lots—those landscapes of banality—of these United States. “America is not a place; it is a road.”¹⁷ As the protagonist of *Lolita* (a novel of which Prince owns an impressive 65 separate editions), in all his obsessive glory, ferrets his young cargo, Lolita, across the “crazy-quilt of forty-eight states, thousands of Bear Creeks, Soda Springs, and Painted Canyons” Jones states that Nabokov and his unreliable narrator encountered, from 1948 to 1953 during the period of the novel’s writing on a series of index cards, the “back-roads America: personal, intimate, ticky-tack and yet undeniably authentic.”¹⁸ This authentic as a yearned for discovery may indeed reflect the ‘lost’ work of Robert Diebenkorn as included in exhibition; *Untitled* (1956-1966) found amongst the artist’s piles of papers and locked desk drawers, presents to the viewer a small figurative painting of oil on canvas, with a linear blue 1950s classic cruising sedan stretching out on the landscape beneath a lavender sky. Quickly sketched and nearly abandoned to his history—in fact brought to the gallery posthumously and virtue of the artist’s surviving daughter—the image conveys, like Basquiat’s *Untitled (Cars/Tepees)* (1981), a refreshing naivety.

But this private experience, personal, intimate, perhaps even authentic, was neither that of Nabokov, nor Prince. Like the images of the nubile Miss Shields, and unlike Diebenkorn’s early and private compositions, Humpert Humpert’s confession, born of his experience of the road, also *speaks* for America, publically, and at *haute voix*, in a shouting, Romantic plea towards a past which cannot recuperated: “I was a pentapod monster, but I loved you. I was despicable and brutal, and turpid, and everything, mais je t’aimais, je t’aimais!”¹⁹ And yet, Nabokov adds elsewhere, “I’m sorry to have deceived you so much, but that’s how life is.”²⁰ This is Prince’s ironic urge: to the discovery of an intimate or authentic America, but a mining of the ‘inauthentic’ within the pretense of authenticity—in fact the sexual within the communal, the affect within the social, the destruction within creation—the slippage within the myth. It is about a form of belief.

The *would be* encounter with the authentic, crossed with the ideological functions of landscape, and the interruption posed by the specular vehicle which is the car, repeats itself in the landscape based works of conceptual artist Baldessari’s *National City* (1996/2009), as well as pop provocateur Ruscha’s iconic *Every Building on Sunset Strip* (1966), both artists denizens of the LA Americana, each work included in the present exhibition. In the latter case, Prince reflects on Ruscha’s work in a stream of consciousness commentary:

Every Building On Sunset Strip, published in 1966, is exactly what the title says. It is every building on Sunset Strip. The book is 27 feet long, an accordion of folded pages that collapse into a small square-like road map. Take the trip, past the Whiskey, where in a couple of years The Doors will be the house band. It’s a riot...

Ruscha didn’t photograph the buildings on Sunset Strip from a sports car. He stood in the back of a pick-up truck snapping away with a motorized camera. Each exposure was a way of coating, containing and surrounding his subject. Looking through the lens, he was ‘taking’ things that didn’t move. He was the one moving... There was no chance involved. If he didn’t get it today, he could always come back tomorrow.²¹

What Prince finds in Ruscha is at first an evidentiary regime, whose *studium* literally does what it says on the box: reveals to the spectator a 27-foot-long documentation of the entire length of one of Los Angeles’ most iconic byways at the heart of a moment in recent counter culture history of the American West.

Yet, at second look, what Prince also finds in Ruscha, like his own work, is a form of a theft: a calculated ‘taking’ of ‘things’ where ‘There was no chance involved.’ Yet ‘what’ of the bounty pirated in Ruscha is not a ‘thing’ at all: it is a landscape, ripped from the hands of ideological conceit and put to the service of the visual and scopic disruption of the *experience* of the car and the road—to the service, that is, of Freud’s (or perhaps Smith’s) ‘aesthetics of exhaustion’, as a work of art which is quite literally ‘endless the way a road might be’. The landscape which is intervened in, or ‘taken’ is not only the real—the time and place of the ‘The Whisky, where in a couple of years The Doors will be the house band’—but also of its representation. Recalling Tony Smith’s comment that after his *experience* of trespassing in a car on the unfinished Turnpike under the cover of night, after which “Most paintings look pretty pictorial”, he is speaking of an interruption in the framing of landscape in its roll as an ideologically informed mode of representation—where presentation ‘takes’ over for aesthetic distance. In this way, Ruscha, in his own ‘victory of sequencing’, appropriates the *medium* of landscape—in both its ideological and representational modes—to *present* what Tony Smith only describes—aesthetic interruption which is that of the car and the road. As Prince concludes in relation to the Ruscha work: “the visual sensation of the book suggests a trippy ambiance. We’re off to see the Wizard. The right side up upside down layout of the buildings presents both sides of the street... the white space in-between... the road space... the physical make-up is the experience itself. Are you experienced?”

IN PLACE OF AN AFTERWARD: NO TRESPASSING

Yet, if Ruscha necessarily repeats the sequential logic of the Tony Smith’s infinite experience or Paul Virilio’s ‘seventh art’, then Baldesaari replaces this numeric, additional logic with one of subtraction. National City, for the left coast exponent of conceptual art, was meant to be a personal, intimate, authentic experience—even on the verge of kitsch. In a 1992 interview, the artist states, “I had the idea that I would just lead a normal life in National City. You know, I’d get married and have kids, paint on weekends, teach high school, and that would be it.”²² However, for an artist known for his ironic pairing of word and image, composed in such a way as to point to, like Prince, the mode of communication of the image per se, *National City* (1996/2009), also the place of his birth, reveals the *punctum* implicit in the language of the image as the space of affect and absence, rather than repetition and irony.

For Roland Barthes, this is the instance of the famed Winter Garden photograph. “The photograph was very old. [...] The sepia print had faded, and the picture just managed to show two children standing together at the end of a little wooden bridge in a glassed in conservatory, what was called a Winter Garden in those days. My mother was five at the time [...] her brother seven.”²³ This photograph which Barthes discovers after the passing of his mother, of her as a child, contained for the theorist, “something like an essence of the Photograph,”²⁴ confessing, “I cannot reproduce the Winter Garden Photograph. It exists only for me. For you it would be nothing but an indifferent picture. One of the thousand manifestations of

the ‘ordinary’ [...] at most it would interest your *studium* [...] but in it, for you, no wound.”²⁵ As a series of eight photographs, Baldessari’s *National City* visually conveys as Godard says ‘not just an image, just an image’: the every ordinary, and like *Every Building on Sunset Strip*, utterly repetitive, banal picturing of suburban life as though seen from a passing car: the curb of a ranch style home, a strip mall, the arc of traffic lights. But a work which *uses* photography, a bulwark as void, a hand painted acrylic circle, dons each image, *subtracting* from the visual field, at once acting as the artist’s *punctum*, or site of the wound, which like the Winter Garden Photograph, cannot be shown, and inviting the viewer to fill in the withdrawn portion of the image with their own affect. As Baldessari notes, “I hired a sign painter to paint [...] for me and I’d purposely say to the sign painter, ‘I don’t want it to look decorative in any way but more like [...] ‘no trespassing’ signs.”²⁶ The artist’s reference is typological, but its inferences take wide metaphoric berth. We are being asked to keep out. But all interdiction invites transgression, the violation of the authentic.

What is left? A sublime subjective, a wound, a vector between nostalgia and transgression, or in a word: redemption.

Richard Prince: The American West
Richard Prince: The American West

^[1] “Talking with Tony Smith,” interview with Samuel J. Wagstaff, Jr., Artforum, December, 1966.

^[2] Ibid.

^[3] Ibid.

^[4] Michael Fried “Art and Objecthood” Accessed May 2016 (http://www.scaruffi.com/art/fried.pdf)

^[5] Jorge Heiser. “Dark Side of the Room” Frieze. March 4, 2002. Accessed May 2016 (https://frieze.com/article/dark-side-room?language=en)

^[6] G. R. Swenson ‘What is Pop Art?’ Art News (Nov 1963). Accessed May/ June 2016. (http://www.artnews.com/2007/11/01/top-ten-artnews-stories-the-first-word-on-pop/)

^[7] Ibid

^[8] Jeffrey Schnapp, “Crash (Speed as an Engine of Individuation) Modernism/ Modernity Vol 6, no 1, January 1999: pp 4

^[9] Ibid, 5.

^[10] Ibid, 5.

^[11] Ibid, 5.

^[12] Sigmund Freud “Economic Problem of in Masochism” Complete Psychological Works Of Sigmund Freud, Vol 19: “The Ego and the Id” and Other Works v. 19: pp 163.

^[13] Ibid, 160.

^[14] Paul Virilio, Negative Horizon: An Essay in Dromoscopy. London: Bloomsbury: 2008, p 56.

^[15] Ibid, 105.

^[16] Roland Barthes. *Camera Lucida*, 23.

^[17] Landon Jones. “On the Trail of Nabokov in the American West” New York Times May 24, 2016. Accessed May 2016 (http://www.nytimes.com/2016/05/29/travel/vladimir-nabokov-lolita.html?_r=0)

^[18] Ibid.

^[19] Vladimir Nabokov *Lolita* London: Penguin Classics, 2000.

^[20] Ibid.

^[21] Richard Prince. “Radio On” Accessed June 2016. (http://www.richardprince.com/new/radio-on/)

^[22] Susan Sollins. “John Baldessari: just an artist” July 2008. Art 21. Accessed May 2016. (http://www.art21.org/texts/john-baldessari/interview-john-baldessari-just-an-artist)

^[23] Barthes, 67.

^[24] Ibid, 73.

^[25] Ibid, 73.

^[26] Sollins.

Shrines to Speed

May 5 - July 9









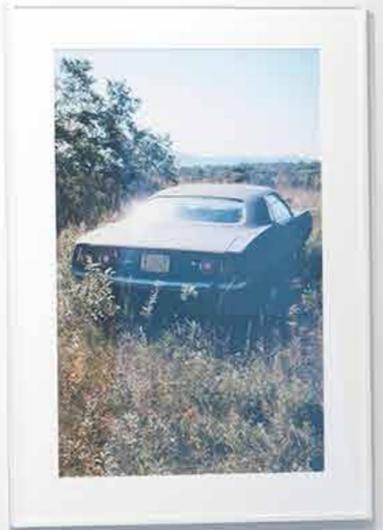


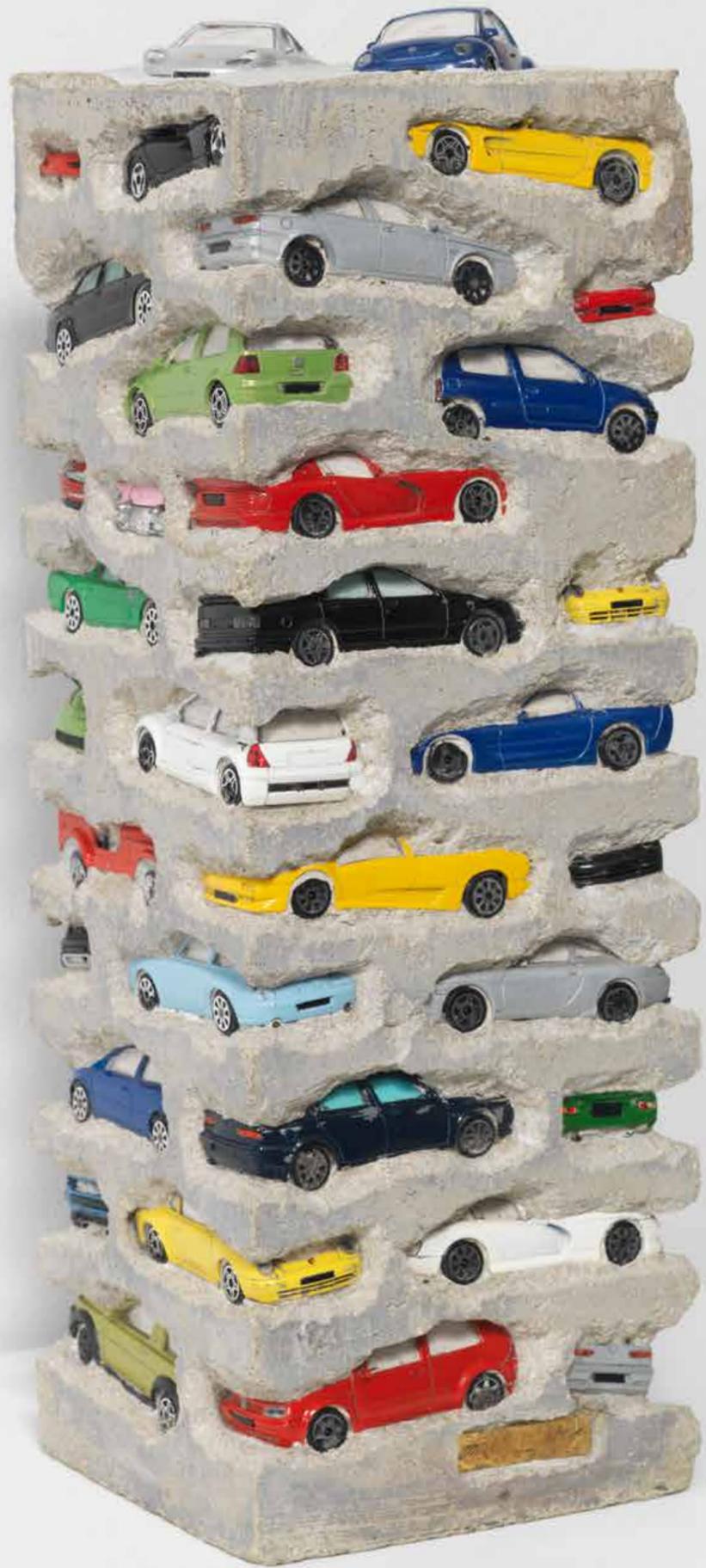


Shrines to Speed
May 5 - July 9

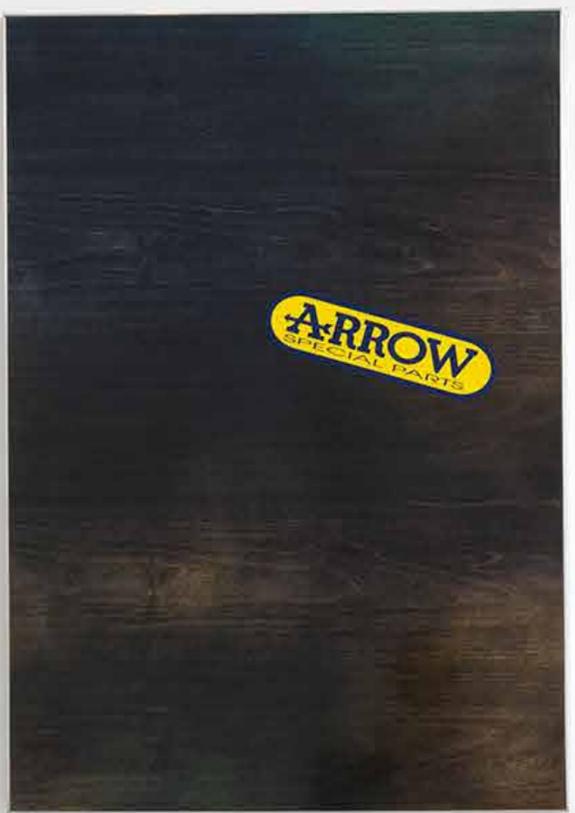


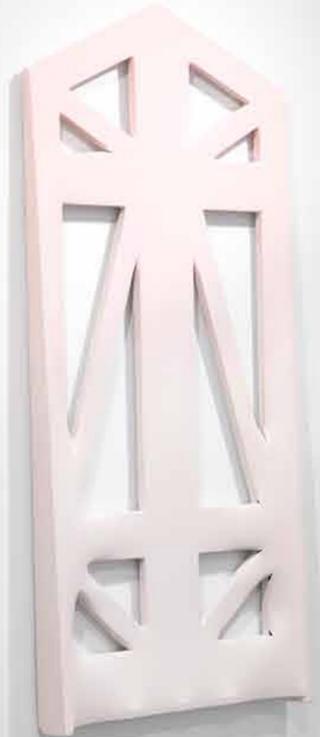


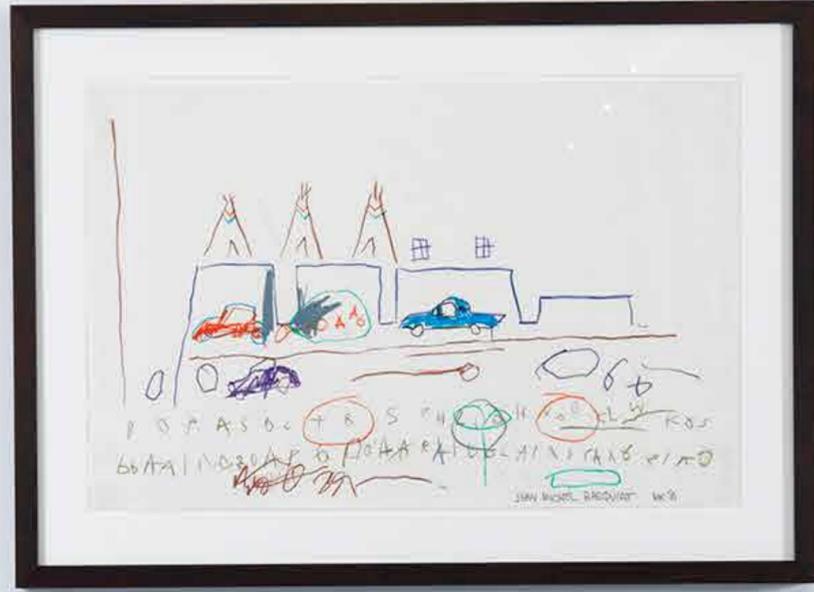












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Ron Arad
Pressed Flower Petrol Blue, 2013
steel, glass, leather, plastic & vinyl
90.5 x 145.125 x 7.125 in

ARMAN
Long Term Parking, 2001
Accumulation of toy cars embedded
in concrete block
18.5 x 6.3 x 6.3 in

Daniel Arsham
Obsidian Eroded Shell Sign, 2014
Obsidian, shattered glass, hydrostone
29 1/2 x 27 1/2 x 3 1/2 in

John Baldessari
National City (W,1,2,3,4,5,6,B),
1996/2009
Archival Ink Jet Photographs with
Hand Painted Acrylic
19.125 x 18.75 in
Edition 5/12

Jean-Michel Basquiat
Untitled (Cars/Teepees), 1981
Oil stick on paper
23 x 25 in

Robert Bechtle
Portero Golf Legacy, 2012
Oil on linen
41 x 59 in

Bruce High Quality Foundation
Stump, 2016
Auto grill, headlights, speakers,
motion sensor

John Chamberlin
Once Again Watson, 2001
Painted metal
37 x 52 3/8 x 28 3/8 in

Bruce Davidson
Brooklyn Gang (couple necking in
car), 1959
Gelatin Silver Print, printed later
11 x 14 in

Wim Delvoye
Untitled, 2007
Hand carved tire
32 x 32 x 7.5 in

Richard Diebenkorn
Untitled, 1957-66
Oil on canvas
14.25 x 19 in

William Eggleston
Untitled, 1974
Pigment print
30 x 24 in
Edition 2/10

Richard Estes
Roman Street Scene, 2013
Oil on panel
8 x 6 in

Nick Farhi

Nick Farhi, 2016
Oil on cotton
30 x 24 in
Louis Faurer
Champion (Man in Times Square
Staring), New York City, 1950
Silver gelatin print, Printed 1980
11 x 14 in

Sylvie Fleury
Skin Crime 6, 1997
Crashed car, enamel
31 x 29 x 141 in

William Gedney
Kentucky, 1964
Silver gelatin print
11.25 x 7.75 in

William Gedney
Kentucky, 1972
Silver gelatin print
6.75 x 10in

William Gedney
Kentucky, 1972
Silver gelatin print
10 x 6.5in

William Gedney
Kentucky, 1972
Silver gelatin print
10 x 6.75 in

William Gedney
Kentucky, 1972
Silver gelatin print
6.5 x 10 in

Williams Gedney
Kentucky, 1972
Silver gelatin print; printed 1972-73
7 1/4 x 10 5/8 in

Dennis Hopper
Double Standard, c. 1961
Silver gelatin print
16 x 23 x 13/16 in

William Klein
Selwyn, 42nd Street, New York, 1995
Silver gelatin print, printed later
15 1/4 x 11 3/4 in

Jeff Koons
Jim Beam Train, 1986
Stainless steel and burbon
7 x 15 1/2 x 6 1/2 in

Jacques Henri Latrigue
The Lion-Peugeot racing car, Louis,
Zissou,
on the road back from Gaillon to
Paris,
October 6, 1912, c.1963
Gelatin silver print
11.75 x 13 1/8 in

Arthur Leipzig
Hide + Seek, 1913
Silver gelatin print; printed later

11 x 14 in
Nate Lowman
Courtesy Professionalism Respect
(white), 2010
11 x 14 in

Nate Lowman
World of Interiors, 2014
Oil and alkyd on canvas
79 x 56 x 1.25 in

Jonathan Monk
Hide + Seek, 1913Rew-Shay Hood
Project XXC, 2008-09
Airbrush paint, two 1974 Chevrolet
Nova Hoods
55 x 51 x 3.5 in. each

Robert Olsen
No Title, 2007
Oil on panel
9 x 16 in

Ruth Orkin
Couple in MG, Florence, Italy, 1951
Silver gelatin print; printed later
11 x 14 in

Kaz Oshiro
Untitled (car bumper) 2001
Acrylic and bondo on stretched
canvas
5 x 74 x 14 in
Unique

Michael Andrew Page
Study of Curb-Stone Sculpture 1
Coloured pencil and ink on graph
paper
11 x 14 in

Michael Andrew Page
Study of Curb-Stone Sculpture 2
Coloured pencil and ink on graph
paper
11 x 14 in
\$800

Michael Andrew Page
Study of Curb-Stone Sculpture 3
Coloured pencil and ink on graph
paper
11 x 14 in
\$800

Michael Andrew Page
Study of Curb-Stone Sculpture 4
Coloured pencil and ink on graph
paper
11 x 14 in

Michael Andrew Page
Study of Curb-Stone Sculpture 5
Coloured pencil and ink on graph
paper
11 x 14 in

Michael Andrew Page
Study of Curb-Stone Sculpture 1
Coloured pencil and ink on graph

paper
11 x 14 in

Michael Andrew Page
Study of Curb-Stone Wall Sculpture 1-2
Coloured pencil and ink on graph paper
11 x 14 in

Michael Andrew Page
Study of Curb-Stone Wall Sculpture 3-4
Coloured pencil and ink on graph paper
11 x 14 in

Michael Andrew Page
Study of Curb-Stone Wall Sculpture 5-6
Coloured pencil and ink on graph paper
11 x 14 in

Michael Andrew Page
Foundering Ships, 2014
Each 39.37 x 27.56 in / 100 x 70 cm

Raymond Pettibon
The Bell In, 1989
Pen and ink on paper
14 x 11 in

Jack Pierson
Slow, 2009
Color photograph
10 x 8 in
Edition 100

Richard Prince
Untitled (Upstate), 2006
Chromogenic crystal archive print
38.75 x 26

Richard Prince
Girlfriend, From Cowboys and
Girlfriends, 1992
Ektacolor photographs
20 x 24 in

Richard Prince
Untitled (Van Door 3), 2007
Cast resin and fiberglass
54 x 55 x 5 in
Edition 3 of 3 + 1AP

Dana Powell
Isaac's Truck
Oil on linen
12 x 14 in

Dana Powell
Richfield, 2015
Oil on linen
12 x 14 in

Rob Pruitt
Totem 1 (Chrome) 2015
7 Chromed rubber tires
72 x 39 x 39 in

Robert Rauschenberg
Realm (Tracks), 1976
Clay, dirt, resin, and fiberglass with a
wet soil patina
30 1/4 x 36 3/4
Total castings, 18

Robert Rauschenberg
Shadow (Tracks), 1976
Clay, dirt, resin, and fiberglass with a
wet soil patina
29 x 36 in
Total casting, 18

Ed Ruscha
Every Building on the Sunset Strip, 1966
Self-published book offset lithograph
7 1/8 x 5 3/4 x 3/8 in

Blair Thurman
Goth Rocket, 2014
Acrylic on canvas on wood
56 x 26 x 3 in

Robert Williams
Untitled, 1979
Oil on canvas
19 x 24 in

Andy Warhol
Car Crash
Unique screenprint on paper
30 1/2 x 43 in

Andy Warhol
Untitled (Imperial Car Detail) 1962
Pencil on paper
18 x 24 in

Andy Warhol
Avante, 1962
Graphite on paper
18 x 24 in

Aaron Young
"Untitled" circa 2010
2 webster, 24K gold & brass
96 x 78.75 in

Published on the occasion of the exhibition

SHRINES TO SPEED

ART AND THE AUTOMOBILE

Co-Curated by Alexander Heller and Vivian Brodie

May 4 - July 9 2016

LEILA HELLER GALLERY.

568 West 25th Street

New York, NY 10001

www.leilahellergallery.com

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Carolina Nitsch Gallery

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