

WRONG

Appendix

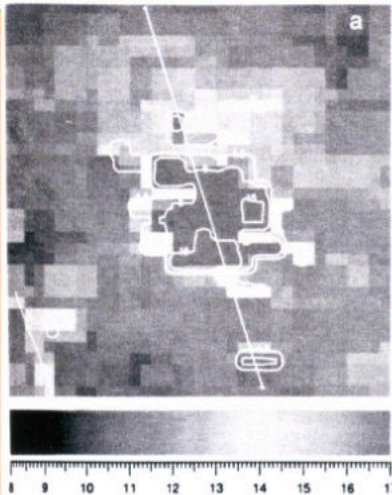
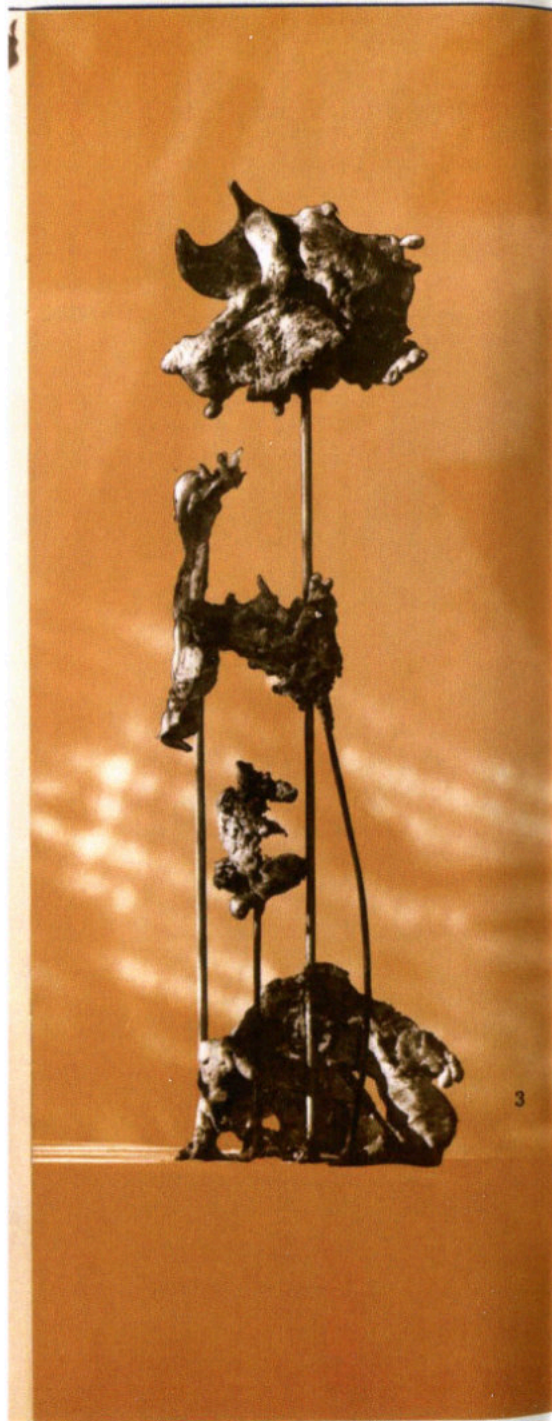
The Art of Communication as a Creative Act



Lauren Halsey: When I was in the architecture program at El Camino College in Torrance [2005–2010], I started taking more art classes, and intentionally thinking about where I live. I started documenting and collecting signs in South Central mostly because I had always been obsessed with local graphics and stylistic details like penmanship, color, fonts, etc. That turned into documenting specific names of churches and businesses, titles of knickknacks, and being pretty obsessed with grammar. Some of the mom-and-pop small-business names had a Southern feel similar to my grandmother's voice. I love that, the poetry. I can think of about five businesses that end in "thangs"—"Wings N Thangs," or "Rims N Thangs." I just like that as a portal into "thangs." A lot of it had to do with color and the freedom to experience Los Angeles, scale, outer space, car culture, church, signs, ice cream, my neighborhood's architecture in a way that was complicated and beautiful. I became obsessed with what people were making and selling on the bus, mostly because I was on it for a million hours to get to and from school. For example, a guy would walk on the bus slinging peach incense, or a guy would sell tree barks that he would paint, while someone else was selling hats with hand-painted glitter text that read "Queen" or "King." I was collecting all of this. I wanted everybody's hand in the archive I was accumulating. And at the time, I had no idea what I was doing with it. I began making these super-maximalist collages [Fig. 3].

ORIGIN, SHAPE EVOLUTION AND VARIANTS OF THE GANGSTER E

THOU HATH PASSED THROUGH THE
FIRST DOOR, TRAVELERS IN
TIME! THIS PRECIOUS FLOWER,
CREATED BY THY PSYCHONIC
ENERGY, SHALL BE PLANTED IN
OUR ETHEREAL GARDENS!



The L.A. riot from space

Here briefly then is the story of **66 Signs of Neon**, told primarily in the words of Noah Purifoy, who with Judson Powell, another artist, created the first of the art works and formed the nucleus of the dedicated group now involved:

"Judson and I, while teaching at the Watts Tower Art Center, watched aghast the rioting, looting and burning during the August happening. And while the debris was still smoldering, we ventured into the rubble like other junkers of the community, digging and searching, but unlike others, obsessed without quite knowing why.

"By September, working during lunch time and after teaching hours, we had collected three tons of charred wood and fire-moulded debris. Despite the involvement of running an art school, we gave much thought to the oddity of our found things. Often the smell of the debris, as our work brought us into the vicinity of the storage area, turned our thoughts to what were and were not tragic times in Watts; and to what to do with the junk we had collected, which had begun to haunt our dreams."

FALSE SILENCES
 I DONT SWEAT
 I HAVE NO ODOR
 I INHALE, DONT EXHALE
 NO URINE
 I DONT DEFECCATE: NO EXCRETIONS OF ANY KIND
 I CONSUME ONLY
 OXYGEN, ALL FOODS, ANY FORM
 I SEE, HEAR
 I DONT SPEAK, MAKE NO OTHER SOUNDS, YOU CANT HEAR MY
 HEART, MY FOOTSTEPS
 NO EXPRESSION, NO COMMUNICATION OF ANY KIND
 AN OBSERVER, A CONSUMER, A USER ONLY
 MY BODY ABSORBS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, EMOTIONS,
 SUCKS UP HEAT AND COLD
 SUPER REPTILIAN SOAKING UP ALL KNOWLEDGE,
 COMPACTOR OF ALL INFORMATION
 NOT GROWING
 I FEEL DONT TOUCH

 I HAVE NO CONTROL OVER THE KINDS AND QUALITIES OF THOUGHTS
 I COLLECT, I CANT PROCESS
 I CANT REACT TO OR ACT ON SENSATION
 NO EMOTIONAL RESPONSE TO SITUATIONS
 THERE IS NO REACTION OF INSTINCT TO PHYSICAL OR
 MENTAL THREATS
 YOU CANT REACH ME, YOU CANT HURT ME
 I CAN SUCK YOU DRY

 YOU CANT HURT ME
 YOU CANT HELP ME
 SHUFFLE THE PAGES
 FIND ME A LINE
 ARAPAHOE, ARAPAHOE
 WHERE DID YOU GO
 I BLINK MY EYES
 TO KEEP THE TIME

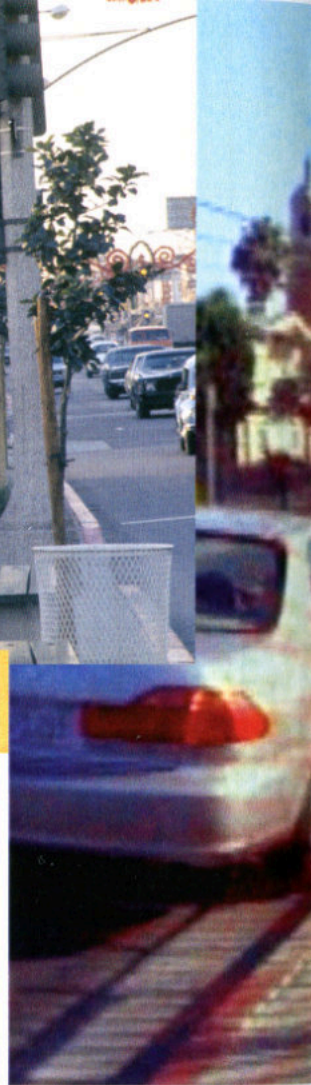
BUT MY OPTICS ARE CRYSTAL CLEAR AND MY REALISM

IS REAL AF

HOLLYWOOD(S): POWERS OF SIMULATION

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Hollywood ¹ | Social reality (slum) |
| HOLLYWOOD ² | Movie-made spectacle |
| HOLLYWOOD ^{3a} | Disney-MGM (Florida) |
| HOLLYWOOD ^{3b} | Universal (Florida) |
| HOLLYWOOD ⁴ | CityWalk (L.A.) |
| (Hollywood) ⁵ | Redevelopment project |





SOCIOLOGY AS A SKIN TRADE

In the early '70s, he walked away from what had become a signature style and began working with assemblage, partly following increased awareness of Duchamp, but also after looking at figures such as Dadaist / funk assemblage artists Noah Purifoy and John Riddle, who both made work from the detritus of the 1965 Watts riots in Los Angeles. The compound objects Hammons began fashioning now were at once aesthetically low and conceptually watertight. A series of works using spades, beginning with painting and moving into sculpture (see *Spade with Chains*, 1973, in which chains – themselves, of course, a contextually loaded material – hung from an inverted shovel create a semiabstract tribal mask) on one level refer back to the Duchamp of *In Advance of the Broken Arm* (1915), the snow-shovel readymade. They also probe Hammons's own admitted confusion about a racial insult: "I was trying to figure out why black people were called spades, as opposed to clubs. Because I remember being called a spade once, and I didn't know what it meant."⁶ Hammons acted out violence on his shovels: he hung them from trees, ran them over; for *Bird* (1973), referencing the nickname of Bebop genius Charlie Parker, he plunged a spade's handle into a saxophone's neck.

Send message

These were rhetorically powerful proposals and they haven't dated at all.

12.27.87

" & HE Shall Meet With
them in the Air "



2
A group of 'Nature
Boys', including
eden abbez
(front row, second
from left)
and Gypsy Boots
(back row, far left)
1948

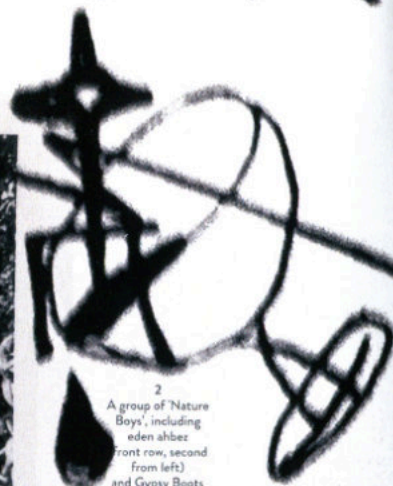
3
eden abbez
in front of a poster
for the Nat King
Cole version of his
song Nature Boy
1948

this point

8.8

EVEN ABBEZ NATURE BOY - 1948

I DO KNOW what
I'm DOING. I AM
A WALKING AWAKE.



Hauser & Wirth Los Angeles
18 July - 11 August 2019

Ein Foto, aufgenommen in Palm Springs, Kalifornien: darauf ein langhaariger, bärtiger Mann. Er sitzt auf einem Baumstumpf und spielt seine Slide-Gitarre. Um die Hüften trägt er ein lose geschwungenes Tuch. Im Hintergrund erkennt man eine einfache, mit Palmwedeln gedeckte und nichtbar selbstgebaute Hütte. Der Mann heißt William Pester. Schon seit vielen Jahren lebt er in der Wüste, macht sich seine Sandalen selbst und ernährt sich vorwiegend von rohem Obst und Gemüse. Man möchte diese Fotografie auf das Jahr 1968 datieren. Doch weit gefehlt. Wir befinden uns im Jahr 1917. Und Pester ist Deutscher.

Pester, genannt der „Eremit von Palm Springs“, floh 1906 vor dem Wehrdienst aus Deutschland in die USA. Er ließ sich zunächst in Palm Canyon nieder, wenige Autostunden östlich von Los Angeles. Dort unternahm er lange einsame Wanderungen durch die versengten San Jacinto Mountains; am Straßenrand verkaufte er selbstgemachte Postkarten mit Gesundheitsratschlägen im Geiste der deutschen Lebensreform-Bewegung, die im späten 19. Jahrhundert die Rückkehr zur Natur durch vegetarisches Essen, Naturheilverfahren und Freikörperkultur propagierte.

In den 1930er Jahren begegnete Pester bei einer dieser Wanderungen im Tahquitz Canyon eden abbez. Überzeugt, einen Geistesverwandten getroffen zu haben, nahm er sich als Mentor des Jüngeren an. abbez, der sein Pseudonym stets klein schrieb, da er der Überzeugung war, nur die Wörter „Gott“ und „Unendlichkeit“ hätten es verdient, groß geschrieben zu werden, war in eine verarmte Großfamilie in Brooklyn hinein geboren worden. Dank einer Landverschickungs-Aktion der Orphan-Train-Bewegung landete er schließlich bei Pflegeeltern im Mittleren Westen. Bevor er sich in Kalifornien niederließ, war er bereits auf den Geschmack der Freiheit und eines ungewöhnlichen Lebensstils gekommen: Schon acht Mal hatte er zu diesem Zeitpunkt das Land zu Fuß durchquert – zumindest behauptete er das.

Neben den Prinzipien der Lebensreform-Bewegung fielen auch andere Ideen aus dem deutschsprachigen Raum im Süden

1
William Pester
in front of
his cabin in Palm
Canyon, Palm
Springs
California
1917

A photograph taken near Palm Springs, California, depicts a long-haired, bearded man sitting on a tree stump playing a slide guitar. He's barefoot and wears a loose wrap around his waist. Behind him is a simple hut he built himself, covered with palm fronds. The man is William Pester. He's been living in the desert for years, making his own sandals and subsisting on a diet of mostly raw fruit and vegetables. Despite all this, it isn't 1968. It's 1917. And he's German.

Pester, known as the 'hermit of Palm Springs', left Germany in 1906 to avoid military service. He settled in Palm Canyon, a couple of hours drive east of Los Angeles where he took long solitary hikes in the bronze San Jacinto Mountains and sold homemade postcards at a roadside stand. These cards featured health tips gleaned from the philosophy of Lebensreform (life reform), the late-19th century German cultural movement that endorsed a return to nature through practices like vegetarianism, natural healing, and nudism.

Sometime in the 1930s, Pester met a fellow wanderer named eden abbez in Tahquitz Canyon. Recognizing a kindred spirit, Pester became a mentor to the younger man. abbez – who wrote his chosen name in lowercase because he believed that only the words 'God' and 'Infinity' should be capitalized – was born to a large, impoverished family in Brooklyn and sent by orphan train to live with foster parents in the Midwest. By the time he settled in California he had embraced the freedom of an atypical lifestyle, claiming to have crossed the country eight times by foot.

Besides Lebensreform, other Germanic ideas were finding fertile ground in early 20th century Southern California. Sexauer's Natural Foods in Santa Barbara, owned by German immigrant Hermann Sexauer, and the Eutropheon, a vegetarian raw food cafeteria in Los Angeles opened by John and Vera Richter in 1917, were centres for disseminating radical ideas imported from Europe. The communities that coalesced around such businesses shared not only dietary habits, but also an interest in learning about alternative health and lifestyle practices. They

shared books on naturopathy and healing by Germans like Arnold Ehret, who arrived in Los Angeles in 1914 after running the sanitarium at the Monte Verità community in Switzerland, Louis Kuhne a.k.a. the 'father of the detox bath' and Adolf Just, founder of the Jungborn vegetarian nudist colony and author of titles such as *Return to Nature! The True Natural Method of Healing and Living and the True Salvation of the Soul* (1896). Such figures promoted ideals that, over nearly a century, travelled from Germany to the deserts and tiny health food stores of Southern California, and, eventually, defined a spirit of 1960s counterculture.

This interest in alternative lifestyles was akin to a religious calling. John Richter regularly gave public lectures about the benefits of raw foods and natural living at the Eutropheon, while his wife Vera wrote cookbooks such as *Mrs. Richter's Cook-Less Book with Scientific Food Chart* (1925), which condemned the violent act of eating cooked animal flesh and offered chapters on sun-baked bread and 'soups for the toothless'. When not wandering the desert, eden abbez occasionally worked as a piano player at the Eutropheon, where he befriended a group of young men with similar views. They too cultivated long hair and beards, practiced vegetarianism and Eastern mysticism, and spent long periods of time in nature where they slept outside, roamed nearly naked, and foraged for food. They became known around town as the 'Nature Boys'.





and commentary. What does post-black mean, anyway? In a 2004 essay in *Artforum*, Ligon considers the trajectory of (black) artist David Hammons, who once said he wanted to make abstract work out of nothing but light, like (white artist) James Turrell, "but we're too oppressed for me to be dabbling out there." After making that statement, Hammons eventually did make a work of light—of black and blue light, full of certain associations if you knew his other work, but maybe not if you didn't. In response to Hammons's light installation, Ligon wrote: "It's hard to leave your body behind, especially when your body is always being thrown up in your face. But being heavy is a motherfucker. The question is: How to remove weight, to move toward lightness, as Hammons has?"



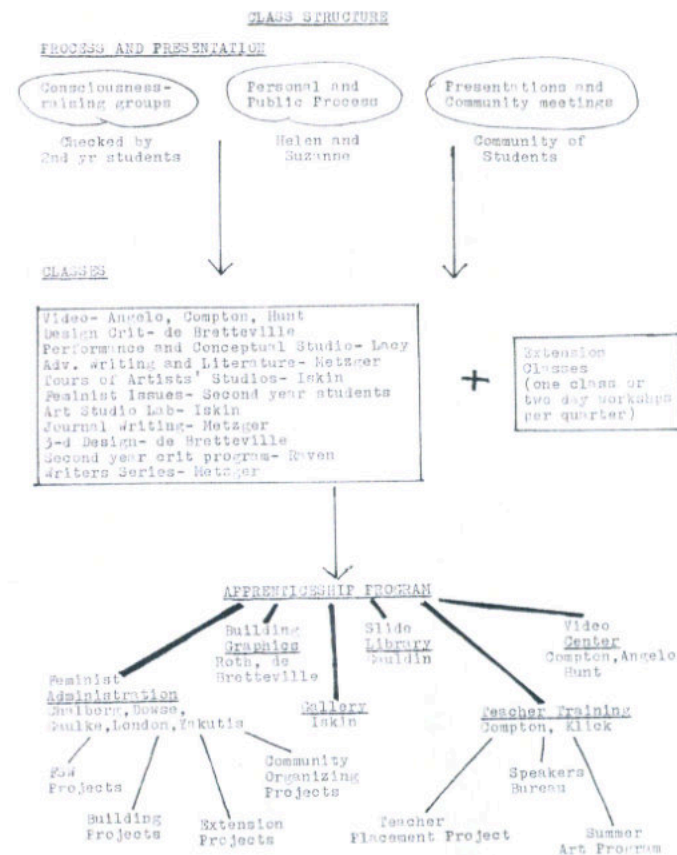


Abbildung 5.18.
 Diagramm eines Lehrplans für den Feminist Studio Workshop,
 1976, Washington, D.C., Smithsonian Institution, Archives of
 American Art, Women's Building records, 1972-1985.

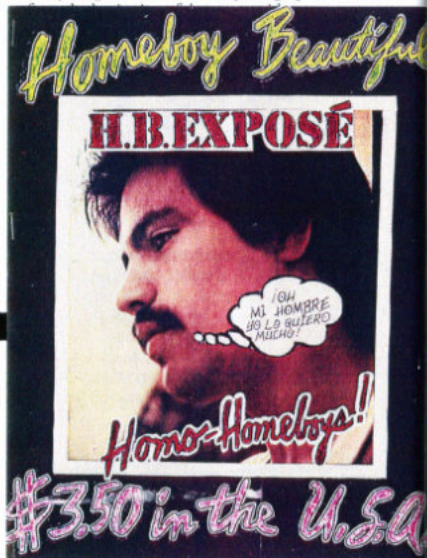




representing the summation of identity of Cholo letterforms.

On forums and blogs on the web, watos (Chicano «homies») write all their messages in capitals, like in classic Cholo writing. They use the 3 to replace the E, the 1 to replace the I when using system fonts for screen; but they haven't found (yet) a solution to represent the supposedly reversed gangster N. All these tricks are coming straight out of graffiti street practices and radically change the texture of a text online.

From what can be observed when comparing Howard Gribble's photographs



U.S. Geo. Burley E.I.E.
525 S. Wilson
PASADENA
CALIF.
91106

Knowing the Truth. F.E.M.A.

on the morning of Oct. 1st 600 D.D. 3:00 PM

the instrument that will prove another means to know of coming and what is through Divine Revelation. I make thushy you a prophet... in this mind eye I see two cities, the Angels, & teheran. the spirit that will come in fullness of time need not ~~not~~ be here, or there, but is yet a warning to the human race to wake-up, & do listen closely.

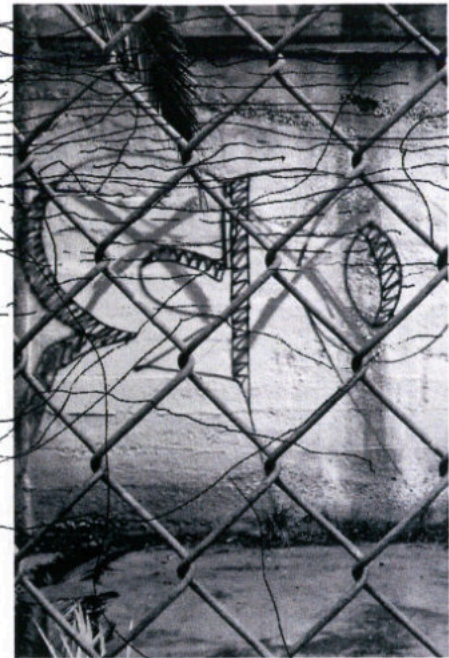
As for L.A, I see a great lake of sulfuric fire, or- online - intervention by spiritually willing it not to happen. the numbers on reverse is this given key - Behold it - I AM.

Press Release

55

This exhibition is dedicated to
Ornette
Coleman

Harmolodic
Thinker



that as an affirmation. Especially how powerful that stance is just blocks from what Crenshaw is going to become, a massive commercial development with market-rate condos and not so much affordable housing.

Then the "there" in the title is to sort of suggest whatever the destination is, whether it's San Bernardino, on the San Andreas fault line, which is a strategy—

LT: A strategy in what way?

LH: Many black and brown people are being pushed out of their neighborhoods, and they're taking secondary migrations to Victorville, Lancaster, and San Bernardino, where you can find cheaper homes and land for \$5,000, but on the San Andreas fault line. They're going to places that are going to be completely destroyed if and when there's a huge earthquake. So, we still here, there considers both the darkness of our time and our perseverance to continue on and to survive. We're resilient, especially as people who have survived slavery and systems meant to annihilate us. No matter where we go, we're still here, there.

LT: You have to believe that you can continue. It's a necessity.

LH: For sure. And, I totally know we're going to win. It's just a matter of time.

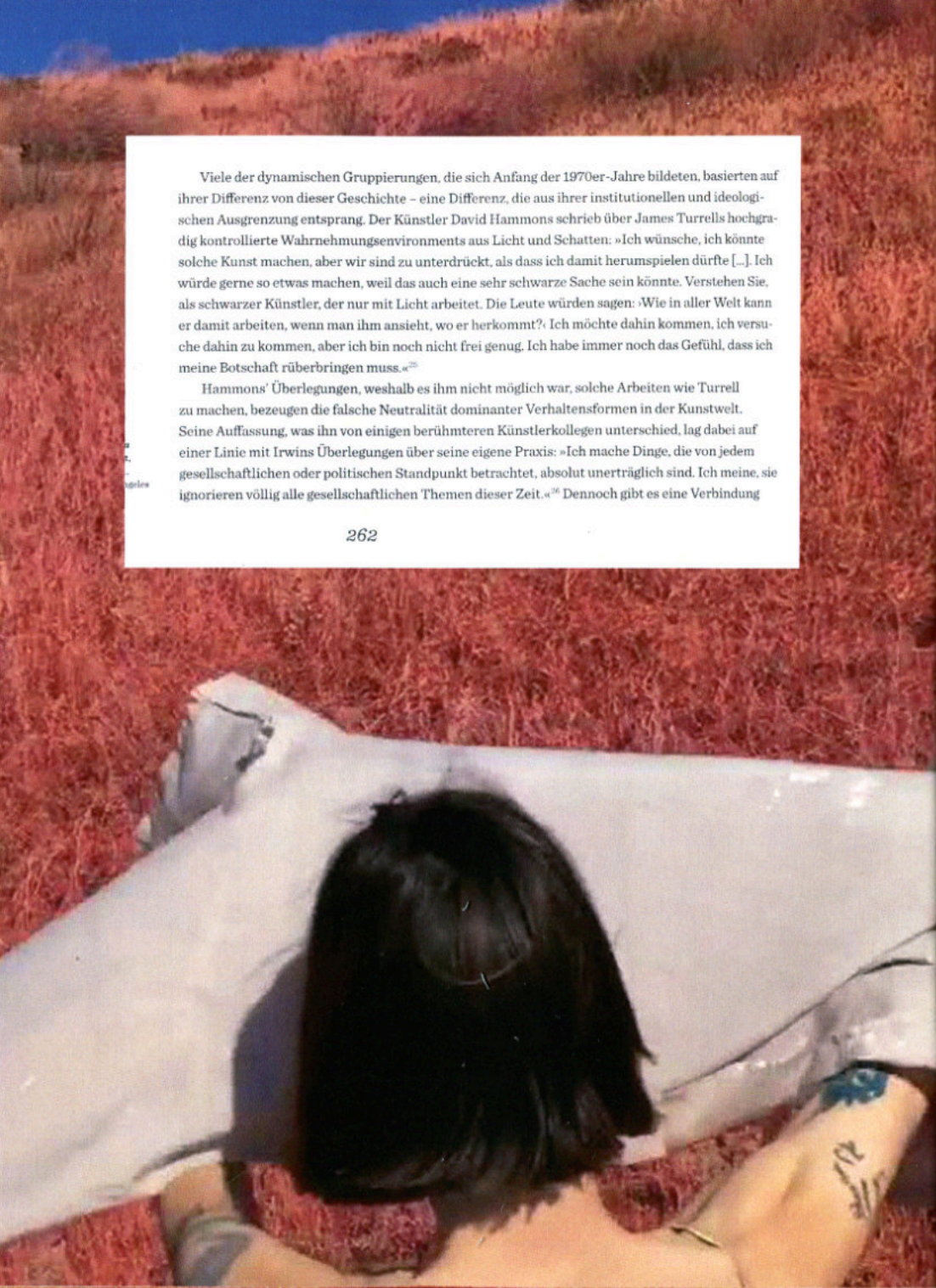


The ecology of fear

you know what? I've had it with
all these Mexicans & Niggers, & all
the gang & drug Bullshit. I've
put an anti-racist marker (☺) on the
mission. This zone, it's my will to
see them drop below sea
level.

Viele der dynamischen Gruppierungen, die sich Anfang der 1970er-Jahre bildeten, basierten auf ihrer Differenz von dieser Geschichte – eine Differenz, die aus ihrer institutionellen und ideologischen Ausgrenzung entsprang. Der Künstler David Hammons schrieb über James Turrells hochgradig kontrollierte Wahrnehmungsumgebungen aus Licht und Schatten: »Ich wünsche, ich könnte solche Kunst machen, aber wir sind zu unterdrückt, als dass ich damit herumspielen dürfte [...]. Ich würde gerne so etwas machen, weil das auch eine sehr schwarze Sache sein könnte. Verstehen Sie, als schwarzer Künstler, der nur mit Licht arbeitet. Die Leute würden sagen: 'Wie in aller Welt kann er damit arbeiten, wenn man ihm ansieht, wo er herkommt?' Ich möchte dahin kommen, ich versuche dahin zu kommen, aber ich bin noch nicht frei genug. Ich habe immer noch das Gefühl, dass ich meine Botschaft rüberbringen muss.«²²

Hammons' Überlegungen, weshalb es ihm nicht möglich war, solche Arbeiten wie Turrell zu machen, bezeugen die falsche Neutralität dominanter Verhaltensformen in der Kunstwelt. Seine Auffassung, was ihn von einigen berühmteren Künstlerkollegen unterschied, lag dabei auf einer Linie mit Irwins Überlegungen über seine eigene Praxis: »Ich mache Dinge, die von jedem gesellschaftlichen oder politischen Standpunkt betrachtet, absolut unerträglich sind. Ich meine, sie ignorieren völlig alle gesellschaftlichen Themen dieser Zeit.«²³ Dennoch gibt es eine Verbindung





But watching the red skies roil over the museum during a visit on Saturday afternoon made me wonder if Ruscha's piece doesn't also somehow evoke environmental disaster: A burning building in a field of green — disaster at the hand of man. That's it—my opinion of the future, do you give a fuck?

Peace

ICE /



The most peaceful time I ever experienced in South Central was during the riots. While everybody was looking for fires, we walked through the streets. Kids were setting shit on fire, people were smiling. Everybody was shaking each other's hands, feeling a camaraderie. It was as if the people had taken the city back. For those few days, it belonged to us and it was peaceful.

It was like the eye of the hurricane, chaos swirled around you but you were there, and it was so calm inside. Everybody on the outside said, "Oh, it's terrible down in there." But if you were one of the people inside South Central, it was beautiful. I was rolling through the neighborhood signing autographs.

When I drove back into Hollywood, I ran into members of Queer Nation, and they were fucking shit up. I started rolling with the Nation while they were yelling, "Fuck the police." It was the wildest shit in the world.