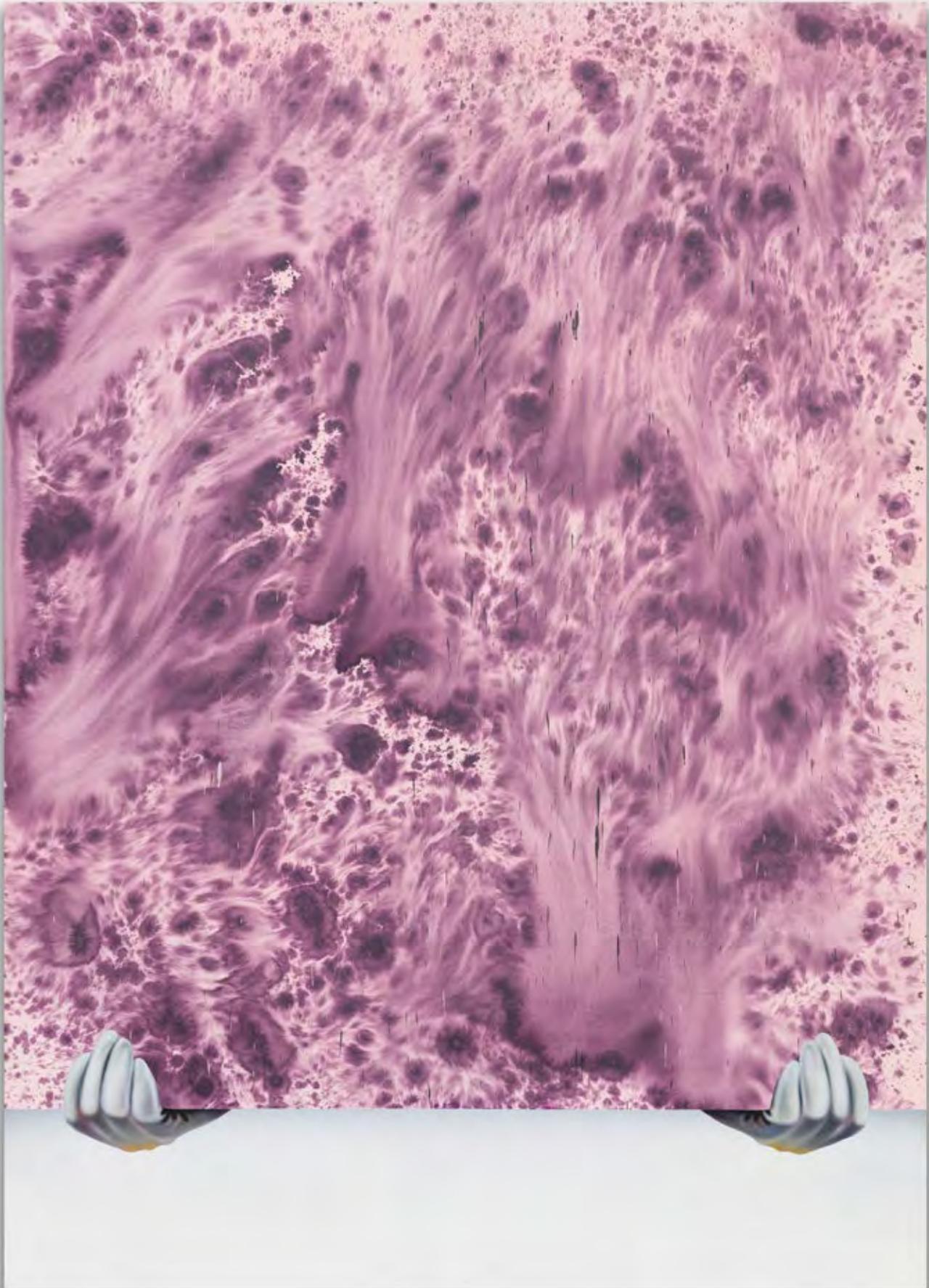
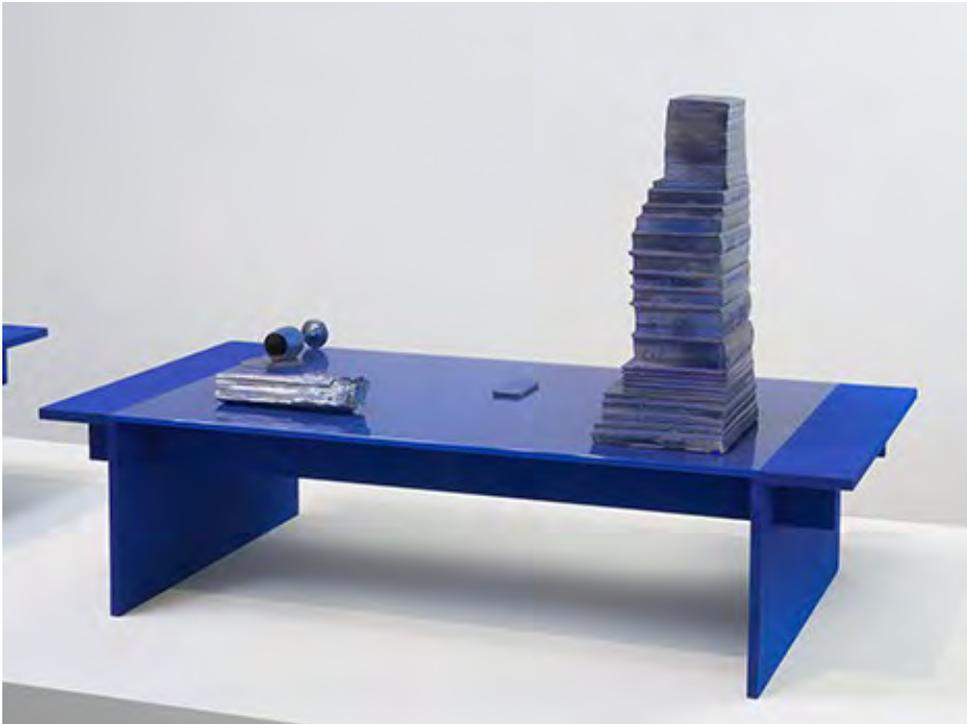


GHEBALY

SAYRE GOMEZ



ARTILLERY



Sayre Gomez, *Coffee Table in Ultramarine w/Objects*, 2014, photo by Robert Wedemeyer, courtesy of the artist and François Ghebaly, Los Angeles.

SAYRE GOMEZ

François Ghebaly Gallery / Los Angeles

Sarah Elbaum | January 6, 2015

Sayre Gomez's solo offering at François Ghebaly Gallery, "I'm Different," trumpets its title's adolescent battle cry across two galleries of new work. Speakers disguised as Froot Loop-hued boulders pipe in the Top 40 from every corner of "The Hypnotic Presence of Popular Music in Southern California," littering this large-scale multi-channel installation, Gomez's first, in a calculated clutter. On another of its Dante-esque levels of strip mall hell, black woodchips smother the floor of the gallery anteroom as an armless, faceless mannequin sits, knees touching in stoic angst, on a bench more fit for a food court.

Relieved of its responsibility to art, the installation takes on the exacting nature of a lab in its unforgiving study of things average. The songs overheard throughout the gallery are culled from Facebook-mogul Mark Zuckerberg's playlist on the music-sharing platform Spotify. Taking advantage of this social media hall of mirrors, Gomez exposes the aesthetics of the Internet itself: prismatic dispersion.

While the defining product of our generation is connectivity, the medium for connectedness remains intangible and almost mythic, with the embarrassing finiteness of data an unglamorous secret sealed away like Google's servers. As in a prism, reflection and diffusion dominate source and substance in our Internet age. As demonstrated in "Popular Music," cause is secondary to effect. What survives is a listless labyrinth, where windows open onto other windows.

Closed in on two sides by monochromatic paintings of windows, we are doubly drawn into this world of looking at and looking through. Kid-gloved hands raise a window in one painting, as a generic mountain vista asserts itself blandly the next painting over. This theater of gaze that also dictates the internet image banks from which Gomez gleans inspiration is coated in translucent layers of blues and violets. Colors thicken to incapacitating syrup in the next gallery, coating books, vinyl LPs, a smartphone and a spilled wine glass in situ on *Coffee Table in Ultramarine w/Objects*.

A cryptic Pompeii, these items of leisure encased in hardened plastic seem archaeological. We study them as if they are clues to a departed era; as art objects, we wonder if they've already gone extinct. This bloodless revolution of the ordinary walks us through a cultural graveyard. *Large Plinth with Records*, marbled in that deep blue, finally lets on. *Plinth*, as in pedestal, a devotional offering. If Gomez is building a shrine to a lost generation, then whose? In the age of mass customization, "I'm Different" is more war cry than catchphrase, a life raft in our culture of exposure: If only I could outlast the morbidity of the instantly shared image that makes relics of the present moment.

A salvaged window reinstalled by Gomez into the white gallery wall above, *Uww (Untitled window work)*, looks out only to black. Fingernail tracks are visible on the glass. In Gomez's world, there is no escape, no view; only a broken link.

ARTSEEN | SEPTEMBER 8TH, 2015

A Painted Horse by JOE SOLA

(with MATTHEW CHAMBERS, SAYRE GOMEZ, RUDY K. SLOBECK, and others)

by Liz Hirsch

TIF SIGFRIDS, LOS ANGELES | JULY 11 – AUGUST 8, 2015

Luminous autumn tones unfold across a surface divided by jagged diagonal bands. Streaks of fuchsia dissolve into lilac edged in silvery white beside umber patches gradually glowing orange, then chestnut. The effect recalls the hard-edged abstraction of the 1960s or the unusual geometries of a funky Mary Heilmann. But the painting isn't a typical wall work; rather, it is a living, breathing, softly snorting miniature horse named Riba, with an elaborately coiffed and dyed coat of hair. Los Angeles-based Joe Sola performs playfully through painting here and elsewhere, like the 2013 presentation of *Der Hintern in der Luft* (with Michael Webster), when he put a Laura Owens canvas through a wood chipper. Here Sola diverts his authorship, enlisting the hired, done-up horse to take the stage, following what Claire Bishop has referred to as “delegated performance:” participants perform their “authentic selves,” as distinct from the norms of theater or cinema, where a director hires an actor to portray a fictional character. Sola's intervention—foremost a deconstruction of painting—drops the “naturalism” of delegated performance, for a wild and crazy equine makeover, mocking posturing painters and collectors along the way.

Sola constructs a layered parody of trends here (successful in spite of itself and its overextensions), taking aim at zombie formalism, institutional critique, and interspecies communication. Assuming the mantle of an abstract painter, he critiques, through imitation, both the aesthetics of production and consumption of this genre, while experimenting with the incongruous addition of the zoological. It's Riba, as a good-natured burlesque, who saves the show from numbing cynicism. She appears neither perturbed nor impressed by her transformed appearance or surroundings, naively and effortlessly holding court. Process-fetish in particular gets funny here: vegan dyes (safe, temporary, and harmless, we're assured) manually massaged into Riba's skin gradually fade as she rubs up against human hands or other surfaces. As a painting, Riba is not exceptional. As a horse, she shines.



Joe Sola, *Hollywood Hills Living Room*, 2015. Pigment print on fiber based paper, 26 × 40 in. Edition of 3. Courtesy the artist and TIF SIGFRIDS.

Sola also prods at the premise that the desire for acquisition stops at the inanimate, utilizing contemporary tropes of collecting and specific motifs that might surface in the private home. The gallery space replicates the domestic interior of an imagined collector, complete with abstract paintings by other artists such as Sayre Gomez and Matthew Chambers. The walls are painted a deep, cool gray and the floors finished with Berber carpeting. A potted plant and a side table flashing antiquarian titles and bottles of gin and brandy greet visitors as they enter. A painted portrait on a bookshelf along the back wall imagines the likeness of the imaginary collectors. These props became performers just as the horse: a total performance distributed among actors live and inert. This clichéd portrayal of the wealthy, however, just doesn't carry far enough. Some barnyard references—a pile of hay in the corner and a wooden fence at the entrance—create a disconnect that's further muddled by the placement of the gallery staff front and center at a boardroom style table. Moreover, the dealers are instructed to focus conversation on Riba alone, and hesitate to identify the other artists on the walls, a kind of un-collector-like approach as far as I can tell. The horse hovers semantically between these three environments—home, barn, and gallery—providing a welcome distraction from the other conceptual antics. As if anticipating this

disconnect, a series of large format prints of Riba taken in other homes and locales have the feel of an editorial assignment; they attempt to extend the context of the project to other sites, while serving as added performance documentation.

You might characterize A Painted Horse more readily than usual as an “exhibit,” (increasingly a passé term, as it smacks of the exploitative 19th century connotations of early museology). As Sola alludes to in his selection of the synthesized miniature horse breed, exotic animal displays go back centuries, but the novelty of “animal as readymade” is also not new within contemporary art. Sola’s gesture nods to Jannis Kounellis’s 1969 Untitled (12 horses) (recently restaged in New York to the protests of animal rights activists) while altering it cosmetically as Pierre Huyghe did in his work, Human, a pink-legged dog. Others have instrumentalized non-human life forms, like Maurizio Cattelan (donkeys) and

Bjarne Melgaard (tigers), or on a much smaller scale Anicka Yi (bacteria). What is the relationship between Sola’s work and that of other artists? They may be informed by the anthropocene turn of recent cultural theory, and an interest in social structures and authority, but they also verge on spectacle. Sola doesn’t seem to mind this inevitability—his ornamented horse is nothing if not amusing. Despite the distractions, this fun still does rub off on you, like the vegan dyes.



Installation view: Joe Sola, A Painted Horse (with Matthew Chambers, Sayre Gomez, and Rudy K Slobeck, and others), TIF SIGFRIDS, July 11 - August 8, 2015. Photo: Gina Clyne Photography.

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

FRANÇOIS GHEBALY/NIGHT GALLERY, Los Angeles

October 10–November 22, 2014/October 10–November 15, 2014

Share

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 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*



1 View of Sayre Gomez, "I'm Different," François Ghebaly, Los Angeles, 2014.



2 View of JPW3's "32 Leaves, I Don't The Face of Smoke," Night Gallery, Los Angeles, 2014.



3 JPW3, *Marco Polio Portfolio*, 2014.



4 JPW3, *ZZ Craps*, 2014.



5 View of Sayre Gomez, "I'm Different," François Ghebaly, Los Angeles, 2014.

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.

Jonathan Griffin is a freelance writer based in Los Angeles and a contributing editor for *frieze* magazine.



6 Sayre Gomez, *Hypnotic Presence of Popular Music in Southern California*, 2014.



7 Sayre Gomez, *Untitled Painting, II*, 2014.



8 Sayre Gomez, *Generation Gap*, 2014.



9 View of JPW3's "32 Leaves, I Don't the Face of Smoke," Night Gallery, Los Angeles, 2014.



19,359 Followers

New York, NY, United States

[FOLLOW](#)

FEATURED BY ARTSY

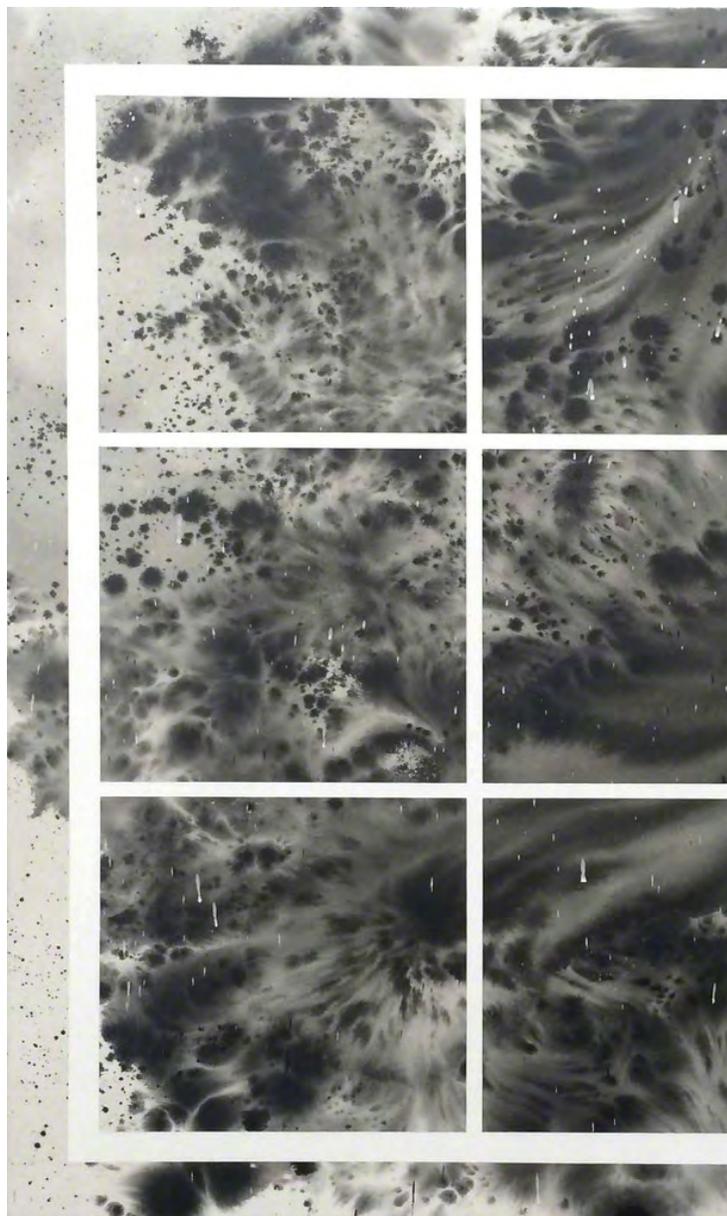
A Window into the Foreboding World of Sayre Gomez's Dark Paintings

ARTSY EDITORIAL

7 HOURS AGO

In [Sayre Gomez's](#) new exhibition "[I'm different II](#)" at [Parisa Kind](#), the artist combines formal design elements with a sense of foreboding and the unknown. Gomez's evocative paintings are aesthetically consistent, but his elaborations on them are ever-changing. In effect, the works feel mutable and their impact differs piece to piece, even when they appear very similar.

In *Untitled Painting in White With Window Motif (02)* (2014), a powerful gust of pigment moves over the canvas, melting into contusions and splotches of black against a neutral background, like a violent swathe of tie-dye. This is repeated to slightly different effect in *Untitled Painting in White With Window Motif (01)* (2014), which displays more watery blotches and bull's-eye formations of pigment. In both these works, the crisp geometry of a window frame sharply contrasts with its abstract background. *Untitled Painting in Blue With Window Motif* (2014) continues the style with a splotched background in deep ink-blue and black, the window only a slightly lighter blue, so that it almost bleeds into the rest of the painting. The effect of the layered blue paintings is more intense than that of his black-and-white works; the blue paintings are easier to be lured into, whereas the latter ones seem to block the viewer out through the sharp contrast of their gridded motifs. There's something uneasy about these images—perhaps in the clash between the



Sayre Gomez
Untitled Painting in White With Window Motif (02), 2014
 Parisa Kind

[CONTACT GALLERY](#)

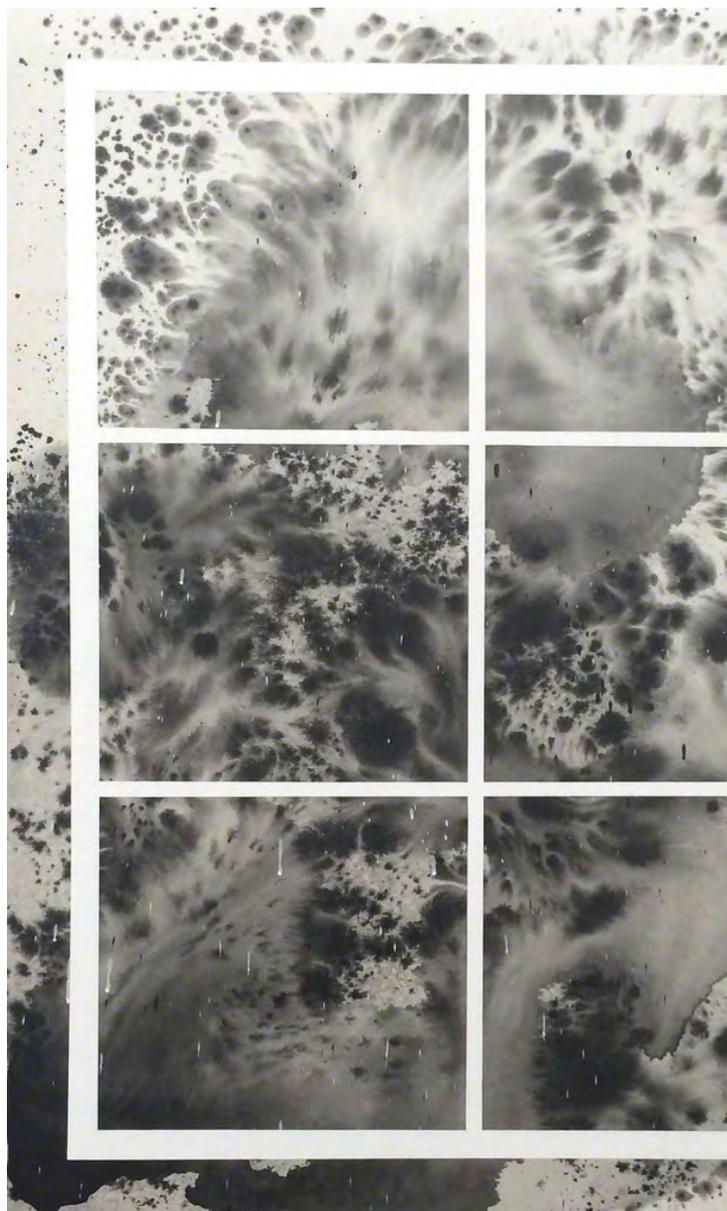
formless, bold backgrounds and the severe lines making up the window. The rigid form of the windows feels like an oppressive imposition on the rampant patterning behind it.

Gomez's window theme continues in his "Thief" paintings, centering around one ominous set of white-gloved hands lifting a window from its sill. The hands reach out from the inside, suggesting the crime has already been committed. The image is spooky and difficult to place in terms of time or cultural context—it's reminiscent of a pulp horror comic from the '80s or the notably eerie moments in early Disney films; in fact, Gomez lifted the image from Facebook. Since 2011, the "Thief" series has evolved and its motif has been altered in many ways: in one, the image appears upside down, in another the hands are stretched and distorted, and in the work featured in his exhibition at Parisa Kind, the picture is mirrored and bathed in dusky purple. Each subtle change deeply alters the tone and atmosphere of the painting.

—Makiko Wholey

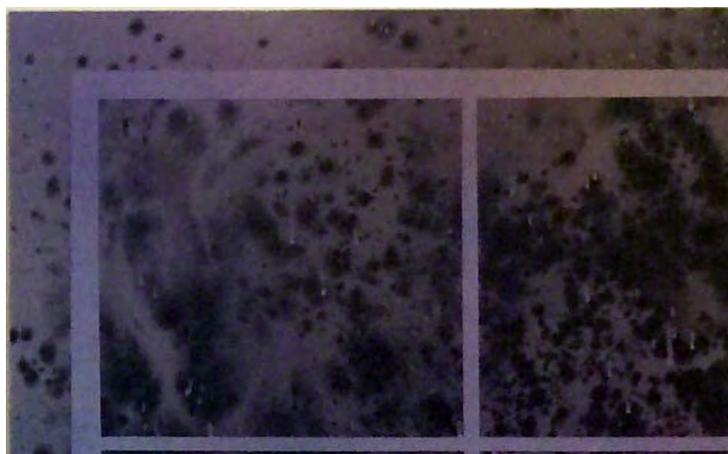
"I'm Different II" is on view at Parisa Kind, Frankfurt, Nov. 14–Dec. 20, 2014.

Follow Parisa Kind on Artsy.



Sayre Gomez
Untitled Painting in White With Window Motif (01), 2014
 Parisa Kind
 SOLD

SOLD



Review Sayre Gomez at Francois Ghebaly Gallery



Christopher Knight

LOS ANGELES TIMES

christopher.knight@latimes.com



Sayre Gomez, installation view of paintings and sound sculpture (Christopher Knight / Los Angeles Times)

NOVEMBER 10, 2014, 5:00 PM

Paintings by Sayre Gomez read as mash-ups of Sigmar Polke's photographic dissolutions with Yves Klein's patented pigment, International Klein Blue. At Francois Ghebaly Gallery, one group of them is installed in a regimented row on the far side of a bleak field of wood chips spread across the floor – a ruined garden observed by an armless blue mannequin seated on a blue bench.

Polke pulled the plug on photography's authority as the dominant form of contemporary fictive imagery, making paintings whose photographic emulsions intentionally fade or darken into oblivion as time passes. And Klein's intense cobalt color became an ironic signature; an anonymous hue that nonetheless branded his paintings and sculptures as uniquely his. Gomez toils in related fields, which have only gotten murkier in our virtual world.

The paintings show windows that appear to be opening, closing, reflecting light or catching raindrops or dirt on the surface. An autumnal landscape is repeated twice, in two slightly different configurations side-by-side.

In an adjacent room two blue coffee tables hold cast-sculptures of stacks of books, a spilled wine glass, a cellphone and an iPad. A tall plinth nearby crosses the monolith in "2001: A Space Odyssey" with a John McCracken plank-sculpture to form a case to hold obsolete vinyl records – all of them painted blue. And back in the field of wood chips, a dozen rock-shaped audio speakers murmur with the sounds of music said to have been compiled from a playlist made by Facebook honcho Mark Zuckerberg.

The assembled objects, analog or virtual and each distinct but working together as a whole, creates a tone poem of imaginative figments that are unlikely to be seen in this specific gallery configuration again. The clunky mannequin, which transforms a carefully conceived experiential environment into a distanced theatrical tableau, is the only misstep in Gomez' otherwise wonderfully strange and ambitious mixed-media installation.

Francois Ghebaly Gallery, 2245 E Washington Blvd., (213) 304-5062, through Nov. 22. Closed Sun and Mon. www.ghebaly.com

Twitter: [@KnightLAT](https://twitter.com/KnightLAT)

Copyright © 2014, Los Angeles Times

Artweek.LA

L'idée Fixe: John Divola + Sayre Gomez + Joe Goode

Mon, Jul 16, 2012

A group exhibition featuring a single work by each artist, which examines the window as the fulcrum upon which each one balances the internal and the external; representation and abstraction; and the abject and the sublime. Through August 4 at Steve Turner Contemporary.



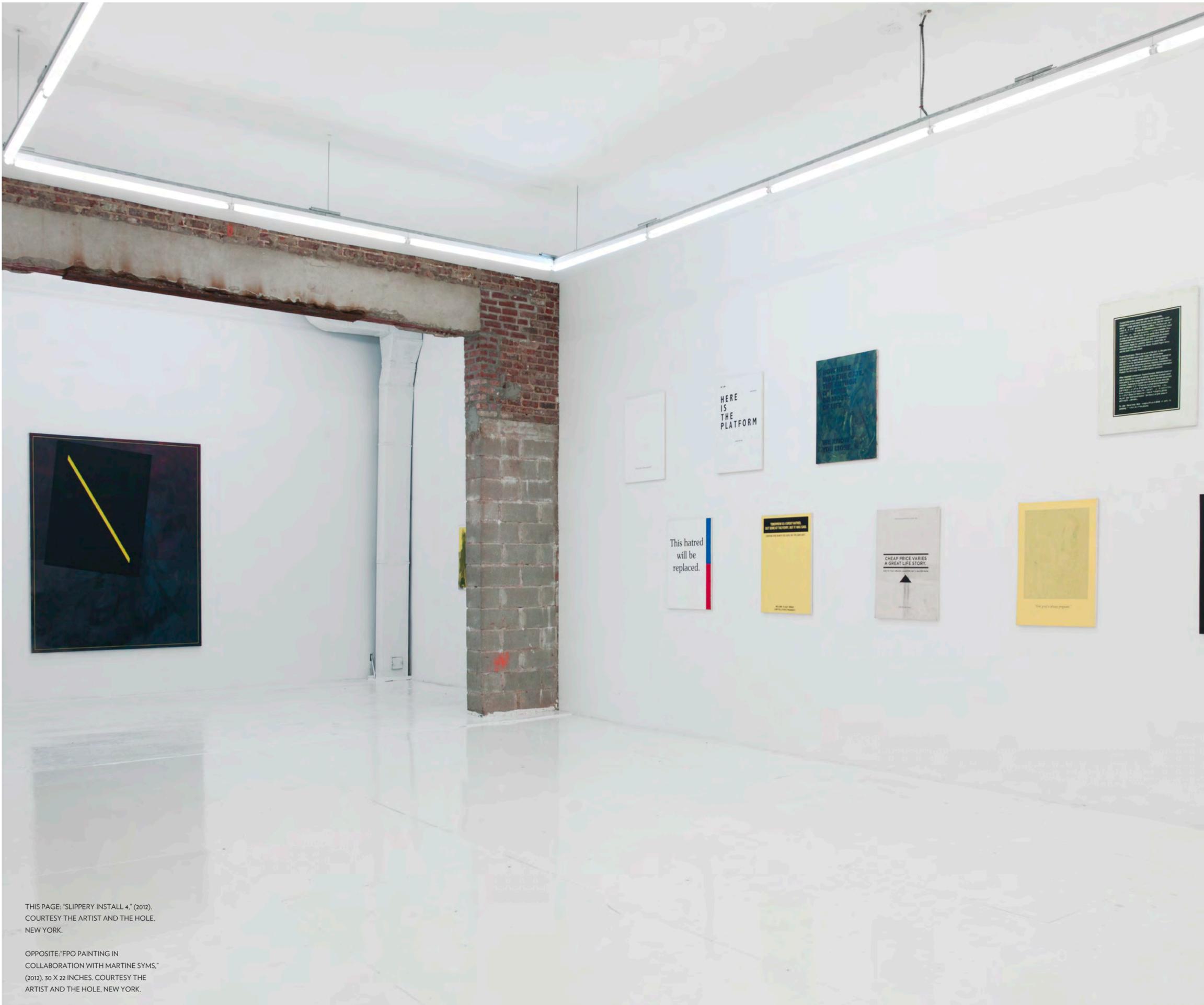
L'idée Fixe, which translates as “fixed idea” or “obsession,” refers to a 1927 René Magritte painting of the same title in which the artist used the convention of the window to present four clearly demarcated vignettes—a forest, a cloudy sky, a hunter and an apartment’s façade. All the works included in this exhibition consider the window as a frame, collapsing two visual experiences into one. This framing mechanism creates an illusion, inviting viewers to be entranced by an abstracted image while suggesting that there is an entirely different experience beyond the wall on which each work hangs.

John Divola’s photograph is from his Zuma Beach series in which the artist spray-painted the interior of an abandoned beachfront property which became the foreground for capturing a series of spectacular sunsets. The color gradients of the sky meld beautifully with the dilapidated interior, thereby conflating notions of the beautiful and the abject.

Sayre Gomez presents an architectural intervention, which will consist of a window installed directly into the gallery wall. In so doing, the work will expose a second window that was covered by the initial build-out of the gallery. The piece will allow natural light to filter into the room, light that is partially obscured by a tinted film that the artist distressed and applied to the inside of the installed window. In this work Gomez refers to both the history of abstraction and the legacy of the readymade.

Joe Goode offers a painting from his Vandalism series in which the surface of a painted blue sky is torn and scored to expose its underlying substrate. In this series, Goode continues to explore vandalized planes through painterly means. The tears within the painting cause a rupture in the vibrant field of blue, revealing the materiality of an otherwise perfect image. By intention, the piece is framed under glass so one may see one's own reflection within the painting, an experience resembling that of looking through a window.





THIS PAGE: "SLIPPERY INSTALL 4," (2012). COURTESY THE ARTIST AND THE HOLE, NEW YORK.

OPPOSITE: "FPO PAINTING IN COLLABORATION WITH MARTINE SYMS," (2012), 30 X 22 INCHES. COURTESY THE ARTIST AND THE HOLE, NEW YORK.



SAYRE GOMEZ

WRITTEN BY SHANA NYS DAMBROT

Sayre Gomez has no boundaries—at least not when it comes to art. His versatile and recombinant uses of media, materials, and genres from collage to painting, drawing, sculpture, installation, found objects, reproduced images, and all the permutations in between exist within a “conceptual framework of complete flexibility. I want to have a practice that is limitless. I’m not so interested in what an artwork means, but rather how it means.”

Originally from Chicago, Gomez attended the School of the Art Institute of Chicago before heading for postgraduate studies at CalArts, and never left LA; and in many ways, the story of that education is still very much in play. “SAIC is a much bigger school, and the faculty is older, more rooted in formalism; whereas CalArts doesn’t even divide the disciplines. There aren’t any painting ‘classes,’ only critiques. The CalArts model is completely conceptual. Formal concerns are seen merely as conduits to articulate ideas. I’m always looking for ways to collapse these kinds of contradictions.”

Gomez frequently explores the role architecture plays when viewers encounter objects and construct meaning in context. With a taste for painting gallery rooms in saturated, emotionally affecting colors, or obscuring central images in layers of abstract gesture and deconstruction, Gomez has worked in sculpture, installation, painting, video, assemblage, and combinations thereof, moving between ideas and visual lexicons with capricious sure-footedness and reliance on intuition. However there are some powerful recurring motifs as well—such as windows, both as objects and metaphors. “I saw some really beautiful windows [as I exited] the highway one day, and I noticed that the tinting film used to make them opaque was falling apart and you could see through in parts. Looking at them as abstract paintings, I realized that they’re perfect for me. They’re pictorial and fit into a history of illusion and representation, and at the same time they reference the readymade, all while re-enforcing my interest in how framing informs perception.”

He takes a similar approach to his highway-ramp epiphany with text and found images, trawling Facebook or Tumblr for pictures that appeal aesthetically and speak to our new composite, very public way of constructing identity. “Images exist as abstractions to me; and I tend to use pictures that dodge legibility and are themselves difficult to read, as a way of challenging viewers’ expectations.” He favors English translations of Lorem Ipsum, the algorithmic dummy text used as surrogates before designers receive actual content. “If you translate it to English you get really bizarre word combinations. So the text I use functions very similarly to the images—you can read them, but you’re not quite sure what they’re saying.”

His search for materials goes global in 2013, as he wraps up a show at NYC’s The Hole and looks to group shows in the Springs at London’s Paradise Row and Spain’s Mallorca Landings. In Summer, he’ll co-organize a group show at LA’s Night Gallery, then it’s back to his home base with a new body of work with François Ghebaly in Culver City in the Fall.