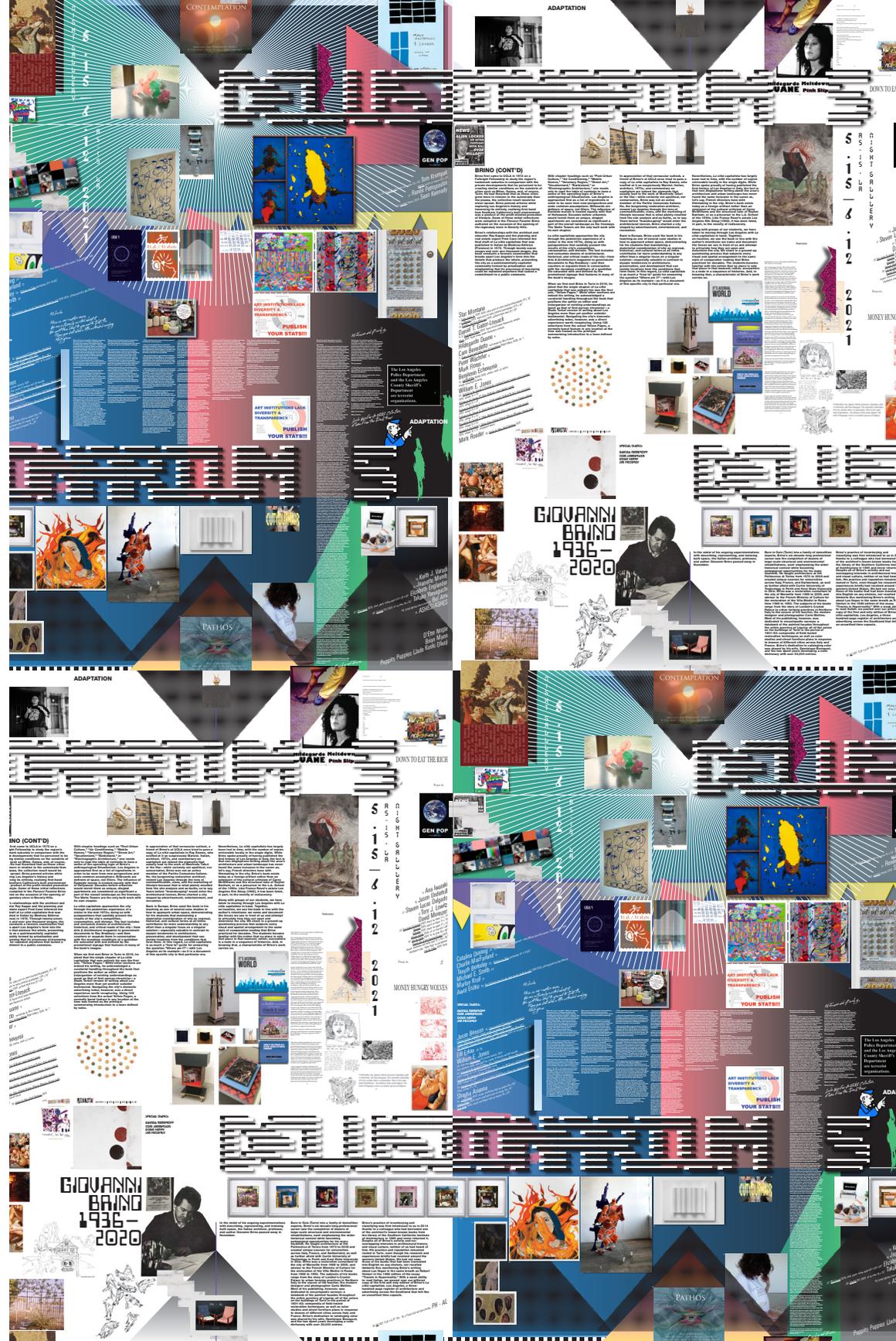


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Homage to the Square 11 (Andy Warhol—Bridget Riley—catacombs—Patty Hearst), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”
Homage to the Square 15 (Andy Warhol—Australian outback—Francis Picabia—zebras), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”
Homage to the Square 18 (Pisa—Hokkaido—Andy Warhol—penis), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”

Star Montana

In Memory, 2019, inkjet print on sintra (archival photograph), 13.8 x 16”

Carlos Lopez Jr. 2007, 2019, inkjet print on sintra (archival photograph), 24 x 18”

Shagha Arianna

A Red Night, 2020, acrylic and flashe vinyl on canvas, 56 x 48”

Ad 2021, 6.25 x 4.75” (PH - AL is Patrick Hill and Alex Lemke) PH - AL

Tory J. Lowitz

Renée Petropoulos

Awol Erizku

The Definition (see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil), 2018-2020

Image: artist/Nik Massey

Michael E. Smith

Ana Iwataki

Elizabeth Englander

Mud Angel, 2020, steel, paper, cotton twine, 54 x 26 x 40”

Bel Ami (credit Miriam Laura Leonardi)

Daniel T. Gaitor-Lomack

Knowledge Ablaze (detail), 2020, found mixed media, dimensions variable

Steven Lucas Delgado

David Muenzer

Ann Arbor Exchange, 2020, pencil on paper, 11 x 15”

Sleepers, 2020, pencil on paper, 11 x 15”

Interview, 2020, pencil on paper, 11 x 15”

Semper Fidelis, 2020, oil on linen, 60 x 48”

Live for Today, 2020, oil on linen, 48 x 60”

Hearth (TIL of the Dunning-Kruger), 2019, bronze, patinated cold-rolled steel 31 x 56 x 30”

Installation view “Sylan Plug” at Jan Weenix

Live for Today, 2020, detail

Special Thanks:
Davida Nemeroff
Tom Jimmerson
Doug Henry
Jim Fetterley

Tanyth Berkeley
Balloons on Table, photograph, 20 x 15.615”

Jeanette Mundt

Catalina Ouyang
Le Guin, Ursula K. “The Marrow.” *Hard Words* and other poems, HarperCollins, 1981.

Elif Erkan

Sean Kennedy
Untitled (detail), 2020

Elif Erkan

Mark Roeder
Sketch for Nine Dead Sparrows, 2021

Mark Flores

Jason Underhill

Benjamin Echeverria
Mé-Mé-Mé-M (detail), 2020, canvas, caulk, oil, primer
Image: artist/Paul Salvesson

Hildegarde Duane

Marlon Kroll

Peter Wächtler

Charlie MacFarland

Cara Benedetto and design by Nico Fontana
Origin of Love and Other Tales of Degradation, Night Gallery, 2020. Pp. 1

Tom Krumpak
Mid-Air, acrylic on canvas, 24 x 24”

ASHES/ASHES

Takako Yamaguchi
Untitled (21), 2020, oil on linen, 18 x 24”

Leila Weefur + 5/5 Collective

Jesse Benson
Delusionarium 4 Catalog Page Painting 2 (Nathan Hylden “Untitled”, 2008, acrylic on canvas, 29 x 23”; *Joshua Nathanson “Lobster and Seagull”, 2008, acrylic on canvas, 40 x 32”;* *Will Benedict “Untitled (Pro Choice)” 2008, wall painting*), 2013, oil on panel, 17 x 22”

Keith J. Varadi

William E. Jones
Homage to the Square 20—variation (Vietnam—Andy Warhol—Chinese revolutionary ballet), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”
Homage to the Square 14 (Andy Warhol—Mike Kelley—Valentino—Chinese revolutionary opera), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”
Homage to the Square 4 (Autumn foliage—Andrea Mantegna—Alexander McQueen—Chinese revolutionary opera), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”
Homage to the Square 2 (Plowed Fields—Frank Stella—phone sex—Donald Judd), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”
Homage to the Square 3—variation (Storm clouds—Gerhard Richter—man and penis), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”
Homage to the Square 5 (Pinturicchio—Gerhard Richter—sunset—circus posters), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”
Homage to the Square 6 (Tomb of Henry VII—Alexander McQueen—Jeff Koons—aurora borealis), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”
Homage to the Square 9 (Swiss Alps—Gerhard Richter—Maison Margiela—Turkish bath), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”

BOOK INFO:

—6x9 inch full color
—Design by Atlantic Design Solutions
—Text by Anthony Carfello

FILE INFO:

—Files must be in CMYK color
—Files must be 300 DPI
—Files must be JPEGS or PDF

SIZING INFO:

—FULL PAGE:
—For full bleed trimmed to the edges of the page with no margins, size your file to 6.25 inches across by 9.25 inches high and assume that 0.125 inches will be trimmed off of all four sides.
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—For margins around your half page ad, size your file to 5.375 inches across by 4.125 inches high.

EXHIBITION INFO:

—*Delusionarium 5 (Adaptation)* is part of a group exhibition series initiated in 2004.
—May 15 - June 12, 2021
—Night Gallery and as-is.la
—Curated by Jesse Benson and Becky Koblick

—Artists:
Shagha Ariannia
Cara Benedetto
Jesse Benson
Tanyth Berkeley
Hildegarde Duane
Benjamin Echeverria
Elizabeth Englander
Elif Erkan
Awol Erizku
Mark Flores
Daniel T. Gaitor-Lomack
William E. Jones
Sean Kennedy
Tom Krumpak
Tory J. Lowitz
Brian Mann
Star Montana
David Muenzer
Jeanette Mundt
D’Ete Nogle
Catalina Ouyang
Puppies Puppies (Jade Kuriki Olivo)
Mark Roeder
Michael E. Smith
Peter Wächtler
Leila Weefur & 5/5 Collective
Takako Yamaguchi

All the best,
Becky and Jesse

GIOVANNI BRINO
1936—2020

In the midst of his ongoing experimentations with describing, representing, and indexing built space, the Italian architect, professor, and author Giovanni Brino passed away in November.

Born in Oulx (Turin) into a family of demolition experts, Brino's six-decade-long professional career saw the completion of dozens of large-scale structural and environmental rehabilitations, each emphasizing the wider historical context while becoming pedagogical opportunities for his many students. He taught architecture at the Politecnico di Torino from 1970 to 2008 and created unique courses for universities across Italy, France, and Switzerland, as well as further afield with Curtin University of Technology in Perth and Kent State University in Ohio. Brino was a restoration consultant to the city of Marseille from 1988 to 2005, and advisor to the French Ministry of Culture for the restoration of the Villa Medici in Rome from 1988 to 1993. The subjects of his books range from the story of London's Crystal Palace to urban farming practices in Northern Italy to the oeuvre of his teacher, the modern designer and photographer Carlo Mollino. Most of his publishing, however, was dedicated to encyclopedic surveys: a databank of the painted facades throughout the entire province of Liguria; all of the colors on the buildings of Turin in the period of 1801–63; compendia of field-tested restoration techniques; as well as color studies and street furniture plans in response to dozens of different cities across Italy and France. Brino's dedication to cataloging color was shared by his wife, Dominique Bousquet, and the two spent years developing a color dictionary with over 20,000 entries.

Brino's practice of inventorying and classifying was first introduced to us in 2014 thanks to a colleague who had borrowed one of the architect's lesser-known books from the library of the Southern California Institute of Architecture in 1980 and never returned it. Despite all of Brino's activity and our overlapping interests in architectural history and visual culture, neither of us had heard of him. His practice and reputation remained rooted in Turin, even though his research and experiences briefly had revolved around the western United States. We had not seen those of his books that had been translated into English on any shelves, nor recalled Umberto Eco mentioning Brino's writing about Las Vegas in the same breath as Robert Venturi in the 1986 edition of the essay "Travels in Hyperreality." With a weak ability to read Italian, we poured over our pilfered copy of the first and only edition of Brino's *La città capitalista*. Los Angeles, a three-hundred-page register of architecture and advertising across the Southland that felt like an unearthed time capsule.

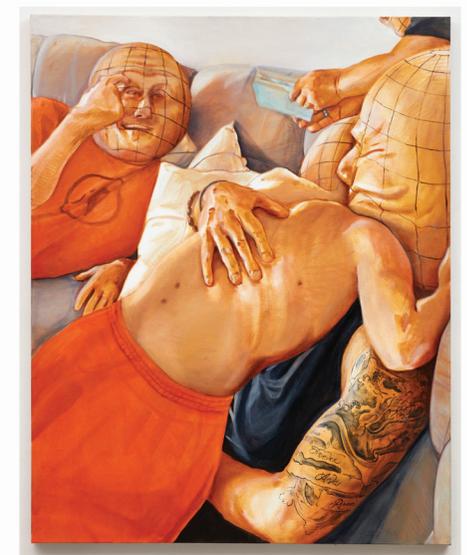
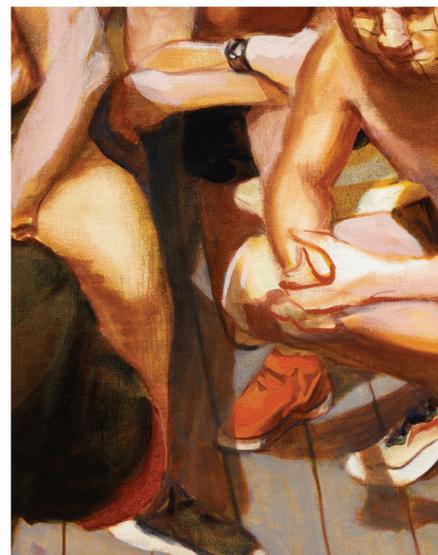
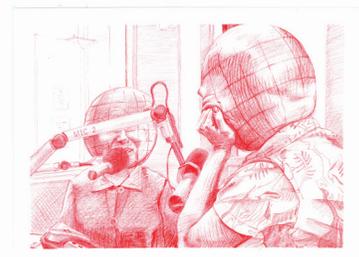
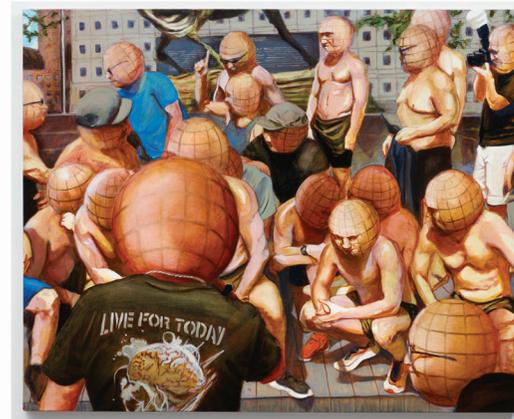
Brino first came to UCLA in 1972 on a Fulbright Fellowship to study the region's trademark suburbia in comparison with the private developments that he perceived to be creating similar conditions on the outskirts of cities such as Milan, Genoa, and, of course, Turin. He had theorized that as those cities grew more in relation to the autostrada than the piazza, the collective result would be sister sprawl. Brino penned articles while exploring Los Angeles's history and traversing its entirety, realizing first-hand how Southern California's built environment was a product of the profit-minded promotion of lifestyle. Some of these initial reflections were compiled in the Fiorucci Fanzine Brino authored on the occasion of the opening of the legendary store in Beverly Hills.

Brino's relationships with the architect and educator Ray Kappe and the planning and real estate expert Fred Case informed the final draft of *La città capitalista* that was published in Italian by Medicea Editrice (Florence) in 1978. Through twenty-seven essays and over one thousand images, the book conducts a forensic examination that breaks apart Los Angeles's form into the details that produce the whole, presenting the city as a quintessentially capitalist commodity formed by privatization and emphasizing that its processes of becoming could be repeated anywhere that lacked a commitment to a public commons.

With chapter headings such as "Post-Urban Culture," "Air Conditioning," "Mobile Homes," "Voluntary Region," "Street Art," "Vacationland," "Barbieland," or "Electrographic Architecture," one needs only to read the table of contents to have a sense of the operating logic of Brino's anthropological Situationism. Los Angeles is approached first as a list of ingredients in order to be seen from new perspectives and undo common assumptions. Billboards are definers of space, not fillers. The influence of Eastside murals is treated equally with that of Hollywood. Decades before urbanists would revisit them as unique, dingbat apartments are considered as significant a part of the overall landscape as the freeways. The Watts Towers are the only built work with its own chapter.

La città capitalista approaches the city through the pedestrian experience of a visitor in the mid-1970s, doing so with juxtapositions that candidly present the results of the city's competition, consumption, and division. The text includes and consumes dozens of architectural, historical, and critical reads of the city—from *Arts & Architecture* magazine to government documents to Ray Bradbury—and then counters or expands them in conversation with the mundane conditions of a quotidian life saturated with and defined by the promotional signage that features in many of the book's images.

When we first met Brino in Turin in 2016, he joked that the single chapter of *La città capitalista* that was entirely his was the first one, "Yellow Pages." While other sections are indeed his writing, he acknowledged a curatorial handling throughout the book that positions the author as editor and (re)organizer of existing understandings as much as that of first-person chronicler—a Studs Terkel version of writing about Los Angeles more than yet another outsider testimo-

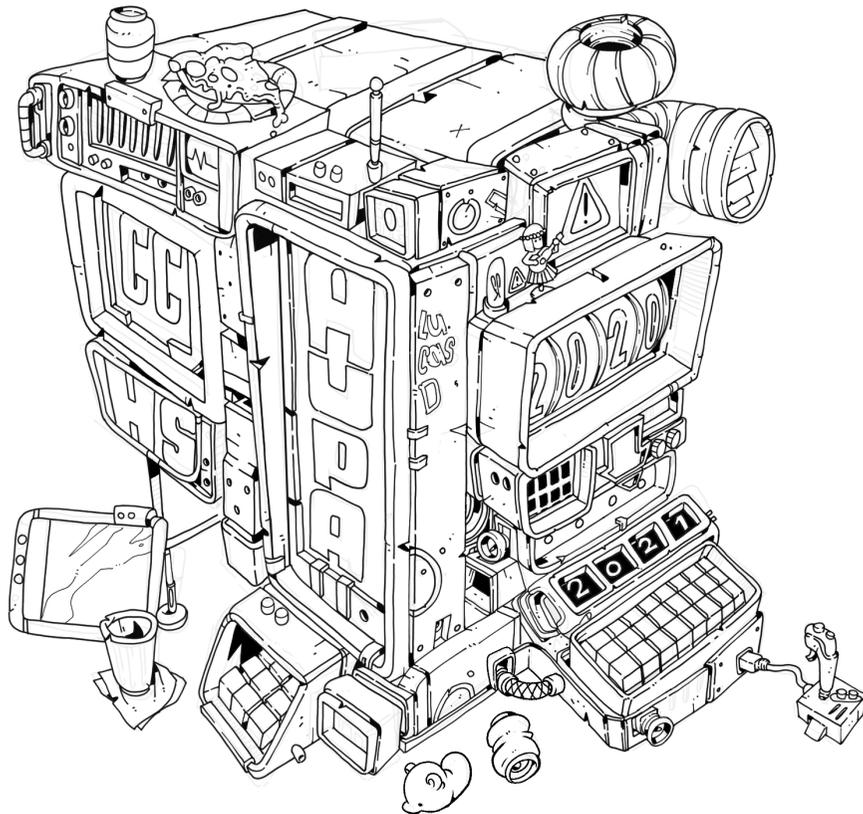


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HENRY BROS STUDIO

1976-2020

"If you like what we do, we'll like what you do."



nial. Navigating the city's domestic advertising index, however, was a direct experience worth recapturing. Using 128 selections from the actual Yellow Pages, a normally banal feature in any location at the time was framed as the principal summarizing introduction to a town defined by sales.

In appreciation of that vernacular outlook, a friend of Brino's at UCLA once tried to pass a copy of *La città capitalista* to Ray Eames, who scoffed at it as suspiciously Marxist. Italian, architect, 1970s, and commentary on capitalism are indeed the elements that usually lead to the work of Manfredo Tafuri or the like—while certainly not apolitical, nor conservative, Brino was not an active member of the Partito Comunista Italiano. He, the burgeoning restoration architect, viewed Los Angeles through the lens of commodification, class, and the marketing of lifestyle because that is what plainly resulted from the site analysis and as-builts, so to say. Years before “brandscaping” would enter the architectural lexicon, Brino charted a city shaped by advertisement, entertainment, and recreation.

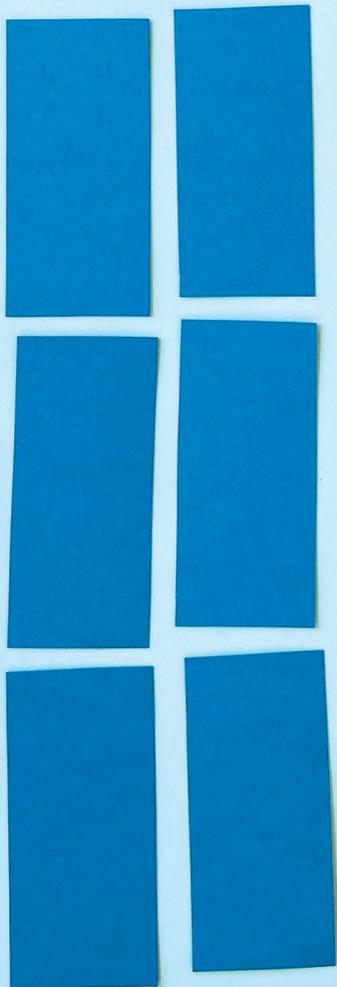
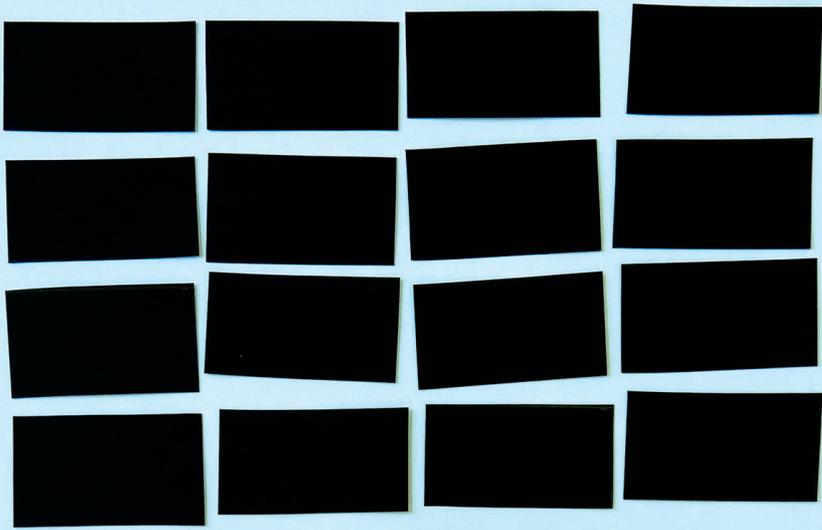
Back in Europe, Brino used the book in his teaching as one of several case studies in how to approach urban space, demonstrating for his students that maintaining a materialist consideration of site on regional, historical, and cultural terms at all times contributes far more understanding to any effort than a singular focus on a singular solution—especially valuable in contrast to myopic tendencies in architecture, preservation, and development that can isolate locations from the conditions that form them. In this regard, *La città capitalista* is as much a “how to” guide for answering the question “Where am I?”—with Los Angeles as its example—as it is a document of this specific city in that particular era.

Nevertheless, *La città capitalista* has largely been lost to time, with the number of copies retrievable locally in the single digits. While Brino spoke proudly of having published the first history of Los Angeles in Italy, the fact is that non-Anglophone writing about the area's architecture and urban landscape has never found the same inclusion in the canon as, let's say, French directors have with filmmaking in the city. Brino's book exists today as a foreign artifact rather than an extension of the cultural criticism of Carey McWilliams and the structural take of Reyner Banham, or as a precursor to the L.A. School of the 1990s. Like Franco Rossi's astute Los Angeles film *Smog* (1962), it has been fated, in part, to the novelty of rediscovery.

Along with groups of our students, we have taken to moving through Los Angeles with *La città capitalista* in hand. Together, on-location, we use the book in line with the author's intentions: we name and document the forces we see in front of us and attempt to articulate how they act upon and determine the city. We share in a ground-up questioning process that subjects every visual and spatial arrangement to the same style of comparative reading that Brino practiced for decades. The students become familiar with the notion that no place is only that place in that moment; rather, everywhere is a node in a sequence of histories. And, in knowing that, a characteristic of Brino's work carries on.







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ing into a blackened crust emanating a different state of matter into the world.

She was pulled from bed, roughly but without much strain. Her body had returned to its slight state, subject once more to the machinations of others without the stabilizing force of her newly gained, newly lost, sheer, gargantuan physicality.

Later, wrapped in a fireman's blanket at the neighbor's house, she dispassionately discovered she had soiled herself in bed, but it mattered little as the contents of her bowels had burned with the rest of the only home she had ever lived in. Laying her hands on her belly, once again flat and smooth, she beckoned for the dream to coat her, reveling in the stink of herself, and felt a surge of love and protection for all that had died in the fires.





Et al. / Et al.etc.



strange and worthy of protection. Like a giantess, the Great Mother, Sally laboriously crooked her head downward and wished for merging; she longed to suckle and stroke her yellowed hard toenails, the roll of middle skin created by sitting, and especially the active bubbling of her guts. She burned and toiled, at once separated from and only existing as the roiling of her belly. Her ears were given over to it first, the bubbling became a roar, and her ears were colonized by the cauldron of her guts; for a brief moment she could see them as clearly as anything, and said goodbye. Then went the hair, a second after gaining god-like awareness of every strand and follicle, on her toes, her legs, her groin, her belly, her chest, her back, and her head, it was all swept away, carried into the greedy gulping fire of her stomach. Then her hands, plump and cakey and moist, ceased to grip the skin of her belly and as if casually walking through an open doorway, slipped to the other side.

One by one, the parts of Sally's new body enacted greetings and introductions, then like lemmings, gave themselves to the greasy agitations of her gorgeous belly.

~~

Sally felt herself being pulled back to the surface, and the sound of someone shouting her name penetrated the mucus of the dream. As she opened her eyes, she learned the viscosity had gone and was replaced by smoke, as if the swirling lava had exhausted itself, dry-

In the deepest recesses of pre-pubescent REM sleep, Sally Moore was dreaming.

She was big, bigger than her older brother Smith, bigger than her father. Sally was large and slow, but equipped with a heaviness and the power that came with it. She lumbered: every movement dragged through honey, through water, through mud. Sliding her hands down the contours of this new girth, Sally trembled to feel the exotic sensations of pelts of hair, a round, firm belly, damp heat. Sally swung her arms, trying to spin in a familiar gesture of girlhood, but her center of gravity stayed stubbornly put, her suddenly thick appendages unable to lift away from her body as they normally could. Even the effort of the attempt proved to be too much in this dripping and dragging existence, and she let herself sink back into the slow muck.

On the outside she was new, but on the inside she felt the familiar desire for satiation, a thwarted need for more. As she settled into herself and adjusted to the new pressures on her joints and sit bones and shoulders, from her great belly came deep gurglings, the churning and working of activity that she felt at once alienated from and deeply protective of. Each new sensation and new bodily reality seemed to Sally a small duckling that had waddled into her charge, without thinking and with great consequence. The curls of coarse hair, the sour sweat, the thick body, the workings within it, were novel but also very much her own; they were sweet and



There was a word inside a stone. / I tried to pry it clear, / mallet and chisel, pick and gad, / until the stone was dropping blood, but still I could not hear / the word the stone had said. // I threw it down beside the road / among a thousand stones / and as I turned away it cried the word aloud within my ear / and the marrow of my bones / heard, and replied.

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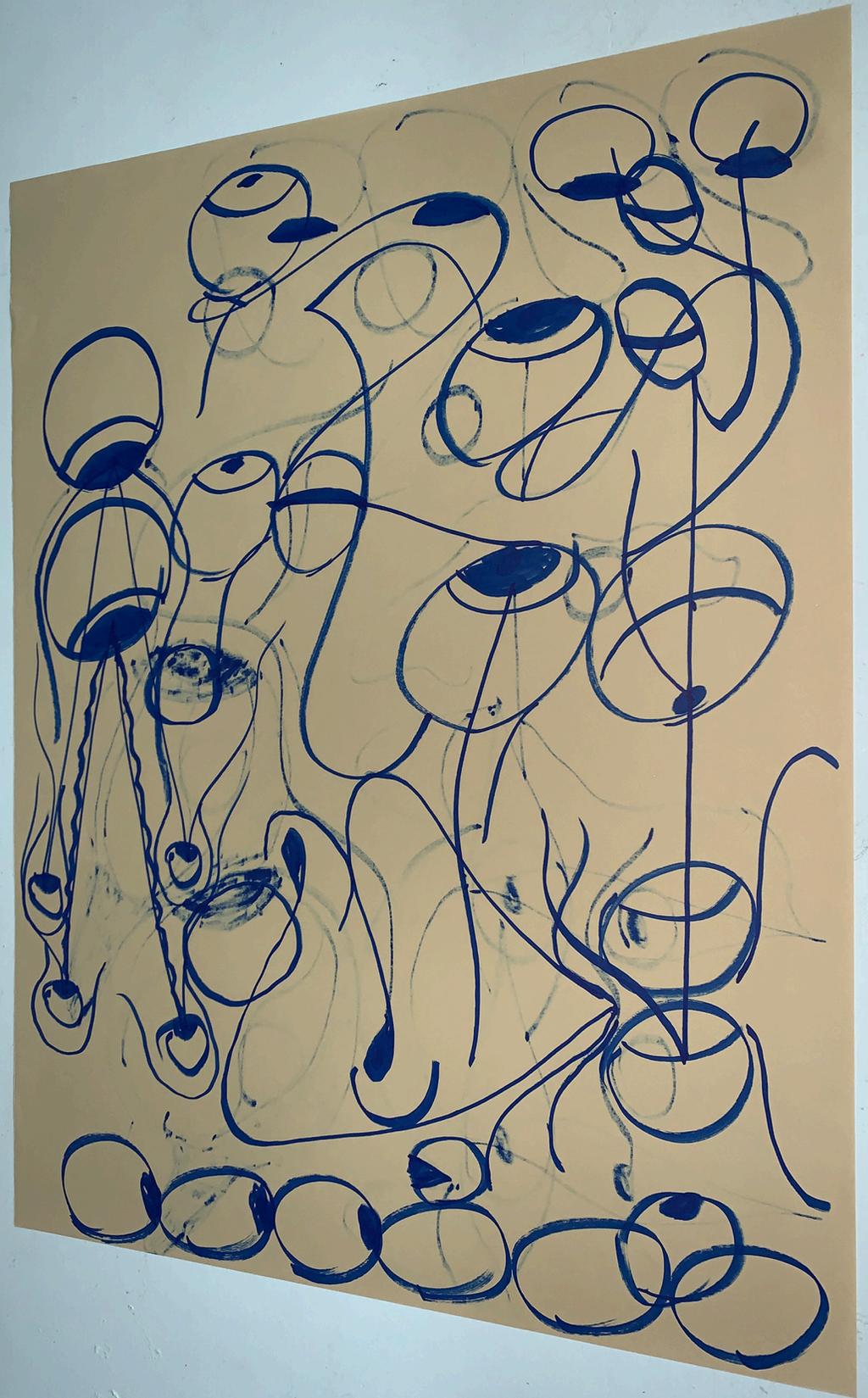
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2020

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