

Farrah Karapetian
The Photograph is Always Now



February 8 - April 11, 2020

Diane Rosenstein Gallery
831 N. Highland Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90038



Farrah Karapetian

Big Dream, 2020

Unique chromogenic photograph

114 x 124 inches

FKA204

\$60,000

DIANE ROSENSTEIN GALLERY

Farrah Karapetian: The Photograph is Always Now
February 8 - March 28, 2020





Farrah Karapetian

La Strada Vecchia, 2020

Unique chromogenic photograph and paint

114 1/4 x 199 inches

FKA205

\$80,000

DIANE ROSENSTEIN GALLERY

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Farrah Karapetian

The Helpers, 2020

Unique chromogenic photograph

95 x 99 inches

FKA203

\$50,000

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Farrah Karapetian

The Gesture of Memory, 2019

Seventeen unique silver gelatin photographs

8 x 10 inches each

FKA191

\$25,000



Farrah Karapetian

Child's Pose, 2020

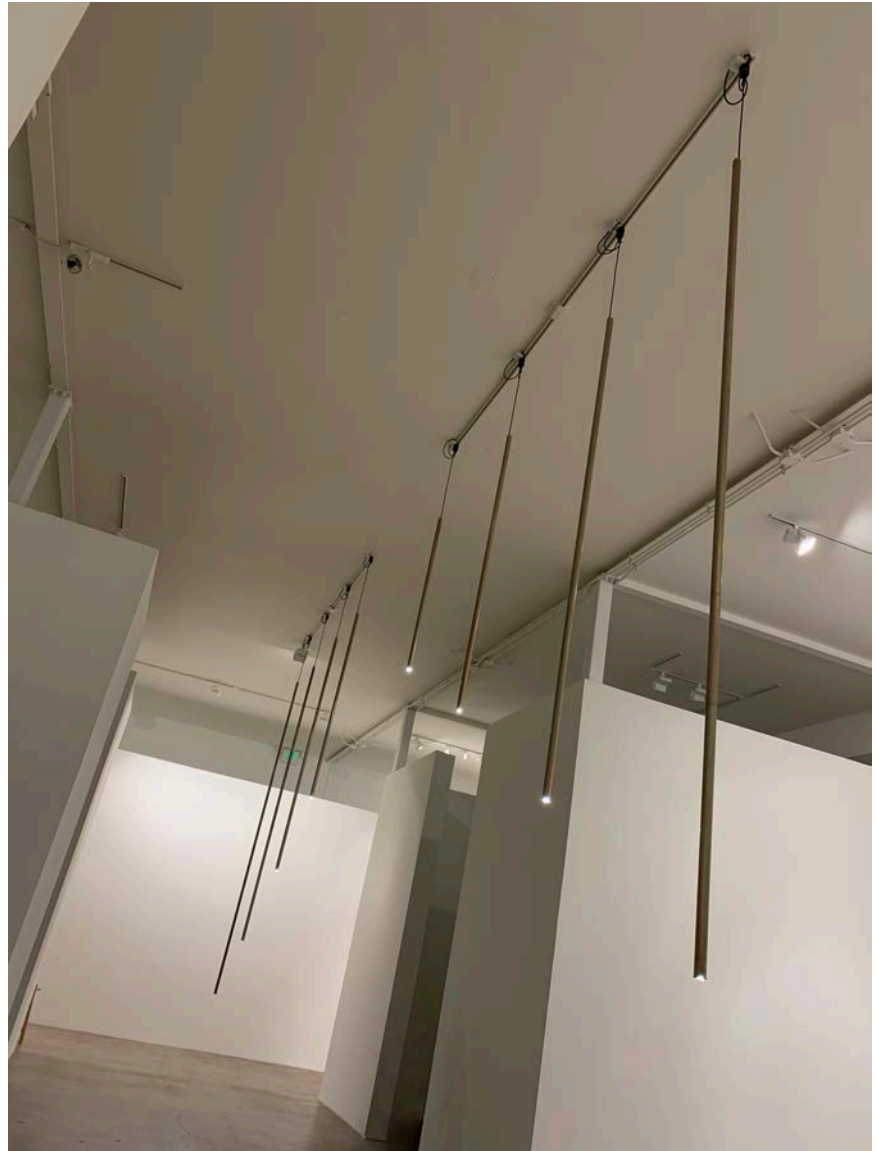
Plaster, MDF, organza, and unique chromogenic photograph

420 x 30 x 1.5 inches

FKA211

\$60,000





Farrah Karapetian

Organ, 2020

Eight aluminum and LED lights

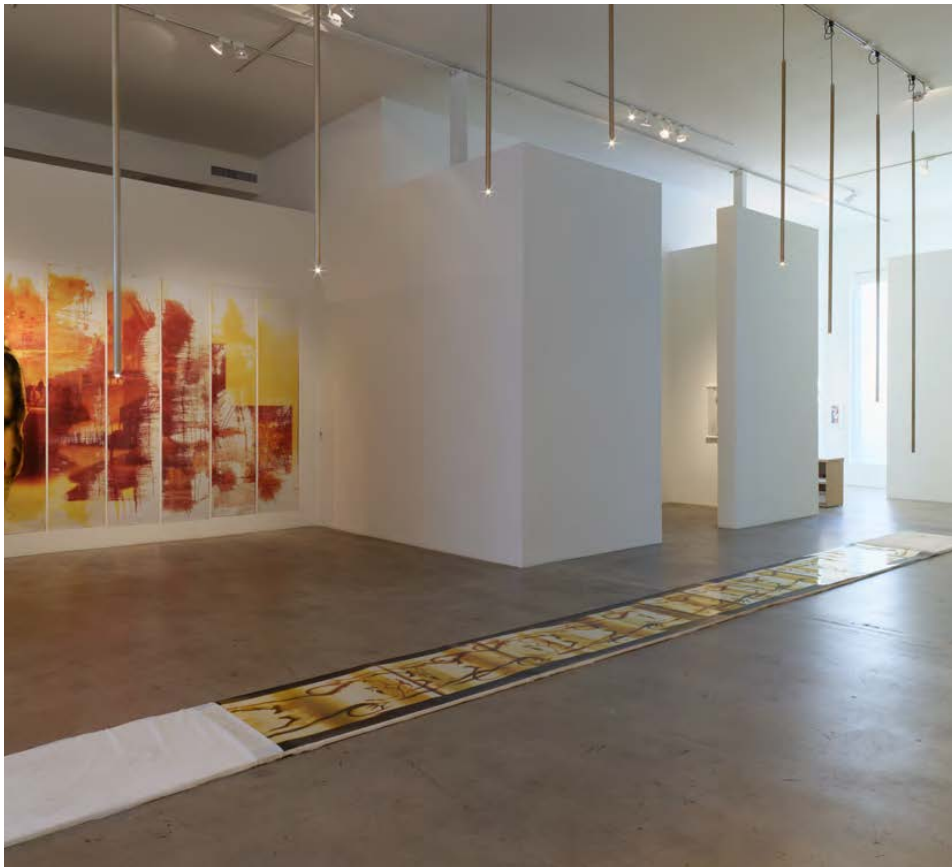
Dims variable

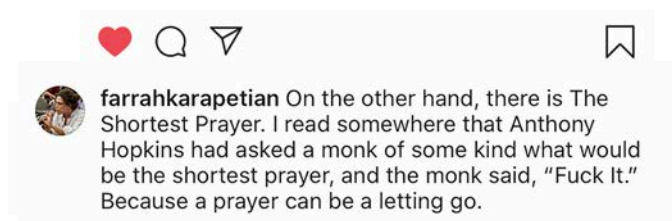
FKA209

\$20,000

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Farrah Karapetian

The Shortest Prayer, 2020

Unique chromogenic photogram

25.5 x 30 inches

FKA212

\$9,000





Farrah Karapetian

Phone Call 2, 2019

Unique silver gelatin photograph

24 x 20 inches

FKA188

\$9,000

Phone Call 3, 2019

Unique silver gelatin photograph

24 x 20 inches

FKA189

\$9,000

Phone Call 4, 2019

Unique silver gelatin photograph

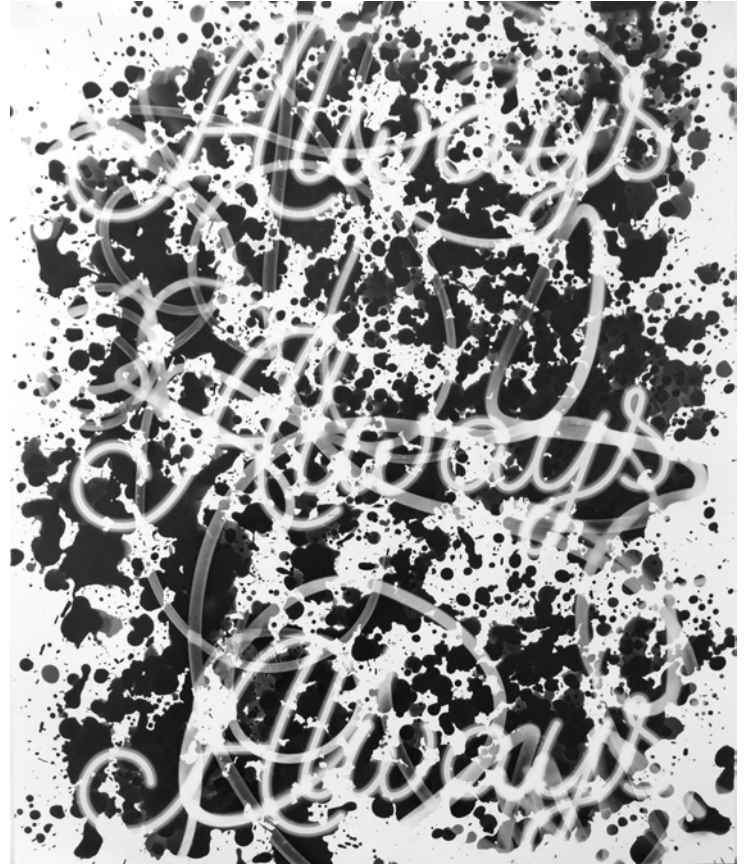
24 x 20 inches

FKA190

\$9,000

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farrahkarapetian Before you blow out a candle, you breathe in. This is the moment before the wish. I hope it is pregnant with that pause. I made the image just after my dad died, when I was asked to make something to show on billboards around Chicago. I thought that what I had to communicate to a city was hope. I couldn't do it in an experimental photograph, because you have to be in person for that: I've done photograms on billboards and it doesn't translate. They just look like fun graphics when you can't touch them or see the marks of process on their surfaces. Billboards need to convey the metaphor only through briefly seen imagery, and they need to use the length of the commercially available frame as a part of that metaphor. I hope the distance between my lips and the flame feels like time. Now it's a print for you. Before it was for OVERRIDE, a citywide public art initiative presented by EXPO Chicago and the City of Chicago's Department of Cultural Affairs and Special Events, in September 2019.

Farrah Karapetian

The Gesture of Wishing, 2019

Pigment print on fiber-based paper

24 x 77 3/8 inches

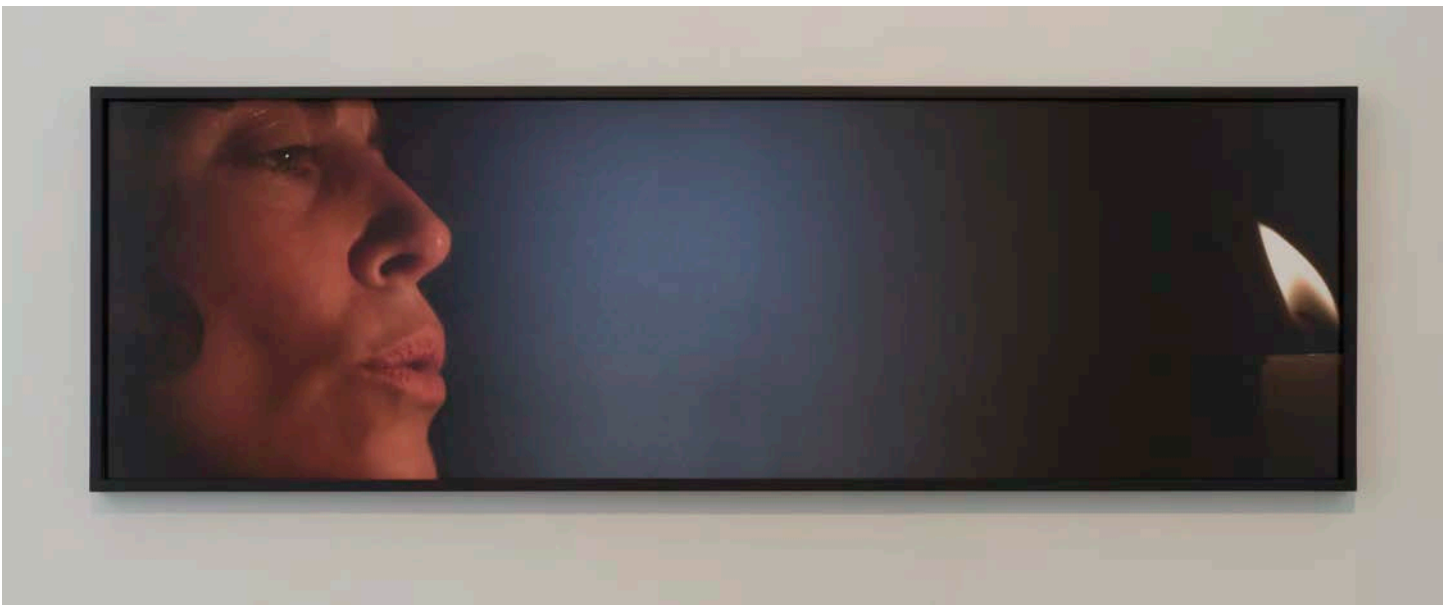
Edition of 3 (+1AP)

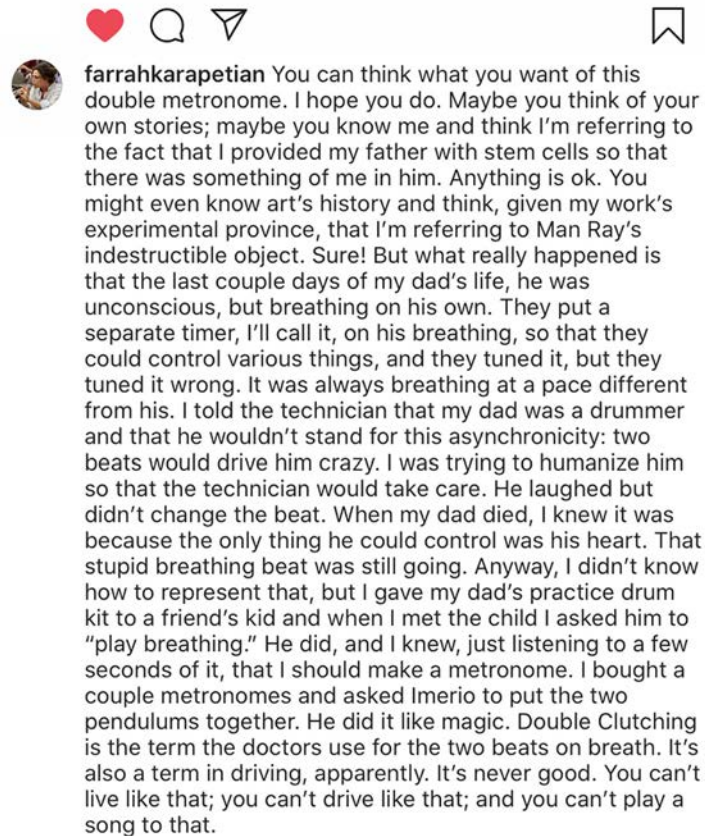
FKA193

\$15,000

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Farrah Karapetian

Double Clutching, 2019

Walnut, aluminum and two metronome pendulums

11 x 6.5 x 5.5 inches

Edition of 3 (+1AP)

FKA208

\$12,000





Farrah Karapetian

Step Right Up, 2020

Steel, wheelchair wheels, paint

95 x 56 x 24 inches

Edition of 3 (+1AP)

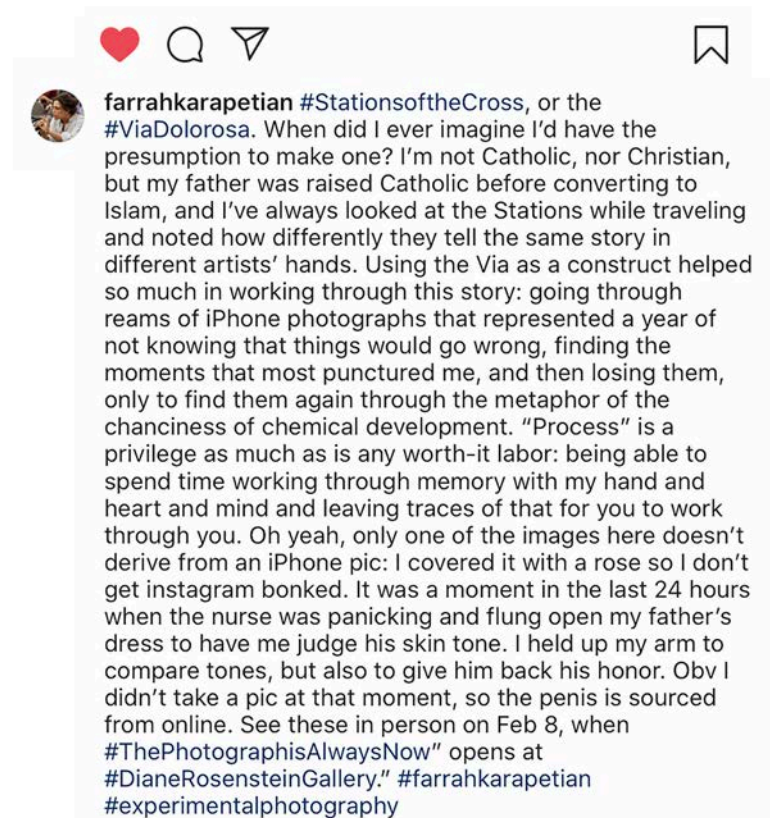
FKA210

\$14,000

DIANE ROSENSTEIN GALLERY

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Farrah Karapetian

Via Dolorosa, 2019

Fourteen unique silver gelatin photographs

24 x 20 inches each

FKA192

\$60,000

1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.

9.



10.



11.



12.

13.



14.



Via Dolorosa, 2019, Fourteen unique silver gelatin photographs, 24 x 20 inches each (Installation view)



Farrah Karapetian

What You Have to Remember, 2020

Neon, poly metal

50 x 2 5/8 inches

Edition of 5 (+1AP)

FKA207

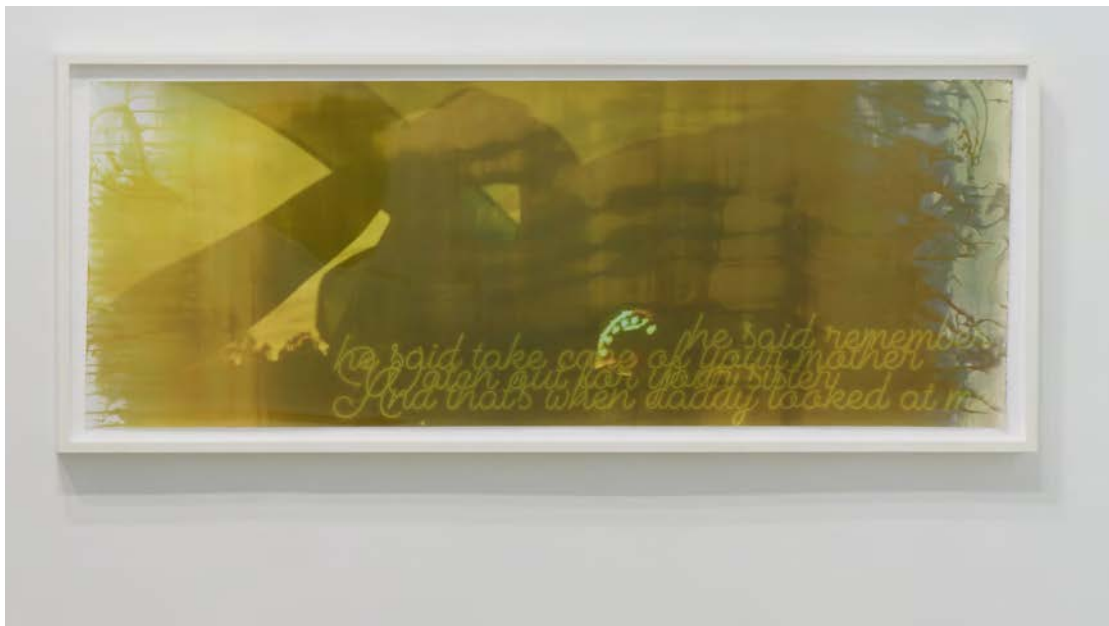
\$8,800



Farrah Karapetian

Conquered, 2020
Unique chromogenic photograph
24 x 64 inches
FKA199

\$18,000



Farrah Karapetian

Daddy Lessons, 2020

Unique chromogenic photograph

24 x 64 inches

FKA198

\$18,000



Farrah Karapetian

Yes You Can, 2020

Unique chromogenic
photograph 24 x 64 inches

FKA200

\$18,000



farrahkarapetian In the summer of 2016, I was traveling to all of my families' villages and shooting a video in the water off Greece about migration. It was hot and my friends were on the verge of divorcing and my partner and I were negotiating our own finish line. Yes, my dad had cancer then. I had been on the road so long I didn't know here from there, land from sea. It began to hail. We ran into the Acropolis Museum to shelter from the summer storm. Zeus held a thunderbolt and statues cried. Men who had been warriors strained on aluminum props. I saw myself in all of them. Don't we all? Later, I scratched my body through theirs, but the conflation was weird. Now, putting together my chapels, it was time to pull out these pre-Christian icons and give them pride of place in my enigma. They're better printed with pours as organic as are their other marks from time and wear. You don't go to church for answers; you go to whisper out your questions and find more.

Farrah Karapetian

Fragment, 2020

Unique chromogenic photograph

33 x 28.75 inches

FKA195

\$12,000

Head of a Female Statue, 2020

Unique chromogenic photograph

32 x 27.25 inches

FKA197

\$12,000

Zeus and the Thunderbolt, 2020

Unique chromogenic photograph

32 x 27.25 inches

FKA196

\$12,000



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The Choice, 2020

Unique chromogenic photographs (diptych)

46 x 60 inches

FKA194

\$18,000





Farrah Karapetian

Patience 3, 2020

Unique chromogenic photogram

31 x 30 inches

FKA215

\$9,000

Diane, you asked me to make you a show, and I said yes, knowing that the timeline would force the kind of ejaculatory production schedule under the circumstances of which the mind can't fool the instinct. I'm reminded as I make this work of the show I curated for you a few years ago, *Unsparring Quality*, which ostensibly traced surrealist routes into contemporary practice, but a corollary of which became the body. Hair, tongues, beards: I remember these parts, revealed by artists parsing their psychologies.

A lot's been on my mind this year, and I have been making some work to process my relationship to political realities through my body, but the opportunity your space affords is more personal. As you know, my father died last year, and I was very involved in his care, from the moment I arrived back in California after my Fulbright in Russia and transferred my stem cells to him until the moment I jumped into his lap and he died. I drove up and down the Pacific from San Diego, where I had begun to teach, to Los Angeles, listening to music and preparing myself for the vicissitudes of life and death and everything in between. There was something of the savior complex in this, but also something that I've now had the chance to work out in the studio: moments that appear still to me photographically for which there is no photograph, truths for which there's no document, and a body for which there's no longer any referent.

You know your gallery is set up like a church? Its nave and chapels invite me to unpack some of my experiences in the transreligious language of my family and the transdisciplinary language of my practice. We are Muslim, Jewish, and Christian, and I work on photography in a performative, sculptural, and graphic field. My travels over the last few years have taken me to every village from which my grandparents emigrated, and I bring to this show the memory of kissing Orthodox icons into which thousands of visitors have whispered prayers, the experience of standing behind the Hagia Sophia's calligraphic roundels and thinking at once of how the architects had managed to hang them and of how badly I used to pronounce the *fatihah*. In Kiev, visiting Babi Yar, I thought of how the place itself was more of a monument to the Jews murdered there as my grandfather fled than could be any statue. In fact, the land at Babi Yar was to me a photograph: a drawing in light on land pierced by the specificity of what happened there.

Nothing I'm going to give you would easily be categorized as a photograph, but it's all photographic. It's all light burned into lens, and essentially relational: how a drive - literal and psychoanalytical - can tell more of a story than I know I have. Basquiat said he crossed out words so people would see them more, and there's as much obscurity in this work as there is revelation. I promise you it isn't a show about my dad, or about death, or about the line between reality and its mirrors of memory, vision, and dream. It's no more an allegory of the cave than is my work usually. Still, those things gave me permission to work the way I am doing, as have you. Thanks. There's no other time to do this, and indeed one thing I know better now than I did before is that surrender is the shortest prayer. Fuck it. Let's go.