



February 8 - April 11, 2020

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

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farrahkarapetian I had a big dream. I think I recounted it here before, but this is what came of it. My family stood in the surf, facing an approaching army. My father said that they didn't know the earth was round and that we would use their ignorance against them. We held hands and backed up into the horizon, planning to swim to safety. To make this, i drew my family's silhouette from a couple of old photographs, appropriated a picture of an army from the internet, and found a favorite of many iPhone pics of sunsets from outside my house last year. I contact exposed all of them and then poured chemistry selectively. In this one, the pours were to be less frantic than in The Helpers, less oriented towards what I remembered than in the Via Dolorosa or Gesture of Memory, but perhaps still sketchy as if dreamt. Big Dream, 2020, unique chromogenic photograph, 114x124 inches. Pellegrino bottle for scale;-) #farrahkarapetian

Farrah Karapetian

Big Dream, 2020 Unique chromogenic photograph 114 x 124 inches FKA204

\$60,000





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farrahkarapetian I was embarrassed to make a work about an angel, but art should embarrass, so it is the biggest, reddest, sorest thing in the room. The morning of my father's death, i arranged his selametan with the SUBUD group, but when that was over, I went alone to where he had lived in Venice Beach and ordered a white wine, which he had wanted to drink those last weeks. A little person squatted in the alley next to a singing woman in renaissance garb. It's Venice 👋 It can hold anything, even pain. I hadn't slept much for days, and I began to see the beach as my dad may have when he moved there at 18: opportunity, idiosyncrasy, not-home, new-home. A young man to my left interrupted my blurry reverie and asked if I'd gotten my eyes from my father. I looked up at him quizzically, and he then said in Italian, "Chi lascia la strada vecchia per la nuova sa quello che perde ma non quello che trova." It means, "He who leaves the old road for the new knows what he loses but not what he'll find." When I looked up again, the man was gone. Thank you to those of you who visited with me at the opening last night. I hope to visit with more of you there soon.

Farrah Karapetian

La Strada Vecchia, 2020 Unique chromogenic photograph and paint 114 1/4 x 199 inches FKA205

\$80,000



7 Ы farrahkarapetian So many people help when someone is sick. This piece is a something of a thank you. I liked the man who cleaned the floors in the ICU. I liked one of the nurses in the ICU. I didn't like anyone else who worked at the hospital. Oh, I liked one surgeon. But it was still nice to see how much people invest in helping: from the reiki guy to the incessant flow of people handling fluids in tubes. Men from my father's spiritual group, who are called helpers, came to be with him and do latihan, and that was important. The last few days were messy, a scramble of human errors; only the helpers and the cleaner were quiet presences with our family. This is a unique chromogenic photograph. I made it from appropriated images from the internet, hollowed out with my finger in photoshop and contact exposed with the paper, and then I Jackson Pollocked the chemistry in complete darkness. So while this is rendered in ways you would associate with drawing and painting, its consequence is for #photography, because in every one of its ways of becoming, it is photographic - analogue and digital, no binary there. I guess also its consequence is for me, though. This was the last piece I made for the show, and it closed my feelings. The Helpers, 2020, unique chromogenic photograph, 95 x 99 inches. Pellegrino bottle for scale. #livedexperience #contemporaryart #farrahkarapetian

Farrah Karapetian

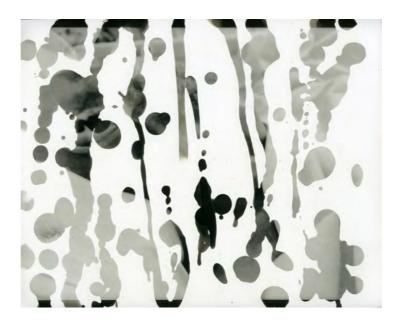
The Helpers, 2020 Unique chromogenic photograph 95 x 99 inches FKA203

\$50,000









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farrahkarapetian I found this way of working with photographic chemistry by necessity while in Russia, where it was difficult to find places to print. The strategy was superfluous when back in the States, so I kept it in the back of my mind. When my father died, I had this one picture on my phone of him sleeping that I found very elegant. I looked at it a lot and I thought I knew where everything was: the ear, the sinew in the neck. Photographically sensitive paper, exposed, just looks blank until you've immersed it in chemistry, and the overwhelming convention, of course, is to immerse the whole thing, so you can see the whole picture. Here, no. I don't care if I see the whole thing, and i certainly don't care if you do. The material is a metaphor, and so is its manner of deployment: I tried to find him, to see if I remembered where he was and how the body was drawn on the page, so I tossed developer onto those regions. Sometimes I found a lot of him and sometimes I didn't. I ran out of paper. There was no reason to begin again when I had more. The work is called The Gesture of Memory.



Farrah Karapetian

The Gesture of Memory, 2019 Seventeen unique silver gelatin photographs 8 x 10 inches each FKA191

\$25,000



farrahkarapetian Child's Pose aka The Longest Prayer. It's a joke, because yoga. I'm making fun of myself in case you've begun to feel as if you're supposed to be sad the whole time you're in my #church. You're not. Grief turns out to be more than that. But anyway, what is the posture of waiting while someone is unwell? My relationship to this subject is that of the child. And "Child's Pose" always reminds me of doing the Fatiha as a kid: the Muslim prayer. I was never fluent in its choreography. Here it begins and ends like Grauman's Chinese, with the imprint of my feet, knees, forehead, and hands. And in between, my repeated surrender. Should photographs be on the floor? If there is a reason, of course. This is less of a picture than a place, an emphasis of duration, and above it, in relation, is Organ, hand patina-ed aluminum tubes with warm LEDs lighting the way. Only my nephew is allowed to play them. :-)

2 days ago

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Farrah Karapetian

Child's Pose, 2020 Plaster, MDF, organza, and unique chromogenic photograph 420 x 30 x 1.5 inches FKA211

\$60,000

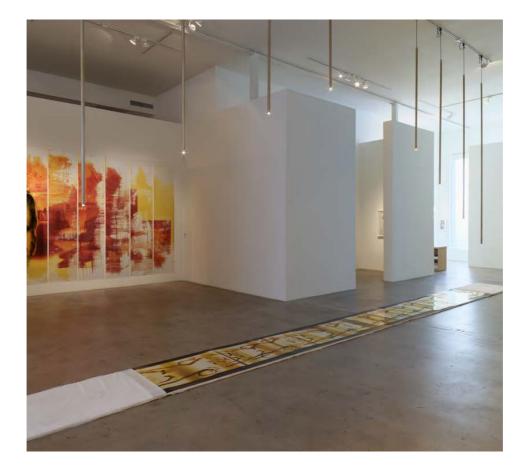


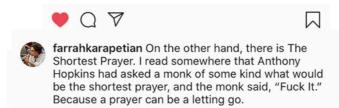




Organ, 2020 Eight aluminum and LED lights Dims variable FKA209

\$20,000





The Shortest Prayer, 2020 Unique chromogenic photogram 25.5 x 30 inches FKA212

\$9,000





V farrahkarapetian I was at school. I got a text message that my father had bled out and would have died had someone not found him. I walked outside and sat down and called him to tell him I would drive up and take him home to die. I said, "I heard you had a hard day." He said, "Oh sweetheart. They are all hard days." I said, "I love you." He said, "Always Always Always." This piece is called Phone Call 3. It's for an exhibition at Diane Rosenstein Gallery in Los Ángeles, The Photograph is Always Now, Feb 8-March 28, for which I'm going to admit I've gone deep into my pathologies: especially the disassociation that photography alone can provide me and the reassociation that the kind of photographic practice I've cultivated in the studio can also only provide. #fucktherapy #welcometome And yes that font is the one from Instagram: "neon."

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

DIANE ROSENSTEIN GALLERY

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









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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





farrahkarapetian You can think what you want of this double metronome. I hope you do. Maybe you think of your own stories; maybe you know me and think I'm referring to the fact that I provided my father with stem cells so that there was something of me in him. Anything is ok. You might even know art's history and think, given my work's experimental province, that I'm referring to Man Ray's indestructible object. Sure! But what really happened is that the last couple days of my dad's life, he was unconscious, but breathing on his own. They put a separate timer, I'll call it, on his breathing, so that they could control various things, and they tuned it, but they tuned it wrong. It was always breathing at a pace different from his. I told the technician that my dad was a drummer and that he wouldn't stand for this asynchronicity: two beats would drive him crazy. I was trying to humanize him so that the technician would take care. He laughed but didn't change the beat. When my dad died, I knew it was because the only thing he could control was his heart. That stupid breathing beat was still going. Anyway, I didn't know how to represent that, but I gave my dad's practice drum kit to a friend's kid and when I met the child I asked him to "play breathing." He did, and I knew, just listening to a few seconds of it, that I should make a metronome. I bought a couple metronomes and asked Imerio to put the two pendulums together. He did it like magic. Double Clutching is the term the doctors use for the two beats on breath. It's also a term in driving, apparently. It's never good. You can't live like that; you can't drive like that; and you can't play a song to that.

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







farrahkarapetian "Here come a man, and he say/ the show must go on/ So all you gotta do/ is ring the bell/ and step right up, step right up/ Just like a ballerina... stepping lightly. Take off your shoes." Some lines from Van Morrison's Ballerina, to illustrate the time I spent with Step Right Up, 2020, steel, spray paint and wheelchair wheels. #farrahkarapetian

Farrah Karapetian

Step Right Up, 2020 Steel, wheelchair wheels, paint 95 x 56 x 24 inches Edition of 3 (+1AP) FKA210

\$14,000





farrahkarapetian #StationsoftheCross, or the #ViaDolorosa. When did I ever imagine I'd have the presumption to make one? I'm not Catholic, nor Christian, but my father was raised Catholic before converting to Islam, and I've always looked at the Stations while traveling and noted how differently they tell the same story in different artists' hands. Using the Via as a construct helped so much in working through this story: going through reams of iPhone photographs that represented a year of not knowing that things would go wrong, finding the moments that most punctured me, and then losing them, only to find them again through the metaphor of the chanciness of chemical development. "Process" is a privilege as much as is any worth-it labor: being able to spend time working through memory with my hand and heart and mind and leaving traces of that for you to work through you. Oh yeah, only one of the images here doesn't derive from an iPhone pic: I covered it with a rose so I don't get instagram bonked. It was a moment in the last 24 hours when the nurse was panicking and flung open my father's dress to have me judge his skin tone. I held up my arm to compare tones, but also to give him back his honor. Obv I didn't take a pic at that moment, so the penis is sourced from online. See these in person on Feb 8, when #ThePhotographisAlwaysNow" opens at #DianeRosensteinGallery." #farrahkarapetian #experimentalphotography

Farrah Karapetian

Via Dolorosa , 2019 Fourteen unique silver gelatin photographs 24 x 20 inches each FKA192

\$60,000



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



What You Have to Remember, 2020 Neon, poly metal 50 x 2 5/8 inches Edition of 5 (+1AP) FKA207

\$8,800



Conquered, 2020 Unique chromogenic photograph 24 x 64 inches FKA199



Daddy Lessons, 2020 Unique chromogenic photograph 24 x 64 inches FKA198



Yes You Can, 2020 Unique chromogenic photograph 24 x 64 inches FKA200



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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

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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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So tonight, I got a chance to listen to my dad consider his choices. His doctor - this one a dispassionate man, he says - told him that he has the choice to live or die. My dad was reading Bapak talks - talks written by the man who initiated Subud, his spiritual practice - and said that Bapak said that god chooses whether one lives or dies. He said he was confused. Which one is it? I said that maybe it is both: that god's choice to which Bapak referred is the choice inside of him. He said, "Bapak died. I wonder if he had this choice." I said I'm sure he did, a few times in his older age. I seemed to remember a story about Bapak having a heart attack and saying oh well, my heart just needed to flip, but I didn't remember how Bapak actually later died. I remember when he did; I remember the selamatan at the Hope Street hall when I was a child. And I said that yes, we all die, and that my dad could choose to die sometime. I said that I am not in his place and can't make the choice for him or really imagine what it is like to make that choice, but that I would choose not to die in hospital. I'd rather die outside. And I told him that one good thing about this is that he had stopped working. I told him I hadn't thought he'd ever stop working and trying to support his family. He worked all the way through cancer. Now he had finally had to stop working. Wouldn't he rather have a little while to live however he'd like, outside? Doesn't he think he deserves that? And then we listened to Marvin Gaye and he seemed to be dancing, raising his arms a lot and moving his legs quickly. The medical side of this isn't up to him; it'll be interesting to see if the motivation side is. When I write these posts, I'm not looking for you to feel sorry for me; I'm not freaked out when I'm here, sleeping at the hospital, the way that I'm preoccupied when I'm away, imagining him confused. I hope that if you're not as interested in these questions as I am, you just won't read the posts.

💟 🕒 Hamidatun Karapetian, Linda Kallan and 95 others 🛛 🛛 37 Comments

Farrah Karapetian

The Choice, 2020 Unique chromogenic photographs (diptych) 46 x 60 inches FKA194





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, *Unsparing 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.