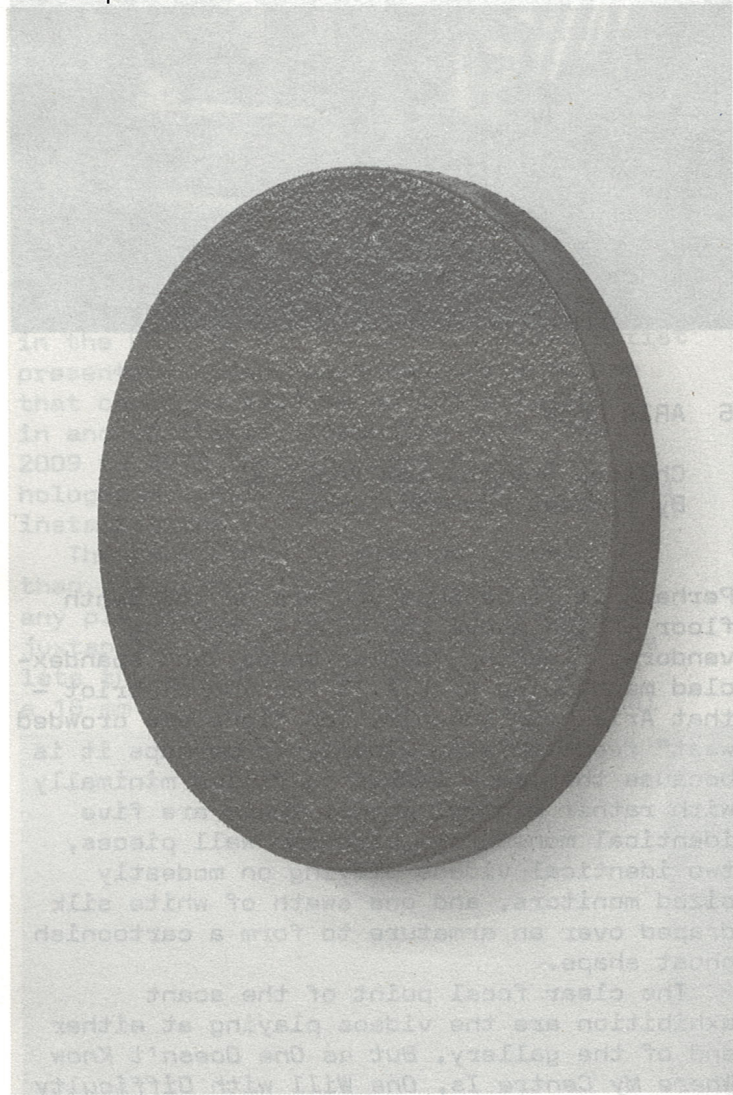


panels around the gallery does little but fill wall space (they are not particularly captivating to look at) and perhaps very loosely reference Minimalism. Dean's brand of conceptualism offers anemic bread crumbs; without much to grasp onto, the viewer begins to infer.

The use of repetition and seriality are borrowed from Minimalism, as is perhaps the strategy of making the viewer's own fog of associations and preconceptions a feature of the work: Mississippi and California, West Coast Minimalism and West Coast rap, blackness at large and a very specific skin-tone brown. But Dean doesn't help connect the dots; the objects offer the viewer too little and expect too much.



6 MARIE ANGELETTI AND BEDROS YERETZIAN

Commercial Street, Los Angeles

By Mona Varichon

It's fitting that Commercial Street, usually located in Provincetown, Massachusetts, would take on one of LA's hallmarks during its relocation here for a trilogy of summer shows. In true industry fashion, gallerist Tyler Murphy produced every shot in Marie Angeletti's new film, based on instructions she provided. The result, edited from her Berlin studio, alternates between candid shots of cowboys riding horses or pretending to shoot guns and pans of desert landscapes.

The cinematic potential is all there in the fantasy portrayed by the cowboys who eagerly act it out for the camera, but the treatment is more home movie than slick Western, one of the highlights being the way the jerking camera sometimes syncs with the added soundtrack. The title, *Rocking Chair* (2018), acknowledges the film's teetering between faraway worlds – twenty-first-century Sunday cowboys and empty deserts ripe for projections, “real” movies and wobbly DSLRs, California's open spaces and Berlin's cheap studios.

Looming over the viewers as they watch the film, Bedros Yeretizian's *Civil Twilight Reprise* (2018) is a collection of a kind of bulletin found frequently around Los Angeles – *Notice of Filming* – pressed under glass and affixed to the walls. The day of the opening, one had even been taped by a film crew outside the gallery. I'm at first skeptical when Murphy tells me that the rigid formula of these notices opens up a space for projection and imagination, but after getting swayed into Hollywood oblivion by Angeletti's film, I become enthralled by the suggestive potential of the fliers. Echoing the film's oscillation between narrative and abstraction, the notices list shots (“camera in car,” “camera on sticks,” “car-to-car”) and disturbances (“equipment on sidewalk,” “generator,” “parking”) on an equal plane with more evocative situations: “condors” and “cranes” are listed side by side, while “atmospheric smoke effects” and “auto & motorcycle chase” resonate like material realities as much as pictorial effects in our filmic minds. The notices state that they're here to maintain “an efficient and community-friendly manner,” basically making sure that film production doesn't disturb or overtake life, a worthwhile concern for Angelenos and other beings alike. But the works in this show ask whether such assurances are possible or desirable from movies – or art.

