



What one perceives synthesizes sight, sound, smell, touch, and even taste. Firing on all cylinders, calling forth impressions, thoughts, and indefinable emotional responses by way of delightfully unfamiliar tactics. Encrusted wheel rims and boards with boots balanced on them near a massive Japanese river gorge painting, and myriad green shades in a suite of closely placed flip-flops, Crocs, a copy of JPW3 and Sayre Gomez's compilation of impartially mainstream and recondite representations, Z2, and a lime-colored phone case. Creamy wax wok-shaped half-spheres, spongy sheets of foam referencing anechoic chambers, and folded-out boxes resting against the wall. Kirin Ichiban labels, Kun Lun Quality Standard O/SYDL 0006-2015, and Chinese characters. In the Bog, in the Garden, in the Sleep, mottled and ravaged painting surfaces, parchment palimpsests, looking as if they might have been dunked in a vat of toxic goo with contingent radiant colors emerging after reclamation. Also, cars drifting as young Saudi Arabian thrill riders stack off the sides of their cantilevered mechanical steeds to get free and radical. German-grown avocado plants, sourced from four-time Formula One World Champion Sebastian Vettel's hometown of Heppenheim come out of an engine block, reminiscent of the 1967 Bernie Boston photo of the young Hibiscus placing a carnation in the barrel of a soldier's rifle at the Pentagon. The circularity of engines creating carbon and plants breathing it in. The Ferrari horse, pink, black, and doubled, as an exemplar of race car as art object,

handcrafted, sculptural, and powerful. Images from every nook and cranny are used and abused, expanding on the artist's original photocopying and zine pursuits of recycling from the worldwide photo archive's overabundant supply of the tantalizingly obscure and freaky mass-culture references.

Shimmering hues and gnarly textures, two- and three-dimensional, pots bubbling, popcorn popping and flying, Zig-Zag papers and loose sunglass lenses, duct tape, steering wheels, and a "I'd Rather Be Swimming" license-plate holder. A lug wrench, wrinkled aluminum foil rolls, and oversized cardboard cutout keys. A crumbly white paint-drenched hose resembling deer antlers, folded shirts, flashlights, incense, and crushable felt fedoras related to the artist's father's choice of headgear. Poland Spring and Perrier bottles filled with indeterminate liquid contents, and Elmer's Glue tubes and Rust-Oleum paint cans in spades. Elsewhere, outdoors, across the country in the Sunshine State, *Zen Jail* perforated, so you look in, and when you're inside, you see out. Mysterious tearoom, pleasant prison. Sensations engaged and integrally unified through an arc of evolving interconnectivity.

The two preceding paragraphs are a scant overview of just a few undertakings featured in this volume covering several years' output leading up to 2017. To accurately bring things up to speed though, we have to go back to the early fall of 2000, at Burnside in Portland, Oregon. The axis, the skate Mecca, where blood, sweat, tears, beer, and other intoxicants mingled with heady hesh ambitions and ready-mix cement to birth a beacon attracting a multicultural, multi-

everything global clan of wooden plank riders. The collective concrete collaboration that made Burnside cultivates and contains a flowing, balletic, performative poetry-in-motion within its walls. Sculptural art begets athletic art, which, in turn, gives rise to binding ties and deep bonds. In this case, those links have expanded way outside of those bowls and hips into realms including gallery and museum spaces. It's almost impossible to assess the essential role Burnside has played as an expansive generator of fellow feeling and energy for countless pilgrims across age differences, geographical points, and unspooling years. With this particular story, it's perfectly fitting that it all started at that gritty curvaceous playground up the hill and across the tracks from the Willamette River.

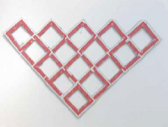
Rob Erickson and I met our Philly colleagues at the airport, got the van, and made a beeline for Burnside. For the first hour, watched in awe, nervous, before haltingly getting into the mix. At some point during the afternoon, two other compatriots rolled up in a rented red Chevy Blazer, and on the lookout perch above the main drop-in spot, got introduced to the driver, Lou Rogai, and his passenger, a tall, lanky, recent high school graduate named Patrick from Justus, Pennsylvania. Patrick Walsh, now known, for a variety of reasons, as JPW3. A cool moniker since it sounds like a 1980s rapper, reminiscent of KRS-One, LL Cool J, and Schoolly D, but for art. Contemporary, with an Old School Hip Hop twist. Patrick shook hands, was personable and laid back, and revealed he'd ruptured his spleen flying off the flat of a mini-ramp a few months prior. "Man, that sucks," I said, and went back to wrangling some tenuous lines in between the

wood shredders destroying the place. To his credit, despite the recent injury, Patrick did skate Burnside, and as our journey unfolded, all the other places we visited. It also bears mentioning that during the preceding injured interlude, he took drawing classes at Keystone College with the painter Steve Colley, who, beneficially, "made art seem like skating." Patrick also worked for Colley, making ceramic tiles, and the hiatus turned out to be a pivotal experience in his path toward a full commitment to making art.

Our two-vehicle caravan headed south to Newberg, Lincoln City, Medford, and Ashland, then north to Seattle to sleep around Burnside and Grindline progenitor Mark Hubbard's rather frightening Big Bowl, and back down to Portland. That was a fun trip, skating-wise, certainly, but just as importantly, from the band of newly acquired brothers angle. Though at least ten years younger than the rest, Patrick proved to be an equal and valued addition to the crew, good-humored, and a pleasure to be around. One facet of the expedition that must have been not so great for him was that, in Portland, it's unfeasible to avoid strip clubs. Meet up with new associates, eat from the buffet at the Kit Kat Club or Sassy's, and contemplate the peculiarity of your pal's girlfriend dancing naked on stage. Unfortunately for Patrick, his barely voting-age status denied him entry to these establishments, so he had to stay outside. Honestly, I'm not sure what he did in those intervals. The upshot is that, after nine days of daily contact, we'd hit it off and exchanged addresses, because that's what you did in that now quaint-seeming postal age.

Being that era, letters were exchanged—first drawings and ephemera, then zines, starting in 2004, after Patrick began





Inserted House of Cards, 2007. Playing cards, tape, variable dimensions

Busters. Patrick's drawings and texts had an absurd, updated, Saul Steinberg quality, cartoonlike and surrealistically sophisticated, populating *Busters* along with early internet- and email-grabs displaying a catholic taste for engrossing images and social-cultural obsessions. Such as the McGuire Twins (née the McCrary Twins), a preoccupation sparked by childhood perusals of the *Guinness Book of World Records* with all the crazy records smashed, like a carry Olympics—including seven-hundred-and-eighty-four-pound Billy and eight-hundred-and-fourteen-pound Benny McCrary riding the smallest motorcycles possible across America on a Honda- and Holiday Inn-sponsored tour. Such fixations were evidence of an appreciation for the old-time weird America, alongside an avid appetite for new-time strangeness. *Busters* was (and still occasionally is) focused and possessed of acute sensibility, not hierarchical at all, with pictures picked for their intrinsic interest without consideration for and perhaps in rebellion against musty notions of "image quality." *Busters* acted as a jumping-off point for further explorations, and a harbinger of a progressive thirst for far-ranging and diverse



Installation view: Ultra Trad Lands, 2007

content wrapped up in a meaningful ongoing aesthetic composite.

Epistolary back-and-forth transitioned to face-to-face interactions with Patrick's move to New York. Not long after—thanks to the patronage of maverick restaurateur and champion of unexpected, unorthodox cultural objectives, David Selig—my own zine, *Elk*, left the page to become solid in form as an occasional gallery. First, at David's Crosby Street storefront next to his bar *Ń*, then in a wide hallway on the second floor of an office building on Grand. Having keenly followed Patrick's convergent turn from the page to solid form, the second Elk Gallery (and Patrick's first New York) exhibition became *Ultra Trad Lands* in January 2007. A *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*-style "Popular Sleeves and Bottoms" pictogram snagged

from a laundromat window and the title alone augured a favorable outcome. With its Stealth Bomber-shaped playing card cut-outs, film strips running down the wall across knee-high cardboard wedge ramps, and drawings of grouped contorted Goyaesque faces, its scrappiness melded youthful energy with a finesse unusual in an artist who was all of twenty-six at the time.

A few months earlier, when *Busters* and *Elk* shared a table at the second Printed Matter Art Book Fair, we decided to propose "Zine Night" to one of the Heathers at Heathers Bar on East 13th Street, where JPW3 and Jory Rabinovitz had already been DJ'ing. She very accommodatingly came back with, "Sure, why not?" Those semi-regular Wednesday nights became a salon for atypically artful zine producers, peer-to-peer palavering supplemented by cocktails. A while later, David Selig came into play again when he cannily opened Rockaway Tacos on Beach 96th Street. Before it became a culinary cause célèbre and nexus of a social network driving the Rockaway renaissance, he commissioned Patrick to paint the façade. What transpired and became a crucial aspect of Rockaway Tacos' appeal was a site-specific, half-harlequin, half-Coney Island, black, red, and white argyle pattern, nonverbal signage with a beach-shack vibe by a conceptual artist sincerely inspired by fish tacos. After Hurricane Sandy, a couple years later, the partially destroyed boards were disseminated and collected as art pieces in local homes. If that's not a sign of validation by a broad demographic of citizens who don't care or know about "conceptual art," I don't know what is.

Along the way, in person and otherwise, we continued conversations and interactions.

So, upon arriving at MOCA Tucson, in 2013, a long-standing urge to elaborate on what had transpired in *Ultra Trad Lands*—and increasingly impressive efforts at various locales since—turned into an opportunity to bring JPW3's work to a new audience in an idiosyncratic institutional setting (specifically, MOCA's East Galleries in its Neo-Brutalist-converted firehouse in downtown). Completely committed from the get-go, but with a nice bump of reaffirmation six months before the show when I caught *Exhaust Fruit* at Los Angeles Nomadic Division's (LAND) mini-mall parking lot on Santa Monica. Tumbleweeds fueled by fake flames burned as Miles Martinez's "Exhaust Fruit Flares" soundtrack emanated from roving speakers, conveyed by Rachel Blomgren and Sophie Weil, while Caleb Lyons, in a dress, finger-painted the doors and hood of a classic Crown Vic, with specially crafted flutes adorning its extended exhaust pipes. When Daniel Pineda, in the driver's seat, revved the engine, the flutes went screeching and flying off, causing bystanders to jump. Meanwhile, a Chevy Suburban rocked like pleasure-seekers were getting busy inside before the back doors opened revealing S. Gernsbacher interpretively covering Santo and Johnny's "Sleep Walk" on her 1970 Fender Stratocaster, that dreamy riff augmented by her own notes and chords. All the while, Patrick cheerfully blended and passed out celery, kale, beet, apple, and ginger healthy drinks, incorporating escalating amounts of Patrón as the night unfolded. Spectators mingled, talked, watched, and wondered what exactly was going on in the midst of a happening utterly lacking the annoyingly overdetermined facets of many

such operations. Not four performance with a capital "P," but enjoyable, thoughtful, stimulating, and well-planned according to JPW3's eccentric logic. And kind of punk by erasing the barriers between performers and audience and making them one on the unconventional "stage." Directed by the artist, undoubtedly, purposefully a special occasion, though with enough convivial chaos and serendipity to make it an art event akin to what life can be like when it's good.

A maximal blast, *Exhaust Fruit*. On the other side of the coin, a private moment when, one time in LA, I picked Patrick up to go eat tacos and drive him to his Scirocco, which owing to mechanical issues had been left parked on Catalina Street in Koreatown. That treasured 1984 maroon Scirocco with the white hood and roof that conveyed Patrick across the country to California and is still running strong. Truly utilitarian art, a vessel in both senses of the word, a German-engineered machine and metaphor, a two-door hatchback Giorgetto Giugiaro-designed automotive analogue to the art-within-the-art magic of Burnside. While I loitered, Patrick got under the front end to fiddle and fix as we joked about his "performance" with one witness regarding a man's deep, abiding affection for his machine. The artist and his art becoming one, and though only a minor episode and seemingly insignificant, the unerring, loving determination to keep the Scirocco going along with many other positive personal qualities were just as much determining factors in bringing Patrick to Tucson as any public airing of his artistic productions.

Along the way, Patrick had picked up the curious story of Devo's Mark Mothersbaugh inventing the term "Rust-

Oleum" as a young man while working in advertising, and later suggesting the title "Rust Never Sleeps" to Neil, who bestowed it on the album now a cornerstone in the Young canon. Thus, his exhibition at MOCA became *Sleep Never Rusts*, an inversion aligned with Patrick's attraction to Ludwig Wittgenstein's enigmatic quote, "A rose has no teeth." Meaning our experience of words and their definitions varies through different contexts, and allusions and references are transformed in both form and content. The protective paint's slogan's journey is not only intriguing arcane popular cultural trivia, but also dovetails nicely with JPW3's fascination with "how weird it is how things can happen," and how, looking back, it can seem so strange "it" ever happened in the first place. Sort of like the McGuire Twins' cross-country tour.

Commencing with twelve six-by-eight-foot paintings of multiple infinity-loop buckets full of holes revolving endlessly, the first gallery became a vertiginous mirror chamber full of right-side-up or upside-down pails; sometimes one way, sometimes another. Symbolically, they probed the splendor of seeing, asking what is inside and what is out. Purple, orange, black, green, and gray, lusciously colored with Rust-Oleum paint and permeated with wax. Showing all of their surfaces while disclosing nothing; formally affiliated with Edna Andrade's Op-art creations and bearing echoes of Jack Drummer's inscrutably decayed, stretched rubber pieces. Upon leaving that room and rounding a corner, a hallway-filling hologram summoning Serena Williams's power in mid-stroke confronted the observer, who, to proceed further, had to pass "through" her and become momentarily one with the celebrated tennis pro. Endlessly inanimate



Exhaust Fruit Performers



Sara Gerschlager Performing "Sleep Walk" at Exhaust Fruit



Exhaust Photos



Paul Walker Memorial Performance, 2015, MoMA JA Party
Diamondthel Residence, Miami

movement in paint led to repetition of endlessly repeated human motion as Chedda Da Connect (with a bit of JPW3 vocalizing in there, too) lackadaisically rapped "Flick of the wrist." Watching Serena sway on the ribbons, hearing the music, and smelling the wax from the adjoining galleries fostered constant awareness of the artist's meticulous intentions. Then, through a door, five supine sarcophagus-like wedge sculptures made of layers of melted wax, slowly molting, inert, and sepulchral. That primal insect-generated odor and orangey covers over the light fixtures summoned a strangely calming mausoleum, or, conversely, a mildly ominous, stalled amusement park ride. One more door and a dizzying floor-to-ceiling black-and-orange wraparound "finish line" triumphantly supersized zine origins onto entire walls, composed of eight-by-eleven-inch copies of a homemade plastic trash bag with a checkered-flag motif. Six inviting black-and-white-checkered chairs beckoned sitters to lounge and soak it all up where the show "ended," while the tartan motif rotated them back out into the undeniably multidisciplinary, agreeably confounding experience.

Combined, the components of the exhibition constituted an inventive, humorous, allusive, slightly destabilizing trip into physical, perceptual, and mental landscapes. As the buckets showed all of their holey sides, they recalled the old, painful nursery rhyme, "There's a Hole in my Bucket," with its deadlock situation of Henry's impossible task of filling the bucket with water. An excruciating song and quandary, relevant to the artist's Sisyphean predicament of working through accidents and errors to find solutions through mistakes,

or, conversely, finding problems in everything. That's the struggle that generates the result, as it must be, but the outcome was anything but angst-ridden, and during its run, seeing and hearing viewers' genuinely enchanted reactions stirred an exceptional sense of fulfillment and gratitude, for the exhibition itself, and for its creator.

Along with the painting, sculpture, performance, and zine-making, an array of interrelationships and difficult-to-explain twists and turns, as well as often-hard-to-pin-down and easily-lost-to-the-mists-of-memory connections that have essential significance to these activities. From that time in Miami when Patrick jumped off the roof into the pool during the sweet and funny *Paul Walker Memorial Performance* (an ode to deceased race car enthusiast and *Fast and Furious* franchise actor), to us skating the wall ride at La Primavera Market during the installation of his show, assessed by that big chow in the yard across the street, laughing as the drivers took their sweet time idling at the stop signs. Typical South Tucson. Just two moments, intertwined into a broad continuum in which a primary open attitude has infused exciting expansions on initial formulas. Also, seriousness without being overblown, and something elemental at work, be it fire, wax, food, or likenesses, providing many portals of arrival for all kinds of people, not just the mavens. Art that reaches out, awakens the senses, and captivates with a generosity of spirit. It's heartening and inspiring to track a friend and artist's evolution as their fundamental humor, gift for invention, and willingness to experiment stay intact and flourish with integrity, and there's no doubt that soulful, imaginative progression will continue to bear fruit far into the future.

