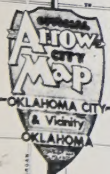
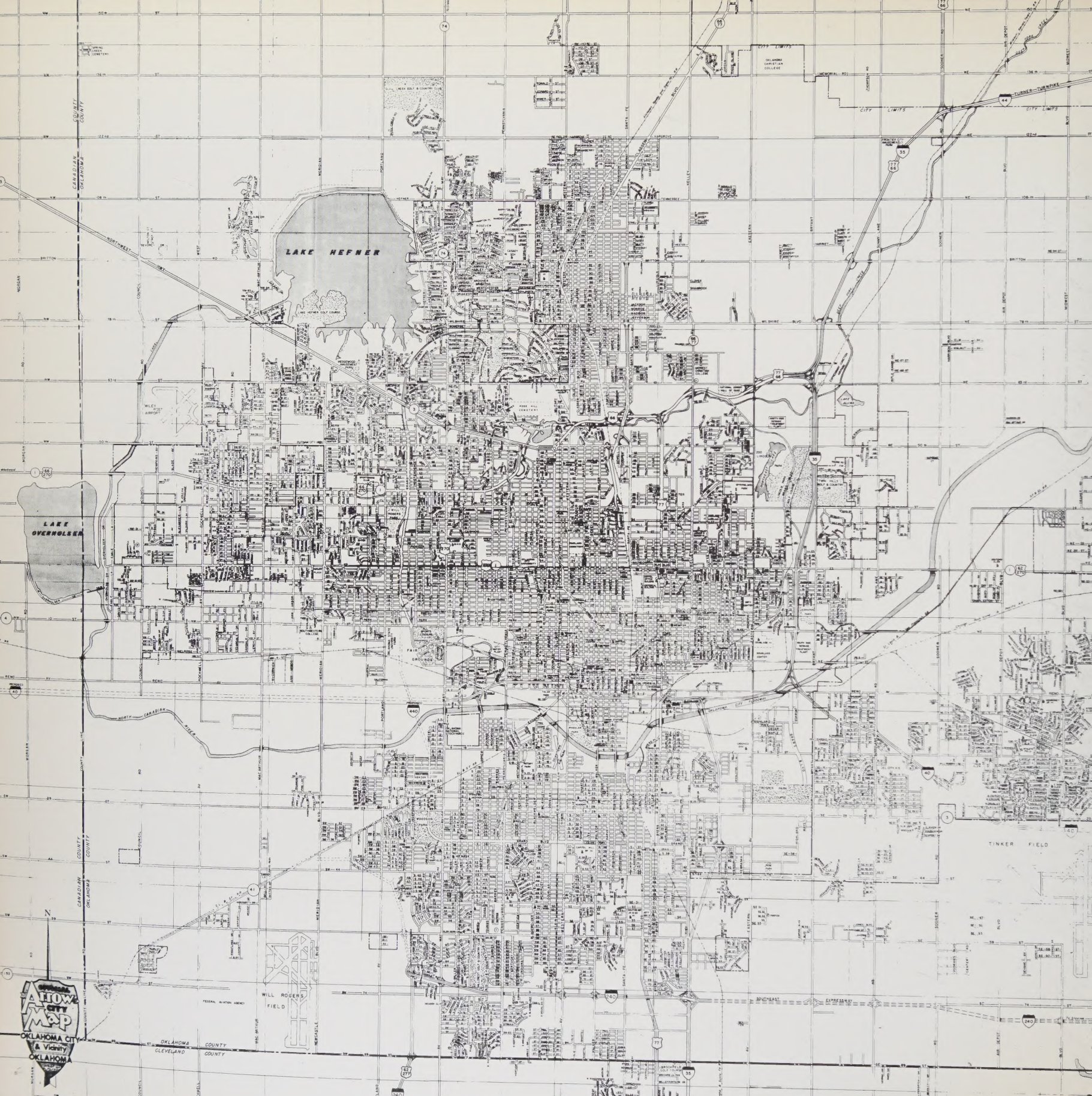
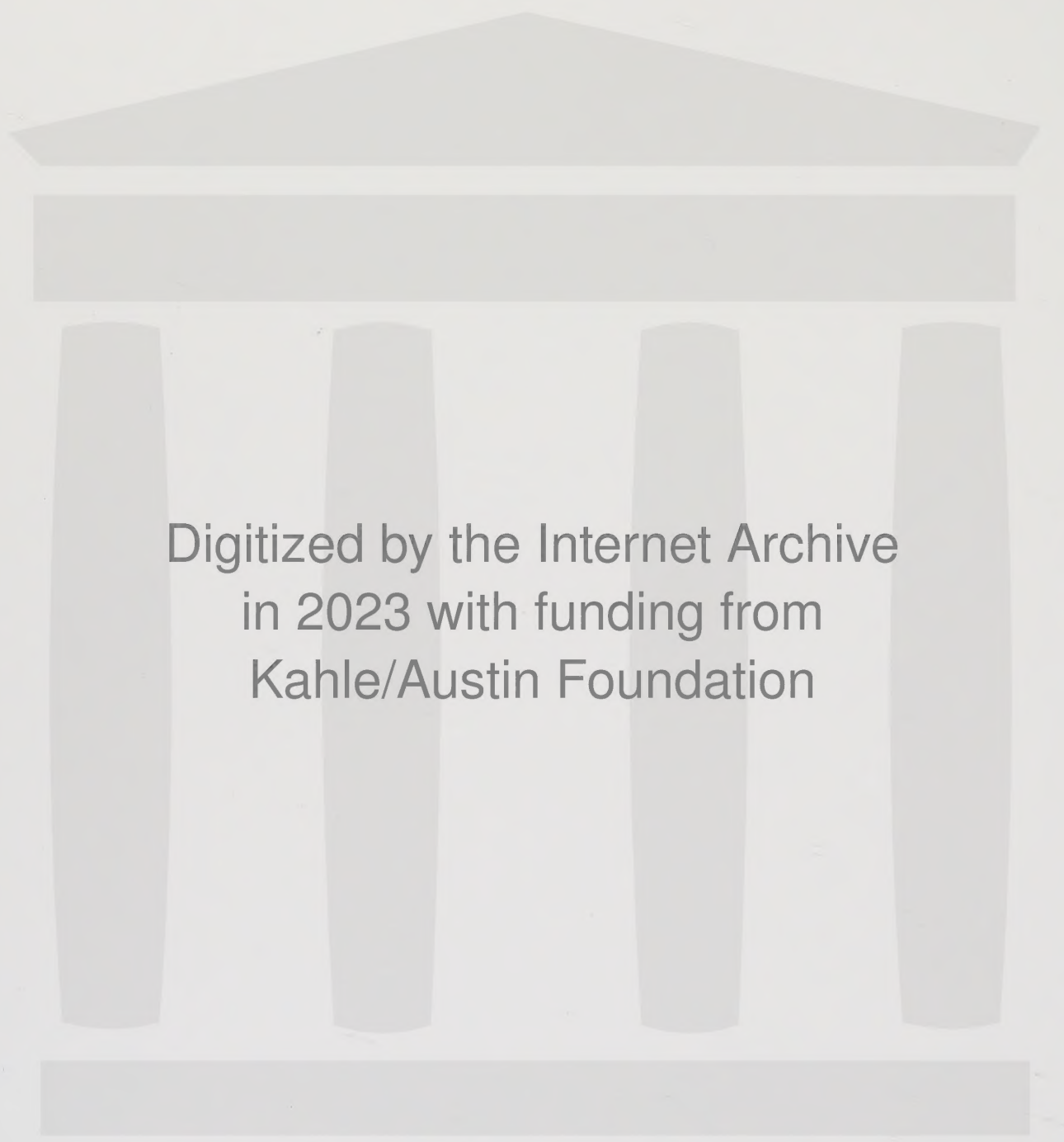


I DONT WANT
NO RETRO
SPECTIVE

THE WORKS OF EDWARD RUSCHA





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

<https://archive.org/details/worksofedwardrus0000rusc>

THE WORKS OF EDWARD RUSCHA

Essays by Dave Hickey and Peter Plagens

Introduction by Anne Livet

with a Foreword by Henry T. Hopkins

First Edition

This publication was prepared on the occasion of the exhibition, *The Works of Edward Ruscha*, organized by the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, under the direction of Henry T. Hopkins, Director of the museum. Guest Curator Anne Livet was assisted by Louise Katzman, Assistant Curator, with support from Karen Lee, Curatorial Secretary. The exhibition and accompanying publication have been made possible through the generous support of Philip Morris Incorporated and the National Endowment for the Arts, Washington, D.C., a Federal agency. The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art is supported in part by a grant from the San Francisco Hotel Tax Fund.

Schedule of the Exhibition

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art
March 25–May 23, 1982

Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
July 8–September 5, 1982

Vancouver Art Gallery, British Columbia, Canada
October 4–November 28, 1982

The San Antonio Museum of Art, Texas
December 27, 1982–February 20, 1983

Los Angeles County Museum of Art
March 17–May 15, 1983

© 1982 by the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art
Van Ness Avenue at McAllister Street
San Francisco, California 94102

All rights reserved under International
and Pan-American Copyright Conventions.
Published in the United States by Hudson Hills Press, Inc.
Suite 4323, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10112.
Distributed to the book trade by The Viking Press.

Editor and Publisher: Paul Anbinder
Copy-editor: Harriet Schoenholz Bee
Design: Edward Ruscha and Melissa Doyle
assisted by Donald Martiny
Composition: U.S. Lithograph Inc.
Manufactured in Japan by Toppan Printing Company

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data
Livet, Anne, 1941–

The works of Edward Ruscha.

Exhibition organized by the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art.

Bibliography: p. 169

Includes index.

1. Ruscha, Edward—Exhibitions. I. Hickey, Dave,
1940– . II. Plagens, Peter. III. San Francisco
Museum of Modern Art. IV. Title:
N6537.R87A4 1982 760'.092'4 81-20242
ISBN 0-933920-22-9

Cover: *I Don't Want No Retro Spective*, 1979

Table of Contents

<i>List of Illustrations</i>	6
<i>Lenders to the Exhibition</i>	8
<i>Sponsor's Foreword</i>	9
<i>Director's Foreword</i> <i>Ed Ruscha: Three Contact Points</i>	10
<i>Acknowledgments</i>	13
<i>Introduction: Collage and Beyond</i> <i>by Anne Livet</i>	14
<i>Available Light</i> <i>by Dave Hickey</i>	18
<i>Ed Ruscha, Seriously</i> <i>by Peter Plagens</i>	32
<i>Plates</i>	41
<i>Chronology</i>	156
<i>Biography of Exhibitions</i>	163
<i>Selected Bibliography</i>	169
<i>Checklist of the Exhibition</i>	174
<i>Index</i>	179
<i>Photography Credits</i>	181
<i>Board of Trustees and Staff</i>	182

List of Illustrations

Colorplates are preceded by an asterisk (*)

SWEETWATER,. 1959	10	ACTUAL SIZE. 1962	48
CHOCOLATE ROOM. 35th Venice Biennale. 1970	11	*BOSS. 1961	49
Jim Ganzer in the film MIRACLE. 1975	20	WAR SURPLUS. 1962	50
J. T. Baargeld (Alfred Grünwald). BEETLES. 1920	21	*ANNIE. 1962	51
FLIES. 1972	21	GAS. 1962	52
Sir John Everett Millais. OPHELIA. 1851–52	22	3327 DIVISION ('39 FORD). 1962	52
THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM ON FIRE. 1965–68	23	DIMPLE. 1964	52
NORMS, LA CIENEGA, ON FIRE. 1964	25	*FLASH, L.A. TIMES. 1963	53
HONEY, HAND ME THE CAN OF NU-SMELL PLEASE. 1980	29	*20—20—20. 1962	54
THREE DARVONS AND TWO VALIUMS. 1975	30	*LARGE TRADEMARK WITH EIGHT SPOTLIGHTS. 1962	55–56
STANDARD STATION 10¢ WESTERN BEING TORN IN		*STANDARD STATION. 1966	58
HALF. 1964	31	*STANDARD STATION, AMARILLO, TEXAS. 1963	59–60
Page from A FEW PALM TREES. 1971	32	*NOISE, PENCIL, BROKEN PENCIL, CHEAP WESTERN. 1963	62
Page from TWENTYSIX GASOLINE STATIONS. 1963	33	DAMAGE. 1964	63
Detail from THIRTYFOUR PARKING LOTS IN LOS		SMASH. 1964	64
ANGELES. 1967	33	*SMASH. 1963	65
Edward Hopper. HOUSE BY THE RAILROAD. 1925	33	DOHENY DRIVE. 1965	66
Detail from EVERY BUILDING ON THE SUNSET STRIP. 1966	34	BRONSON TROPICS. 1965	66
SOUP. 1969	34	WILSHIRE BLVD. 1965	67
JELLY. 1964	34	VICTORY BOULEVARD. 1965	67
AUTOMATIC. 1966	34	*ANGRY BECAUSE IT'S PLASTER, NOT MILK. 1965	68
FOUR SHEETS STAINED WITH CHOCOLATE AND EGG		*BALTIMORE ORIOLE SECURING FRESHWATER FISH. 1965	69
YOLK. 1972	34	STARDUST. 1966	70
Larry Bell. UNTITLED. 1969	36	PUSSY. 1966	70
Roy Lichtenstein. KEDS. 1961	36	1984. 1967	70
Lawrence Weiner. UP ON (IN) THE AIR. . . . 1974	37	*RAW. 1969	71
Joseph Kosuth. WHITE AND BLACK. 1966	37	VASELINE. 1967	72
ARTISTS WHO MAKE "PIECES." 1976	38	ANGRY PEOPLE. 1973	72
I PLEAD INSANITY BECAUSE I'M JUST CRAZY ABOUT		PRESSURES. 1967	73
THAT LITTLE GIRL. 1976	38	TOOTH. 1968–75	73
STUDY FOR MIRACLE. 1973	38	BURNING GAS STATION. 1965–66	74
Pages from REAL ESTATE OPPORTUNITIES. 1970	39	*HOLLYWOOD. 1968	75–76
*DUBLIN. 1959	42	AIR. 1970	79
*DUBLIN. 1960	43	MOTOR. 1970	79
BOX SMASHED FLAT. 1960–61	44	LIPS. 1970	79
TRADEMARK 2. 1962	45	*ADIOS. 1967	80
HOUSE ON 38TH ST. 1962	45	CITY. 1968	81
WONDER BREAD. 1962	45	*DESIRE. 1969	82
ITEMS. 1960	46	*RANCHO. 1968	83
ACE. 1961	46	EYE. 1969	84
UNTITLED. 1961	47	*MARBLE SHATTERS DRINKING GLASS. 1968	85
INSECT EATING PAPER. 1960	47	PAINKILLERS, TRANQUILIZERS, OLIVE. 1969	85

*BLUE BOWLING BALL. 1972		
*BOUNCING MARBLES, BOUNCING APPLE, BOUNCING OLIVE. 1969		
*NEWS. 1970		
*MEWS. 1970		
*PEWS. 1970		
*BREWS. 1970		
*STEWs. 1970		
*DUES. 1970		
*SATIN. 1971		
WHISKERS, SPLINTERS. 1972		
*VALIUMS, SPLINTERS. 1973		
FLYING SHEET STAINED WITH FERNET BRANCA. 1973		
TWO SHEETS STAINED WITH BLOOD. 1973		
SPREAD. 1973		
*THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM ON FIRE. 1965-68	95-96	
I'M AMAZED. 1971		
MERCY. 1973		
HAWAIIAN MUSIC. 1973		
RADIOs AT FULL VOLUME. 1973		
*DO ING. 1973		
*EXECUTIVE PRESSURES AND LOSS OF MEMORY. 1973		
*LISTEN, I'D LIKE TO HELP OUT, BUT. 1973		
*NOW THEN, AS I WAS ABOUT TO SAY. . . . 1973		
SLOBBERIN DRUNK AT THE PALOMINO. 1975		
MR. CHOW L.A. 1973		
*WASH, THEN DANCE. 1973		
*HEADLIGHTS ARE SIMILAR TO PEOPLE'S EYES. 1974		
*MURDER. 1974		
VANISHING CREAM. 1973		
COTTON PUFFS. 1974		
BABY CAKES. 1974		
*JINX. 1973-74		
SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THAT. 1974		
*VERY ANGRY PEOPLE. 1973		
*SCREAMING IN SPANISH. 1974		
*A BLVD. CALLED SUNSET. 1975		
SAND IN THE VASELINE. 1974		
WE HUMANS. 1974		
THE TRAIL OF PRUNES. 1975		
SPLINTERS; PAPER. 1976		
ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD DREAM BUBBLE POPPED. 1976		
86 MALIBU = SLIDING GLASS DOORS. 1976		120
*THREE DARVONS AND TWO VALIUMS. 1975		121
87 *NICE, HOT VEGETABLES. 1976		122
88 *HE ENJOYS THE CO. OF WOMEN. 1976		123
88 *PONTIAC CATALINAS? 1976		124
88 *NO END TO THE THINGS MADE OUT OF HUMAN TALK. 1977		125
89 PR-PR-PROCESS FOOD. 1976		126
89 SHE SURE KNEW HER DEVOTIONALS. 1976		126
90 *THERMOMETERS SHOULD LAST FOREVER. 1976		127
91 *I LIVE OVER IN VALLEY VIEW. 1975		128
91 *THOSE OF US WHO HAVE DOUBLE PARKED. 1976		129
92 BACK OF HOLLYWOOD. 1977		130
92 *UNTITLED. 1975		131
93 MIRACLE. 1977		132
*UNIDENTIFIED HIT RECORD. 1977		133
99 *A WINTER VEGETABLE SET-UP IN MEXICO. 1977		134
100 *SOME PRETTY EYES AND SOME ELECTRIC BILLS. 1976		134
100 HOSTILE POLYESTER. 1977		135
101 *ELECT. . . . TRICITY. 1979		136
102 I DON'T WANT NO RETRO SPECTIVE. 1979		136
103 I DON'T WANT NO S- SILICONES OR NO ACCIDENTAL S- SIDEBURNS. 1979		137
104 HOLLYWOOD IS A VERB. 1979		137
106 HONEY, I TWISTED THROUGH MORE DAMN TRAFFIC TODAY. 1977		138
107 *VERY ANGRY PEOPLE. 1977		138
107 IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1984. 1978		139
108 SHE SLEPT WITH TWO WINDUP ALARM CLOCKS. 1978		140
109 *BAMBOO POLE. 1979		141-43
109 *IT'S A SMALL WORLD. 1980		141-43
110 *KAY-EYE-DOUBLE-S. 1978		147
111 AN EXTREMELY ORDINARY PERSON. 1978		148
112 STAINS. 1969		149
113 A QUESTION OF CITIES. 1979		150
114 *WHO AM I? 1979		151
115 *CANADA, U.S.A., MEXICO. 1980		153-54
116 *THE FIFTIES. 1980		153-54
117 *THE NINETIES. 1980		153-54
118 Jasper Johns. TARGET WITH FOUR FACES. 1955		157
119 R. A. Bertelli. HEAD OF MUSSOLINI. 1933		158
120 Poster for the exhibition WAR BABIES. 1961		158

Lenders to the Exhibition

PRIVATE LENDERS

Woody Allen, New York
 Mr. and Mrs. Julian Ard,
 Fort Worth, Texas
 Betty Asher, Beverly Hills,
 California
 David and Gladyce Begelman,
 Beverly Hills, California
 Janie Beggs, Santa Fe,
 New Mexico
 John Berggruen, San Francisco
 Mr. and Mrs. Barry A. Berkus,
 Santa Barbara, California
 Ed Bevan, Fort Worth, Texas
 Leon Bing, Los Angeles
 Ruth and Jacob Bloom
 Robert Borlenghi, Beverly Hills,
 California
 Patricia L. Brundage, New York
 Susan Brundage, New York
 Patty Callahan, San Francisco
 Michael and Tina Chow, New York
 Candy Clark, Los Angeles
 William Copley, New York
 Bud Cort
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dean,
 San Francisco

Mr. and Mrs. Ahmet Ertegun,
 New York
 Peter Gill, San Antonio, Texas
 Dr. and Mrs. Merle S. Glick,
 Los Angeles
 Joe Goode, Springville, California
 Susan Haller, Los Angeles
 Mocci and Gunnar Hammer,
 Spain and Sweden
 Catherine Hillenbrand, Seattle,
 Washington
 Walter Hopps, Washington, D.C.
 Martha and Melvin Horowitz,
 Spartanburg, South Carolina
 Lauren Hutton, New York
 Ulrike Kantor, Los Angeles
 Casey Kristofferson, Los Angeles
 Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Lang,
 Medina, Washington
 Norman and Frances Lear,
 Los Angeles
 Gabriel Levinas, Buenos Aires,
 Argentina
 Sydney and Frances Lewis
 Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. Marron,
 New York
 Mrs. Pollard Marsters, Houston,
 Texas
 Stephen Mazoh, Rhinebeck,
 New York
 J. J. Meeker, Fort Worth, Texas
 Byron Meyer, San Francisco
 Jack and Lynne Myers,
 Beverly Hills, California

Michelle Phillips, Los Angeles
 Private collection, Beverly Hills,
 California
 Private collection, New York
 Private collection, Toronto,
 Canada
 Robert Rauschenberg, New York
 Danna Ruscha, Sherman Oaks,
 California
 Edward Ruscha, Hollywood,
 California
 Paul Ruscha, Hollywood, California
 Harvey Sande, Berkeley, California
 John Martin Shea, Newport Beach,
 California
 Laura Lee Stearns, Los Angeles
 Dr. Leopold S. Tuchman,
 Beverly Hills, California
 Virginia and Bagley Wright,
 Seattle, Washington
 Ira and Adele Yellin, Los Angeles,
 California

INSTITUTIONS AND GALLERIES

Ace Gallery, Venice, California
 Alford House/Anderson Fine Arts
 Center, Anderson, Indiana
 The Art Institute of Chicago
 The Cardea Foundation,
 Los Angeles

Dartmouth College Museum and
 Galleries, Hanover, New Hampshire
 First City National Bank of Houston,
 Texas
 Fogg Art Museum, Harvard
 University, Cambridge, Massachusetts
 The Fort Worth Art Museum, Texas
 Françoise Lambert, Milan, Italy
 Frederick Weisman Company,
 Century City, California
 Gelco Corporation, Minneapolis,
 Minnesota
 Gemini G.E.L., Los Angeles
 Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture
 Garden, Smithsonian Institution,
 Washington, D.C.
 Leo Castelli Gallery, New York
 Los Angeles County Museum of Art
 Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio
 The Oakland Museum, California
 Paine, Webber, Jackson and Curtis,
 Inc., New York
 San Francisco Museum of
 Modern Art
 Texas Gallery, Houston, Texas
 University of Hartford Print
 Workshop, Hartford Art School,
 West Hartford, Connecticut
 Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven,
 The Netherlands
 Whitney Museum of American Art,
 New York

Sponsor's Foreword

Philip Morris, for more than fifteen years, has been interested in art that reveals the American spirit. It is pleased, therefore, to help underwrite this exhibition of the works of Edward Ruscha.

It is said he embodies our contemporary psyche more thoroughly than other artists of his generation. The words "Made in U.S.A." certainly apply to his works. With them, he lifts the curtain on the commonplace sights and sounds we no longer see or hear, and makes us react to them as we never did before, or ever will again. Frequently, in his art, he "reads" to us words, titles, slogans, even sentences, from books on our common character that exist only in the library of his imagination. At other times he simply yanks us into his canvases to roam 'about as we please and to make our own determination of what we see and sense. The landmarks along the way are unmistakably American, although we are all likely to read Ruscha's road maps differently, according to our own lights. And that freedom of new perception, I believe, is just great. With art that jiggles and rearranges our mental landscape, and quickens and refreshes our native sensibilities, we will maintain our "Made in U.S.A." vigor and enthusiasm.

George Weissman
Chairman of the Board
Philip Morris Incorporated

Director's Foreword

Ed Ruscha: Three Contact Points

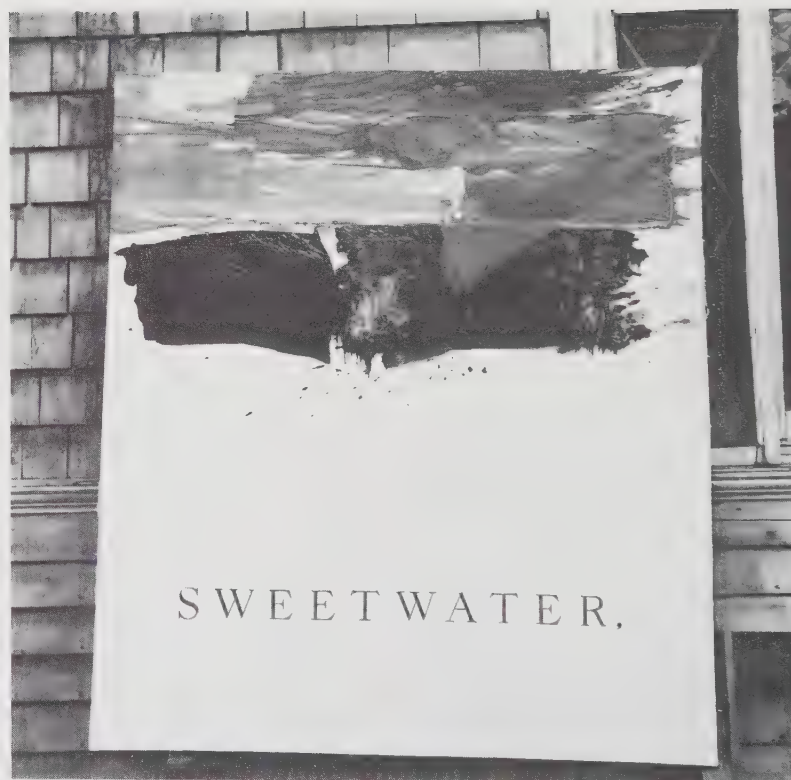
In fall 1960, we opened the Huysman Gallery on North La Cienega Boulevard in Los Angeles. The gallery was backed by three young attorneys, and I was to be its director at the handsome salary of three hundred dollars a month. The purpose was to show some California artists of modest reputation and to seek out some new talent.

My friends, Walter Hopps and Irving Blum, were operating the highly visible Ferus Gallery directly across the street. It was our thought that the Huysman Gallery could begin to deal with young artists who had the ambition to compete with the Ferus Gallery artists: John Altoon, Billy Al Bengston, Robert Irwin, Edward Kienholz, Craig Kauffman, Kenneth Price, and others like them who were just beginning to establish themselves—and Los Angeles as a viable art center.

Shortly after the opening, Joe Goode brought in some work for me to see. I was impressed with its vitality and asked if he knew any other artists with similar interests. It was Joe who introduced me to Ed Boreal, Ron Miyashiro, Larry Bell, Jerry McMillan, and Edward Ruscha, all of whom had studied together at Chouinard Art Institute.

The first time that Ruscha came to the gallery he showed me a number of small wooden pieces with words and paint which were indebted to the assemblage work of Ed Kienholz, Wallace Berman, George Herms, and Bruce Conner, and which related to the "combines" of Robert Rauschenberg in the East. The work was very much of the moment, and I asked to see more.

Several weeks later, Ed came back with two paintings which he had done earlier. One, *Su* (page 158), was a two-foot square. It was a clean white canvas with two horizontal brushstrokes, in blue and red, above an envelope-shaped fabric of black and red stripes which was glued to the surface. The word "Su" was printed in ink in large black letters below the forms. I was immediately drawn to the other painting, *Sweetwater*, (page 10). It was five by four feet of primed white canvas. The top half had several foot-wide bands of overlapping, thick, watermelon-like colors dragged across it. The lower half was blank except for the typographically printed word "SWEETWATER," enclosed between two thin bands of black paint. I had never seen anything like it. It suggested an awareness of Jasper Johns and Willem de Kooning, but it wasn't an East Coast painting. The color and cleanliness gave it an open and fresh quality.



Sweetwater, (1959, oil and ink on canvas, 60 × 48") leaning against the house at 1818 North New Hampshire Avenue, Hollywood, California, 1959 (destroyed)

Ed had no real interest in selling work at that time, but I convinced him to sell *Sweetwater*, to me personally for two hundred dollars. In reality, he sold it to me for twenty ten-dollar monthly payments. Ruscha had the painting photographed and on the white lower margin drew twenty square boxes, which I could fill in each time I made a payment.

My life was somewhat transient at that time, and *Sweetwater*, accompanied me from apartment to apartment with stop-off points at a friend's garage in between. I was teaching at UCLA evening school and had access to a small office in the painting department where I decided to put *Sweetwater*, for safekeeping. One evening, when I arrived to teach, the painting was missing. I asked around and posted a notice, but no one had seen it. The next week there was a note on my desk from a painting student who confessed that she was desperate for canvas, and the painting had looked unfinished to her, so she took it and had painted over it. She was sorry.

So, Ed's first major painting no longer exists except as a photograph. *Sweetwater*, was an important painting. It was the West Coast's first informed proto-Pop statement, which incorporated all of the symbology that would continue to develop in Ruscha's work: a clean look, free space, daring division of the canvas, and word-image association. It took me many years to tell Ed of that tragic event.

The *War Babies* exhibition, discussed in the Chronology, closed the Huysman Gallery, and I went on to my first museum job at the old Los Angeles County Museum in Exposition Park. Joe Goode and Ed Ruscha had become good friends of mine, and I followed their work with interest. Joe began to show at the Rolf Nelson Gallery and Ed at the Ferus Gallery.

In early 1963, Ruscha showed me his first book, *Twentysix Gasoline Stations*, which he had assembled during 1962 and had published under the logo "A National Excelsior Publication" in an edition of four hundred numbered copies. He presented me with a hand-boxed volume. I admit that I was puzzled by this new direction. Books were supposed to be full of meaningful words and/or exceptional photographs. This funny little number had only identifying captions (the trade name of the gasoline station and its geographical location) and run-of-the-mill, self-made snapshots with plenty of road in front. I was amazed that Ed had invested what little money he had in such a venture.

Scanning the book now, one can't help but think of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* or Dennis Hopper's *Easy Rider*, even though the beat generation was over and the hippies had not yet emerged. *Twentysix Gasoline Stations* documents a Route-66 trip in reverse, from California back home to Oklahoma. The gasoline stations are represented in west-to-east sequence, from California to Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Oklahoma, and all are along Route 66. It may or may not be interesting to note that within each state the sequence is out of order with the road map. The final photographic image is out of geographical sequence but sets up a Duchampian pun within a pun, being a Fina station in Groom, Texas.

Ruscha uses a similar device in his second book, *Various Small Fires and Milk*, 1964, where, after fifteen burning images—from matches to gas stoves—the final photograph presents a glass of milk, allowing you to contemplate the fire in your stomach.

It wasn't until the publication of *Every Building on the Sunset Strip*, 1966, that Ruscha's books began to develop an underground following. I remember visiting his studio in 1965, where he was boxed in with stack after stack of unsold volumes. It is indicative of his tenacity and belief that he invested so much time and money before his publications caught on. By now, the earliest books have been republished several times.

Shortly after I left California to direct The Fort Worth Art Center Museum, I was asked to serve as the coordinator for the American



Chocolate Room, 35th Venice Biennale, 1970

representation at the 35th Venice Biennale in 1970. The idea was to break the pattern of one-person shows and to present a survey of the best American printmaking. Along with the exhibition there was to be a print workshop where a select group of artists could come and produce prints on the spot. Ruscha was to be the first of these invited artists.

World events interceded and a massive boycott against the government-sponsored Biennale was planned by American artists to protest the war in Vietnam. The format of the United States presentation was ideal for protest, since many artists were to be represented and nobody lost too much by boycotting this then prestigious international event. Because of the well-known names of the participants, the protest evoked wide publicity. While it would have been within legal limits to present the show as planned since most of the prints were borrowed from museum collections, we were presented with a moral dilemma. Every artist was allowed to state whether he wished to show or not, and a list of the dissenters was prominently displayed on the United States Pavilion wall. Such is democracy.

Ruscha wavered and nearly sent a false note from his mother saying he couldn't come, but he did come out of sympathy for my difficult situation. Such is friendship.

He had just recently begun to work with organic materials in his prints, using berry juice and various stains instead of printer's ink. For the Biennale he produced *Chocolate Room*, a full-room environment made up of 360 sheets of paper, silkscreened overall with Nestlé's chocolate and installed like the shingles on a California bungalow. The visual experience and odor were quite overwhelming. Whether planned or not, the work became a protest of its own, since visitors found they could moisten their fingers and write into the chocolate surface. Many antiwar statements were made. The piece came to an end when the Venetian ants invaded and set up incredible patterns on the surface. Such is justice.

Ants became a part of Ruscha's imagery and appeared in profusion on the catalog and poster that Ruscha designed for another international exhibition, *Documenta 5*, in Kassel, Germany, in 1972. Such is history.

Henry T. Hopkins

Director

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art



Acknowledgments

An exhibition of this size and scope requires the participation of many people. I would like to express sincere gratitude to these individuals and to mention, in particular, some of those who gave generously of their time and effort. I am deeply grateful to Edward Ruscha, who has collaborated on all aspects of the exhibition, from the selection of works to the superb design of the catalog, and who has generously lent many pictures from his own collection. His patience, cooperation, and unfailing good humor have made the organization of this exhibition a pleasure. I wish to thank Henry T. Hopkins, Director of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, for his wholehearted commitment to this exhibition. He has been an enthusiastic supporter of Ruscha's art from the early days in Los Angeles, and it is particularly fitting that the exhibition originate with his museum. Also, Louise E. Katzman, Assistant Curator, has given hours of her own time, effort, and expertise to the project and worked with an efficiency and professionalism I have seldom seen equalled.

Other than the exhibition organized by Linda Cathcart for the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, in 1976, no comprehensive body of Ruscha's work has been brought together, and there is little extant criticism on his work. I wish, therefore, to thank the lenders to the exhibition for graciously sharing the works in their collections with the public, as well as those institutions that have joined with us in presenting this exhibition. I am particularly indebted to Dave Hickey and Peter Plagens for writing graceful essays that provide a setting for Ruscha's art without trying to dominate it.

The preparation of this exhibition and its catalog required the help of virtually the entire staff of the museum. I wish to thank them all but, in particular, Karen Lee, Curatorial Secretary, who assisted Louise Katzman in numerous aspects of the organization of the exhibition and catalog material, and researched and organized the Biography of Exhibitions; Eugenie Candau, Librarian, who researched and compiled the Selected Bibliography; Debra Neese, Associate Registrar, who arranged transpor-

tation of loans and insurance; Julius Wasserstein, Gallery Superintendent, and his crew, who were in charge of carrying out the installation; Robert A. Whyte, Director of Education, who initiated and implemented the educational components of the exhibition; D. B. Finnegan, Publicity Director, who handled the publicity; Melissa Doyle, Graphic Designer, who graciously assisted Ruscha in the design of the catalog; and Michael McCone, Associate Director of Administration, who secured special funds from Philip Morris Incorporated.

My thanks also go to several people not on the museum's staff who aided us in putting the exhibition together. Edward Ruscha's assistant, Susan Haller, provided invaluable aid in the preparation of the catalog, and Miriam Roberts, Meta-Art, Berkeley, carefully researched the Chronology and assisted in numerous other ways. Special thanks are also due my assistants Nancy Bauerle and Charmaine Bruton for their diligent contributions to all aspects of the exhibition and to Stephen Reichard who has provided assistance and support in a variety of ways. The staffs of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York, and Ace Gallery, Venice, California, have been most helpful with research and photography. Paul Karlstrom, West Coast Area Director of the Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution, was enormously helpful by making available the transcript of his recent interview with Ruscha. To Walter Hopps and Philip Leider, who worked with Ruscha early on, I owe a special debt for sharing their memories of those times with us.

Finally, I should like to express our gratitude for the financial support we received from the National Endowment for the Arts, Philip Morris Incorporated, and the San Francisco Hotel Tax Fund, which provides assistance to the exhibition program of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Without the help of these organizations, the exhibition would not have been possible.

Anne Livet
Curator of the Exhibition

Introduction: Collage and Beyond by Anne Livet

Dear Anne,

Thanks for the copy of Pete's essay. Enclosed is the text of my "Adventure in Ruschaland." The two essays make a good pair, I think.

As to your question about the introduction: anything you *want* to say will be apposite. Ed is enough of a chameleon for all of us, but the enclosed sheet of slides which juxtapose a group of Ed's early works might appeal to your Frenchy, pedantic turn of mind. I think the whole body of the work is imminent in the dynamics of the first "painted words," and in the syntactical strategies of collage. If you can only hint at the multiplicity and elusiveness of the relationships at work here, you will have done us all a favor.

I think you will find it's easier to talk about the work in terms of literature and music. (Ed does this himself.) However, I think you could make a case for the art with no reference at all to Surrealism, Dada, the Symbolists, Jasper Johns, or John Cage. These guys only validate and provide the context in which Ed can pursue the visions and values he brought with him to L.A.

In other words, I think if you could talk about Ed's art solely in terms of Walt Disney, Norman Rockwell, and the icons of the Catholic Church you could really demonstrate the audacity and subtlety with which he has generated—out of the perceptions of a Catholic boyhood in the pop-culture nullity of Oklahoma amidst the false magic of Los Angeles—so much real mystery and magic. Somehow, he has managed to transform all this "America" as the King of Naples is transformed in Ariel's song. You know the quote. (Now you know I know it too.)

Thanks and lots of luck,

Dave

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
—*The Tempest*, I, ii, 396–401

A word on a page, which is also a word painted on a plane, which is also the representation of a word in a picture, becomes a sign, a symbol, and an image, on a ground which is simultaneously a page, a plane, and a picture. Even if you start by looking at Edward Ruscha's first collages with their juxtaposed words and images, even if you ask yourself what the late Roland Barthes considered to be the first question, "What is happening here?"¹ it's not really that simple, since a collage, even without words, is never just a picture, a page, or a plane, but a picture-of-pictures, a page-of-pages, a plane-of-planes, or any combination of the above.

Collage that incorporates both words and images is a particularly resonant device; it's not, however, a device peculiar to Ruscha's art; nor

are the early collages much more than skillful work in territory already explored by Johns and Rauschenberg. Only as he begins to refine the tactics of collage, isolating and recombining words and images in increasingly subtle ways, does the work become peculiarly and privately Ruscha's—ultimately resolving into a personal rhetoric that is at once literal and literary.

The early lithograph *3327 Division ('39 Ford)*, 1962 (Plate 16), is arranged with a section of a Sun-Maid raisin box flattened and slightly overlapping a photograph of a 1939 Ford. The address, however, has been divided and centered with the numbers at the top and the street name at the bottom of the image. The dispersion of word and object to the edges of the picture is carried further in *Gas*, 1962 (Plate 15), in which the word "gas" sits atop a solid square and the pasted elements are reduced to a single image, a gasoline can centered on the bottom of the square. Here the word and object are synonymous—one illustrates the other—whereas in *3327 Division ('39 Ford)* the visual components interact to tell a little story about the house on Division Street where Ruscha was living at the time, and the dispersion of the numbers and words in the address provides a visual framework or context for the story. In *3327 Division ('39 Ford)* the images, placed in context with words, begin to function as words themselves, and, conversely, the words placed in context with images function as images. This ambiguity of sign and image situated in an equally ambiguous semantic and pictorial space is one which Ruscha has continued to exploit until the present time.

The following year, in the painting *Flash, L.A. Times*, 1963 (Plate 18), Ruscha makes this ambiguity even more explicit by placing the word "flash" close to the top edge of the canvas and centering an image of a folded copy of the Sunday *Los Angeles Times* on the bottom edge. The object functions as a word, completing the semantic content of the picture, and the word functions as an object, completing the design of the picture. In this way, Ruscha tends to create a kind of metalanguage where the concrete image invites one to look for the language behind it.

In *Noise, Pencil, Broken Pencil, Cheap Western*, 1963 (Plate 23), Ruscha treats the objects as semantic components, carrying the objectification of the word much further by not only giving it an analogous placement with objects in the picture (as he does with *Flash, L.A. Times*), but by depicting it as a three-dimensional object resting on a white diagonal-shaped section that appears to have been cut from the otherwise solid background of the canvas. The diagonal composition and the three-dimensional treatment of the words recall *Large Trademark with Eight Spotlights*, 1962 (Plate 20), which is constructed on the upper-left to lower-right diagonal of the Standard station paintings. On a primary level, the word "noise" seems to refer simply to the noise made by breaking the pencil, but juxtaposition of the seemingly disparate elements, like the images in a Symbolist sonnet, generates a whole battery of interpretive questions.

Who broke the pencil?

What do pencils have to do with the cheap Western?

Why does the artist choose to emphasize the noise of the broken pencil?

Is it only to make the image of the broken pencil more immediate—a breaking pencil?

The broken pencil calls to mind the incident Ruscha has referred to a number of times in interviews when as a child in parochial school he was regularly rapped on the knuckles with a pencil by a nun who caught him misbehaving in class. Is the pencil, then, simultaneously a symbol of expression and repression? If so, then Ruscha is certainly using the word "noise" in its literal rather than its colloquial sense, not simply as a sound,

but as sound which is confused, disharmonic, disorganized, and distorted.

Is the artist being punished (repressed) for expressing himself by depicting unworthy objects such as cheap Westerns and other popular images in his paintings?

It doesn't really matter, of course, since the more familiar you become with the work, the more mysterious it becomes, the more questions you find to ask, and the fewer answers you find.

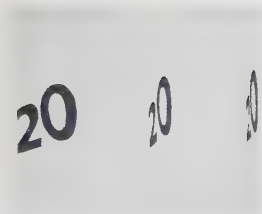
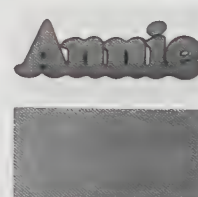
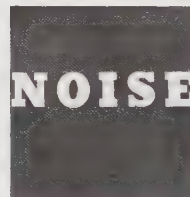
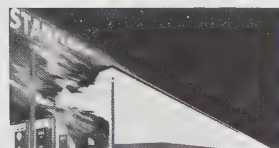
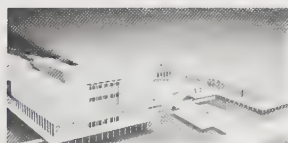
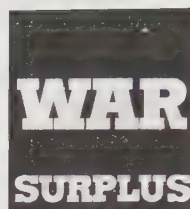
Unlike *Noise, Pencil, Broken Pencil, Cheap Western*, and its predecessor, *Large Trademark with Eight Spotlights*, which objectifies the words "20th Century Fox" by representing them in three dimensions, the painting *Damage* (Plate 24), made in 1964, objectifies the word "damage" by setting it on fire. Subsequently he sets both a Standard station and the Los Angeles County Museum on fire, and these acts of gratuitous combustion raise some questions about Ruscha's notorious reserve or cool. Regardless of the significance of the fire (it may be an aggressive artistic act—a Dadaist gesture, perhaps), it certainly is a kind of commentary, and as such distinguishes Ruscha's art from "pure" Pop artists like Andy Warhol who would never alter any image with this kind of exposition. Setting the word "damage" on fire is one of the rare occasions before 1967 when Ruscha fuses a word with an image as he does in the liquid word paintings of that year. At this juncture the shift in subject matter would appear to be dialectic (liquid versus fire), giving us further reason to regard the fire imagery as more than an arbitrary deformation arising from damaging the word "damage."

In *The Los Angeles County Museum on Fire*, 1965–68 (Plate 67), the subject immediately invites some kind of interpretation—especially since it is explicitly nonrealistic, stylized, floating, and enveloped in a curtain of darkness. A museum is an institution which displays and cares for works of art, but what is being burned is the idealized museum; so, if the fire is read in the same way as the fire in *Damage*, the act of aggression is probably directed toward some ideological function of the museum. But the assumption that Ruscha, like the New York–London Pop artists, is attempting by this gesture to undermine art history, doesn't necessarily follow, for, as Peter Plagens has noted in his book on California art:

Los Angeles has almost no cultural tradition—particularly no modernist tradition—to overthrow. In that city there's not much sense to paintings which, like Andy Warhol's or Roy Lichtenstein's early work, lampoon or simply ridicule the Beaux-Arts preciousness of action painting—or in sculptures that are blatant, unmodified blow-ups of ubiquitous commercial objects.²

Ruscha's art, like that of the Pop artists, comes from the real world and embraces the vulgar techniques and imagery of commercial culture. But unlike many of the Pop artists, Ruscha seldom seems to be making art about other art; in fact, his work seems to embody much of the idealism and introspection which the other Pop artists were trying to purge from their work by espousing commercial techniques and iconography. Ruscha's connection with Pop art would seem to be one of method, for, like many of his contemporaries, he applies "Occam's razor" to the procedures of making art, assuming that the simplest and most expedient solution is the best and most elegant one. Thus setting the museum on fire is probably intended as a commentary on the institution rather than the art it shows, or perhaps the gesture is a metaphoric rendering of the threat posed by any new kind of art to the preceding artistic generation.

Considered in this context, the fire in *Burning Gas Station*, 1965–66 (Plate 41), could be another negative gesture, an attempt, perhaps, to subvert the eventual sanctification of an object once it comes to be considered a work of art. Although any number of interpretations are possible, the way they are read is less important than the fact that some



kind of commentary is implied in these paintings. Naturally, the logic Ruscha went through to make these works may have nothing to do with the relationships we see among them now, but when talking about an artist with Pop affinities we should never overlook the obvious.

In *Bouncing Marbles*, *Bouncing Apple*, *Bouncing Olive*, 1969 (Plate 54), Ruscha uses the same compositional arrangement he uses in *Noise*, *Pencil*, *Broken Pencil*, *Cheap Western* by dispersing the objects to the edges of the picture. In this work, however, the words have disappeared and the background has collapsed into illusionistic space with a curtain of darkness at the top that seems to be gradually lowering behind the objects, forcing them toward the surface of the picture plane. The apple, the marbles, and the olive are described in the title as bouncing, but in the absence of any further information and in the presence of an obviously meta-real, if not surreal, pictorial space, we probably should ask Barthes's first question again, "What is happening here?"

Obviously, what we have here is an iconic version of Norman Rockwell's strategy of anecdote by juxtaposition, which, as a youngster in Oklahoma, Ruscha admired in Rockwell's *Saturday Evening Post* covers. The painting presents us with a syntactical joining of three disparate but roughly synonymous objects performing the same action in some kind of significant space, a situation that invites the viewer so inclined to make a sentential reading, to look beyond the objects for whatever meanings they might embody. The marbles could refer to the objects most of us played with and collected as children and therefore could be a reference to childhood, or it could be a colloquial reference to the condition of having lost one's marbles. The olive is a martini olive and, as such, a symbol for the adult world. The apple could be the forbidden fruit with which Eve tempted Adam, a cultural symbol for the loss of innocence, and probably the verb of the "sentence." Any number of readings are possible, but what is interesting is the way we find ourselves reading the painting. It's rather like the way one is asked to read the images in a stained-glass window. It's also the way one is asked to read most high Renaissance art, Botticelli, for instance; but there couldn't have been many Botticellis in Oklahoma City.

The bizarre and nonreal subject matter of this painting and many others recalls the tactics of Surrealism and, in fact, when Ruscha came to live in Los Angeles in the late fifties, there *was* a kind of latent Surrealist influence. Man Ray had moved there in 1940 and remained in residence for twelve years. The Copley Gallery was showing such European Surrealists as René Magritte, Max Ernst, and Yves Tanguy, not to mention Man Ray and William Copley himself. No doubt Ruscha absorbed some of these influences, but finally I believe that Ruscha's relationship with the Surrealists is more fraternal than filial. Both artistic strategies derive from the Symbolist tradition, but whereas the iconography of the Surrealists derives from the language of the subconscious, Ruscha's iconography arises from the intersection of cultural and autobiographical metaphor. So the individual works are generated in quite different ways and work toward quite different ends.

Unlike the Surrealists who deal more in the biomorphic transformation of images—visual punning—Ruscha's work relates directly to that of the French Symbolist poets in the *way* that it generates meaning. The Symbolist poets, for example, often adapted the "spatial" functions of prepositions and conjunctions to link unlike concepts much in the way that Ruscha uses placement and juxtaposition of words and iconography to perform the same function. Both create a kind of multivalent meta-collage, undermining the cohesiveness of sign and syntax and allowing the different components to relate to one another in a variety of ways so that the semantic resonances are multiplied. In fact, one could say that the

individual works in this exhibition relate to one another in much the same way, if at a more abstract level. Taken as a whole, the exhibition presents us with an elaborate, protean, multidimensional collage of techniques, motifs, words, images, icons, and spatial modalities; no element or strategy ever seems to be totally abandoned nor any two elements ever so disjunct that they cannot be recombined and transformed "into something rich and strange."

Consider the first paintings in which images completely replace words, the bird paintings of 1965. In these paintings we are given images of birds, not real birds but generic birds, like Audubon's, floating on a flat ground. In other words, rather than the word "cardinal," we are being given the image cardinal, or, more generally, we are being presented with birds as words. The painting *Smash*, 1963 (Plate 26), and the word "flash" obviously relate by rhyme. The transformation in the bird paintings is based upon a rhyme at the first level of generalization.

In some of these paintings the birds are mistaking one pencil for a worm, while elsewhere another pencil seems to be turning into a worm; in another, two pencils are metamorphosing into birds. So pencils, which in practice usually end up as words, are turning into birds and worms. Thus, even at this early date, Ruscha is playfully exploiting in an imaginary way the relationship between words and images and the instruments which create them. The transformation of words—birds into words into worms—is rendered imagistically, as is the transformation of the instrument—pencil—into both images and words.

Beginning in 1967 Ruscha recombines the image of the word with the image of a substance in such liquid word paintings as *Adios*, 1967 (Plate 46), *Eye*, 1969 (Plate 50), and *Desire*, 1969 (Plate 48), among others. In these works words are formed by the gathering of spilled liquids, often with objects such as beans in them, and meanings which previously had been generated by the juxtaposition of words and images or by the substitution of one for the other, are collapsed in a simultaneous image. Then in 1970 this simultaneity is rendered literal in a series of prints, *News*, *Mews*, *Pews*, *Brews*, *Stews*, *Dues* (Plates 55–60), where ink is replaced by actual organic substances which, in the liquid word paintings, were rendered imagistically. Thus the simultaneity of word and substance is further collapsed so that word, substance, medium, and ground all become simultaneous.

All of this, however, is only by way of example. It only reflects *a* development in Ruscha's art, not *the* development. Any number of other strategies and variations on these tactics were being pursued at the same time (organic stains without words, stains and pictorial images combined, pictorial images rendered with stains, etc.). Developments in Ruscha's art are never didactic or exclusive. The movement from piece to piece remains multidimensional and experimental. Nothing is ever discarded, but nothing stays quite the same. The stark, fiery landscapes of the early prints and drawings, like *Hollywood*, 1968 (Plate 42), reappear in the recent, grand horizontal paintings in which words and objects of many kinds float—advancing and receding in the sunset. Further, the hostility of this fiery landscape undergoes a dialectic transformation into the friendly domestic fire of *No End to the Things Made out of Human Talk*, 1977 (Plate 99), which, by way of concluding something which could continue indefinitely, is as good a way as any of describing the infinitely various possibilities of Ruscha's methods and imagination.

Notes

1. Roland Barthes, *Cy Twombly: Paintings and Drawings, 1954–1977* (New York: Whitney Museum of American Art, 1979), p. 9.
2. Peter Plagens, *The Sunshine Muse: Contemporary Art on the West Coast* (New York: Praeger, 1974), p. 139.

Available Light
by Dave Hickey



Bane-Hipkiss looks incredulous. "You still believe in saints?"

"I believe it all. It's impossible not to believe. That's what makes things so difficult."

"But then . . ."

"It was basketball I didn't believe in."

But there is more, it was the first ritual which discovered to me the possibility of other rituals, other celebrations, for instance *Blood of Dracula*, *Amazing Colossal Man*, *It Conquered the World*. Can Bane-Hipkiss absorb this nice theological point, that one believes what one can, follows that vision which most brilliantly exalts and vilifies the world? Alone in the dark one surrenders to *Amazing Colossal Man* all hope, all desire.

—Donald Barthelme, "The Hiding Man," *Come Back, Dr. Caligari*

I

Tuesday turned up a dazzling California morning, my last in Los Angeles, and by nine o'clock the artist and I were in his studio on Western Avenue; and, I had no doubt, some suntanned C. B. De Mille nymph fluttered just without, pouring washtubs of sunshine over the transom into the clean, cluttered space. A radically horizontal canvas (20 inches high by 159 long) rested on a double easel, glowing with an empty, blue, empyrean field, awaiting the day when the artist, having made the heavens, decided to make the earth.

At the moment the artist was on his hands and knees painting, in red enamel, the words "NO DUMPING" on an aluminum sheet. The paper template which insisted "Hold on for a minute. I'm no Martian" was still affixed with masking tape to the wall above the blueprint drawers, but I was no longer quite so baffled since I had seen a copy of Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles* back in the artist's living quarters. In Bradbury's novel, Martians, in order to ingratiate themselves to earthlings, often assumed the shape of absent loved ones. Thus, a young astronaut returning home after a night of boozing at the spaceport might say, in response to his wife's cool reception, "Hey, hold on for a minute. . . ."

Back on Earth, in Los Angeles I sat on a low stool in front of the blueprint drawers and flipped through the pages of *Stains* (Plate 124), a



portfolio Ruscha brought out in 1969, which consisted of a boxed set of seventy-five loose leaves of paper, each stained with a different organic liquid. I had already confirmed the artist's tendency to be extremely literal when he used sensual terms like "taste," "flavor," or "feel" and to move toward the literal in dealing with such matters. He might paint a puddle of raspberry juice this year, the next he was probably painting *with* a puddle of raspberry juice. The chances were also pretty good that he wanted that raspberry juice to sustain some sort of semantic meaning—there was always the inference of esthetic transubstantiation.

The portfolio *Stains* was very handsomely enclosed in a black, cloth-covered box with the title embossed in gold Gothic letters. The inside of the box was lined with white shot silk, and the last stain, the artist's blood, was actually on the silk.

"This box is like a reliquary!" I said.

"What's a reliquary?" the artist said, looking up from his work. So far it said, "NO DUM. . . ."

Hold on for a minute, I'm no Martian! I thought, but I said, "You know, like the receptacle where they put the relics of a saint, or some other religious trophy, like a splinter of the true cross, or the blood of Saint Anthony, or the whiskers of Saint Paul. . . ."

"Well, yeah, that association's not totally unintended."

"Great. And you *don't want no retro spective*. Fess up, now. You've already let me down bad about the olives."

"No, I'm not trying to be . . . uh . . . there *is* a connection between my work and my experience with religious icons, and the stations of the cross and the Church generally, but it's one of method, you know; I do have some flavors of that in my work, flavors that come over, like the incense. . . ."

"It would be hard to convince me that the movie I saw last night, *Miracle*, wasn't about a secular apotheosis. I mean this grubby guy in this grubby garage starts working on the carburetor of this Mustang, and. . . ."

"Wasn't Ganzer great?" the artist said, "I thought he was just *great*."

"Yeah, sure, he was great, but why does he get cleaner and smarter the longer he works on the car and avoids his girlfriend and his party-party buddies?"

"You know," the artist said, "the end was real hard to do. A lot of people thought the guy committed suicide."

"I thought it was about secular salvation through art, just not ironic enough to be really ironic or straight enough to be really straight. Personally, I think you meant it. I think you really meant to say that there is a way from cars to art to some kind of purity. . . ."

"We all go through stages. . . ."

"Stations. . . ."

"That too. . . ."

"Standard stations?"

"That too . . . but the attitude comes out of a whole style of living and the tastes of things . . . filtering the taste with the style of living and then coming up with statements. Like, *Miracle* is a product of everything I do, everything I think about, everything I buy. . . . All that stuff goes into the funnel and comes out, la da!"

"I'm not trying to simplify what you do. *Au contraire!* I was just trying to get you to admit how much the Church influenced your art. A lot of artists with strong Catholic backgrounds have become obsessed with the *mysticism of the word*, have come up with their own private iconographies to supplant the Catholic one they rejected. Joyce and Mallarmé are two who come to mind. You know, *In the beginning was the word and the word was 'boogie.'*"

"Boss," the artist said. "No . . . you see, the only feeling I ever got

from the Church was from the trappings. I liked the ritual, I liked the incense, I liked the priest's vestments, all the vestments—there was this deep mysterious feeling that came over . . . but hypocrisy! Jeez."

"Not to mention Sister Daniella, . . . " I said.

"No kidding. I hope she reads this and feels real bad. She made my life *miserable*. And the more I learned about the Church, the more hypocritical it seemed to me. The whole experience really gave me distorted feelings about morality. Finally, I just got to the point where I had to say 'adios.'"

"Adios?" I said, "like in the painting?" (See Plate 46.)

"Well, that was the first liquid word painting, so it was saying adios to some other things as well, but to all that damnation and hellfire, too. I mean, *every* Saturday morning I'd have to go to catechism. 'Who made the world? God made the world.' That was the first thing in the catechism, a picture of the world."

"And now!" I said, with a broad gesture toward the empty heavens in the long canvas.

The artist grinned.

"Just think, it's only taken you twenty years to get from marbles to ball bearings to bowling balls to . . . the world!"

"You're kind of a jive ass, aren't you?"

"Yeah," I said, "but I really love your art and I don't take this kinda shit too seriously."

"You know, I'm still amazed, really amazed that I can be an artist, and that people will buy my work. That, as a result, we can be sitting here on a Tuesday morning with the sunshine coming in and nobody telling us what to do. Not having to be at work, or at school. . . ."

"Or at catechism?"

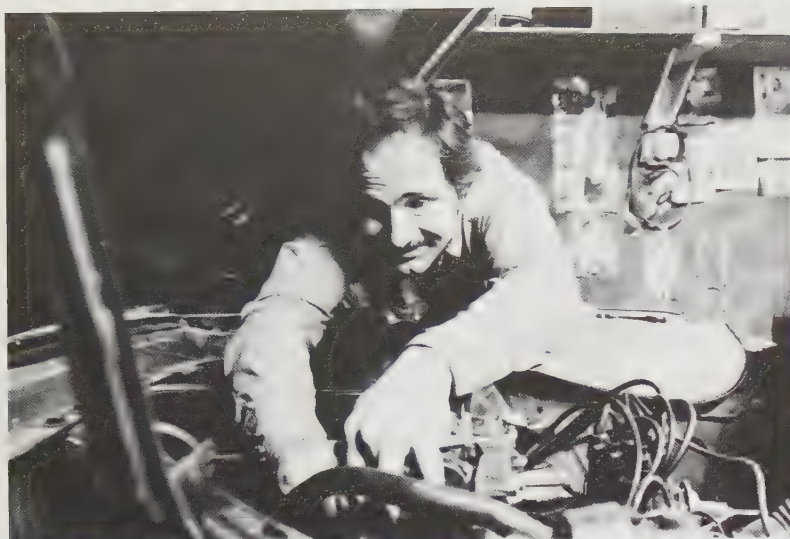
"Or at catechism, you're right."

"Is that why you're so *nice* to everybody? Because you think if you're not, somebody will come in and say, 'Sorry, Ed, this isn't art anymore.' You'll have to go back to painting *Mom and Poppa Chopper Hoppers* for Sunset House?"

Edward Ruscha just looked at me and grinned, but I knew he believed in the power of the word. He would have been just as happy if I'd kept my mouth shut, but being a critic is like being a medium, when it comes on you you can't not do it. Usually, though, you can avoid writing it down. When you can't, you should be careful to point out that criticism is not *about* art, it is only thinking "in the neighborhood of art." We really don't need to *know* the esthetic and moral parameters of a work to love it—only to know they are there.

Sending art to a critic before you love it, is like sending your fiancée to a gynecologist to certify her purity. Good intentions aside, there is always something aggressive and cynical about it, and my last conversation with Edward Ruscha in Los Angeles was a case in point. But, still, it was nice to know that Ruscha was no closet Jesuit, that the metaphysical aspect of his work (always hovering, like the scent of tomorrow's roses, just beyond perception) was more in league with Lewis Carroll than C. S. Lewis; and that, in any case, he was enough of a crowd pleaser to provide an alternative to "deep thought" wherever it seemed to be encouraged—as it seemed to be, for instance, by the vertical god's-eye view he flirted with from time to time:

*As God looked down upon the Earth and the Children of His Creation,
As old J. T. Baargeld looked down upon His Beetles and found them
off the Track,
So Edward Ruscha looked down upon His Flies and found them wavering
on the verge of Articulation,
So, also, He looked down upon L.A.—His Ruined Garden—and found*



Jim Ganzer in the film *Miracle*. 1975 (before)



(after)

*even its Parking Lots Stained,
So He even looked down where he had "Spilled the Beans" and Lo! it
spelled Adios!*

But this vertical point of view was also the natural reflex of people who populate landscapes—like those of West Texas or Oklahoma—without elevation, variation, incident, or landmark, who must orient themselves by “mapping instinct”—using that little viewfinder that all plainsmen maintain at about twenty-five thousand feet to provide them with navigational information.

The closest bond I felt with Ruscha, in fact, was the knowledge that, in the early fifties, on those sweet, marooned nights, while I labored over an enormous Quadrille pad with a sandpapered 5H pencil, exquisitely mapping to scale the roughly L-shaped scrap of South Fort Worth described by my paper route, that, three hundred miles north, Ed Ruscha was in Oklahoma City, engaged in the same obsessive, meticulous, and perfectly logical activity, mapping *his* paper route. I don’t know why that knowledge somehow made it worth the trip, but just knowing that someone else understood that blazing, hallucinated concentration, had shared those rapt, silent evenings while breezes moved the curtains like friendly spirits, did.

So, I regarded Ruscha as a spiritual contemporary—a secret sharer in the mysteries of radical vacancy—another Child of Pop from the Cities of the Plain, out beyond culture, where the wind blows. Warhol was never this. He had, by the shrewd application of radical esthetics to fifties art, come up with an intellectual approximation of those attitudes we never doubted or even thought of, any more than we thought of breathing. Warhol may have been our Rousseau, but we were the Children of Nature, and Ruscha was one of us, which didn’t make him any easier to write about.

We had met a couple of times, and once, when I was editing an art magazine, he had taken me through his studio and shown me his work. But it had been uneasy. It always is with strangers with whom you have a lot in common. They seem to appear from some parallel universe, pop in

from another dimension. And they *nearly* understand everything, but not quite—not quite at all; it’s as if their world *is* your world, except that the grass is blue and the sky is green, and that makes all the difference.

At a distance, however, this subtle disjunction of sensibility can be refreshing. In 1964, for instance, I found two books from parallel realities: Donald Barthelme’s *Come Back, Dr. Caligari* and Edward Ruscha’s *Twentysix Gasoline Stations*, 1963. Between them, it seemed to me, they had most of your Post-Modern options covered. Then, over the next few years, I discovered *Some Los Angeles Apartments* and *Every Building on the Sunset Strip*, 1965 and 1966, and also found reproductions of *Standard Station, Amarillo, Texas*, 1963 (Plate 22), and *Large Trademark with Eight Spotlights* (20th Century Fox), 1962 (Plate 20).

I pinned them over my desk and occasionally asked myself, “Who is she, this twentieth-century fox?” or wondered about the four spotlights in the Standard station painting. Why weren’t *they* mentioned in the title? Mainly, the paintings and books resisted the interpretive skills I couldn’t resist exercising, so they were welcome in my house. I *thought* they would bemuse my friends, but my friends did not like being bemused. They were on their ways toward becoming professors and didn’t take kindly to the idea that someone might be kidding them.

As Jean Cocteau used to say, the trick, the real, modern art trick, was in knowing “how far to go too far,” and you knew Edward Ruscha knew how far that was. Whatever else he knew, he wasn’t saying; so coming to a modus vivendi with his art could get very problematic—like carrying on a critical dialogue with a blonde, blue-eyed teenybopper in spike heels and a string bikini. (*She has this gold chain draped around. . . . Don’t even say it!*) You were liable to flashes of moral double vision. It seemed so deviously sincere, so honestly duplicitous, so profoundly silly and blatantly obscure that you kept thinking it was too simple *not* to be subtle, too dumb *not* to be smart, but what if I’m *wrong*? There goes tenure. I called it the Lolita Factor. The art seduced you, and, having done so, giggled.



J. T. Baargeld (Alfred Grünwald). *Beetles*. 1920. Pen and ink on tissue paper, 11½ × 9½". The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Purchase

II

Thus I found myself, along with Plagens, my partner in crime, charged with the obligation of summing up a body of critical opinion which no one had been so bold as to venture. I mean, here was a guy about to have a *retrospective* who had managed to generate about as much critical commitment as Sonny Bono; and here *I* was taking off from DFW, rushing in where junior professors feared to tread. It made Edward Ruscha look like a genius, of course, to have gotten so far into such deep water without having acquired any academic pilot fish; me, it made look a little foolish: *kamikaze intellectual stalks white idea with snorkel and Brownie*. But that was what they paid me for: to work in available light.

I knew going in that, for quick copy and easy insights, there were better subjects, but you don't maintain your marginal gypsy status writing about them. Besides, Ruscha knew it wasn't stupid to love something dumb. And, for my money, he and Warhol were the only ones who had discovered smart ways of doing it since Susan Sontag came out of the library twenty years ago and discovered people with an ironic tendency to apply *Beaux-Arts* critical standards to cultural materials which didn't aspire to them. Ms. Sontag called this aberration the Camp Sensibility and suspected that mainly homosexuals had it. We, children of Pop, grandchildren of Dada, knew this wasn't the case. We called it working with available light. There was plenty in Los Angeles. So, I made my all-expense-paid approach to Los Angeles International with "a real good attitude," as Coach Phillips would say. Like the demigod of paperboys, I gazed down upon the contoured topography of Torrance, found it studded with a galaxy of tiny turquoise pools—like the fancywork on a cheap Mexican saddle—and I found that good.

Whatever else I did in Los Angeles, I would repay the debt I owed the artist—the one you owed people who saved you from activities for which you were ill suited. For, whatever else *he* had done, Edward Ruscha,



Flies. 1972. Screenprint on wood veneer paper, 20 × 27". Collection of the artist

without excuse or comment, had raised to the level of art that inexplicable urge which possessed us out where the wind blows and impelled us to map our paper routes, to make lists of every license plate on every car in the block, to take snapshots of every road sign between Dallas and San Antonio, or, like my pal Freddy Purvis and me, to compile lists of words we liked the sound or look of. They make a crinkly, monastic little pile, those lists, page after ballpoint-pen-embossed page of blue-lined, two-ring notebook paper, columns neatly printed down the center: words, words, and more words. (Dumb words, a lot of them, like "plangent," which I haven't used from that day until a little later in this essay.)

Freddy and I didn't know diddle about "art" or "culture." We just made our secret dictionaries. But I *did* know, when I saw Edward Ruscha's books and paintings, that he had done something which, if he had not, I should have been obligated to attempt, if only to preserve for myself some *memento mori* of that serene nonjudgmental passion, of its privacy and innocence. But, for me, it would have only been nostalgia. I would never have done it right, never have struck the right tone so directly, in a manner so elegantly mute. I would have "choreographed" everything—done a "Nabokov," so to speak. And, worst of all, I would have explained, and then, as Byron accused Bob Southey of doing, *explained my explanation*.

*

The weather on the ground was perfect: clear, cool, and windy. And there were fires in the hills, of course. You couldn't see them but they were there, all right, and *beaucoup* expensive real estate was sending its ground cover up in smoke out toward San Bernardino and down around Malibu. When I stopped the rent-car at the corner of La Brea and Pico, I got a real noseful—Brush Fire No. 5. Flaming cedar and sage have their own essence, and, besides, it couldn't have been garbage. No garbage had even been collected for three days, much less burned. The bunkers of black plastic Hefty bags dotting the sidewalk gave the neighborhood a



Sir John Everett Millais. *Ophelia*. 1851–52. Oil on canvas, 30 × 44". The Tate Gallery, London

vaguely paramilitary feel.

In pastel alleys dumpsters bloomed with the remains of a million tacos. In the air overhead the new infusion of soot and ash was combining with the everyday junk and hyping the sunset into an even more lurid chemical spectrum than usual—a pristine Walt-Disney–Edward-Ruscha palette graduating from hooker’s-rouge pink over in the west to poison-apple green among the Hollywood Hills, which rose abruptly and unrealistically before me, many glittering miles on up La Brea.

In my absence I had forgotten “L.A. Space”—its horizonless murk. Cropped off on the inland side by the crisp silhouette of mountains and dissolving in all other directions into the Pacific, it had no middle distance. There was only a gritty, fly-specked *near* and a hazy, enigmatic *far*, and nothing in between. There was a democratic magic about it, though. It accommodated both the realist and the romantic in its sudden bifocal vistas, and it “belonged” to Ed Ruscha—as certainly as the mountain villages of Spain “belonged” to the Cubists. Without even a nod toward atmospheric reality, Ruscha had preempted L.A.’s every spatial mode. Stuck there on La Brea, I imagined there was an office building somewhere in Hollywood around which you could frame them all; where, if you stood on the sidewalk and rubbernecked like a tourist, you would discover the dramatic, misty sky into which the foundationless trademarks, Standard stations, and apartments soared, slightly skewed, skyward; where, from the roof at dawn, you could look toward the mountains and see the razor-sharp, bulkless silhouette across which the artist ranged his “Hollywood” signs like Easter Island effigies; where, if you lowered your eyes and cropped the horizon, you called forth the ominous, receding “Millais” space of *Thirtyfour Parking Lots in Los Angeles*, 1967. Millais floated Ophelia in this space; Ruscha floated the Los Angeles County Museum. He also bounced marbles, ball bearings, and apples in this space; here he spilled liquids, deployed words, and levitated sheets of paper along with other relics of personal existence; across it he had flown pencils and

pharmaceuticals like star-craft.

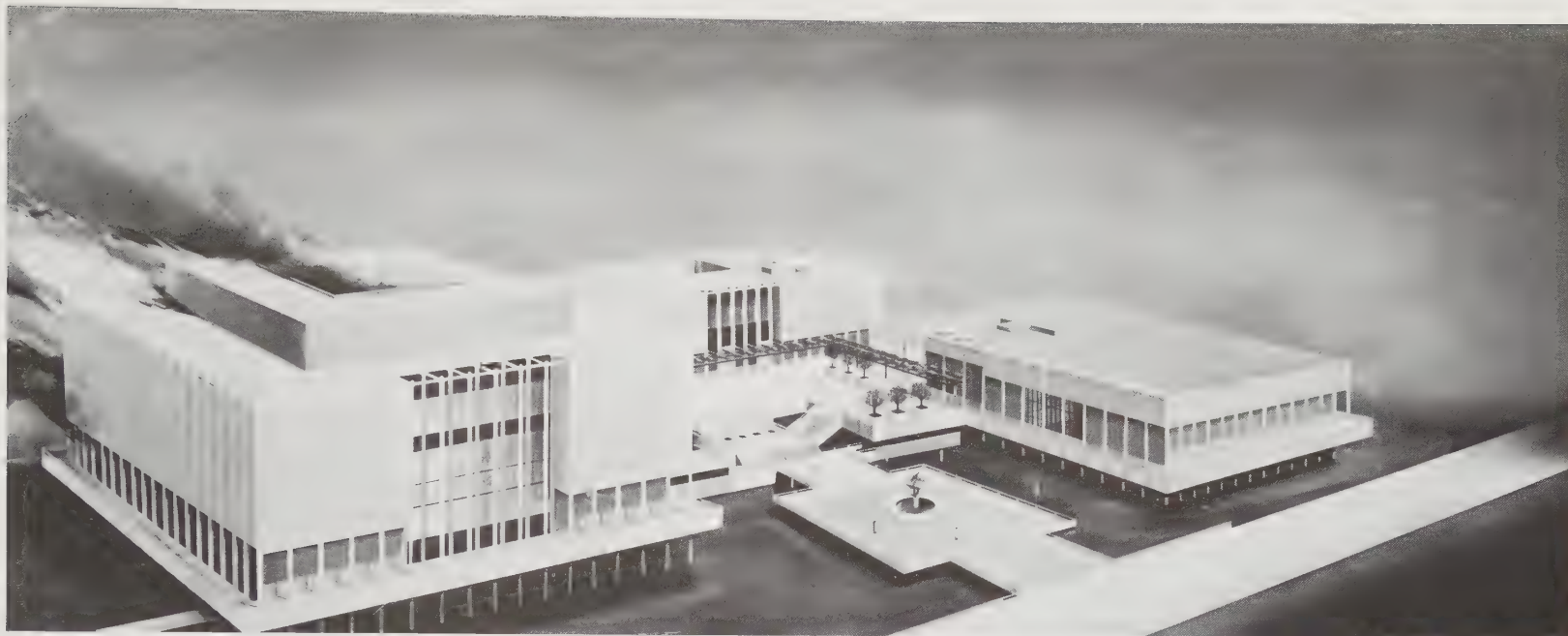
If, still on the roof, you turned toward the sea, you would confront that vague pearlescent center line that misted behind words in pictures like *Automatic*, 1966 (page 34), whose letters stretched from edge to edge of the canvas, bisecting it and establishing an antihorizon across the picture plane, confounding the illusion into which, as likely as not, darkness was falling like a curtain of volcanic ash. And *then*, you could raise your eyes again and *there it was*, in twilight: the ultimate, plangent, infinite *L.A. Sky*, the gigantic Vistavision credit-crawl sky, where neon flashed and Strip billboards swam, against which art looked cheap and Mafia-show-biz-poster-painting took on grandeur.

From my position in traffic on La Brea, however, I could only see a kaleidoscope of glare which came accompanied by a cornucopia of stink. On the radio the female member of a “news team” was reading, in her huskiest yum-yum voice, a list of clinics where you could be treated for a particularly virulent strain of gonorrhea which had broken out in West L.A. Obviously, to these guys and gals, brush fires and proliferating garbage were kid stuff. Visual software. Mini-cam fodder. Not the real hard-hitting street-news stuff.

It seemed, from what I could tell, that this terminal clap had now broken out of West L.A. and was spreading, according to the frantic geometry of urban love, across the vast metropolitan plain like a . . . well, to be honest, like a brush fire. I mean, this bug was the best argument for celibacy since *Moment by Moment*; it had penicillin for breakfast. It sounded so contagious I gingerly flipped the dial to a soul station where Gladys Knight & The Pips were singing:

*Everybody want to be
Bourgie' bourgie'
Oh, so, bourgeoisie!*

Not me, I just wanted to be a Pip.



The Los Angeles County Museum on Fire. 1965-68. Oil on canvas, 53½ × 133½"

III

My room in the Holiday Inn on Highland Avenue was on the fifteenth floor, facing the hills, and, standing between the beds with the phone to my ear, I could look out into a crazy-quilt slice of Hollywood looming in strong shadow outside my window, like a telephoto image. A machine answered the phone, and, as requested, I left my name and number at the tone, hung up, and waited thirty seconds before the artist called back.

He was glad to hear from me, and I was glad to be in Los Angeles.

He wondered if I wanted to go to dinner, and I thought that would be great.

Well, he was with someone now. Could he call me back with a time? Sure.

I loved this Holiday Inn. It had new eccentricities since my last visit. For example, a safe in every room! The little booger cost a quarter and was urgently recommended by a posted "security notice" that would have unnerved Elliot Ness. Rightly so, for, like Bam-Boo rolling papers, the safe wasn't *meant* for drugs, but it could damn sure facilitate a transaction.

It was the best "Hollywood marker" I'd found since I became obsessed with implied norms. It had occurred to me one night in Iowa City that, contrary to popular folklore, all Holiday Inns were not alike, that they all varied from one idealized and probably nonexistent *Ur*-Holiday Inn which we constructed in our minds from the noncongruent particulars—the "dictionary" Holiday Inn, as Edward Ruscha's *Standard Station*, 1966 (Plate 21), was the "dictionary" Standard station—all others varied from it in particular ways, had "markers" which tied them down to a particular time and place. Thus, the safe in the room was a particularly resonant "Hollywood marker."

The phone rang and it was Edward Ruscha saying that he was sorry but he had been with a collector who wanted to see *everything*. Musso Frank's, by the way, was right down the street from me, would that be all right for dinner. About seven? That would be great, seven. Great.

Fifteen minutes later the artist called back to say he was running a little late. Would seven-thirty be all right? And, hey, I didn't mind if he brought his girl, did I?

To the contrary, I insisted he bring as many girls as he could, and yes, seven-thirty would be fine.

"Oh by the way," he said, "there's this party at a collector's tomorrow. Maybe we could run by there and then go down to Venice. DeWain Valentine's opening a gallery show. I really should make an appearance. Then we could eat and go on back to the studio to talk. Then, maybe on Sunday or Monday, we could drive out to the desert. I'm building a house out there and I'd like you to see it."

All of that sounded great to me, I said, but it occurred to me, as I turned my attention back to the view out the window, that my initial encounters with the artist were going to be considerably mediated. Musso Frank's was always lively to the point of distraction, and Edward Ruscha's female companions were always lovely in the same degree. I was being waltzed through concentric circles of gradually increasing intimacy—manipulated perhaps, but knowing it, I didn't care. At least it was being done with tact. Probably, he was only nervous, wanted us to adjust gradually to one another, but maybe, he wanted me to *see* something and he felt I needed to be prepared as a prelude to insight, taken through the stations, so to speak. It was more likely, however, that I was being given the available space tour of the L.A. art world.

Considerate people were like that. They went out of their way for you. They wanted you to have a "good time" and hardly seemed aware of how well their consideration insured their own privacy—which isn't to say they were *unaware* of it. You looked into their eyes and saw yourself reflected there. You could either believe what you saw or disbelieve what you thought they wanted you to see. It was a choice of mirrors. Perfect irony cancels meaning rather than enhancing it.

It occurred to me at this point that since our meeting in 1970, when he

had taken me through his studio, my view of Ruscha as an artist had not only gotten more complicated but a little paranoid as well—the Lolita Factor at work. Up until that visit, aside from recognizing another child of the plains, the only serious thought I'd given to Ruscha's work was to decide that my question, "Who is she, this twentieth-century fox?" was probably a good one. Not that I needed to know. I was just satisfied that Ruscha, like most people who love the vernacular language (and unlike sweet nihilists like Warhol), liked to remind words which, having been passed from hand to hand like a buffalo nickel, have been rubbed smooth of meaning. I imagined that Ruscha wanted us to see his gas station as one which had been "standardized," that he wished to restore the "foxiness" to the 20th Century Fox, which had been trademarked out of it, to restore the "wonder" to Wonder bread.

Karl Kraus was probably over fond of saying that "Language is a whore which I am trying to make into a virgin," but I had no doubt that Ruscha would agree with some variant of this aphorism; probably, "Language is a whore which I am trying to make into a teenybopper," since Ruscha was less interested in virginal purity than in a wacky kind of bumptious innocence. For him, it was the generative nature of the language which entranced—its ability to create new out of old. (Eventually he would name a painting *No End to the Things Made out of Human Talk*, 1977 [Plate 99], which amounts to a literary recasting of Noam Chomsky's first principle of transformational grammar: that an infinite number of sentences can be generated from a finite number of words which undergo a finite number of transformations of order.) Certainly, even at this time, the visual language of his painting developed grammatically. There were, in the paintings after 1969, a finite number of iconic images, including words, whose relationships were transformed according to four or five basic formal strategies, from paintings to drawings to prints, from words to images to literal substances, through a number of "significant" spatial formats.

These speculations, however, had nothing to do with my visit to Edward Ruscha's studio at that time. It was just pure voluptuous curiosity, no critical inspiration whatsoever. I just wanted to see a lot of beautiful things. And nothing too momentous took place on Western Avenue on that afternoon in 1970. Edward Ruscha and I looked at his art, talked about girls and about the Academy Awards. He showed me a couple of new hats he'd bought and they were svelte indeed. I bought a complete set of his books, and we talked about *Premium*, the movie he'd just finished. It was obvious he found collaboration a double-edged blade. He was too much of a white-boy to resist doing things with the guys, and too much of an artist to ever be quite pleased with the result. I liked to collaborate with people to write pop songs, so we talked about that. Then he slid a painting from the rack.

"I haven't finished this one," he said, "I don't know why."

"What is it?"

"Norms," he said.

"Norms?" I said.

"Norms Restaurant, you know, on fire." [See page 25.]

"Like the Standard station?"

"Yeah, and the Los Angeles County Museum."

"Didn't one Standard station have a torn-up penny Western?"

"Yeah, that's why I set it on fire."

The little bell went off at this point, like an alarm awakening me from a sweet dream. In ten minutes or so, I would have a tidy little hypothesis printed up. Just what I wanted. An Hypothesis. I'd rather have a hat.

"Are you going to finish it?" I asked.

He looked me in the eye and maybe he saw something, maybe he

didn't. Maybe he was thinking about getting a Bob's Big Boy.

"I don't think so," he said. "It's probably too late."

"How come?" I said.

"I think I missed the exit," he said.

"Exit?"

"Off ramp, then. You know, I just can't get it finished from where I am now. Maybe I'll come back around."

On my way back to the hotel I decided that no artist was so in love with Magritte that he would set a service station, a restaurant, and the Los Angeles County Museum on fire. Then I realized that the L.A. County was in the *business* of "norms and standards" and that I had probably been wrong about the Standard station. It wasn't a *standardized* station but a *station which dispensed standards*, like a *restaurant which served norms*, or a museum which did both. The *Standard* station was some kind of Orwellian church, perhaps. Obviously it didn't care for cheap Westerns, and Ruscha did. Why else set these bastions of public morality ablaze with metaphysical fire? I loved it, a critical theory! Over the next few years I refined it at my leisure. It seemed to me that you could say that Ruscha's work was generally negative toward what was "normal" or "standard," while being generally positive toward what was "typical" or "ordinary." (A recent "grand horizontal" painting goes so far as to present the *Mean as Hell*.) An epistemological rat's nest, to say the least, but it settled me on the view which I still held: that you could regard the body of Ruscha's work as a diary and moral meditation, like that of Samuel Pepys, and like Pepys's, it was written in a code, but in Ruscha's case the code was more a system of mute metaphors which we had no real need of decoding, so oblique and compromised by irony was their content. Anyway, Ruscha seemed so comfortable amid the mazes, mirrors, moats, and metaphors he had invented to speak his heart and hide it too that it hardly seemed fair to beard him in his den if it didn't really enhance our appreciation of the art. So I thought in 1980, and later that evening, at Musso Frank's, he would describe his first encounter with Jasper Johns's *Target with Four Faces* (page 157).

"It just sent me! I knew from then on that I was going to be an artist, a fine artist. It was just like some 'Hollywood Artist's Life.' I went running to my instructor with this Johns reproduction saying, 'Tell me, tell me, tell me. What about this? This is what I meant the other day!' And the instructor just looked down his nose and said, 'That's not art! Get it out of here!'"

"But I just loved it, the target and those faces with the hinged doors on their mouths!" To illustrate, he stopped suddenly and slapped his hand across his mouth. (A mute metaphor, indeed, but not a dumb one.)

"No . . . it was like a voice from nowhere I really needed to hear, to hear the odd vocabulary that it used. It was like a kind of music you've never heard before, so mysterious and sweet. I *dreamed* about it at night," he would say, then look around to see if he'd been overheard.

But that was later.

Back in the present I was stretched out on a Holiday Inn "king size" with the phone on my stomach, calling all the girls I knew in Los Angeles. She wasn't home. But that didn't bother me as much as knowing I didn't have anything worth putting in the safe.

At exactly seven-thirty Edward Ruscha called me from the lobby.

Stepping out of the elevator alcove, I caught him with his lights out, and almost didn't recognize him. For a second he was just this medium-sized guy with a fifties haircut, compact and self-possessed, wearing a wide-lapelled sports jacket over an open-neck, print sport shirt. His tan, pleated-and-cuffed slacks broke over the tops of brown lace-up shoes.

Rocked back on his heels reading the bar menu printed on the lobby

wall, with his coat hitched up and his hands in his pants pockets, he looked exactly like young novelists and cool jazz musicians were supposed to look in 1959. You could see his sharp, silent-movie profile in silhouette as he raised his chin to read the wall. He looked professionally tired. Musicians get that look, and bartenders. Anybody whose profession regularly makes irregular demands on them. It's a kind of unselfconscious fatigue. If you have to push your limits to do what you do, you just do it and don't think about it. Cocaine will give you that look, too, along with some other things.

I felt there was something familiar about the scene, about the way he was standing there, but, before I could peg it, he sensed my approach, turned, and gave me this goofy, teenage punk grin. His eyes lit up. His hand came out.

"Hey! Good to see you, man," he said.

Between the subversive twinkle and the lopsided grin, twenty years came off his age. His grip was dry and firm. His step took a little spring as we headed for the car, and we were nearly out of the lobby when I caught the point of resonance I'd seen in his stance; several winters before I had come through the stage door into the backstage area of a concert hall in Nashville, and in the semi-darkness of the wings I'd seen Merle Haggard standing just like that, hands in his pockets, rocked back on his heels with his chin up, waiting to go play his songs—with his lights out—another Okie who had taken his talent and ambition to California. The artist and Haggard had the same compact definition, the same professional weariness which belied the poetry underneath, and the hard, innocent Okie core, like a clenched fist, beneath it all.

IV

Musso Frank's occupied a narrow, deep loft-style building on the north side of Hollywood Boulevard, in the midst of the lamé death strip, like a buckboard in a used-car lot. High-backed wooden booths and banquettes ran the length of its interior walls, and a double row of them formed an island down the center of the noisy room. It was a place the tourists knew about but the Hollywood regulars still patronized; its high-backed booths, brilliant lighting, and narrow aisles provided that special mixture of privacy and visibility conducive to the rituals of the movie business, where only losers try too hard but the missing are presumed dead.

Like lodge members on a convention train, men and women drifted up and down the aisles with studied nonchalance or feigned high purpose, chatting, scouting, pouting, or just being seen.

I myself had often dreamed of coming here and, in the midst of an expense-account lunch, being asked to compromise some ineluctable esthetic principle.

"We love the script," Mel would say, "We love the characters, the story, the whole mise en scène. Everything but the girl. . . . We don't know. . . . Something bothers us about the girl."

"Forget the girl," I would say, "We were thinking of dumping her anyway. Hey, who says Amelia Earhart has to be a girl? History assholes, that's who. Maybe we could go with a black guy, maybe a gay black guy whose boyfriend got mortared into Silly Putty during the siege of Saigon? Seriously, Mel, the girl is outside! I mean, the guy who insisted on the girl is no longer with the project."

Dreams.

In fact, the artist, the actress, and I were tucked into a banquette on the west wall—the artist facing the aisle. The actress and I had been facing one another on either side of him, but at the moment the actress was "circulating," as she called it.

"I got to make with the *visible*, y'all," she had said, and, with a preteen



Norms, La Cienega, on Fire. 1964. Oil on canvas, c. 65 × 124" (destroyed)

bounce, she scooted out of the booth into the aisle, gave us a five-hundred-watt smile which was nothing *but* visible and disappeared, leaving an evanescence of blonde dazzle in her wake, improving my concentration about five-hundred percent.

I had been sitting there facing the window for nearly twenty minutes but now I started noticing the heterogeneous, if not heterosexual, parade of crazy Americans patrolling the Boulevard. An acid-damaged Noah could have been loading a counter-culture ark down on the corner of Highland, so steadily they passed. Dressed straight from the heart and disguised as their dreams, they bobbed and drifted by, like gaudy decoys set afloat on the night to lure the flying, living, flaming *Real Thing* down out of the luminous sky. If not tonight, then tomorrow.

The artist and I were silent for a moment after the actress achieved her exit, acknowledging the charisma vacuum; then I said:

"Hey, I really like *her*. She does have spirit."

"Yeah, she's a good-time girl, all right," the artist said with a grin, and even here, in the land of catatonic cool, this qualified as felony understatement. If Ruscha had called Central Casting for a young lady to distract my attention, deflect my questions, and reproach my years at the Keith Richard School of Dental Care, he couldn't have done better. Candy was clearly the kind of girl to encourage the running of roadblocks and the walking of checks, not to mention the playing of saxophone nude at Madame Wong.

I could only take comfort in my realization that their Bright Sparkle and Ironic Shadow routine was not being trotted out solely for my benefit. Without a doubt, it was part of the drill. The artist had probably discovered several actresses ago that a young man with Hollywood firepower on his arm could move effortlessly through an art scene, maintaining a high profile while remaining properly elusive and enigmatic in the "tinsel zone." Besides, the artist, having long ago chosen Los Angeles over



Candy

Oklahoma City, could hardly deny that the relative availability of motion picture actresses was one of the operative points of distinction between these two centers of culture.

"It hasn't really changed that much," the artist said, noticing my appraisal of the cruising scene. "Not really, since Mason and I came out here in '56. It's still the same funky little town."

Calling Hollywood a "funky little town" was like calling heroin a "funky little drug," but I held my tongue while Ruscha described his pilgrimage to Los Angeles with his friend, Mason, in his black, customized 1950 Ford. Out onto the plains and across the desert they had come, burning as much oil as gas, then over the pass and down into the land of stucco and palm, mufflers roaring, hair combed back in rudimentary ducktails. They had come not to school, but to stay. They had *chosen* L.A., opted for it. They intended to enroll in art school, of course, but that was just the pretext. They weren't really thinking about being artists, and, even when they eventually *did*, it never occurred to them that they might, you know, make a *living* at it.

Edward's father was a serious man, an insurance auditor, and he had pretty well convinced his son that any enterprise that wasn't practical and commercial was doomed to failure. So, they were going to be *practical* and *commercial* artists.

"Actually, my dad didn't even approve of *that*, not really, until he found out about Walt Disney's involvement with Chouinard Institute, and that changed his mind. There was an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, with Norman Rockwell on the cover, of course. So there you have the

three authority figures of my youth: my dad, Norman Rockwell, and Walt Disney—they were pretty much interchangeable to me. My dad, of course, approved of Walt Disney a lot. Tell the truth, so did I. I loved the comics and animation and that kind of drawing generally, but I wasn't coming out here to do anything in particular, or to *be* anything in particular except . . . except out of Oklahoma . . . a long way from Oklahoma, that's what I wanted to be, and everything it stood for. And away from the Catholic Church too, and Sister Daniella who beat my knuckles with a pencil the one year I was in parochial school. I hated her and I never made altar boy, and I'd be lying if I didn't admit that the California life-style appealed to me, too, it seemed so *healthy*, you know, and *low key*.

"We came out here on a vacation once when I was a kid and I looked around and thought, 'All *right*, I like this.' Of course, I was pretty much into pink-and-black and cars then. Modern stuff. But when we moved out here, everybody seemed so much older, you know. A lot of the guys in school were veterans, on the GI Bill, and they weren't, like, just college kids farting around. And there were *beatniks*, too, at that time, and coffee houses. I just thought, Wow! I'd never seen anything like that in Oklahoma City."

"I never saw anything like that in Fort Worth, either," I said. And the actress, suddenly appearing in the aisle, said, "Fot Wuth!" and let out a peal of laughter like throwing a handful of dimes on the table between us.

"Are you from Fot Wuth, tew? What high skewl djew go to?"

I told her. Then told her she had a great Fort Worth accent.

"Drama school," she said, "but I went to Tech. That's the worst school in town. I think I had a real bad reputation, too."

"Me too," I said. "I'd go all the way on the first date and those cheerleaders just used me; they didn't respect me afterwards."

"Me, neither," Candy said.

I told her that I had always envied the kids at Tech, because they had shops where you could work on your car right at school. Also, the black guys at Tech were cooler. They didn't feel like they had to be white.

Candy allowed that this was true, but that it was still real hard to go to the worst school in town. She told me where she lived and I told her it was on my paper route, which wasn't too cool at my school. A paper route wasn't.

"There are some things you just don't get over," Candy said, although she seemed to be coping fairly well.

I told her about my friend McMurtry, a successful novelist and screenwriter, who would admit to having sex with a calf before he'd admit to doing anything so uncool as playing in the band in high school.

"That's worse than Civil Air Patrol," Candy said.

"Or camera club."

The actress and I exchanged teenage horror stories for a while, but to my knowledge the artist never once mentioned anything he'd done which was not "cool." To my knowledge he has never *done* anything uncool.

"Hey, listen," I said to him, "I think you should explain to me about the olives."

"Olives?" he said. "What about 'em?"

"Anything," I said, "I can live with the birds and the marbles and all that but those damned olives keep showing up in the weirdest places."

"Well, they're not really olives," he said.

"Right," I said, "Spanish olives, stuffed with pimento."

I fished an example out of my martini.

"What about 'em?" I said.

"Well, I really don't know. They confused me so I stopped using them. I put them in a drawing with the word "sin," and in some prints with the Standard station, but I didn't understand them so I stopped doing it."

"Hey, *looky* here! Did you ever notice this little cross just opposite the pimento? It must be from the instrument that holds it while the pimento is inserted," I said.

"Do you think it's religious symbolism?" he said.

"Maybe sexual," I said.

"Maybe," Edward Ruscha said. "You know what they call pure research? *What you're doing when you don't know what you're doing*. That's what pure art is too."

"What about the olives?"

"Well, with the olives I never *did* find out what I was doing."

"What about the Pontiac Catalinas?"

"That came to me in a dream."

He was telling me about his epiphany with Jasper Johns's *Target with Four Faces*, when a very large lady came up and wished to know, in a loud voice, if he were "Frenchy" Ruscha's father. He admitted that he was, and damned proud of it, but it obviously wasn't the public persona he had in mind for the evening.

"My romance with liquids is very important," he said as we drifted down the Boulevard toward the bookstore. At the curb in front of the bookstore there was a long rank of motorcycles, most of them with their riders in attendance—leather from the get-go and not a one under forty—waiting for the "Wild One." More chrome than a franchise boutique.

"*Isn't! this! sad!*" Candy wailed from the far end of the line of cycles.

We walked up to discover a Cushman parked at the end of the gleaming rank of Harleys, like the ugly duckling. We decided that having a Cushman was more ego-destructive than going to the worst high school in town. On a par with playing in the band. Next day, at the collector's party in Westwood, however, we discovered that some guest had tracked dogshit across the collector's powder-blue oriental rug. If detected, we decided that tracking dogshit across collectors' rugs was the least career-enhancing mortification we had thought of yet. It was also the high point of the party.

In the bookstore Candy bounced from shelf to shelf. I checked out the music books, found a biography of Jerome Kern, and lost sight of Ruscha for a while. I finally found him crouched down on a side aisle flipping through a *Ripley's Believe It or Not*.

"Hey, come here and *look* at this," he said, and when I approached, he opened the book to a picture of a man holding two black, one-and-a-half-inch spheres, one cupped in each hand.

"What are those? Macho olives?" I said.

"Some kind of metal," Edward Ruscha said. "Each one of them weighs two hundred pounds."

"I don't believe it," I said.

"Well, you have a choice. It says on the cover."

On the way out I bought Candy a copy of *Under the Volcano*. I am all the time buying people copies of this book. Some of them read it and become very concerned about things. I guess I could have bought Ed a novel, but he wasn't a movie actress, and, besides, I figured at his present rate he'd probably be ready to *write* a novel in about three hundred years. On the way back to the Holiday Inn he did a very convincing imitation of Sister Daniella, and I decided that a lifetime of actresses could hardly make up for one year of nuns.

I got back to my room in time for the late news and, as I expected, the gonorrhea plague didn't have the visuals to score on television. It lost out heavily to garbage and fire. A tricky montage of accumulating garbage was neatly panned into a surly batch of one-liners elicited from a crowd of picketing garbage workers, and this sequence was nicely tagged with an angry freeze-frame of a three-hundred-pound black guy. I was watching some beautiful helicopter footage of orange brush fires raking black hill-

sides silhouetted against an orange sunset when something exploded in the neighborhood and shook the whole building. I never found out what it was. It only rated two emergency vehicles anyway, to judge by the sirens.

Seriously, I thought, how could anybody not love this city with its poison sunsets, its Fabergé clutter, its mayfly romances? I'd always found it the most human and vulnerable of urban places—almost medieval in the way it thrived on its cyclical diet of penultimate apocalypse. It had no grandeur, you know, except of folly.

Every year the Santa Ana breathed in its canyons; the palms clattered like Karamazov's death rattle; the brush withered and eventually burst into flame; horses were led wall-eyed and crazy into the flaring night; and plans were made. Public service announcements went into production but, by the time they were ready, it was raining; in the absence of ground cover the mud began to move and carried with it homes equipped with new smoke detectors and sprinkler systems; measures were taken so that when the earth tremors came, they would be able to topple homes from lots well buttressed against mud slides, and then the reservoirs dried up, but there would be water before the gasoline ran out again. Judgment Day kept getting postponed and the *danse macabre* became a marathon; Armageddon remained at hand; tentative release dates were even announced, but there were script problems, budget problems, new writers were being called in. . . .

Meanwhile, millions were born, bred, grew old, and died amidst the rituals of fire and water. You couldn't even think about it without being borne aloft on metaphor. Fire and water; you could be damned sure that there would be too much or too little of one or the other, but *that's all folks*.

V

The party you've already heard about. The opening in Venice went without incident, and no outsider should ever try to render something so interior. A girl had been murdered coming out of a restaurant two blocks away the night before, so the whole affair had a slight adrenalin edge which made it even more unattractive. At dinner Candy told some very funny Robert Mitchum stories and Ruscha forgot he was being interviewed and became very animated about the trip he and Joe Goode made to New York in 1961. They met Andy Warhol, Ivan Karp, James Rosenquist, and a number of other Pop artists well before the word existed. It was a fine moment for Joe and Ed.

"You know, we found out that we weren't *crazy*, or at least that we weren't crazy *alone*. It was great!" he said, then realized he had forgotten himself, and it got smoother after that. But after dropping Candy off at home he seemed genuinely relaxed as we entered his studio. The two paper templates were on the wall: "NO DUMPING" and "Hold on for a minute. I'm no Martian." He noticed me looking at them.

"'NO DUMPING' isn't art," he said. "It's because of the garbage strike. The alley back there is a hazard. They're trying to burn me out, I think."

"'NO DUMPING' isn't art," I said, "but 'Martians' is?"

"Right."

Then he told me about his ill-fated attempts to become an Abstract Expressionist.

"They would say, face the canvas and let it happen, follow your own gestures, let the painting create itself. But I'd always have to think up something first. If I didn't, it wasn't *art* to me. Also, it looked real dumb. They wanted to collapse the whole art process into one act; I wanted to break it into stages, which is what I do now. First, whatever I'm going to do is *completely premeditated*, however off-the-wall it might be. Then it's executed, you know, fabricated. . . ."

"And then?" I said.

"Well, *then* I decide if it's art. A lot of times what I premeditate is very strange."

"Usually, though, or at least recently, your work *is* the title isn't it?" I said.

"Mostly, although I don't think of it like that."

"What have you done that you've entitled after it was finished?"

"*Colored People.*"

"Where did *that* come from?"

The artist looked a little sheepish and said, "Well, you know how those cactus look? Well . . . ?" He raised his hands, palms forward, up beside his head and shook them in a perfect imitation of an old-time white-glove minstrel shuffling across the stage with a watermelon grin. The silhouette of the cactus and the minstrel were indeed similar, if you had a perverse turn of mind.

At this point he pulled open a blueprint drawer and lifted a stack of pastel word drawings out onto the table. As I turned through them he hovered over my shoulder, offering gloss and commentary.

A Little Malibu Love-Nest:

"Shameless autobiographical self-indulgence."

I'm Completely Exhausted:

"Ran out of drugs."

Bengtonland:

I looked up. He shrugged and said, "You know. . . like 'Disneyland!'"

Not as much fun as Disneyland, I decided, but a nicer class of people.

Honey, Hand Me the Can of Nu-Smell Please (1980; page 29):

"That one takes place in the future," Ruscha said.

"Sounds like a line from Neil Simon's final work," I said, and conjured up this little picture: Grandpa Ruscha comes home from a day at the art factory in a future which has been purged of the tastes, colors, and smells which enchanted his youth. (He looks like Dick Van Dyke's "old man," you know, tottering.) After hanging up his coat, he flops down in his comfortable chair, turns on the television, and shouts, "Honey, hand me the. . . ."

Monday we left the studio on Western by gallows light; collars up and shoulders hunched against the crisp predawn chill, we moved through the silent streets then turned into the gathering flow of traffic on the Hollywood Freeway. Eventually we were on the Pomona heading into a dawn which was only a lipstick smear on the pale sky before us. At first we floated through suburbs, neat houses on neat streets, then gradually the houses disappeared and there were only neat patterns of new streets, then the streets disappeared leaving only raw geometric patterns ripped in the red clay tracing suburbs yet to come. It was like watching the city dissolve, like Dracula, in the rising sun.

By the time it was fully morning even the surveyor's geometry was gone. The new sun cast strong shadows across nothing but bare, flexed desert, and, gradually, our conversation fell into the relaxed, intermittent rhythm of the road. Nothing could have been more natural, or more secular. For some reason Westerners talk best when they can both look at a white line instead of each other.

We talked about the day-jobs he had done before he was able to support himself as an artist. He had been a waiter, a printer's devil, a commercial artist, a book designer. For a while he had worked for Sunset House, a mail-order operation, "personalizing" Taiwanese imports for the Christmas catalog business.

"I got a nickel an item," he said. "There were ceramic piggy banks, or, not really piggy banks, I guess, 'cause they were shaped like little houses, and I would paint these kids' names on the roofs all day long. A

nickel a name. They were real sleazy little things. I'm sure most of them were broken before I even 'personalized' them. But I got pretty good at it, lettering with brush and enamel. One after the other. Bob, Terry, Cindy, Joe, Melinda. . . . The *Mom and Poppa Chopper Hoppers* were easier. . . ."

"Mom and Poppa Chopper Hoppers!" I said.

"Yeah, they were these little ceramic dealies you put false teeth on. On them the names were easier. Just 'Grammaw, Pops, Gramps, Papaw, Granny,' . . . that sort of thing. I could get ahead on them, you know. . . . I guess it sounds pretty degrading, and I guess it was, but somehow I felt better about doing that than teaching art. I tried that once and really didn't like it."

"How come?"

"I'm not sure, really. But I think to teach art you have to be interested in, you know, ART and THE FUTURE OF ART, in all caps. Me, I kinda think the future of art will take care of itself. I mean, so it goes through some dry periods, so it hits some sandy places, you can't really change that by encouraging a lot of mediocre artists. The good ones . . . or, at least, the *real ones* don't need that much encouragement. . . . Or maybe they do. I don't know. I just never felt comfortable in front of a class on a campus . . . whatever. . . ."

For a while after that we talked about his "paper-tape" word drawings and he narrated in some detail his attempts to do some of them from "life" after beginning the series without external reference. He had made the words from paper, photographed them, sketched them from life, but they never looked as natural as the imaginary drawings. Then I tried to explain to him the way his paintings had grown on me, how I had kept only those works around which stayed visually interesting and resisted interpretation.

"Not much survived," I said. "Once I got it, usually the painting had had it. But the art that survived, say, a year, I finally decided was contemplative, for lack of a better term. It was a title which hung pretty well on Ellsworth Kelly and Ad Reinhardt and Bob Ryman; on Jasper Johns it looked okay. It was kind of a heavy term applied to your things, but your stuff hung in there, right in my eye. I don't know why I was surprised. Maybe subconsciously I was equating quality with 'seriousness' of surface. . . ."

"Except for Johns," Edward Ruscha said, both hands on the wheel, looking straight ahead, "none of those people speak to me at all. I just have no feeling for what they're doing. But I'm sure *my* 'big statements' look as trivial to them as *their* 'big statements' do to me."

I tried to explain to him how it seemed to me that Kelly's shapes and his words were taken out of the world and put into art in a similar fashion. "Kelly's shapes are left 'as is,' you know, and then given autonomy by the manipulation of color fields. Your words are left isolated, without linguistic syntax, but they are held in an art context by the formal syntax of the painting as it relates to the physical shape of the word. Both your words and Kelly's shapes remain indiscrete pieces of the world, unrationalized, in and of themselves." I then quoted him Merleau-Ponty (always a life-enhancer) to the effect that "speech is a way of tearing meaning from an undivided whole." It seemed to me that Ruscha's words and Kelly's shapes gained their power and resonance by not being torn completely from the undivided whole of experience; they would never resolve into complete predication, only hover there elegantly on the threshold of meaning.

"I don't get it," Edward Ruscha said. And I quoted D. H. Lawrence to the effect that the gift of prophecy arises from the purity of the prophet's concentration, not from its object; a crucifix, a crown, the entrails of a duck would do. So would the shape of a shadow, or a Hollywood skyline.

The artist volunteered that he didn't tell jokes.

"There are these graphics guys back in L.A.," he said as we followed the highway which swung away from Palm Springs and up in the general direction of Twenty-nine Palms. "And you know, they are very skillful. Better than me, and I saw this one postcard. It was the word 'wet' formed by spilled liquid on a blue ground. Is that what you're talking about? *That* is meaning 'torn free,' and it is the opposite of what I do, of what I'm trying to do. Sometimes I'll accidentally let something slip, but I've never consciously tried to do a pun... except... except for the word 'damage' on fire. That's a pun I guess."

For a second I thought he was only referring to damaging the word "damage," but that's not a pun. The other alternatives turned on the assumption that the flames were of "damnation." So the word damage could be the final result of damnation, or "damn age" could be a protest against aging, or "damned age" could be a commentary on contemporary reality. I tended to favor the latter. It made more sense in terms of the other things Ruscha had set on fire and related to the ironic apocalypse immanent in the more recent "grand horizontal" paintings with their fiery David O. Selznick twilights. Also, the country we were driving through was suitably violent to imply any kind of damnation you might desire.

Giant boulders were scattered about the irregular terrain, often stuck together like wads of chewing gum. Cactus and Joshua trees loomed and lurked; even in their flourishing they pronounced the landscape unsuitable for other plant life.

We stopped at the hardware store and at the gravel yard in Yucca Valley before we turned off the main highway and into the desert proper. After five miles or so I was in the grip of massive déjà vu. Then I realized that this country was the setting for every B Western I'd ever seen at the Texas Theatre in Oak Cliff, or at the White Theatre in South Fort Worth. Gene and Roy and Hoppy and Gabby and Tim McCoy and Johnny Mack Brown... all of them had raced through these rock-cluttered draws, along these razor-sharp ridges among the silhouettes of Joshua and cactus. The desert was at once scarily familiar and almost lunar in its melodramatic stylization—a suitable landscape, I decided, for an artist like Ruscha to retreat into. And retreat we did, along almost thirty miles of twisting dirt road, and through three or four tension-wire gates before we rounded a thirty-foot boulder and Ruscha pointed through the windshield, resting his forearm on the steering wheel.

"Right up there," he said. "My little Spanish hacienda."

And indeed it was on a rise of ground before us, nestled beneath a stony irregular crest; a medium-sized, L-shaped stucco house with a red tile roof, and a long balcony across the south front.

After opening and closing the last wire gate in the draw below the house we swung up around behind it and parked on an incline. As we climbed out of the cab of the truck into the high, bright silence, he looked over at me and smiled.

"Neat, huh?" he said, then led me up the steps into a long, unfinished living room.

A little later we stood sipping beers in front of the stone fireplace which appears as the subject of *No End to the Things Made out of Human Talk*.

"This is the only domestic fire in your art, isn't it?" I asked.

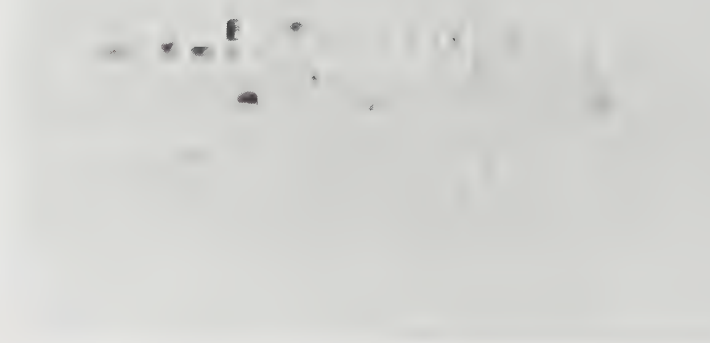
"Well, some of the fires in *Various Small Fires* are domestic."

"But this is the only one you've ever painted?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"Y'all just gather around up here and have a good confab about art, huh?" I said, kidding him a little.

"Strangely enough, that is the sort of thing that can happen. Although



Honey, Hand Me the Can of Nu-Smell Please. 1980. Carrot juice on paper, 23 × 29".
Collection of the artist

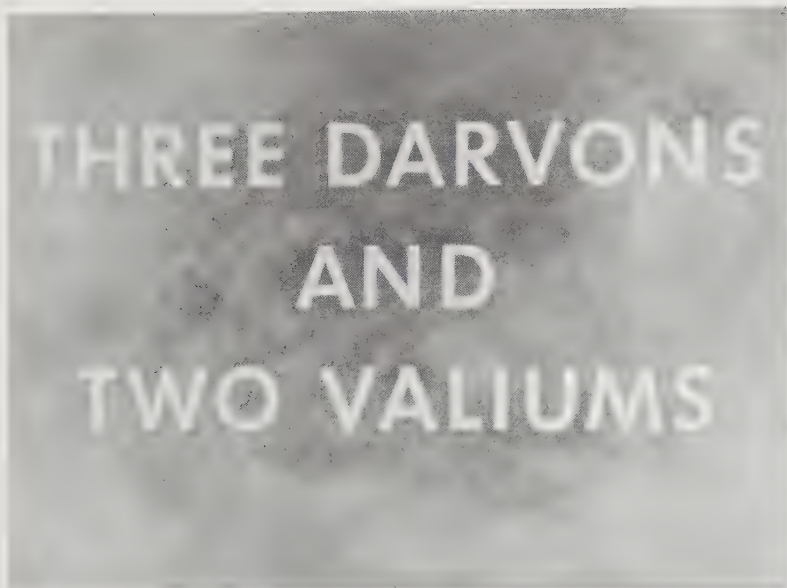
most of the talk about art among my friends boils down to a kind of shorthand, really more visual than verbal. We just point out things to each other, maybe nod and go 'He he he.' Which means, 'That's good, isn't it,' or 'That's hot.' A lot of *art* is just that, a notation of loving something. Doesn't really matter what it is."

I could understand that. Someone might call it "camp" but where I came from it was the act of loving something that was important, not the object's pretensions to our affections. I was lucky enough to have my grandmother, Hattie Balch, explain to me early on that love, like your common horsefly, was just as likely to land on a turd as a rose—and who was to say that wasn't as it should be? According to Ms. Balch, love was a one-way street, otherwise you just met yourself coming back.

I stood out on the deck for a while and thought about it. I could see that we had never really valued the object so much as the quality of attention we paid it. *That* was the currency of art, the object probably wasn't much, unloved, that is. If you tried to have a discriminating eye as you did in New York, sensory deprivation was a real alternative. If Ruscha hadn't paid his attention to comic strips and the engravings on stamps, had I not papered my wall with "exploded" engine views purloined from the Chevrolet dealership where my dad worked, I don't know what we would have looked at.

There wasn't *that* much, nor much available light. But at least we understood that the "act" of art resided in the quality of the observer rather than the quality of the object, which was arbitrary. By the time we were old enough to profit from imported light it was *le seextees* and imported illuminators were swarming down from the eastern seaboard bringing their newly discovered field, "popular culture." Unfortunately, bringing "pop culture" to the sunbelt was like bringing a whore to Vegas. All these guys wanted to tell us about Bob Dylan. We *knew* about Bob Dylan. We wanted to know about De Quincey.

Once, we encountered Tom "Tangerine Flake" Wolfe, the pop culturato, who breathlessly informed us that a 1949 Mercury, customized, was similar to a Brancusi. So it was all right to like custom cars. This license



Three Darvons and Two Valiums. 1975. Pastel on paper, 22½ × 28⅝"

to love was received with some amusement by the young barbarians. We had only recently discovered that a Brancusi was similar to a chopped, channelled, shaved, decked, frenched, pleated, tucked, and rolled '49 Merk; so maybe it was cool to like art; maybe, as Edward Ruscha put it, "There was something hot there."

On the drive back to Los Angeles, it began getting colder and darker with desert alacrity, but it was easier to talk in the dark cab of the pickup. The sunset was still fiery behind the black hills before us as we discussed piloting pharmaceuticals across "Millais" space.

"I always do the marbles and the pills and stuff exactly to scale. I believe in that. I get my little ruler out and measure them."

"You're kiddin'?"

"What can I say."

"Well, if you painted those valiums, and muscle relaxers, and amphetamines 'larger than life,' that would be a *de facto* recommendation of drug abuse, wouldn't it?"

"Exactly," Edward Ruscha said. "He he he. I remember showing that painting called *Three Darvons and Two Valiums* [1975; Plate 95] to Leo Castelli. Leo just looked at it and said 'Ooooo, Ed, I wouldn't want to take that!'"

After a while we pulled over on the shoulder to take a leak.

"See that mountain up there ahead?" Ruscha said. We were standing side by side on the shoulder aiming into the pitch-black bar ditch. The sky behind the mountain, however, was still on fire.

"Yeah," I said.

"That's the back of the Hollywood mountain. I started doing the *Back of Hollywood* drawings [see Plate 105] when I started building my house and had to make this drive pretty regularly."

"Neato," I said.

"You know what?" Ruscha said.

"What?"

"I don't know what in the hell I'm doing."

"Neither do I," I said.

"I guess it can't be helped."



Standard Station 10¢ Western Being Torn in Half. 1964. Oil on canvas, 65 × 121½". Private collection, Fort Worth, Texas

Ed Ruscha, Seriously
by Peter Plagens

Los Angeles taketh away from artists, but it strangely giveth back to them. Easy, comfortable, swollen with pleasure and hyped on belief that the city is about those things that *really* count (media instead of books, technology instead of industry, and entertainment instead of art), it renders artists almost powerless to concentrate. Think of all those novelists-turned-screenwriters beached on the shoals of sunshine, starlets, and booze. But Los Angeles also produces a small, nagging, guilty skepticism which drives some serious men back to seriousness—the seriousness derived from condemnation within celebration. Raymond Chandler gives us tales of the knight-errant's descent into brilliantined infernoes but ultimately says more about the quicksilver unreliability of human nature than he does about the stylistic vagaries of wartime Los Angeles. David Hockney's eerily indolent swimming-pool pictures tell us less about the decorative possibilities of stucco and chlorine than they do about the vacancy at the heart of physical pleasure. And Nathanael West's story of ordinary folk disfigured by the movie mammon, *The Day of the Locust*, is more a parable on the paradox of a paradise populated with lost souls. Edward Ruscha is like these men in that his art, while bearing an unmistakable fidelity to a peculiar time and place—Los Angeles in the major-league affluence of the sixties and seventies—also says something worth saying, by showing something worth seeing, of a more profound order. Ruscha, with his insouciant brand of West Coast regionalism, is also modernist, moralist, humanist.

To say something general and make it stick, the artist must first say something specific; the regionalist (an artist whose grist rises oddly from the compost of his own furrow rather than floats down from formalist theories or issues) must skewer his surroundings. Los Angeles is, however, more slippery than most places; it evades the rooted insight of the native because it's a city where outsiders come to get away from something else. These days, they no longer arrive at the thousand-a-week rate of the early seventies, and sons and daughters of Lockheed may be



Page from *A Few Palm Trees*, 1971



Page from *Twentysix Gasoline Stations*. 1963



Detail from *Thirtyfour Parking Lots in Los Angeles*. 1967



Edward Hopper. *House by the Railroad*. 1925. Oil on canvas, 24 × 29". The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Given anonymously

raising grandchildren of their own, but the character of that small fraction of inhabitants which deviates from the norm of the burghers and thereby gives any city its character remains quick, tumbleweedy, and distracted. Los Angeles also evades the literary sagacity of the educated Easterner, who comes to California burdened with history and hierarchy. The artist best equipped in Los Angeles is the one who asks not, Where did you go to school? but rather, What do you drive? The artist with the best antennae is the Okie, the outsider with no history.

Ed Ruscha, however, is no Tom Joad. He wasn't driven west from Oklahoma by failed crops or dust storms; he drove out in 1956 with a high-school friend, Mason Williams, in a lowered 1950 Ford with Smitty mufflers to go to art school because California offered an abundance of hot-rod cars, street-level glamour, and cute girls. His "Okiness" is not manifest in a down-home accent, fundamentalism (Ruscha did have a religious upbringing, as a Catholic), or rural self-reliance, but in a cagey "dumbness," guarded tastelessness. The *faux-naïf* artist, Henri Rousseau, is reputed to have rather craftily said to Picasso, at the famous banquet the Spaniard gave for him: "You and I are the greatest artists of our time, you in the Egyptian style, I in the modern." Like Rousseau, Ruscha knows his dumbness is useful.

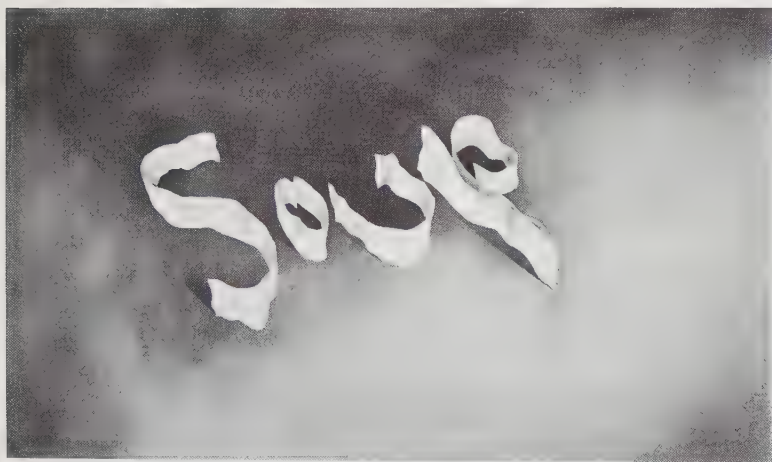
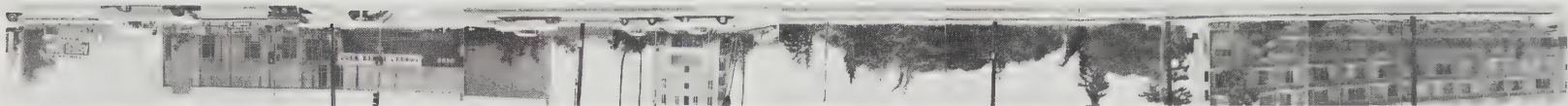
In the book *A Few Palm Trees*, 1971, Ruscha provides the reader with the wryly unessential information that in all photographs the camera faces west, then proceeds—contrary to the conventionally serious artist who might treat the palm tree (about as indigenous to Los Angeles as Ruscha) with the structural integrity of a Mondrian chrysanthemum, or the natural scientist who might differentiate the queen, date, and fan palm—to present the palms, innocently silhouetted, by street address. Ruscha's palm trees are uniformly interestingly uninteresting variations of the same plant. They're like Los Angeles weather, slightly different but indifferent. His painted and drawn words, birds, and buildings likewise exist in a floating present, without natural or cultural history. In the featured-object, single-joke paintings of René Magritte, the Belgian Sur-

realist with whom Ruscha is often compared (a "cowboy Magritte gone Hollywood"¹), the big apples, combs, easels, and bowlers are patinated with the overcast gray of history; even in dreams they're as used as the stones in the streets, while Ruscha's subjects, as real as smog, are untouched. By meticulously delineating specific objects, Ruscha uncannily informs us that, in his world, there's not much difference among them and that that's what makes his world different.

Where every object is endowed with an insidious clarity, making it the equivalent of every other object (very different from Jasper Johns's proposition that any disembodied body part is as expressive as any other, or James Joyce's idea that any object, carefully considered, represents a window on the world), and where everyone who counts is an outsider, the alienation on the landscape takes the form of a metaphysical underpopulation. In Ruscha's case, it's practically unpopulation. There are no palpable pedestrians in Ruscha's books, *Twentysix Gasoline Stations*, 1963, *Some Los Angeles Apartments*, 1965, *Thirtyfour Parking Lots in Los Angeles*, 1967, or *Nine Swimming Pools and a Broken Glass*, 1968. His is a landscape from the halcyon time and place when "road" architecture was an idiot-smile blend of Spanish hacienda and cost-efficient, corrugated lean-to, and when Ethyl was 30.8 cents a gallon. The purely visual esthetics of, say, the herringbone white lines on May Company's parking lot are not what truly fascinate Ruscha; he's interested in the underbelly psychology—the accumulation of oil stains revealing the incontrovertible preference for convenience. To call the parking lots "elegant 18th-century concrete and asphalt gardens"² is to miss the point. Ruscha is Marshall McCloud minus the vengeance; a rube detective who wandered onto the Los Angeles Police Metro Squad and manufactured mug shots of a mentality, then bound them into presentations to the grand jury as evidence of the various crimes; the Sunset Strip, land selling, record collecting. Jack Webb used to say on *Dragnet*, "Just the facts, ma'am," but he knew more and we knew he knew more. We know Ruscha knows more, too, but the Okie's gambit is not to tell us. All the more to have the



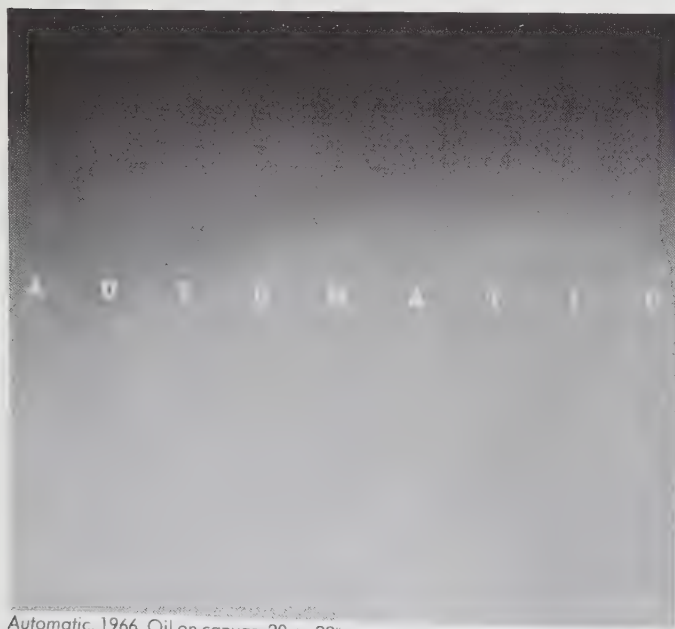
Detail from *Every Building on the Sunset Strip*. 1966



Soup. 1969. Pastel on paper, $13\frac{1}{4} \times 21\frac{7}{8}$ "

JELLY

Jelly. 1964. Ink on paper, c. 8×10 "



Automatic. 1966. Oil on canvas, 20×22 "



Four Sheets Stained with Chocolate and Egg Yolk. 1972. Gunpowder, chocolate, and egg yolk on paper, 23×29 ". Collection of the artist

inevitable verdict be of our own volition.

Ruscha's early apartment-house drawings are minimally hand-wrought art, with just enough moving around of the graphite to distinguish them from the photographs with which Ruscha also nonchalantly needles the people out there who, advantages of climate aside, actually prefer this sort of building. *Doheny Drive*, 1965 (Plate 27), displays a fragment of a building, seen looking upward from a street photographer's angle (the camera, not the artist, does the cropping), and echoes a feeling that Southern California architecture—in which there are no great public buildings, only wonderful residences tucked away in the hills and near the beaches, where the fragmentary carport replaces the garage and an in-and-out driveway the front porch—is itself only a fragment of "architecture." Contrast these drawings with Edward Hopper's *House by the Railroad* (page 33) which shares the absence of human figures and a truncated base (by the deliberate inclusion of a rusty-hot railroad track and not because the artist accidentally-on-purpose ran out of room). Hopper's work, while being a wonderfully put-together painting, is sentimental and says that there are houses more noble than others, while Ruscha's says that what's different about his neck of the woods is that all those boxes people live in are more or less alike, except to artists who make big deals about slight compositional differences, but what do they know, anyway.

A possible weakness is that the "joke" (I use the word advisedly; the country songwriter's "hook" might be a more appropriate term), unlike Rumanian wine, travels only too well. There are those of us who can't get around the local connotations of the caption (for me it's the Goodyear Tire store on Laurel Canyon Boulevard in North Hollywood in *Thirtyfour Parking Lots*; I've driven up to it on the wide, whitish avenue punctuated with ribbons of tire-vibrating tar, straight north through the pornography capital of the United States, cars shining in the poison, wondering what the MasterCard tab will be on two radials and four shocks . . .), and we bog down in the ennui. Ruscha is a sly master at calling up L.A. associations; he knew when he made *Every Building on the Sunset Strip*, 1966, that the book would tacky-freeze the place in a Lucite looking glass which would yield a melancholy retrospective:

. . . *Joni Carson at the burlesque palace—the days when the last of the strippers had limp parodies of macho show-biz names, like Fran Sinatra . . . the last time you were able to mix public sex with polite nightclub going . . . The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming, that godawful loud movie from the days of big-budget laffs and revisionist sentiment about the Commies . . . "Vincent Edwards at the Copa," the Peter Principle of TV actors putting on tuxes and using their full first names to rise to incompetence as pseudo-classy lounge acts, when you could still manufacture crooners from Daily Variety ads . . . advertisements for mortuaries, Kahlua, and drag races . . . The Sol Hurok Building, a pitiful stucco pomposity whose address looked good only on stationery . . . Viki Carr opening for somebody in Las Vegas, then she became a star, then she sang for a discount department store—life in the fast lane . . . The Righteous Brothers (white fake soul) and Schwab's drugstore (where nobody waited to be discovered anymore), and all those cars getting eight miles to the gallon . . . all gone, and none of it missed in the sunny ever-present.*

The books are Ruscha's most successful attempts to capture the character of Los Angeles. The photographs in them are specific, homely, and accurate, in contrast to the idealism of the painted images. Their nonliterary literary form lampoons Los Angeles's nonculture culture, and the "wit of Ruscha's book *Every Building on the Sunset Strip* lies in the absence of useful information and the literal but humorous idea of rendering the Strip in strip form,"³ which is to say their absurd scientism satirizes Los Angeles's techno-euphoria.

Ruscha survives the flotsam of Southern California in the sixties unscathed, even fortified, with uncharacteristic permanence. Ruscha is not a symptom of his time and place, he is a commentator on it. If you accept the holistic notion that any art, no matter how deliberately aimed at abstractness or universality, has its social quotient, then Ruscha, because he "took the bull by the tail and faced the situation," as W. C. Fields used to say, is set curiously apart from Larry Bell's high-tech simplicity, Robert Irwin's aerospaceyness, and Billy Al Bengston's tough commercialism. They end up with the "L.A. look" and Ruscha ends up looking at L.A.

The incisive regionalism of Ed Ruscha is nevertheless a hard-core modernist phenomenon. Ruscha evidences the accepted modern artist's traits of fragmentation and isolation, relativism and psychology, and innovation. Each painted, drawn, or photographed subject is plucked from its ecological, social, and moral surroundings to be fastened to the surface of the artwork, like a butterfly to a felt-covered specimen tray; this is not the art of, say, Velázquez painting the *whole* of the Spanish court, but Monet examining his haystack, Cézanne his mountain, Picasso his guitar, Mondrian his primary colors, and Newman his edge. Ruscha's images are half awake, half in dream; the interpretation, especially in the paintings, is left open; his brethren, if not sources, are Magritte (for the deadpan), de Chirico (for the feeling of about-to-be-lost), and Dali (for the greasy *trompe l'oeil*)—all purveyors of uncertainty.

To be sure, Ruscha is not a card-carrying, dues-paying member of the Local Brotherhood of the Mainstream, whose ambitions are to negotiate directly with art history for a pension in the pantheon; he is an outsider, a nonunion freelancer who has said you can't be sure what anybody will do with art history. But he's neither totally ignorant nor totally innocent. Ruscha uses the "feel" of ad-agency art—the lingering tactility of kneaded erasers and the scent of paste-up cement—to convince us he's just a garden-variety realist painter with a side talent for typography. (He did *Artforum's* graceful layout under the name Eddie Russia, a common mispronunciation of his name.) If he were truly unmodernist and unhistorical, Ruscha would have insinuated himself into an agency (Carson, Roberts & Ruscha), bought a house in Silverlake, stuck a Jaguar sedan in the driveway, and gone in for album covers (Ruscha's mark of integrity is that he's never done an album cover, he only looks at them). Andy Warhol gave up, after a fashion, an already successful career as a fey illustrator, whereas Ruscha was an apprentice who never got started before going Bohemian. But he learned enough to imitate the look of journeyman commercial art—to disguise his serious intentions—in contrast to Saul Steinberg, who, while his work bears a superficial resemblance to Cubist collage and Miró's art, is actually one of the most astute commercial artists in the world, along with Jean-Michel Folon, Antonio Frasconi, or Saul Bass. Ruscha plays a laid-back game for the long run; he tries to outflank modernism, and it works.

There are indications as far back as 1962 (*20—20—20*; Plate 19) that Ruscha is at least intuitively interested in a serious formal problem like literal versus depicted shape (see Michael Fried on Frank Stella in the mid-sixties), that is, the nature of the flat picture plane versus the inevitable illusion which results when you paint anything on it. Ruscha literalizes the problem, makes a visual pun of it. In *Four Sheets Stained with Chocolate and Egg Yolk*, 1972 (page 34), the background is an impossible receding smoky floor over which float, at an angle nearly perpendicular to the picture plane, rendered sheets with rendered stains.

In *Folded Sheet Stained with Iodine*, Ruscha misses an opportunity: he could have had a nonexistent stain on the part of the sheet we can't see because it's folded. Such a twist might have overloaded his fragile formal-



Larry Bell. Untitled. 1969. Coated glass with vaporized metallic compounds and metal, 36 × 36 × 36". Collection of Mr. and Mrs. C. David Robinson, Sausalito, California

funny balance, and Ruscha's main virtue has been, after all, restraint.

As a young, Pop-ish artist, barely out of Chouinard Art Institute in 1962, Ruscha saw something he liked—the 20th Century Fox trademark—appropriated it, and used it, big, in *Large Trademark with Eight Spotlights* (Plate 20). The painting is not so much a Warholian icon (because the movie emblem is less banal and not as ubiquitous as the soup can) as it is a cocky, you-told-me-I-couldn't-compose-something-this-hokey revel in a bad formal device: the upper-left to lower-right diagonal. He employs it in *Burning Gas Station*, 1965–66 (Plate 41), daringly adding less-than-ferocious flames, like those on an old *Astounding Science Fiction* magazine cover, on the overweight left, and again in a near masterpiece, *No End to the Things Made out of Human Talk*, 1977 (Plate 99). The fireplace is more centered in this same diagonal than the subjects of its predecessors. It may be the compositional neutrality of the fireplace which makes the picture such a good amalgam of image and title: the empty, fuzzy space around the fireplace, in which castles-in-the-air are built, or memories and lies are vulcanized into Drambuied reality by unseen guests in a cavernous mountain hotel. Ruscha did paint a few pictures arranged along more conventionally modernist grids; *Noise, Pencil, Broken Pencil, Cheap Western*, 1963 (Plate 23), is one, and it is a bit tricky for its time, with the elements flung to the edges in defiance of both design and narrative, leaving an intriguingly blank center. Had Ruscha painted more "better" paintings in the beginning—that is, paintings whose radical diagonals do not make your fillings shiver—he might have been wired for a career in solid, academically clever, and textbook-bizarre works, like Richard Lindner's or Richard Hamilton's.

In the mid- and late sixties, Ruscha hit upon what looks like the perfect combination of laid-back jokiness and not-too-good-looking images rendered with his blue-collar proud facility (Ruscha has kept in his wallet a small panel of exquisitely rendered caviar—a calling card of the kind of artistic ability your great aunt thought was talent); the bird paintings.



Roy Lichtenstein. Keds. 1961. Oil on canvas, 48½ × 34¾". Collection of Mrs. Robert B. Mayer, Chicago

Works with odd titles, like *Bird Drinks Creek Dry*, *Fish Escapes*, indicate somewhat without visual credibility that there's more going on than meets the eye, leading to more literary pictures like *Marble Shatters Drinking Glass*, 1968 (Plate 51). This one's a slightly, deliberately "bad" rendering (the glass has the white of a beginning painting class) of a purposely vacant arrangement. *Bouncing Marbles*, *Bouncing Apple*, *Bouncing Olive*, 1969 (Plate 54), is equally perplexing (the items could be floating; the silk-behind-the-title-crawl background has an awful brown-to-blue gradation) because Ruscha is at this point in disagreement with painting itself. "I can't bring myself to put paint on canvas," he said in 1970, "I find no message there any more."⁴ The iconography and layout of Ruscha's images no longer require realization in viscous oil paint on canvas. In fact, the works which constitute the images scarcely need any pictorial description at all, except for being rendered neatly, centrally, and simply.

This account is oversimplified, for Ruscha's straightforward word paintings of 1964—*Fats*, *Dimple* (Plate 17), *Jelly* (page 34)—evolve to slightly more decorative works like *Automatic*, 1966 (page 34), in which the letters gain serifs, lose size, and spread themselves across a rude skylike background. From these come the liquid word pictures, such as *Adios*, 1967 (Plate 46), in which an attempt is made to reconcile Ruscha's preference for an ironic "world of no size"⁵ with oil painting's insistence on specificity by portraying the words as physical stuff—in this case, transparent sauce and chili beans—and to relieve the thud of the single word with mildly Surrealist impossibilities. (How can a word dripped down in liquid stand upright against "an airless aerial perspective?"⁶) Not that the paintings are poor; they are, in fact, quite good—some of Ruscha's most memorable. But he doesn't know it, or, more importantly, he doesn't feel it. What he feels are the ongoing contradictions between paint and image, image and word, word and title, title and meaning.

Between 1968 and 1970 Ruscha confined his visual output to drawings and prints, where the word could be at home in the page-size scale of

UP ON (IN) THE AIR
DOWN ON [IN] THE GROUND

BEING WITHIN THE CONTEXT OF [A] REACTION

Lawrence Weiner. *Up on (in) the Air* . . . 1974. Prestype. Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, The Netherlands

display typography, that ghost from commercial art, and be portrayed—*Soup* (page 34), *Lips* (Plate 45), *Air* (Plate 43)—as paper-thin ribbon. To this, Ruscha added a foray into “organic” screenprints with alien substances like Pepto-Bismol under the rubber of the squeegee. The drawings, and the immediate look of the prints, are good, but Ruscha’s attitude toward new materials, his taking up the cudgel of expanded art, is problematic. Many of the prints are technical failures and, despite the artist’s claims that the inevitable color changes are intended, they were not well-received critically. (In a totally unpleasant artist like Hermann Nitsch, the German performer, or one who leaves the viewer longing for the reassuring touch of a human hand, like Don Judd, the Minimal sculptor, critical disfavor may be a badge of honor, a harbinger of historical vindication. With Ruscha, who has always given us deftness, humor, a strange sort of familiarity, and, with certain lapses, sound craftsmanship, critical response has generally been, albeit hardly penetrating, deserved.) It’s hard to tell whether the “organic” screenprints extend the possibilities of the art object, or are *physical* as well as visual postulates on the decline of the art object. The meaning of the whole affair may be revealed in the titles of the prints: *News*, *Mews*, *Pews*, *Breus*, *Stews*, and *Dues*, all 1970 (Plates 55–60), a rhyming series with a vague flavor of the London in which they were executed, ending in a typically Ruschavian shaggy dog wordplay (*Dues* sounds less English and breaks the spelling chain).

His discovery of gunpowder as a drawing medium is more important and appropriate; gunpowder is eighty percent charcoal, but easier to control than the pure material, and perfect for Ruscha’s delicately depicted words; its name on the label lends the romance of a dangerous substance used to make pretty art. Drawing with gunpowder is not a gratuitous “turda force,” as the painter William Wiley calls it, but a necessary step in the right direction.

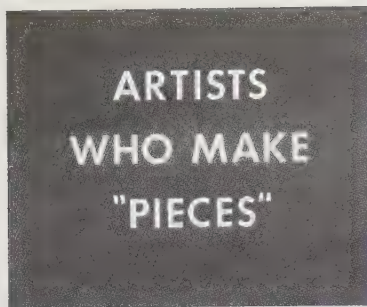
There are those who prefer Ruscha’s drawings and prints as the perfect synthesis of the cosmetic idealism of his paintings and the ungainly

WHITE *adj.* [WHIT-ER, WHIT-EST] 1 Having the color produced by reflection of all the rays of the solar spectrum, as from a finely powdered surface; having the color of new snow; opposed to *black*. 2 Hence, light or comparatively light in color; specifically, light-colored as opposed to *red*; as, *white wine*. 3 Bloodless; ashen; as, *white with rage*. 4 Very fair; blond. 5 Silvery, hoary, or gray, as with age. 6 Covered with snow; snowy. 7 Made of silver; also, unburnished, as silverwork. 8 Habited in white clothing; as, *white nuns*. 9 Not intentionally wicked or evil; not malicious or harmful; as, a *white lie*. 10 Figuratively, free from spot or stain; innocent; as, a *white soul*. 11 Incandescent; being at white heat. 12 Blank; unmarked by ink; said of a space in an advertisement or the like. 13 Having a light-colored skin; Caucasian; opposed especially to *Negro*, but often to the yellow, brown, or red races of men. 14 Of, pertaining to, or governed by the white race; as, *white supremacy*. 15 [Pop.] Fair and honorable; straightforward; honest. 16 Propitious; auspicious; a rare meaning. 17 In certain European countries, constitutional; conservative; as a party; opposed to the radicals or revolutionaries. See synonyms under *PALE*.

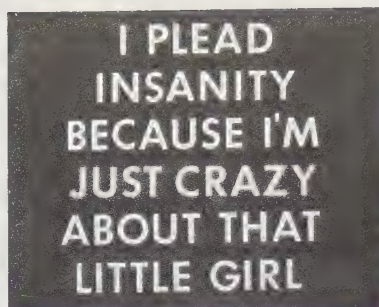
Joseph Kosuth. *White and Black*, from the series, *Art as Idea* as *Idea*. 1966. Photostat mounted on poster board, 48 × 48". Dudley Peter Allen Memorial Art Museum, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio. Gift of Andy Warhol, 74.39

singularity of the (book) photographs. The psychic glass of Ruscha’s pre-1972 paintings is deliberate, knowing, aggressive; he says, in effect, “OK, if this is what a painting is to you, then here’s the technique, applied to our life in Los Angeles.” The drawings and prints share a similar finish; Ruscha is not “working something up,” he is drawing for show. Graphic art in multiples is even more emphatically a product, the result as much of the contemporary print market as the artist’s visual taste. When an artist’s credibility in the art world ascends to visibility in the wider world of “mid-cult,” as Dwight Macdonald termed it, then nearly everybody with a Mercedes in the garage wants a Lichtenstein as a wall trophy to show his affluent hipness and support of professional creativity. Ruscha accepts such vicissitudes of the mode, as he accepts the craft-and-gloss expectations of painting, but with a jaundiced eye. Where most nominally progressive printmakers pooh-pooh the convention of replication, as if multiple images are a minor byproduct of passionate slogging around in ink, Ruscha once gave to a printmaking class at UCLA, where he was teaching as a Visiting Artist, the assignment of coming up with something—*anything*—in an exact edition of ten. Ruscha’s own prints are uncontroversially alike within their editions (his footnote about the raspberry seeds in a few of the “organic” screenprints varying the image from print to print is barely audible through the tongue implanted firmly in cheek), but not merely inexpensive, downsized facsimiles of his paintings. They are, with neither a bow to technical overindulgence nor a flinch at the prospect of ephemerality, satisfying works unto themselves.

In Ruscha’s whole oeuvre, the most important formal device is the objectification of the word. (I leave the religious implications of the Word to others, notably the critic Dave Hickey, who remarks of Ruscha, “In the beginning was the word and the word was boogie.”) Ruscha plucks an erstwhile innocuous word—but not intentionally flavorless word in the vein of Stuart Davis’s painted “else”—rolls it around like a freshly picked cocktail olive, and plants it on the canvas. “Jelly” becomes Hmmm,



Artists who Make "Pieces." 1976. Pastel on paper, 22¾ × 28¾". Collection of the artist



I Plead Insanity Because I'm Just Crazy about That Little Girl. 1976. Pastel on paper, 22¾ × 28¾". Collection of the artist



Study for Miracle. 1973. Ink on paper, 3 × 5". Collection of the artist

jell-lee in *Jelly*; the softness of its J alluding to the quivering stuff is captured in hard, black type, slanting to the right as though attempting to flee from the paradox. Ruscha almost washes his hands of the word's existence, occurrence, and typographic manifestation (it's amazing that, save for the liquid word pictures and a few of the spread-out words, we never suspect Ruscha of editorially coloring the word with his choice of typeface) and seems to say, as he seemed to say of the drawn apartment buildings, "Look, I only happened to find these things lying around—it's you people who made 'em up in the first place." And there they are, socially out of scale, asking us what the hell to make of them. What *does* one make of a provocatively unprovocative *Dimple*? Is it an overeater's blemish or is it riding just a little above the belt line on a girl's bikini? Is *Fats* someone we know, a piano player we ought to know, a pool player we ought not to know, or the coagulation of the very idea of the grease with which it's painted?

Ruscha knows the Immutable Law of Art: you've got to have something to look at. And what we have to look at is astute; Ruscha favors an "Army-Navy" serif type in the earliest paintings like *War Surplus*, 1962 (Plate 13), converts to a simple learn-to-read lettering in 1964 (and, after the interlude of the liquid and spread-out words, returns to it in 1973), and wisely never burdens the public-size paintings with the ribbon motif. Save for the level of color selection made by those who design automobile license plates (no coincidence that Ruscha plies his trade in the state which made the vanity plate famous), the decor is simply practical and entirely satisfactory.

Ruscha keeps his Conceptualism close to the vest. He's a "nice" artist who takes his audience into account, who knows he can attract more flies with honey than with vinegar; he is not vengefully avant-garde, launching himself head-on at history, regarding any general audience as a necessary evil and wanting to make it enigmatically tough on them for getting in his way. The paintings make the work of such Conceptualists as Lawrence

Weiner and Joseph Kosuth look tendentious and labored (all that lettering right on the wall to lecture us on what we ought to be wondering about). Ruscha never lords it over anybody.

When the words expanded to phrases in 1973, and the literary content of the paintings drove the surviving painterliness into a redoubt of odd material (shellac) brushed onto another odd material (taffeta), it was all good-spirited. Ruscha is funny, and the butt of his humor is not merely his subject, or his audience, but himself for even thinking of such lame jokes. *Very Angry People*, 1973 (Plate 86), could be the very angry people who are trying not to laugh at the audacious banality of the whole thing—a painting made of simply lettered words in a simple phrase maddeningly wide of any particular reference. *Screaming in Spanish*, 1974 (Plate 87), is hot (screaming) or even hotter (Spanish—probably Katy Jurado going after Ernest Borgnine). *Artists who Make "Pieces,"* 1976 (page 38), is a jibe at his peers who go to such installation-length extremes to get much less impact than this little drawing exudes, but it's also a needle aimed at Ruscha himself, for drawing so perilously close to the edge of the traditional.

With *Profound Small Talk*, 1977, Ruscha enters a bit of a recession. The painting is the first of a long-horizontal series which resuscitates the silhouette of the earlier *Hollywood* screenprint, 1968 (Plate 42), combines it with a Baroque version of Ruscha's patented sunset fade, and embellishes it with leaning, vertical words, of the sort found on mileage-between-cities tables on road maps. Here he falls into a crack between the Conceptualists (his chartlike device lags behind—if you go for that sort of thing—in paring art down to a witty proposition or two, with no engaging contradictions) and the younger California commercial artists, who, because they are not bound to any expectation of profundity, have originated endlessly, but superficially, more seductive images. The problem is not that Ruscha fails to proceed far enough down either of those paths, for part of his artistic sagacity lies in perceiving the inherent limits



Pages from *Real Estate Opportunities*, 1970

of brainy reductivism and cute 'n' clever imagery.

The most important factor in the negative portion of Ruscha's critical reception is his "blankness," the same quality which incites the down side of his public reception. Aggressive modernists, like Jackson Pollock, can offend, but they do not infuriate, because while we may not like what they're trying to say we *know* what they're trying to say ("You can make a perfectly viable, yeah, significant painting by flinging Duco onto the canvas with a stick") so we don't suspect we're being patronized. The passive, or "blank" modernists (the adjective applies as much to attitude in figurative works as it does to images, or lack of them, in abstract ones) manage to tick us off as well when we don't get the message, because we think we're being conned into doing all the work with our eye that the artist should have done with his hand: we fear the emperor may indeed be naked as a jaybird and we are going to be fools for swallowing the swindle. It is no accident that Ad Reinhardt spent a good deal of his time repairing vandalized paintings, or that it was Andy Warhol rather than Allen Ginsberg who was severely wounded by gunfire. The "blank" artist must be even more on his guard than the aggressive one, since so much of his statement is made with his life-style (if he can be found out), and he will be called upon to display his all-accepting knowingness in the face of insult, grievance, and righteousness. Ruscha, in apparent concurrence with Warhol, maddens part of the crowd because he slyly, off-handedly, almost tauntingly, puts it out there—Standard station for soup can, *Baltimore Oriole Securing Freshwater Fish*, 1965 (Plate 32), for Liz, *Various Small Fires and Milk*, 1964, for *Blow-Job*—for us to risk our sanity with. But merely a West Coast Warhol, Ruscha is not.

In the heyday of Los Angeles art, in 1966–69, there was a myth operative in the land, even in certain renegade minds east of the Hudson, that Los Angeles was the art center of the twenty-first century; the center of the art world, the tale went, was moving west; it had inched its way from Rome (seventeenth century) to Paris (eighteenth and nineteenth

centuries) to a conglomerate of northern European cities (early twentieth century) to New York (World War II) and was about to bypass Kansas City in favor of a perch on the Pacific rim for the next hundred years. Not so, for a couple of reasons. If art metamorphosed in the direction of Southern California mentality, there would be no center, in the same way Los Angeles has no center but only corridors to the mountains or the ocean. If art stayed with hard, opaque, permanent, hand-wrought painting and sculpture, Los Angeles would never have the density, the cultural surplus, to pull it off; the honor would probably go to Houston, the South Bronx of 2001. If there were to be a Warhol *Doppelgänger*, he wouldn't live in the bowels of lower Hollywood; if he kept a modest studio for fifteen years in the Thai-restaurant-adult-movie stretch of North Western Avenue, he wouldn't be another Warhol.

W. H. Auden, in his book of critical essays *The Dyer's Hand*, indicates the uniqueness of the Los Angeles detective novel: the search of Philip Marlow or Lew Archer or even Moses Wine is not for the single guilty party skulking beneath the surface of the innocent community, but for the solitary innocent drowning in a sea of corruption. The central character turns out not to be the murderer—he's merely the guy demented or driven enough to act out his complicity—but the girl who, appearances aside, has thanklessly maintained her honor. Ruscha, appearances of clever phrase-making and prestidigitation aside, aspires to innocence. He wants not to know, he wants the bird and the pill and the building and the vacant lot seen raw, as Klee's reborn child would see it. Warhol, his translucent secular saintliness notwithstanding, wants everybody to be a numbed, valueless sophisticate, famous for fifteen minutes. The East is old and it is lost; Warhol tells us how it died. The West, where the sun sets last, is relatively young and still has a chance, and Ruscha wants to cleanse the view from the beach.

Innocence and corruption are serious themes. Ruscha is Robert Irwin's equal as the most important West Coast artist in the wake of Abstract

Expressionism, and Warhol's influence is incalculable, but the difference between New York and Los Angeles art has often been cast in less flattering terms. An exhibition of which Ruscha was a part, *A Decade of California Color 1960–1970* (unfortunately an insipid title), at The Pace Gallery, drew to one reviewer's mind the vision of "hip young drop-out types hanging out in Venice, California, making fancy baubles for the rich."⁷ The underlying prejudice is that Southern California art is glorified commercial art about sunshine and pleasure for the instant delectation of nouveau-riche show-biz folks, while New York stuff is, by simple virtue of having been manufactured under economic duress and transported through impossible streets, serious grappling with the issues of modern art intended for historically literate collectors. There is at least the possibility that a Barnett Newman painting or a Richard Serra sculpture is no less a "bauble for the rich" because it's bigger or rustier, and that New York art in general is overburdened with an anxiety about reading the tea leaves of art history. If Ed Ruscha's work proves anything, it's that there's no formula—geographic, technical, pseudo-anti-art, or otherwise—for seriousness.

The question of seriousness is the question of the heart of Ruscha—not whether Ruscha is a serious artist, but whether his cultural stance is to be taken seriously. Ruscha flirts with being mistaken for a slick commercial artist, and he slips in and out of Pop art, that style based on sticking low art devices in high art places. Harold Rosenberg called it "advertising art advertising itself as art that hates advertising,"⁸ a few clever left-wing Europeans dubbed it "Capitalist Realism," and both epithets might fit Ruscha if it were not for his foregoing the self-congratulatory mocking common to early Lichtenstein (before he realized what a gold mine he had in goitered comic-book rendering) and all of Warhol. Nowhere does Ruscha's work imply "I can really draw and paint better than this, but it wouldn't look as sophisticated." Nowhere does Ruscha take the leftover Duchampian broth from the refrigerator, add a few iconographic beans, and reheat art historical soup.

Ruscha doesn't bury his ironies in the trough between intentional pastiche (as Pop art apes crude commercial art and Conceptual art imitates either Donald Barthelme in *The New Yorker* or any random page of a dissertation from a midwest philosophy department) and *Domus* magazine design; he paints and draws, or, since 1973, spells plainly enough. The Question could be the one to which Alice B. Toklas allegedly asked the Answer of Gertrude Stein on her deathbed, or it could be "Should teens engage in premarital sex?" Or it could be, as the movie credits from a Billy Graham film crawl to heaven, "Is there a God?" The picture's maudlin wit is latent in a funny little notebook drawing, *Study for Miracle*, 1973 (page 38)—two barely limned Gothic windows through which shines the Light—somehow reminiscent of the finale to the film version of Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock*. From her Catholic hospital bed, the innocent and betrayed young girlfriend of the slain gangster, Pinky, requests the playing of the amusement park recording he made for her; while the girl watched adoringly outside, Pinky recorded what he really thought of her and later stomped the disc in rage. When the nun places the record on a small phonograph, Pinky's voice scratches out, "... you think I love you (click) ... I love you (click) ... I love you. ..." The camera slowly pans to a cross on the opposite wall, a crucifix lighted with the glow from a Miracle.

The enigma in Ruscha is thus not art-world esoteric, but rather accessible in his layering of sentimental banality and stand-up-comic wit. *A Blvd. Called Sunset*, 1975 (Plate 88), takes the clichéd double reference—tourist Los Angeles and the overworked social realism about the movie business, in *Sunset Boulevard* with Gloria Swanson and William Holden—and turns it around on itself and the artist (as a second-rate, world-weary impressario). In *Headlights Are Similar to People's Eyes*, 1974

(Plate 79), Ruscha adds an excruciating gullibility (a four-year-old might make that observation), and repeats it in a Tin Pan Alley version, *I Plead Insanity Because I'm Just Crazy about That Little Girl*, 1976 (page 38). *He Enjoys the Co. of Women*, 1976 (Plate 97), adds, in the corporate abbreviation of companionship, a tricky edge of male chauvinism. (Ruscha sometimes overreaches: *Those of Us who Have Double Parked*, 1976 [Plate 104], is too deliberately ingratiating; *Pontiac Catalinas?*, 1976 [Plate 98], is too long and too patronizing; and *Another Hollywood Dream Bubble Popped*, 1976 [Plate 93], goes *Sunset Boulevard* one too many—you can't make fun of making fun of making fun of it.)

When Ruscha is right, however, he's very right. When the cultural naïveté, street smarts, show-biz bow, graphic facility, and skepticism merge, as they do in his two most cutting works, the large painting *The Los Angeles County Museum on Fire*, 1965–68 (Plate 67), and the book *Real Estate Opportunities*, 1970, the impact is telling. In *The Los Angeles County Museum on Fire* Ruscha uses the same upper-left to lower-right diagonal which gives the trademarks and gas stations such compositional authority; he shifts to a "crane shot" (like a view of the Atlanta railroad station in *Gone with the Wind*) and looks down on the museum because he despises an edifice touted as good (rather than admires, as with the gas stations, buildings most of us regard as negligible); and he reduces the landscape to the generic (as you would by nosing and decking a 1950 Ford with Bondite and lacquer into a high-class unspecific Car). A couple of inside jokes add a nice saw tooth to his blade: flames spout from the useless, pretentious atrium in the main Ahmanson Gallery, and the reflecting-pool water is as garishly tasteless as that in one of the *Nine Swimming Pools*. (The real-life reflecting pools were later removed to make room for the Franklin Murphy Sculpture Garden, with no visible improvement.) The painting, debuted like a movie as having been "three years in the making," is dangerous: it encourages vandalism, thumbs its nose at the very repository Ruscha might hope would validate him, and points out the hopelessness of hot-housing culture in Los Angeles by replicating Eastern institutions.

Real Estate Opportunities, the best of the books, lays open the tawdry, land-boom, get-rich-quick underpinnings of Southern California by its very form—the permanence of a book, to freeze on the library shelves the classified-ad ephemerality of "opportunity." The "neutral" photographs clarify the condemnation; you can see why the land is for sale: the community is creepy, the hillside is going to collapse, the plot is unbuildable without a million-dollar grading, the house site faces a four-lane speedway. Everything says, *Don't buy*.

Neither *The Los Angeles County Museum on Fire* nor *Real Estate Opportunities* violates Ruscha's reserve. The museum, prettified, *could* catch on fire, and any site visit to the land for sale would find it looking very much as Ruscha photographed it. Ruscha's method of criticizing without criticism blends with his ability to illustrate without illustration. Ruscha becomes an important modern artist, indeed wedges himself as close to the core of it as any artist of the sixties and seventies, by staying at the edge. His traversal from Oklahoma kid to California cutie to cosmopolitan subversive is not quite a paradigm of recent American art, but the saga wouldn't be the same without him.

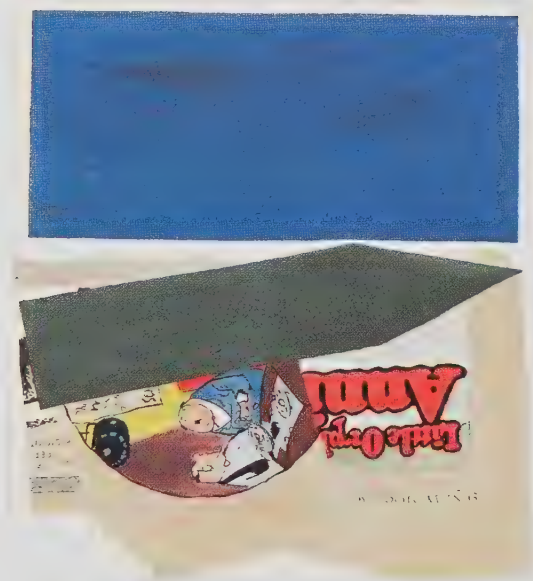
Notes

1. David Bourdon, "A Heap of Words about Ed Ruscha," *Art International*, 20 November 1971, p. 25.
2. Eleanor Antin, "Reading Ruscha," *Art in America*, November–December 1973, p. 65.
3. Bourdon, "A Heap of Words," p. 38.
4. David Bourdon, "Ruscha as Publisher (Or All Booked Up)," *Art News*, April 1972, p. 32.
5. Bourdon, "A Heap of Words," p. 25.
6. Carter Ratcliff, "New York," *Art International*, March 1970, p. 70.
7. Joseph Masheck, "California Color, Pace Gallery," *Artforum*, January 1971, p. 73.
8. Harold Rosenberg, *The Anxious Object* (New York: Collier, 1964), p. 74.

PLATES



Plate 1 Dublin. 1959. Wood, newspaper, and ink on paper, 13½ × 13"



D U B L I N.

Plate 2 *Dublin*. 1960. Oil on canvas, 72 × 67"

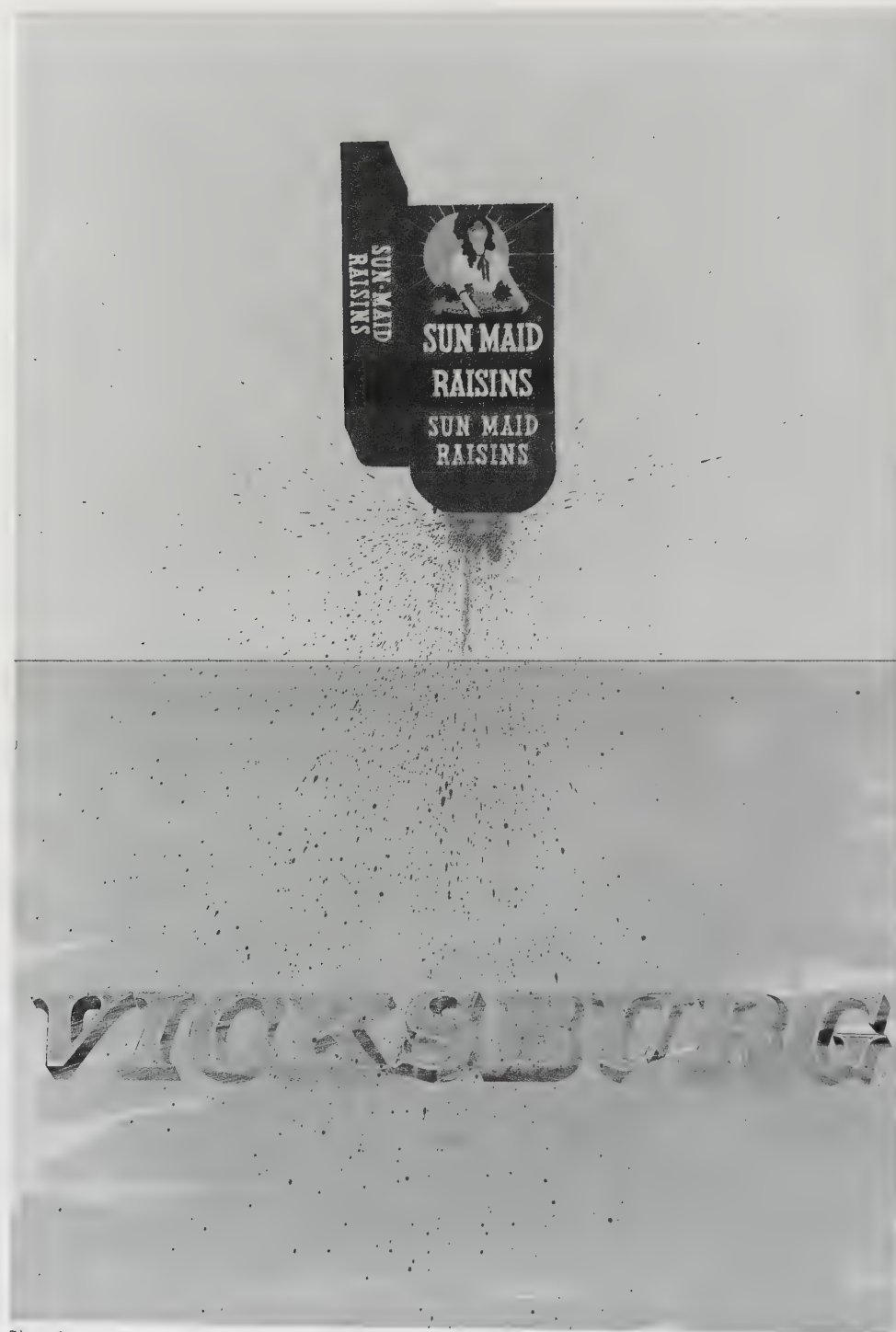


Plate 3 *Box Smashed Flat*. 1960–61. Oil on canvas, 70 x 48"

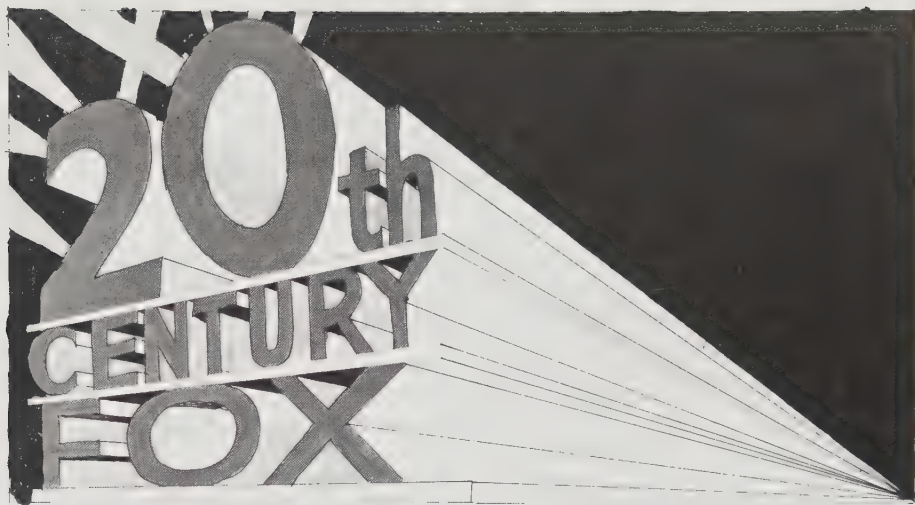


Plate 4 *Trademark 2*. 1962. Ink, pencil, and oil on paper, 8¾ × 14¼"

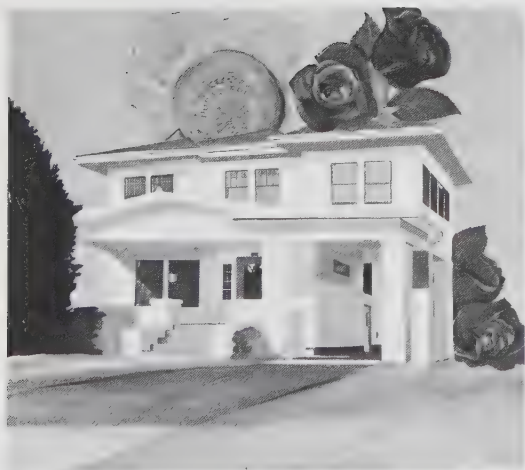


Plate 5 *House on 38th St.* 1962. Oil on canvas, 20 × 22"

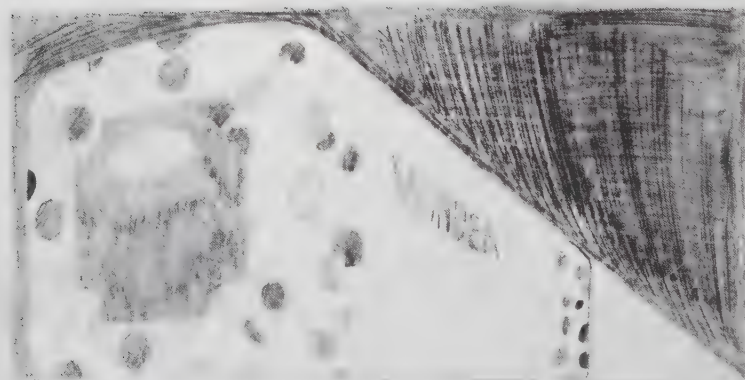


Plate 6 *Wonder Bread*. 1962. Pencil on paper, 16⅞ × 14"

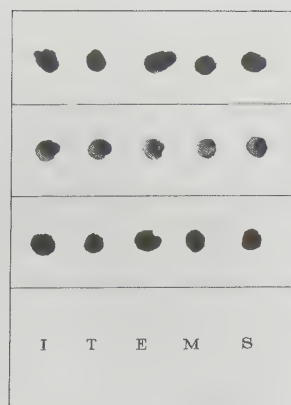


Plate 7 *Items*. 1960. Ink and gouache on paper, 11½ × 9¾"



Plate 8 *Ace*. 1961. Oil on paper, 7¼ × 8¾"

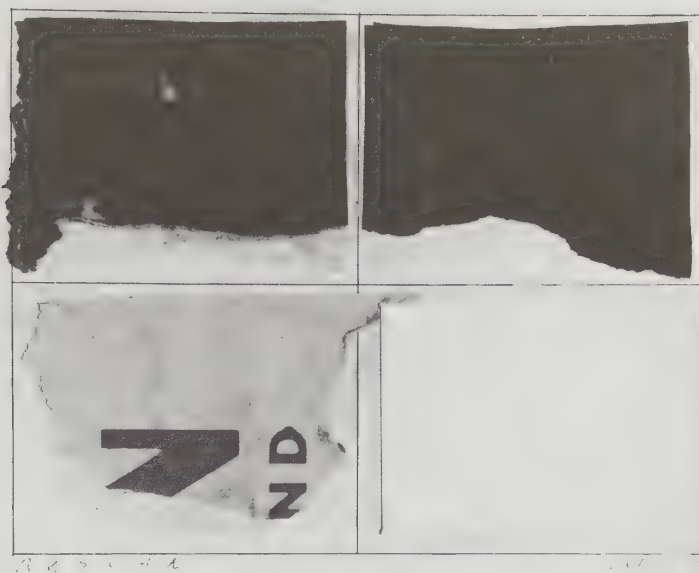


Plate 9 Untitled. 1961. Ink, envelope, and paper on paper, $10\frac{3}{4} \times 13\frac{1}{8}$ "



Plate 10 *Insect Eating Paper*. 1960. Magazine reproduction and paper on paper, $11 \times 10\frac{5}{8}$ "



Plate 11 Actual Size. 1962. Oil on canvas, 72 × 67"

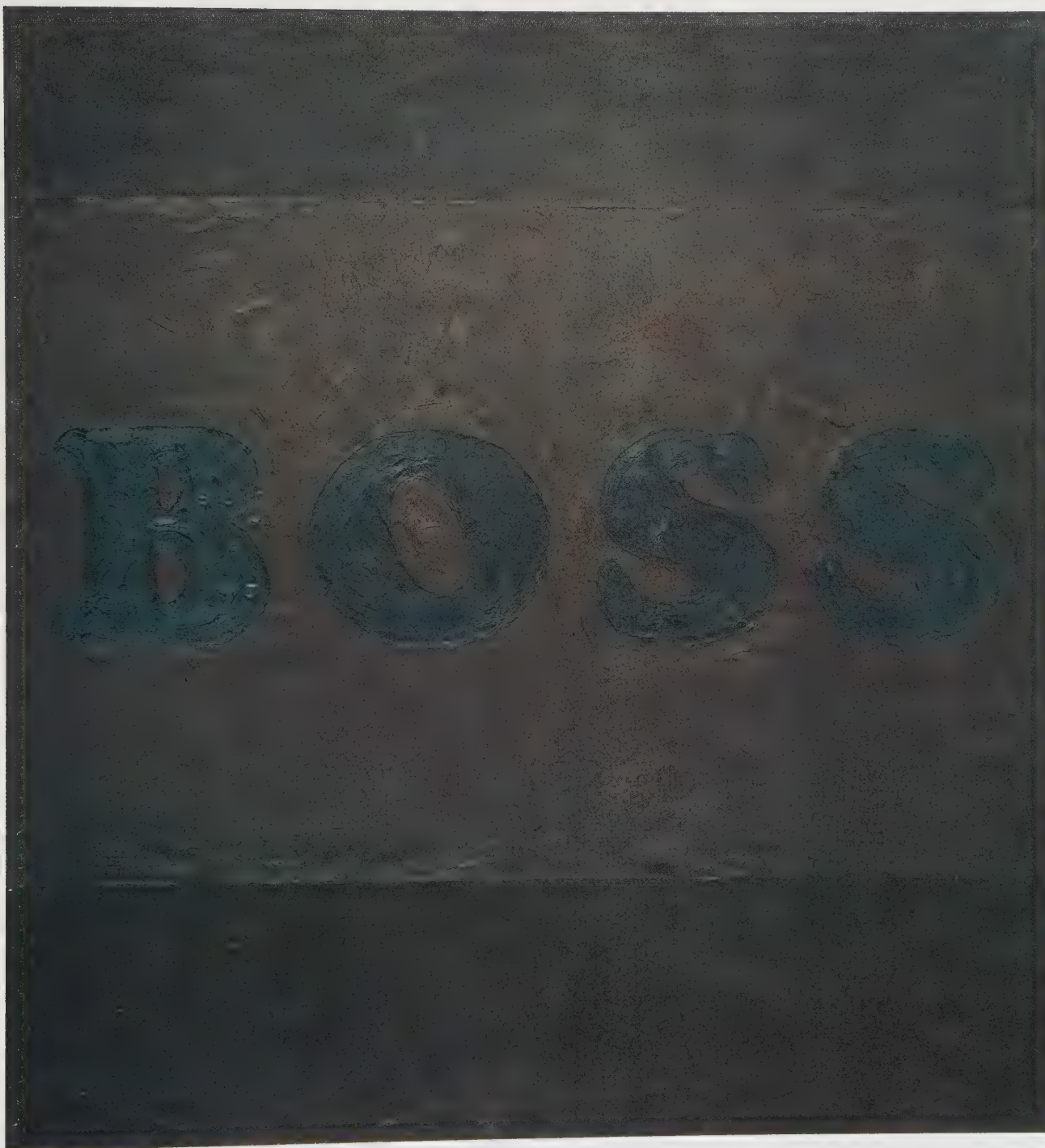


Plate 12 Boss. 1961. Oil on canvas, 72 × 67"

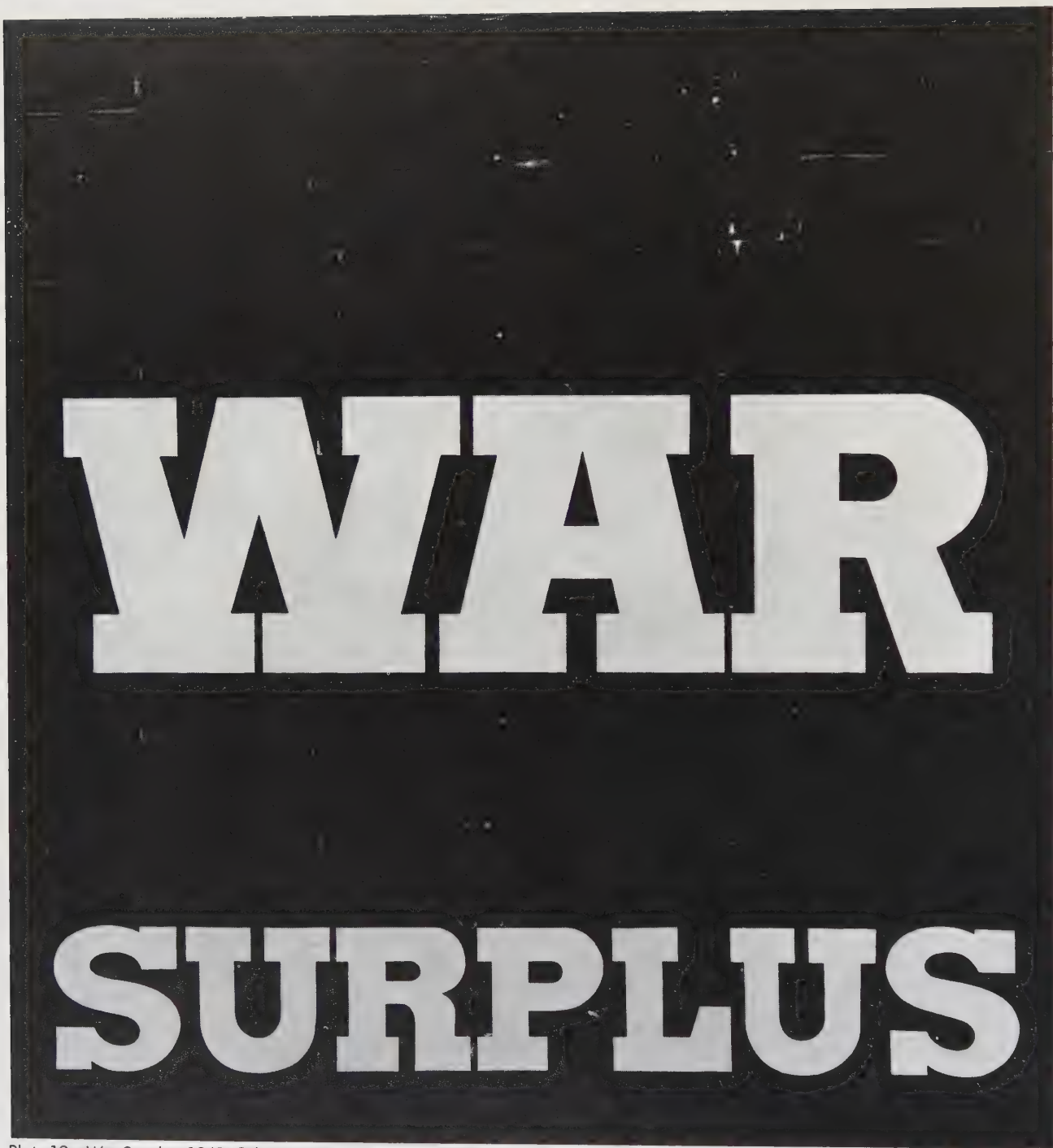


Plate 13 *War Surplus*. 1962. Oil on canvas, 71 × 66³/₈"



Plate 14 Annie. 1962. Oil on canvas, 72 × 67"

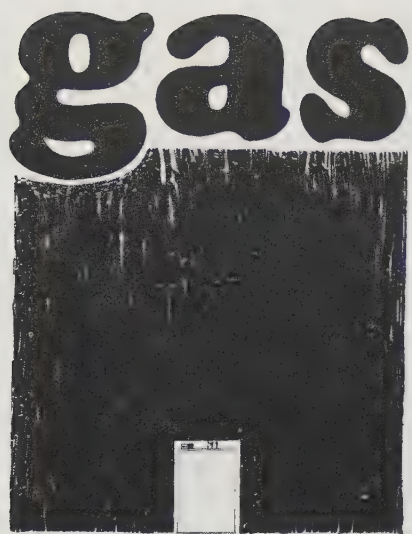


Plate 15 Gas. 1962. Lithograph, extra proof, 20 × 15"



Plate 16 3327 Division ('39 Ford). 1962. Lithograph, A/P, 17½ × 14"

DIMPLE

Plate 17 Dimple. 1964. Tempera and ink on paper, 11½ × 14⅝"



Plate 18 *Flash*, L.A. Times. 1963. Oil on canvas. 72 x 67"



Plate 19 20—20—20. 1962. Tempera on paper, 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 17"



Plate 20 Large Trademark with Eight Spotlights. 1962. Oil on canvas, 67 × 132"



Plate 21 *Standard Station*. 1966. Screenprint, 25 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 40"



Plate 22 Standard Station, Amarillo, Texas. 1963. Oil on canvas, 65 x 124"



Plate 23 Noise, Pencil, Broken Pencil, Cheap Western. 1963. Oil on canvas, 71¼ × 67"



DAMAGE

Plate 24 *Damage*. 1964. Oil on canvas, 72 × 67"



Plate 25 *Smash*. 1964. Graphite on paper, triptych: $11 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ "; $11\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ "; $11\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ "



Plate 26 *Smash*. 1963. Oil on canvas, 71½ × 67"



Plate 27 *Doheny Drive*. 1965. Graphite on paper, $14\frac{1}{8} \times 22\frac{5}{8}$ "



Plate 28 *Bronson Tropics*. 1965. Graphite on paper, $14\frac{1}{8} \times 22\frac{5}{8}$ "



Plate 29 *Wilshire Blvd.* 1965. Graphite on paper, 14 $\frac{1}{8}$ × 22 $\frac{5}{8}$ "

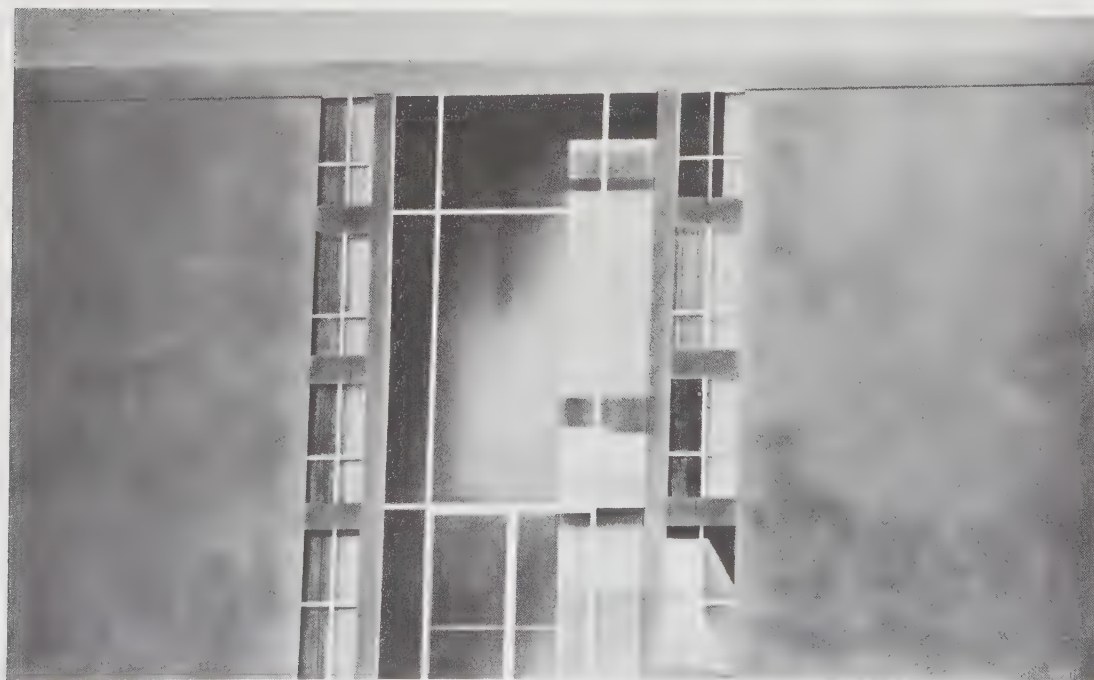


Plate 30 *Victory Boulevard.* 1965. Graphite on paper, 14 $\frac{1}{8}$ × 22 $\frac{5}{8}$ "



Plate 31 *Angry Because It's Plaster, Not Milk.* 1965. Oil on canvas, 55 × 48"



Plate 32 *Baltimore Oriole Securing Freshwater Fish*, 1965. Oil on canvas, 59 × 55"



Plate 33 *Stardust*. 1966. Graphite on paper, $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ "

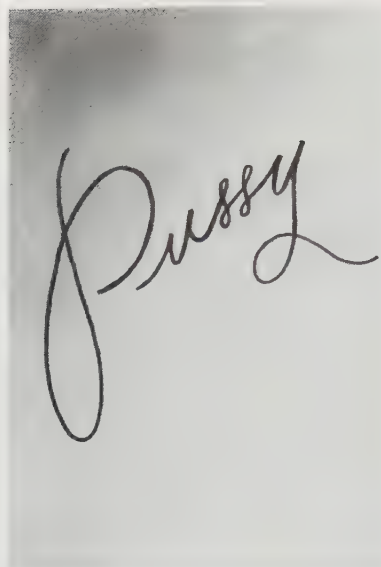


Plate 34 *Pussy*. 1966. Graphite on paper, $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ "

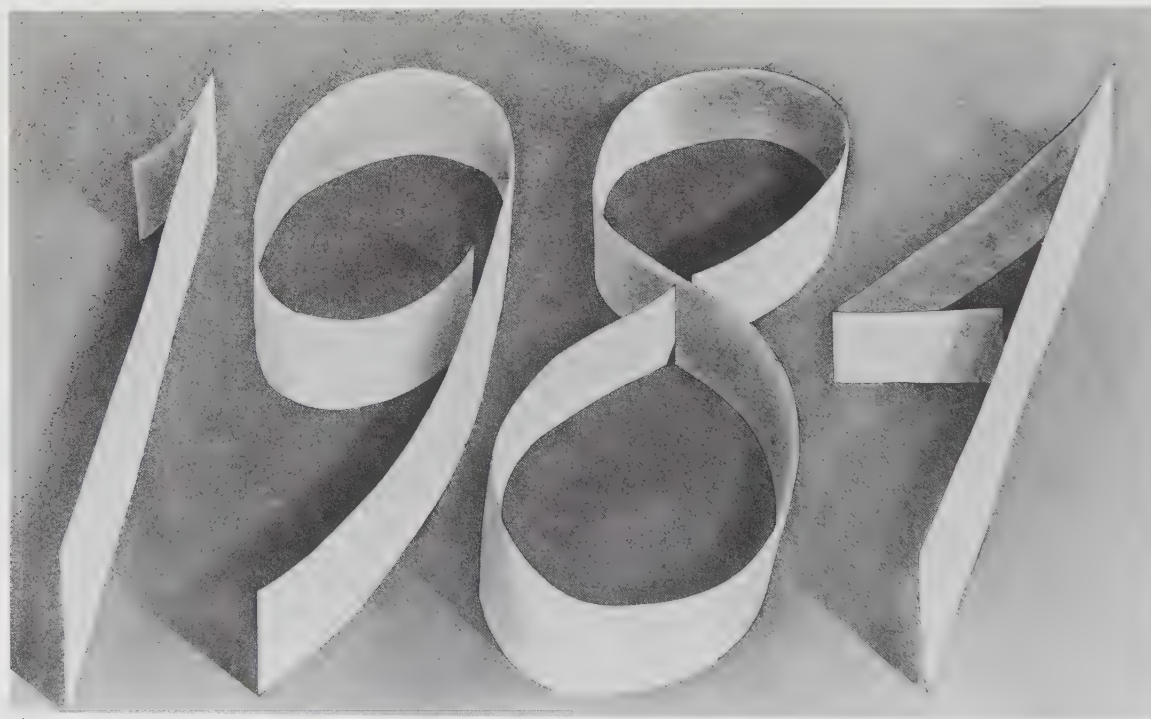


Plate 35 *1984*. 1967. Gunpowder on paper, $13\frac{1}{4} \times 21\frac{7}{16}$ "



Plate 36 Raw. 1969. Graphite and pastel on paper, 13¼ × 21⅞"

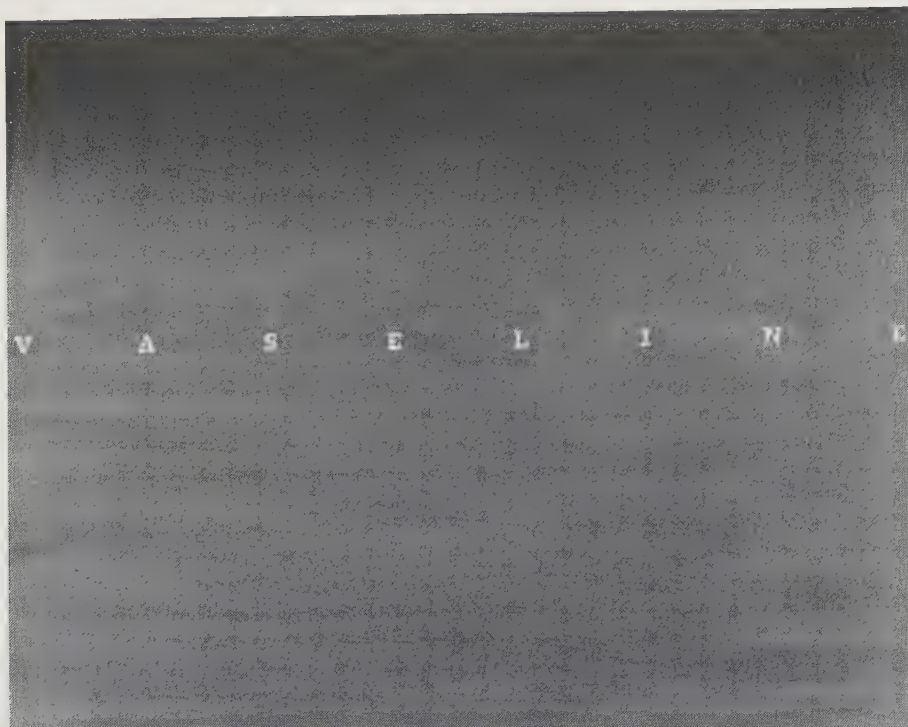


Plate 37 Vaseline. 1967. Oil on canvas, 24 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 30 $\frac{1}{4}$ "



Plate 38 Angry People. 1973. Oil on canvas, 20 x 24"

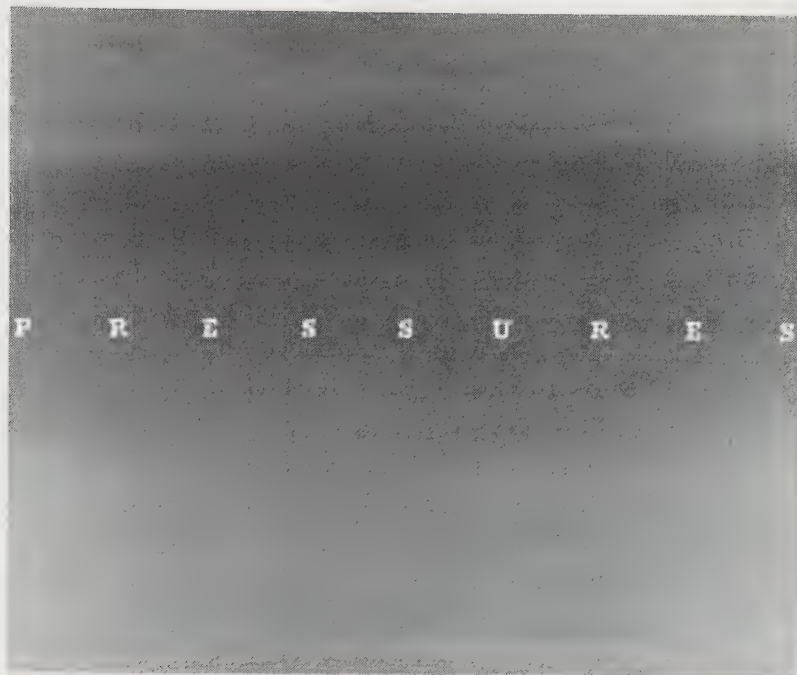


Plate 39 *Pressures*. 1967. Oil on canvas, 20 × 24"

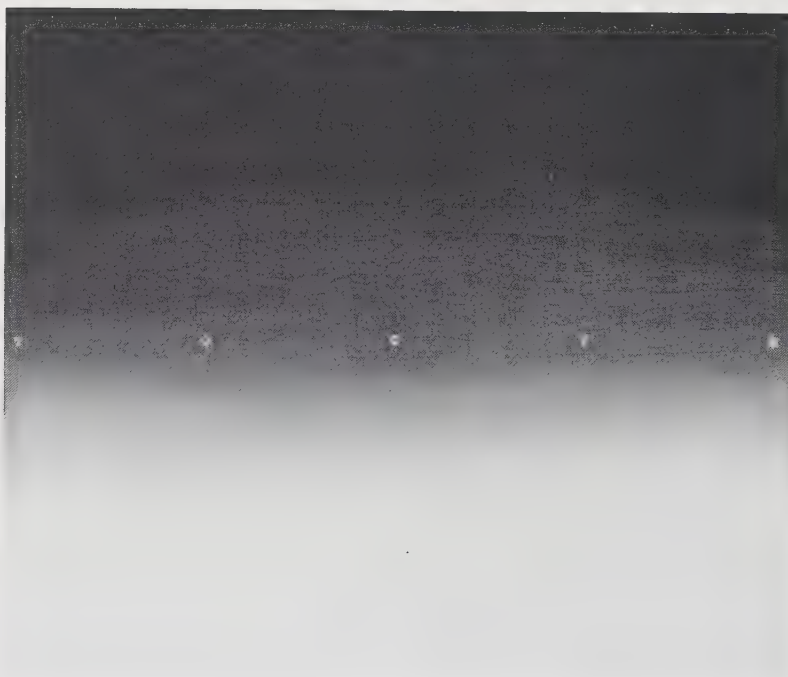


Plate 40 *Tooth*. 1968–75. Oil on canvas, 20 × 24"



Plate 41 *Burning Gas Station*. 1965–66. Oil on canvas, 20½ × 39"

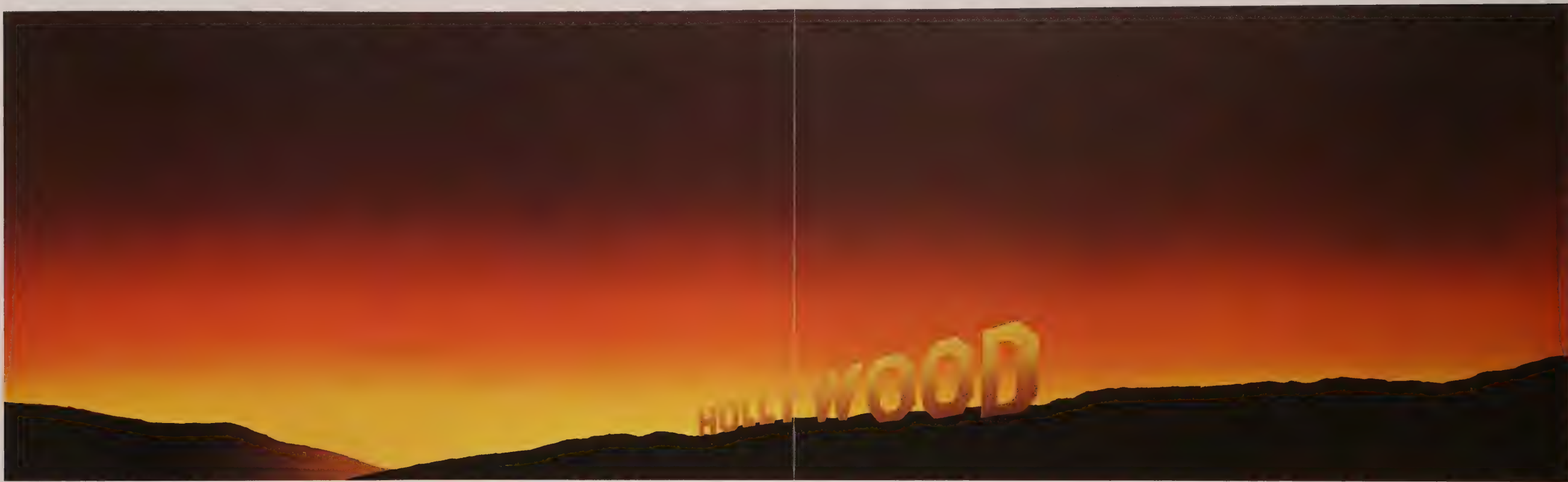


Plate 42 Hollywood 1966 Screenprint, 17" x 44"

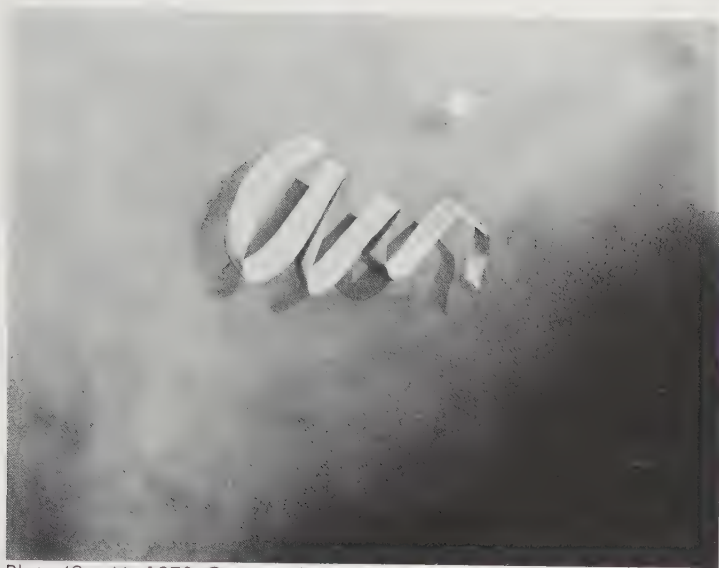


Plate 43 *Air*. 1970. Gunpowder and pastel on paper, 23 × 29"



Plate 44 *Motor*. 1970. Gunpowder and pastel on paper, 23 × 29"

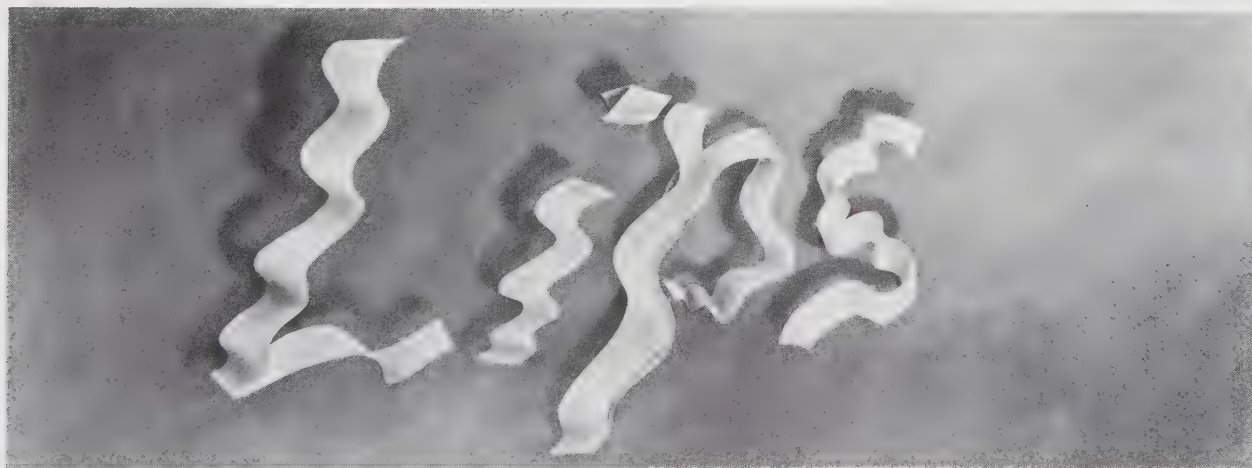


Plate 45 *Lips*. 1970. Gunpowder and pastel on paper, 11½ × 29"



Plate 46 *Adios*. 1967. Oil on canvas, 60 x 54"



Plate 47 *City*. 1968. Oil on canvas, 55 × 48"



Plate 48 *Desire*. 1969. Oil on canvas, 60 × 55"



Plate 49 Rancho. 1968. Oil on canvas, 60 × 54"



Plate 50 Eye. 1969. Oil on canvas, 60 × 54"



Plate 51 *Marble Shatters Drinking Glass*. 1968. Oil on canvas, 20 × 24"



Plate 52 *Painkillers, Tranquilizers, Olive*. 1969. Oil on canvas, 20 × 24"



Plate 53 *Blue Bowling Ball*. 1972. Oil on canvas, 20 × 24"



Plate 54 *Bouncing Marbles, Bouncing Apple, Bouncing Olive*. 1969. Oil on canvas, 60 × 55"



Plate 55 News



Plate 56 Mews



Plate 57 Pews

Series of screenprints printed with organic substances, 1970, each $23\frac{1}{16} \times 31\frac{7}{8}$ "



Plate 58 *Brews*



Plate 59 *Stews*



Plate 60 *Dues*



Plate 61 *Satin*. 1971. Rose petals rubbed on paper, 23 × 29"



Plate 62 *Whiskers, Splinters*. 1972. Gunpowder on paper, 11½ × 29"



Plate 63 *Valiums, Splinters*. 1973. Gunpowder and pastel on paper, 11½ × 29". Copyright, 1981, President and Fellows of Harvard College. Used by permission

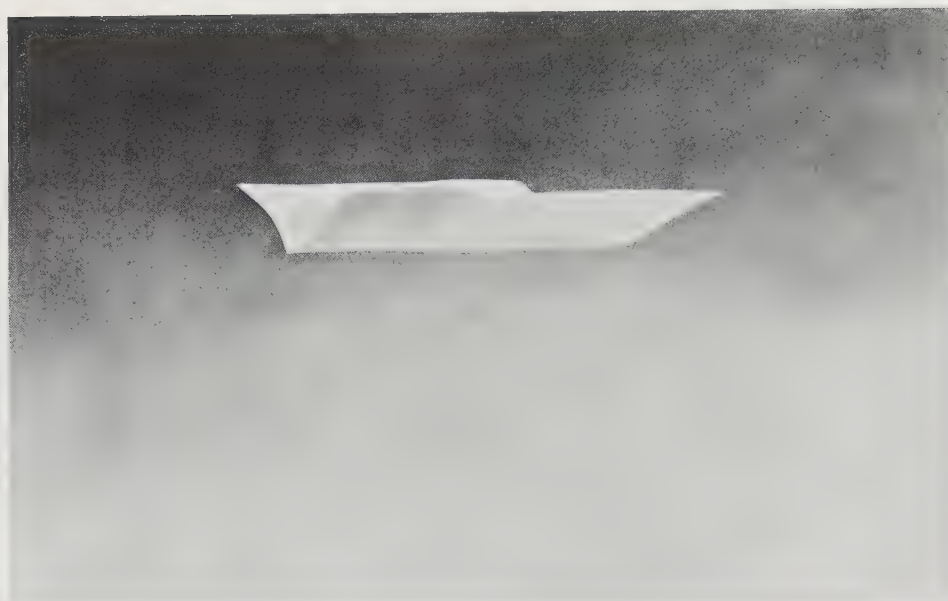


Plate 64 *Flying Sheet Stained with Fernet Branca*. 1973. Gunpowder and Fernet Branca on paper, 14½ × 23"

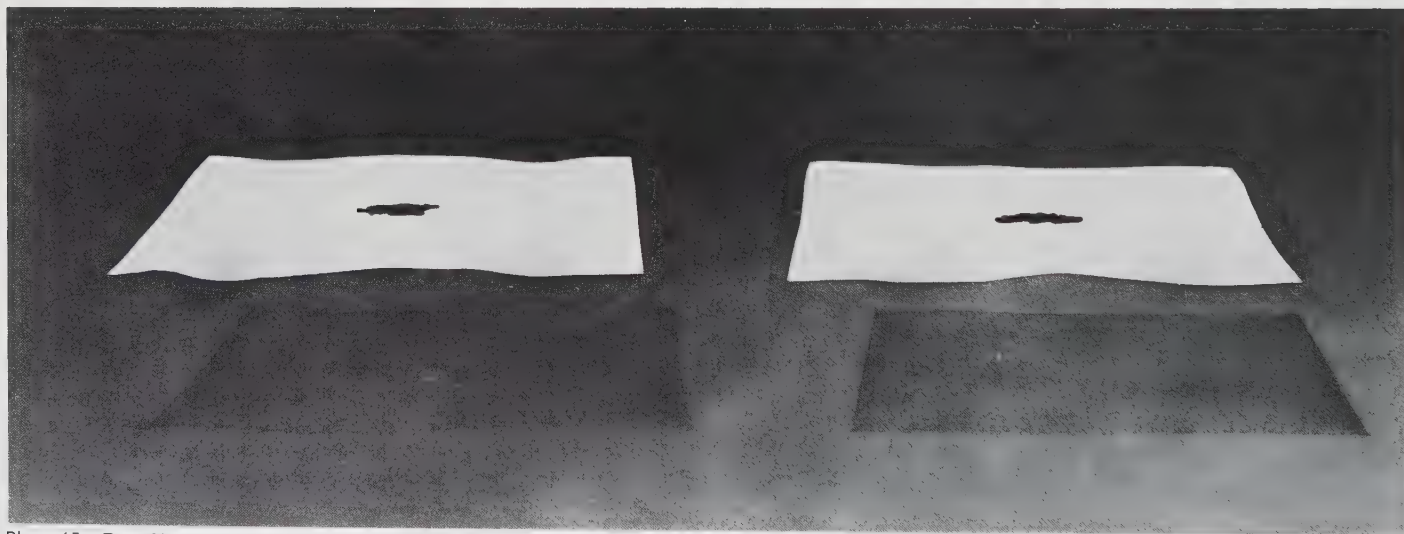


Plate 65 *Two Sheets Stained with Blood*. 1973. Gunpowder and blood on paper, 11½ × 29"

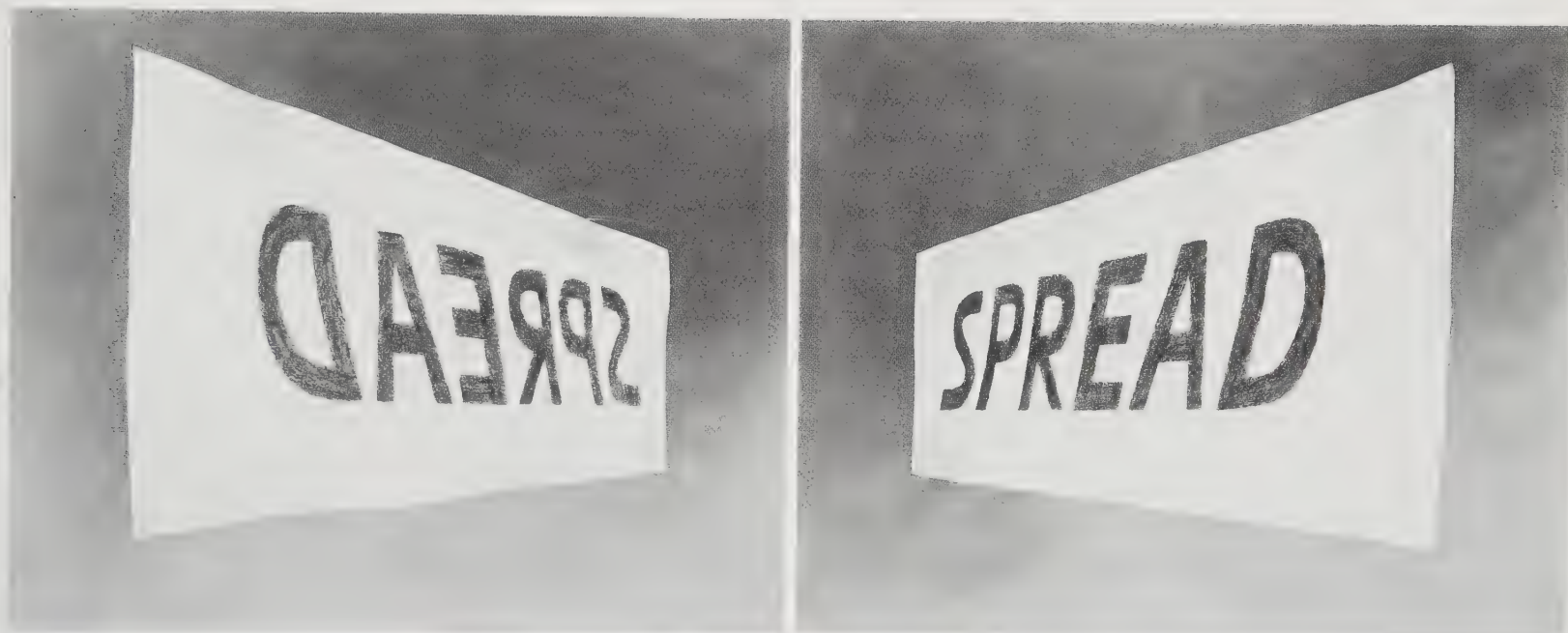


Plate 66 *Spread*. 1973. Gunpowder and tobacco on paper, diptych: each 23 × 29"



Plate 67 *The Los Angeles County Museum on Fire*, 1965–68. Oil on canvas, 53½ × 133½"

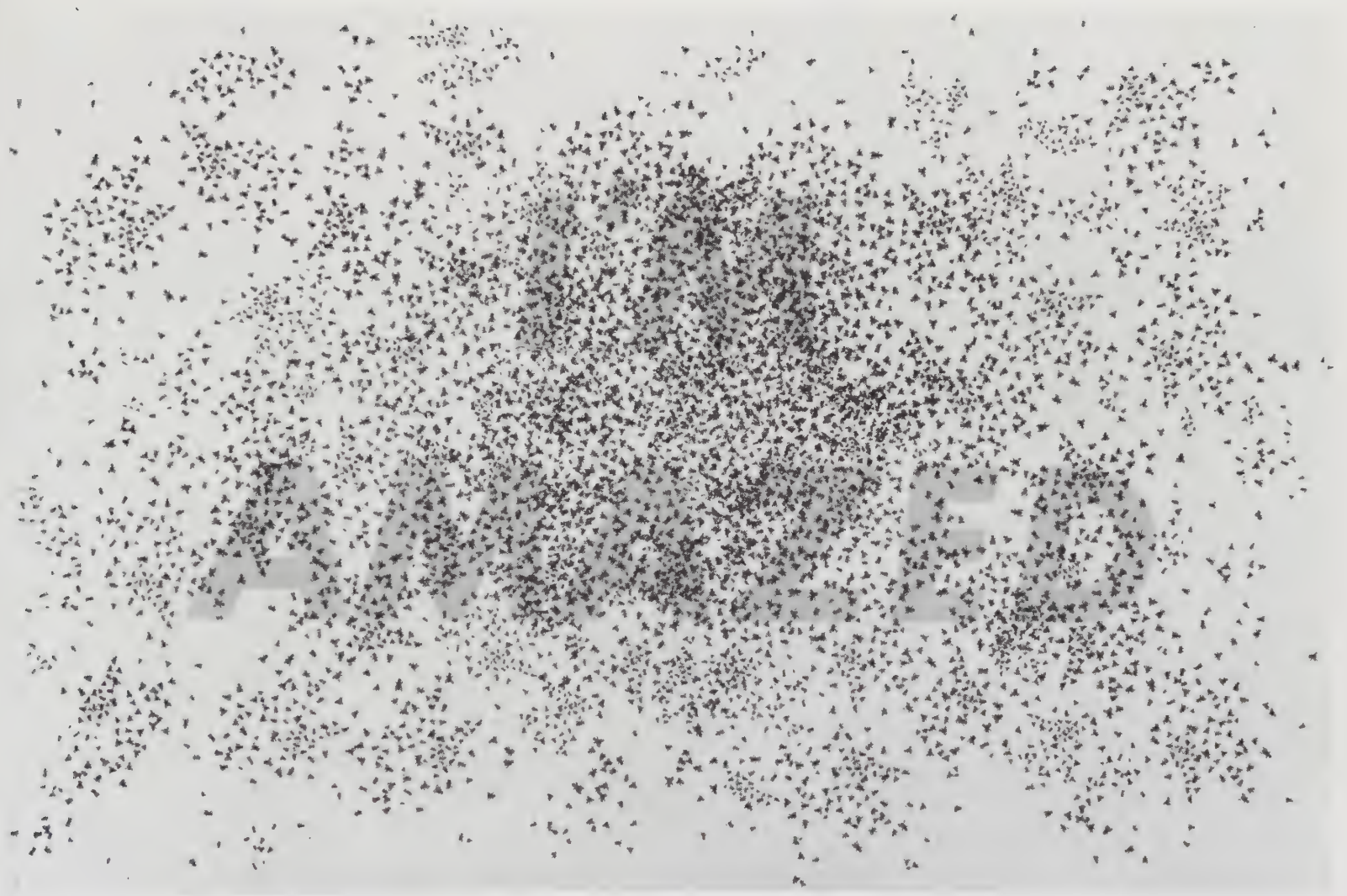


Plate 68 *I'm Amazed*. 1971. Screenprint, 40 × 60"

MERCY

Plate 69 *Mercy*. 1973. Blood on paper, 23 × 29"

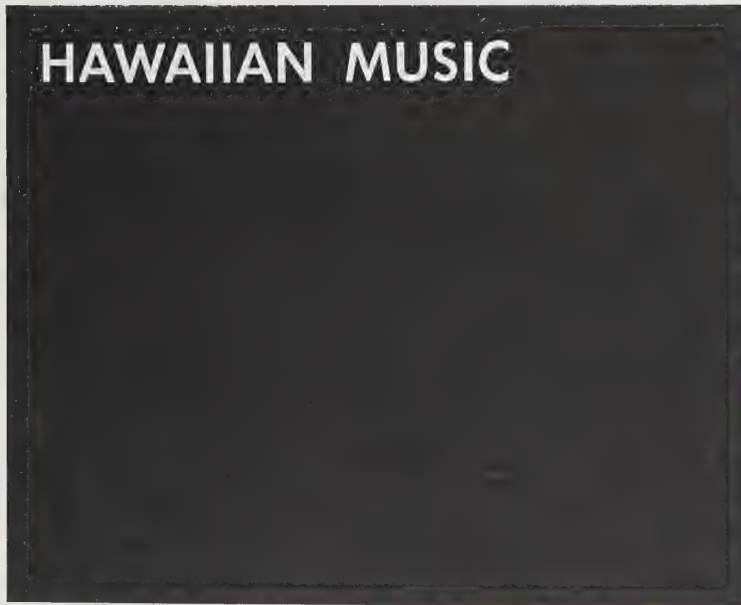


Plate 70 *Hawaiian Music*. 1973. Pastel on paper, 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ "

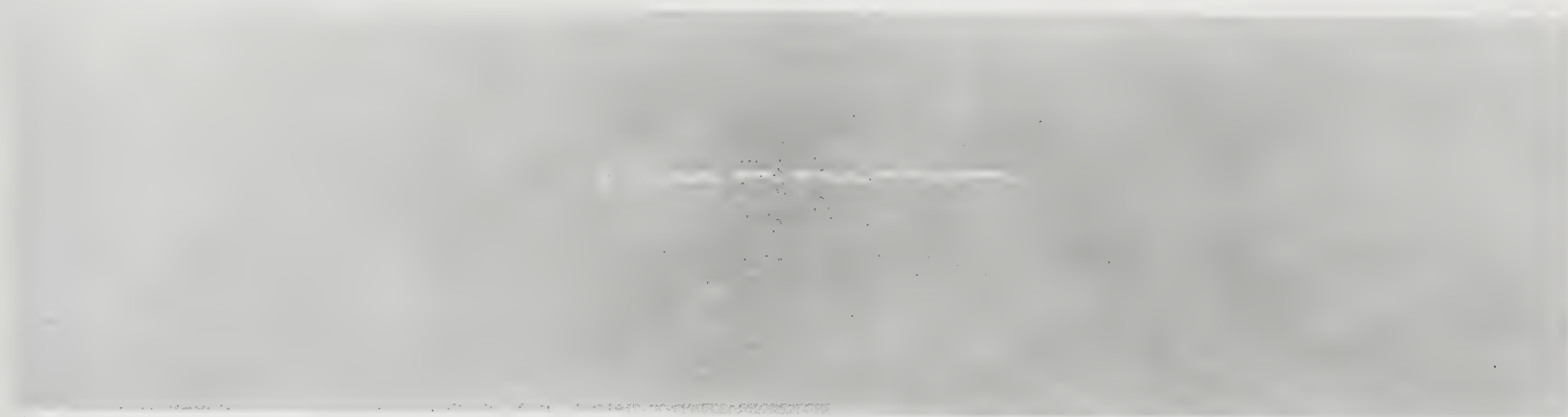


Plate 71 *Radios at Full Volume*. 1973. Gunpowder and pastel on paper, $7\frac{1}{4} \times 18\frac{1}{2}$ "



Plate 72 *Do ing*. 1973. Pastel on paper, 22³/₄ × 28⁵/₈"



Plate 73 *Executive Pressures and Loss of Memory*. 1973. Egg yolk on moiré, 36 × 40"



Plate 74 *Listen, I'd Like to Help out, But.* 1973. Ketchup on canvas, 60 × 54"

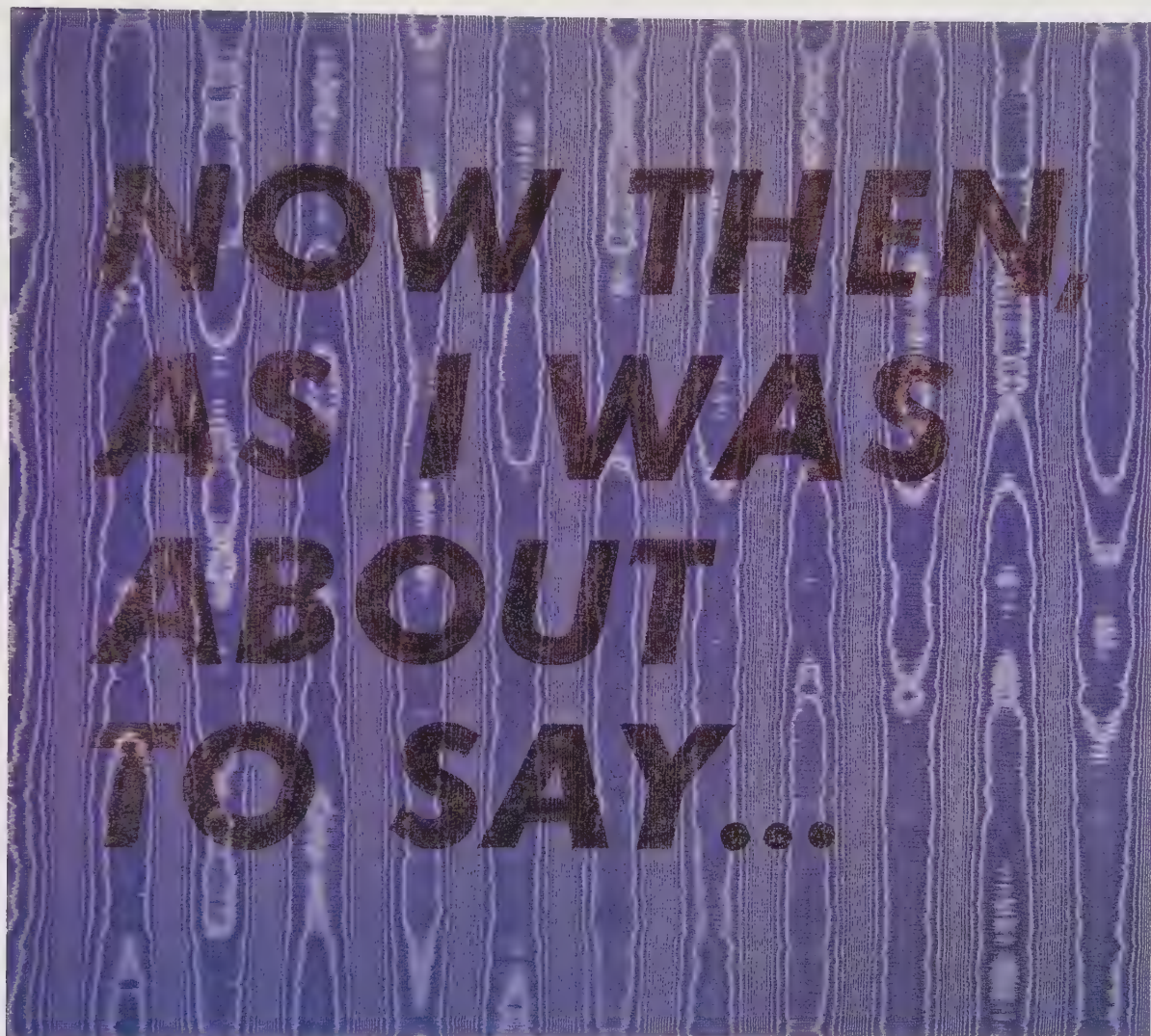


Plate 75 *Now Then, as I Was about to Say....* 1973. Shellac on moiré, 36 × 40"

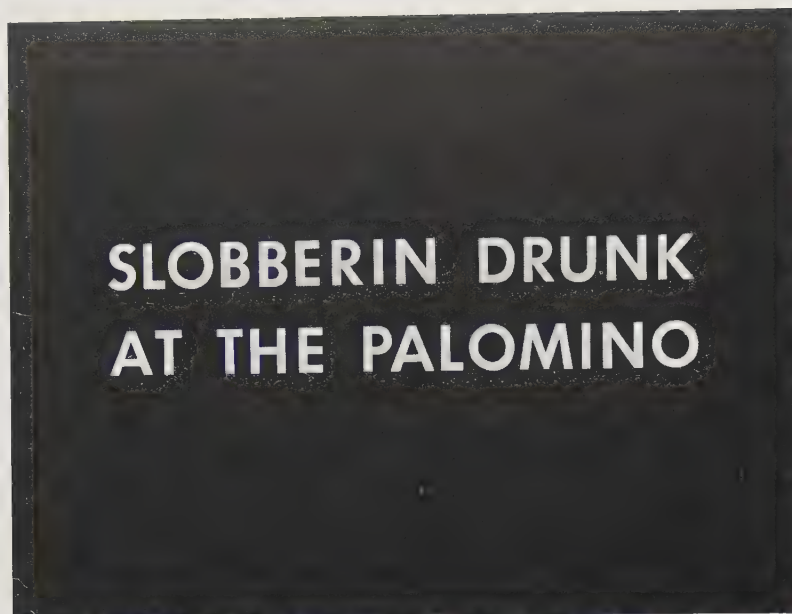


Plate 76 *Slobberin Drunk at the Palomino*. 1975. Pastel on paper, 29½ × 39½"

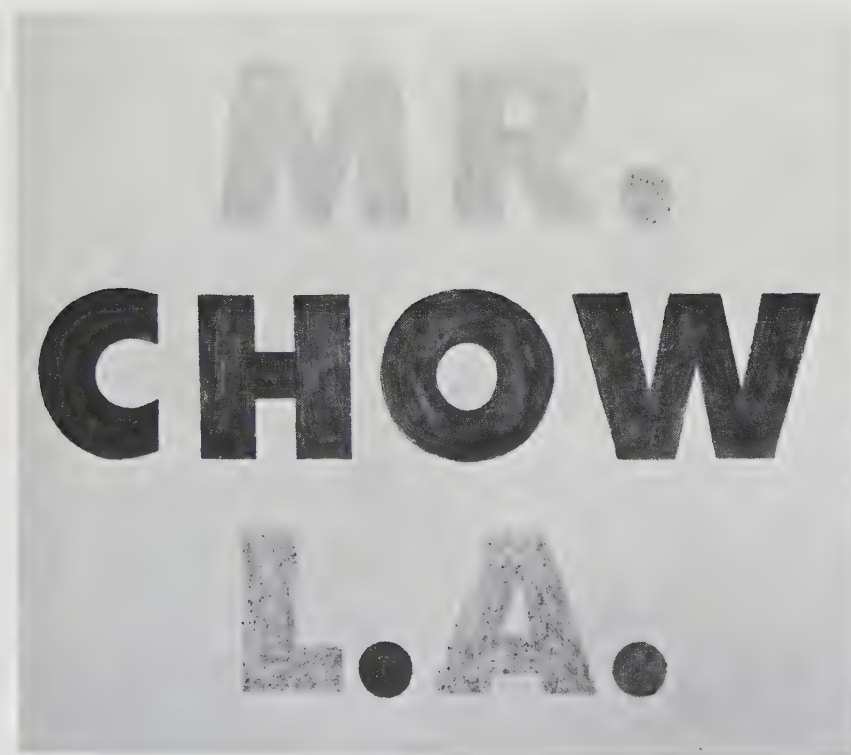


Plate 77 *Mr. Chow L.A.* 1973. Vegetable substances on canvas, 60 × 50"

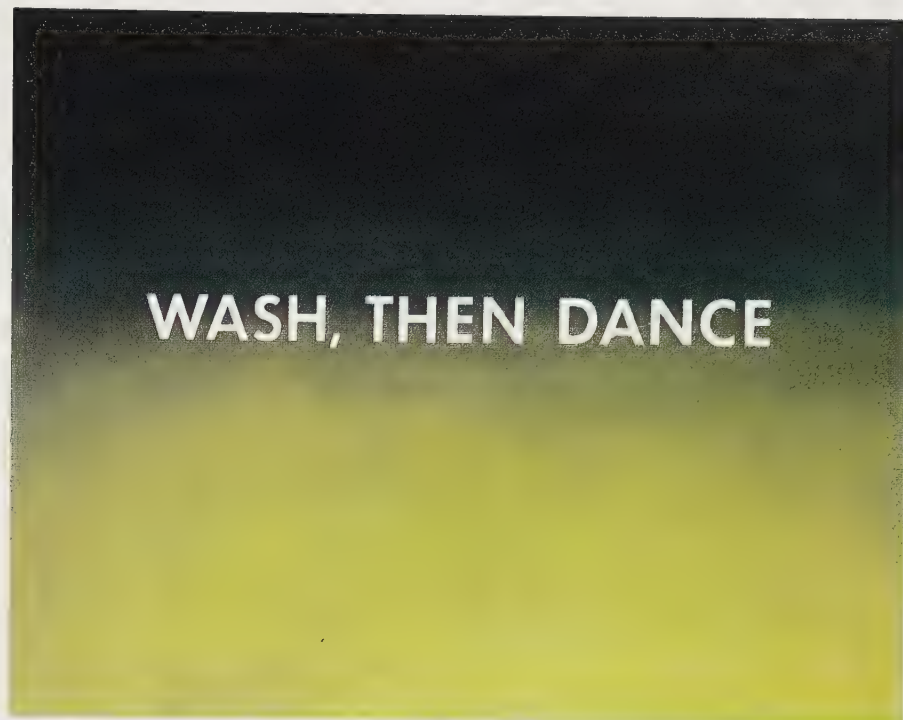


Plate 78 *Wash, Then Dance*. 1973. Pastel on paper, 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ "



Plate 79 *Headlights Are Similar to People's Eyes*. 1974. Pastel on paper, 14 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ "



Plate 80 *Murder*. 1974. Spinach on paper, 23 × 29"



Plate 81 *Vanishing Cream*. 1973. Egg yolk on moiré, 36 × 40"

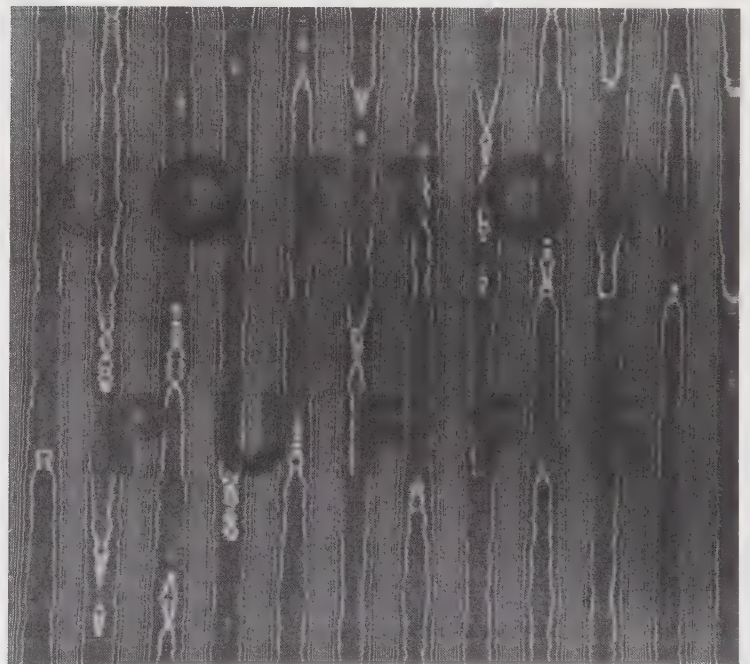


Plate 82 *Cotton Puffs*. 1974. Equalized egg yolk on moiré, 36 × 40"



Plate 83 *Baby Cakes*. 1974. Blueberry extract and egg yolk on moiré, 36 × 40"



Plate 84 *Jinx*. 1973–74. Oil on canvas, 54 × 60"

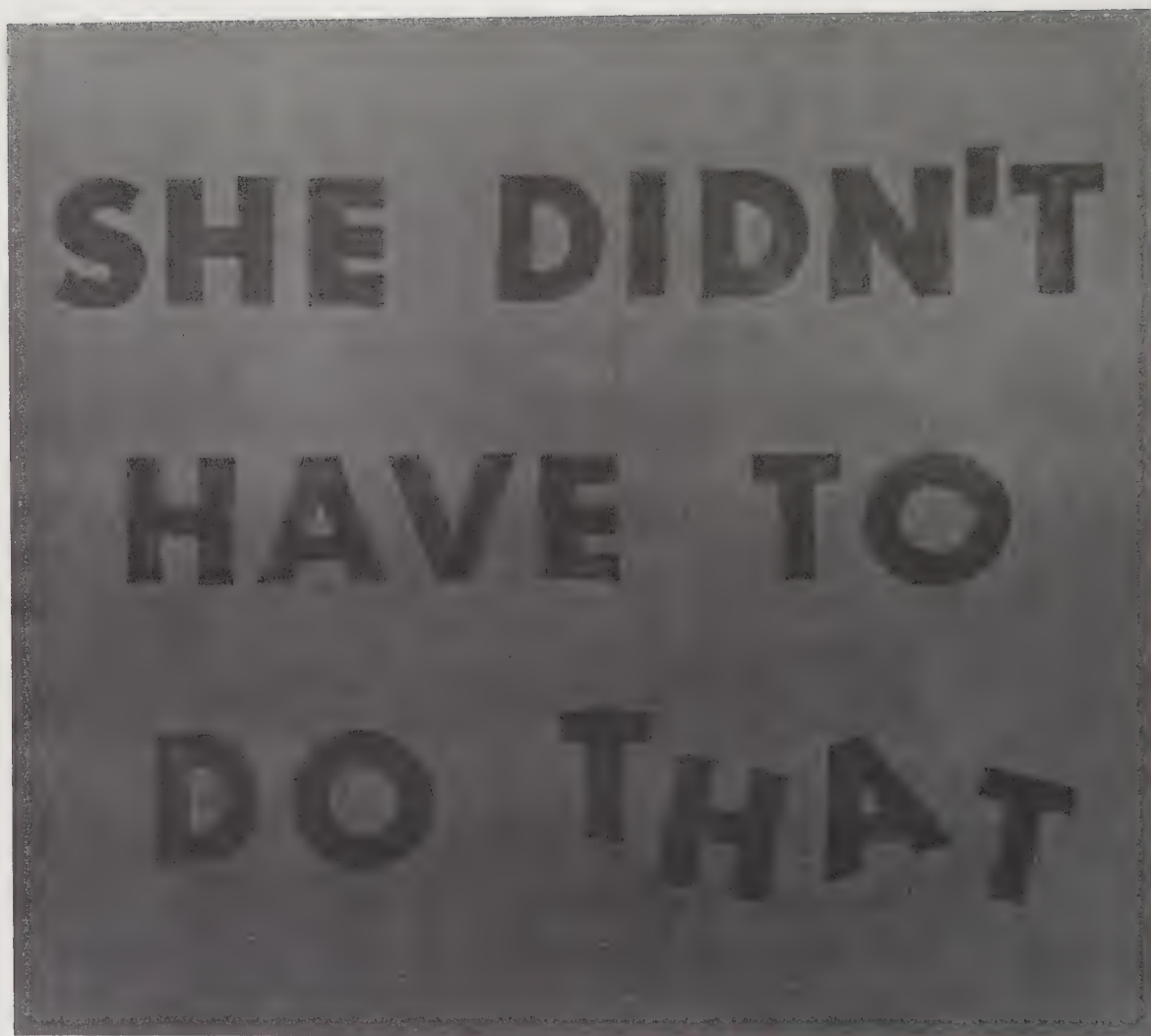


Plate 85 *She Didn't Have to Do That*. 1974. Blood on satin, 36 x 40"



Plate 86 *Very Angry People*. 1973. Cherry stain on moiré, 20 × 24"



Plate 87 *Screaming in Spanish*. 1974. Shellac on taffeta, 36 × 40"

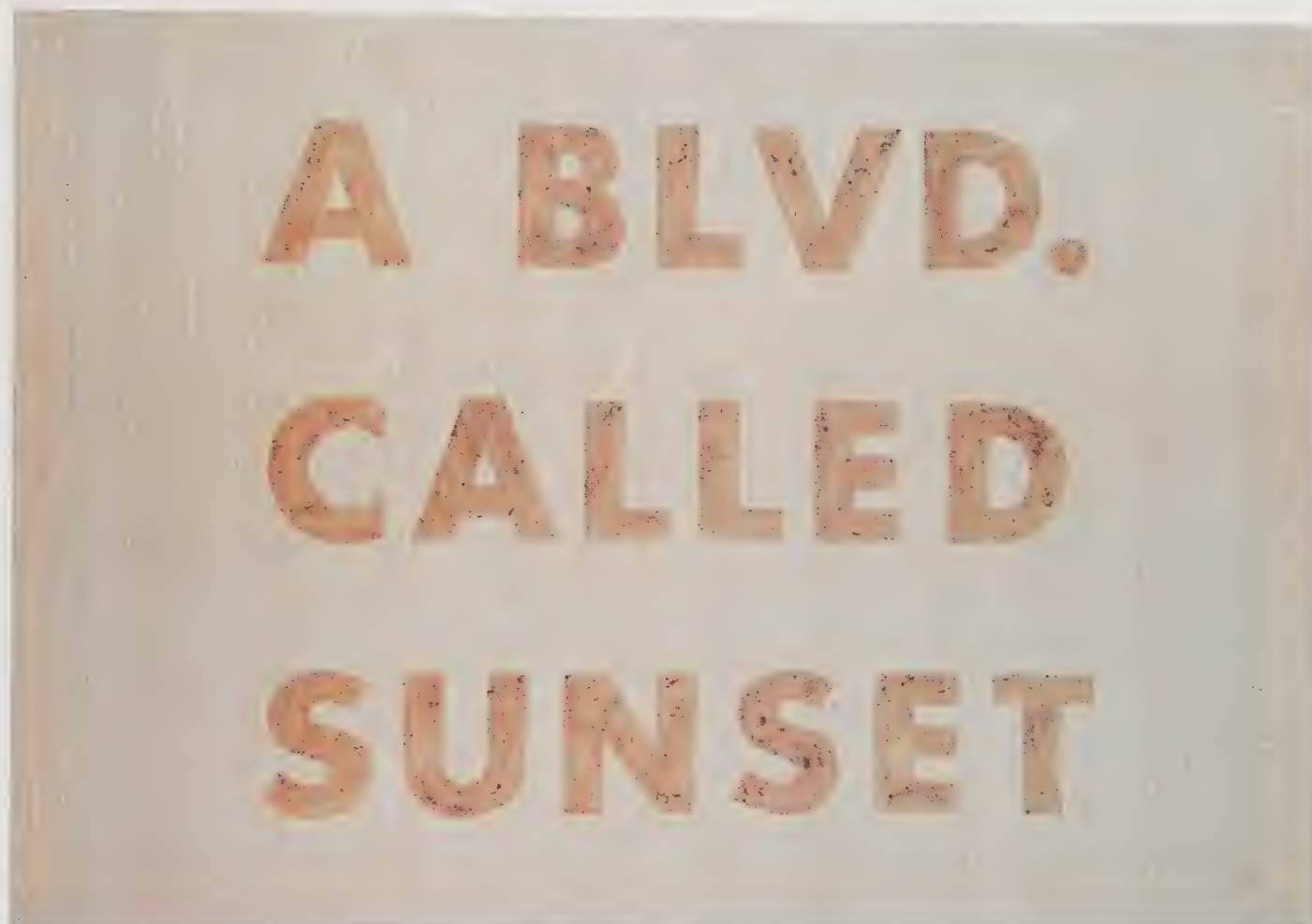


Plate 88 *A Blvd. Called Sunset*. 1975. Blackberry juice on moiré, 28 × 40"

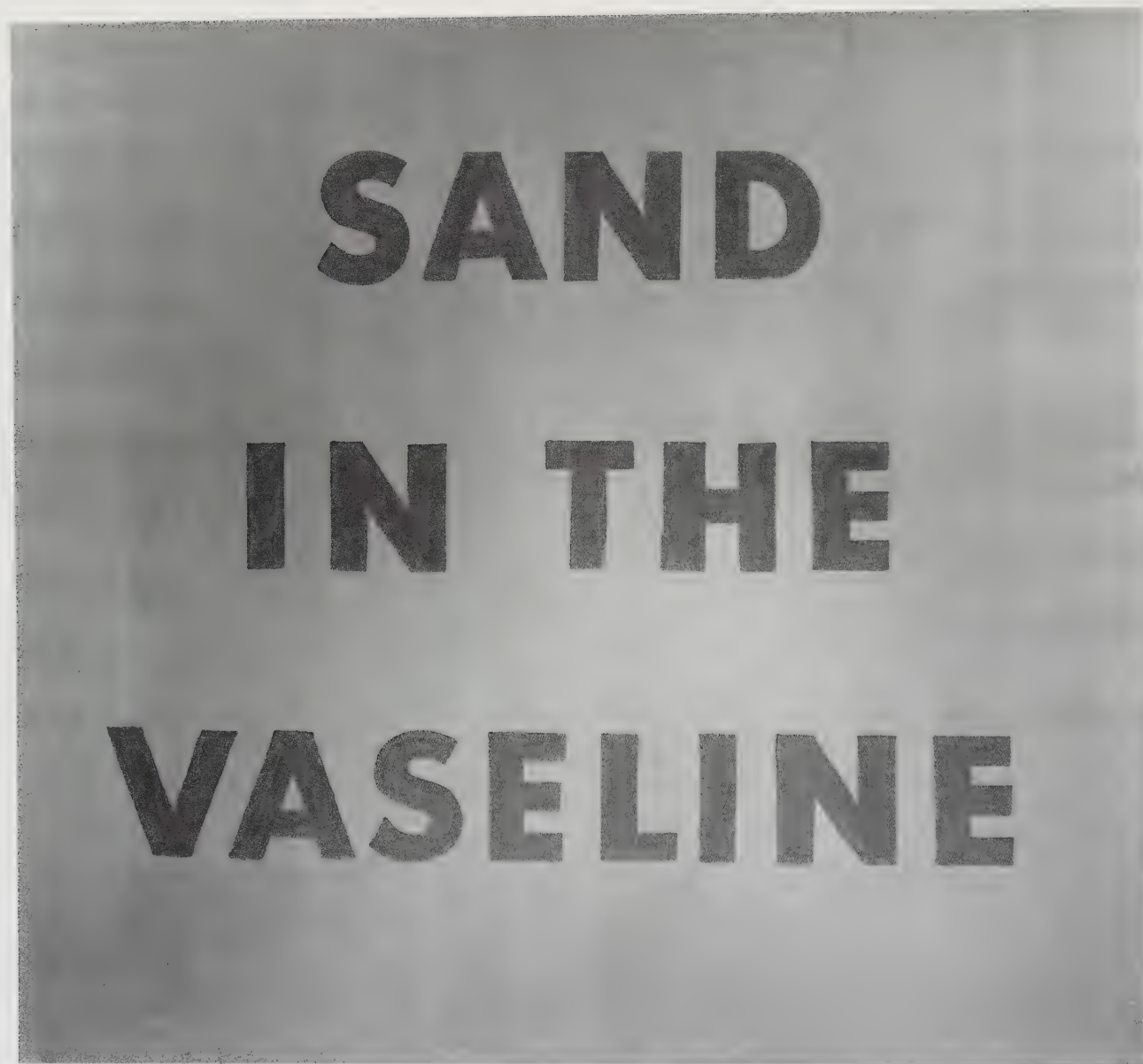


Plate 89 *Sand in the Vaseline*. 1974. Equalized egg yolk on satin, 36 x 40"

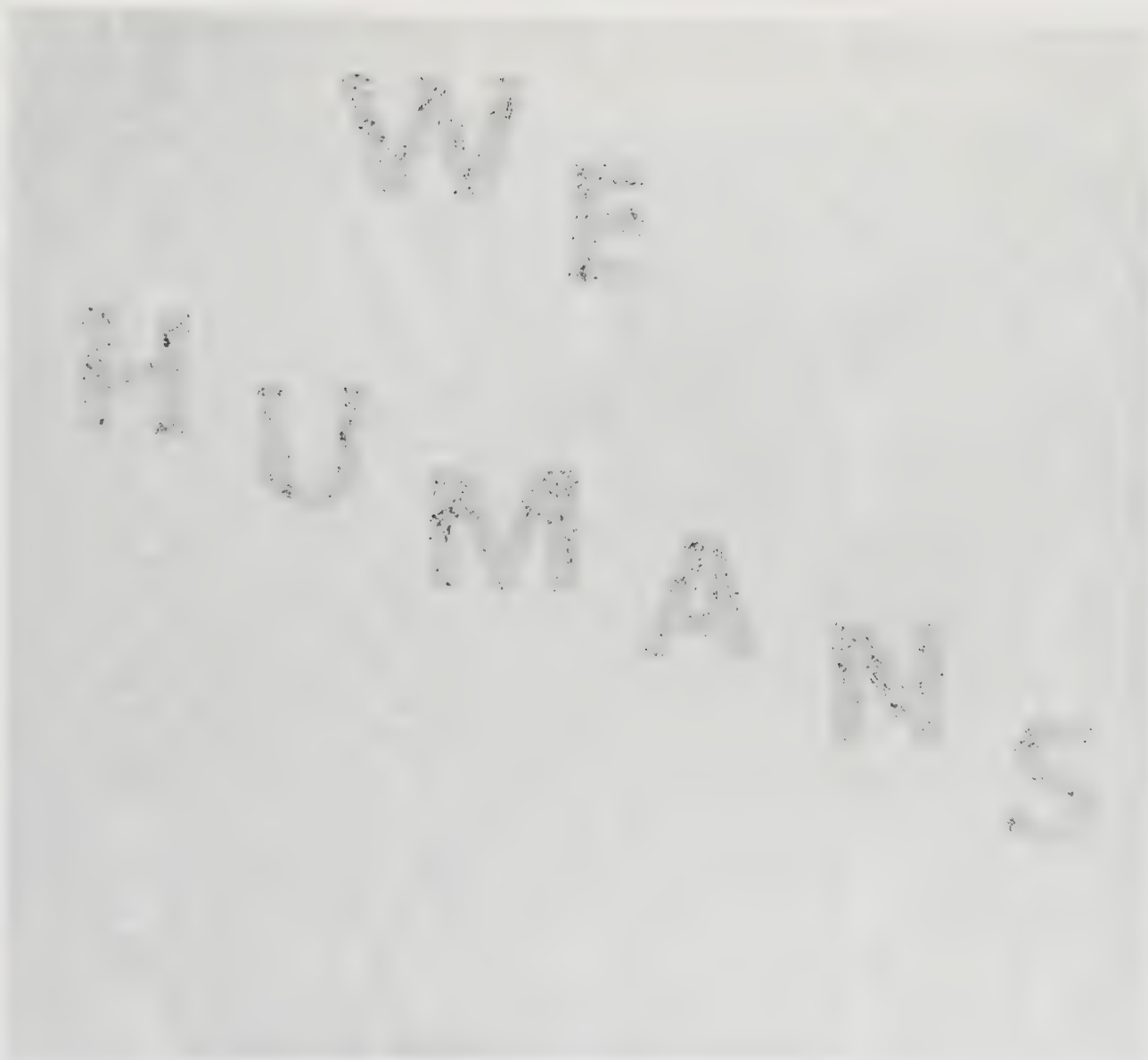


Plate 90 We *Humans*. 1974. Spinach and egg white on moiré, 36 × 40"



Plate 91 *The Trail of Prunes*. 1975. Pastel on paper, $14\frac{3}{8} \times 22\frac{7}{8}$ "

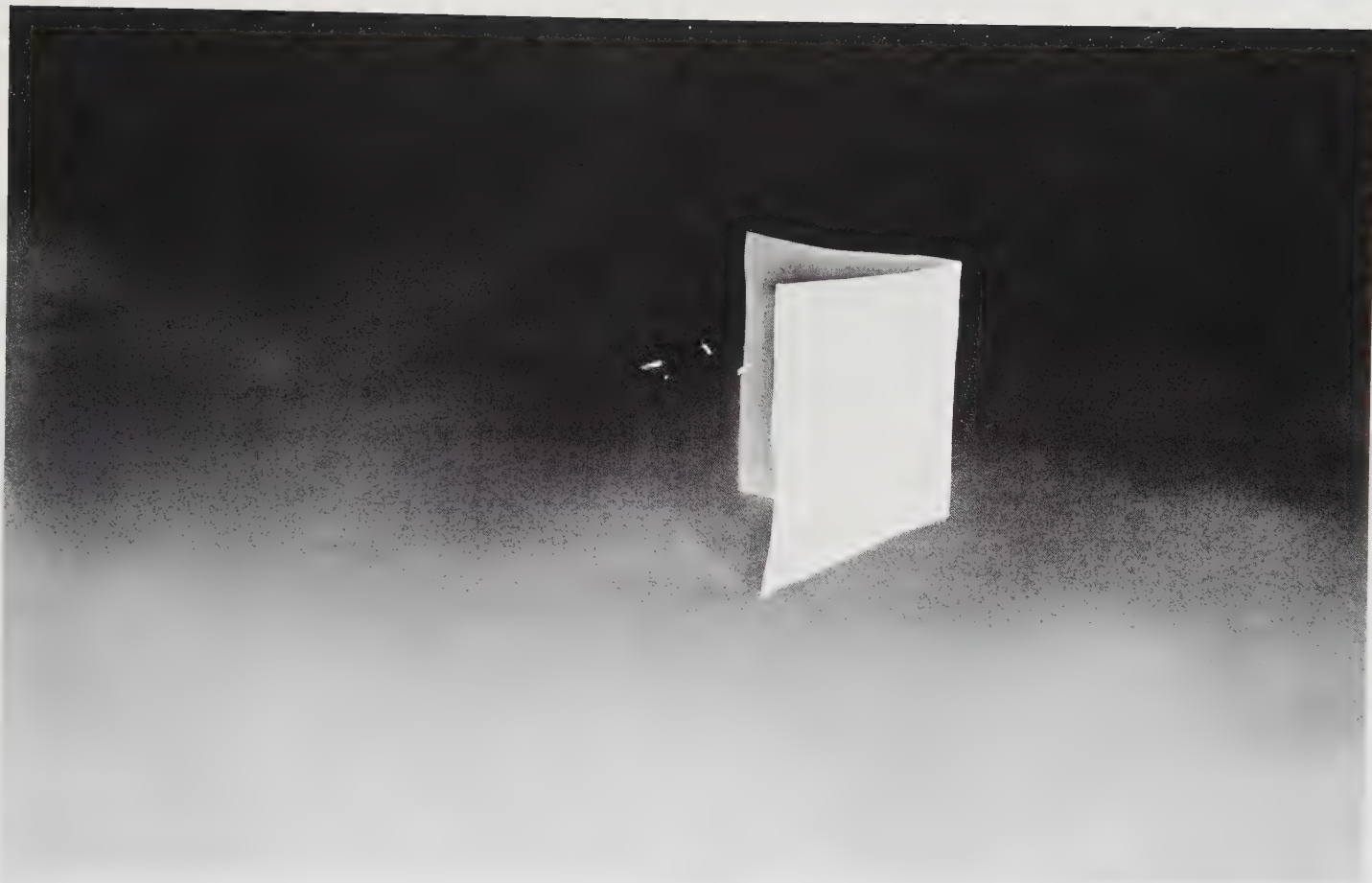
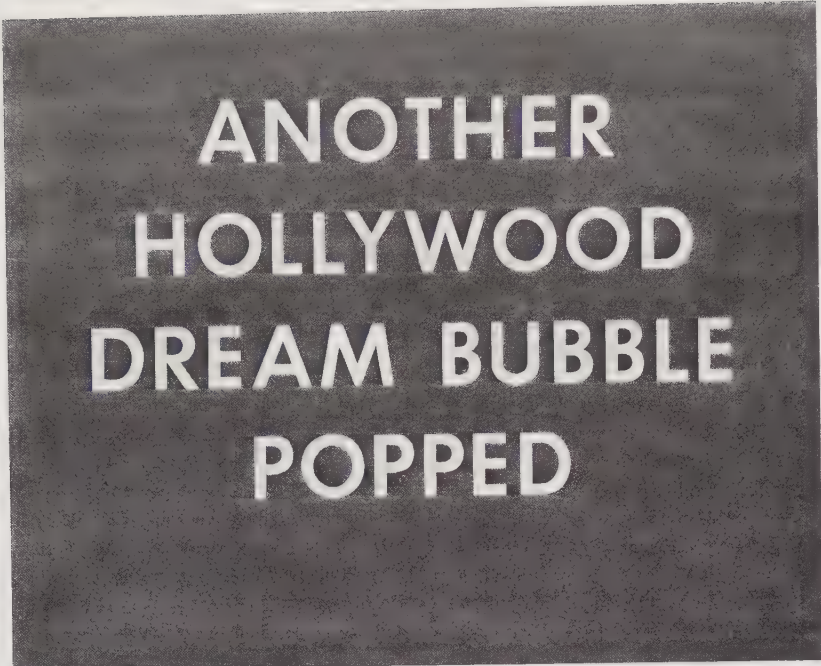


Plate 92 *Splinters; Paper*. 1976. Pastel on paper, 14 $\frac{3}{8}$ × 23"



ANOTHER
HOLLYWOOD
DREAM BUBBLE
POPPED

Plate 93 *Another Hollywood Dream Bubble Popped*. 1976. Pastel on paper, $23\frac{1}{8} \times 29\frac{1}{8}$ "



MALIBU =
SLIDING
GLASS DOORS

Plate 94 *Malibu = Sliding Glass Doors*. 1976. Pastel on paper, $23\frac{1}{8} \times 29\frac{1}{8}$ "

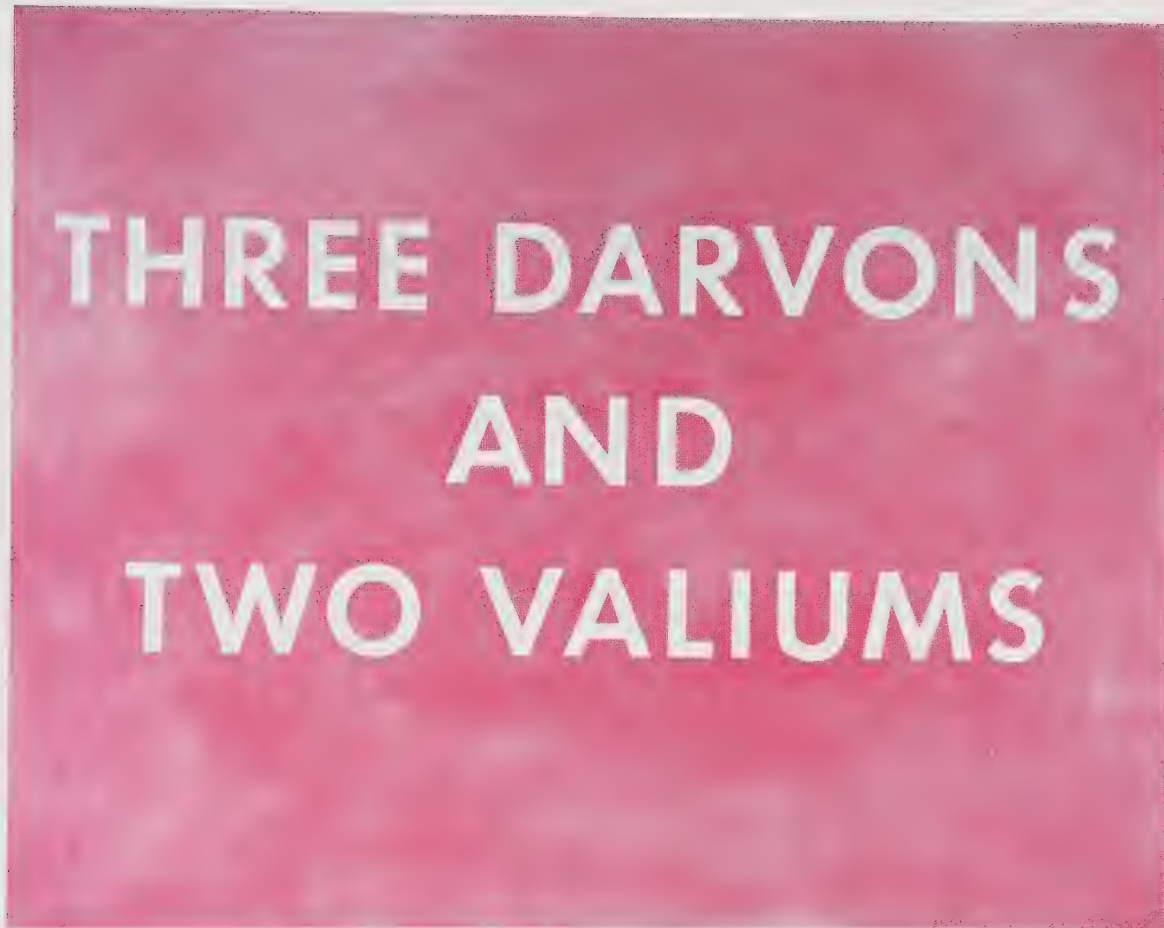
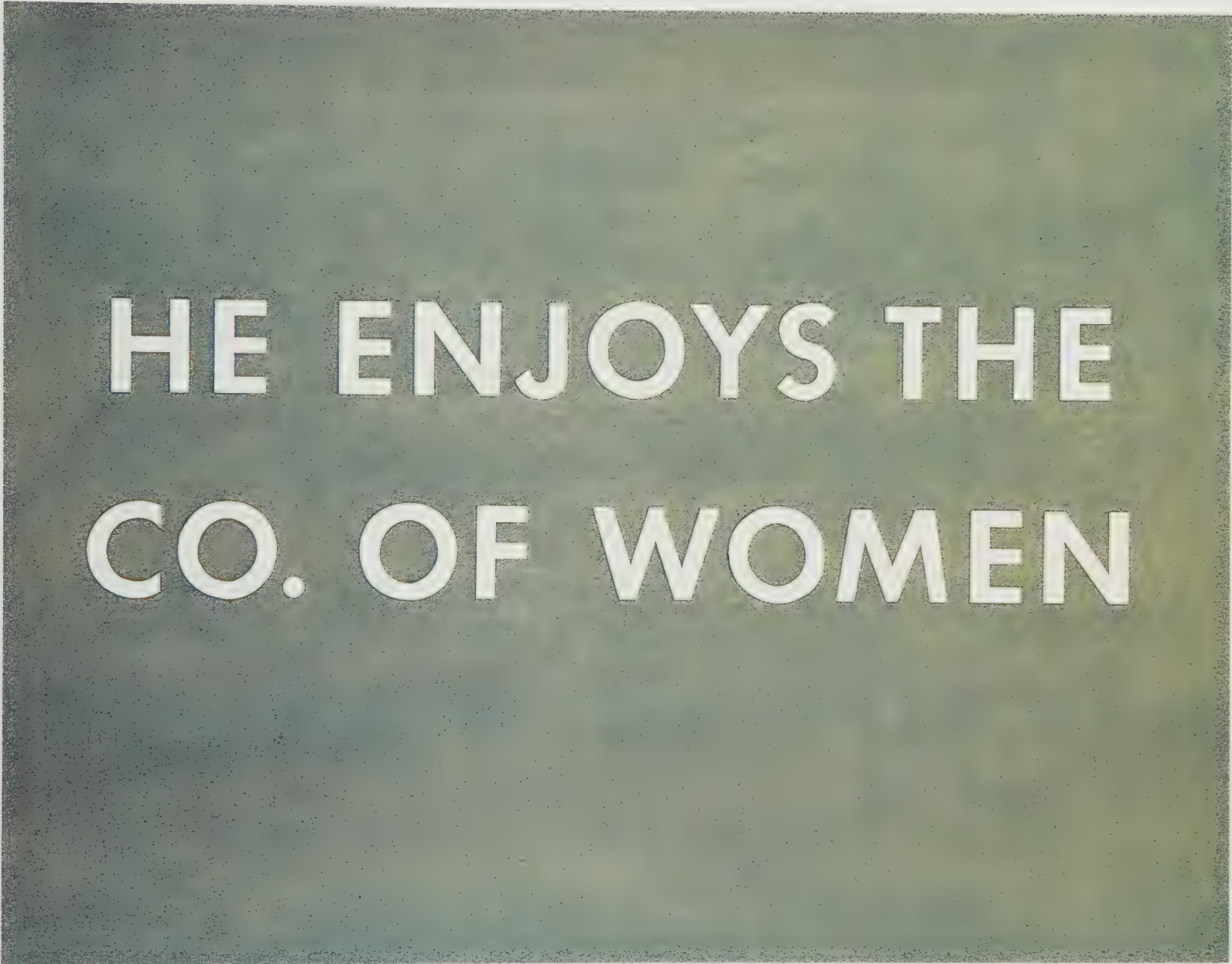


Plate 95 *Three Darvons and Two Valiums*. 1975. Pastel on paper, 22½ × 28⅝"



NICE, HOT
VEGETABLES

Plate 96 *Nice, Hot Vegetables*. 1976. Pastel on paper, 22³/₄ × 28³/₄"



HE ENJOYS THE
CO. OF WOMEN

Plate 97 *He Enjoys the Co. of Women*. 1976. Pastel on paper, 22½ × 28½"



HE
WALKS INTO A MEETING
HALL FULL OF WORKERS
AND YELLS OUT, "O.K. WHAT
IS IT YOU GUYS WANT,
PONTIAC CATALINAS?"

Plate 98 Pontiac Catalinas? 1976. Pastel on paper, 22 $\frac{5}{8}$ × 28 $\frac{5}{8}$ "



Plate 99 *No End to the Things Made out of Human Talk*. 1977. Oil on canvas, 36 × 84"

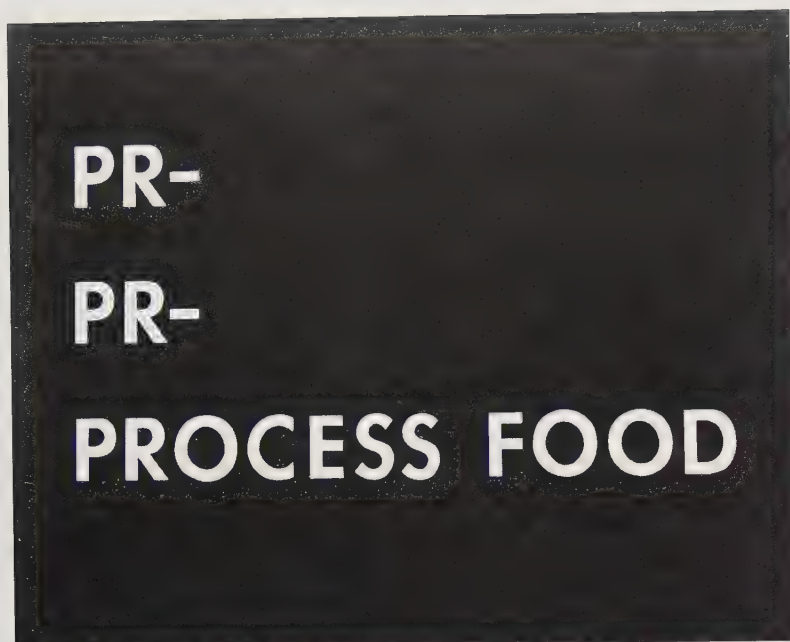


Plate 100 *Pr-Pr-Process Food*. 1976. Pastel on paper, 23 $\frac{1}{8}$ × 29 $\frac{1}{8}$ "

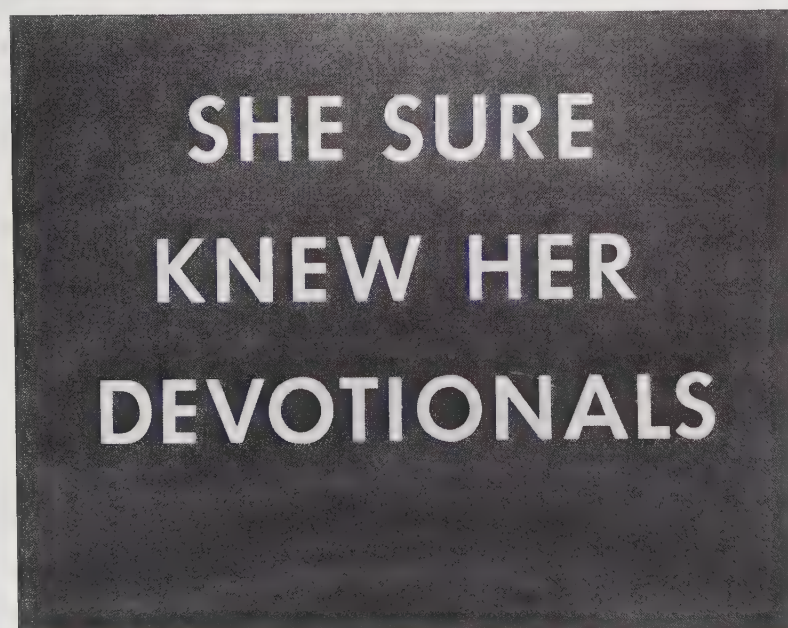


Plate 101 *She Sure Knew Her Devotionals*. 1976. Pastel on paper, 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ "



THERMOMETERS

SHOULD LAST

FOREVER

Plate 102 *Thermometers Should Last Forever*. 1976. Pastel on paper, 23 $\frac{1}{8}$ × 29 $\frac{1}{8}$ "



Plate 103 *I Live over in Valley View*. 1975. Pastel on paper, 21¼ × 28¾"

THOSE OF US
WHO HAVE
DOUBLE
PARKED

Plate 104 *Those of Us who Have Double Parked*. 1976. Pastel on paper, 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ "



Plate 105 *Back of Hollywood*. 1977. Pastel on paper, 8 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\times$ 14 $\frac{1}{8}$ "



Plate 106 Untitled. 1975. Zinc oxide and pastel on paper, $39\frac{5}{8} \times 28\frac{3}{4}$ "



Plate 107 *Miracle*. 1977. Lithograph, 22 × 31"



Plate 108 *Unidentified Hit Record*. 1977. Pastel on paper, 22½ × 28⅝"



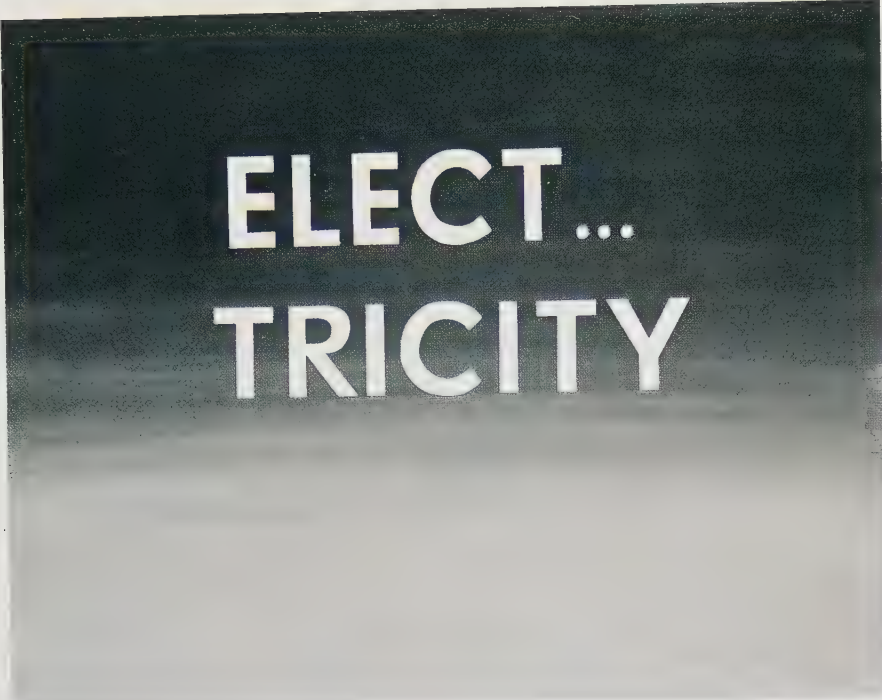
Plate 109 *A Winter Vegetable Set-up in Mexico*. 1977. Carrot juice on paper, 23 $\frac{1}{8}$ × 29"



Plate 110 *Some Pretty Eyes and Some Electric Bills*. 1976. Pastel on paper, 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 28 $\frac{5}{8}$ "



Plate 111 *Hostile Polyester*. 1977. Lettuce on paper coated with polyurethane, 23 × 29"



ELECT...
TRICITY

Plate 112 *Elect...tricity*. 1979. Pastel on paper, 23 × 29"



I DONT WANT
NO RETRO
SPECTIVE

Plate 113 *I Don't Want No Retro Spective*. 1979. Pastel on paper, 23 × 29"

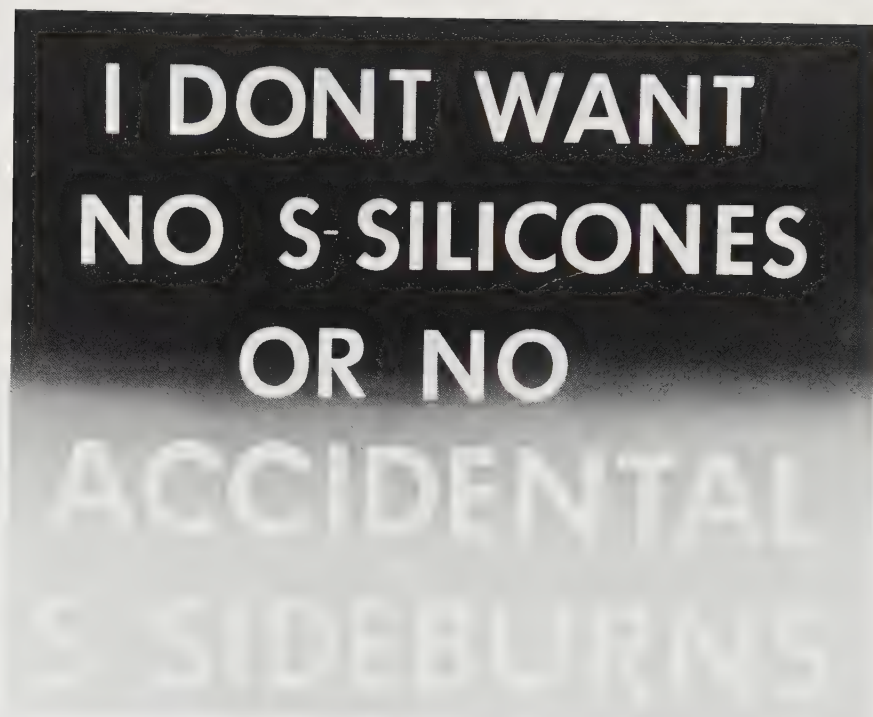


Plate 114 *I Don't Want No S— Silicones or No Accidental S— Sideburns*. 1979. Pastel on paper, 23 × 29"

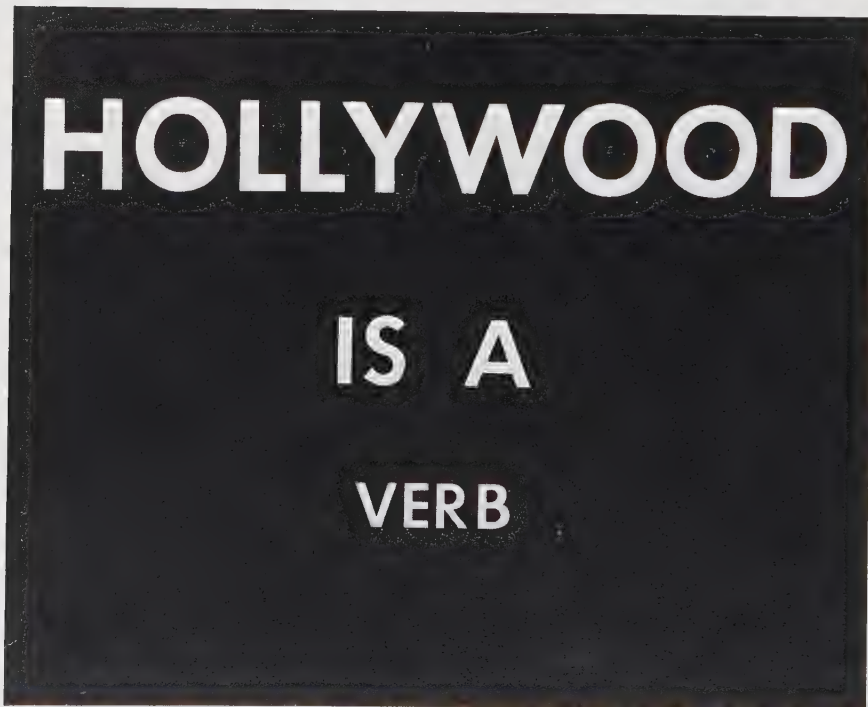


Plate 115 *Hollywood Is a Verb*. 1979. Pastel on paper, 23 × 29"

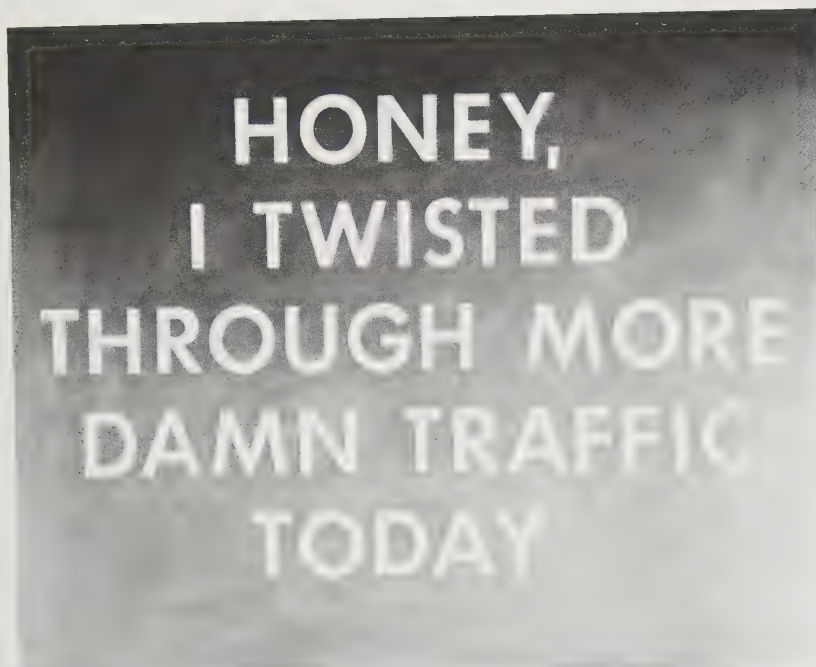


Plate 116 *Honey, I Twisted through More Damn Traffic Today*. 1977. Pastel on paper, 22 $\frac{5}{8}$ × 28 $\frac{5}{8}$ "



Plate 117 *Very Angry People*. 1977. Oil on linen, 20 × 24"



Plate 118 *In the Year of Our Lord 1984. 1978.* Oil on canvas, 54 × 60"

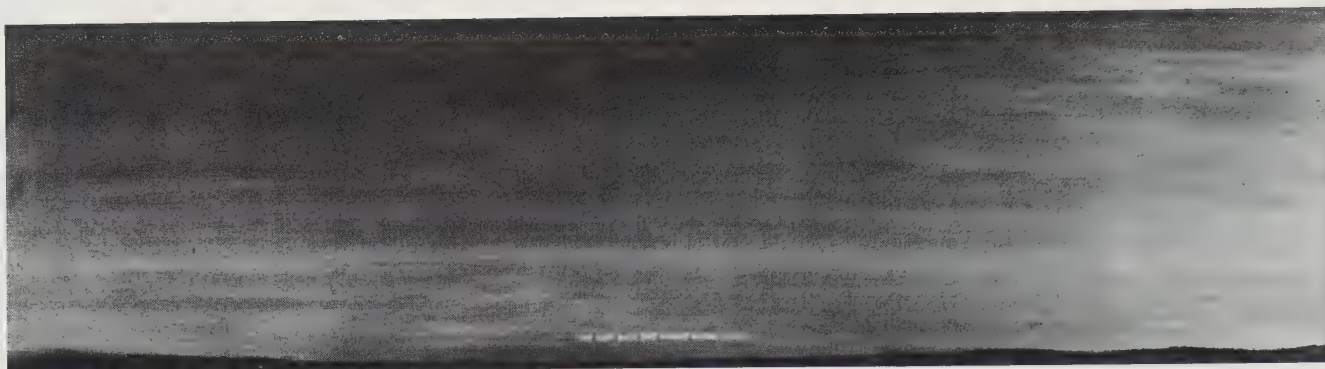


Plate 119 *She Slept with Two Windup Alarm Clocks*. 1978. Oil on canvas, 16 × 60"



Plate 120 *Bamboo Pole*. 1979. Oil on canvas, 20 × 159"



Plate 121 *It's a Small World*. 1980. Oil on canvas, 22 × 80"



KAY-EYE DOUBLE-S

Plate 122 Kay-Eye-Double-S. 1978. Lithograph, 22 × 31"



Plate 123 *An Extremely Ordinary Person*. 1978. Lithograph, 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 30"



21. Nail enamel



25. Castor oil



32. Leather dye



33. Merthiolate



36. Shellac



39. Milk



44. Bourbon



45. Egg yolk



47. Chocolate syrup



61. Cabbage



64. Apple juice



65. India ink

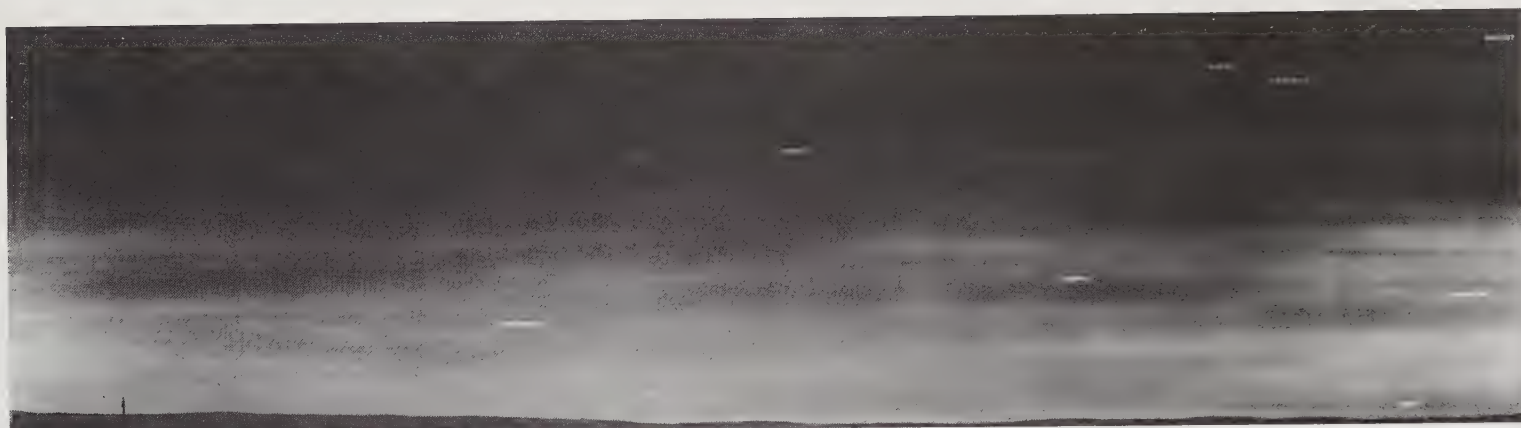


Plate 125 *A Question of Cities*. 1979. Oil on canvas, 22 × 80"

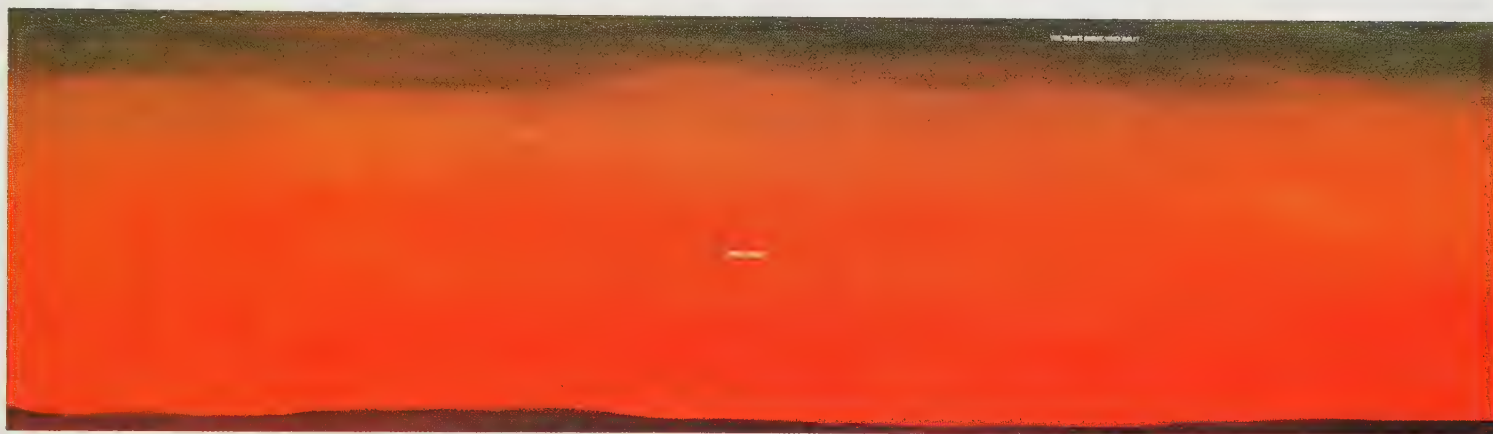


Plate 126 Who Am I? 1979. Oil on canvas, 22 × 80"



Plate 22 Standard Station, Amarillo, Texas. 1963. Oil on canvas, 65 x 124"

Chronology

Compiled by Miriam Roberts and edited by Anne Livet

- 1937 Born December 16, Omaha, Nebraska, to Edward Joseph Ruscha III and Dorothy Driscoll Ruscha. One sister, Shelby, is born the year before, and one brother, Paul, is born five years later. Father, of German/Bohemian extraction, exposes children to devout Catholicism; later opposes artistic tendencies in his son. Mother has sense of humor and a more eccentric personality; encourages her son's artistic inclinations from an early age.
- 1942 Family moves to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, where father works as insurance auditor, traveling during the week, returning home only on weekends. Horizontality and flatness of terrain around Oklahoma City make lasting impression on Ruscha.
- 1943 Enters first grade at a Catholic school (Joe Goode is in second grade). After an unhappy year of repressive discipline, transfers to Hawthorne Elementary School.
- 1945 April 8. First Holy Communion. Continues to attend church on Sundays and holy days throughout his youth.
- 1947 Develops an interest in art. As a school project, with classmate Mason Williams, does several large murals on butcher's paper, one of which is of the Oklahoma Land Run. First artistic influence comes from a neighborhood friend, Bob Bonaparte, an adept cartoonist who introduces Ruscha to Higgins India ink and Speedball pens. Ruscha loves the smell of the ink and enjoys spilling it onto paper to watch it dry and crack. Begins to draw his own comics inspired by real-life events. Also develops an interest in stamp collecting, comparing the various printing processes, the differences in quali-



Edward Ruscha, 1951



Edward Ruscha with his date Tiki Taylor and friends Mason Williams and Sharon Brook at the prom, Oklahoma City, 1955



Jasper Johns. *Target with Four Faces*. 1955. Encaustic on newspaper over canvas, 26 × 26", surmounted by four tinted plaster faces in wood box with hinged front; box, closed, 3¼ × 26 × 3½", overall dimensions with box open, 33⅝ × 26 × 3". The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull

ty, and the variations in scale, color, and texture of the different stamps. Sees, among other films, *The House on 92nd Street*, *My Darling Clementine*, *Laura*, and *OSS*, which begins his lifelong fascination with the movies.

- 1948 Takes first painting class from Oklahoma City portrait painter Richard Goetz.
- 1949 Travels to California for the first time with his family on one of many summer vacations by car, which are always to the West, never the East.
- 1950 Begins paper route for the *Daily Oklahoman*, during the course of which he becomes interested in surveying and diagramming and dreams of making a scale model of the neighborhood.
- 1953 Fall. Enters Classen High School and takes art classes with friends Jerry McMillan and Joe Goode; becomes interested in printing and typography. In the library Ruscha reads on Dada.
- 1955 Summer. Accompanied by parents, visits sister in Mexico City. First visit outside United States; is very impressed with the cosmopolitan life he finds there. Especially remembers the bizarre modern architecture of a 1945–50 subdivision of houses by architect Luis Barragán, El Pedregal, built on site of a wasteland of lava rock left by eruption of volcano 2,500 years earlier.
Joins Navy Reserve to avoid active military service.
- 1956 June. Graduates from high school.
August. With the intention of becoming a commercial artist, drives to Los Angeles with Mason Williams and applies to The Art Center School. When told that this institution has no more places available, Ruscha enters Chouinard Art Institute and Williams enrolls at Los Angeles City College. During these early years, Ruscha paints in an Abstract Expressionist style influenced, in particular, by Franz Kline and Willem de Kooning.
At this time Chouinard is known primarily as a training school for Walt Disney illustrators, and an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* about Disney backing the school causes Ruscha's father to have a more favorable attitude toward his son's artistic career. However, many important California artists such as Robert Irwin, Billy Al Bengston, and John Altoon are teaching there. Fellow students at Chouinard include Joe Goode, Llyn Foulkes, Larry Bell, Ed Boreal, Jerry McMillan, Wally Batterton, and Patrick Blackwell. Under influence of secular Bohemian atmosphere of Chouinard, Ruscha begins to abandon Catholic values of childhood.
- 1957 Sees reproductions of Jasper Johns's *Target with Four Faces* and Robert Rauschenberg's *Odalisque* in *Print Magazine*, and is considerably impressed with these works. Credits Johns's flags and targets as the reason for his becoming an artist.
April. For inclusion in student exhibition at Chouinard, Ruscha presents a small collage consisting of a square piece of paper with a layer of rubber cement to which ashes and cigarette butts are affixed. During Ruscha's two-week absence for Navy Reserve duty in Hawaii, an indignant design teacher sets the piece on fire. Fellow students defend Ruscha and incident quiets down before his return.
- 1958 Ruscha and fellow Oklahomans Patrick Blackwell, Don Moore, Joe Goode, and Jerry McMillan move into a 1903 prefabricated house at 1818 North New Hampshire Avenue, Hollywood, with intention of becoming commercial artists, but eventually all gravitate toward



R. A. Bertelli.
Head of Mussolini. 1933.
 Black pottery, 19¼ × 10".
 Imperial War Museum, London,
 used by permission of The Trustees

painting. Works for six months with Saul Marks at Plantain Press, where he learns to hand-set type and work presses.

- 1959 July. Ruscha's father dies in Oklahoma City. As the art scene in Los Angeles becomes increasingly cosmopolitan, from 1959 to 1962, many European artists visit. Galleries such as Dwan show work by such well-known New York artists as Ad Reinhardt, Franz Kline, and Robert Rauschenberg, as well as artists from Los Angeles, while the Ferus Gallery shows Europeans Josef Albers, Kurt Schwitters, and Giorgio Morandi, as well as artists from California. Completes *Dublin*, a collage of wood, newspaper, and ink on paper. The title comes from a town in Georgia through which he had hitchhiked in 1952 on the way to Florida.

- 1960 Obtains a copy of *Sixteen Americans*, catalog of the exhibition organized by Dorothy Miller at The Museum of Modern Art, New York.

Attends *Happening* by Nikki de St. Phalle behind the Renaissance Club on Sunset Strip, but generally remains aloof from this kind of artistic event.

Constructs Mason jar object, painted black inside with date "1938" incised on the side. Reminds Ruscha of the back of 1938 Plymouth, which to him is quintessential thirties design. Object has been lost.

Leaves Chouinard and in May begins working full-time for an advertising agency doing layout and graphics. Hates the work and a year later, relieved of duties, leaves for Europe.

September 6–30. Ferus Gallery presents simultaneous exhibitions,



Edward Ruscha in Navy Reserve uniform in front of *Su*, 1958

huysman gallery 740 n la cienega blvd may 29 to june 17 opening monday eve



"WAR BABIES"

(1937-1961)

Poster for the exhibition *War Babies*, 1961

organized by Walter Hopps, of Jasper Johns's sculpture (flashlights, light bulbs, lead reliefs) and Kurt Schwitters's collages. Ruscha, already influenced by both artists through the press, now has opportunity to view actual works.

- 1961 After leaving Chouinard, and prior to his departure for Europe, completes two series of transitional works: wood relief collages on paper, like *Dublin*, influenced by assemblage artists, and book objects consisting of secondhand hardcover books made into collages with paint and photographs.

April–October. Travels in Europe, visiting Spain, Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, Austria, Germany, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Paris, where he resides two months. During this time takes numerous photographs of street life but is uninterested in the art he sees. Most memorable works he discovers include *Head of Mussolini* by R. A. Bertelli at Imperial War Museum, London, which fascinates him because of the uniqueness of the double-headed object that is completely round but at any angle makes a perfect profile, and *Ophelia* by Sir John Everett Millais at The Tate Gallery, which employs the upper-left to lower-right diagonal he will later use frequently in works like *The Los Angeles County Museum on Fire*. In Paris sees works by Rauschenberg and Johns in galleries and continues to feel strongly drawn toward this kind of art. During trip completes approximately twenty to thirty small works in oil on paper soaked in linseed oil that incorporate words (*España, Lorca, Ace*) and street iconography (European sign with bicycle designating bicycle parts), on some of which photographs are pasted.

Returning from Europe, stops in New York and shows these works to Leo Castelli who offers encouragement. At Castelli's gallery, Ivan Karp shows Ruscha a Lichtenstein painting of a tennis shoe that greatly impresses him. While in New York, visits The Museum of Modern Art and is taken to the storage area to view a drawing called *Beetles* by J. T. Baargeld (Alfred Grünwald), who was once associated with the Dadaists, that Ruscha had only seen reproduced in a book.

May 29–June 17. While Ruscha is away in Europe, *War Babies* exhibition is organized by Henry Hopkins at Huysman Gallery, Los Angeles. Includes Ron Miyashiro, Ed Boreal, Joe Goode, and Larry Bell, indicating establishment of new art situation in Los Angeles that Ruscha would later become a part of. The poster, designed by Joe Goode and photographed by Jerry McMillan, is very controversial because it features Miyashiro, an Asian, eating with chopsticks, Boreal, a Black, eating watermelon, Goode, a Catholic, eating mackerel, and Bell, a Jew, eating a bagel at a table covered with the American flag. Conservatives protest the poster; gallery backers are irritated, and incident contributes to closing of gallery shortly afterwards.

After return from Europe in October, visits Huysman Gallery with Joe Goode and shows Henry Hopkins small wooden objects approximately eighteen by twenty-four inches, with words painted or incised into surface. Returns second time with two paintings: *Su*, 1958, an approximately two-foot-square canvas, and his first large-scale work, *Sweetwater*, named for a town in Tennessee through which he passed on his trip to Florida, that is inspired by Jasper Johns's painting, *Tennyson*. Later meets Ferus Gallery directors Walter Hopps and Irving Blum. Begins frequenting Barney's Bean-



Eagle Rock Boulevard studio, 1964



Edward Ruscha in front of Large Trademark with Eight Spotlights, 1962

ery with Billy Al Bengston, Robert Irwin, Kenneth Price, and Craig Kauffman. Returns briefly to job at advertising agency, dislikes it, is fired, and begins to devote himself full-time to painting. Moves to a studio at 3327 Division Street where he remains for about a year.

- 1962 September. Ruscha included in exhibition, *New Painting of Common Objects*, organized by Walter Hopps, now Director, Pasadena Art Museum, California, that features work by Joe Goode, Roy Lichtenstein, Jim Dine, Andy Warhol, Philip Hefferton, Robert Dowd, and Wayne Thiebaud, who would later be associated with Pop art.

Joe Goode has concept for a poster for this exhibition called "Keep Art Out" and Ruscha designs it by telephone to Majestic Poster Press in Los Angeles, a press specializing in rhythm-and-blues and boxing posters. Artists achieve first notoriety with names on poster.

Completes early lithographs, *Gas*, *3327 Division (Soap)*, and *3327 Division ('39 Ford)*, next door to Tamarind Lithography Workshop with Joe Funk at Kanthos Press, Los Angeles.

Completes series of paintings including *Honk*, *Radio*, and *Oof* that consist of single words on flat neutral backgrounds. Also completes *Large Trademark with Eight Spotlights*, his first painting with three-dimensional letters.

December. Lives for one month in 10,000-square-foot studio at 60 West Colorado Boulevard, Pasadena. Is so completely overwhelmed by size of studio that he has to move out.

- 1963 January. Publishes first book, *Twentysix Gasoline Stations*, and establishes Heavy Industry Publications. Road imagery comes out of numerous car trips on U.S. Route 66, often with Joe Goode, to Oklahoma City.

May 20. One-man exhibition opens at Ferus Gallery where he shows a number of paintings including *Annie* and *Large Trademark with Eight Spotlights*.

October 9–November 3. Duchamp retrospective, *By or of Marcel Duchamp or Rose Sélavy*, organized by Walter Hopps at Pasadena Art Museum. On this occasion Ruscha meets Duchamp whose works, especially *The Chocolate Grinder*, have long exerted a considerable influence on him.

Moves to studio in Echo Park district near downtown Los Angeles.

- 1964 Mason Williams publishes first book, entitled *Bicyclists Dismount*, which is one of several that Ruscha will design for him.

Moves to studio on Eagle Rock Boulevard.

Begins series of paper-tape word drawings in graphite.

October 20. One-man exhibition opens at Ferus Gallery, where he shows among other works the Standard station paintings.

Becomes close friends with John Altoon, whom he had met at Chouinard, and does lettering on approximately ten Altoon drawings which are later shown at David Stuart Gallery.

- 1965 Moves studio to Western Avenue in Hollywood, where he has been ever since.

September. Publishes book *Some Los Angeles Apartments* and completes series of ten drawings on the subject.

ARTIST STUDIO AND HEAVY INDUSTRY PUBLICATIONS
INVITE YOU TO ATTEND THE PRE-RELEASE PRESENTATION
OF THE NEW ADULT ENTERTAINMENT BOOK

"BUSINESS CARDS"

co-authored by

BILLY AL BENGSTON AND ED RUSCHA

ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1968, FROM 2 UNTIL 5 P.M.

AT THE STUDIO OF FRANK GEHRY
11632 SAN VICENTE BLVD., BRENTWOOD, CALIF. 90049

CRYING/STAINING

BLOODY MARY'S



Billy Al Bengston and Edward Ruscha exchanging business cards each designed for the other



Edward and Danna Ruscha on their wedding day, Las Vegas, Nevada, 1967



Heavy Industry Publications announces the release of a new book by Ed Ruscha, "A FEW PALM TREES". You are cordially invited to attend this release party on Sunday, May 16, 1971 from 3 P.M. to 6 P.M. at Ciro's, 8433 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

11/10/71

11/10/71

Wings from Chicken Delight



Joe Goode, Billy Al Bengston, and Edward Ruscha during the installation at the Balboa Pavilion Gallery, 1968

November 16. One-man exhibition opens at Ferus Gallery where he shows series of bird paintings.

Begins doing layouts for *Artforum* using pseudonym Eddie Russia and continues for two years.

- 1966 Publishes book *Every Building on the Sunset Strip*. Also, on a yearly basis, photographs the strip from 1966 to 1976, and the entire boulevard from 1974 to 1975.

January 31–February 19. Included in his first European exhibition, *Los Angeles Now*, at Robert Fraser Gallery, London, with Wallace Berman, Craig Kauffman, and Kenneth Price.

December. Begins series of handwriting drawings such as *Stardust*.

- 1967 February. Marries Danna Knejo in Las Vegas, Nevada.

September 22. *São Paulo 9* opens at Museu de Arte Moderna, São Paulo, Brazil, where he exhibits *Standard Station*, *Amarillo*, *Texas* in American section, "Environments U.S.A. 1957–1967," organized by William C. Seitz.

September 30. Selected by James Demetron, Director, Pasadena Art Museum, to represent the United States in *United States of America/V Paris Biennale* at Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, with Craig Kauffman, John McCracken, and Lynn Foulkes.

December. Included in *1967 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary Painting*, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.

December 12. Opening of exhibition at Alexander Iolas Gallery, his first one-man show in New York, where he shows gunpowder drawings. Although Iolas is primarily a gallery that focuses on European Surrealists as well as some American Surrealists including William Copley, the development of Ruscha's art in relation to the Surrealists is more parallel than predicative.

Recipient of a \$5,000 grant from the National Council on the Arts, Washington, D.C.

Publishes *1984*, a lithograph with hand coloring, at Gemini G.E.L., Los Angeles.

Publishes the books *Thirtyfour Parking Lots in Los Angeles* and *Royal Road Test* with Mason Williams and Patrick Blackwell. The former reflects Ruscha's wish to do something aerial.

- 1968 March 27–April 21. Exhibits in *Joe Goode, Ed Ruscha* at the Balboa Pavilion Gallery, Balboa, California.

Late summer. Designs catalog for Billy Al Bengston exhibition at Los Angeles County Museum of Art, November 26, 1968–January 12, 1969, organized by James Monte.

Publishes books *Business Cards*, with Billy Al Bengston, and *Nine Swimming Pools and a Broken Glass*.

Publishes screenprint, *Hollywood*, which he produces and prints himself.

December 14. A son, Edward Joseph Ruscha V, is born.

- 1969 January–February. Recipient, with Kenneth Price, Billy Al Bengston, Edward Moses, and John Altoon, of two-month fellowship at Tamarind Lithography Workshop, Los Angeles, where he produces twenty-two color lithographs including *Annie*, *Eye*, *Adios*, *Air*, *Sin*, *Hollywood*, and *Hollywood in the Rain*. He also completes a collaborative print, *Frog and Flies*, with Kenneth Price.
- Publishes the portfolio *Stains*, which is his first use of unconventional organic substances as mediums, and the book *Crackers*,

- containing a story by Mason Williams.
Visiting professor of drawing and printmaking at University of California, Los Angeles (1969–70).
- 1970 February. Publishes prints *News, Mews, Pews, Brews, Stews, Dues* with Alecto Editions Ltd., London. Series of six organic screenprints that use foodstuffs, flowers, and axle grease in place of conventional inks.
March. One-man exhibition of his books at Galerie Heiner Friedrich, Munich.
April. Included in conceptual exhibition *18 Paris IV*, organized by Michel Claura in Paris and shown at his apartment. Artists send works through the mail or submit ideas for works. Ruscha sends one of his books.
Summer. Is invited by Henry Hopkins, coordinator for the American representation, to participate in *35^a Biennale Esposizione Internazionale d'Arte Venezia*. It is during height of anti-Vietnam war activity and many artists, including Robert Rauschenberg and Sam Francis, boycott the Biennale in protest against American government. Ruscha contemplates withdrawing and even drafts a false note which his mother signs asking that he be excused from the exhibition. In the end decides to participate and travels to Venice as the first artist invited (from a number of countries) to participate in a summer-long experimental graphic workshop program. Creates *Chocolate Room* in U.S. Pavilion using twenty-eight tubes of Nestlé's chocolate paste from Venice's Standa supermarket. Chocolate is silkscreened onto 360 sheets of paper that are installed on gallery walls like shingles.
Publishes books *Babycakes* and *Real Estate Opportunities*.
Shoots film *Premium*, based on his book *Crackers*, 1969, and starring artist Larry Bell and model Leon Bing.
- 1971 Recipient of Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship, which enables him to complete *Premium*.
February 28–April 4. Included in *Thirty-second Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting*, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.
September 30–November 7. Exhibits in *11 Los Angeles Artists*, Hayward Gallery, London, with John Altoon, Larry Bell, Richard Diebenkorn, Newton Harrison, Maxwell Hendler, Robert Irwin, John McLaughlin, Bruce Nauman, Kenneth Price, William Wegman.
Begins series of vegetable paintings of single words or short phrases on unsized canvas and other fabrics, using organic juices instead of paint.
Publishes books *A Few Palm Trees* and *Records*.
- 1972 January 16–February 20. Exhibits in *Four Artists* organized by Orrel Thompson at Akron Art Institute, Ohio, with Billy Al Bengston, Edward Moses, and Peter Alexander.
March 11. One-man exhibition at Janie C. Lee Gallery, Dallas, Texas.
April 18–May 28. Has major exhibition of drawings, prints, and books organized by Edward A. Foster at The Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Minnesota.
Publishes book *Colored People*.
Separates from his wife.
- 1973 February 3–17. One-man exhibition at Leo Castelli Gallery, New York, where he shows work using vegetable matter.
April 26–May 22. One-man exhibition at Nigel Greenwood, Inc., London.
September 25–October 16. First one-man exhibition at Ace Gallery, Los Angeles, where he shows vegetable paintings.
- 1974 October 7. One-man exhibition of books opens at Françoise Lambert, Milan.
Produces gunpowder drawing, *Chili Draft*, the only work in which a word is misspelled, for he writes “Chili” instead of “Chilly.”
Receives Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture medal in graphics. Actress Ultra Violet accepts award for him in New York.
- 1975 Produces *Tropical Fish*, a series of five screenprints at Gemini G.E.L., Los Angeles.
Produces the film *Miracle* starring artist Jim Ganzer and actress Michelle Phillips.
- 1976 March 7–April 17. Included in *The Last Time I Saw Ferus, 1957–1976*, organized by Betty Turnbull at Newport Harbor Art Museum, Newport Beach, California, with Billy Al Bengston, John Altoon, Streeter Blair, Llyn Foulkes, Robert Irwin, Kenneth Price, and Richards Ruben, among others.
March. Begins work on color lithograph, *Miracle*, and various prints dealing with cheese as subject matter at Gemini G.E.L., Los Angeles.
June. Has major survey of paintings and drawings organized by Linda Cathcart at Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York.
Begins building house in desert near Joshua Tree National Monument about fifty miles north of Palm Springs in San Bernardino County.
- 1977 March 25–April 24. Exhibits in *Joe Goode, Edward Ruscha, Drawings* at Laguna Gloria Art Museum, Austin, Texas, organized by Lawrence Miller and Fredericka Hunter.
December. One-man exhibition of drawings as part of exhibition *Changes in Art and Society: Language in Art and Culture*, organized by Anne Livet and sponsored by the Elmwood Foundation for the Arts and Humanities, at The Fort Worth Art Museum, Texas.
Begins series of paintings with phrases floating on horizons.
- 1978 Publishes book *Hard Light*, in collaboration with Lawrence Weiner.
September. Has major survey of drawings and prints from 1962 to 1978 at Auckland City Art Gallery, New Zealand. Attends opening and afterwards visits Australia, Bali, Singapore, and Manila.
- 1979 One-man exhibition at Richard Hines Gallery, Seattle, Washington, and at Texas Gallery, Houston, where he shows grand horizontal paintings.
Has one-man exhibition at InK, Halle für Internationale neue Kunst, Zurich, where he shows three thirteen-foot paintings. Carries paintings on the plane rolled in a tube, stretches them upon arrival. Organized by Urs Raussmüller and Christel Sauer.
- 1980 One-man show at Leo Castelli Gallery, New York, of most recent paintings.

Biography of Exhibitions

Compiled by Karen Lee

Exhibition information on the artist was compiled from original source material whenever possible. An asterisk following a listing indicates that printed documentation for the exhibition was not available for examination by the compiler. "Catalog" refers to any published document containing a listing of the works in the exhibition, regardless of format. Entries are listed alphabetically within each year.

ONE-MAN EXHIBITIONS

- 1963 Ferus Gallery, Los Angeles.
- 1964 Ferus Gallery, Los Angeles.
- 1965 Ferus Gallery, Los Angeles.
- 1967 *Gunpowder Drawings*. Alexander Iolas Gallery, New York.
- 1968 *Joe Goode, Ed Ruscha*. Balboa Pavilion Gallery, Balboa, California. Catalog.
Irving Blum Gallery, Los Angeles.
Rudolf Zwirner, Cologne, Germany.
- 1969 *Billy Al Bengston/Edward Ruscha/in a Building by Frank Lloyd Wright*. Gallery Reese Palley, San Francisco.
Edward Ruscha/New Graphics. Multiples, Inc., Los Angeles.
Irving Blum Gallery, Los Angeles.
La Jolla Museum of Art, California.
- 1970 *Books by Edward Ruscha*. Galerie Heiner Friedrich, Munich, Germany. Catalog.
Ed Ruscha Graphics, Don Bachardy Drawings. Hansen Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.
Edward Ruscha/Prints 1966–1970/Books 1962–1970. Hansen Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.
Alexander Iolas Gallery, New York. Catalog.
Galerie Alexandre Iolas, Paris.
- 1971 *Books*. Nigel Greenwood, Inc., London.
Contract Graphics Associates, Houston, Texas.
- 1972 *Edward Ruscha/Books and Prints*. Mary Porter Sesnon Gallery, University of California, Santa Cruz. Catalog.
Corcoran & Corcoran Ltd., Coral Gables, Florida.
DM Gallery, London.
Janie C. Lee Gallery, Dallas, Texas.
The Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Minnesota. Catalog.
- 1973 *Books by Edward Ruscha*. UCSD Art Gallery, University of San Diego, California.
Ed Ruscha/Drawings. Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.
Edward Ruscha/(Ed-werd Rew-shay)/Young Artist. John Berggruen Gallery, San Francisco.
Edward Ruscha: Graphics from the Collection of Donald Marron. Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.
Edward Ruscha/Projection. Galerie Ursula Wevers, Cologne, Germany.
Stains/Edward Ruscha. Françoise Lambert, Milan, Italy.
Works by Edward Ruscha from the Collection of Paul J. Schupf '58. The Picker Gallery, Charles A. Dana Arts Center, Colgate University, Hamilton, New York. Catalog.
Ace Gallery, Los Angeles.
Françoise Lambert, Milan, Italy.
The Greenberg Gallery, Saint Louis, Missouri.
Nigel Greenwood, Inc., London.
- 1974 *Books by Edward Ruscha*. Françoise Lambert, Milan, Italy.
Edward Ruscha/Prints and Books. Root Art Center, Hamilton College, Clinton, New York. Catalog.
Recent Paintings. Texas Gallery, Dallas.
Contemporary Graphics Center, Santa Barbara Museum of Art, California.
Golden West College, Huntington Beach, California.
H. Peter Findlay Gallery, New York.
Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.
- 1975 *Edward Ruscha/Drawings/Selected Prints*. The Glaser Gallery, La Jolla, California.
Edward Ruscha: Prints. Northern Kentucky State University, Highland Heights.
Edward Ruscha/Prints and Publications 1962–74. The Arts Council of Great Britain. Catalog. Circulated to twelve Council member galleries.
Tropical Fish Series. Gemini G.E.L., Los Angeles.
Various Miracles. Ace Gallery, Los Angeles.
Film screening, Fox Venice Theatre, Venice, California.
Galerie Ricke, Cologne, Germany.
Jared Sable Gallery, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
Leo Castelli Gallery, New York. The film *Miracle* shown at Rizzoli screening room.
Northlight Gallery, Arizona State University, Tempe.
University of North Dakota Art Galleries, Grand Forks.
- 1976 *Exhibitions and Presentations*. Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art.
Paintings, Drawings and Other Work by Edward Ruscha. Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York. Catalog.
- Various Cheeses Series*. Gemini G.E.L., Los Angeles.
Various Drawings. Ace Gallery, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.
Dootson/Calderhead Gallery, Seattle, Washington.
Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, The Netherlands. Catalog.
Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut. Catalog.
- 1977- *Black & White Drawings* (with Joe Goode). Texas Gallery, Houston.
David Hockney, Photographic Pictures; Edward Ruscha, Photographic Books. Nova Gallery, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.
Edward Ruscha: Recent Drawings. The Fort Worth Art Museum, Texas.
Joe Goode, Edward Ruscha, Drawings. Laguna Gloria Art Museum, Austin, Texas.
Ace Gallery, Venice, California.
University of Lethbridge Art Gallery, Alberta, Canada.
- 1978 *Edward Ruscha/Books*. Rüdiger Schöttle, Munich, Germany.
Edward Ruscha: Recent Paintings and Drawings. Ace Gallery, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.
Graphic Works by Edward Ruscha. Auckland City Art Gallery, New Zealand. Catalog.
A Selection of Paintings and Pastels 1974–1977. MTL Gallery, Brussels, Belgium.
Castelli Uptown, New York.
Galerie Ricke, Cologne, Germany.
Peppers Art Gallery, University of Redlands, California.
- 1979 *California in Print—2: Edward Ruscha, William Crutchfield*. Neil G. Ovsey Gallery, Sherman Oaks, California.

- Cancellation Proofs: Jasper Johns and Edward Ruscha.* Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art.
- Ed Ruscha/New Works.* Texas Gallery, Houston.
- Ed Ruscha/Prints & Drawings.* Getler/Pall Gallery, New York.
- Neue Ausstellungen im InK.* InK, Halle für Internationale neue Kunst, Zurich, Switzerland.
- New Works.* Marianne Deson Gallery, Chicago.
- Richard Hines Gallery, Seattle, Washington.
- 1980 *Ed Ruscha: Paintings.* Ace Gallery, Venice, California.
- Ed Ruscha/Paintings and Drawings.* Portland Center for the Visual Arts, Oregon.
- New Paintings.* Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.
- Ruscha: Selected Works 1966–1980.* Foster Goldstrom Fine Arts, San Francisco.
- Nigel Greenwood, Inc., London.
- 1981 *Ed Ruscha/New Works.* Arco Center for Visual Art, Los Angeles. Catalog.
- Edward Ruscha/D Drawings.* Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.
- SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS
- 1960 *Four Oklahoma Artists.* Oklahoma City Art Center, Oklahoma.
- 1962 *Directions in Collage: California.* Pasadena Art Museum, California.
- New Painting of Common Objects.* Pasadena Art Museum, California.
- 1963 *Pop Art USA.* Oakland Art Museum, California, and California College of Arts and Crafts, Oakland. Catalog.
- Six More.* Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Catalog.
- 1964 *American Drawings.* The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. Catalog.
- Collector's Show.* Balboa Pavilion Gallery, Balboa, California. Brochure.
- Selections from the L. M. Asher Family Collection.* The Art Gallery, The University of New Mexico, Albuquerque. Catalog.
- 1965 *Art Across America.* M. Knoedler & Co., New York. Sponsored by Mead Corporation. Catalog.
- Five at Pace.* The Pace Gallery, New York. Catalog.
- Word and Image.* The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. Catalog.
- 1966 *Los Angeles Now.* Robert Fraser Gallery, London. Catalog.
- Ten from Los Angeles.* Seattle Art Museum, Washington. Catalog.
- 1967 *18th Salon of Young Painters.* Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris. Catalog.
- 1967 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary Painting.* Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Catalog.
- São Paulo 9.* Museu de Arte Moderna, São Paulo, Brazil. Catalog. Organized by International Art Program, National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.
- United States of America/V Paris Biennale.* Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris. Catalog. Also shown at Pasadena Art Museum, California.
- 1968 *The California Landscape.* Lytton Center of the Visual Arts, Los Angeles. Catalog.
- Small Paintings for Museum Collections.* Circulated under the auspices of The American Federation of Arts, New York.
- The West Coast Now.* Portland Art Museum, Oregon. Catalog.
- Young California: 50 Painters.* Tampa Bay Art Center, Florida. Also shown at Ringling Museum of Art, Sarasota, Florida, and Florida State University, Tallahassee.
- 1969 *California Drawings.* Ithaca College Museum of Art, New York.*
- California Graphics.* Galerie Milano, Milan, Italy.*
- Conception.* Städtischen Museum, Leverkusen, Germany. Catalog.
- Drawings.* Fort Worth Art Center Museum, Texas. Catalog.
- 557,087.* Seattle Art Museum, Washington. Catalog. Also shown at Vancouver Art Gallery, British Columbia, Canada, under the title *955,000*.
- Handzeichnungen und Collagen.* Galerie Neuendorf, Hamburg, Germany.
- Kompas IV.* Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, The Netherlands. Catalog.
- A Look at Neo-Ruralism and Something Else.* Multiples, Inc., New York.
- 1969 Annual Exhibition/Contemporary American Painting.* Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Catalog.
- Pop Art.* Hayward Gallery, London. Sponsored by The Arts Council of Great Britain. Catalog.
- Tamarind: Homage to Lithography.* The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Catalog. Also shown at Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes, Buenos Aires, Argentina.
- West Coast 1945–1969.* Pasadena Art Museum, California. Catalog. Also shown at City Art Museum of Saint Louis, Missouri, Art Gallery of Ontario, Canada, and Fort Worth Art Center Museum, Texas.
- 1970 *American Drawings.* Galerie Yvon Lambert, Paris.
- American Painting 1970.* Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond. Catalog.
- Amerikanska Realister.* Konsthallen, Goteborg, Sweden. Brochure.
- The Arrested Image.* The Oakland Museum, California. Brochure.
- Artists and Photographs.* Multiples, Inc., New York.
- Conceptual Art and Conceptual Aspects.* The New York Cultural Center in association with Fairleigh Dickinson University, New York. Catalog.
- A Decade of California Color 1960–1970.* The Pace Gallery, New York. Catalog.
- Drawings 1970.* Art Galleries, University of California, Santa Barbara. Catalog.
- The Drawing Society National Exhibition 1970.* Circulated under the auspices of The American Federation of Arts, New York. Catalog.
- 18 Paris IV.* Organized by Michel Claure, Paris. Catalog.
- The Highway.* Institute of Contemporary Art, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. Catalog. Also shown at Institute for Arts, Rice University, Houston, Texas, and Akron Art Institute, Ohio.
- Hollywood Collects.* Otis Art Institute, Los Angeles. Catalog.
- Information.* The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Catalog.
- Looking West.* Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska. Catalog.
- Seventeenth National Print Exhibition.* The Brooklyn Museum, New York. Catalog.
- Special Group Exhibition at Artist's Studio.* Venice, California.
- Three California Friends.* Oklahoma Art Center, Oklahoma City.
- 35^a Biennale Esposizione Internazionale d'Arte Venezia.* Venice, Italy. Catalog.

- 1971 *Art Systems*. Centro de Arte y Comunicacion, Buenos Aires, Argentina.
- Continuing Surrealism*. La Jolla Museum of Art, California. Catalog.
- Drawings USA/71*. Minnesota Museum of Art, Saint Paul. Catalog.
- 11 Los Angeles Artists*. Hayward Gallery, London. Sponsored by The Arts Council of Great Britain. Catalog.
- Made in California*. Grunwald Graphic Arts Foundation, Dickson Art Center, University of California, Los Angeles. Catalog.
- Sonsbeek '71, Part 2*. Centre: Park Sonsbeek, Arnhem, The Netherlands. Catalog.
- Thirty-second Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting*. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. Catalog.
- Top-Boxed Art*. Illinois State University, Normal. Catalog. Also shown at Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, and Govett-Brewster Gallery, Plymouth, New Zealand, under the title 18 x 22.
- 1972 *Contemporary American Art: Los Angeles*. Fort Worth Art Center Museum, Texas. Catalog.
- Documenta 5*. Museum Friedericianum, Kassel, Germany. Catalog.
- Drawings*. Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.
- Eighteenth National Print Exhibition*. The Brooklyn Museum, New York. Catalog. Also shown at California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco.
- F.O.O.D.* Civic Arts Gallery, Walnut Creek, California. Catalog.
- Four Artists*. Akron Art Institute, Ohio. Catalog.
- Joe Goode, Kenneth Price en Edward Ruscha: Grafiek en Boeken*. Museum Boymans-van Beuningen, Rotterdam, The Netherlands. Catalog.
- Portfolios and Series*. The Oakland Museum, California.
- USA West Coast*. Kunstverein in Hamburg, Germany. Catalog. Also shown at Kunstverein, Hannover, Kölnischer Kunstverein, Cologne, and Württ. Kunstverein, Stuttgart.
- 1973 *American Drawing 1970–1973*. Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, Connecticut. Catalog.
- American Drawings, 1963–1973*. Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Catalog.
- American Realism/Post-Pop*. Meadow Brook Art Gallery, Oakland University, Rochester, Michigan. Catalog.
- Art in Evolution*. Xerox Square Exhibit Center, Rochester, New York. Catalog.
- Artists' Books*. Moore College of Art, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Catalog. Also shown at University Art Museum, University of California, Berkeley.
- Dimensional Prints*. Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Brochure.
- Drawings*. Margo Leavin Gallery, Los Angeles.
- Graphics*. Courtney Sale Gallery, Dallas, Texas.*
- International Biennale of Graphic Art '73*. Moderna Galerija, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia. Catalog.
- Inventory*. Janie C. Lee Gallery, Dallas, Texas.
- Recognizione '73*. Rome, Italy.*
- Separate Realities*. Los Angeles Municipal Arts Gallery. Catalog.
- Some Recent Graphics*. Irving Blum Gallery, Los Angeles.*
- Group Exhibition, Amerikahaus, Berlin.*
- Group Exhibition, Corcoran & Corcoran Ltd., Miami, Florida.
- Group Exhibition, Texas Gallery, Houston.
- Group Film Exhibition, Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.
- 1974 *America on Paper*. Galerie Beyeler, Basel, Switzerland. Catalog.
- American Pop Art*. Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Catalog.
- Artisti della West Coast*. Françoise Lambert, Milan, Italy.
- The Audacious Years 1961–1971*. Newport Harbor Art Museum, Newport Beach, California. Catalog.
- Castelli at Berggruen*. John Berggruen Gallery, San Francisco. Catalog.
- Cirrus Editions Ltd*. The Oakland Museum, California. Catalog.
- Drawings*. Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.
- Drawings*. Nancy Hoffman Gallery, New York. Catalog.
- Drawings: An Exhibition of the Collection of The Fort Worth Art Museum*. The Fort Worth Art Museum, Texas. Catalog.
- Fourth British International Print Biennale*. City of Bradford Metropolitan Council Art Galleries and Museums, Bradford, England. Catalog.
- Hand Colored Prints*. Smither Gallery, Dallas, Texas.*
- Modern Master Drawings*. Locksley Shea Gallery, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- New Acquisitions, Prints*. John Berggruen Gallery, San Francisco.
- The Ponderosa Collection*. The Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati, Ohio. Brochure.
- Projets pour la Défense*. Musée National d'Art Moderne, Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou, Paris. Sponsored by Etablissement public pour l'Aménagement de la Région de la Défense (EPAD).
- Recent Acquisitions 1973–74*. Madison Art Center, Wisconsin. Catalog.
- Small Prints*. Galerie 15, Basel, Switzerland.*
- Twentieth-Century Art from Fort Worth/Dallas Collections*. The Fort Worth Art Museum, Texas. Catalog.
- Words and Images*. The New Gallery of Contemporary Art, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Work on Paper*. Diane Stimpson Gallery, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.
- Works on Paper*. Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond. Catalog.
- Group Exhibition, Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.
- 1975 *America: The Third Century*. Traveling Bicentennial exhibition sponsored by Mobil Corporation. Brochure.
- Color on Paper*. Ruth S. Schaffner Gallery, Los Angeles.
- Current Concerns Part I*. Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art. Catalog in Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art, *Journal*, February 1975, pp. 54–65.
- A Drawing Show*. Newport Harbor Art Museum, Newport Beach, California. Catalog.
- Exhibition and Symposium of Prints and Printmakers*. University of South Dakota, Vermillion. Catalog.
- Graphica Creativa 75, XX Jyväskylä Arts Festival*. Alvar Aalto Museo, Jyväskylä, Finland.
- Group Show/Prints on Broxton*. Broxton Gallery, Westwood, California.
- Hand Colored Prints*. Organized by Brooke Alexander, Inc., New York. Catalog. Circulated to thirteen institutions in the United States and Canada by E.D.O. Comprehensive Exhibition Services, Los Angeles.

- Kent Bicentennial Portfolio: Spirit of Independence.* Traveling Bicentennial exhibition sponsored by Lorillard Company. Catalog.
- New Media I.* Malmö Konsthall, Malmö, Sweden. Catalog.
- North, East, West, South and Middle.* Moore College of Art, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Catalog. Circulated nationally to four other institutions.
- Old Friends: New Work.* University of North Dakota, Grand Forks.
- 60's and 70's, Trends of 6 California Artists.* Ruth S. Schaffner Gallery, Los Angeles.
- Visual/Verbal.* University Art Galleries, University of California, Santa Barbara. Catalog.
- 1976 *American Master Drawings and Watercolors.* Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Catalog.
- The Artist and the Photograph (II).* Israel Museum, Jerusalem. Catalog.
- Art that Involves Words.* Max Protech Gallery, Washington, D.C.
- California Images.* Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.
- Critical Perspectives in American Art.* Fine Arts Center Gallery, University of Massachusetts, Amherst. Catalog. Also shown at La Biennale di Venezia, Venice, Italy.
- Drawing in U.S.A.* Cannaviello Studio d'Arte, Rome, Italy.*
- The Last Time I Saw Ferus, 1957–1976.* Newport Harbor Art Museum, Newport Beach, California. Catalog.
- Painting and Sculpture from the Olga Hirshhorn Collection.* The Katonah Gallery, Katonah, New York. Catalog.
- Painting and Sculpture in California: The Modern Era.* San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Catalog. Also shown at National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.
- Prints, Cirrus Editions Ltd.* Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, Los Angeles. Catalog in *Exhibitions '76-'77*.
- Rugs from Everlasting Productions, Inc.* Marion Koogler McNay Art Institute, San Antonio, Texas. Circulated in Texas.
- Survey—Part I.* Sable-Castelli Gallery, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
- 30 Years of American Printmaking.* The Brooklyn Museum, New York. Catalog.
- A Tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.* Los Angeles Municipal Arts Gallery. Catalog.
- Works on Paper.* Ruth S. Schaffner Gallery, Los Angeles.
- 1977 *American Drawing 1927–1977.* Minnesota Museum of Art, Saint Paul. Catalog. Also shown at Henry Art Gallery, University of Washington, Seattle, and Santa Barbara Museum of Art, California. Circulated internationally under the title *Dibujos Norteamericanos 1927–1977*.
- Artists' Films.* Filmex, Los Angeles.
- Biennale de Paris, Une Anthologie: 1959–1967.* Salles de la Fondation Nationale des Arts Plastiques et Graphiques, Paris. Catalog.
- Biennial of Graphic Art.* Moderna Galerija, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia. Catalog.
- Bookworks.* The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Catalog.
- The Dada/Surrealist Heritage.* Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, Massachusetts. Catalog.
- Drawings.* Sable-Castelli Gallery, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
- The Extended Frame.* Visual Studies Workshop, Rochester, New York. Circulated.
- Eyes and Ears Billboard Project.* The Eyes and Ears Foundation, Los Angeles. Brochure. Circulated nationally.
- First Biennale of American Graphics.* Municipal Museum of Graphic Art, Maracaibo, Venezuela.*
- For Collectors.* Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts.
- Illusion and Reality.* Australian National Gallery, Canberra. Catalog. Circulated to six other institutions in Australia.
- Inaugural Exhibition.* Thomas Segal Gallery, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Invitational American Drawing Exhibition.* Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, California. Catalog.
- 100+ Current Directions in Southern California Art.* Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art. Catalog.
- Opening Exhibition.* Althann Gallery, Los Angeles.
- Photnotations II.* Rosa Esman Gallery, New York.
- Pop Plus.* Whitney Museum of American Art, Downtown Branch, New York.
- Recent Work.* Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.
- Recent Works on Paper by American Artists.* Madison Art Center, Wisconsin. Catalog.
- Some Color Photographs.* Castelli Graphics, New York.
- Tamarind Suite Fifteen.* Tamarind Institute in association with University Art Museum, The University of New Mexico, Albuquerque. Catalog. Circulated.
- Time.* Philadelphia College of Art, Pennsylvania. Catalog.
- 20th-Century American Art from Friends' Collections.* Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Catalog.
- Two Decades of Exploration: Homage to Leo Castelli on the Occasion of his 20th Anniversary.* The Art Association of Newport, Rhode Island.
- A View of a Decade.* Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago. Catalog.
- Watercolors and Related Media by Contemporary Californians.* Baxter Art Gallery, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, in cooperation with the Pasadena Art Alliance. Catalog.
- Words.* Whitney Museum of American Art, Downtown Branch, New York. Catalog.
- Works from the Collection of Dorothy and Herbert Vogel.* The University of Michigan Museum of Art, Ann Arbor. Catalog.
- Works on Paper.* Thomas Segal Gallery, Boston, Massachusetts.
- 1978 *Aesthetics of Graffiti.* San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Catalog.
- American Painting of the 1970s.* Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York. Catalog. Circulated nationally to five other institutions.
- Art Books:;./Books as Original Art.* Florida School of the Arts at St. John's River Community College, Palatka, Florida. Catalog.
- Artwords and Bookworks.* Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art. Catalog. Also shown at Artists' Space, New York, Herron School of Art, Indianapolis, Indiana, and New Orleans Contemporary Art Center, Louisiana.

Biennale de Paris '59-'73. The Seibu Museum of Art, Tokyo, Japan. Catalog; text in Japanese.

Brooke Alexander, A Decade of Print Publishing. Boston University Art Gallery, Massachusetts. Catalog.

California: 3 by 8 Twice. Honolulu Academy of Arts, Hawaii. Catalog.

Graphicstudio U.S.F. The Brooklyn Museum, New York. Catalog.

Indiana Collects. Art Association of Richmond, Indiana. Catalog. Also shown at Alford House/Anderson Fine Arts Center, Anderson, Indiana, and Lafayette Art Center, Indiana.

Mirrors and Windows: American Photography since 1960. The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Catalog. Circulated nationally to seven other institutions.

The Museum of Drawers. Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art. Catalog.

Narration. Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston, Massachusetts. Catalog.

Selected Prints. Neil G. Ovsey Gallery, Sherman Oaks, California.

Selections from the Frederick Weisman Company Collection of California Art. The Art Museum and Galleries, California State University, Long Beach. Catalog. Also shown at Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., The Albuquerque Museum of Art, History, and Science, New Mexico, and Fine Arts Gallery, California State University, Northridge.

Summer Group Show. Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.

Three Generations/Studies in Collage. Margo Leavin Gallery, Los Angeles.

A Treasury of Modern Drawing: The Joan and Lester Avnet Collection in The Museum of Modern Art. The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Catalog.

20th-Century American Drawings/ Five Years of Acquisitions. Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Catalog.

1979 *Art Inc., American Paintings from Corporate Collections*. Montgomery Museum of Fine Arts, Alabama. Catalog. Also shown at Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., Indianapolis Museum of Art, Indiana, and San Diego Museum of Art, California.

Artists and Books: The Literal Use of Time. Edwin A. Ulrich Museum of Art, Wichita State University, Kansas. Catalog.

Artists' Books. Galerie Lydia Megert, Bern, Switzerland.

Cirrus Editions 1970-1980. Cirrus Gallery, Los Angeles.

The Decade in Review: Selections from the 1970s. Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Catalog.

Drawings About Drawing Today. The Ackland Art Museum, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Catalog.

Drawings by Castelli Artists. Castelli Graphics, New York.

Fall Exhibition. Richard Hines Gallery, Seattle, Washington.

From Allan to Zucker. Texas Gallery, Houston.

Print Publishing in America. Organized by Judith Goldman in cooperation with Carolyn Alexander for the United States International Communications Agency. Catalog.

Recent Gifts to the University Art Collection. Meadow Brook Art Gallery, Oakland University, Rochester, Michigan.

Reflections of Realism. The Albuquerque Museum, New Mexico. Catalog.

A Sense of Scale. University Art Museum, The University of New Mexico, Albuquerque. Catalog.

73rd American Exhibition. The Art Institute of Chicago. Catalog.

Summer Group Show. Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.

Things Seen. Springfield Art Museum, Missouri. Catalog.

Twentieth-Century American Drawings from the Whitney Museum of American Art. Organized by Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, for circulation to six institutions. Catalog.

Venturi and Rauch, Architektur im Alltag Amerikas. Kunstgewerbemuseum der Stadt Zürich, Switzerland. Catalog.

Wenger Gallery Recent Acquisitions. Wenger Gallery, La Jolla, California.

With a Certain Smile? InK, Halle für Internationale neue Kunst, Zurich, Switzerland. Catalog.

1980 *The Contemporary American Print Workshop*. Hartford Art School, University of Hartford, West Hartford, Connecticut. Catalog. Circulated to six New England states under the auspices of New England Foundation for the Arts.

Contemporary Art at Paine, Webber. Anderson Gallery, Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond.

Contemporary Art in Southern California. The High Museum of Art, Atlanta, Georgia. Catalog.

An Exhibition of Important Contemporary Drawings, Paintings and Sculpture. Margo Leavin Gallery, Los Angeles.

Hidden Desires. Neuberger Museum, State University of New York, College at Purchase, New York.

L.A. Seen by L.A. Artists. Los Angeles Municipal Art Gallery.

Letters and Numbers. Galerie Beyeler, Basel, Switzerland. Catalog.

The Object Transformed: Contemporary American Drawing. Visual Arts Museum, New York.

Photography: Recent Directions. De Cordova Museum, Lincoln, Massachusetts. Catalog. Exhibition is part of the series, "Aspects of the 70's," a collaboration of six museums in the Boston area.

Pier + Ocean. Hayward Gallery, London. Catalog. Also shown at Rijksmuseum Kröller-Müller, Otterlo, The Netherlands.

Printed Art/A View of Two Decades. The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Catalog.

A Sense of Place. Hampshire College Gallery, Massachusetts. Catalog.

Southern California Drawings. Hartford Art School, University of Hartford, West Hartford, Connecticut.

Twenty Questions. Museum Boymans-van Beuningen, Rotterdam, The Netherlands.

Up for the Summer: Part Two. Marianne Deson Gallery, Chicago.

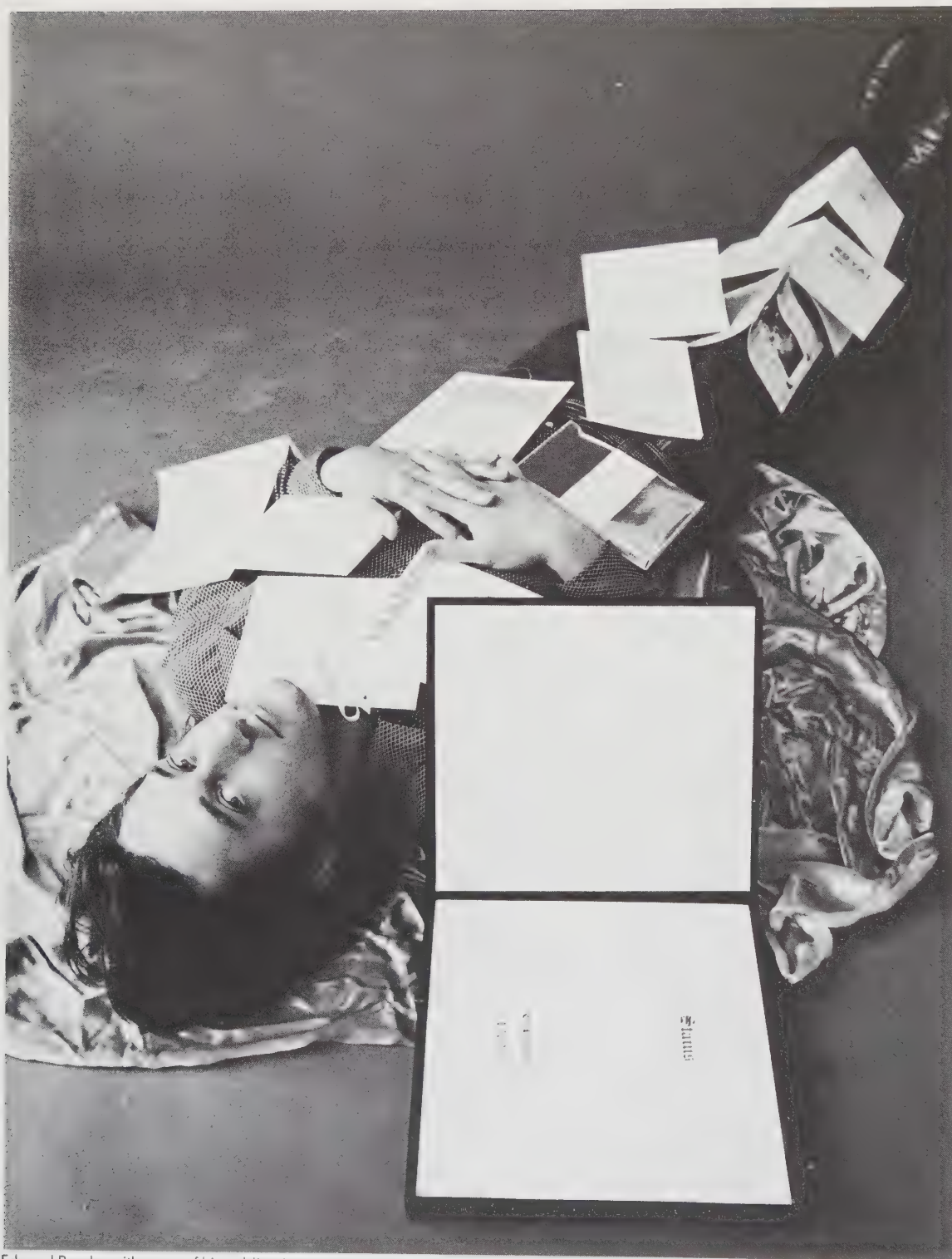
1981 *California: The State of Landscape 1872-1981*. Newport Harbor Art Museum, Newport Beach, California. Catalog. Also shown at Santa Barbara Museum of Art, California.

Decade: Los Angeles Painting in the Seventies. Art Center College of Design, Los Angeles, California. Catalog.

Selections from Castelli: Drawings and Works on Paper. Neil G. Ovsey Gallery, Sherman Oaks, California.

Words and Images. The Renaissance Society at The University of Chicago. Catalog in the magazine *White Walls*.

Group Exhibition, Richard Hines Gallery, Seattle, Washington.



Edward Ruscha with some of his publications

Selected Bibliography

Compiled by Eugenie Candau

An extensive bibliography on Edward Ruscha appeared in the catalog for the exhibition *Graphic Works by Edward Ruscha*, Auckland City Art Gallery, New Zealand, 1978. The following is based on this and on additional information supplied by the artist. With one or two exceptions, exhibition catalogs have not been included; citations for these appear in the Biography of Exhibitions. The first section, Works by Ruscha, is in chronological order within its three categories. It is followed by General Works, listed alphabetically, and by Articles and Reviews, in alphabetical order within a chronological framework. An asterisk following an entry indicates that it was not available for examination by the compiler.

WORKS BY RUSCHA

BOOKS

Unless otherwise indicated, the following works were published by the artist; beginning in 1969 the artist sometimes used the imprint Heavy Industry Publications.

Twentysix Gasoline Stations. 1963. First edition of 400 numbered copies; second edition, 1967, 500 copies; third edition, 1969, 3,000 copies.

Various Small Fires and Milk. 1964. Of the first edition of 400 copies 50 were signed by the artist; second edition, 1970, 3,000 copies.

Some Los Angeles Apartments. 1965. First edition of 700 copies; second edition, 1970, 3,000 copies.

Every Building on the Sunset Strip. 1966. First edition of 1,000 copies; second edition, 1969, 500 copies; third edition, 1971, 5,000 copies.

Thirtyfour Parking Lots in Los Angeles. 1967. First edition of 2,500 copies; second edition, 1974, 1,913 copies.

Royal Road Test. 1967. In collaboration with Mason Williams and Patrick Blackwell. First edition of 1,000 copies; second edition, 1969, 1,000 copies; third edition, 1971, 2,000 copies; fourth edition, 1980, 1,500 copies.

Business Cards. 1968. Edition of 1,000 copies signed by the artist and his collaborator, Billy Al Bengston.

Nine Swimming Pools and a Broken Glass. 1968. First edition of 2,500 copies; second edition, 1976, 1,900 copies.

Stains. Hollywood: Heavy Industry Publications, 1969. Signed and numbered edition of 70 copies.

Crackers. Hollywood: Heavy Industry Publications, 1969. Story by Mason Williams; edition of 500 copies.

Babycakes. New York: Multiples, Inc., 1970. Edition of 1,200 copies.

Real Estate Opportunities. 1970. Edition of 4,000 copies.

A Few Palm Trees. Hollywood: Heavy Industry Publications, 1971. Edition of 4,000 copies.

Records. Hollywood: Heavy Industry Publications, 1971. Edition of 2,000 copies.

Dutch Details. Deventer, The Netherlands: Octopus Foundation for Sonsbeek '71, 1971. Edition of 3,000 copies.

Edward Ruscha. Minneapolis: The Minneapolis Institute of Arts, 1972. Book accompanying an exhibition of prints, drawings, and books; 2,000 copies published.

Colored People. 1972. Edition of 4,000 copies.

Hard Light. Hollywood: Heavy Industry Publications, 1978. Edition of 3,500 copies, in collaboration with Lawrence Weiner.

Guacamole Airlines. New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1980.

FILMS

Premium. New York: Castelli-Sonnabend, 1970. 24 min., color, magnetic sound, 16 mm.

Miracle. New York: Castelli-Sonnabend, 1975. 28 min., color, optical sound, 16 mm.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Rejected . . . by the Library of Congress." *Artforum*, March 1964, p. 55, ill. Advertisement for *Twentysix Gasoline Stations*.

"Surrealism Soaped and Scrubbed." *Artforum*, September 1966, cover.

"Ed Ruscha Says Goodbye to College Joys." *Artforum*, January 1967, p. 7, ill.

Monte, James. *Billy Al Bengston*. Los Angeles: Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 1968. Catalog design.

"The Artist and Politics: A Symposium." *Artforum*, September 1970, p. 38. Statement.

"Chocolate." *Assembling*. New York: R. Kostelanetz, 1970. Two unnumbered pages, including stain.

"Five 1965 Girlfriends." *Design Quarterly*, 78–79 (1970), pp. 47–53, ill.

"A Germ-Free Condition." *Perspecta*, 13–14 (1971), pp. 202–03, ill.

"Parking Lot." *Aspen Magazine*, 8 (1971).

"Tanks, Banks, Ranks, Thanks." *Rags* (San Francisco), May 1971, pp. 37–40, ill. Reprinted in *Edward Ruscha*. Minneapolis: The Minneapolis Institute of Arts, 1972, and in *Stereo Headphones* (Ipswich, England), Summer 1974.*

Documenta 5. Kassel, Germany: Documenta GmbH, 1972, catalog cover.

"Swollen Eye," 1973." *Flash Art*, February–March 1978, p. 47, ill.

"Bless You." *Vision*, September 1975, pp. 46–47.

"Devil or Angel." *Art-Rite*, 11–12 (1975–76), front and back covers.

"The Information Man." *Journal* (Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art), June–July 1975, p. 21. Reprinted in Naylor and P. Orridge, eds., *Contemporary Artists*. London: St. James Press, 1977, and in *Graphic Works by Edward Ruscha*. Auckland: Auckland City Art Gallery, 1978.

"America Whistles." *Art News*, May 1976, cover.

"Paris," 1963." *The Paris Review*, Fall 1976, cover.

"Scratches on the Film." *Picture Magazine*, August 1976.*

Dean, Robert. *Dinner at Mme—*. Berkeley: Oyez, 1977, cover.

"They Shoot Corners, Don't They?" *Esquire*, January 1977, pp. 89–93, ill.*

Stella since 1970. Fort Worth: Fort Worth Art Museum, 1978. Catalog design.

"12 Pastels," 1975–1977." *Art in America*, September–October 1978, cover.

"An Extreme." *Journal: Southern California Art Magazine*, June–July 1979, cover.

"Picasso: A Symposium." *Art in America*, December 1980, p. 10. Statement.

"Project." *Artforum*, February 1980, pp. 46–49, ill.

GENERAL WORKS

Alloway, Lawrence. *American Pop Art*. New York: Collier Books, in association with the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, 1974, pp. 35–37, 139; pls. 3, 33–35.

———. *Topics in American Art since 1945*. New York: Norton, 1975, pp. 166–167, 175, 204; pl. 47.

Arnason, H. H. *History of Modern Art*. 2d ed. Englewood Cliffs, N.J., and New York: Prentice-Hall and Harry N. Abrams, 1977, pp. 621, 639–40, 699, 706; fig. 1139.

Art since Mid-Century: The New Internationalism. Greenwich, Conn.: New York Graphic Society, 1971. Vol. 2, *Figurative Art*, p. 232.

Banham, Reyner. *Los Angeles: The Architecture of Four Ecologies*. Harmondsworth (England): Penguin, 1971, p. 241, ill.

Battcock, Gregory, ed. *Minimal Art: A Critical Anthology*. New York: Dutton, 1968, p. 100.

Brown, Milton, et al. *American Art*. New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1979, p. 539.

Celant, Germano. *Preconistoria 1966–69*. Florence: Centro Di, 1976, pp. 41, 58, 131; pl. 72.

Compton, Michael. *Pop Art*. London: Hamlyn, 1970, pp. 92, 136; pls. 160–161.

Cummings, Paul. *Dictionary of Contemporary American Artists*. 3d ed. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1977, p. 420.

Finch, Christopher. *Pop Art: Object and Image*. London: Studio Vista, 1968, p. 132.

Gatto, Joseph A. *Cities*. Worcester, Mass.: Davis Publications, 1977, p. 60, ill.

Hunter, Sam. *American Art of the 20th Century*. New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1973, pp. 497, 510; pl. 668.

Jacobson, Bernard. *Fourteen Big Prints*. London: Bernard Jacobson, Ltd., 1972, pp. 48–51, ill.

Kahmen, Volker. *Art History of Photography*. New York: Viking, 1973, pp. 34, 50; pls. 325, 328–31, 351.

Kaiden, Nina, and Hayes, Bartlett. *Artist and Advocate: An Essay on Corporate Patronage*. New York: Renaissance Editions, 1967, p. 62, ill.

Kultermann, Udo. *The New Painting*. New York: Praeger, 1969, pp. 39, 60, 199; pls. 240, 373.

Lippard, Lucy. *Changing: Essays in Art Criticism*. New York: Dutton, 1971, pp. 264, 266, 315, ill.

———. *Pop Art*. New York: Praeger, 1966, pp. 140, 146, 149, 151, 158, 160; pls. 134, 136.

———. *Six Years: The Dematerialization of the Art Object*. New York: Praeger, 1973, pp. 11–12, 22, 36, 70, ill.

Lucie-Smith, Edward. *Art Now: From Abstract Expressionism to Superrealism*. New York: Morrow, 1977, pp. 233–34, 498; pl. 183.

Meyer, Ursula. *Conceptual Art*. New York: Dutton, 1972, pp. 206–09, ill. Reprints excerpts from Coplans's interview with Ruscha, *Artforum*, February 1965.

Müller, Hans-Jürgen. *Kunst kommt nicht von Können*. Nuremberg: Edition für Moderne Kunst, 1976, p. 248.

Naylor, Colin, and P. Orridge, Genesis, eds. *Contemporary Artists*. London: St. James Press, 1977, pp. 833–35, ill. Includes reprint of "The Information Man," *Journal* (Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art), June–July 1975.

Parry, Pamela Jeffcott, comp. *Contemporary Art and Artists: An Index to Reproductions*. Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1978, pp. 241–42.

———, comp. *Photography Index*. Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1979, p. 221.

Pellegrini, Aldo. *New Tendencies in Art*. New York: Crown, 1966, p. 236.

Pierre, José. *Dictionnaire de Poche de Pop Art*. Paris: Fernand Hazan, 1975, pp. 135, 140, ill.

Plagens, Peter. *The Sunshine Muse: Contemporary Art on the West Coast*. New York: Praeger, 1974, pp. 25, 30, 73, 120, 140, 142, 144–46, 149, 151, 154, 174, 176, ill.

Rose, Barbara. *American Art since 1900*. Rev. and exp. ed. New York: Praeger, 1975, p. 216.

Russell, John, and Gablik, Suzi. *Pop Art Redefined*. New York: Praeger, 1969, p. 238; pls. 124–30.

Sager, Peter. *Neue Formen des Realismus*. Cologne: DuMont Schauberg, 1973, p. 70.

Selz, Peter. *Art in Our Times: A Pictorial History 1890–1980*. New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1981, pp. 463, 547, ill.

Stebbins, Theodore E., Jr. *American Master Drawings and Watercolors*. New York: Harper and Row, 1976, p. 400, ill.

Taylor, Joshua C. *The Fine Arts in America*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1979, p. 222.

Trachtenberg, Alan; Neill, Peter; and Bunnell, Peter C. *The City: American Experience*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1971, pp. 552, 619, ill.

Wilmerding, John. *American Art*. Harmondsworth (England): Penguin, 1976, p. 236.

Wilson, Simon. *Pop*. London: Thames and Hudson, 1974.*

ARTICLES AND REVIEWS

An R following an entry indicates a review.

1962 Coplans, John. "The New Paintings of Common Objects." *Artforum*, 1:6 (1962), pp. 26–28, ill. R.

Langsner, Jules. "Los Angeles Letter, September 1962." *Art International*, November 1962, p. 49, ill. R.

1963 Coplans, John. "Notes from San Francisco." *Art International*, October 1963, pp. 91, 93–94, ill.

———. "Pop Art—USA." *Art in America*, October 1963, pp. 27, 29, ill.

Reprint of essay in exhibition catalog, *Pop Art USA*. Oakland: The Oakland Museum, 1963.

F[actor], D[onald]. "'Six Painters and the Object' and 'Six More.'" *Artforum*, September 1963, pp. 13–14, ill. R.

Langsner, Jules. "America's Second Art City." *Art in America*, April 1963, pp. 128, 130, ill.

———. "Painting and Sculpture: The Season in Los Angeles." *Craft Horizons*, May–June 1963, p. 41, ill. R.

Leider, Philip. "Books." *Artforum*, September 1963, p. 57. R.

"Pop Pop." *Time*, 30 August 1963, p. 40. R.

1964 Coplans, John. "Circle of Styles on the West Coast." *Art in America*, June 1964, p. 41.

D[anieli], F[idel] A. "Group Show, Ferus Gallery." *Artforum*, September 1964, p. 18. R.

Kietzmann, Armin. "... And Seven from California." *San Diego Union*, 10 May 1964, p. E7. R.

Leider, Philip. "The Cool School." *Artforum*, Summer 1964, pp. 47, 52, ill.

———. "Revealing Juxtaposition." *Frontier* (Los Angeles), December 1964, pp. 25–26. R.

Lord, J. Barry. "Pop Art in Canada." *Artforum*, March 1964, p. 30. R.

M[armer], N[ancy]. "Edward Ruscha, Ferus Gallery." *Artforum*, December 1964, pp. 12–13, 15, ill. R.

1965 "Artists: Assemblage at the Frontier." *Time*, 15 October 1965, p. 107.

Coplans, John. "Concerning 'Various Small Fires': Edward Ruscha Discusses His Perplexing Publications." *Artforum*, February 1965, pp. 24–25, ill.

Excerpts from this interview are reprinted in Meyer, *Conceptual Art*. New York: Dutton, 1972.

———. "Los Angeles: The Scene." *Art News*, March 1965, p. 58.

"From Pecans to Paint." *Newsweek*, 27 September 1965, pp. 103A–04A, ill. R.

Lippard, Lucy. "New York Letter." *Art International*, May 1965, p. 54. R.

R[osenthal], N[an]. "Art Across America." *Art in America*, October–November 1965, p. 109, ill. R.

Seldis, Henry J. "West Coast Milestone." *Art in America*, April 1965, pp. 93, 107, ill.

———. "In the Galleries." *Los Angeles Times*, 15 December 1965, VI, p. 24. R.

1966 Hopkins, Henry. "West Coast Style." *Art Voices*, Fall 1966, p. 68.*

Rose, Barbara. "Los Angeles: The Second City." *Art in America*, January–February 1966, p. 113, ill.

W[ilson], W[illiam]. "Edward Ruscha, Ferus Gallery." *Artforum*, January 1966, p. 13, ill. R.

A response to this review, by José Bueno, appears in "Letters," *Artforum*, February 1966, p. 4.

1967 Alloway, Lawrence. "HiWay Culture: Man at the Wheel." *Arts*, February 1967, pp. 31, 32.

———. "Art as Likeness, with a Note on Post Pop Art." *Arts*, May 1967, pp. 37, 39, ill.

"Books Received." *Artforum*, March 1967, p. 66, ill. R.

Finch, Christopher. "Scanning the Strip." *Art and Artists*, January 1967, p. 67. R.

G[iluliano], C[harles]. "Edward Ruscha." *Arts*, December 1967, p. 55. R.

Kramer, Hilton. "Ruscha Is Keeping His Powder Dry." *New York Times*, 16 December 1967, p. 47. R.

Leider, Philip. "Who Said Abstract Art Is Waning?" *New York Times*, 24 December 1967, p. 24D, ill.

LeWitt, Sol. "Paragraphs on Conceptual Art." *Artforum*, Summer 1967, p. 82, ill.

- Roberts, Glynys. "The Schizophrenic Art Market." *Los Angeles Magazine*, September 1967, pp. 43–45, ill. *
- Seldis, Henry J. "Vanguard Artists' Works at Pasadena." *Los Angeles Times*, 4 December 1967, IV, p. 10. R.
- Wilson, William. "The Explosion that Never Went Boom." *Saturday Review*, 23 September 1967, p. 54, ill.
- 1968 "Avant-Garde Show." *Newport Harbor News, Daily Pilot*, 22 March 1968. *
- Blum, Irving. "Antic Art of Ed Ruscha." *Los Angeles Magazine*, March 1968, pp. 32–33, ill. Reprinted in *Other Scenes* (London), July 1968.
- Good, Jeanne. "What Is He Telling Us?" *B'nai Brith Messenger* (Los Angeles), 2 February 1968, ill.
- Hoag, Joan. "Los Angeles." *Art News*, April 1968, p. 23. R.
- Livingston, Jane. "Los Angeles." *Artforum*, March 1968, p. 65. R.
- Magloff, Joanne. "Art in L.A. . . . Two Oklahomans." *Open City* (Los Angeles), 19 April 1968. *
- Mussman, Toby. "L.A. on Fire." *Arts*, March 1968, p. 15, ill. R.
- Pincus-Witten, Robert. "Edward Ruscha, Iolas Gallery." *Artforum*, February 1968, pp. 49–50, ill. R.
- Rabeneck, Andrew. "Form Follows Fiction." *Design Quarterly*, 73 (1968), np., ill.
- T[erbell], M[elinda]. "West Coast Shows: Joe Goode and Ed Ruscha." *Arts*, May 1968, p. 61. R.
- T[ucker], M[arcia]. "Ed Ruscha's . . . 'Gunpowder Drawings.'" *Art News*, January 1968, p. 54. R.
- Wilson, William. "Ruscha Painting Has Plenty of Fire." *Los Angeles Times*, 9 February 1968, IV, p. 7. R.
- . "Four Defectors to L.A." *Art in America*, March–April 1968, pp. 102, 104, ill.
- . "Ruscha and Goode Exhibit." *Los Angeles Times*, 29 March 1968, IV, p. 18, ill. R.
- 1969 Albright, Thomas. "Two L.A. Artists." *San Francisco Chronicle*, 27 March 1969, p. 49. R.
- Armstrong, Lois. "Los Angeles." *Art News*, October 1969, p. 74. R.
- Davis, Douglas M. "Wide, Wide World of Books: From Common Scenes, Mr. Ruscha Evokes Art." *The National Observer*, 28 July 1969, p. 17, ill. R.
- Plagens, Peter. "The Possibilities of Drawing." *Artforum*, October 1969, pp. 52, 55, ill.
- Seldis, Henry J. "Pasadena's Lopsided West Coast Survey." *Los Angeles Times, Calendar*, 30 November 1969, p. 78, ill. R.
- W[ilson], W[illiam]. "Art Walk." *Los Angeles Times*, 30 May 1969, IV, p. 5. R.
- "Work in Progress." *Esquire*, December 1969, p. 217, ill.
- 1970 Anders, Bergh. "American Realism." *Paletten* (Sweden), March 1970. *
- Applegate, Judith. "Paris." *Art International*, May 1970, p. 67. R.
- Battcock, Gregory. "Critique: Art and Politics at Venice." *Arts*, September–October 1970, p. 26, ill.
- Bengston, Billy Al. "Los Angeles Artists' Studios." *Art in America*, November 1970, p. 108, ill.
- Fox, Christopher. "Ed Ruscha Discusses His Latest Work." *Studio International*, June 1970, pp. 281, 287, ill.
- Goldsmith, Barbara. "Where Is the Art?" *Bazaar*, May 1970, pp. 144–47. *
- Kramer, Hilton. "Variety Marks Three Exhibitions at The Jewish Museum." *New York Times*, 18 March 1970, p. 44. R.
- McCann, Cecile N. "Arrested Images." *Artweek*, 2 May 1970, p. 8. R.
- . "Ruscha Prints and Books." *Artweek*, 19 December 1970, p. 3, ill. R.
- N[eugroschel], J[oachim]. "Edward Ruscha at Iolas." *Arts*, February 1970, p. 59. R.
- "'955,000' in Vancouver." *Artweek*, 31 January 1970, p. 3, ill.
- N[ordstrom], S[herry]. "Edward Ruscha." *Art News*, April 1970, p. 72. R.
- "Original Art, Hot off the Presses." *Life*, 23 January 1970, p. 59, ill.
- "People Are Talking About." *Vogue*, January 1970, p. 144.
- "People Are Talking About." *Vogue*, April 1970, pp. 176–177, ill.
- Piense, Nan R. "L.A. Trip." *Art in America*, March–April 1970, pp. 138–39, 141, ill.
- Ratcliff, Carter. "New York." *Art International*, March 1970, pp. 70–71, ill. R.
- "Recent Acquisitions 1968–69." *Bulletin of Rhode Island School of Design, Museum Notes*, Summer 1970, p. 53.
- Sobel, Rebecca. "Ham Cans Forever Altered." *Hollywood Citizen News*, 18 July 1970, p. 4. *
- Wasserman, Emily. "Edward Ruscha, Iolas Gallery." *Artforum*, March 1970, pp. 76–78, ill. R.
- 1971 Baker, Elizabeth C. "Los Angeles, 1971." *Art News*, September 1971, pp. 28–29, 32, 34–35, ill.
- Banham, Reyner. "A London–L.A. Love Affair." *Los Angeles Times, West Magazine*, 6 June 1971, pp. 10–13, ill.
- Bourdon, David. "A Heap of Words about Ed Ruscha." *Art International*, 20 November 1971, pp. 25–28, 38, ill.
- Excerpts reprinted in *Visible Language* (Cleveland), April 1972.
- Davis, Douglas. "Artists as Critics." *Newsweek*, 29 March 1971, p. 65. R.
- Drath, Viola Herms. "The 32nd Corcoran Biennial: Art as Visual Event." *Art International*, May 1971, pp. 40–41, 43, ill. R.
- Feaver, W. "Photo-Cliché: Real Estate Opportunities." *London Magazine*, April–May 1971, pp. 11, 99–108. *
- Hagberg, Marilyn. "Continuing Surrealism." *Artweek*, 20 February 1971, p. 1. R.
- Hilton, Timothy. "U.K. Commentary: Coins, Stamps, Books, Comics, et al." *Studio International*, February 1971, pp. 74–75, ill. R.
- Hughes, Robert. "View from the Coast." *Time*, 1 February 1971, p. 58.
- J[aszi], J[ean]. "The Centennial—Graphics." *Artweek*, 23 January 1971, p. 1. R.
- Krauss, Rosalind E. "Washington." *Artforum*, May 1971, pp. 83, 85, ill. R.
- Masheck, Joseph. "California Color, Pace Gallery." *Artforum*, January 1971, p. 73. R.
- Miller, Donald. "Washington." *Arts*, April 1971, pp. 76–77. R.
- "People Are Talking About . . . Books." *Vogue*, 1 July 1971, p. 90, ill.
- Richardson, Brenda. "Bay Area Survey." *Arts*, February 1971, p. 44. R.
- "Ruscha, Goode, Edge, Allen." *Artweek*, 10 July 1971, p. 2. R.
- Tabak, May Natalie. "Herring." *Craft Horizons*, February 1971, p. 36, ill.
- Winer, Helene. "How Los Angeles Looks Today." *Studio International*, October 1971, pp. 127, 129–30, ill.
- 1972 Bourdon, David. "Ruscha as Publisher (Or All Booked Up)." *Art News*, April 1972, pp. 32–36, 68–69, ill.
- Butterfield, Jan. "Exhibition at Museum Reveals Ties Between Artist, Collector." *Fort Worth Star Telegram*, 23 January 1972, pp. 2F, 5F, ill. R.
- . "Link Between Artists, Collectors Explored." *Fort Worth Star Telegram*, 30 January 1972, p. 4F. R.

- Colaciello, Robert. "Art: Interview with Ed Ruscha." *InterView*, March 1972, p. 42, ill. *
- Coleman, A. D. "Photography: 'My Books End up in the Trash.'" *New York Times*, 27 August 1972, 2, p. 12, ill.
- . "Photography: 'I'm Not Really a Photographer.'" *New York Times*, 10 September 1972, 2, p. 35, ill.
- Davis, Douglas. "The Magic of Raw Life: New Photography." *Newsweek*, 3 April 1972, p. 75. R.
- "Flashback su Kassel." *Flash Art*, September–October 1972, p. 18, ill.
- Haber, Joyce. "Ali Bows out as Daisy in 'Gatsby' Film." *Los Angeles Times*, 24 August 1972, IV, p. 13.
- Kutner, Janet. "Los Angeles in Fort Worth Show." *Dallas Morning News*, 23 January 1972, p. 5C. R.
- . "Ruscha Transforms Reality to Fantasy." *Dallas Morning News*, 27 March 1972, p. 15A. R.
- Larson, Philip. "Ruscha in Minneapolis." *Print Collectors' Newsletter*, July–August 1972, pp. 52–54, ill.
- Matthias, Rosemary. "Edwin Ruscha . . . Multiples" [sic]. *Arts*, June 1972, pp. 59–60. R.
- M[cCann], C[ecile] N. "Pasadena Survey." *Artweek*, 12 August 1972, p. 1. R.
- M[urray], J[oan]. "Portfolios and Series." *Artweek*, 29 July 1972, p. 10. R.
- O'Neill, Mollie. "F.O.O.D. for Christmas." *Artweek*, 23 December 1972, p. 3. R.
- P[orter], A[llan]. "Ruscha." *Camera*, June 1972, pp. 34–43, ill. Interview.
- Rose, Barbara. "California, Here It Comes." *New York Magazine*, 5 June 1972, p. 66.
- Rosenberg, Harold. "The Art World." *The New Yorker*, 15 July 1972, pp. 54–55. R.
- "Ruscha on Paper." *Artweek*, 5 February 1972, p. 2. R.
- Schjeldahl, Peter. "L.A. Art? 'Interesting—But Painful.'" *New York Times*, 21 May 1972, 2, p. 25, ill. R.
- Smart, R. "Edward Ruscha, DM Gallery." *Arts Review* (London), 29 January 1972, p. 33, ill. R. *
- W[olmer], B[ruce]. "Ed Ruscha." *Art News*, Summer 1972, p. 58. R.
- 1973 Antin, Eleanor. "Reading Ruscha." *Art in America*, November–December 1973, pp. 64–71, ill.
- Bowen, D. "Edward Ruscha." *Arts Review* (London), 19 May 1973, p. 334. R. *
- Dietz, Lawrence. "Some Words on Ruscha." *Rolling Stone*, 6 December 1973, p. 88, ill.
- Dunham, Judith L. "Edward Ruscha." *Artweek*, 26 May 1973, p. 12, ill. R.
- Gardner, Paul. "Tamarind: Transforming the Great Stone Place." *Art News*, March 1973, p. 28.
- Kingsley, April. "Ed Ruscha, Castelli Gallery Uptown." *Artforum*, May 1973, pp. 88–89, ill. R.
- Lampert, Catherine. "Edward Ruscha at Nigel Greenwood's." *Studio International*, June 1973, p. 240. R.
- Pindell, Howardena. "Words with Ruscha." *Print Collectors' Newsletter*, January–February 1973, pp. 125–28, ill.
- Interview reprinted, in Dutch, in exhibition catalog *Edward Ruscha*. Amsterdam: Stedelijk Museum, 1976.
- "Premenium." *Heute Kunst*, April 1973, p. 17, ill.
- Roberts, Steven V. "Ode to a Free-way." *New York Times Magazine*, 15 April 1973, p. 30.
- Sharp, Willoughby. "' . . . a Kind of HUH?' An Interview with Edward Ruscha. . . ." *Avalanche*, Winter–Spring 1973, pp. 30–39, ill.
- Stitelman, Paul. "Reviews, New York." *Arts*, April 1973, p. 72. R.
- Terbell, Melinda. "Ruscha Stain Paintings." *Artweek*, 20 October 1973, p. 5. R.
- Thornycroft, Ann. "California Report." *Studio International*, December 1973, p. 243.
- Whittet, G. S. In "London." *Art and Artists*, April 1973, p. 49. R.
- Young, Joseph E. "Dimensional Prints." *Artweek*, 3 March 1973, p. 1. R.
- 1974 Blackburn, Dick. "The Cold Truth: 8 Refrigerators Define Their Owners." *Coast*, January–February 1974, pp. 41–42, ill. *
- Celant, Germano. "Das Buch als Kunstform 1960–1970. Bibliographie 1960–1974." *Interfunktionen*, 11 (1974), pp. 85, 94–97, 99, 101, 103.
- Derfner, Phyllis. "New York Letter." *Art International*, Summer 1974, p. 49. R.
- Dreiss, Joseph. "Edward Ruscha." *Arts*, June 1974, p. 58. R.
- Frank, Peter. "Edward Ruscha (Castelli)." *Art News*, September 1974, p. 118. R.
- Hess, Thomas. "Ed Ruscha." *New York Magazine*, 22 April 1974, p. 73.
- Larson, Philip. "Words in Print." *Print Collectors' Newsletter*, July–August 1974, pp. 54–55.
- Saff, Donald J. "Graphicstudio U.S.F." *Art Journal*, Fall 1974, p. 14.
- Trbuljak, G. "Edward Ruscha." *Spot* (Yugoslavia), 4 (1974), np., ill. *
- Wortz, Melinda Terbell. "Uses of Realism." *Artweek*, 19 January 1974, p. 5. R.
- 1975 Buchloh, B. H. D. "Filmographie Filme von Künstlern 1960–1974/ Filmography Films by Artists 1960–1974." *Interfunktionen*, 12 (1975), p. 94.
- Chase, June. "Color on Paper." *Artweek*, 29 November 1975, p. 3. R.
- Dreiss, Joseph. "Edward Ruscha." *Arts*, March 1975, p. 19, ill. R.
- Marioni, Tom. "Out Front." *Vision*, September 1975, p. 10.
- Melville, Robert. "Literal Magic." *Architectural Review*, December 1975, pp. 378–79, ill. R.
- Preisman, Fran. "Edward Ruscha Prints and Drawings." *Artweek*, 31 May 1975, p. 16. R.
- Radice, Barbara. "Interview with Ed Ruscha." *Flash Art*, May 1975, p. 49, ill.
- Reichardt, Jasia. "La Défense." *Architectural Design*, 2 (1975), p. 130, ill.
- Restany, Pierre. "Paris: L'Art au Quartier de la Défense." *Domus*, January 1975, p. 49, ill.
- Rush, David. "Visual and Verbal." *Artweek*, 18 October 1975, pp. 1, 16, ill. R.
- S[eldis], H[enry] J. "Art Walk: La Cienega Area." *Los Angeles Times*, 28 November 1975, IV, p. 22. R.
- Tosi, Umberto. "An Unavoidable Coincidence." *City of San Francisco*, 18 November 1975, pp. 27–29, ill.
- W[ilson], W[illiam]. "Underground Art Films Surface." *Los Angeles Times*, 12 July 1975, II, p. 7. R.
- . "Art Walk." *Los Angeles Times*, 28 November 1975, IV, p. 23. R.
- Wortz, Melinda. "Current Concerns, Part I." *Artweek*, 8 February 1975, p. 5. R.
- 1976 Alf, Martha. "Big Prints, Little Paintings." *Artweek*, 31 July 1976, p. 7. R.
- Askey, Ruth. "The Ferus Gallery Remembered." *Artweek*, 3 April 1976, p. 5, ill. R.
- Ballatore, Sandy. "Directions in Drawing." *Artweek*, 10 April 1976, p. 5. R.
- Berges, Marshall. "Edward Ruscha." *Los Angeles Times, Home Magazine*, 28 March 1976, pp. 38–41, ill. Interview.
- Bloem, Marja. "La Photographie, lieu d'une expérience artistique nouvelle." *Art Actuel/Skira Annuel*, 2 (1976), p. 48.
- Burr, James. "A New Twist." *Apollo*, March 1976, p. 245, ill. R.
- Clark, Susan. "Ruscha's Fascination with Words Is Communicated in Paintings." *Buffalo Evening News*, 10 June 1976, p. 25. R. *

- Crichton, Fenella. "London Letter." *Art International*, March–April 1976, p. 46. R.
- Davis, Douglas. "The Two Faces of California." *Newsweek*, 6 September 1976, pp. 54–55, ill. R.
- Footte, Nancy. "The Anti-Photographers." *Artforum*, September 1976, pp. 47, 50–51, ill.
- Hazlitt, Gordon J. "Cheesecloth, Marble, 'Miracles' and Ashes." *Art News*, February 1976, p. 76. R.
- Kaiser, Robert Blair. "The '76 People Shaping California's Future." *New West*, 26 April 1976, p. 71, ill.*
- Lippard, Lucy. "Going over the Books." *Artweek*, 30 October 1976, p. 11.
- Longley, Cynthia. "Our Art Expatriates." *Oklahoma Monthly*, November 1976, pp. 24–33, ill.*
- Lorber, Richard. "Bicentennial Prints." *Arts*, January 1976, pp. 12–13. R.
- Morris, George. "California Dreaming. Movement and Freedom." *SoHo Weekly News*, 29 January 1976, p. 36, ill. R.
- Morris, Jan. "L.A. Turnoff." *Rolling Stone*, 1 July 1976, pp. 26, 32, ill.
- "The Palm Springs Eternal." *New West*, 7 June 1976, p. 61, ill.
- Preisman, Fran. "Artist-Curated Drawing Survey." *Artweek*, 14 August 1976, p. 6. R.
- Richardson, Nancy. "Los Angeles." *House and Garden*, October 1976, pp. 54, 60, 223, ill.
- "Venice Biennale: Information." *Flash Art*, July–August 1976, pp. 13–17.
- Weiler, A. H. "California Images: 2 Films at Whitney." *New York Times*, 29 January 1976, p. 26. R.
- Wenger, Lesley. "California Visions." *New West*, 11 October 1976, pp. 134–41, ill.*
- Willig, Nancy Tobin. "Albright-Knox Exhibition: Edward Ruscha's Word Art." *Buffalo Courier Express*, 20 June 1976, p. 29. R.*
- . "Buffalo: Type Styles and Photographic Manipulations." *Art News*, October 1976, p. 106. R.
- Wilson, William. "A Vanguard Artist Series." *Los Angeles Times*, 18 February 1976, IV, p. 12.
- 1977 *Art Actuel/Skira Annuel*, 3 (1977), pp. 23, 161, ill.
- Ellenzweig, Allen. "Group Show: Multiples." *Arts*, October 1977, p. 19. R.
- Glueck, Grace. "When Is a Book Not a Book?" *New York Times*, 18 March 1977, p. 18C.
- McIntyre, Mary. "Laguna Gloria Exhibit: A Different Concept of Art." *Austin American-Statesman*, 3 April 1977, pp. 10–11. R.*
- Muchnic, Suzanne. "Artists' Books." *Artweek*, 26 February 1977, p. 16. R.
- Nuckol, Carol. "Artist World Made of Carrot Juice." *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, 11 December 1977, p. 51. R.*
- Perrone, Jeff. "'Words': When Art Takes a Rest." *Artforum*, Summer 1977, p. 36. R.
- Spodarek, Diane. "Feature Interview: Edward Ruscha." *Detroit Artists Monthly*, April 1977, pp. 1–5, ill.*
- "Your Message Here: An Incomplete History of Billboards." *New West*, 14 February 1977, pp. 50–54, ill.*
- 1978 Anderson, Alexandra. "Scrapbooks, Notebooks, Letters, Diaries—Artists' Books Come of Age." *Art News*, March 1978, pp. 69–70, ill.
- Bell, Leonard. "Arts: Spreading the Word." *New Zealand Listener*, 26 August 1978, p. 32, ill. R.*
- "Caviar and Gunpowder." *New Zealand Herald*, 23 August 1978, I, p. 3, ill. R.*
- Crary, Jonathan. "Edward Ruscha's 'Real Estate Opportunities.'" *Arts*, January 1978, pp. 119–21, ill.
- de Ak, Edit. "Ed Ruscha, Castelli Graphics." *Artforum*, Summer 1978, p. 76, ill. R.
- Frackman, Noel. "Edward Ruscha/Eve Sonneman/Keith Sonnier." *Arts*, June 1978, p. 38. R.
- Frank, Peter. "Edward Ruscha (Castelli)." *Art News*, September 1978, p. 175. R.
- . "Unslick in L.A." *Art in America*, September–October 1978, p. 89.
- MacCrae, Scott. "Welcome to Ruscha's L.A." *Vancouver Sun*, 4 August 1978. R.*
- McNamara, T. J. "Detachment Key to Ruscha Show." *New Zealand Herald*, 26 August 1978, I, p. 2. R.*
- Weiss, Dick. "I Know of No Way of Judging the Future but by the Past." *Glass*, January 1978, pp. 51–54, ill.*
- W[ilson], W[illiam]. "Art Walk." *Los Angeles Times*, 16 January 1978, IV, p. 6. R.
- 1979 Artner, Alan G. "The Latest Focus in Visual Wordplay by Ruscha." *Chicago Tribune*, 1 June 1979, 3, p. 10. R.
- . "Institute's New Exhibit Offers a Bleak Picture." *Chicago Tribune*, 10 June 1979, 6, p. 9. R.
- Burnside, Madeleine. "Ed Ruscha (Getler/Pall)." *Art News*, March 1979, p. 193. R.
- Dunham, Judith L. "Ed Ruscha Paintings." *Artweek*, 21 April 1979, p. 4, ill. R.
- Laufer, Susan. "Ruscha's Books and Seriality." *L-A-N-G-U-A-G-E*, March 1979, np.*
- Mitchum, Trina. "A Conversation with Ed Ruscha." *Journal: Southern California Art Magazine*, February 1979, pp. 21–24, ill.
- Morgan, Robert C. "Fables, Grids and Swimming Pools: Phototexts in Perspective." *Journal: Southern California Art Magazine*, September–October 1979, pp. 41–43, ill.
- Ramos, Leta. "The Artist's Palette." *New West*, 2 July 1979, pp. 20–23, ill.*
- Raynor, Vivien. "Art: A Latter Day Pre-Raphaelite Out West." *New York Times*, 5 January 1979, p. 18C. R.
- Robertson, Allen. "Reflections on Photography." *TWA Ambassador*, May 1979, pp. 90–93. R.*
- "Seven Artists: Edward Ruscha." *Time Out* (London), August 1979, p. 78.*
- Spalding, F. "Ed Ruscha." *Arts Review* (London), 21 December 1979, p. 717. R.*
- Trini, Tommaso. "Ruscha on the Air." *Domus*, November 1979, pp. 46–47, ill.
- Wheland, Richard. "New Editions." *Art News*, September 1979, p. 37. R.
- 1980 Casademont, Joan. "Ed Ruscha, Leo Castelli Gallery." *Artforum*, December 1980, p. 81, ill. R.
- Crichton, Fenella. "Ed Ruscha—Nigel Greenwood." *Art and Artists*, February 1980, p. 38. R.
- Linker, Kate. "The Artist's Book as an Alternative Space." *Studio International*, 195:990 (1980), p. 76.
- Sauerbier, S. D. "Zwischen Kunst und Literatur." *Kunstforum*, 37:1 (1980), pp. 72, 74, ill.
- Tennesen, Michael, and Marks, Richard B. "'Local' Art Hits the Big Time." *Los Angeles Magazine*, February 1980, pp. 114–21, 296, ill.
- 1981 Barendse, Henri Man. "Ed Ruscha, an Interview." *Afterimage*, February 1981, pp. 8–10, ill.
- "California: Art of the State." *New West*, January 1981, p. 54, ill.
- Hemmerdinger, William. "Ed Ruscha Turns Metaphysical." *Artweek*, 7 February 1981, pp. 5–6, ill.

FILMS

- American Art in the Sixties*. New York: Blackwood Productions, 1973. 58 min., sound, color, 16 mm.
- Edward Ruscha*. London: BBC-TV, 1979. 30 min., sound, color. Part of "Seven Artists" series.

Checklist of the Exhibition

In the listing of dimensions, height precedes width; centimeter measurements are enclosed in parentheses. Titles, dates, and measurements have been provided by the owners or custodians of the works. The figure preceding the title refers to the exhibition number.

PAINTINGS

1. DUBLIN. 1960. Oil on canvas, 72 × 67" (182.9 × 170.2).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 2)

2. BOX SMASHED FLAT. 1960–61. Oil on canvas, 70 × 48" (177.8 × 121.9).
Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Ard, Fort Worth, Texas. (Plate 3)

3. ACE. 1961. Oil on paper, 7¼ × 8¾" (18.4 × 22.2).
Collection of Robert Rauschenberg, New York. (Plate 8)

4. BOSS. 1961. Oil on canvas, 72 × 67" (182.9 × 170.2).
Collection of Dr. Leopold S. Tuchman, Beverly Hills, California. (Plate 12)

5. ACTUAL SIZE. 1962. Oil on canvas, 72 × 67" (182.9 × 170.2).
Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Anonymous Gift through the Contemporary Art Council. (Plate 11)

6. ANNIE. 1962. Oil on canvas, 72 × 67" (182.9 × 170.2).
Collection of Betty Asher, Beverly Hills, California. (Plate 14)

7. HOUSE ON 38TH ST. 1962. Oil on canvas, 20 × 22" (50.8 × 55.9).
Collection of Patty Callahan, San Francisco. (Plate 5)

8. LARGE TRADEMARK WITH EIGHT SPOTLIGHTS. 1962. Oil on canvas, 67 × 132" (170.2 × 335.3).
Private collection, New York. (Plate 20)
(Exhibited in San Francisco and New York only)

9. WAR SURPLUS. 1962. Oil on canvas, 71 × 66⅜" (180.3 × 168.6).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 13)

10. FLASH, L.A. TIMES. 1963. Oil on canvas, 72 × 67" (182.9 × 170.2).
Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio. (Plate 18)

11. NOISE, PENCIL, BROKEN PENCIL, CHEAP WESTERN. 1963. Oil on canvas, 71¼ × 67" (181 × 170.2).
Collection of Sydney and Frances Lewis. (Plate 23)

12. SMASH. 1963. Oil on canvas, 71½ × 67" (181.6 × 170.2).
Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. Marron, New York. (Plate 26)

13. STANDARD STATION, AMARILLO, TEXAS. 1963. Oil on canvas, 65 × 124" (165.1 × 315).
Dartmouth College Museum and Galleries, Hanover, New Hampshire.
Gift of J. J. Meeker, In Memory of Lee English '58. (Plate 22)

14. DAMAGE. 1964. Oil on canvas, 72 × 67" (182.9 × 170.2).
Alford House/Anderson Fine Arts Center, Anderson, Indiana. Gift of The American Federation of Arts, 1972. (Plate 24)

15. ANGRY BECAUSE IT'S PLASTER, NOT MILK. 1965. Oil on canvas, 55 × 48" (139.7 × 121.9).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 31)

16. BALTIMORE ORIOLE SECURING FRESHWATER FISH. 1965. Oil on canvas, 59 × 55" (149.9 × 139.7).
Collection of Stephen Mazoh, Rhinebeck, New York. (Plate 32)

17. BURNING GAS STATION. 1965–66. Oil on canvas, 20½ × 39" (52.1 × 99.1).
The Cardea Foundation, Los Angeles. (Plate 41)

18. THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM ON FIRE. 1965–68. Oil on canvas, 53½ × 133½" (135.9 × 339.1).
Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. (Plate 67)

19. ADIOS. 1967. Oil on canvas, 60 × 54" (152.4 × 137.2).
Collection of Ed Bevan, Fort Worth, Texas. (Plate 46)

20. PRESSURES. 1967. Oil on canvas, 20 × 24" (50.8 × 61).
Collection of Martha and Melvin Horowitz, Spartanburg, South Carolina. (Plate 39)

21. VASELINE. 1967. Oil on canvas, 24¼ × 30¼" (61.6 × 76.8).
Collection of Danna Ruscha, Sherman Oaks, California. (Plate 37)

22. CITY. 1968. Oil on canvas, 55 × 48" (139.7 × 121.9).
The Art Institute of Chicago. 20th Century Purchase Fund. (Plate 47)

23. MARBLE SHATTERS DRINKING GLASS. 1968. Oil on canvas, 20 × 24" (50.8 × 61).
Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Ahmet Ertegun, New York. (Plate 51)

24. RANCHO. 1968. Oil on canvas, 60 × 54" (152.4 × 137.2).
Collection of Danna Ruscha, Sherman Oaks, California. (Plate 49)

25. TOOTH. 1968–75. Oil on canvas, 20 × 24" (50.8 × 61).
Collection of Dr. and Mrs. Merle S. Glick, Los Angeles. (Plate 40)

26. BOUNCING MARBLES, BOUNCING APPLE, BOUNCING OLIVE. 1969. Oil on canvas, 60 × 55" (152.4 × 139.7).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 54)

27. DESIRE. 1969. Oil on canvas, 60 × 55" (152.4 × 139.7).
Collection of Laura Lee Stearns, Los Angeles. (Plate 48)

28. EYE. 1969. Oil on canvas, 60 × 54" (152.4 × 137.2).
The Oakland Museum, California. Gift of the Art Guild of The Oakland Museum Association and the National Endowment for the Arts. (Plate 50)

29. PAINKILLERS, TRANQUILIZERS, OLIVE. 1969. Oil on canvas, 20 × 24" (50.8 × 61).
Collection of John Berggruen, San Francisco. (Plate 52)
30. BLUE BOWLING BALL. 1972. Oil on canvas, 20 × 24" (50.8 × 61).
First City National Bank of Houston, Texas. (Plate 53)
31. ANGRY PEOPLE. 1973. Oil on canvas, 20 × 24" (50.8 × 61).
Collection of Ulrike Kantor, Los Angeles. (Plate 38)
32. EXECUTIVE PRESSURES AND LOSS OF MEMORY. 1973. Egg yolk on moiré, 36 × 40" (91.4 × 101.6).
Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Barry A. Berkus, Santa Barbara, California. (Plate 73)
33. LISTEN, I'D LIKE TO HELP OUT, BUT. 1973. Ketchup on canvas, 60 × 54" (152.4 × 137.2).
Collection of Leon Bing, Los Angeles. (Plate 74)
34. MR. CHOW L.A. 1973. Vegetable substances on canvas, 60 × 50" (152.4 × 127).
Collection of Michael and Tina Chow, New York. (Plate 77)
35. NOW THEN, AS I WAS ABOUT TO SAY. . . . 1973. Shellac on moiré, 36 × 40" (91.4 × 101.6).
Paine, Webber, Jackson and Curtis, Inc., New York. (Plate 75)
36. VANISHING CREAM. 1973. Egg yolk on moiré, 36 × 40" (91.4 × 101.6).
Collection of Virginia and Bagley Wright, Seattle, Washington. (Plate 81)
37. VERY ANGRY PEOPLE. 1973. Cherry stain on moiré, 20 × 24" (50.8 × 61).
Collection of William Copley, New York. (Plate 86)
38. JINX. 1973–74. Oil on canvas, 54 × 60" (137.2 × 152.4).
Paine, Webber, Jackson and Curtis, Inc., New York. (Plate 84)
39. BABY CAKES. 1974. Blueberry extract and egg yolk on moiré, 36 × 40" (91.4 × 101.6).
Private collection, Toronto, Canada. (Plate 83)
40. COTTON PUFFS. 1974. Equalized egg yolk on moiré, 36 × 40" (91.4 × 101.6).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 82)
41. SAND IN THE VASELINE. 1974. Equalized egg yolk on satin, 36 × 40" (91.4 × 101.6).
Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, The Netherlands. (Plate 89)
42. SCREAMING IN SPANISH. 1974. Shellac on taffeta, 36 × 40" (91.4 × 101.6).
Collection of John Martin Shea, Newport Beach, California. (Plate 87)
43. SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THAT. 1974. Blood on satin, 36 × 40" (91.4 × 101.6).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 85)
44. WE HUMANS. 1974. Spinach and egg white on moiré, 36 × 40" (91.4 × 101.6).
Courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York. (Plate 90)
45. A BLVD. CALLED SUNSET. 1975. Blackberry juice on moiré, 28 × 40" (71.1 × 101.6).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 88)
46. NO END TO THE THINGS MADE OUT OF HUMAN TALK. 1977. Oil on canvas, 36 × 84" (91.4 × 213.4).
Collection of Casey Kristofferson, Los Angeles. (Plate 99)
47. VERY ANGRY PEOPLE. 1977. Oil on linen, 20 × 24" (50.8 × 61).
Collection of Jack and Lynne Myers, Beverly Hills, California. (Plate 117)
48. IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1984. 1978. Oil on canvas, 54 × 60" (137.2 × 152.4).
Collection of Robert Borlenghi, Beverly Hills, California. (Plate 118)
49. SHE SLEPT WITH TWO WINDUP ALARM CLOCKS. 1978. Oil on canvas, 16 × 60" (40.6 × 152.4).
Collection of Ruth and Jacob Bloom. (Plate 119)
50. BAMBOO POLE. 1979. Oil on canvas, 20 × 159" (50.8 × 403.9).
Courtesy of Ace Gallery, Venice, California. (Plate 120)
51. A QUESTION OF CITIES. 1979. Oil on canvas, 22 × 80" (55.9 × 203.2).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 125)
52. WHO AM I? 1979. Oil on canvas, 22 × 80" (55.9 × 203.2).
Collection of Mocci and Gunnar Hammer, Spain and Sweden. (Plate 126)
53. CANADA, U.S.A., MEXICO. 1980. Oil on canvas, 20 × 159" (50.8 × 403.9).
Courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York. (Plate 127)
54. THE FIFTIES. 1980. Oil on canvas, 20 × 159" (50.8 × 403.9).
Gelco Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. (Plate 128)
55. IT'S A SMALL WORLD. 1980. Oil on canvas, 22 × 80" (55.9 × 203.2).
Collection of Candy Clark, Los Angeles. (Plate 121)
(Exhibited in San Francisco, New York, and Los Angeles only)
56. THE NINETIES. 1980. Oil on canvas, 20 × 159" (50.8 × 403.9).
Courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York. (Plate 129)

WORKS ON PAPER

57. DUBLIN. 1959. Wood, newspaper, and ink on paper, $13\frac{1}{2} \times 13$ " (34.3×33).

Collection of the artist. (Plate 1)

58. INSECT EATING PAPER. 1960. Magazine reproduction and paper on paper, $11 \times 10\frac{5}{8}$ " (27.9×27).

Collection of the artist. (Plate 10)

59. ITEMS. 1960. Ink and gouache on paper, $11\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$ " (29.2×24.8).

Collection of the artist. (Plate 7)

60. UNTITLED. 1961. Ink, envelope, and paper on paper, $10\frac{3}{4} \times 13\frac{1}{8}$ " (27.3×33.3).

Collection of Paul Ruscha, Hollywood, California. (Plate 9)

61. TRADEMARK 2. 1962. Ink, pencil, and oil on paper, $8\frac{3}{4} \times 14\frac{1}{4}$ " (24.8×36.2).

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Purchase. (Plate 4)

62. 20—20—20. 1962. Tempera on paper, $13\frac{3}{4} \times 17$ " (34.9×43.2).

Collection of the artist. (Plate 19)

63. WONDER BREAD. 1962. Pencil on paper, $16\frac{7}{8} \times 14$ "

(42.9×35.6).

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dean, San Francisco. (Plate 6)

64. DIMPLE. 1964. Tempera and ink on paper, $11\frac{1}{2} \times 14\frac{5}{8}$ "

(29.2×37.2).

Collection of Ulrike Kantor, Los Angeles. (Plate 17)

65. SMASH. 1964. Graphite on paper, triptych: $11 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ "

(27.9×26.7); $11\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ " (29.8×26.7); $11\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ "

(29.8×26.7).

Collection of the artist. (Plate 25)

66. BRONSON TROPICS. 1965. Graphite on paper, $14\frac{1}{8} \times 22\frac{5}{8}$ "

(35.9×57.5).

Collection of the artist. (Plate 28)

67. DOHENY DRIVE. 1965. Graphite on paper, $14\frac{1}{8} \times 22\frac{5}{8}$ "

(35.9×57.5).

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. Marron, New York. (Plate 27)

68. VICTORY BOULEVARD. 1965. Graphite on paper, $14\frac{1}{8} \times 22\frac{5}{8}$ "

(35.9×57.5).

Private collection, Beverly Hills, California. (Plate 30)

69. WILSHIRE BLVD. 1965. Graphite on paper, $14\frac{1}{8} \times 22\frac{5}{8}$ "

(35.9×57.5).

Private collection, Beverly Hills, California. (Plate 29)

70. PUSSY. 1966. Graphite on paper, $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ " (17.1×12.1).

Collection of Joe Goode, Springville, California. (Plate 34)

71. STARDUST. 1966. Graphite on paper, $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ " (17.1×22.2).

Collection of Harvey Sande, Berkeley, California. (Plate 33)

72. 1984. 1967. Gunpowder on paper, $13\frac{1}{4} \times 21\frac{7}{16}$ " (33.7×54.5).
San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Purchase. (Plate 35)

73. RAW. 1969. Graphite and pastel on paper, $13\frac{1}{4} \times 21\frac{7}{8}$ " (33.7×55.6).

Collection of Susan Haller, Los Angeles. (Plate 36)

74. AIR. 1970. Gunpowder and pastel on paper, 23×29 "

(58.4×73.7).

Collection of Mrs. Pollard Marsters, Houston, Texas. (Plate 43)

75. LIPS. 1970. Gunpowder and pastel on paper, $11\frac{1}{2} \times 29$ " (29.2×73.7).

Collection of Byron Meyer, San Francisco. (Plate 45)

76. MOTOR. 1970. Gunpowder and pastel on paper, 23×29 " (58.4×73.7).

Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Lauder Foundation—
Drawing Fund, 1977. (Plate 44)

77. SATIN. 1971. Rose petals rubbed on paper, 23×29 " (58.4×73.7).

Collection of the artist. (Plate 61)

78. WHISKERS, SPLINTERS. 1972. Gunpowder on paper, $11\frac{1}{2} \times 29$ " (29.2×73.7).

Collection of Stephen Mazoh, Rhinebeck, New York. (Plate 62)

79. DO ING. 1973. Pastel on paper, $22\frac{3}{4} \times 28\frac{5}{8}$ " (57.8×72.7).

Collection of Peter Gill, San Antonio, Texas. (Plate 72)

80. FLYING SHEET STAINED WITH FERNET BRANCA. 1973. Gunpowder and Fernet Branca on paper, $14\frac{1}{2} \times 23$ " (36.8×58.4).
Courtesy of Françoise Lambert, Milan, Italy. (Plate 64)

81. HAWAIIAN MUSIC. 1973. Pastel on paper, $22\frac{3}{4} \times 28\frac{3}{4}$ " (57.8×73).

Courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York. (Plate 70)

82. MERCY. 1973. Blood on paper, 23×29 " (58.4×73.7).

Collection of the artist. (Plate 69)

83. RADIOS AT FULL VOLUME. 1973. Gunpowder and pastel on paper, $7\frac{1}{4} \times 18\frac{1}{2}$ " (18.4×47).

Collection of Janie Beggs, Santa Fe, New Mexico. (Plate 71)

84. SPREAD. 1973. Gunpowder and tobacco on paper, diptych: each 23×29 " (58.4×73.7).

Collection of David and Gladycy Begelman, Beverly Hills, California. (Plate 66)

(Exhibited in San Francisco, New York, and Los Angeles only)

85. TWO SHEETS STAINED WITH BLOOD. 1973. Gunpowder and blood on paper, $11\frac{1}{2} \times 29$ " (29.2×73.7).

Collection of the artist. (Plate 65)

86. VALIUMS, SPLINTERS. 1973. Gunpowder and pastel on paper, $11\frac{1}{2} \times 29$ " (29.2×73.7).
Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
Purchase—Through an Anonymous Fund. (Plate 63)
87. WASH, THEN DANCE. 1973. Pastel on paper, $22\frac{3}{4} \times 28\frac{3}{4}$ " (57.8×73).
Collection of J. J. Meeker, Fort Worth, Texas. (Plate 78)
88. HEADLIGHTS ARE SIMILAR TO PEOPLE'S EYES. 1974. Pastel on paper, $14\frac{1}{4} \times 22\frac{3}{4}$ " (36.2×57.8).
Collection of Ulrike Kantor, Los Angeles. (Plate 79)
89. MURDER. 1974. Spinach on paper, 23×29 " (58.4×73.7).
Private collection, Toronto, Canada. (Plate 80)
90. I LIVE OVER IN VALLEY VIEW. 1975. Pastel on paper, $21\frac{1}{4} \times 28\frac{3}{4}$ " (54×73).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 103)
91. SLOBBERIN DRUNK AT THE PALOMINO. 1975. Pastel on paper, $29\frac{1}{2} \times 39\frac{1}{2}$ " (74.9×100.3).
Collection of Ira and Adele Yellin, Los Angeles. (Plate 76)
92. THREE DARVONS AND TWO VALIUMS. 1975. Pastel on paper, $22\frac{1}{2} \times 28\frac{5}{8}$ " (57.2×72.7).
Courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York. (Plate 95)
93. THE TRAIL OF PRUNES. 1975. Pastel on paper, $14\frac{3}{8} \times 22\frac{7}{8}$ " (36.5×58.1).
Collection of Catherine Hillenbrand, Seattle, Washington. (Plate 91)
94. UNTITLED. 1975. Zinc oxide and pastel on paper, $39\frac{5}{8} \times 28\frac{3}{4}$ " (100.7×73).
Collection of Michelle Phillips, Los Angeles. (Plate 106)
95. ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD DREAM BUBBLE POPPED. 1976. Pastel on paper, $23\frac{1}{8} \times 29\frac{1}{8}$ " (58.7×74).
Collection of Joe Goode, Springville, California. (Plate 93)
96. HE ENJOYS THE CO. OF WOMEN. 1976. Pastel on paper, $22\frac{1}{2} \times 28\frac{1}{2}$ " (57.2×72.4).
Collection of Woody Allen, New York. (Plate 97)
97. MALIBU = SLIDING GLASS DOORS. 1976. Pastel on paper, $23\frac{1}{8} \times 29\frac{1}{8}$ " (58.7×74).
Frederick Weisman Company, Century City, California. (Plate 94)
98. NICE, HOT VEGETABLES. 1976. Pastel on paper, $22\frac{3}{4} \times 28\frac{3}{4}$ " (57.8×73).
Collection of Patricia L. Brundage, New York. (Plate 96)
99. PONTIAC CATALINAS? 1976. Pastel on paper, $22\frac{5}{8} \times 28\frac{5}{8}$ " (57.5×72.7).
Collection of Walter Hopps, Washington, D.C. (Plate 98)
100. PR-PR-PROCESS FOOD. 1976. Pastel on paper, $23\frac{1}{8} \times 29\frac{1}{8}$ " (58.7×74).
Courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York. (Plate 100)
101. SHE SURE KNEW HER DEVOTIONALS. 1976. Pastel on paper, $22\frac{3}{4} \times 28\frac{3}{4}$ " (57.8×73).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 101)
102. SOME PRETTY EYES AND SOME ELECTRIC BILLS. 1976. Pastel on paper, $22\frac{3}{4} \times 28\frac{5}{8}$ " (57.8×72.7).
Collection of Gabriel Levinas, Buenos Aires, Argentina. (Plate 110)
103. SPLINTERS; PAPER. 1976. Pastel on paper, $14\frac{3}{8} \times 23$ " (36.5×58.4).
Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Lang, Medina, Washington. (Plate 92)
104. THERMOMETERS SHOULD LAST FOREVER. 1976. Pastel on paper, $23\frac{1}{8} \times 29\frac{1}{8}$ " (58.7×74).
Collection of Lauren Hutton, New York. (Plate 102)
105. THOSE OF US WHO HAVE DOUBLE PARKED. 1976. Pastel on paper, $22\frac{3}{4} \times 28\frac{3}{4}$ " (57.8×73).
Courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York. (Plate 104)
106. BACK OF HOLLYWOOD. 1977. Pastel on paper, $8\frac{1}{8} \times 14\frac{1}{8}$ " (20.6×35.9).
Collection of Norman and Frances Lear, Los Angeles. (Plate 105)
107. HONEY, I TWISTED THROUGH MORE DAMN TRAFFIC TODAY. 1977. Pastel on paper, $22\frac{5}{8} \times 28\frac{5}{8}$ " (57.5×72.7).
Collection of Susan Brundage, New York. (Plate 116)
108. HOSTILE POLYESTER. 1977. Lettuce on paper coated with polyurethane. 23×29 " (58.4×73.7).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 111)
109. UNIDENTIFIED HIT RECORD. 1977. Pastel on paper, $22\frac{1}{2} \times 28\frac{5}{8}$ " (57.2×72.7).
Courtesy of Ace Gallery, Venice, California. (Plate 108)
110. A WINTER VEGETABLE SET-UP IN MEXICO. 1977. Carrot juice on paper, $23\frac{1}{8} \times 29$ " (58.7×73.7).
Courtesy of Texas Gallery, Houston, Texas. (Plate 109)
111. ELECT . . . TRICITY. 1979. Pastel on paper, 23×29 " (58.4×73.7).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 112)
112. HOLLYWOOD IS A VERB. 1979. Pastel on paper, 23×29 " (58.4×73.7).
Collection of the artist. (Plate 115)
113. I DON'T WANT NO RETRO SPECTIVE. 1979. Pastel on paper, 23×29 " (58.4×73.7).
Collection of Bud Cort. (Plate 113)

114. I DON'T WANT NO S-SILICONES OR NO ACCIDENTAL S-SIDEBURNS. 1979. Pastel on paper, 23 × 29" (58.4 × 73.7). Courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York. (Plate 114)

PRINTS

115. GAS. 1962. Lithograph, extra proof (ed. 10), 20 × 15" (50.8 × 38.1). Printed at Kanthos Press, Los Angeles. The Fort Worth Art Museum, Texas. Anonymous Gift in Memory of Sam B. Cantey III. (Plate 15)

116. 3327 DIVISION ('39 FORD). 1962. Lithograph, A/P (ed. 10), 17½ × 14" (44.5 × 35.6). Printed at Kanthos Press, Los Angeles. The Fort Worth Art Museum, Texas. Anonymous Gift in Memory of Sam B. Cantey III. (Plate 16)

117. STANDARD STATION. 1966. Screenprint (ed. 50), 25¾ × 40" (65.4 × 101.6). Published by Audrey Sabol, Villanova, Pennsylvania. Collection of the artist. (Plate 21)

118. HOLLYWOOD. 1968. Screenprint (ed. 100), 17½ × 44" (44.5 × 111.8). Collection of the artist. (Plate 42)

Numbers 119 through 124 are from a series published by Alecto Editions Ltd., London, England, June 1970, in an edition limited to 125 on Silverbrook snow white antique finish paper, each 23⅓ × 31⅞" (58.6 × 81). The medium listed indicates substances applied in descending order toward the paper.

119. NEWS. 1970. Screenprint: blackcurrant pie filling over red salmon roe. Collection of the artist. (Plate 55)

120. MEWS. 1970. Screenprint: blackcurrant pie filling over cherry pie filling over unmixed raw egg on Bolognese sauce. Collection of the artist. (Plate 56)

121. PEWS. 1970. Screenprint: squid in ink on Hershey's chocolate flavor syrup and Camp coffee and chicory essence, mixed 6/4. Collection of the artist. (Plate 57)

122. BREWS. 1970. Screenprint: axle grease over caviar. Collection of the artist. (Plate 58)

123. STEWS. 1970. Screenprint: crushed baked beans, caviar, fresh strawberries, cherry pie filling, mango chutney, tomato paste, daffodils, tulips, and leaves. Collection of the artist. (Plate 59)

124. DUES. 1970. Screenprint: Branston pickle on Branston pickle. Collection of the artist. (Plate 60)

125. I'M AMAZED. 1971. Screenprint (ed. 100), 40 × 60" (101.6 × 152.4). Published by Bernard Jacobson Ltd., London, and printed at Advanced Graphics Ltd., London.

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. H. Peter Findlay. (Plate 68)

126. MIRACLE. 1977. Lithograph (ed. 35), 22 × 31" (55.9 × 78.7). Published by and courtesy of Gemini G.E.L., Los Angeles. (Plate 107)

127. AN EXTREMELY ORDINARY PERSON. 1978. Lithograph (ed. 20), 15¾ × 30" (40 × 76.2). Published by the Visual Arts Center, California State University at Fullerton. Collection of the artist. (Plate 123)

128. KAY-EYE-DOUBLE-S. 1978. Lithograph (ed. 35), 22 × 31" (55.9 × 78.7). Published at Hartford Art School. University of Hartford Print Workshop, Hartford Art School, West Hartford, Connecticut. (Plate 122)

BOOKS

129. TWENTYSIX GASOLINE STATIONS. 1963. 7⅓ × 5½" (17.9 × 14).

130. VARIOUS SMALL FIRES AND MILK. 1964. 7⅓ × 5½" (17.9 × 14).

131. SOME LOS ANGELES APARTMENTS. 1965. 7⅓ × 5½" (17.9 × 14).

132. EVERY BUILDING ON THE SUNSET STRIP. 1966. 7⅓ × 5½" (17.9 × 14).

133. ROYAL ROAD TEST (in collaboration with Mason Williams and Patrick Blackwell). 1967. 9⅓ × 6½" (23 × 16.5).

134. THIRTYFOUR PARKING LOTS IN LOS ANGELES. 1967. 10 × 8" (25.4 × 20.3).

135. BUSINESS CARDS (in collaboration with Billy Al Bengston). 1968. 8¾ × 5⅝" (22.2 × 14.3).

136. NINE SWIMMING POOLS AND A BROKEN GLASS. 1968. 7⅓ × 5½" (17.9 × 14).

137. CRACKERS. 1969. 8¾ × 6" (22.2 × 15.2).

138. REAL ESTATE OPPORTUNITIES. 1970. 7⅓ × 5½" (17.9 × 14).

139. STAINS. 1969. Portfolio: 75 loose sheets of paper, each with an organic substance (ed. 70), sheet size: 11⅞ × 10¾" (30.2 × 27.3); box size: 12½ × 11¾ × 1½" (31.8 × 29.8 × 3.8). Collection of the artist. (Plate 124)

140. A FEW PALM TREES. 1971. 7⅓ × 5½" (17.9 × 14).

141. RECORDS. 1971. 7⅓ × 5½" (17.9 × 14).

142. COLORED PEOPLE. 1972. 7⅓ × 5½" (17.9 × 14).

143. HARD LIGHT (in collaboration with Lawrence Weiner). 1978. 7 × 5" (17.8 × 12.7).

Page numbers in *italics* refer to illustrations.

Ace, 1961, 46, 159, 174
Actual Size, 1962, 48, 174
Adios, 1967, 17, 19, 20, 36, 80, 174
Adios, 1969, 161
Air, 1969, 161
Air, 1970, 37, 79, 176
Albers, Josef, 158
Alexander, Peter, 162
Altoon, John, 10, 157, 160, 161, 162
Angry Because It's Plaster, Not Milk, 1965, 68, 174
Angry People, 1973, 72, 175
Annie, 1962, 51, 160, 174
Annie, 1969, 161
Another Hollywood Dream Bubble Popped, 1976, 40, 120, 177
Anthony, Saint, 19
Archer, Lew, 39
Artists who Make "Pieces," 1976, 38, 38
Auden, W. H., 39
Audubon, John James, 17
Automatic, 1966, 22, 34, 36
Autry, Gene, 29

Baargeld, J. T. (Alfred Grünewald), 19; *Beetles*, 1920, 21, 159
Babycakes, 1970, 162
Baby Cakes, 1974, 110, 175
Back of Hollywood, 1977, 30, 130, 177
Balch, Hattie, 29
Baltimore Oriole Securing Freshwater Fish, 1965, 39, 69, 174
Bamboo Pole, 1979, 141–43, 175
Barragán, Luis, 157
Barthelme, Donald, 18, 20, 40
Barthes, Roland, 14, 17
Bass, Saul, 35
Batterton, Wally, 157
Bell, Larry, 10, 35, 157, 159, 162; *Untitled*, 1969, 36
Bengston, Billy Al, 10, 35, 157, 160, 160, 161, 161, 162
Bengstonland, 28
Bereal, Ed, 10, 157, 159
Berman, Wallace, 10, 161
Bertelli, R. A., *Head of Mussolini*, 1933, 158, 159
Bing, Leon, 162
Bird Drinks Creek Dry, Fish Escapes, 1965, 36
Blackwell, Patrick, 157, 161
Blair, Streeter, 162
Blue Bowling Ball, 1972, 86, 175
Blum, Irving, 10, 159
Bonaparte, Bob, 156
Bono, Sonny, 21
Borgnine, Ernest, 38
Boss, 1961, 19, 49, 174
Botticelli, Sandro, 17
A Blvd. Called Sunset, 1975, 40, 115, 175
Bouncing Marbles, Bouncing Apple, Bouncing Olive, 1969, 17, 36, 87, 174
Box Smashed Flat, 1960–61, 44, 174
Bradbury, Ray, 18
Brancusi, Constantin, 29, 30
Brews, 1970, 17, 37, 89, 162, 178
Bronson Tropics, 1965, 66, 176
Brook, Sharon, 157
Brown, Johnny Mack, 29
Burning Gas Station, 1965–66, 15, 36, 74, 174
Business Cards, 1968, 161, 178
Byron, George Gordon, 21

Cage, John, 14
Callahan, Patty, 160
Canada, U.S.A., Mexico, 1980, 153–54, 175

Carr, Viki, 35
Carroll, Lewis, 19
Cassidy, Hopalong, 29
Castelli, Leo, 30, 159
Cathcart, Linda, 162
Cézanne, Paul, 35
Chandler, Raymond, 32
Chili Draft, 1974, 162
de Chirico, Giorgio, 35
Chocolate Room, 1970, 11, 11, 162
Choumsky, Noam, 24
City, 1968, 81, 174
Claura, Michel, 162
Cocteau, Jean, 20
Colored People, 1972, 28, 162, 178
Conner, Bruce, 10
Copley, William, 17, 161
Cotton Puffs, 1974, 109, 175
Crackers, 1969, 161, 162, 178

Dali, Salvador, 35
Damage, 1964, 15, 63, 174
Davis, Stuart, 37
Demettrion, James, 161
De Mille, C. B., 18
De Quincey, Thomas, 29
Desire, 1969, 17, 82, 174
Diebenkorn, Richard, 162
Dimple, 1964, 36, 38, 52, 176
Dine, Jim, 160
Disney, Walt, 14, 22, 26, 157
Doheny Drive, 1965, 35, 66, 176
Do ing, 1973, 102, 176
Dowd, Robert, 160
Dublin, 1959, 42, 158, 159, 176
Dublin, 1960, 43, 174
Duchamp, Marcel, 11, 40, 160
Dues, 1970, 17, 37, 89, 162, 178
Dylan, Bob, 29

Earhart, Amelia, 25
Edwards, Vincent, 35
Elect. . . tricity, 1979, 136, 177
Ernst, Max, 17
España, 1961, 159
Every Building on the Sunset Strip, 1966, 11, 20, 34, 35, 161, 178
Executive Pressures and Loss of Memory, 1973, 103, 175
An Extremely Ordinary Person, 1978, 148, 178
Eye, 1969, 17, 84, 161, 174

Fats, 1964, 36, 38
A Few Palm Trees, 1971, 32, 33, 162, 178
Fields, W. C., 35
The Fifties, 1980, 153–54, 175
Flash, L.A. Times, 1963, 15, 53, 174
Flies, 1972, 21
Flying Sheet Stained with Fernet Branca, 1973, 92, 176
Folded Sheet Stained with Iodine, 1973, 35
Folon, Jean-Michel, 35
Foster, Edward A., 162
Foulkes, Llyn, 157, 161, 162
Four Sheets Stained with Chocolate and Egg Yolk, 1972, 34, 35
Francis, Sam, 162
Frasconi, Antonio, 35
Fried, Michael, 35
Frog and Flies, 1969, 161
Funk, Joe, 160

Ganzer, Jim, 19, 20, 162
Gas, 1962, 15, 52, 160, 178

Ginsberg, Allen, 39
Goetz, Richard, 157
Goode, Joe, 10, 11, 27, 156, 157, 159, 160, 161
Graham, Billy, 40
Greene, Graham, 40

Haggard, Merle, 25
Hamilton, Richard, 36
Hard Light, 1978, 162, 178
Harrison, Newton, 162
Hawaiian Music, 1973, 100, 176
Hayes, Gabby, 29
Headlights Are Similar to People's Eyes, 1974, 40, 107, 177
He Enjoys the Co. of Women, 1976, 40, 123, 177
Hefferton, Philip, 160
Hendler, Maxwell, 162
Herms, George, 10
Hickey, Dave, 37
Hockney, David, 32
Holden, William, 40
Hollywood, 1968, 17, 38, 75–76, 161, 178
Hollywood, 1969, 161
Hollywood in the Rain, 1969, 161
Hollywood Is a Verb, 1979, 137, 177
Honey, Hand Me the Can of Nu-Smell Please, 1980, 28, 29
Honey, I Twisted through More Damn Traffic Today, 1977, 138, 177
Honk, 1962, 160
Hopkins, Henry, 159, 162
Hopper, Dennis, 11
Hopper, Edward, 35; *House by the Railroad*, 1925, 33, 35
Hopps, Walter, 10, 159, 160
Hostile Polyester, 1977, 135, 177
House on 38th St., 1962, 45, 174
Hunter, Fredericka, 162

I Don't Want No Retro Spective, 1979, 136, 177
I Don't Want No S— Silicones or No Accidental S— Sideburns, 1979, 137, 178
I Live over in Valley View, 1975, 128, 177
I'm Amazed, 1971, 99, 178
I'm Completely Exhausted, 28
Insect Eating Paper, 1960, 47, 176
In the Year of Our Lord 1984, 1978, 139, 175
I Plead Insanity Because I'm Just Crazy about That Little Girl, 1976, 38, 40
Irwin, Robert, 10, 35, 39, 157, 160, 162
Items, 1960, 46, 176
It's a Small World, 1980, 141–43, 175

Jelly, 1964, 34, 36, 38
Jinx, 1973–74, 111, 175
Joad, Tom, 33
Johns, Jasper, 10, 14, 15, 28, 33, 157, 159; *Target with Four Faces*, 1955, 24, 27, 157, 157
Joyce, James, 19, 33
Judd, Don, 37
Jurado, Katy, 38

Karp, Ivan, 27, 159
Kauffman, Craig, 10, 160, 161
Kay-Eye-Double-S, 1978, 147, 178
Kelly, Ellsworth, 28
Kern, Jerome, 27
Kerouac, Jack, 11
Kienholz, Edward, 10
Klee, Paul, 39
Kline, Franz, 157, 158
Knight, Gladys, & The Pips, 22
de Kooning, Willem, 10, 157

Kosuth, Joseph, 38; *White and Black*, 1966, 37
Kraus, Karl, 24

Large Trademark with Eight Spotlights, 1962, 15, 20, 36,
55–56, 159, 160, 174
Lawrence, D. H., 28
Lewis, C. S., 19
Lichtenstein, Roy, 15, 40, 159, 160; *Keds*, 1961, 36
Lindner, Richard, 36
Lips, 1970, 37, 79, 176
Listen, I'd Like to Help out, But, 1973, 104, 175
A Little Malibu Love-Nest, 28
Livet, Anne, 14, 162
Lorca, 1961, 159
The Los Angeles County Museum on Fire, 1965–68, 15, 23,
40, 95–96, 159, 174

Macdonald, Dwight, 37
Magritte, René, 17, 24, 33, 35
Malibu = *Sliding Glass Doors*, 1976, 120, 177
Mallarmé, Stéphane, 19
Man Ray, 17
Marble Shatters Drinking Glass, 1968, 36, 85, 174
Marks, Saul, 158
Marlow, Philip, 39
McCloud, Marshall, 33
McCoy, Tim, 29
McCracken, John, 161
McLaughlin, John, 162
McMillan, Jerry, 10, 157, 159
McMurtry, Larry, 26
Mean as Hell, 1979, 24
Mercy, 1973, 100, 176
Merleau-Ponty, Maurice, 28
Mews, 1970, 17, 37, 88, 162, 178
Millaïs, Sir John Everett, 22, 30; *Ophelia*, 1851–52, 22, 159
Miller, Dorothy, 158
Miller, Lawrence, 162
Miracle, 1975, 19, 20, 162
Miracle, 1977, 132, 162, 178
Miró, Joan, 35
Mr. Chow L.A., 1973, 106, 175
Mitchum, Robert, 27
Miyashiro, Ron, 10, 159
Mondrian, Piet, 33, 35
Monte, James, 161
Moore, Don, 157
Morandi, Giorgio, 158
Moses, Edward, 161, 162
Motor, 1970, 79, 176
Murder, 1974, 108, 177

Nauman, Bruce, 162
Ness, Elliot, 23
Newman, Barnett, 35, 40
News, 1970, 17, 37, 88, 162, 178
Nice, Hot Vegetables, 1976, 122, 177
Nine Swimming Pools and a Broken Glass, 1968, 33, 40,
161, 178
1984, 1967, 70, 161, 176
The Nineties, 1980, 153–54, 175
Nitsch, Hermann, 37
No End to the Things Made out of Human Talk, 1977, 17, 24,
29, 36, 125, 175
Noise, Pencil, Broken Pencil, Cheap Western, 1963, 15, 17, 36,
62, 174
Norms, La Cienega, on Fire, 1964, 24, 25
Now Then, as I Was about to Say. . . , 1973, 105, 175

Oof, 1962, 160

Orwell, George, 24

Painkillers, Tranquilizers, Olive, 1969, 85, 175
Paul, Saint, 19
Pepys, Samuel, 24
Pews, 1970, 17, 37, 88, 162, 178
Phillips, Michelle, 162
Picasso, Pablo, 33, 35
Plagens, Peter, 14, 15, 21
Pollock, Jackson, 39
Pontiac Catalinas?, 1976, 40, 124, 177
Premium, 1970, 24, 162
Pressures, 1967, 73, 174
Price, Kenneth, 10, 160, 161, 162
Profound Small Talk, 1977, 38
Pr-Pr-Process Food, 1976, 126, 177
Purvis, Freddy, 21
Pussy, 1966, 70, 176

A Question of Cities, 1979, 150, 175

Radio, 1962, 160
Radios at Full Volume, 1973, 101, 176
Rancho, 1968, 83, 174
Rauschenberg, Robert, 10, 15, 157, 158, 159, 162
Raussmüller, Urs, 162
Raw, 1969, 71, 176
Real Estate Opportunities, 1970, 39, 40, 162, 178
Real Thing, 25
Records, 1971, 162, 178
Reinhardt, Ad, 28, 39, 158
The Righteous Brothers, 35
Rockwell, Norman, 14, 17, 26
Rogers, Roy, 29
Rosenberg, Harold, 40
Rosenquist, James, 27, 160
Rousseau, Henri, 33
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 20
Royal Road Test, 1967, 161, 178
Ruben, Richards, 162
Ruscha, Danna Knego, 160, 161
Ruscha, Dorothy Driscoll, 156
Ruscha, Edward Joseph, III (father), 156
Ruscha, Edward Joseph, V (son), 161
Ruscha, Paul, 156
Ruscha, Shelby, 156
Ryman, Bob, 28

St. Phalle, Nikki de, 158
Sand in the Vaseline, 1974, 116, 175
Satin, 1971, 90, 176
Sauer, Christel, 162
Schwitters, Kurt, 158, 159
Screaming in Spanish, 1974, 38, 114, 175
Seitz, William C., 161
Selznick, David O., 29
Serri, Richard, 40
She Didn't Have to Do That, 1974, 112, 175
She Slept with Two Windup Alarm Clocks, 1978, 140, 175
She Sure Knew Her Devotionals, 1976, 126, 177
Simon, Neil, 28
Sin, 1969, 161
Slobberin Drunk at the Palomino, 1975, 106, 177
Smash, 1963, 17, 65, 174
Smash, 1964, 64, 176
Some Los Angeles Apartments, 1965, 20, 33, 160, 178
Some Pretty Eyes and Some Electric Bills, 1976, 134, 177
Sontag, Susan, 21
Soup, 1969, 34, 37
Southey, Robert, 21

Splinters; Paper, 1976, 119, 177
Spread, 1973, 93, 176
Stains, 1969, 18, 19, 149, 161, 178
Standard Station, 1966, 23, 58, 178
Standard Station, Amarillo, Texas, 1963, 20, 59–60, 161, 174
Standard Station 10¢ Western Being Torn in Half, 1964, 31
Stardust, 1966, 70, 176
Stein, Gertrude, 40
Steinberg, Saul, 35
Stella, Frank, 35
Stews, 1970, 17, 37, 89, 162, 178
Study for Miracle, 1973, 38, 40
Su, 1958, 10, 158, 159
Swanson, Gloria, 40
Sweetwater, 1959, 10, 10, 11, 159

Tanguy, Yves, 17
Taylor, Tiki, 157
Thermometers Should Last Forever, 1976, 127, 177
Thiebaud, Wayne, 160
Thirtyfour Parking Lots in Los Angeles, 1967, 22, 33, 33, 35,
161, 178
3327 Division (Soap), 1962, 160
3327 Division (39 Ford), 1962, 15, 52, 160, 178
Thompson, Orrel, 162
Those of Us who Have Double Parked, 1976, 40, 129, 177
Three Darvons and Two Valiums, 1975, 30, 30, 121, 177
Toklas, Alice B., 40
Tooth, 1968–75, 73, 174
Trademark 2, 1962, 45, 176
The Trail of Prunes, 1975, 118, 177
Tropical Fish, 1975, 162
Turnbull, Betty, 162
Twentysix Gasoline Stations, 1963, 11, 20, 33, 33, 160, 178
20—20—20, 1962, 35, 54, 176
Two Sheets Stained with Blood, 1973, 92, 176

Ultra Violet, 162
Unidentified Hit Record, 1977, 133, 177
Untitled, 1961, 47, 176
Untitled, 1975, 131, 177

Valentine, DeWain, 23
Valiums, Splinters, 1973, 91, 177
Van Dyke, Dick, 28
Vanishing Cream, 1973, 109, 175
Various Small Fires and Milk, 1964, 11, 29, 39, 178
Vaseline, 1967, 72, 174
Velázquez, Diego, 35
Very Angry People, 1973, 38, 113, 175
Very Angry People, 1977, 138, 175
Victory Boulevard, 1965, 67, 176

Warhol, Andy, 15, 20, 21, 24, 27, 35, 36, 39, 40, 160
War Surplus, 1962, 38, 50, 174
Wash, Then Dance, 1973, 107, 177
Webb, Jack, 33
Wegman, William, 162
We Humans, 1974, 117, 175
Weiner, Lawrence, 38, 162; *Up on (in) the Air*. . . , 1974, 37
West, Nathanael, 32
Whiskers, Splinters, 1972, 91, 176
Who Am I?, 1979, 151, 175
Wiley, William, 37
Williams, Mason, 26, 33, 156, 157, 157, 160, 161, 162
Wilshire Blvd., 1965, 67, 176
Wine, Moses, 39
A Winter Vegetable Set-up in Mexico, 1977, 134, 177
Wolfe, Tom, 29
Wonder Bread, 1962, 45, 176

Photography Credits

Photographs of the works of art reproduced have been supplied by the artist, owner, or custodian of the work as cited in the Checklist of the Exhibition, unless otherwise indicated in parentheses below. The following list applies to photographs for which the photographer is known.

Larry Bell, Taos, New Mexico: p. 160 (middle)

Bruce Benton, Los Angeles: pl. 76

E. Irving Blomstrann, New Britain, Connecticut: pl. 122

Rudolph Burckhardt, New York (Courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York): pp. 36 (right), 157 (bottom)

Steve Causey, Charlotte, North Carolina: pl. 39

Mike Chamberlain, B. C. Photography, Laguna Beach, California: pl. 94

Geoffrey Clements, New York: pl. 44

Bevan Davies, New York (Courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York): pls. 45, 70, 95, 100, 114, 116, 128

Eeva-Inkeri Photography, New York: pl. 26

Phillip Galgiani, San Francisco: p. 18 (left); pls. 5, 6, 52, 68, 124

Rick Gardner, Houston, Texas: pl. 43

Giacomelli, Venice, Italy: p. 13

Susan Haller, Los Angeles: p. 38; pls. 72, 80, 96–98, 102–04, 108–09

Hickey and Robertson, Houston, Texas: pl. 53

Nancy Hirsh, Los Angeles: pls. 1–2, 4, 7, 9–10, 12–15, 17, 19, 21, 25, 31, 33–38, 40, 48–49, 54–61, 79, 82, 85, 88, 93, 101, 105–06, 111–13, 115, 117–19, 123, 126

Bruce Jones, Centerport, New York (Courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York): p. 37 (left); pl. 89

Barry Korn, Los Angeles (Courtesy of Ace Gallery, Venice, California): pls. 73–75, 81, 91, 99, 120, 125

Bob Lukeman, Fort Worth, Texas: pl. 78

Paul Macapia, Seattle, Washington: pl. 92

Robin McLaughlin, Santa Fe, New Mexico: pl. 71

Jerry McMillan, Los Angeles: pp. 158 (right top and bottom), 168

Dennis McWaters, Richmond, Virginia: pl. 23

Daniel J. Martinez, Los Angeles (Courtesy of Ace Gallery, Venice, California): p. 12

Jeffrey Nintzel, Hanover, New Hampshire: pl. 22

Douglas Parker, Los Angeles: pl. 87

Eric Pollitzer, Hempstead, New York (Courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York): p. 37 (right); pls. 83, 90

Harvey Riedel, Anderson, Indiana: pl. 24

H. Roger-Violet, Paris: p. 22 (top)

Edward Ruscha, Hollywood, California: pp. 10, 160 (bottom); pls. 26, 42, 46, 51, 77, 115, 121

Walter Russell, New York: pl. 8

Joe Samberg, Oakland, California: pl. 50

Schopplein Studio, San Francisco: p. 36 (left)

Jim Shea, Los Angeles: p. 27

Frank J. Thomas, Los Angeles: p. 34 (lower left); pls. 27–30, 41

Malcolm Varon, New York (Courtesy of Montgomery Museum of Fine Arts, Alabama): pl. 84

John Webb, London: p. 34 (center right)

Robert Wharton, Fort Worth, Texas: pl. 3

The following colorplates are reproduced through the courtesy of Abrams Original Editions: 72, 80, 96–98, 102–04, 108–09.

Board of Trustees and Staff

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Eugene E. Trefethen, Jr., *Chairman*
 Mrs. Walter A. Haas, Jr., *President*
 Alan L. Stein, *Executive Vice President*
 Mrs. Carter P. Thacher, *Secretary*
 Mervin Morris, *Treasurer*
 Gerson Bakar
 Mrs. John G. Bowes
 E. Morris Cox
 Thomas Jefferson Davis
 Vernon A. DeMars
 Rene di Rosa
 Mrs. Walter A. Haas
 Frank O. Hamilton
 Mrs. Wellington Henderson
 Jaquelin H. Hume
 Mrs. William Janss
 Moses Lasky
 Mrs. Philip E. Lilienthal
 Mrs. John M. Lillie
 Byron Meyer
 Stuart Moldaw
 Albert J. Moorman
 Graham Nash
 A. C. Rice
 Arthur Rock
 Albert R. Schreck
 Toby Schreiber
 Mrs. Brooks Walker
 Gene A. Washington
 Mrs. Paul Wattis
 Mrs. Frederick R. Weisman
 Mrs. Bagley Wright

EX OFFICIO:

Mrs. Francis F. Owen
Trustee Emeritus
 Donovan Thayer
President, Collectors Forum
 Robert Huston
Chairman, SECA
 Mrs. Blair Pascoe
President, Modern Art Council
 Beverly Doane
President, Docent Council

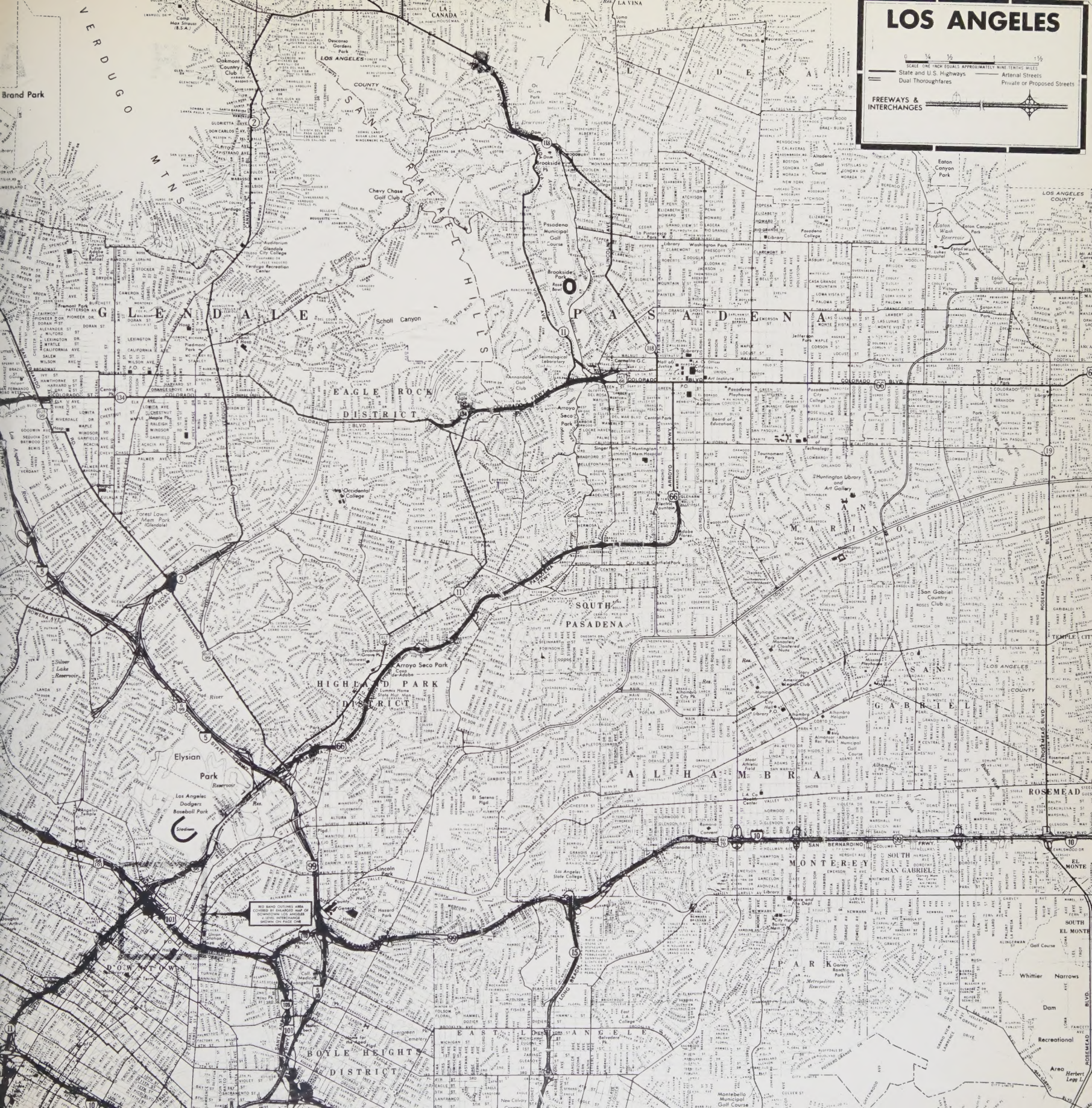
STAFF

Henry T. Hopkins
Director
 Michael McCone
Associate Director of Administration
 George W. Neubert
Associate Director of Art
 Cecilia Franklin
Controller
 Van Deren Coke
Director, Department of Photography
 Karen Tsujimoto
Associate Curator
 Louise E. Katzman
Assistant Curator
 Dorothy Martinson
Assistant Curator,
Department of Photography
 Nona R. Ghent
Assistant to the Director
 Christopher Barron
Bookshop Assistant
 James Bernstein
Chief Conservator, Traditional Paintings
 Bruce Brodie
Assistant Gallery Superintendent
 Beverly Buhnerkempe
Assistant Controller II
 Eugenie Candau
Librarian
 Hilda Cardenas
Admissions

Patti Carroll
Curatorial Secretary
 Lilly deGroot
Admissions
 Robert Dix
Gallery Technician
 Vera Anne Doherty
Receptionist
 Melissa Doyle
Graphic Designer
 Diana du Pont
Research Assistant I
 Inge-Lise Eckmann
Chief Conservator, Paper
 D. B. Finnegan
Publicity Director
 Miriam Grunfeld
Interpretive Program Coordinator
 Katherine Church Holland
Research/Collections and
Registration Director
 Toby Kahn
Bookshop Manager
 Claudia Kocmierski
Bookshop Assistant
 Debra Lande
Assistant Bookshop Manager
 Lee Loomis
Bookshop Assistant
 Richard Lorenz
Conservator
 George Milligan
Mailing

Pauline Mohr
Conservator
 Nancy Morrison
Conservation Administrator
 Christine Mueller
Development Secretary
 Garna Muller
Associate Research/Collections Director
 Anne Munroe
Curatorial Secretary
 Debra Neese
Associate Registrar
 Jackie Nemerovski
Membership Coordinator
 Teri Osman
Publicity Assistant
 Richard Putz
Gallery Technician
 Kent Roberts
Gallery Technician
 Thornton Rockwell
Conservator
 Katie Schlafly
Modern Art Council Manager
 Janice Schwartz
Assistant Controller I
 Trina Semorile
Curatorial Secretary
 Joseph Shield
Gallery Attendant
 Laura Sueoka
Research Assistant I
 Beau Takahara
Education Secretary
 Robin Venuti
Assistant Membership Coordinator
 Ferd Von Schlafke
Preparator
 Julius Wasserstein
Gallery Superintendent
 Robert A. Whyte
Director of Education





LOS ANGELES

SCALE ONE INCH EQUALS APPROXIMATELY NINE TENTHS MILE

State and U.S. Highways

Dual Thoroughfares

Arterial Streets

Private or Proposed Streets

FREWAYS & INTERCHANGES

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

Eaton Canyon Park

