

Scott Reeder

356 S. Mission Road, Los Angeles 26 January – 16 March

A mellow yellow laboratory. A haze-grey zoo sans animals, stacked cages in a corner. A bedded boudoir beckons, with walls striped pale turquoise and grey. Across from the orange bar with orange stools, a looping orange booth curves to a keyboard set up for a house band performance – no suggestion of Billy Joel covers or astro-sounds from the beyond. The orangey shades range from frozen oJ to smog-tinted highway cone, with an electric tease of Atomic Tangerine thrown in. Three-letter-word band names carved near the bar read like threats of future performances. Linger long enough and maybe 'Ape Tux', 'Hot Phd', and 'Zen Sax' might wander in dragging battered instruments and moon-dusted hair to lip-sync a tune or two. Freak out in a Moonage Daydream, oh yeah.

Scott Reeder's spacey monochromatic rooms, all part of the artist's eight-years-in-the-making movie, *Moon Dust*, are a bit tired, a bit cheap and

pushing on. It's all like a themed hotel for a moon colony never realised, a decorating scheme too boldly kaleidoscopic for a space age where a broke NASA now hitches rides with subcontractors. The abandoned sets warehoused amid anonymous industrial swathes of city, train-tracked and desolate after dark, surrounded by shady companies with meaningless acronymic names. Surely not far from the soundstage where the faked moon landing went down.

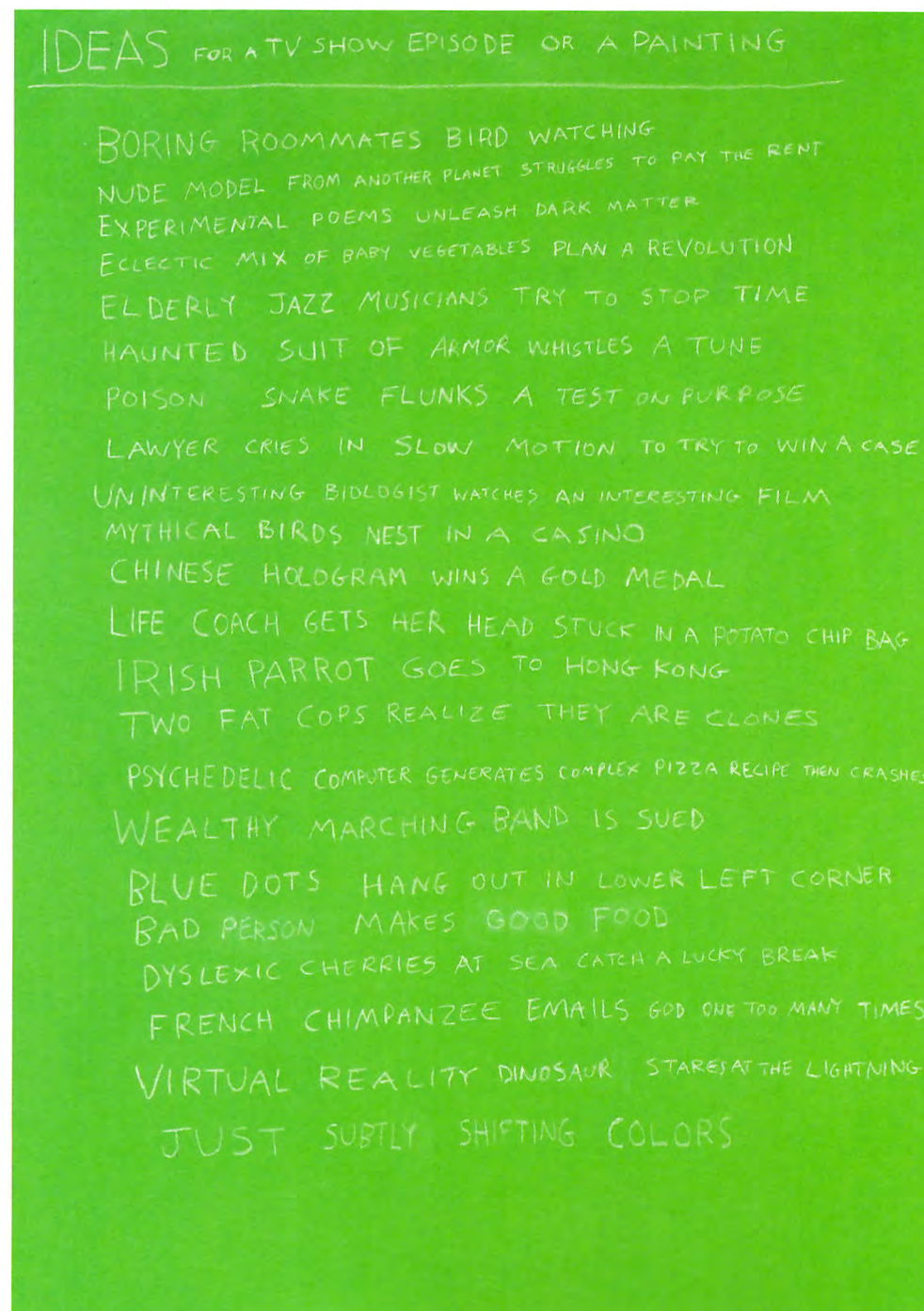
Scattershot through the rooms hang smeary abstractions and paintings of lists: *Book Titles (Fiction and Non Fiction)*, *Band Names*, *More Alternative Names for Exhibitions I've Seen* and *Ideas for a TV Show Episode or a Painting* (all works 2014). The lists are like brainstorm for a creative professional still working out amazing discoveries to come, all utterly ridiculous and acutely possible: naming the next big thing, how to quietly take down the competition, how

to imagine what doesn't exist and name it into existence. The abstractions jangle with colour, entire swathes wrought with only a paint roller. But the jokiness of the whole affair infects them. They can't help but get a contact high from *Two Fat Cops Realize They Are Clones*.

I think it was Borges who remarked that his short stories were sketches for novels he was too lazy or too busy to write. (Or, as Nabokov mocked, Borges wrote beautiful balconies for houses that didn't exist.) Here, the lists themselves almost make up for the unwritten novels, the never-formed bands, the moon colonies of one's dreams: *Codependent Computers* and *Unrealistic Furniture*, *Trends in Tombstones* and *Boat Names for Babies*, *Pointless Apex* and *Labrador Dali*. *French Chimpanzee Emails God One Too Many Times*.

Or the last of a list, a subtle poem that substrates the whole: *Just Subtly Shifting Colors*.

Andrew Berardini



Ideas for a TV Show Episode or a Painting, 2014,
oil pastel on gesso on canvas, 213 x 152 cm. Courtesy the artist