



Surya Bonaly  
Derek Brooks  
Lucy McKenzie  
Edouard Levé  
Chris Lipomi  
Edouard NG

Olympic Car Wash  
3554 W Olympic Blvd  
Los Angeles, CA

02.24.24-03.24.24

organized by Edouard NG  
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Edouard Levé  
*Amérique, Patinoire de Stockholm*, 2006  
 Tirage Lambda  
 15" x 15"



Edouard NG  
*Olympia 5*  
 Oil on Acetate panel



Chris Lipomi  
 4 works:  
*Untitled ('84 Olympics)*, 2007  
 Oil Pastel and Acrylic on Newsprint  
 14 1/4 x 10 1/2"



Lucy McKenzie  
*Mockba (poster)*, 1997  
 Acrylic on paper  
 84.1 x 118.9 cm



Lucy McKenzie  
*Olympic Dames*, 2002  
 Lithograph on paper, folded, in original envelope  
 79.8 x 118.9 cm  
 Edition of 50 + 10 A.P.



Surya Bonaly  
 Hand signed postcard, 1992, 1998

Derek Brooks  
*Re-material (a)*, 2.8.24  
*Re-material (b)*, 2.8.24

My study of aesthetics and ideology started as an art student, using the Olympic Games as a forum to play with political passive aggressivity, iconography and the body's representation.

A childhood holiday in Soviet Romania had activated my political awareness, and now as an undergrad I clipped out the photos of gymnasts that were in the newspaper during the 1997 Atlanta Games. Behind the false neutrality and benign slogans about international equality and co-operation, the Olympics seemed like a profoundly cynical tool in corporate geopolitics. I found the insidiousness of the violence hiding in plain sight within these kind of prestige events exciting. It was more genuinely disturbing that the performed transgression within the subcultures that were my natural habitat.

At the same time as studying I was moonlighting as a pornographic model. This lived experience sensitised me to the way young female athletes were presented in the mass media. The images seemed to be shaped by the same industrialised gaze I was subject to.

I took the miniature graphic compositions of Olympic badges and blew them up big. I made replica uniforms and photographed myself and friend sitting around. Those newspaper photos got turned into paintings rendered with disorienting visual filters to fracture them.

For me pornography is a logic system with which to process material while making art. So not merely something shameful, to consume in private. That's banal. Rather I think of it as a tool to explore things like commerce, or processes like socialisation. (Think about the importance of something as simple as footwear in pornography, the heavy lifting it does to socialise the naked body). And of course as ideology. An ideology as monumental and paper-thin as Communism.

It is not porn that seduces, but the perfect painted surface. The vertigo that pulls us to it must be counterbalanced with the coldness of the lizard-brain-gaze. And it is in this conflict that we can find our way to where we actually want to be, a place where we might encounter the truly Erotic.

Lucy McKenzie

The '84 Olympics.

During the summer of 2007 I started painting a Basquiat-a-day as a regular routine to start off my morning in the studio... Having never been formally trained in painting, I thought it would be interesting to learn through replication...

I had recently come across a large format book containing reproductions of all the Los Angeles Times sports coverage from the 1984 Olympics, because of the scale and paper quality, to me, the pages in the book resembled something like a drawing pad...

This exercise in painting soon likened itself to a morning workout, and then to a type of sport... In a way, a sport without competition, instead one of endurance.. It occurred to me to attempt to paint all of the Basquiat paintings produced in 1984 that I could find... Thinking that perhaps the re-creation of a whole year of an artist output, (especially an artist as prolific as Jean-Michel Basquiat) could be thought of as an Olympic event...

By December, I made a presentation of the first 70 paintings in Miami, FL.  
The project has now reached 167 paintings and counting. The others have never been shown, and the work is still incomplete..

Chris Lipomi



## **Re-material (a)**

In the end our head comes off. We were sent to this location from more places that we can count. We were one, but separated by a thin veil, which we could not penetrate. When we spoke to each other all we could hear was something muffled. The hard cold floor hurts our pieces as we scramble to finally be one. Our efforts fail, however, and the best we can do is come together as a single leg, an arm, or a finger here and there. We are together in pieces.

The parts lie in a jumbled pile, like little chunks of marble. They are all different sizes, sizing each other up: is there a hierarchy? Who is bleeding onto whom? Who can cry about it? One thing is clear: these separate bits are easy to clean. You can really get into all the cracks and the crevices. It's more efficient this way, we tell ourself.

Framing it this way puts us in a good mood as we line up, single file, and chose the settings best suited for each individual piece of ourself. Some parts require three steps in the cleaning process, others up to six. The porosity of our parts varies. When a piece is soft and vulnerable, it needs protective layers. When the part is hard all it needs is a good buffing.

Some liquid contains the swimming contents of a chemical injector, forced through black, wide threaded nozzles. We continue to hold an image of our heroic singular unit as we scrub and lather and rinse with water that sprays 40 degrees from a QC nozzle. When we are dry, we arrange ourself into an organized, panting heap. We are still separate, and fear this might be the case for a while. But, experience can be unifying.

## **Re-material (b)**

We are far larger than we anticipated. The assembly must have happened in our sleep. Will we ever find another creature like ourself?

Now, we hold a driving machine between our thumb and forefinger. We look inside the tiny windows, each pane smaller than our various nail beds. Everything is as it should be, but the car-hangers for our coats are broken. Should we say something? We consider it, but don't want to end up where we started. What about the tires? Do they need some air? We put the driving machine on a tabletop and press down, testing the pressure. The tires maintain their shape. What else could be wrong? We try and get out of this mode: this itching, picking, puncturing, peeling, pounding, possessed interrogation.

We lumber to a giant building. It feels as if we could fit ourself in here. We find ourself naked outside a steamy room. We have to practically bend in half to fit in the door. Others are inside, and they have nothing with them. So we wedge the device under our armpit. Hopefully, no one will notice it. When everyone leaves, and we are alone again in the hot area, we take the machine out to run all over ourself, watching our part partially expand.

When someone walks back in, we say with our differently colored and differently shaped eyes: do you want to try? We're envious. It must be easy to be so small and homogenous. When a person has less mass, even a little apparatus like this has an impact on their godforsaken hole.

Derek Brooks