

Jürgen Beck

New Deal

Wendy Gilmartin
Thresholding

Buildings that are white. Buildings that are dumb on the outside. Coasting westward out of Downtown Los Angeles across Interstate 110, the glassy high-rise spires transition into older towers from the 1920s and '30s. These offer meticulous motifs etched in stone, arching entrances leading to ornate lobbies, and detailing in a style of grandeur long lost in building craft today. They were built with an intention toward—and in accommodation to—commerce and the car. Developer A.W. Ross envisioned Wilshire Boulevard as a new kind of shopping area that would privilege automobiles and their operational parameters at forty miles an hour over pedestrians and their slow-footed pace. From an eye-level perspective, subtle changes in street frontage give environmental cues at a variety of smaller scales. But from the drive-by perspective, stores like Bullock's, Sears, and Desmond's became signs appearing far off down the road, giving the driver appropriate time to navigate to the parking area—detached from the street. The porte-cochère was the transitional component and the threshold.

Continue moving out from the city's core in any direction—on Third Street, Sixth, or Normandie—and the environment changes. The buildings out here symbolize something else entirely. Here are the vast, horizontal masses of tacked-on siding and black glass, McMansions, yawn-worthy stucco apartments on tiny stilts, dumpy offices, monotonous parking structures, and sad strip malls: the lords of bad taste. Light reveals unaligned edges and corners; shadow describes materiality or lack of maintenance. All together, the effect is confusing. Buildings out here are signs, too. But the language suffers in a clumsy dance between endless unfurling and haphazard control mechanisms.

Here, mistakes are the forces of creation. Misalignments make for unexpected relations to other things around them; the cluttered outdoor landscape of Los Angeles is actually an interiorized space. Sure, we're outdoors, but the frenzy of hoarded urban elements is enclosing us like a cresting wave, always about to smash. But it never does. A bazaar of mess and sameness for miles in every direction just continues to crescendo, with the mountains to the north as the only compass. The slow-motion facelift of the city—its signs, cars, garbage bins, containers, lampposts, bus stops, construction sites—is in a state of constantly becoming.

Outside every building construction site, there's a box on wheels about eight feet wide and twenty feet long. It's a simple structure, built to stay within the width of one lane so it can be towed to and from other jobs or holding sites. It has plain brown, beige, or green siding and its only noticeable features are an air-conditioning unit grafted to one of the sides, a spray-painted serial number, the leasing company's sign, and reflective tape strips for when it's moved at night.

The office trailer is the brain of any construction operation. It's where a visitor checks in. It's where the contractor can make a quiet phone call. The box houses to-do list white boards, construction drawing sets, a small meeting area, usually a printer, maybe a fridge, and a storage space for odds and ends related to the job. Like neighborhood switching stations, proprietary storage container "PODs" in driveways all over town, or the shipping containers on the backs of semi trucks driving to and from the ports in Long Beach and San Pedro; the homely office trailer is part of the ninety-nine percent of structures that gets overlooked.

But the lowly trailer reveals hints about the culture and economy. The lowly trailer is a barometer of the state of the construction industry. It is a harbinger of changes to come. When it's sitting at its dusty and noiseless permanent storage site a hundred miles east of Los Angeles—and if the site is full of many other trailers—it means construction has slowed in the city.

Viennese architect Adolf Loos turned his buildings inside out. His interiors were like exterior landscapes. Rooms overlapped in spaces of differing heights and were contained within ceilings like stereometric shells; relational ambiguities between floor, ceiling, and seat were blurred by the use of "outdoor" materials—veiny black marble and tall mirrored panels—that reminded one of unsmoothed rocks and glassy ponds. He decoded the mysterious moods of conventional, known, and well accepted building materials. With them, he made inappropriate spatial compositions: He put useless curtains against walls, shimmering lanterns on top of rough-finished columns, and clashed materials. The effect was atmospheric, illusory, dynamic. He could bend light and color in the reflection of a shiny marble surface. He turned the bedroom and boudoir into a camera with reflective surfaces and walls that forced perspectives and scintillating views. Nevertheless, he referred to himself as "deaf" to style. He hated decoration. Materials and their relationships to one another were of the utmost importance—as was

light, but not much more. Speaking specifically to the effect of his work, Loos wrote in 1908: “the building should be dumb on the outside and reveal its wealth only on the inside.”

Twenty years later, in 1928, Bullocks Wilshire’s interiors were designed by California native Eleanor Lemaire. By then, Loos’s influence had crossed the ocean, and his style—the European genesis of modern interiors—had already been usurped, spread ubiquitously into the burgeoning world of commercial retail environments. Whether or not Lemaire was a devoted student of Loos’s or merely influenced by his then collective acceptance and (more decorated) saturated omnipresence, the Hall of Perfume in Bullocks Wilshire department store on Wilshire Boulevard memorializes the magnitude of difference between Loos’s work and what came before.

Perfume Hall’s doorways are detailed in dark wood, brass, and copper pinstripes. They align with slabs of beige and magenta marble in a chevron pattern covering the walls and ceiling. Ghostly backlit Lucite glows behind silhouetted linework stretching up the wall and over the ceiling, meeting its inevitable symmetrical neighbor on the other side. A prismatic bounce of twisting exterior sunlight coming off the street stuns when the door opens silently. High heels click and echo off the hard, mirror shine of the inlaid terrazzo floors. The parking lots are in back. Drivers would recognize each building from far enough away so as to maneuver the car towards that store or building. Perfume Hall transported a shopper from city to interior, from fast to slow, blinding to dim.

In the 1980s, the Hollywood stars of the studio system’s Golden Age still moved around the city in giant, immaculate sedans. Bette Davis having lunch with John Wayne in the Bullocks Wilshire tea room. The murder rate was the highest it’s ever been in the city, and in the 1980s, the architectural culture of Los Angeles was shifting. The work of the LA School—as they were occasionally called in the national press—was described as “thrown-together” or “woodbutchery.” The group offered an undeniably ad hoc aesthetic. Asymmetry tended to be the rule, as were big, formal moves such as out-of-scale address numbers, gratuitous roof peaks, and the use of cheap materials like asphalt shingles and chicken wire.

Buildings with their insides out. Buildings as signs. Frank Gehry built the Gemini G.E.L. print shop and artists’s studio in 1979. The timber wall framing is visible from

the sidewalk out front, as if the outside stucco skin has been peeled and tossed away. Where Loos drew a thick line between interior and exterior, the LA School discarded that binary understanding and obliterated the threshold. In a formal frat party of big glossy gestures and sculptural gratuitousness, the spectacle of truncated ceilings, shifted plans, and exposed, deconstructed steel frame assemblies became the new decoration.

Francine Dancer is a local star. Francine hosted a variety show for years, through the 1980s and '90s, which aired each Friday night on channel 43 in Hollywood and surrounding areas. Public Access Hollywood represented the now lost training ground for goofy, homespun, uncommercial, and unbought reality programming that ended in Los Angeles for good in 2009. Any resident could train to use a camera and edit video at the public access studio to produce a series of episodes. Francine Dancer's show featured Francine shimmying and playing her guitar. Occasionally, it also featured guests. Francine is now wheelchair-bound and homeless; her neighborhood is the Wilshire corridor. Her legs are fine, in fact. She sits in her wheelchair and pedals her way up Wilshire with her feet. "I can't walk, but I can still dance," is the name of one of her original songs. You can find Francine watching the cars go by, sitting in the cool relief of a building's shade, legs crossed, in heels and a miniskirt. Francine is still happy to meet former fans on the street or on the bus; she's chatty, gracious, warm, and soft-spoken. There are fewer and fewer who recognize her though, as the area becomes further developed and gentrified with boutique shops and art galleries. She prefers long-haired guys and animal prints, press-on nails and thick eyeliner. Francine moved to Los Angeles in the '70s. She wanted to be a star, maybe a go-go dancer, but really fell in love with the rock 'n' roll bands here at the time. Her astrological sign is Leo, which means she loves to be center stage—the queen of the jungle.

In the afternoon sun, the city takes on the character of a flattened-out Hollywood set piece, one tacked-on layer in front of another, folds inside hazy folds, muted but still noisy. One starts to feel the need for sunglasses: Glare from a passing windshield is as much a part of the urban milieu as are the overpasses, exaggerated street widths, and stunted storefront heights. When the sun is at this degree in the white sky, the pink, angular front wall of 4439 Sunset Boulevard presents its three separate doors to the street. The entry

portico covers just the top half, like a hand screening the eyes from the sunlight while leaving the rest of the face exposed. It pushes a chevron shawl of shade across the entry, a hanging textile criss-cross stitching stucco to shadow. The show starts on the sidewalk.

4439 Sunset Boulevard recalls the crown molding in one of Eleanor Lemaire's interiors at Bullocks Wilshire. And Loos's yet to be imagined, untamed interiors.

The same pink, angular shadow pattern gives way to the dark interior of El Chavo—or at least it used to. The Mexican restaurant closed in 2016 after sixty-six years of operation. It always attracted a wide mix of locals and some famous ones, the most celebrated of which was Dolly Parton. Her likeness hung overlooking the bar almost like a shrine; the racy version of otherwise wholesome Dolly was on view here, in black light and therefore even more provocative. The poster was signed by her and decorated with sombreros, colored Christmas lights, and dollar bills. Dolly's shrine was installed also as a nod to the large gay community in the Silver Lake neighborhood at the time. Hair metal band members wandering around Sunset Boulevard before their shows would go to eat at El Chavo and throw handfuls of beans into each other's aerosol-sprayed, yellow manes.

When a threshold or boundary point is denied, psychologically, the possibility of interchange is lost. Lost is the hope of separation from a continuous collective jam, the day's final move towards intimacy, or else, the rollicking possibility of party and play. If we don't see the doorway, we'll never know what's behind it. Without a threshold, life is lived in interminable jump cuts. 4439 Sunset Boulevard's pink portico pattern gives us an arrangement through which to emerge and understand. Consider the building's edge, its neighbors, its interior corners and the lazily received, collective reaction to its oftentimes feeble position in Los Angeles. When shown the car window's margin or a wrong-way turn down an empty hall, we rediscover the building, we walk through a disconnected understanding. When shown the crop, the corner, the offset, we are given back the experience of processing a space.

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David Misteli
Experience Reframed: Detachment and Meaning
in Jürgen Beck's *New Deal*

1 Sometime in the early 1950s, or so the story goes, before the New Jersey Turnpike was completed, sculptor Tony Smith took three art students for a night ride on that colossal construction site spanning the swamps and meadows of New Jersey. Apart from—or maybe complementary to—the obvious thrill of having done something rather dangerous and illegal, the drive was, as he later noted, “a revealing experience.” Although the largely artificial landscape they drove past that night was not commonly considered art, he remarked that it had done something for him which art never had: it liberated him from the many views he had about art. “It seemed,” Smith said, “that there had been a reality there that had not had any expression in art. The experience on the road was something mapped out but not socially recognized.” And he concluded his account with an enigmatic judgement that underlined the unique quality of that occurrence: “There is no way you can frame it, you just have to experience it.”¹

Judging from the first pages of Jürgen Beck's *New Deal*, you can tell, of course, that the underlying motivation for this introductory anecdote could be twofold irony. First, it seems ironic to open an essay on photographs taken in Los Angeles with one of the great myths of East Coast minimal art. Second, there's a touch of irony in the myth's main event, namely the experience of a speedy car ride—an experience that, as Beck's photographs taken amidst LA's congested traffic indicate so well, is rather hard to come by in Los Angeles. A metropolis famously built on the idea of the automobile as the primary means of transport, its traffic ironically matches an unmapped yet socially recognized experience.²

All wittiness aside, I don't mean to suggest that Jürgen Beck's *New Deal* references minimal art, or Tony Smith for that matter. The compiled photographs fall into two groups: eight pictures show interior elements of the onetime luxury department store Bullocks Wilshire, and another eleven pictures were taken on the city's freeways from the artist's car. At first glance, both offer separate semantic relations to the book's title. For one thing, Bullocks Wilshire, completed in 1929—the year of the infamous stock market crash known as Black Tuesday—invokes Franklin Roosevelt's 1930s New Deal, US measures to curb the devastating economic

and social consequences of the Great Depression. On a different note, the buildings that line the roads in Beck's car pictures—what Robert Venturi referred to as “decorated sheds”—exhibit primarily the blatant advertisement and sale of unbeatable “new deals.”³

2 Beyond the photographs's distinction by way of motifs, there is also a graphic difference in the way the two groups have been integrated into the book; the large, rimless photographs showing street scenes are spread across two pages whereas the smaller pictures taken in Bullocks Wilshire feature a noticeable black margin and are fitted to a single page. Quite unlike the spreads where the pictures and their support coincide, the wide black margin accentuates the interior photographs by way of visual distinction and simultaneously detaches the images from their context, the book itself.⁴ However, the formal interplay of accentuation and detachment not only describes the formal structure of the Bullocks Wilshire photographs in the book, but also denotes their functional principle with reference to the department store, the remnants of which they depict.

What we see in these pictures are details. In the first photograph, a structure, presumably a sliding door, displays an astounding array of geometric forms. Wavy and diagonal metal inlays are aligned with horizontal and perpendicular ones featuring mellow but lush copper and brass tones. As with the forms and their fabrication, the worn-out, smudgy surface of the wood reveals that this abundant luxury has seen better days. Characteristically, Beck's setup doesn't allow us to look at the door in its entirety. Shot from an angle, the picture clips off the upper parts of the door. And while some of the floor and the doorframe's right edge are plainly visible, only a shadow indicates the likely left edge of the door.

Other photographs feature similar close-up views of interiors. A small, marble revetted recess, for instance, was shot from an angle so that the interior mid-surface mirror reflects the marble, triggering an illusion that accentuates the stone's dainty pattern and at the same time flattens the picture, enciphering its spatial coherence by aligning it with the perceived frontal marble panel above the recess. Three additional photographs take into account architectural elements protruding or receding from the walls or ceilings without revealing their architectural context. Yet another displays colorful geometries stretching across the floor in a play of light and shadow. The final two interior photographs, however, give the least orientation, spatial

coherence, and context. The second to last picture shows a pastel-shaded gradient that appears to be part of a trey ceiling; the final photograph displays alternating angular forms in red, yellowish, and grey-blue that appear to make up the pattern of a fitted carpet. The flat angle at which the ceiling's steps break, their unlikely coloring, and the nearly complete absence of shadow, make it look rather like an abstract, patterned print.

The last two might be extreme examples. Even so, they pointedly outline Beck's approach to Bullocks Wilshire's interior design—engaging with the formal qualities encountered in its materials, patterns, and architectural details. In fact, he seems to induce them by means of his photographic technique. Interested in the material surfaces of his findings, Beck subjects them to a twofold abstraction: He optically accentuates his motifs, throws them into sharp relief, and hence renders them in a stark minimalism. But as a result he also flattens them, like the example of the trey ceiling showed. He collapses the motifs's spatial coherence into the formal structure of his compositions. Abstracting them also means detaching them from their architectural—and hence historical and social—context. As if they were photographs of but not really *about* Bullocks Wilshire, the excessive presence of the interior details simultaneously signifies absence.

Although the building—located on 3050 Wilshire Boulevard in Central Los Angeles, now the administrative venue of the Southwestern Law School—constitutes a very specific place with historical and social implications, Beck's photographs barely give a clue as to their being taken at this site. In this sense, the room beyond the sliding door in the first photograph, or the people (their class, their identity, their relation to the building—are they working there or are they patrons?) that might have used it or still use it today are not just absent from the photograph but the picture itself, which by way of its formalist aesthetic assertively detaches them—the room from its attendees and the door from the room. In the end, there is nothing left but the concreteness and sobriety of Beck's documentary gaze on the sliding door's inlay patterns.

3 In his “Notes on the photographic image,” Jacques Rancière called this “the tension between [...] minimalism and the signification that it concealed.”⁵ Beginning with Roland Barthes’s notion of the *punctum* in *Camera Lucida* as a photograph’s “affective force, irreducible to transmission

of knowledge,” as opposed to the *studium* as its informative content, Rancière describes the *punctum* as “the transfer of an absolute singularity, that of the represented subject, to another absolute singularity, that of the viewing subject.” [9] Contrary to Barthes, however, Rancière qualifies the oppositional difference between *punctum* and *studium*. Drawing on Barthes’s example of Lewis Hine’s photograph of two mentally disabled children, he argues that Barthes’s description of this image’s *puncta*—the little boy’s Danton collar and the girl’s white-bandaged finger—depends on the viewer’s knowledge just as well as the *studium* does. Both follow the same formal logic of identifying informative content in the picture, but while the content of the *studium* relates to the image’s social and historical significance, the content of the *punctum* relates to the viewer’s personal knowledge. What differentiates the *studium* from the *punctum* is therefore the affective force of the latter, which strives “to privatize” the meaning of the image.⁶ [9]

Since Barthes’s *Camera Lucida* is to be thought of as a eulogy to his dead mother, the privatization of a photographic image’s meaning can first of all be assigned to the author’s personal grief. For Rancière, however, *Camera Lucida* also indicates a second, less personal grief, namely “That of the gaze that endeavoured to tie the appreciation of the beauty of an image to that of the social reality that it expressed.” [11] If the privatization of meaning through the *punctum* implied the repression of photography’s shared legibility, the idea of photography’s objectivity—its causal connection to reality, and hence its constraint on artistic intention—was expected to secure its collectivizing potential. The *Sachlichkeit* of Bernd and Hilla Becher’s series of disused water towers and steel mills speaks to us of this plight most pertinently. And Jürgen Beck’s work does, too—not only in terms of the *New Deal* photographs’s disused motifs, but also through his style of documentary preservation and his approach including seriality, uniform framing, and the containment of the artist’s subjectivity. However, if Beck’s pictures speak of this objectivity, they also testify to its failure. That is, the failure of objectivity’s collectivizing potential, in particular. Beck’s commitment to an abstractive, seemingly documentary gaze certainly prompts us to appreciate the beauty of Bullocks Wilshire’s interior designs. Yet, as previously mentioned, their precise *form* appears to detach the pictures from any expression of social reality. Despite, or rather due to, their supposedly objective form, they eclipse all historical and social meaning that might

otherwise excite a collectivizing experience on the part of the beholder and become signs of absence in promoting this very absence (or signification of absence) as the complement to their beauty.

Therefore, in testifying to the failure of photography's objectivity, Beck's photographs of Bullocks Wilshire cannot escape from what Rancière dubbed "the tension between [...] minimalism and the signification that it concealed." That is, they cannot escape the tension individually. But in the context of *New Deal*, these photographs do not constitute singular works; Jürgen Beck embedded them in a series of works with an entirely different group of photographs in order to form one œuvre. Paradoxically, however, the black margins visually distinguish the interiors, both from the other photographs and from their shared support. In comparison to the car photographs, where picture and page distinctively concur in size, it becomes apparent that the margins formally and structurally detach the interiors from both the other photographs and the book. At the scale of the book, it is through their framing (what I have previously called accentuation) that the interior images duplicate the "form of detachment" which otherwise shapes each one individually. Remarkably, this means that the signification of absence implicit in each of the interiors becomes explicit as the signification of detachment at the scale of the book. In other words, the signification—the absence of social reality—that is concealed in Beck's Bullocks Wilshire photographs turns into what they indeed come to signify as they appear in *New Deal*: detachment itself becomes the actual subject matter of the Bullocks Wilshire interiors.

4 A bulky, grey Honda SUV slides into the frame from the left. It appears to be very close—an impression heightened by it being partially cut off. The license plate suggests that the car originates from the Los Angeles neighborhood Van Nuys and that the name Miller is of some significance to the car's owner. Beyond that, however, the car remains a bulky anonymity. Despite its proximity, the tinted windows prevent glimpses into the car's interior, and as if to underscore the car's opaque entity, the Honda's fiery red brake lights kindly indicate to keep one's distance. Now another car, a black sedan, slides in from the right side and, in between both, a red Kia flashing its lights. On the side of the road, next to a rusty, disused advertising light box, stands a supposedly temporary, white site hut with two small, barred windows. And while Kylo Ren's red lightsaber

on Disney's Star Wars park billboard in the background punctuates the prominence of red lights on the scene, the vintage light posts that line the road do not really seem to fit into this unpicturesque environment—especially, since they are facing the sidewalk (as if anybody ever walked there).

This is a description of the second car picture in *New Deal*, one of eleven that Beck shot from his car while touring the city. In contrast to the smaller interiors, these photographs are tremendously anecdotal and expansive. They show the vast kind-of-urban jungle that is Los Angeles. Certainly not all of the photographs emphasize the inhospitable traffic-filled landscape as strongly as the one described above. Others let us admire the beauty of the city's urban infrastructure, including details like street signs and electrical wires that at the hands of Jürgen Beck's observant camera become subtle yet distinctive compositional features. Here and there the photographs show remnants of early twentieth-century Los Angeles, not just at the scale of light posts but of built structures. For example, Arthur E. Harvey's American Storage Company Building, built only a year earlier than Bullocks Wilshire, turns up easily recognizable due to the large "Public Storage" sign; almost inconspicuously, Sears's Art Deco tower emerges from behind a skyline of signs and buildings.

As much as these photographs entertain a drifting view of the city—be it the downtown skyscraper contours emerging from the smog in the distance or a 99 Cents Only Stores's peculiar pink overhang—these views remain inextricably tied to the immediate vicinity of Beck's rental car. No photograph is more indicative of that than the one with the bulky Honda, where the glare on the trunk of the red Kia makes explicit that what these photographs display is perceived through a windshield. However, by choosing the car as the basic premise for photographing Los Angeles, the artist introduces a perspective on reality that itself bears the mark of detachment. Whether it is his own car, a Honda, Toyota, Ford, Kia, Lexus, or even a Porsche, the ubiquitous presence of cars in these photographs, with their self-contained metal frames and red brake lights, strongly indicates a "socially well-recognized" reality of detachment—a reality where an extensive portion of daily life is spent in a sea of cars sharing idle time. Nonetheless, tinted windows and advanced AC systems contrive a high degree of separation from the other commuters within the same environment.

In combining Bullocks Wilshire interiors with these car photographs of Los Angeles's streetscape, Beck submits a striking allegory of detachment, in which the *form of detachment* of the interiors is assigned an actual social reality symbolized by the monadic presence of cars in congested traffic. In doing so, *New Deal* also manages to restore what Barthes thought lost, namely the ability to tie the appreciation of beauty in an image to the appreciation of the social reality that it expresses. Even if that tie urges us to acknowledge an uncanny reality.

5 The essay began with Tony Smith's assumption that his experience on the New Jersey Turnpike could not be framed, only experienced. I wish to conclude with some remarks on why Jürgen Beck's *New Deal* is relevant with respect to this statement. There is, quite obviously, an observation to be made: Smith's account blatantly ignores the "framed condition" of his experience; were it not for the car, its windshield, and its speed, he could not have had it. So, despite his claim, Smith's experience had been determined in reality by an elaborate frame(work) all along.⁷ Beck's photographs, in turn, acknowledge that perceiving the world through a car window means quite literally accepting the framework that structures that very perception. Moreover, Beck attempts to connect that framework with the significance of detachment.

What follows is fundamentally challenging because it is about aesthetic paradigms. By ignoring the framework of his Turnpike experience, Smith implied that it was direct, immediate, and more personal than the experience of art could ever be (for him). In a sense, Smith's non-“frameable” experience therefore parallels Barthes's *punctum*: both indicate a deeply personal encounter by which the meaning of an image, a work of art, or a view for that matter, is privatized. This kind of meaning, however, while it might be disclosed to other people (something that Barthes does very beautifully in *Camera Lucida*), must remain singular. That is, it cannot become true for somebody else or be disputed, it is affective and private, and as such also detached from the object that gave it meaning in the first place. This delineates an aesthetic paradigm in which the meaning of a work of art—what it expresses—is collapsed into the emotional and personal response that it causes. In this way, meaning becomes inherently plural because anyone can “possess” one, yet singular because it remains unique.⁸

This might not sound too bad. Indeed, Beck's photographs offer a plentitude of *puncta*, an abundance of opportunities to privatize their own meaning; and certainly, that is not something that could or should be prevented. The extraordinary achievement of Beck's *New Deal*, however, is that it simultaneously refuses to collapse its meaning into the plural singularity of privatization. Instead, because it is about aesthetic and social forms of detachment, it proposes a single meaning that cannot be "possessed," only "understood." That is to say, it is not absolute or private, but rather political and public; this meaning can be conveyed, disputed, doubted, or possibly adopted. The fundamental condition of its legibility, however, is the mode of "framedness"—from the book's layout itself to the black margins and the implicit frame of the car. This is what connects the ways in which Jürgen Beck ties the beauty of his photographs to the experience of detachment that they express.

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1 Quoted from Michael Fried, "Art and Objecthood," *Art and Objecthood: Essays and Reviews* (Chicago/London: University of Chicago Press, 1998), 157–158. Originally published in *Artforum* 5 (June 1967), 12–23.

2 Reyner Banham, *Los Angeles: The Architecture of Four Ecologies* (London: Penguin Press, 1971), 36.

3 Robert Venturi, Denise Scott Brown, and Steven Izenour, *Learning from Las Vegas: The Forgotten Symbolism of Architectural Form* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1977), 88.

4 The artist implements a similar distinction when exhibiting the photographs. While interiors have frames, the street photographs are directly plastered to the wall, cf. Swiss Art Awards 2017.

5 Jacques Rancière, "Notes on the photographic image," *Radical Philosophy* 156 (July/August 2009), 8–15, here 12 (further references in the text).

6 The line of thought introduced here is inspired by Walter Benn Michaels' writings on photography and neoliberal aesthetics. Walter Benn Michaels, *The Beauty of a Social Problem: Photography, Autonomy, Economy* (Chicago/London: University of Chicago Press, 2015), chapter 2.

7 Cf. Stephen Melville, "'Art and Objecthood' Word by Word," *nonsite.org* no. 21 (Spring 2017), section 2. Accessed online March 27, 2018:
<http://nonsite.org/article/art-and-objecthood-word-by-word>.

8 Ruth Leys, "The Turn to Affect: A Critique," *Critical Inquiry* 37, no. 3 (Spring 2011), 434–472, esp. 450–452.