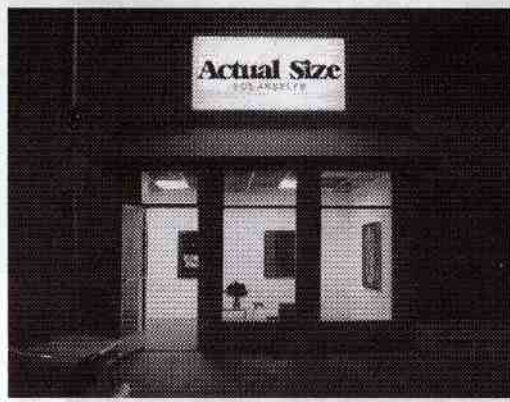


## L O S A N G E L E S

**ACTUAL SIZE / LA**  
741 New High Street,  
Los Angeles CA 90012  
www.actualsizea.com

In a cottage-sized space (think modest SRO or single-seat nail salon), off the beaten track of what would already seem off the beaten track in Chinatown, sits the kind of gallery we all complain there aren't enough of. Whenever another profligate dealer grosses us out with displays of Cro-Magnon greed or we get another polite shakedown from a lackluster non-profit, we wonder aloud, "Why isn't there a third way?" History is littered with third ways, which usually last a short but brilliant time if they work at all, and fold when a) the partners start bickering; b) one of the artists'



careers takes off and they leave their peers behind; c) somebody dies; d) the war ends and everyone goes home or moves to New York; or e) everyone gets sick of being broke and it becomes a regular old-fashioned dealer in pictures. Art is not eternal, and galleries even less so.

For now, and I hope for a long time, the artists behind Actual Size seem to figure out more and more with every show about how to put on great exhibitions. The next one I'm looking forward to is a collaboration between Eduardo Consuegra and the Wintergarten Ltd. collective, opening as we go to press.

**LA2** **NIGHT GALLERY**  
204 S. Ave 19, Los Angeles CA 90031  
www.nightgallery.ca



This is another one of those spaces that may make you wonder aloud why there are so few. In Berlin, where beer and space are cheap and plentiful, one might chuckle; in Rome, too, but who needs a gallery when you can just beerbong in the piazza? Not LA. Still, even with plentiful DUI checkpoints, we have a Night Gallery. Proprietor Davida Nemeroff puts on exhibitions, pretty good ones by most accounts, but its primary function seems to be more of an artists' clubhouse. From Tuesday to Thursday, 10pm-2am, anyone can stop by; perhaps it's preferable to bring beer, but they usually seem to have some. The clubhouse quality feels kind of special, mostly a gaggle of working artists from the neighborhood who hang out there after staring too long at the walls of their studio. And of course there's something about looking at art at night, not necessarily in the crush of a crowded opening, but just at night, that has a bit of a thrill. Being a night person by and large, I've always wondered why galleries kept banking hours anyway. With recent shows including a collaboration between Justin Beal and Charles Long (as well as a few reviews like this one from some of the finer magazines), let's hope it doesn't suffer one of the aforementioned early deaths that usually plague off-spaces.

**LA3** **JEFFREY DEITCH'S HOUSE**  
Somewhere in Los Feliz



Photo by Jeff Deitch  
in Los Feliz, Los Angeles, CA

The newly minted MoCA director, not six months on the job, has been getting it from all sides recently, but during the online tour he gave of his house in the hills above Los Feliz, it was hard not to giggle as he pointed out the party room he hopes to have Richard Woods convert to "super Tudor pop", or when every artwork hung there got the preamble "by my good friend". Jeffrey Deitch has dragged the museum out of the dark ages for many of its ways of working, but that hasn't stopped the chattering groups you hear, from galas to garage galleries, talking about MoCA like a dearly departed old friend they're still hoping might suddenly turn up and say he'd just been on vacation.

Still, Deitch's house, besides the proud tour he gave (and whatever giggles one might have, I'll chalk up to Deitch being a good sport), has been the site of skinny-dipping parties where at least one local artist lost his pants and had to head home without at the end of the Ryan Trecartin afterparty. Deitch's counterpart on Twitter, FakeDeitch, makes a simple comment to his assistant on the JD home tour: "Excuse me, @fakedeitch-aast, I TOLD you to show it to me before you sent it out!" I can't deny it anymore, Los Angeles is a weird place, but succeed or fail, loved or reviled, Deitch is crafting at least some kind of legend for LA from his Los Feliz perch.