



D. Dominick Lombardi in Seoul, South Korea in a photo by Jung So-yeon

Our cover of the Fall 2017/Winter 2018 *dArt* features the art of **D. Dominick Lombardi**, who also happens to be our U.S. editor. His *Tattooed Tokyo* works were exhibited at the Prince Gallery in Copenhagen last year. In his review of the show, **Erik Bendix** noted that Lombardi, "...playfully tackles the theme of the human condition." As editor and publisher of art, I felt it helpful to broaden Lombardi's practice within a larger frame of reference. The ensuing article, *At the Intersection of Making of Art and the Curatorial Practice*, took the form of an interview between us. I wanted to know what led Dominick to curating and at what point he started incorporating his own work in the shows that he has curated.

My own contribution to the bridging of the fields within the fields of art was, *dArt Back Pages: From Sol Lewitt's Wall Drawing*, Locating a Square, to the Publication of *dArt Internatinal Magazine* in January 1998. For 30 years now, the tent pegs of my art has been driven into the gallery system itself as both subject and canvas, finding its textual expression eventually as an art magazine. At

least half of the editorial gladiators within *dArt's* arena wield both buckler and sword, alternating between pen and brush. My intention is not so much to meld distinctions between writing, curating, and making art, as it is to view the crafts as uniquely individual elements stitched into a single piece of cloth. The bleeding of lines, to use a film analogy, between producer, director, and actor, might be disquieting, if not made manifest. Who is really the artist within a mogul-dominated gallery studio system these days? To some degree, making and exhibiting art could be compared to making and releasing a film. We see the artist's work on the walls of a gallery, unaware perhaps, of its not-always-explicit delivery system.

My own response to this issue in 1987, was to overtly engage gallerist and patron in the art-making process through, what I called, *Art Involvement Projects*, *Gallery Space* being the eighth of its kind. First out of the gate was **Pick a Number Between 1 and 99**. Support for the production of the piece was solicited through a request for \$5 – a fee that I waived from time to time.



Steve Rockwell, *Meditations on Space* (Mary Boone Gallery, New York), 1996, acrylic on panel painting, 32" x 32"



Steve Rockwell, *Meditations on Space* (Galerie Lahumière, Paris), 1996, acrylic on panel painting, 32" x 32"



At left: Steve Rockwell, *Storage*, 1996, installation view at Stephen Bulger Gallery in Toronto. Rockwell's acrylic on panel painting was inspired by a visit to Galerie Jamileh Weber in Zürich, Switzerland. Photo by Stephen Bulger

My point was not to invest too much into the significance of the choices made by people, most being birthdays and years in all likelihood. The focus lay in grounding the progress of the work as documented increments, in this case, the gradual inking in of 144 squares on a grid, from white to black.

The 30th participant of *Pick a Number*, author **Jerzy Kosinski**, had been in the midst of writing *The Hermit of 69th Street*, and was very much into numbers. A review of his book on the website *enotes* describes the book's character Kosky as having "...a cabalistic attachment to letters and numbers," particularly the number 69. As I recall, at the end of his lecture in Toronto on May 3, 1987, Kosinski snatched the form from me, hastily scribbling in **66**, **69**, and **96**. Four years to the day later, I was chilled by the article in *Vanity Fair* of his self-inflicted death on (yes) May 3, 1991. His suicide note had read: "I am going to put myself to sleep now for a bit longer than usual. Call it Eternity."

If the slant of my *Pick a Number* dialogue seems to tip toward the dark end, there is a point to it. It's inevitable

that out of a list of 139 selectors of numbers, mortalities would take place over time. It hadn't occurred to me at the inception of the work, that this sequential ticking off of numbered squares might be analogous to the course of a person's life. The blinking of chips from white to black on the the *Pick a Number* grid might be seen as itemized and numbered grains of sand. Like or not, the threaded lines in the mesh of our existence connect and snare us all. The narrative strands of the lives of the participants selected may be viewed as salient iron filings, magnetized by life's vicissitudes.

Equally tragic had been the fate of Canadian swimmer **Victor Davis**, who had won silver and gold medals at the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles, California. It didn't surprise me that he had made **1** his number pick. Shortly after his retirement in 1989, Davis was struck by a car, whose driver fled the scene. The 25-year-old died of his injuries in hospital two days later. It came to light that a verbal altercation had taken place between the driver and Davis outside the nightclub of a Montreal suburb. Davis reportedly had



A Raymond Pettibon drawing propped against Steve Rockwell's 1996 acylic on panel painting, *Meditations on Space* (Galerie Lahumière, Paris). The arrangement by Robert Berman was made at his Santa Monica gallery and was part of Rockwell's 1996 Storage project

walked into the middle of the road waving a juice bottle when he was hit. The accused was convicted in 1992 of leaving the scene of an accident, serving four months of a ten-month sentence.



Steve Rockwell, *Pick a Number* (#30, #67, #124), 1987, three of 139 laser print and ink works on paper, each 8.5" x 5.5." The number picks from left to right were made by Jerzy Kosinski, Victor Davis, and Michael Corrigan. At the time, I was annoyed that Kosinski had gobbled up six of the squares, but decided to let it stand