

# RIVIERA

ORANGE COUNTY

ARTS &  
POWER  
ISSUE!

Name-Worthy Fashion!

C's Kings of Culture

Art With Attitude 2010

Painters' Palate Picks

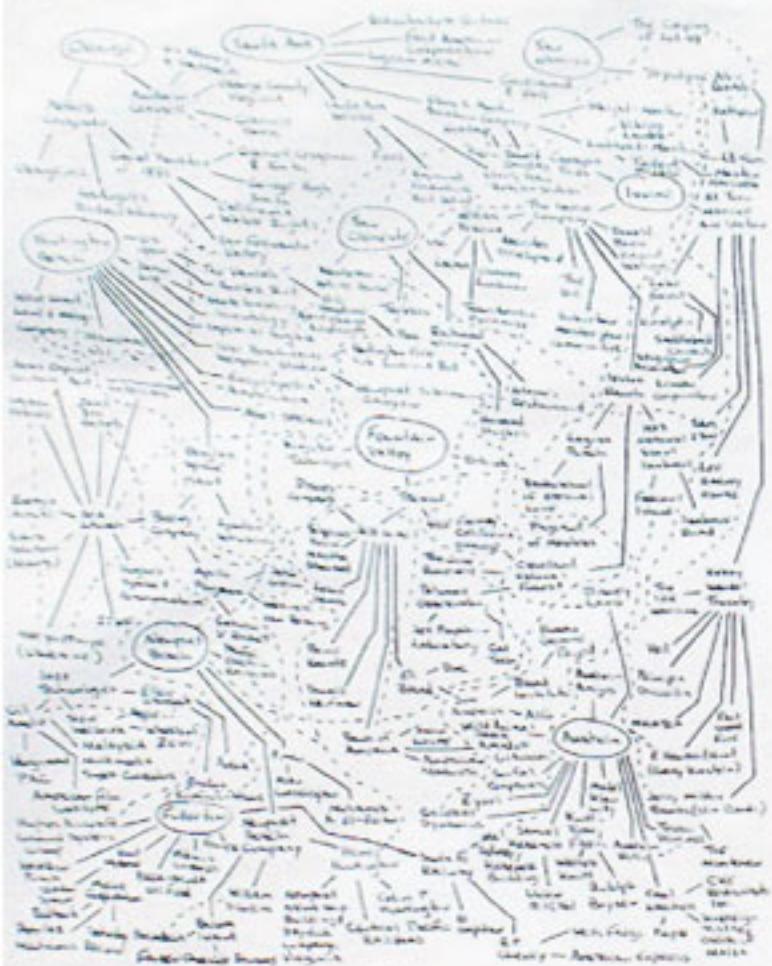
John Crean: Cash of the Titan!

## PLUS

MARK WAHLBERG BREAKS BIG  
CLASSIC KICK-ASS COUTURE  
NIGHTLIFE'S NEW KNOCKOUT  
SINGAPORE SWINGS!  
MUSCLE CAR MACHO  
& ALL THE POWER PARTIES

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## A Beautiful Mind

We should be satisfied with an artist's work on its own with no annotation. But we can't resist sneak peeks at notebooks or studio visits to see what's pinned to the wall. We search for subtext; we want a *Besing Jaba Malkwisch*-like portal into the creative cranium. That's why one of our favorite pieces at the Orange County Museum of Art's Biennial 2010 is by **Drew Heitzler**. Sure, his main piece at OCMA, a series of photos pulled from the Internet representing his take on O.C. called *There Is Always Money in the Banana Stand*, is cool—especially for *Arrested Development* devotees. But it's the feverish flow chart found on the floor that fascinates us. Presumably part of his research for the larger work, it's a creative compendium of conspiratorial connections, real or imagined, providing a map of O.C. unlike anything found in a Thomas Guide.



*See Part 4 and Annex  
A2 by Scott Brink*



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## Behind the Burqa

Born during the Iranian Revolution, **Taravat Talepasand** paints women of varying cultures, modest or brazen, in disparate dress—and undress. They look accusingly (or beseechingly) at the viewer. The American artist's work at OCMA shows an archway full of the flowers favored in Islamic manuscripts. A woman's eyes stare uncovered, but her naked body, seen through her *hijab*, is pixelated. Her work, like the women in it, stands strong.

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On the Road

**Scott Yeskel**'s oils could be Joe Goode's colorfields or Hockney's swimming pools. They just happen to be paintings of Airstream trailers and taco trucks. Though born in New Jersey, the SoCal-based artist's work is distinctly Californian, but moreover, it's distinctly Orange County, as seen through the differing art world eras. (Minus maybe O.C.'s plein-air beginnings.) He finds something personal, even poetic, in the mundane elements of urban decay and suburban sprawl. The 1940s and '50s blocks of sky, the flat monoliths of apartment building walls, form shimmering backdrops to the sleek-yet-hulking vehicles. It's a style we've seen at Sue Greenwood Fine Art ([gogallery.com](http://gogallery.com)) before, and it's one that never ages.

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**"Anyone that's selling work, my hat's f\*\*\*ing off to them, because I can't figure out what matters anymore."**

*—A refrigeration at a recent gallery opening.*