



Are Virtual Viewing Rooms the Future of Photography?

By Jesse Dorris

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Installation view of John Boskovich's Psycho Salon. Photograph by Phoebe D'Heurle, 2020 Courtesy the artist and David Lewis, New York

I'm dreaming of throwing my arm around someone as we walk down John Boskovich's Millennial Hallway, and examine, let's say, the conversation pieces in his Psycho Salon. When Boskovich's partner, Stephen Earabino, died in 1995, Boskostudio was born as an LA studio and residence, in which every last inch out of grief had been aestheticized and activated. A la Joris-Karl Huysmans's fictional recluse Jean des Esseintes in the novel *À Rebours* (1884), Boskovitch conceived a retreat to push the limits of his own imagination and—reversing the rarified des Esseintes—of a trash aesthetic. Before whenever this now is, only Toshi Yoshimi's photographs—and the tales of those who claim to have visited—could vouch for the pentagram area rug; chain-link menorah emblazoned with a quote from Jean Genet; black-and-white tiger-stripe, peace-sign bong; and chandelier with leather bondage mask diffusers. David Lewis recently pulled off the infernal task of recreating, on the Lower East Side, four Bokostudio rooms. Who knows when we can enter them again?

There's some occult perversity in looking at photographs of a space recreated from photographs of a space. It's alchemical, like a smudge on your thumb from a gold-leaf wrapping of a gold-plated piece of fool's gold.

The toddler upstairs has been running in circles for thirty-two days now. On Twitter, in the air above quarantined Manhattan, a lightning rod bisects a pink supermoon.

I want to go where I cannot get to.