

# GIOVANNI'S ROOM



**Patrick Carroll**  
Writing  
April 11 - May 17, 2025

950 N Cahuenga Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90038

Telephone 310 985 1983

[jeremy@giovannisroomla.com](mailto:jeremy@giovannisroomla.com)

[www.giovannisroomla.com](http://www.giovannisroomla.com)

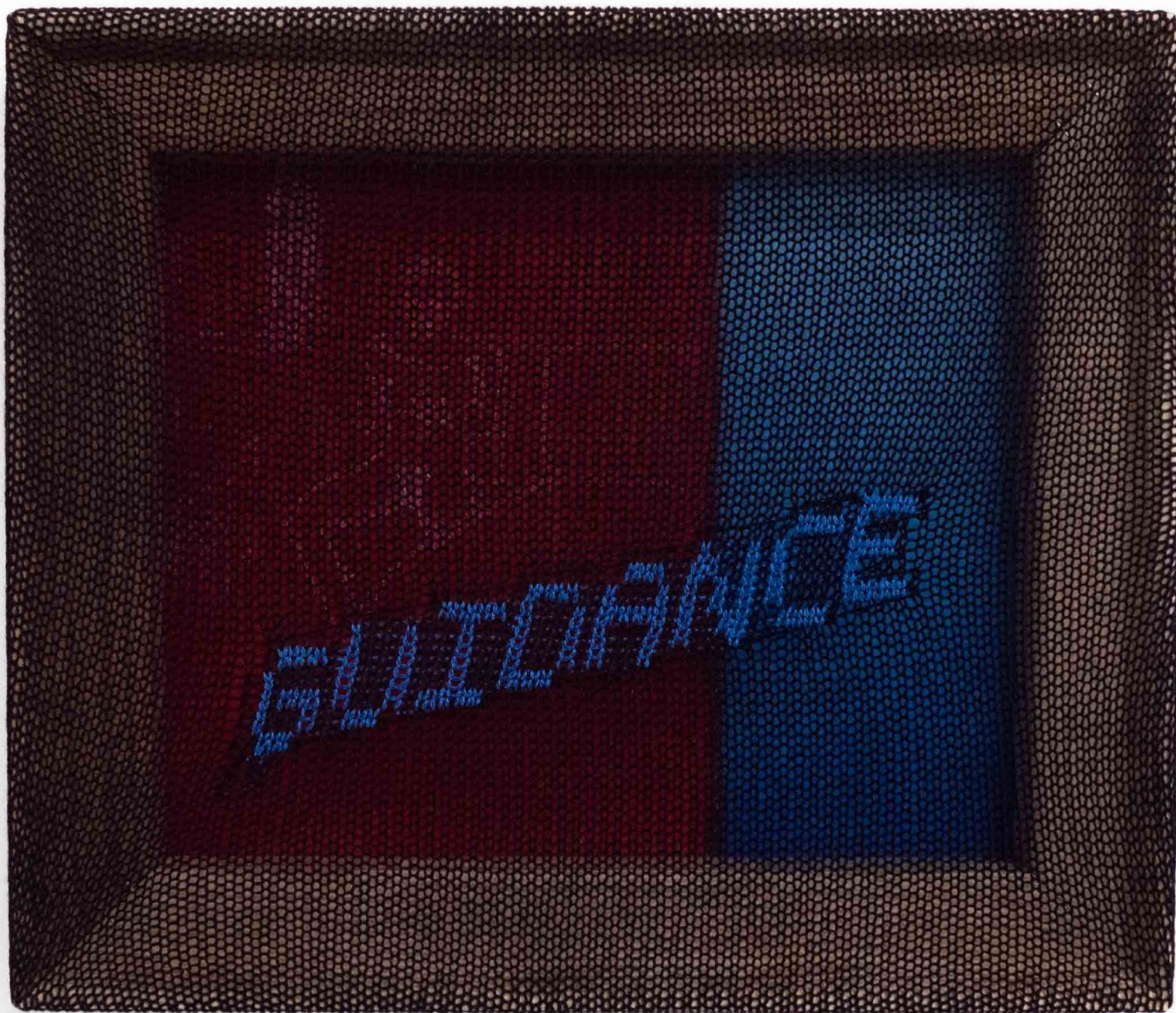






Petrolio  
2025  
Hemp, cotton, silk, wood, staples  
11 x 20 x 1.5 inches





Guidance (Pasolini, October 1975)  
2023-2025  
Cashmere, silk, oil pastel on canvas,  
wood, staples  
12 x 14 x 1.5 inches





Ask Not for Whom the Bush Burns  
(MARKS)  
2024-2025  
Linen, cashmere, oil pastel on  
canvas, wood, staples  
42 x 10 x 1.5 inches





EXIT

Petrolio

GUIDANCE

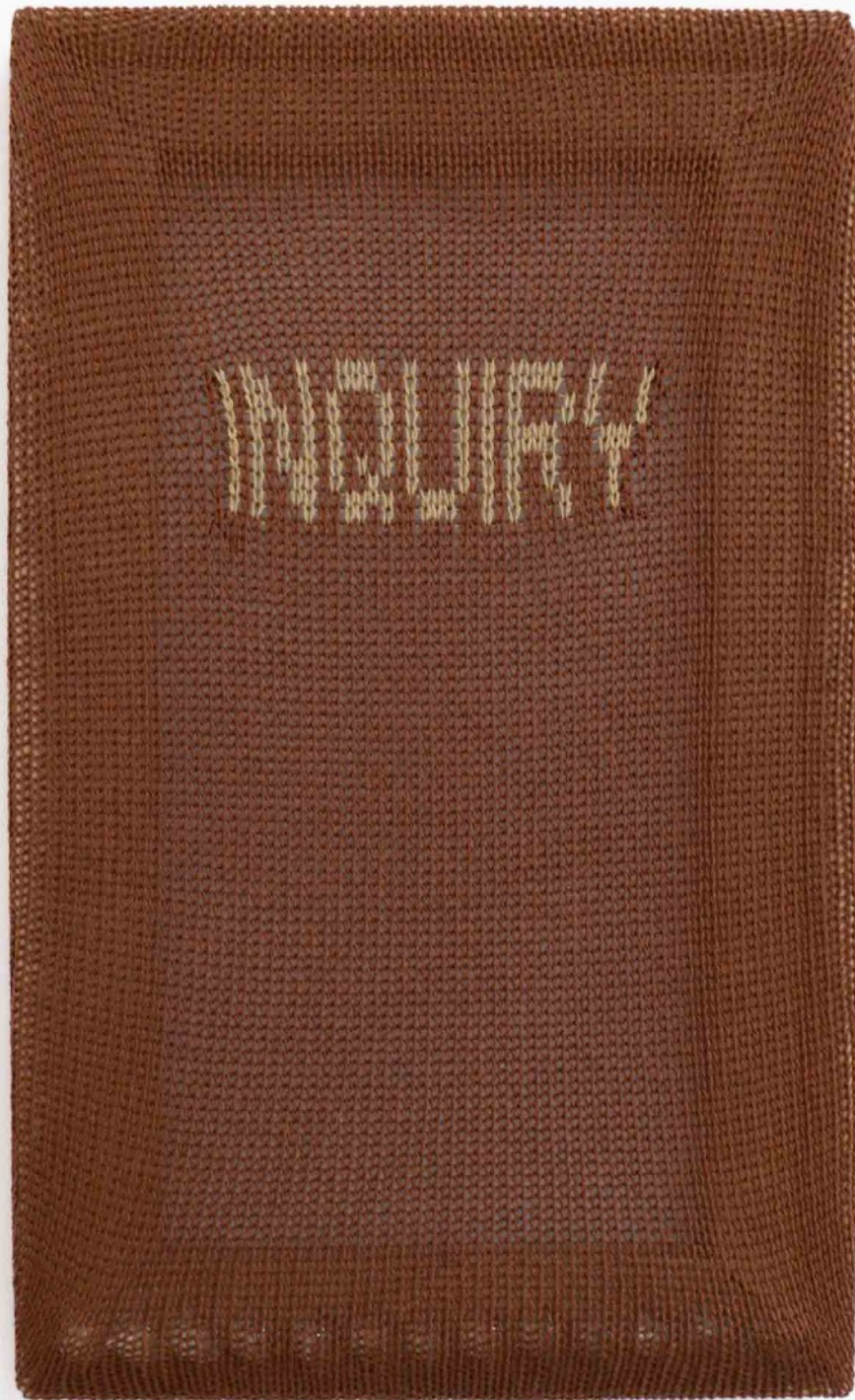
MARKS





Spore  
2024  
Silk, wood, staples  
14 x 11 x 1.5 inches





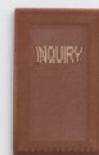
Inquiry  
2023  
Silk, glass marbles, wood, staples  
15 x 9 x 1.5 inches





They Too Wanted to Be Alone,  
So They Went to the Woods  
2024-2025  
Mohair, nylon, silk, wool, oil pastel on  
raw canvas, wood, staples  
40 x 11 x 1.5













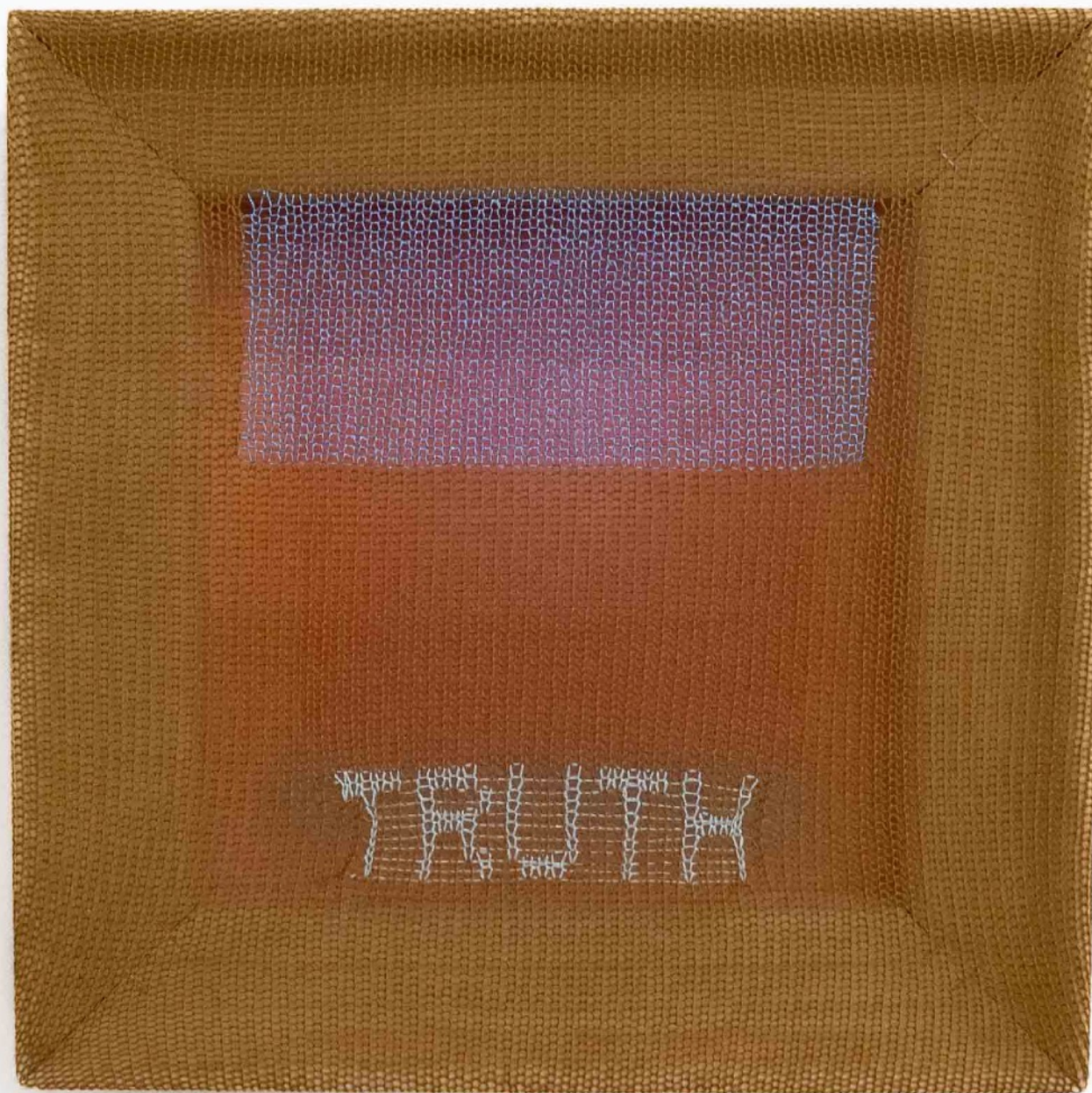
I Brought Back Burdock and Oxeye Daisy,  
Planting Them in Front of the House.  
Mark's White T-Shirt with Its Message MAY  
PEACE PREVAIL ON EARTH Kept Me Warm  
Enough  
2025  
Linen, cashmere, viscose, silk, wood, staples  
27 x 28 x 1.5 inches





Mulish and Bent  
Wool  
2024  
48 x 28 inches

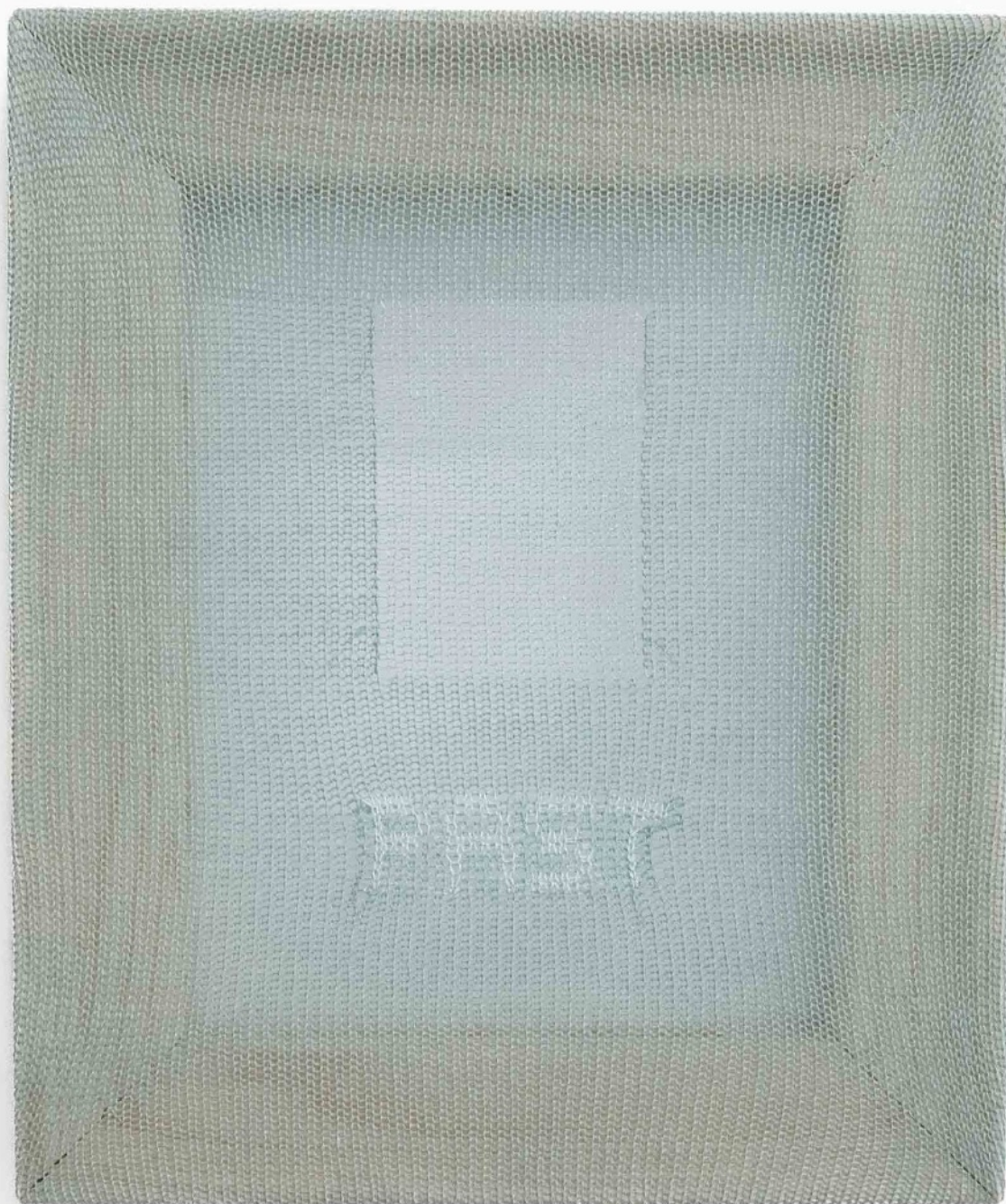




Truth  
2024  
Wool, silk, linen, oil pastel on bristol  
board, wood, staples  
10 x 10 x 1.5 inches







Past  
2024  
Wool, silk, cashmere, linen, wood,  
staples  
12 x 10 x 1.5 inches





Yield  
2025  
Wool, silk, archival inkjet print and oil  
pastel on canvas, wood, staples  
14 x 10 x 1.5 inches



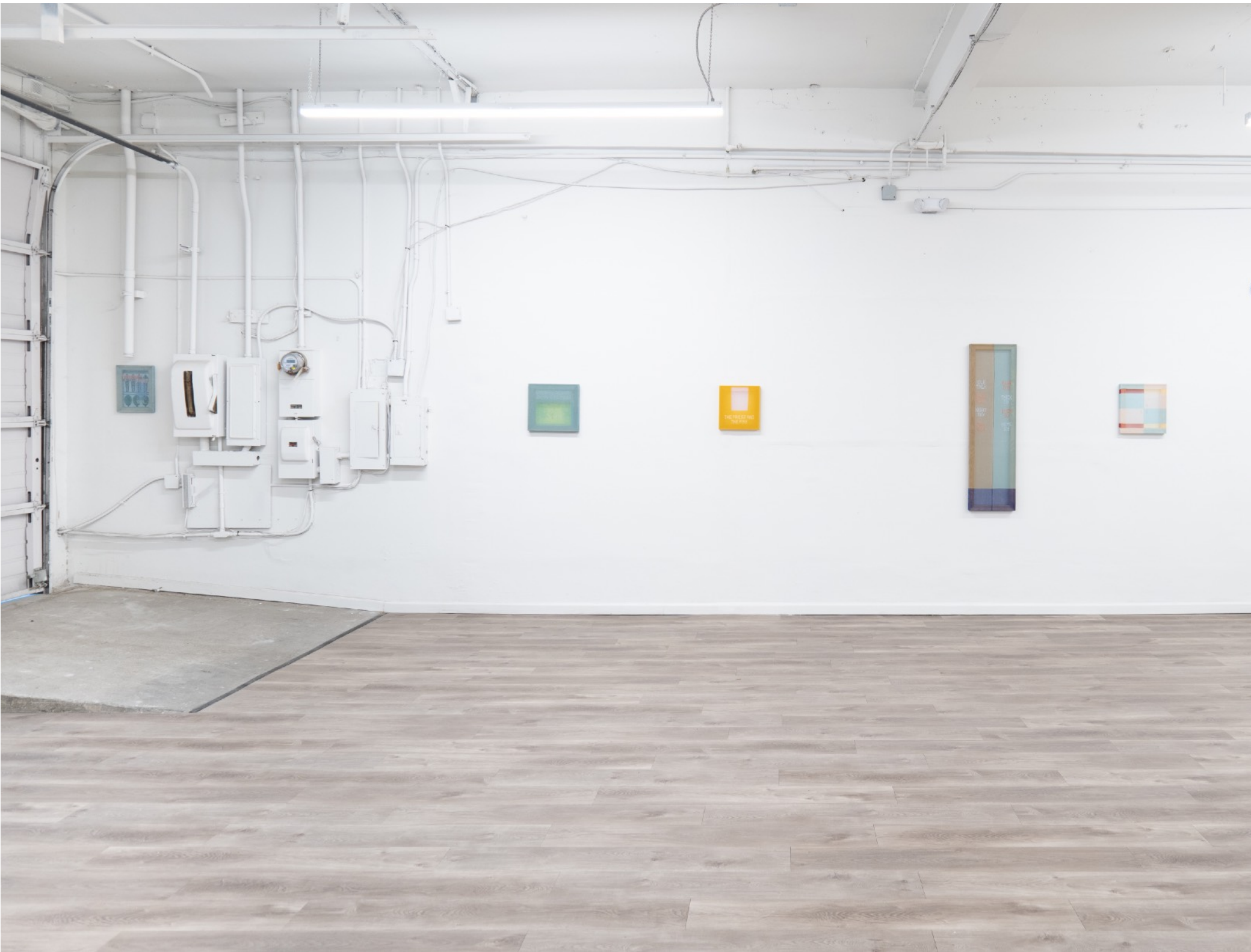


Finitude  
2023  
Silk, cashmere, wood, staples  
13 x 10 x 1.5 inches

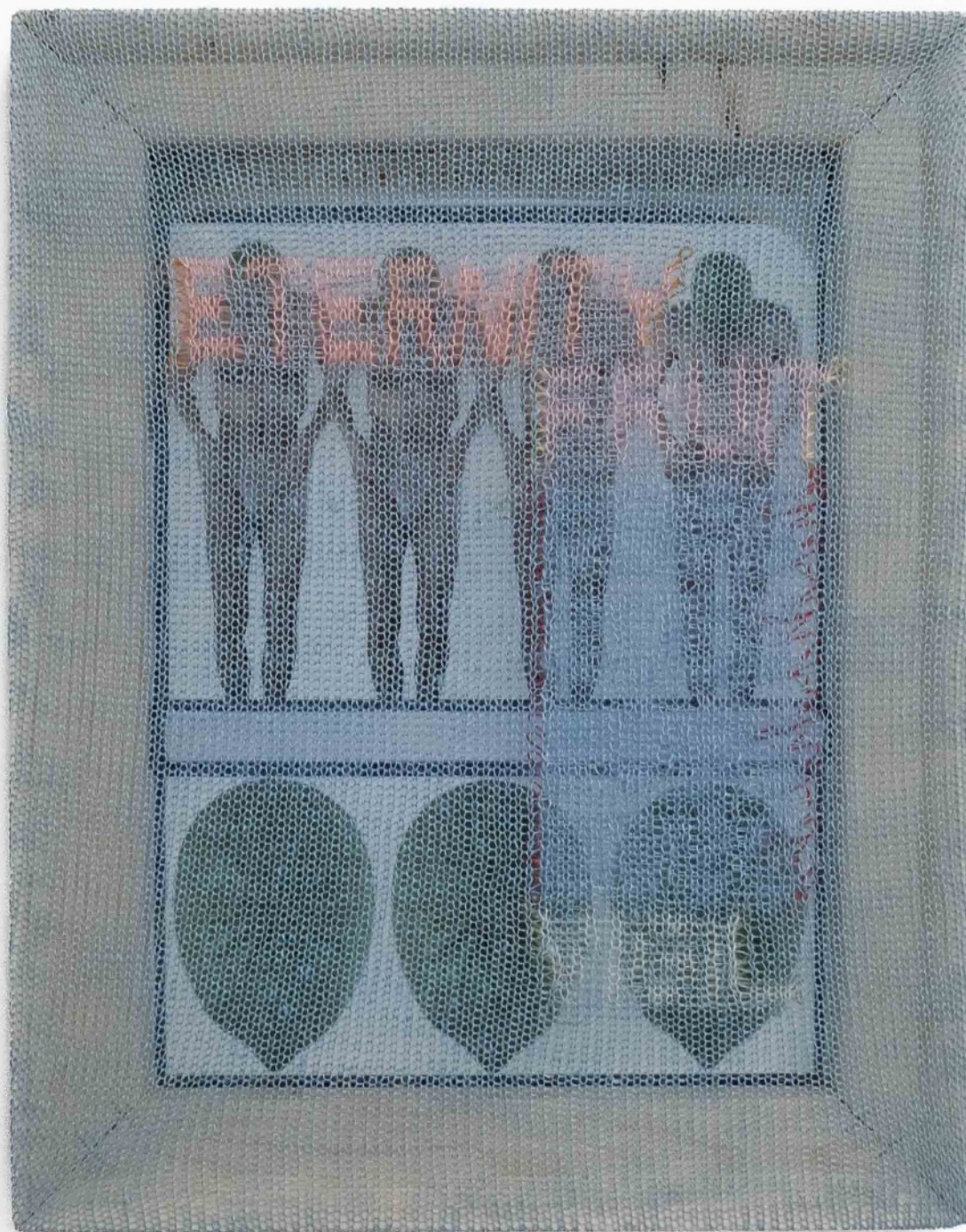




Labor  
2025  
Linen, wool, wood, staples  
27 x 17 x 1.5 inches



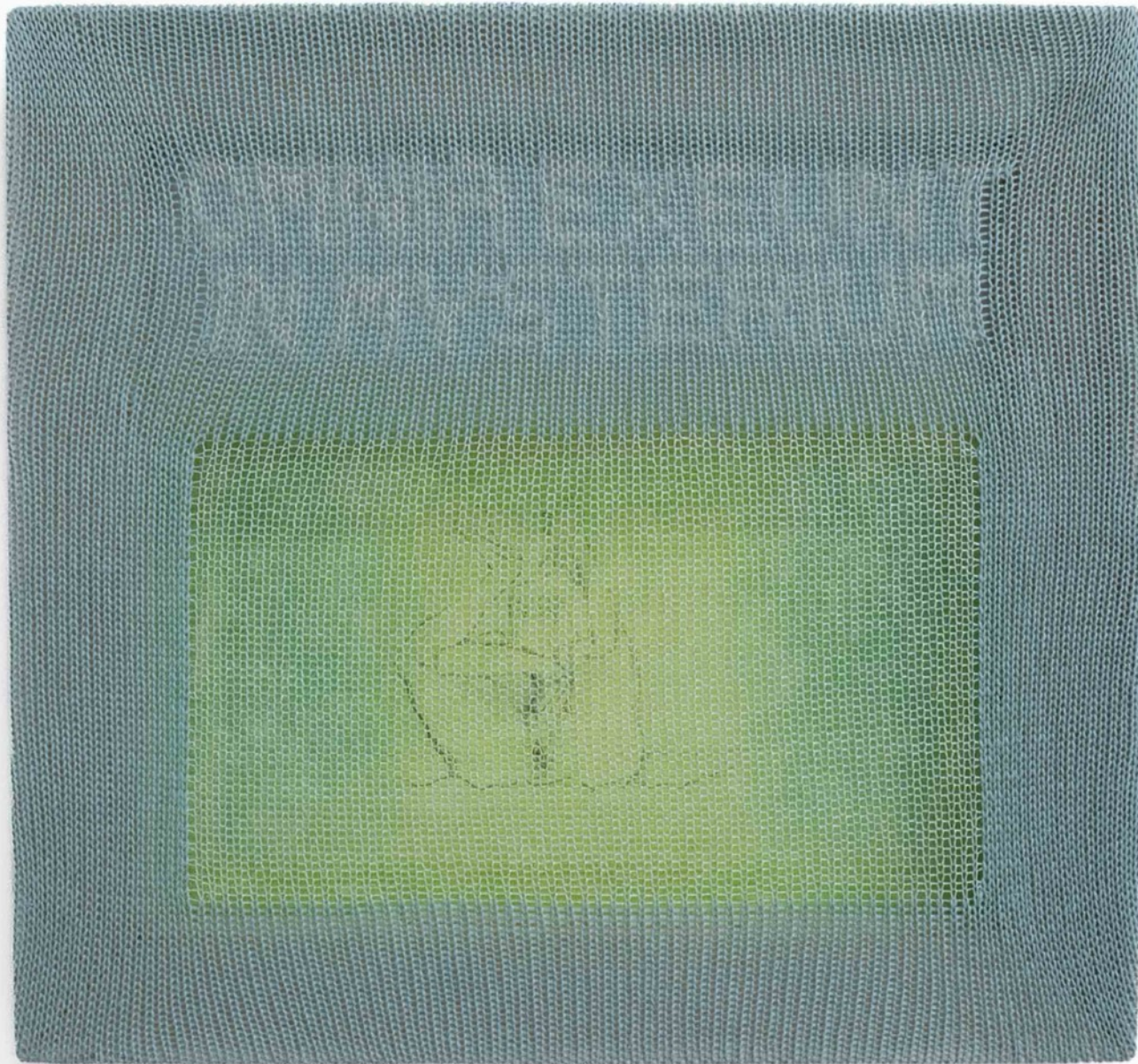




Untitled (ETERNITY FRUIT LOSS LOSS  
LOSS LOSS VIGIL)  
2025

Linen, silk, mohair, archival inkjet print  
on canvas, wood, staples  
14 x 11 x 1.5 inches





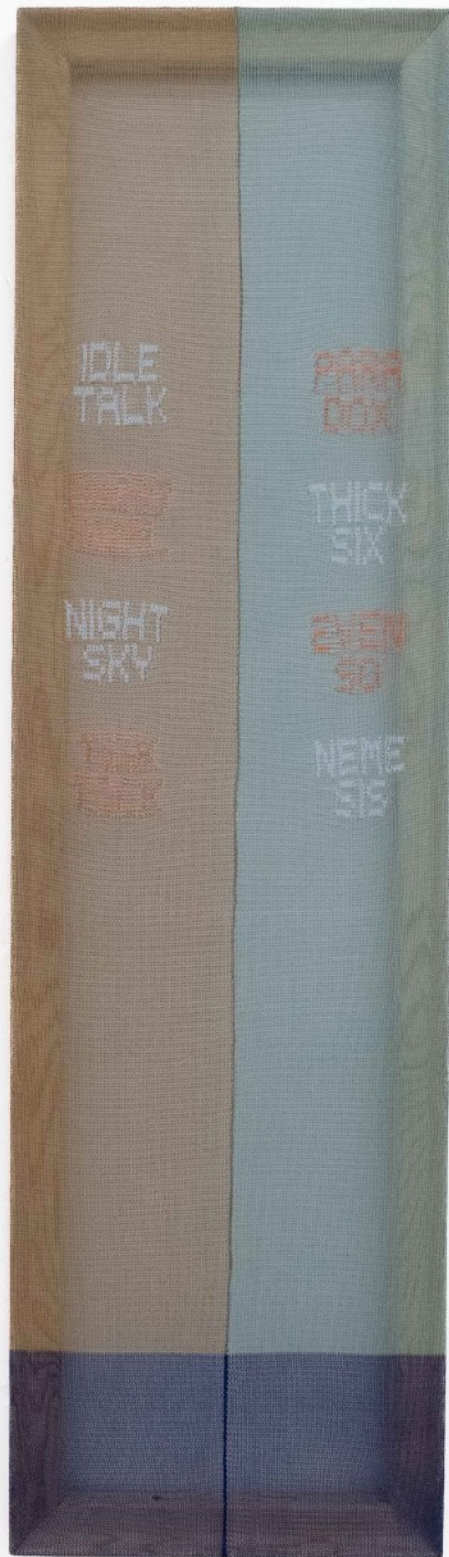
Mysterium  
2025  
Silk, cotton, mohair, oil pastel and  
pencil on canvas, wood, staples  
14 x 15 x 1.5 inches





Biathanatos (I Only Forbid It the Press  
and the Fire)  
2024

Wool, cashmere, mohair, nylon, wood,  
staples  
13 x 12 x 1.5 inches



Doubling Down  
2025  
Silk, linen, wood, staples  
50 x 14 x 1.5 inches

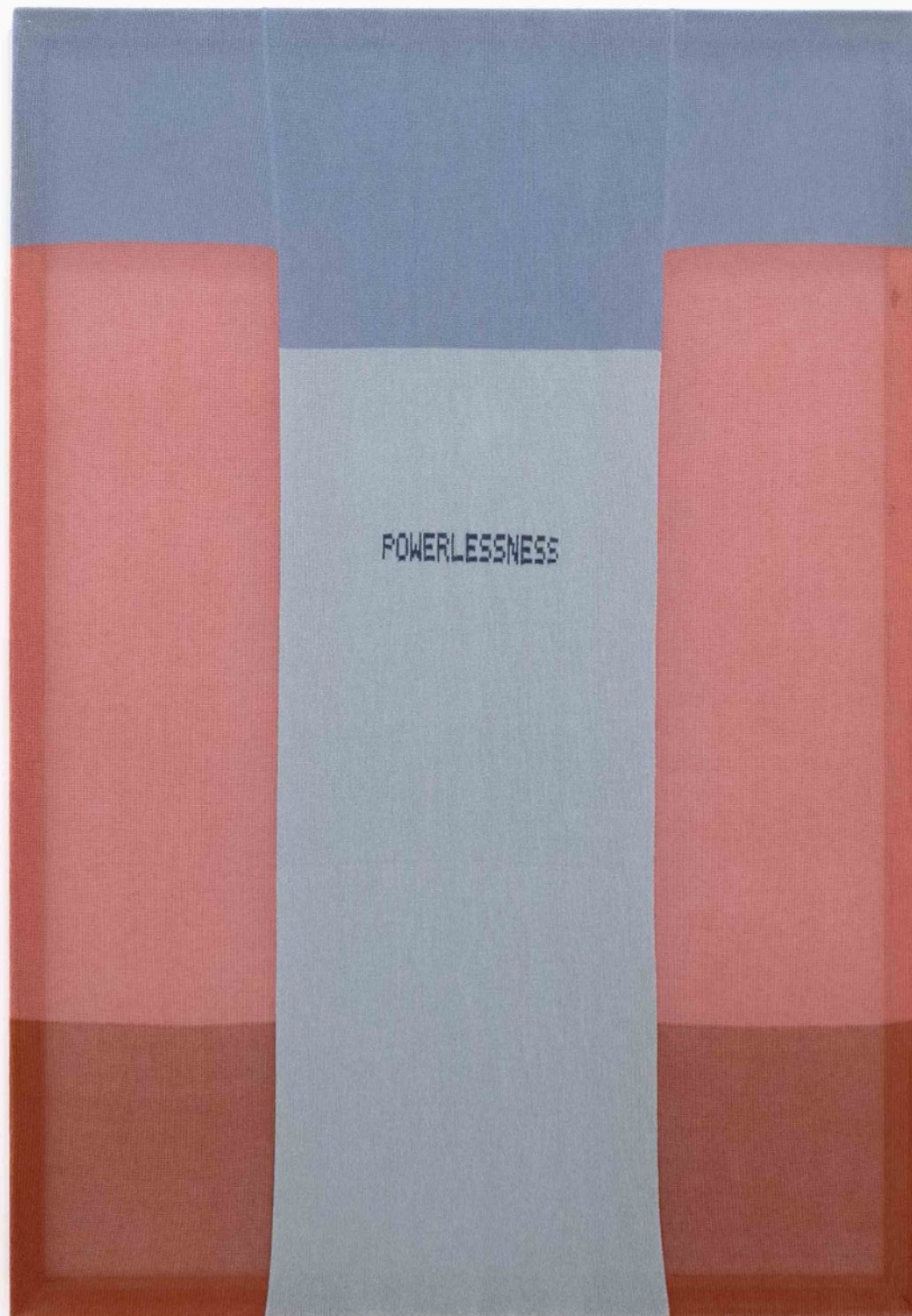




LOSS  
2025  
Linen, cashmere, silk, wood, staples  
15 x 14 x 1.5 inches







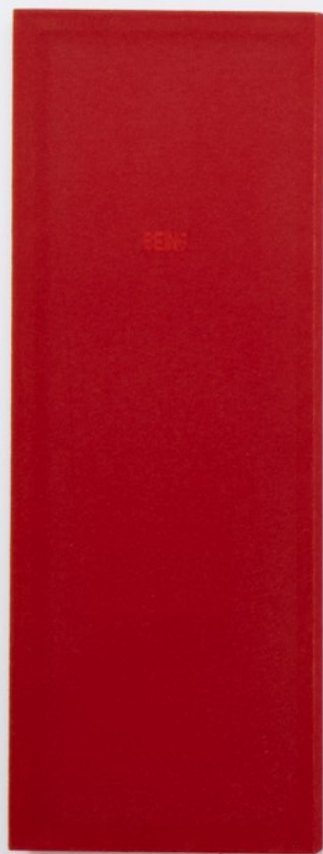
POWERLESSNESS  
2023  
Silk, linen, wood, staples  
72 x 50 x 1.5 inches







Being  
2023  
Alpaca, wool, wood, staples  
66 x 24 x 1.5 inches

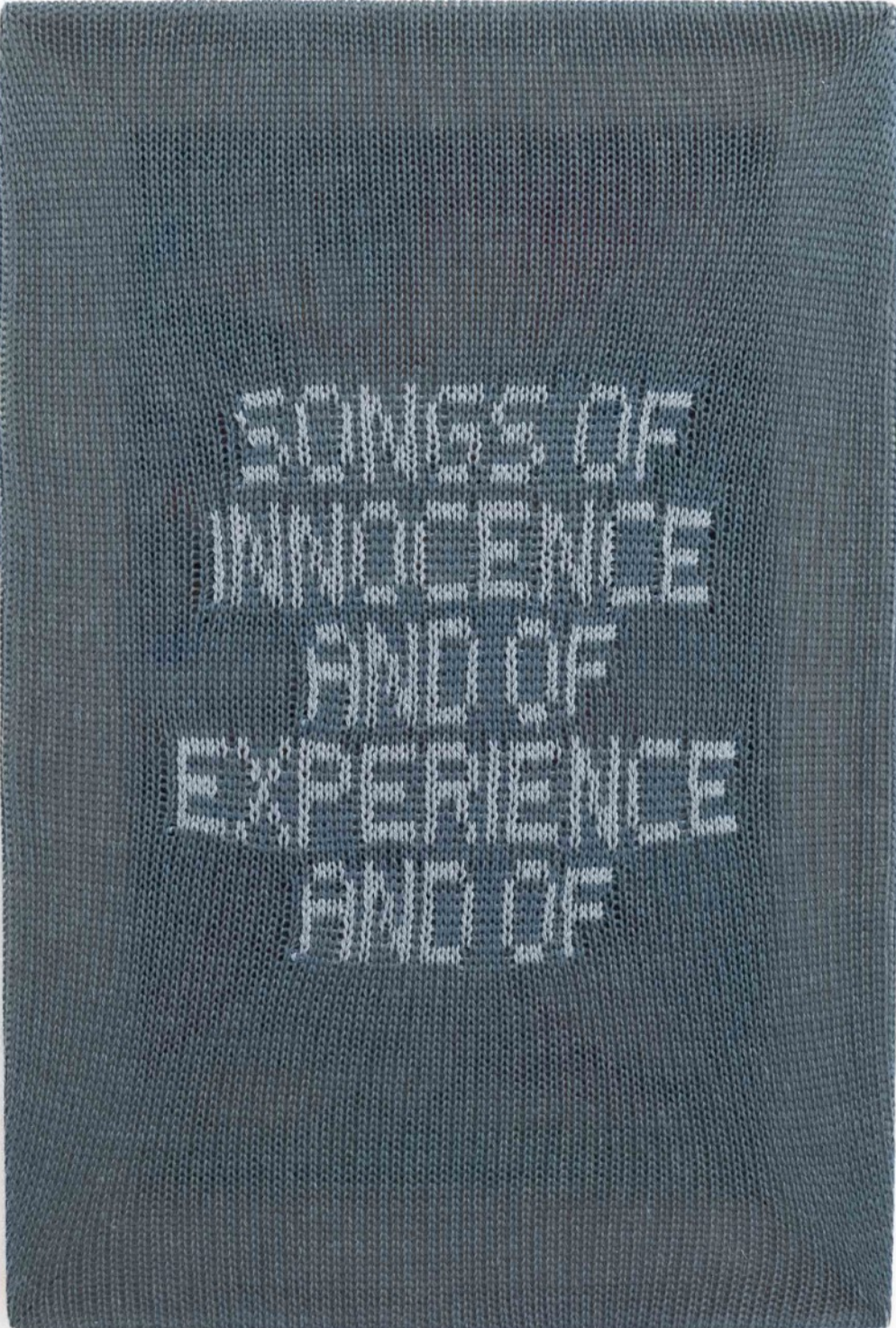






Against Consolation  
2024-2025  
Wool, camel, silk, cashmere, angora,  
pencil and ink on Bristol board pasted  
and taped to canvas, wood, staples  
13 x 10 x 1.5 inches





SONGS OF  
INNOCENCE  
AND OF  
EXPERIENCE  
AND OF

Sequel  
2024-2025  
Wool, cotton, silk, oil pastel on canvas,  
wood, staples  
18 x 12 x 1.5 inches

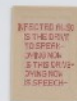






Cape of the Wound-Licker  
2024-2025  
Silk, ramie, linen, galvanized steel, iron,  
zinc, lumber  
75 x 40 x 11 inches







Sempiternal Claim (LIFE HAS CHANGED)  
2025  
Silk, wool, oil pastel on canvas, wood,  
staples  
12 x 11 x 1.5 inches



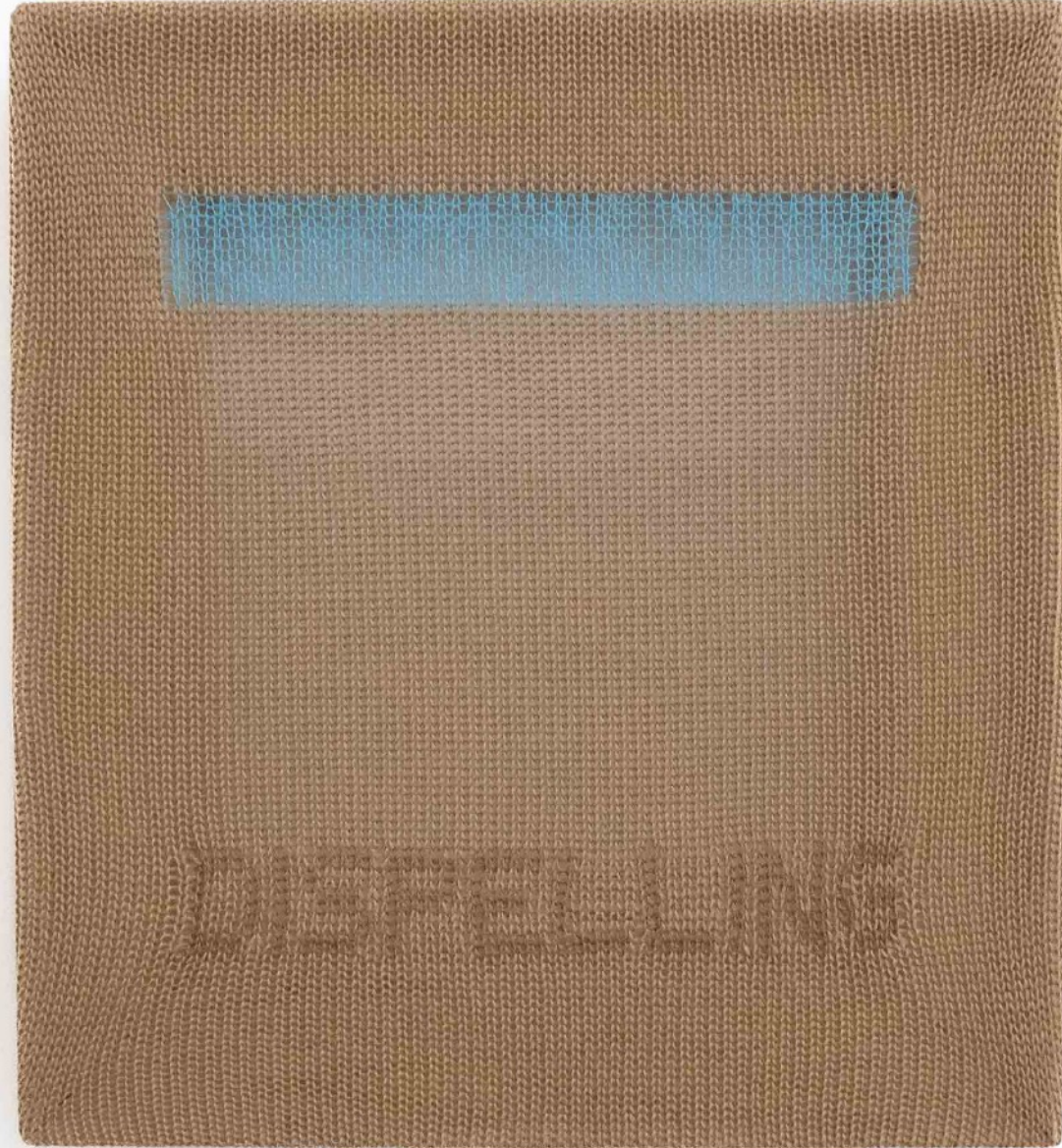
INFECTED ALSO  
IS THE DRIVE  
TO SPEAK—  
DYING NOW  
IS THIS DRIVE—  
DYING NOW  
IS SPEECH—

Untitled (INFECTED ALSO IS THE DRIVE  
TO SPEAK—)

2025

Silk, cashmere, wool, wood, staples  
14 x 10 x 1 inches





Dispelling  
2024  
Wool, cashmere, angora, wood, staples  
11 x 10 x 1.5 inches



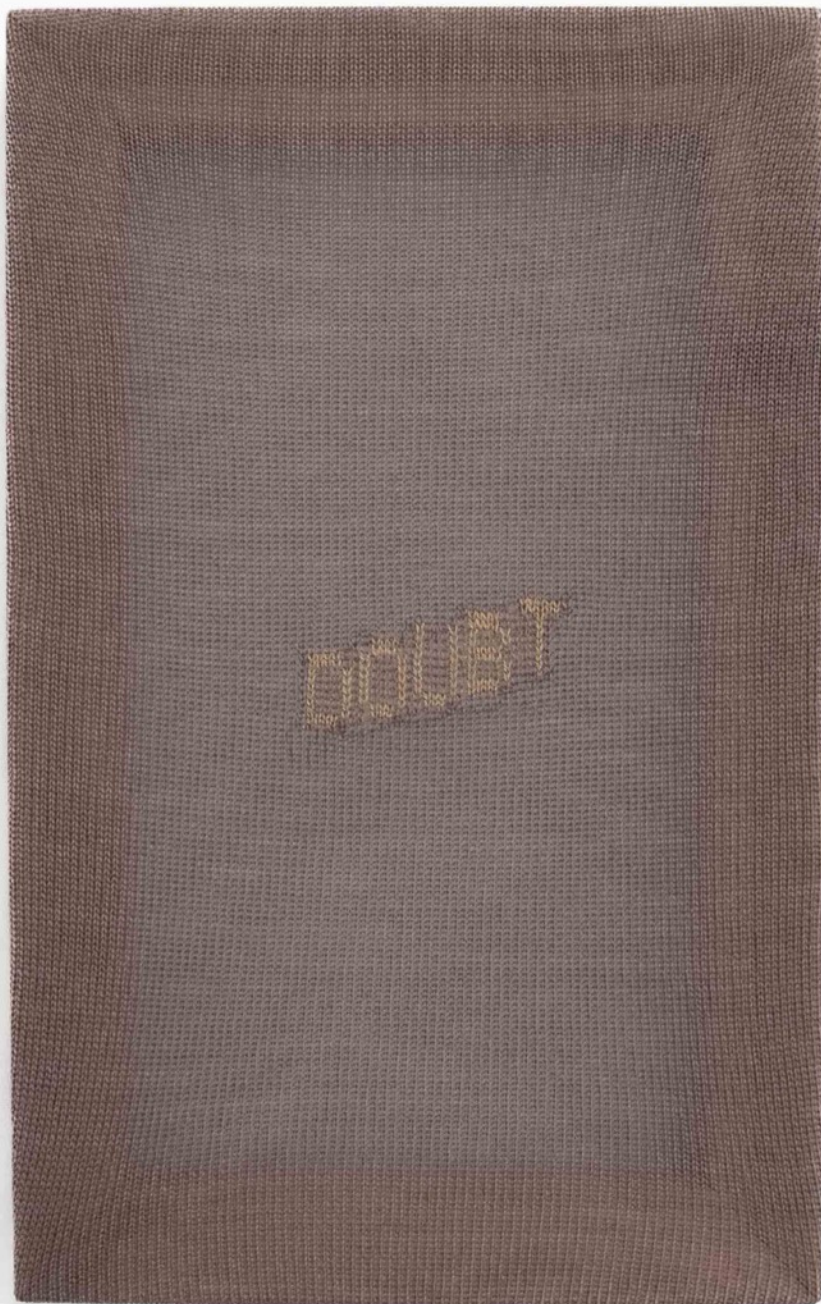
YEA,  
BEDS FOR  
ALL WHO  
COME



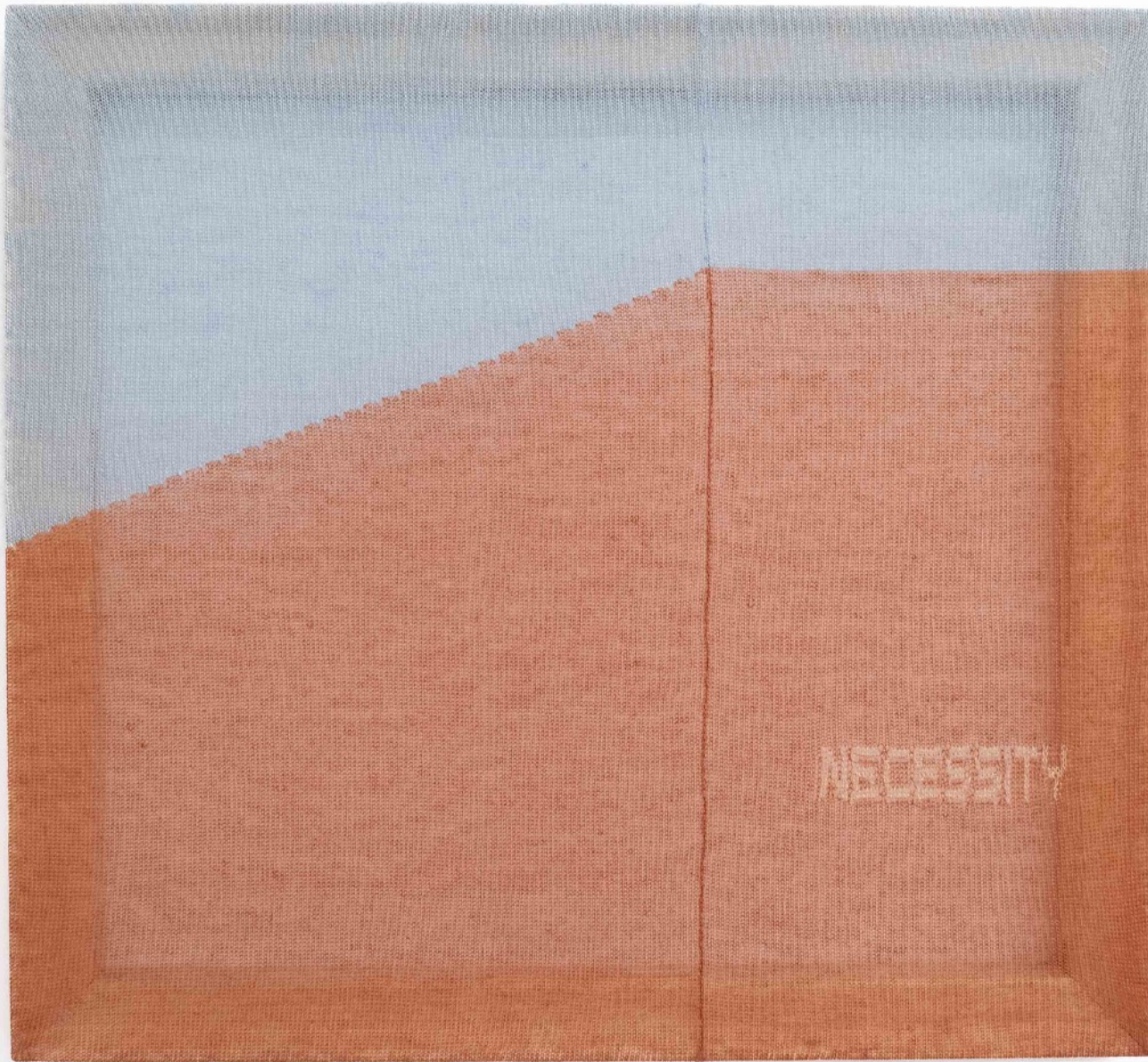
YEA,  
BEDS FOR  
ALL WHO  
COME

Will There Be Beds for Me and All Who  
Seek?  
2025  
Polyester, mohair, wool, nylon, wood,  
staples  
56 x 16 x 1.5 inches





Doubt  
2025  
Wool, silk, wood, staples  
16 x 10 x 1.5 inches



Necessity  
2025  
Linen, wood, staples  
23 x 25 x 1.5 inches





Tea  
2025  
Linen, wood, staples  
25 x 16 x 1.5 inches

## Exhibition Text

Giovanni's Room is pleased to announce Patrick Carroll's second exhibition with the gallery. "Writing " opens on Friday, April 11 and runs through Saturday, May 17, 2025.

Fruit of the Loom  
By Mariella Rudi

"Hope? I have none and furthermore I condemn it with everything in my power. Hope is the flag, the special marker of hypocrisy... I don't believe in it. I believe only in my own vitality."  
- Pier Paolo Pasolini

"If you want to destroy my sweater // hold this thread as I walk away."  
- Weezer

Giovanni's Room has a ghost—it's Leslie Jordan, the gay character actor-turned-TikTok icon who fatally crashed his Beamer next door three years ago. I don't write this to be funny, even if it still kind of is, but because it's exactly the kind of joke without a punchline you'll encounter with Patrick Carroll's work. Sure, it's part gallows humor (the old chestnut of grief+time=comedy), but mainly it's a long-running visual or etymological gag Patrick has with himself that we've been invited to laugh at with him.

Ready, player one? CAPE OF THE WOUND-LICKER \*Equip\* —> Choose one:  
anal insight  
or  
anal innocence?

To understand this current show is to understand the artist's preoccupation with pleasure; verse poetry and gay maturity (mid-30s, "early middle-age, as Patrick calls it); and how Pokémon and Pier Paolo Pasolini's unfinished magnum opus, *Petrol*, bookended the first chapter of digitally networked life.

Patrick's second solo exhibition with the gallery, "Writing," is about mind, body, history, language, vision. It's inside this new space—Giovanni's Room 2.0, a former printing press and acting studio, now home to Leslie Jordan's ghost—that Patrick's stretcher bars open up into "portals," and one can encounter the flash poetics and one-word answers to Life's Big Questions.

The artist is also winking at the etymological link between "text" and "textile" (both from the Latin *texere*, meaning "to weave"). According to Anni Albers's 1963 fiber artist's bible, "On Weaving," color should be "third in importance" for weavers, and after is texture, then "yarn character." Each thread, each stitch, is a line of text. The metaphor here is not hard to grasp: text-based works designed like garments but stretched like paintings, where each piece invites the viewer to engage with its tactile and conceptual tension.

Back to earlier. Did you choose correctly? "This is a show of anal insight," Patrick says. "You open your ass to learn to speak." He's talking about that gay gift of gab but also the "the fag life/experience/aesthetic." Like Ed Ruscha's "word" works, this vocabulary is a lifelong joke that never ends but remains deadly serious.

Among Patrick's rhetorical Club sandwiches and literary Easter eggs are references to *Magic: The Gathering* playing cards, Giovanni di Paolo, Derek Jarman, Albrecht Dürer, and Yoshi's Island. Works made in the last six to seven months of puzzling out composition, mark making, color theory, self-portraiture, and inkjet prints. Some images you can make out behind the fabric, like his hole on main; others, you can barely see, like a white line drawing of Pasolini reading in the buff a few weeks before his murder by a 17-year-old gigolo (allegedly).

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The question of what constitutes "clothing" versus "art" is boring but inevitable, and Patrick understands why we're asking these questions over and over again. The difference is a "question of labor, and labor rights, and it's also a question of commodity and taxation and freedom of movement across borders," the artist told *Vogue* at



his exhibition with fashion designer Jonathan Anderson's flagship store during Milan Design Week. It turns out Hell isn't other people; scientists have actually located it in that nebulous overlap where fashion, design, and art meet.

The same logic applies to literary merit (Patrick has an MFA in fiction from UC Riverside) or video games (Patrick might as well have a degree in this, too.) But if all art is political and all weaving is a discipline of resilience, then where do we draw the line between pink pussy hat craftivism and textiles as an art movement? Carroll again offers words where mine fail: "I don't know how to make art that doesn't feel bulldozed by the present moment, but also that doesn't completely feel beside the point." Two things can be true at once: Kandinsky painted on both sides, and your future doctor is using ChatGPT to pass med school.

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"L.A.'s enjoying a conceptual renaissance," Giovanni's Room owner Jeremy Maldonado tells me when I ask him, "why Patrick, why now?" Art fair boys and gallery girls are still riding the ketamine high off a post-COVID DIY literary-residential gallery-alt-theater wave. "But, girl, the tariffs..." you scream at me while I mind my own business trying to write this fucking exhibition text. To be a contrarian Los Angeles artist is really hot right now, Jeremy says, but "Patrick's work is just as commercial as it's not: he can turn it on and off like a light switch." I have a Patrick Carroll on my office wall. It hangs next to my Samsung Frame TV that's usually set to the Hermitage or Museo del Prado. I bought it during Patrick's first Giovanni's Room exhibit, called "Reading," two years ago ("Reading" and "Writing," get it?) It's a pale pink loose stitch: "SENTIENCE." Glitter strands fall out from under the frame. Sentience, in my opinion, means the line between living and death, and I can only ever write under the threat of violence or a total comprehension that I will someday die.

Grieving his father's death in the early days of the pandemic, Patrick learned to knit using a 1970s Studio SK-560 machine found on Craigslist. He sourced leftovers from European apparel companies—recycled wool, linen, mohair, silk, cashmere—and spun them into dainty and sumptuous and enviable stuff. "He sits there for hours in his studio like he's in 'Girl, Interrupted,'" Jeremy tells me. At the same time, The New York Times Style Magazine has called his knits "an antidote to loneliness."

In self-timer mode, he was hawking his wares online, first as thirst traps, then as something else. He mounted the text-based knits onto stretcher bars and hung them up. The rectangles of different sizes and proportions together created a "modular chorus." It was art. "Language is a body, a living creature," wrote the late John Berger, but "writing is an offshoot of something deeper."

## Biography

Patrick Carroll (b. 1990) was born in Menlo Park, California. He currently lives and works in Los Angeles, California. Emerging from historical study, Patrick's practice draws from many sources to build a resonant poetic universe that considers labor value, fantasy (via the biblical book of Ecclesiastes, Shakespeare, Dolly Parton, Pokémon), grief, gender and silhouette, and religious discourses of virtue and sin.

## EDUCATION

Princeton University, BA Comparative Literature, Creative Writing  
UC Riverside, MA Fiction Writing

## EXHIBITION HISTORY

Select exhibitions include *Days* with JW Anderson in Milan as part of Salone del Mobile 2024, *Personae* at Baader-Meinhof in Omaha in 2023, *Commonplacing* at The Meeting in NYC in 2023, *Reading* at Giovanni's Room in LA in 2023, *Memoriam* as part of Fuji Textile Week in Fujiyoshida, Japan, in 2022, and in the group exhibition *Any Distance Between Us* curated by Stephen Truax and Dominic Molon at RISD Museum in Providence in 2021.