

MARCH 7, 2024

JENNY'S

has a show up now by MARYSIA PARUZEL,
called, "HOW TO MAKE IT IN AMERICA"

There had been a lot of such rot let loose in print and talk just about that time, and the excellent woman, living right in the rush of all that humbug, got carried off her feet. She talked about 'weaning those ignorant millions from their horrid ways,' till, upon my word, she made me quite uncomfortable.

I ventured to hint that the Company was run for profit.

Five, red, fiberglass, heart shaped bathtubs have been salvaged (rescued?) from the Pennsylvania Pocono Mountains, also known as "the Poconos"—the former honeymoon resort capital of the U.S.A.. The heart tub was conceived and prototyped there in 1963 by a hospitality entrepreneur who desired to achieve, by relatively uncomplicated intervention, the dissolution of what he perceived to be an architectural constraint on lovemaking. Why not let the romance flow from the bedroom to the bathroom? More bodies in the rooms. *To make money, of course.*

The heart tub became the symbol of the institutional-aspirational, couples-only, vaseline-lensed, romantic, chiffon and champagne, love and leisure culture of the Poconos—as almost all the resorts there featured them, including Penn Hills, where these five ones came from.

Penn Hills boomed in 1960s/70s./80s as a honeymoon resort. *The snake had charmed me.* By the late century, the constellation of aspirations, which the heart tubs once represented, began to seem like Brummagem. And the appeal of the easy glam well-to-do well-adjusted honeymooner influencer thing diminished. Ersatz culture. *Not a definite mistrust—just uneasiness—nothing more.*

Penn Hills persisted anyway as a nature-oriented getaway until the owner's death in 2009, which revealed over a million bucks in back taxes. Abandoned building. *Dash it all!*

The thing looked as dead as the carcass of some animal. I came upon more pieces of decaying machinery...

As the resort began to disintegrate, copper thieves did their thing, flood waters destabilized its integrity, weather happened, two separate pyromaniacs tried burning the place down. During the aftermath of the manhunt for cop killer Eric Frein, it was said that his manifestos were scribbled on the walls, amid hallways and anterooms with fungal floor to ceiling carpet, and busted industrial-sized skylights.

Nosy exploration proceeded; kids were hanging out, tumbling, dragging the hearts into the forest, scratching names, hearts, ideas into them, doing selfies, videos, probably sex stuff.

His little eyes glittered like mica discs—with curiosity—though he tried to keep up a bit of superciliousness. Romance flowed. Love and leisure invigorated via UrbEx.

The flies buzzed in a great peace.

The land was parceled off to investment firms in New York City, said one stakeholder:
YoU cAN't bUy vlewS. WhAt's hERE, yoU cOuldNt PUt oUt bACk hERE ToDAY.

The kids kept going until the fences and cameras went up, and each heart mindlessly languished in the spot to wherever it had been dragged and dropped by those who had come through.

It was no more fossil than I am; but they call it fossil when it is dug up.

Post-putrefaction bones shaped like vital organs. ANIMATED BY A NEW CONCEPTION OF THE WORLD, THE ARTS, IN COLLECTIVE FERMENTATION, HAVE BEEN SET INTO MOTION AND EACH HAS ABSORBED A NEW DIMENSION. EACH HAS FOUND A NEW FORM OF EXPRESSION INHERENT TO THE NEXT DIMENSION, OBJECTIFYING THE WEIGHTY INTELLECTUAL CONSEQUENCES OF THIS FUNDAMENT

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Signed,

Katarzyna Kobro, et. al.

I found myself back in the sepulchral city resenting the sight of people hurrying through the streets to filch a little money from each other; to devour their infamous cookery, to gulp their unwholesome beer, to dream their insignificant and silly dreams.

The hearts are here now in New York City on 5th Avenue. Marysia has been using them as the molds for the set of sculptures in this show—popping them out—and some of the tubs are in the show themselves! Work working. *It appeared however, I was also one of the Workers, with a capital—you know.*



sells midcentury modern home and office furnishings at 50-80% off MSRP out of a Fifth Avenue showroom/former HSBC. They have decommissioned over 5 million sq. ft. of office interiors for Fortune 500 companies and small businesses alike.

The inventory is salvaged from liquidation office closure recession whateverthefuck. WeWork. Space flow—holes filled and refilled. *The work was going on.* Silvercup, SONY, Google, Bank of America, United States Federal Reserve, United Nations, CHASE.

Deductive with respect to the past. Inductive with respect to the future. Alive in the present. All of this was already here. *However, all that is to no purpose.*

The point was in his being a gifted creature, and that of all his gifts the one that stood out preeminently, that carried with it a sense of real presence, was his ability to talk, his words—the gift of expression, the bewildering, the illuminating, the most exalted and the most contemptible, the pulsating stream of light, or the deceitful flow from the heart of an impenetrable darkness.

HERE, VIDEO



JENNY'S

Marysia Paruzel
How To Make It In America
March 7 – April 4, 2024



Marysia Paruzel
Polska 23rd December, 2024
Polyurethane foam
55 x 39 x 18 inches



Marysia Paruzel
Lilys with No Blue, 2024
Polyurethane foam
55 x 39 x 18 inches



Marysia Paruzel
Truffule Soda, 2024
Polyurethane foam
55 x 39 x 18 inches



Marysia Paruzel
Big Hair Big Nails, 2024
Polyurethane foam
55 x 39 x 22 inches



Marysia Paruzel
Pocari Sweat, 2024
Polyurethane foam
55 x 39 x 18 inches



Marysia Paruzel
Itchy Peachy, 2024
Polyurethane foam
55 x 39 x 18 inches



Marysia Paruzel
Omelette & Grape Soda, 2024
Polyurethane foam
55 x 39 x 18 inches



Marysia Paruzel
Teal the Cows Come Home, 2024
Polyurethane foam
55 x 39 x 18 inches



Marysia Paruzel
Patient Zero, 2024
Polyurethane foam
55 x 39 x 18 inches



Marysia Paruzel
Debbie Harry, 2024
Polyurethane foam
55 x 39 x 18 inches