

NINO MIER
GALLERY

ANDREA JOYCE HEIMER

24 Hours in Great Falls, Montana

MARCH 26-APRIL 9, 2022



NINO MIER GALLERY | GLASSELL PARK
2700 W AVE 34,
LOS ANGELES, CA 90065



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March 26 - April 9, 2022

Nino Mier Gallery | Glassell Park

Nino Mier Gallery is pleased to announce *24 Hours in Great Falls, Montana*, an exhibition of new paintings by Andrea Joyce Heimer that will run from March 26 - April 9, 2022 at our Glassell Park gallery, located at 2700 W Ave 34, Los Angeles, CA, 90046. *24 Hours* aggregates twenty-four 30"x40" paintings that represent each hour of the day Heimer lost her virginity.

Poignancy and humor imbue Heimer's serialized narrative, centered on the encounter that made Heimer "a woman, albeit a disappointed one," as she writes in her statement on the series. But the virginity loss itself, which occurs at noon, is depicted with restraint. Within the painting, it is relegated to a small section of a busy composition that otherwise teems with life and activity—his grandmother knitting on the floor above the young couple, planes flying in the sky above her, geese pecking at her garden beyond. And within the series as a whole, sex itself is diminished by the sheer quantity of other exuberant moments, like the 9 A.M. hustle and bustle of the school ground. The expected catharsis brought by what is so commonly trafficked as the watershed moment of young adulthood for women is but one of many features in this intricate portrait of a day.

Heimer's painterly style evokes narrative friezes, wherein each work's composition is segmented into a series of layers that depict various planes of action. Her approach to perspective borrows from techniques of pre-modern image-making, abandoning illusionistic space for narrative condensation. The importance of narrativity—of what Heimer's paintings communicate, and how—is reflected in her work's titles. The titles are long, expository, and heartfelt, constituting a confessional writing practice that runs parallel to her painting. For instance, the painting representing her virginity loss is titled: *12:00 p.m.: During the peak of the chinook my boyfriend and I cut school to make out in his grandmother's cement basement, in the house near the truck stop. She is infirm and can't make it down the stairs. My boyfriend wants to have sex, which would make this my first time, and I say no and yes back and forth because I am afraid of getting pregnant but I also want my boyfriend to love me forever. He decides for me and I yelp at the surprise of it all. I guess now I am a woman.* The titles read like diary entries, and impart upon each work a sense of predestined dread not immediately legible in the painting. For example, Heimer titles a work depicting male figures engaged in a snowball fight amid a snowy landscape *7:00 a.m.: Inexplicably, I wake up depressed. I am late for school. It is cold but a warm purple wind tussles my ponytail and I know this means a chinook will melt away some of the snow this afternoon. Two idiots pummel each other with snowballs while they still can.* Images that might otherwise be read with a sense of cozy comfort turn acerbic when framed by Heimer's titles.

Though *24 Hours* is a conceptually unique project, Heimer has long used experiences from her own life to explore the underbelly of human emotion, most frequently depicting the various shades of loneliness. But while her subjects experience pain, jealousy, isolation, and — in the case of *24 Hours* — an acute disappointment that is destined to be repeated, her paintings remain full of humans, animals, homes and hills, full of a heartening interest in a deeply interconnected world.

Andrea Joyce Heimer (b. 1981, Great Falls, MT; lives and works in Ferndale, Washington) received her MFA from the New Hampshire Institute of Art in Manchester, New Hampshire. Her work has been exhibited at Nicelle Beauchene Gallery, New York; Colombo Gallery, Milan; CG2 Gallery, Nashville; Linda Hodges Gallery, Seattle; Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art, Philadelphia; Andrew Edlin Gallery, New York and Franklin Parrasch Gallery, New York.

Artist's Statement

24 Hours in Great Falls, Montana is a pictorial blow-by-blow of the day I lost my virginity. I was fifteen, lonely, and, being an adopted child, felt like some strange invasive species everywhere I went—something that patently did not belong but over time was seen as part of the landscape. I was desperate to find what I thought of as love and found something like it in a troubled boy who lived with his grandmother in a shabby house by a truck-stop. He only went to school when he felt like it and was a braggart. I was sold on his cheekbones.

We did the deed in his grandmother's musty basement, even though I tried to back out at the last minute. It didn't matter, it was done and it was terrible. The basement was cold and dank and I remember looking up at the cobwebs in the rafters and not knowing I deserved, at the very least, for it all to have happened above ground. I look back at that day and think that's where the trouble began. Of course it's not that simple, but those twenty-four hours were formative. I still find myself downstairs when I should be up.

It's been twenty-five years since that day in the basement and I am navigating a divorce. The last two months have been a marathon of paperwork, boundary setting, and severing of all sorts of things. I think a lot about timelines of events and how we organize them in our minds. I think maybe in rewinding the relationship I could find the hitch in the timeline, to avoid it somehow in the future. The divorce timeline is too fresh to revisit right now but I am ready for pain. And so I return instead to the timeline of where the trouble really began, that day in the basement when I was fifteen.

24 Hours in Great Falls, Montana begins at 1:00 a.m. on a snowy December morning on a highway outside Great Falls, Montana. Each 30" x 40" painting represents an hour in the day, passing through scenes of me and my family asleep and dreaming, hunters ice-fishing in the wee hours. Another morning panel sees me going to school then skipping out early to follow my boyfriend to his grandmother's basement, where I became a woman, albeit a disappointed one. The following panels track my movements through the graveyard to confess what I'd just done, and my subsequent descent into a waking nightmare about what I now was, how my body was changed, and how I would be seen.

Toward the end of the timeline I tell my best friends all about what happened and show them the blood, not knowing my boyfriend would soon break into my sister's car to steal her stereo. In the last panel the same highway takes us out of town past a pack of wolves surrounding a pastured cow. The light and weather shift throughout the twenty four panels. December in Montana is very cold and snowy but a chinook had rolled through town that day—sudden warm winds that momentarily melted the snow, before the sun set and froze everything again. That is one of the strongest memories of that day - the cold and darkness of the morning blasted away by a fit of heat in the afternoon, followed by a return to freezing temperatures. The frigid stillness of that night was made all the more punishing by that burst of midday heat, a weather fluke that could never last - not in that season, not on those plains, not on that day.

- Andrea Joyce Heimer



Installation View of Andrea Joyce Heimer: *24 Hours in Great Falls, Montana* (March 26-April 30, 2022)
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1:00 a.m.: Montana is deep in the throes of a frigid, iced-up winter. The wind chill drives the temperature down even more and sends snow ghosts over the highway that runs past and through town, where there are always a few cars, even on a night like this. The cars hurtle through darkness toward the lights of Great Falls, cutting through miles and miles and miles of plains that sit like an open palm. The drivers' eyes stay fixed on the icy road ahead, entirely missing the turnoff that leads to the makeout spot by the duck pond. It is mostly only teenagers who know this turnof. They go there to fog up the windows and turn their cars to sweaty ovens, making the winter wind outside seem extra cruel.,





2:00 a.m.: At this time of night, on the edge of Great Falls, the only people awake are highway drivers, drunks, and poachers.,





3:00 a.m.: At three a.m. a drunk, muscled blonde boy knocks on the window of my sleeping sister. He is in love with her and makes it known in the way he has hopped a fence and stumbled through trash bags. She is used to this and dreams only of luxury and cake, at least that's what I imagine,.





4:00 a.m.: In the wee hours of this December morning, the day I will lose my virginity, or rather have it taken, I dream of my boyfriend and other strange, unpredictable creatures. Outside there is falling snow and barking dogs.,





5:00 a.m.: My parents twitch, talk, and shudder in their sleep. I wonder what dream monsters poke and prod them into restlessness. It's five a.m. now. In another hour they will wake up and be upset by my boyfriend's graffiti - an irresponsible love note that will turn out to be one of the nicest gestures he ever makes.,







6:00 a.m.: It is 6:00 a.m. and I, twisting around in the space between dreams and wakefulness, imagine how sex will make me feel, when and if I ever have it. I picture my fifteen year old body, awash in orgasms - strong, striking, and glowing from the light of a hundred meteors. I picture feeling the best I've ever felt. I picture being at one with nature. I picture fish jumping out of their streams just to get a peek at me.,





7:00 a.m.: Inexplicably, I wake up depressed. I am late for school. It is cold but a warm purple wind tussles my ponytail and I know this means a chinook will melt away some of the snow this afternoon. Two idiots pummel each other with snowballs while they still can.,





8:00 a.m.: In Montana the warm chinook winds appear without warning and skitter along the ground as quick as spiders, unfreezing tree trunks, hills, highways, the plains. The chinook warms indiscriminately, thawing roads, ice, poachers, and hunters alike.,





9:00 a.m.: I am fifteen and my high school is a small but treacherous battleground full of bullies and finks. Each day I think about the horses and cows in the pastures beyond, and how they eat and run all day. On this morning I follow my boyfriend to a tree that he begins to destroy as a token of his affection. I know before it happens that he will only carve my initials because he is not sure how to spell my name.,





10:00 a.m.: On this December morning I think of any life but my own. Mostly I think about the lives adjacent to mine. I think about my cowboy cousins whose lives, I imagine, are seasoned with prairie dirt and horse sweat. It is very romantic to me.,





11:00 a.m.: My high school boyfriend, the strange, unpredictable creature that I sometimes dream about, lives near a Flying J truck stop where long haul truckers stop for hamburgers and beer. On this winter day, made unseasonably warm by the purple chinook winds that departed as quickly as they'd arrived, a trio of truckers pauses shoulder to shoulder to watch a cluster of trick jets in the sky. I watch them watch the Blue Angels loop and dive in tidy formations.,





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12:00 p.m.: During the peak of the chinook my boyfriend and I cut school to make out in his grandmother's cement basement, in the house near the truck stop. She is infirm and can't make it down the stairs. My boyfriend wants to have sex, which would make this my first time, and I say no and yes back and forth because I am afraid of getting pregnant but I also want my boyfriend to love me forever. He decides for me and I yelp at the surprise of it all. I guess now I am a woman.,





1:00 p.m: After I lose my virginity I think of the inconceivable numbers of women who have been as surprised and disappointed as I now am. I feel part of history.,







2:00 p.m.: In a small town everyone knows everything about everybody.,





3:00 p.m.: I tiptoe through the rumor mill.,





4:00 p.m.: The late afternoon sky turns blue as lips and the temperature plummets yet again. Teenage sex has made me feral and raw feeling. I skulk to the cemetery to ask the ghosts if I am going to hell now, if I have an STD, or if I am now pregnant with quadruplets. Ghosts are experts on all things, is my thinking.,





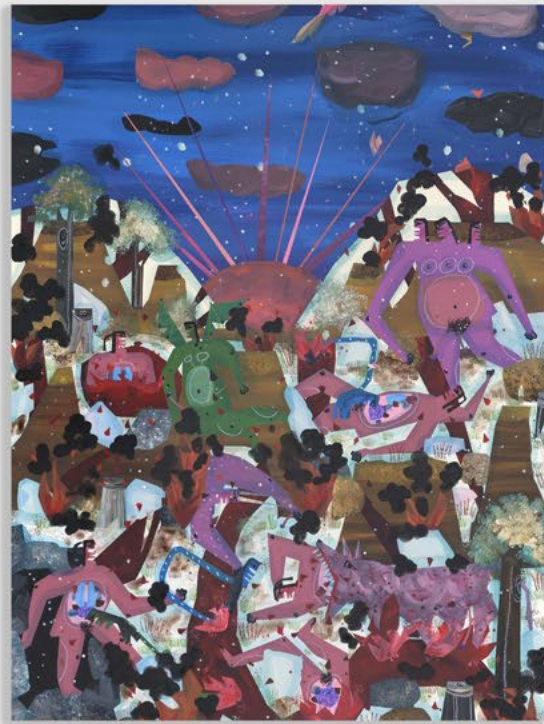
5:00 p.m.: I walk through the neighborhood and through the empty lots past it. I walk on a path through trees and old bird's nests. I walk toward a cave.,





6:00 p.m.: Post-sex anxiety monsters play in rivers of my blood.,







7:00 p.m.: At seven p.m. on this December evening I make some phone calls and sex gossip travels to the warm interiors of my inner and outer circles. Outside is once again frozen, cold cold cold. As B. and I quip through the phone lines a chorus of coyotes yip in the distance.,





8:00 p.m.: My girlfriends talk on the phone for ages. They talk about me, my boyfriend, sex, and school. On the phone lines our families disappear and it is just us and our voices and the cold night air slipping in through cracked windows in our bedrooms. We are free.,





9:00 p.m.: By nine p.m. that night I have described my first sexual experience over the phone at least five times. With each telling the scenario unfolds more tenderly than the last and by the time I describe it to H. the story is complete fiction. At the other end of the line, at H.'s house, I hear her family's dogs barking. The coyotes have fallen silent. Just a dumb beagle and some kind of hound. I think H.'s sister is listening in on our conversation.,







10:00 p.m.: There is a field outside town a few miles down a dirt road that is surrounded by more empty fields and some old cars and tumbleweeds. Great Falls high schoolers and early twenties burnouts go there to drink and barf. When the wind is just right I can smell their bonfires from my bedroom window.,





11:00 p.m.: My very very very good friend makes a snowy pilgrimage to my house this night to hear about the loss of my virginity first hand. Because I am looking in her eyes she gets the real version, not the flowery phone one. "Oh," she says. "I see." It was maybe not this night but certainly another, my high school boyfriend broke into my sister's car and stole her stereo and a necklace right after I loaned him twenty bucks. This is not the true love I had in mind.





12:00 a.m.: Montana is still deep in the throes of a frigid, iced-up winter and the wind sends more snow ghosts over the highway that runs past and through town, where there are always a few cars, even on a night like this. The cars hurtle through darkness away from the lights of Great Falls, cutting through miles and miles and miles of plains that sit like an open palm. I think of the cattle out there in the dark, with nothing between them and the night but a thin fence. Danger surrounds them, making the winter wind seem extra cruel. A new day begins.,





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ANDREA JOYCE HEIMER

(b. 1981, Great Falls, MT)
Lives and works in Ferndale, WA

EDUCATION

2017 MFA, New Hampshire Institute of Art, Manchester, NH

AWARDS AND RESIDENCIES

- 2019 Painters & Sculptors Grant, Joan Mitchell Foundation, New York, NY
Special Recognition Award, The Betty Bowen Award, Seattle Art Museum, Seattle, WA
- 2015 5790 Award, Los Angeles, CA
- 2014 idrawalot Collective, International Artist Residency in Berlin, Germany
- 2013 Neddy Award, finalist in painting, Seattle, WA
Artist in Residence at the Cornish Collage of the Arts, Seattle, WA

SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 2022 24 Hours in Great Falls, Montana, Nino Mier Gallery, Glassell Park, Los Angeles, CA, US
(forthcoming)
- 2021 Pastime, Missoula Art Museum, Missoula, MT, US
- 2021 Lonely Hunter, Nino Mier Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
- 2020 The Quarantine Drawings (People Waiting), Nino Mier Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
- 2020 Big Sky, Half Gallery, New York, NY
- 2018 Fountainhead, Nicelle Beauchene Gallery, New York, NY
- 2017 Storied, Nicelle Beauchene Gallery Project Space, New York, NY
A Jealous Person, Hometown, New York, NY
- 2016 Sisterhood, Antonio Colombo Gallery, Milan, Italy
The Adopted Child, CG2 Gallery, Nashville, TN
- 2015 Suburban Mythology Volume II, The Good Luck Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
- 2014 Suburban Rituals, idrawalot Collective, Berlin, Germany
- 2013 Linda Hodges Gallery, Seattle, WA
- 2012 Linda Hodges Gallery, Seattle, WA

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 2021 New Old Histories, Kasmin Gallery, New York
- 2020 Adventure Painting, 1969 Gallery, New York, NY
- 2018 "Alter"ing American Art, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, PA
Spyruokl's Laiku, M. Žilinskas Art Gallery, Kaunas, Lithuania
An Open Window, Next to Nothing, New York, NY

- 2017 a good neighbour, Istanbul Biennial, Istanbul, Turkey; Pinakothek der Moderne, Munich, Germany;
Curated by Elmgreen & Dragset
get outta that spaceship and fight like a man, Franklin Parrasch Gallery, New York, NY
Escape Routes, John Michael Kohler Arts Center, Sheboygan, WI
- 2016 Inside Out, Castlefield Gallery, Manchester, United Kingdom
- 2014 Purple States, Andrew Edlin Gallery, New York, NY
Linda Hodges Gallery, Seattle, WA
- 2013 Unique Visions, Cumberland Gallery, Nashville, TN
Finalists for the Neddy Award, Cornish College of the Arts, Seattle, WA
The Spring Exhibition, Kunsthal Charlottenborg, Copenhagen, Denmark
- 2011 Lucia Douglas Gallery, Bellingham, WA
Museum of Electricity, Bellingham, WA

FILM

- 2016 Red, short story adapted to film titled Mildred & The Dying Parlor, Directed by Alexander H. Gayner,
Starring Zosia Mamet, Steve Buscemi, and Evan Jonigkeit, Tribeca Film Festival
- 2011 Eye Think We're Going to be Friends, short film, Northwest Film Festival

COLLECTIONS

The Hort Family Collection
The Brandt Foundation
Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art
Lewben Art Foundation

PUBLICATIONS

24 Hours in Great Falls, Montana, Nino Mier Gallery, Los Angeles, 2022 (forthcoming)
Andrea Joyce Heimer: The Quarantine Drawings (People Waiting), Nino Mier Gallery, Los Angeles, 2020
Andrea Joyce Heimer: Paintings, Linda Hodges Gallery, 2016

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- "Andrea Joyce Heimer's art 'keeps you questioning,' Abby Lynes, *The Missoulian*, January 2022
- "WSU art show explodes with color and sound from the Pacific Northwest — and a new examination of what 'folk art' can mean," Carrie Scozzaro, *Inlander*, January 2022
- "Andrea Joyce Heimer: Pastime | Missoula Art Museum," Missoula Art Museum, October 2022
- "Andrea Joyce Heimer: Plotter of Debauchery, Lover of Zebras," *Kinstler*, July 2021
- "In Quarantine, an Artist Changes Course," Kelly Crow, *The Wall Street Journal*, April 2020
- "Dialogues | Andrea Joyce Heimer," Wendy Vogel, *Foundwork*, 2020
- "The Acrylic Narratives of Andrea Joyce Heimer," Andy Smith, *Hi Fructose*, November 2019
- "Goings On About Town: Andrea Joyce Heimer," *The New Yorker*, March 2020
- "A Jealous Person," *Wall Street Magazine*, 2017
- "Everything Is Happening at Once in These Multi-Dimensional Paintings," *Vice*, 2017
- "Andrea Joyce Heimer, A Jealous Person," Robin Scher, *Riot Material*, 2017
- "What to See in New York Art Galleries This Week," Will Heinrich, *New York Times*, 2017
- "The Adopted Artist With Her Head In The Clouds," *Folks*, 2017
- "Andrea Joyce Heimer," *Art in America*, 2017
- "Andrea Joyce Heimer," *Artforum*, 2017
- "Monoscenic Narratives: An interview with painter Andrea Heimer," Molly Taylor, *Teeth Mag*, 2016
- "Savage style: two artists tackle serious subjects with eccentric wit," Michael Upchurch, *Seattle Times*, 2016
- "Andrea Joyce Heimer: The Adopted Child," Elaine Slayton Akin, *Nashville Arts*, 2016
- "Interview with Andrea Joyce Heimer," *Huffington Post*, 2016
- "Deciphering Painter Andrea Heimer's Visual Shorthand," *Amadeus*, September 2016
- "These Intricate Domestic Paintings Recall The Magic of Everyday Life," *Huffington Post*, 2015
- "Art of the Day: Andrea Heimer Painting at CG2," *Nashville Scene*, 2015
- "Miniature Scenes Make Bold Statement at CG2 Gallery," Sara Estes, *The Tennessean*, 2015
- "Andrea Heimer: Folk and Dagger," *The Austin Chronicle*, 2014
- "Andrea Heimer," Interview with Judith Carnaby, *Illustrators Illustrated*, June 2014

