

Asselin's celebrated photographs depict a world that has been completely erased but not forgotten.

On December 22, 2013, the world-famous Hollywood Park Race Track closed its doors forever. In 2014, demolition began on the landmark race track, effectively erasing seventy-five years of history, while at the same time making space for an entire new neighborhood to suddenly arise in the middle of the metropolis. Photographer Michele Asselin spent every day at Hollywood Park in the last two weeks before it closed, photographing the buildings, the employees, and the patrons of the track. *Clubhouse Turn: The Twilight of Hollywood Park Race Track* is the product of her efforts, and the story of two cultures colliding in the middle of a rapidly evolving city.

Michele Asselin is a photographer who lives and works in Los Angeles. Her work explores the impact of social constructs on human experience. Her work has been featured in the *New York Times Magazine*, *The New Yorker*, *Time Magazine*, *Esquire*, *Fortune* and *New York Magazine*. Asselin has been an artist-in-residence for the National Domestic Workers Alliance and has collaborated on projects with social organizations, Street to Home in New York City and The Institute For Facial Paralysis in Los Angeles. In 2017 Asselin's work was included in the *Orange County Museum of Art Pacific Triennial: Building as Ever*. Since, she has completed public art commissions in Los Angeles for LA Metro and in Washington D.C. for 4th Wall's Coordinates project.



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CLUBHOUSE TURN

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CLUBHOUSE TURN

The Twilight of Hollywood Park



Michele Asselin

Essays by Josh Kun & Lynell George



ALL WAGERS

by Josh Kun

Los Angeles is under construction. Always has been. Tear down and build up. Develop and lose. It is a city that chronically paves over itself, a city of ruins always in the making. To live here you have to learn how to live in the face of that endemic erasure, and how to live on a back lot, to accept façades and the structures they cover up, to dream big but also critique big, to not accept someone else’s fiction as your own reality, to know that somebody else’s back lot could cut right through your neighborhood, setting up a green screen or a freeway right in front of a house your family has owned for generations. If L.A. has taught me anything, the territory, the ground beneath the city, the dust we should always ask so much of, always fights back, always regenerates, always finds a way to tell the stories that nobody reports. Michele Asselin’s photographs of Hollywood Park sing an important song: Don’t look at Los Angeles; look into it. Look at Los Angeles not like a settler staking a claim, or a bulldozer on a speculator’s payroll, but like a reader staring down an aisle of library stacks, ready to be haunted. Los Angeles as an infinity of texts, an infinite chorus of memory.

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