

Matthew Lutz-Kinoy
PRESS



Art Review
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Review by Andrew Berardini

Matthew Lutz-Kinoy *To Satisfy the Rose*
Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles 24 January – 12 March

A cool wash of blue. In stockinged feet, tiptoe through a canvassy wave tunnel patched with stretched denim, patterned with an expressive sea-spray of blue and billowing with every step, the whole contraption held up with rickety bamboo poles (*Ocean Essays*, 2016). Peekaboo glory holes plucked in the drapery fabric give tiny frames of what lies beyond: a small photocopied snap of surfers, ceramic masks and glazed pots, découpage plinths clad in foam, a series of oceanic adventures playing on video overhead and a crumpled watery painting of a rose dangling from the ceiling, which points to the show's title: *To Satisfy the Rose*.

Matthew Lutz-Kinoy, in his second solo show at Freedman Fitzpatrick, clearly loves the loose, wet smack of water and all its slippery possibilities, a promiscuity that can sensually touch all media and ideas, flow over and immerse the high and low of life. The accompanying press release, an artist-authored prose-poem, channels the traditions of James McCourt's wildly flamboyant opera novel *Mawrdew Czgowchwz* (1975) and more recent art-critical musings, such as the high-minded chattiness of Bruce Hainley, a sensuous style that is more

for the texture of the words and the shotgunning of referential nouns than any prosaic reading might easily allow: 'Wet is a science fiction place, water world, damp damp.' The rose and its garden seem emblematic of a set of controlled aesthetics that require the wild liquidity of water to exist.

Moving easily from theatre to poetry to video to dance to ceramics, Lutz-Kinoy's oeuvre thus far finds its fullest form in expressive paintings and all-over canvassed environments like this one, where vaguely neoclassical figures often prance nakedly through; they're almost like Japanese rice-paper paintings in their collapsed narratives. Call it 'soft expressionism', if it needs a name, which may be found elsewhere in the works of Mira Dancy and a host of others, who ditch all the butch machismo found in the 1980s wave of neo-expressionism and dudes like Julian Schnabel. Here there is a dollop of the more fanciful *Transavanguardia* of Francesco Clemente, Sandro Chia and the gang. A movement more sneered at than beloved (even mentioning it here I feel like I'm whispering "Tristero" in Thomas Pynchon's 1966 novel, *The Crying of Lot 49*), *Transavanguardia*

still finds collectors to be sure, but hardheaded intellectualism and brute formalism have pushed it out as something frivolous and easily picked over by marketeers (though this dismissal has been growing fainter with each passing season).

Lutz-Kinoy's wet-wash feels clever as hell and clearly draws from a queer aesthetic of the handmade, the frilly, in a palette not far from Pantone's corporate attempt at binary-breaking and softness in its colours of 2016: Rose Quartz and Serenity (a hard steal from the Internet microcultures of seapunk and vaporwave, as well as an attempt to claim the ascension of trans-rights as a trademarkable trend). These sea-kissed colours, without their corporate earrings, make up a cultural movement towards the emotive, towards softness as political gesture, hybridity and liminal spaces as centre rather than margin, all ideas easily found here. In all its bustling energies and political pleasures, Lutz-Kinoy's show is utterly charming, with all the compliment and baggage that adjective can carry, a diaphanous practice that comprises everything its spreading colours wetly touch. *Andrew Berardini*



Ocean essays, 2016, acrylic on canvas, linen, fabric,
single-channel audio and video, 3 min. Photo: Michael Underwood.
Courtesy the artist and Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles