

Freedman Fitzpatrick  
No. 6  
April 10th, 2016



Yuji Agematsu  
Kerstin Brätsch  
Margaret Honda  
Cooper Jacoby  
K.r.m. Mooney  
Jill Mulleady  
Bea Schlingelhoff  
Amelie von Wulffen  
Phillip Zach

Monopolized definitions are tricksters. Systems. Forms. Reasons. Tactics. There is something catholic about these things. Widely cast, nets are abrasive, no time for details. But there is always a backdoor, a common denominator, the stuff of connecting fragments.

Pleased: a feeling or showing pleasure and satisfaction, especially at an event or situation. We are always pleased to present. This is No. 6.

It's on the door, and inside. *Get them squares out of your circle*, 2016. Double entendre set to a track of separatist tactics. "For tactical reasons the gallery and Bea Schlingelhoff and invite only women to view the exhibition on the opening night 6-7:30pm". Ideology is not at play. This is an exploration of present maneuvers.

The weight of history, the archive, is a pedestal. Stacked upon white-washed text and documentation, *Fishtrap, 1989, 2010, 2016*, is Margaret Honda's work reconfigured. Melted down from its respective forms in 1989 and 2010, the work's density and form mutate with each exhibition. This is a sculpture which continues to be the same sculpture across each metamorphosis. The patina evanescent, from object to concept.

An electromagnetic lock, a grounding wire, a trim of cast lavender tie into an unseen current. These fragments assembled by K.r.m Mooney catch and align and contaminate in subtle ways. *Circadian Interface II*, 2015. The sum of a sculpture is more than its parts.

With the rhythm of repetition, Yuji Agematsu's *Table work, 2011-2014*, 2011-2014 is the transmutation of the barely noticed into an order of things. Clumps of street side dross fused together by gentle hand and a curious meeting of used cupcake wrappers

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Tues-Sat, 11am-6pm

1 of 2

allude to an indexical garden of psychodramas excavated from a guttural habitat. Subject to time, their matter is the antithesis of monumental. Material slips from one tenor to another.

Baked into the looking glass, in a medium of portraiture once reserved for the divine, an angular figure of orbs and hashmarks straddles an ambiguous "K" in Kerstin Brätsch's *Boneman* from the series *All Ready Maid Betwixt and Between*, 2013. A figure in a dialectical flux, the aura of friends and collaborators infiltrates, as fragments of strategy and skepticism and belief swirl in the marbled surface.

Cooper Jacoby's *Stagnants (Arm Five Miles)*, 2016 elicits the foul and stationary, yet the olfactory is not present. Caught beneath the surface of coagulated resin, is a curbed map, tracing distances to unaccessible location. As if beneath the skin, these are the traces of things we cannot see but only sense. The gutter is guttural.

Cut into discretionary forms and inhabited by blobs covered in sand and soil, Philip Zach's *Untitled, 2016* are abstracted amalgamations. Permeating a perforated substrate, these once-viscous globular shapes meandered unencumbered around the physical perimeters, oozing out of their confines to form inhabited zones.

The scent capturing the sweat of a victorious gladiator lingers over Jill Muleady's *Origins culturelles et mythiques d'un certain comportement des dames romaines*, 2015. Fear, 2015 permeates the air as two demons, captured quite still in paint, mount a young woman. Raw odors infiltrate formal conditions of stroke and shading. Muddy liquid mixtures, paints are never pure.

Soft pastels stain the surface. Oil and water. Opposites attract. A figure enters into a kaleidoscopic distance. *Untitled, 2011* to the left. *Untitled, 2011* to the right. Primary solutions and smudged circumstances. Amelie von Wulffen's figures appear, blurred, like a psychedelic reflection. Social and art historical sources are out of context, stripped into psychologically charged morsels. This is the mutability of signs.