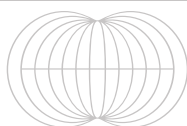


F I T Z P A T R I C K

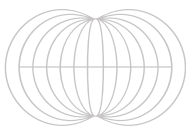
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F I T Z P A T R I C K

ARTFORUM, MARCH 2021
JILL MULLEADY AT GLADSTONE GALLERY
REVIEW BY CAMILA MCHUGH



ARTFORUM

BRUSSELS

Jill Mulleady

GLADSTONE GALLERY

There was something feral about the figures in Jill Mulleady's "Decline & Glory": A woman pawed at her own face; a wolfish canine panted by a river; a ruddy-cheeked Marquis de Sade stared crazedly at the wall of his prison cell. Mulleady builds tension through the contrast between highly controlled composition and hints of disorder and decay; the image seems a thin and fragile surface over life's unruliness. An elusive temporality moved across the works here, as a woman reappeared aged and flowers wilted, breaching painting's attempt to hold a reality in suspension. An allegory for this failed endeavor, *Fighting the Devils Futility* (all works 2020) captured a wave as it swelled to a crest, always just about to crash against a sanguine sky.

The light-washed red of that horizon was a persistent feature of the exhibition, replacing the luminescent green that suffused, for instance, the works Mulleady exhibited at the 58th Venice Biennale in 2019. Recalling the carmine dresses and drapes that accent Rubens's portraits, these newer paintings play with the color's regal role in art history. The deep red of overripe strawberries permeated the exhibition, conjuring the sense of festering glory days. (Decomposing fruit was also a recurrent motif.) Vermilion backgrounds recalled Pompeian frescoes. Preserved under the rubble of Mount Vesuvius, their scenes of cavorting gods or still lifes of baskets of figs set against fields of red stood like icons of a rise and fall.

Jill Mulleady, *Sade en Prison*, 2020, oil on linen, 61 × 70 1/2".

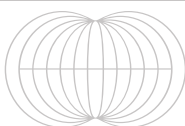


Mulleady is a painter of atmospheres in which the emotional grain of inherited narratives seeps through to conjure auguries of impending decline. Her figures are subject to strange juxtapositions, with a lobster scuttling under crumpled sheets behind the Marquis de Sade in *Sade en Prison*, for instance, or a plate of strawberries rotting on the floor beside a wrinkled woman in bed in *18 Rue Souveraine, 1050*. These compositional parallels across canvases locate the two bedroom

scenes in a shared world, placing the Bastille in late-eighteenth-century Paris and the rue Souveraine apartment near where the artist spent this past summer in Brussels in the same fantastical painterly register. Soft edges and shifts in palette often delineate the paintings' forms, creating an impression of flatness that undermines the markers of perspective in architecture and landscape that structure the compositions. Mulleady hones this uncanny effect in *Gardens of the Blind*, in which an angular androgynous figure in the foreground appears pale against a verdant landscape, their dark coat contoured by a riverbank and plumes of smoke. In the distance upriver, tones of bruised ocher and purple imbue an embracing couple at the water's edge.

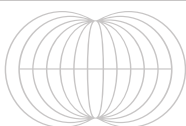
The atmosphere in "Decline & Glory" extended beyond the canvases as Mulleady turned her attention to the gallery's nineteenth-century Neoclassical architecture as well. She painted bunches of decaying fruit on the ceiling of the grand ground floor as emblems of dying bourgeois aspiration. Having previously made paintings on found car windows and the doors of a house that was slated for demolition, Mulleady painted *Shadowplay* on a mirror from a gutted house, the one on rue Souveraine, setting a Pierre Klossowski-esque tangle of lanky figures on its corroding surface. The mirror put the room itself on display, tempting you to take a look at yourself in the midst of all this. With gallery-going still precarious, the decline of some kind of pompous glory just seemed to fill the air.

—Camila McHugh



F I T Z P A T R I C K

HYPERALLERGIC.COM, DECEMBER 21 2019
THE SOMBER SYMBOLISM OF JILL MULLEADY
REVIEW BY VALENTINA DI LISCIA



ART • WEEKEND

The Somber Symbolism of Jill Mulleady

The Swiss-Uruguayan artist here challenges viewers with a single, colossal painting and a group of provocative conceptual pieces.

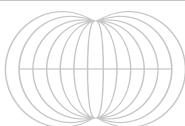


Valentina Di Liscia December 21, 2019



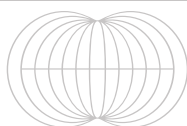
Jill Mulleady, “A Fantasy of Transcendence and a Preoccupation with Downfall and Ruin” (2019), oil on canvas, included in *Fight-or-Flight* at Swiss Institute (all photos by Daniel Perez, courtesy of Swiss Institute)

Jill Mulleady’s painting “A Fantasy of Transcendence and a Preoccupation with Downfall and Ruin” (2019) burns with the heat of a desert. Against a sky of jammy violets and



scorching oranges that stretches above emerald waters, a boyish figure rests on a landmass bisected by the stream of a rushing waterfall. Massive and awkward, like a fallen Goliath, he presides over a whimsical world of miniscule fauna and conical trees. Fenced in by a metal security gate and punctuated by human skulls and beheaded fish, however, the scene is more industrial landfill than fairytale forest; the hulking figure, with jaundiced eyes and mottled skin, a bloated hand resting wearily on his heart, appears more feeble than fabled. To his right, a digital tablet projects holograms of a map and vague data charts, useless and garbled accumulations of information that no longer serve a purpose.

The 11 1/2 by 15-foot work is the centerpiece of Mulleady's US institutional debut, *Fight-or-Flight* at Swiss Institute (S.I.) in New York, curated by Laura McLean-Ferris with assistance from Daniel Merritt. Probably best known for rendering urban dystopias across sequences of multiple, color-drenched canvases, such as in

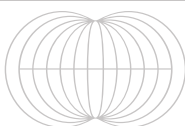


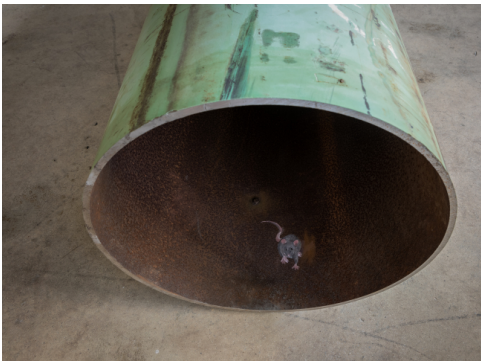
those inspired by Edvard Munch’s “Frieze of Life” for [this year’s Venice Biennale](#), the Swiss-Uruguayan artist here challenges viewers with a single, colossal painting and a group of provocative conceptual pieces. Harnessing the visual languages of myth, desertion, and apocalypse, they speak to environmental crises and strongholds of power; to the plight of people forced to flee regions of unrest and the lonely aftermath of their survival. The works in *Fight-or-Flight* are not easy to unpack or stomach; they portray with somber symbolism an unsettling present and an uncertain future.



Installation view of *Fight-or-Flight* at Swiss Institute

S.I.’s new location in the East Village, inaugurated last year, was built in 1954 as a bank, and the building [housed a Chase branch until 2015](#) before

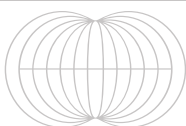




Jill Mulleady, "Pipeline" (2019), steel, epoxy, and oil

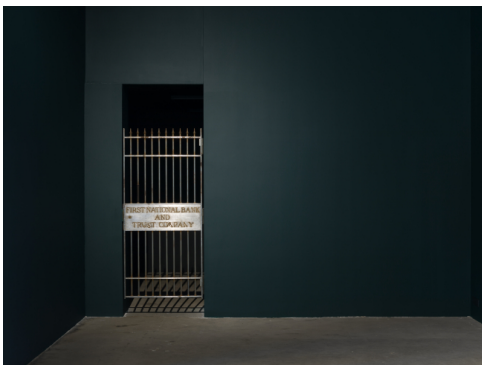
Selldorf Architects undertook renovations. Mulleady has excavated this history, transforming a small corner of the main gallery into a safety vault by barricading the space with an original 1920s day gate sourced from an outpost of the First National Bank and Trust Company in Chicago. Nearly hidden in the darkness behind a wall partition, "Vault Room" (2019) is illuminated by bright overhead spotlights that cast ominous shadows of the steel bars onto the floor. Inside the room is an automated teller machine that shows signs of being tampered with, its doors cracked open to reveal its innards.

A sense of trespassing, ransacking, and plundering pervades "Vault Room," but most palpable perhaps is the feeling of unshakable solitude,

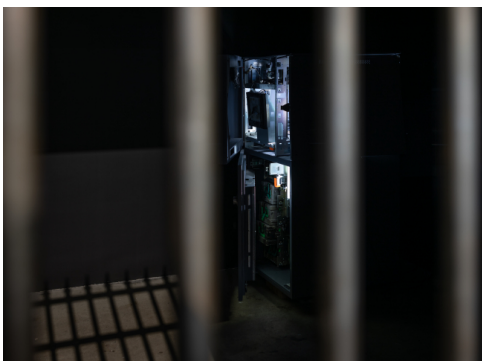


as well as the attendant suspicion that this place was abandoned long ago and we are parsing through its ghostly ruins.

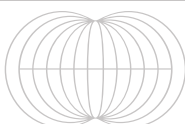
A section from a used crude-oil pipeline is in the center of the gallery. The large tubular sculpture, “Pipeline” (2019), seems to have surfaced from underground, like the collection of plastic debris that rises to the ocean in the [Great Pacific Garbage Patch](#). A tiny gray mouse painted on the inside of the cylinder is the only embellishment to the otherwise readymade work.



Jill Mulleady, “Vault Room” (2019), stainless steel, brass, and automated teller machine

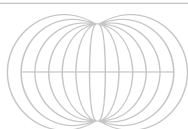


The interior of “Vault Room” (2019)

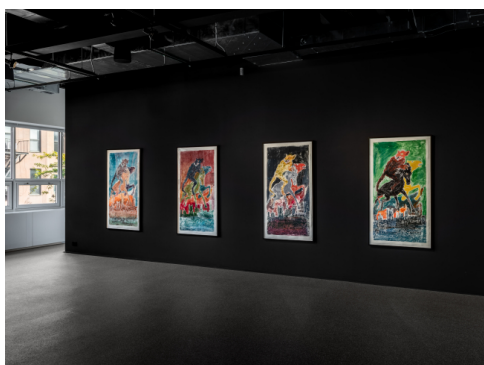


With these enigmatic works, Mulleady constructs a sparse stage for multiple, disquieting interpretations. The stillness of her minimal interventions evokes the impending danger of an aftershock or the menacing silence of a minefield, pulling visitors into the eye of the storm.

On the second floor, four multicolored woodblock prints depict a gargantuan humanoid rat on horseback trotting away from a city. Referring to the exhibition's title, a common term for the body's acute response to stress as it prepares to face or flee a possible attacker, the press release describes the rodent as "embodying a desperate fight for life." Seen in the context of Mulleady's installation downstairs, however, its threatening snarl evokes an absconding criminal, not a victim in search of refuge. Glancing backward, as if catching a final glimpse of the destruction it has left in its wake, the creature could be the architect of the 2008 financial crisis, riding on the backs of bailouts into a sunset of



impunity — or the current president of the United States, who has virtually eluded punishment even as he threatens democracy and advances policies that favor the rich and further marginalize the disenfranchised.



Installation view of *Fight-or-Flight* at Swiss Institute

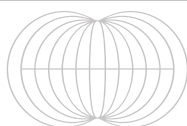
Or maybe it represents a sinister reversal of the Pied Piper of Hamelin legend, wherein the city's vermin become its saviors, luring away the parasitical human residents. As with Mulleady's giant in the central painting, allusions to folk tales serve to draw viewers into familiar terrain culled from childhood and stories. She understands how to exploit the power of these references to disturb and stir us. Banks and gas pipelines index some of the most wretched hoardings of wealth in a market-driven society, and



the loss of innocence Mulleady suggests in her works epitomizes a present in which we can no longer turn a blind eye.

Her message comes at a climactic moment, when the ethical quagmires of blood money and abuses of power are flooding the art world at unprecedented speed, revealing the complicity of major cultural actors. (S.I. had to grapple with its own accountability earlier this year, when an open letter signed by 50 artists and writers brought attention to [charges of domestic abuse](#) faced by Tobias Madison, an artist included in the exhibition *Life and Limbs* concurrent with Mulleady's.)

The intensity Mulleady achieves in her smaller compositions doesn't fully translate to a mammoth canvas; some areas of the large painting here may come across as washy or imprecise to those who have seen in person the ocean-deep richness of her surfaces. Little didactic material or guidance, aside from the press release, is



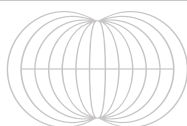


Jill Mulleady, "Fight-or-Flight" (2019),
woodcut print

provided to viewers who wish to navigate the exhibition as the artist intended. This is all the more reason to applaud Mulleady and S.I.'s curatorial team, who chose to present an uncomfortable and, at times, ambiguous exhibition rather than a crowd-pleasing one.

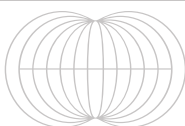
Fight-or-Flight represents a major step in Mulleady's career: she has determined to give us not what we want but what we need to see.

Jill Mulleady: Fight-or-Flight
continues at the Swiss Institute
(38 St Marks Pl, East Village,



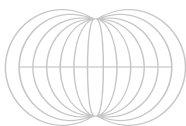
Manhattan) through December 29.

Correction: A previous version of this review stated that an open letter signed by 50 artists and writers protested the inclusion of Tobias Madison in the exhibition *Life and Limbs*. The artists and writers did not protest the inclusion, but did bring attention to the charges of domestic abuse. This has been amended.



F I T Z P A T R I C K

KALEIDOSCOPE, DECEMBER 11 2019
JILL MULLEADY: ALLEGORIES OF NOW
INTERVIEW BY LOLA KRAMER

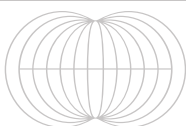




Jill Mulleady: Allegories of Now

Interview by
Lola Kramer
11.12.2019

“Fight-or-Flight,” a new solo exhibition of Jill Mulleady (Uruguayan, b. 1980, lives and works in Los Angeles) is on view at the Swiss Institute, New York, through 29 December.



LOLA KRAMER You recently participated in the Venice Biennale with a significant ensemble of thirteen paintings exhibited at the Giardini and the Arsenale. With a solo presentation at Art Basel in-between, you've just opened your first New York exhibition, "Fight-or-Flight," at the Swiss Institute. It's been a busy year! And yet somehow, each presentation feels different from the previous one.

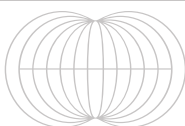
JILL MULLEADY I try not to repeat myself, and I often play with genres. Initially, there was more of a Symbolist or Surrealist approach. Then I started focusing more on New Objectivity and Social Realism. The New York show is different from anything I've done before. I pushed more towards an allegorical narrative.

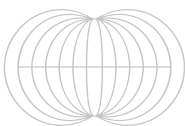
LK Can you tell me about the allegory?

JM There's only one painting, and it's of a more substantial scale, five-by-four meters. It's called *The Bird Watcher* (2019). I've been looking at Bruegel's *The Land of Cockaigne* (1567), and this theme of paradise on Earth that arose during the Renaissance. It's this idea that in paradise, you're not working or doing anything but merely indulging. I wanted to create a contemporary version of this. I started to paint this white giant laying on a private island, watching birds. He's playing with a kind of financial app on an iPad next to him. There are seagulls and an eagle flying above. There's something cinematographic in the painting, too; it's a bit like this American entertainment fantasy of superheroes. The artists I'm inspired by, like Mike Kelley or Paul Thek, never played it safe. I'm thinking of how Kelley performed fantasy, how he dealt with Superman and reimagined the planet of Kanton.

LK I can see it. In your color palette, I detect Kryptonite green. And the figure does remind me of Thek's dead hippie.

JM Whether consciously or not, those things are in my mind. These are artists who are touching on an unconscious pop culture that is in all of us.





LK In the show, the allegory also extends out from the canvas, through sculptural interventions.

JM The show includes a large pipe, installed on the ground, that's about the size of the painting. It's a piece of pipeline that's used to move oil underground across America, and I'm painting rats inside. I want to make them appear from a single perspective, like Holbein's Ambassadors (1533). The Swiss Institute [building] also used to be a bank, and inside there's a vault room. It says, "First National Bank and Trust," but the letters are a bit fucked up. I'm interested in these sculptural interventions as subtle forms of sabotage.

LK Can you tell me about your instinct to include sculpture alongside your paintings in your shows?

JM When I'm doing a solo show, I want to create a *mise-en-scène*. It's a form of generosity towards the viewer, in a way, but mostly the space and the sculptural interventions serve a purpose in framing the paintings. At the end of the day, I'm a painter.

LK You mentioned Bruegel and the Renaissance, but when I look at your works, I also think of Bosch's Garden of Earthly Delights, and this idea that along with all the pleasures of paradise, at its core, it's also mired in entropy.

JM I was reading this book by TJ Clark, *Heaven on Earth*. Giotto's Dream of Joachim (1305) and The Land of Cockaigne are addressed as paintings that show a specific moment where humankind is modified by something beyond. The idea is that there's something cracking, changing, and a miracle unfolding. I thought it would be a challenge to do that now. What would a painting of heaven on Earth would look like today? Probably like having your private island where you have to do nothing but work on your iPad, making a lot of money, right? (Laughs) I was trying to capture this common dream.

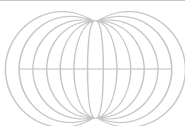
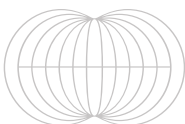


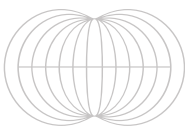


Image courtesy of the artist and Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles/Paris.



F I T Z P A T R I C K

NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 11 2019
WHAT TO SEE RIGHT NOW IN NEW YORK ART GALLERIES
REVIEW BY MARTHA SCHWENDENER





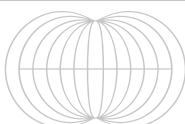
Jill Mulleady's "A Fantasy of Transcendence and a Preoccupation With Downfall and Ruin" (2019) at the Swiss Institute. via Swiss Institute

When Chase Bank closed its branch on the corner of St. Marks Place and Second Avenue in 2016, someone scrawled "Good riddance!" on a sign in the window announcing their move. Now the same building, occupied by the Swiss Institute, is hosting Jill Mulleady's exhibition in "Fight-or-Flight," which explores the far-reaching effects of the financial industry.

The best work here, "A Fantasy of Transcendence and a Preoccupation With Downfall and Ruin" (2019), is a large Neo-Surrealist painting of a giant humanoid figure reclining on a barren landscape. The sky above the blank-eyed creature is reminiscent of Edvard Munch's "The Scream" (1893), but the painting also refers to works by Pieter Bruegel the Elder and the satires of François Rabelais, in which bucolic landscapes are occupied or marred by destructive humans.

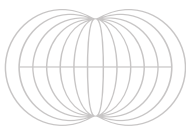
A series of acrid-hued woodcuts of a colossal, anthropomorphized rat riding two horses over a cityscape, and a rat hand-painted inside a huge pipe lying near the painting underscore the vermin-like nature of human civilization. Finally, an installation consisting of a darkened bank vault with a cash machine vandalized by the artist, more directly connects the banking industry with the "downfall" suggested in the painting's title. The message is artfully delivered — but not dissimilar in theme or tone to the missive written on that bank window back in 2016. MARTHA SCHWENDENER

A version of this article appears in print on Dec. 13, 2019, Section C, Page 16 of the New York edition with the headline: Galleries



F I T Z P A T R I C K

L'OFFICIEL, DECEMBER 11 2019
LES PENSEES MAGIQUE DE JILL MULLEADY
REVIEW BY MATHIEU JACQUET





Les pensées magiques de Jill Mulleady

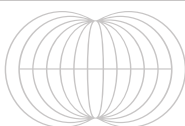
Ses intrigantes saynètes du quotidien, animées sur toile par de vives couleurs, ne sont pas sans rappeler l'étrange - et parfois angoissante - atmosphère des tableaux d'un Edvard Munch. Jill Mulleady est de cette nouvelle génération d'artistes qui, depuis quelques années, redonnent à la peinture figurative ses lettres de noblesse. À la Biennale de Venise cette année, l'artiste investit à la fois le Pavillon Central et l'Arsenal avec deux séries de peintures inédites.

Premières amours européennes

Grâce à des origines suisse, irlandaise et allemande, Jill Mulleady est influencée très tôt par la culture européenne. Née en Uruguay en 1980, elle grandit en Argentine où ses parents l'inscrivent dans un établissement français. Elle y développe une passion brûlante pour le théâtre qui la mènera à Paris pour l'étudier pendant trois ans. Shakespeare, Brecht, Artaud... l'artiste dévore les pièces de ces grands dramaturges, imaginant elle-même mettre en scène l'énergie de leurs textes. C'est à Londres qu'elle poursuit son parcours afin d'étudier les beaux-arts, puis à Bruxelles où elle réside un an. Au fil des années passées en Europe, la jeune femme s'enflamme pour la peinture des grands maîtres flamands mais aussi pour les œuvres des expressionnistes allemands tels qu'Otto Dix ou Ernst Ludwig Kirchner. Érigé comme maître à penser indépassable, Edvard Munch reste toutefois l'une des principales références de Jill Mulleady, qui s'inspire aussi bien de son traitement de la couleur et de la forme que de la force narrative de ses compositions et de la charge émotionnelle qui en émane. Frieze of Life, œuvre majeure du peintre norvégien, est d'ailleurs le point d'ancrage de l'une des deux séries de la jeune femme actuellement présentées à Venise.

Peindre, un besoin viscéral

Jill Mulleady l'affirme sans hésiter : *"Je ne pense pas avoir choisi la peinture, je pense plutôt que c'est la peinture qui m'a choisie."* Elle est très jeune lorsque la peinture vient à elle, comme un besoin immanent, dont elle expérimente au quotidien l'évidence et la simplicité déconcertantes. Si elle s'essaie à d'autres techniques telles que la vidéo ou la sculpture, elle n'y retrouvera jamais ce naturel presque inné de la pratique picturale. Lorsqu'elle est étudiante à Londres au milieu des années 2000, la peinture figurative est encore boudée par le monde de l'art

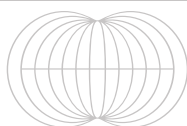


contemporain, dominé par une scène encore très marquée par les Young British Artists. En dépit de ce tropisme, Jill Mulleady s'accroche à son instinct artistique et persévère jusqu'à ce que le vent tourne en faveur de la peinture figurative, lui donnant à nouveau la place qu'elle mérite.

Raconter le présent

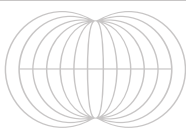
Utiliser l'art pour saisir la puissance du présent : cet adage de la modernité, Jill Mulleady le suit scrupuleusement. Désormais installée à Los Angeles, elle y apprécie depuis six ans ses espaces étendus qui acilient l'épanouissement de sa créativité. Les vastes paysages et routes interminables de Californie lui rappellent étrangement l'ambiance de Buenos Aires... Dans ses toiles, la peintre recrée des environnements composites puisant dans différents lieux de sa mémoire. L'hybridité de ses décors dote ses tableaux d'un caractère impalpable et mystérieux, proche de la fantasmagorie. Tout comme dans une mise en scène théâtrale, l'artiste souhaite transcrire en peinture la psychologie de ses personnages, ré-incarnant la plupart du temps ses proches en protagonistes de ses propres fictions : selon ses mots, ils y deviennent alors des "archétypes" installés dans un état flottant, entre absence et présence, ou à l'inverse pris dans le vif d'une interaction physique. "J'essaie de capturer dans mes toiles l'énergie de ce qui va changer", déclare-t-elle. Presque toujours, les scènes qu'elle représente se trouvent twistées par un élément inhabituel, habitées par l'anticipation angoissée du désastre. La trivialité du quotidien se mêle alors tantôt à l'absurde tantôt au magique, le tout empreint d'une certaine mélancolie cynique. Semblables aux fragments d'une sombre épopée qui n'aurait ni début ni fin, les toiles de Jill Mulleady nous invitent au cœur d'une dimension nouvelle, animées par sa quête obsessionnelle de subvertir le réel.

1 / 2



F I T Z P A T R I C K

ARTFORUM, SEPTEMBER 2019
*CLAUDE MIRRORS: VICTOR MAN, JILL MULLEADY, ISSY WOOD AT
SCHINKEL PAVILLON*
REVIEW BY PHILOMENA EPPS





View of “Claude Mirrors: Victor Man, Jill Mulleady, Issy Wood,” 2019.

BERLIN

“Claude Mirrors: Victor Man, Jill Mulleady, Issy Wood”

SCHINKEL PAVILLON

Oberwallstrasse 1

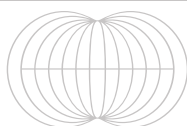
September 11–December 15, 2019

This group show is named after the tinted, convex pocket mirrors favored by British landscape painters from the eighteenth century: Claude mirrors. Reflected through the black glass, a surrounding scene would appear in distilled color with a softened focus and a framed perspective. The tool was popular with travelers and artists, notably the originator of the picturesque genre, Reverend William Gilpin, who advocated for its results, which he called akin to “the visions of the imagination” and “the brilliant landscapes of a dream.”

Gilpin’s praise could be repurposed to describe the visions exhibited at Schinkel Klause—the basement space within the eccentric, octagonal Schinkel Pavillon—where hallucinatory and allegorical landscapes conjured from the imaginations of Victor Man, Jill Mulleady, and Issy Wood are staged in dialogue. But there is no high color here—rather, there are murky bruises of green and gray, black and blue, rendered in oil paint on canvas, linen, velvet, and even the furry pelt of a skinned rodent. Wood’s canvases depict aliens alongside classical sphinxes, blurring classical antiquity and science fiction into one uneasy temporality.

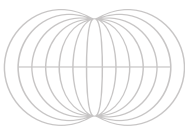
Mulleady’s theatrical figures are possessed, too. In the viridescent *The Green Room, I*, 2017, the protagonist flails his arms, spilling his drink, as if engaged in an occult ritual or visitation. And in Man’s works, his characters have quite literally lost their heads—severed and placed tenderly on anonymous laps, as in *The Chandler*, 2018, or missing completely, replaced with architectural details on top of impenetrable, latex-clad bodies, as in *Untitled*, 2015. Charged with the semiotics of surrealism, the uncanny images linger.

—Philomena Epps



F I T Z P A T R I C K

MONOPOL, SEPTEMBER 13 2019
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE WEEK



Kunst-Tipps 9 Highlights der Berlin Art Week

Malerei im Schinkel Pavillon

Oben im Schinkel Pavillon verwirrt ein Film von Christopher Kulendran Thomas ein bisschen zu sehr. Dafür entführt einen die Schau "Claude Mirrors" unten in der Schinkel Klause auf wunderbare Weise in surreale Welten. Die Malereien von Jill Mulleady, Issy Wood und Viktor Man sind im dämmerigen Keller extrem suggestiv installiert, man starrt geheimnisvollen Frauen in die Augen und verfolgt seltsame Jagd- und Kampfszenen und genießt sowohl die Qualität dieser Malerei wie den Schauer, der einem die Wirbelsäule hinunter kriecht.

"Claude Mirrors: Jill Mulleady, Issy Wood, Viktor Man", Schinkel-Klause im Schinkel Pavillon, bis 15. Dezember

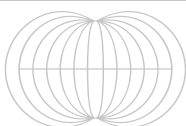
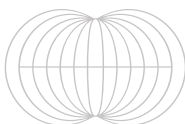




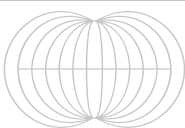
Foto: Jill Neiens

Jill Mulleady im Schinkel Pavillon



F I T Z P A T R I C K

NEW YORK TIMES, JUNE 13 2019
IN BASEL, TAKING THE TEMPERATURE OF THE ART WORLD
REVIEW BY SCOTT REYBURN



In Basel, Taking the Temperature of the Art World

The annual fair is one of the few moments when the curtains part to reveal where collectors’ tastes — and their money — are heading.

By Scott Reyburn

June 13, 2019

BASEL, Switzerland — Some say there are too many international art fairs — nearly 300, according to one recent report — but there is little doubt that they are the most convenient way for the wealthy to get involved in the contemporary art market.

Art Basel, whose 50th edition previewed in Switzerland this past week, is the most significant fair of them all, with leading dealers offering their most important works to their biggest-spending clients. The event typically draws about 90,000 visitors, with a higher proportion of serious collectors and curators in Venice Biennale years such as this; 290 galleries were hoping to take advantage.

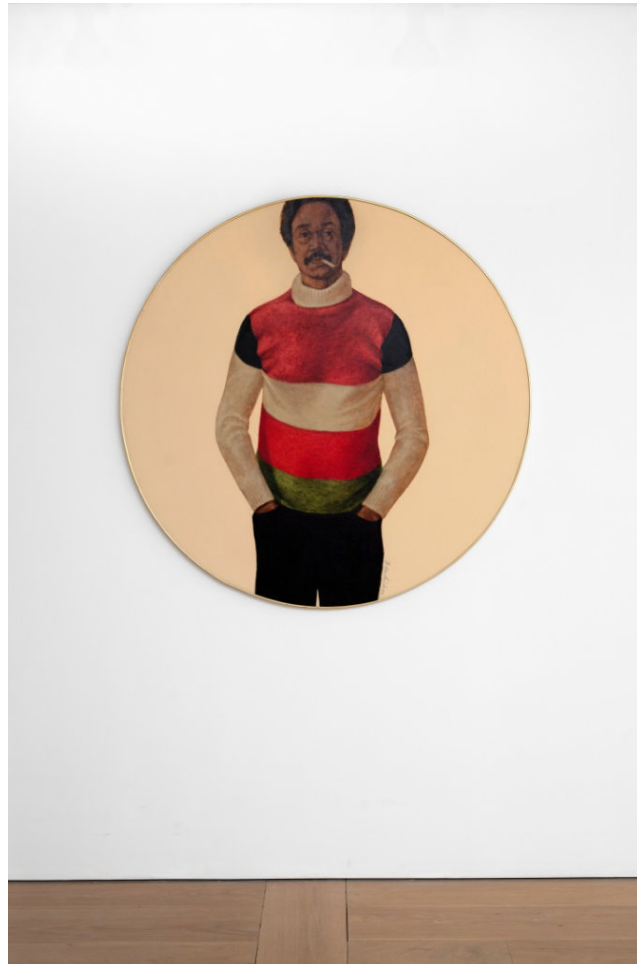
“Basel will always be Basel. Everyone comes here,” said Rolf A. Hoff, a Norwegian collector with a private museum in the Lofoten Islands. “There are so many good things. If you want a nice piece by an artist, you’ll find it. But it has always been expensive.”

“Basel Week,” like the week of the Frieze fair in London, is one of the few moments when the curtains part to reveal what is happening in the so-called primary market — the closely guarded trade in artworks sold by galleries for the first time. We can also find out what dealers are charging when they re-offer pieces. That glimpse can tell us where collectors’ tastes — and their money — are heading.

Last month, at a series of auctions in New York that took in more than \$2 billion, a 1975 double portrait by Barkley L. Hendricks sold for \$3.7 million at Sotheby’s, adding to a recent run of record prices for works by hitherto undervalued African-American artists.

At Art Basel, the New York dealer Jack Shainman, who specializes in African-American and African artists, sold a smaller Hendricks portrait, “Andy,” for \$1.5 million at the Tuesday preview. The circular canvas was entered for sale by the family of the sitter, a friend of the artist.





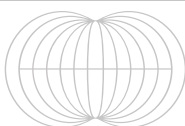
"Andy," by the American artist Barkley L. Hendricks, sold for \$1.5 million. Barkley Hendricks/Jack Shainman Gallery

Mr. Shainman sold six of the nine works he had on display within an hour of the fair's opening, including a new canvas by Kerry James Marshall, "Untitled" priced at \$3.5 million.

Mr. Hendricks died in 2017, and the inclusion of his works that year in the Tate Modern exhibition "Soul of a Nation: Art in the Age of Black Power" helped galvanize his market. The presence of paintings in Ralph Rugoff's curated presentation at the Venice Biennale, "May You Live in Interesting Times," had a similar effect at Art Basel for Jill Mulleady, a Swiss-Uruguayan artist based in Los Angeles.

The Los Angeles dealer Freedman Fitzpatrick showed an installation of mixed media works by Ms. Mulleady that evoke the life of an imaginary family, incorporated in elements from a demolished house. Helped by institutional validation and approachable price points, all nine works sold on the first day for \$15,000 to \$30,000.

"The gallerists have answered the demand of the global and diverse market by focusing their supply on female artists and artists of color," said Kristy Stubbs, a Dallas dealer who was visiting Art Basel on behalf of clients. "At this level of sophisticated buyers, who consume blue chip modern and contemporary works, the consumption almost seems unlimited."





An installation of mixed media works by Jill Mulleady at Art Basel. Jill Mulleady/Freedman Fitzpatrick; Gina Folly

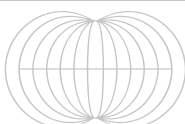
Elsewhere at the fair, international mega-galleries were offering the sort of works by white male artists that investment-minded collectors have snapped up in recent years for millions of dollars.

David Zwirner sold Gerhard Richter’s “Versammlung,” a rare 1966 painting of a crowd scene based on a photograph, for \$20 million. Levy-Gorvy found buyers for a 2009 abstract silk-screen by Christopher Wool (about \$6 million) and for a trademark Mark Grotjahn “face” painting from 2014 (about \$5 million).

Jeff Koons’s 1994-2007 stainless steel sculpture “Sacred Heart (Magenta/Gold),” from the artist’s admired “Celebration” series, took pride of place in Gagosian’s ever-crowded booth.

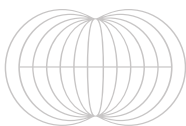
It had not sold by Thursday afternoon, but overall sales at the booth were double those in 2018, Larry Gagosian, the gallery’s founder, said, without offering further details.

The asking price of the Koons sculpture was \$14.5 million, far below not only the \$91.1 million that the artist’s rabbit sculpture brought last month at Christie’s — an auction record for a work by a living artist — but also the \$23.6 million that “Hanging Heart (Magenta/Gold)” from the “Celebration” series achieved at auction in 2007.



F I T Z P A T R I C K

MONOPOL, JUNE 12 2019
9 DINGE, DIE SIE AUF DER ART BASE NICHT VERPASSEN SOLLTEN
REVIEW BY ELKE BUHR UND SASKIA TREBING



Messe-Tipps

9 Dinge, die Sie auf der Art Basel nicht verpassen sollten

2. Jill Mulleady bei Freedman Fitzpatrick

Schon auf der Biennale in Venedig waren die Gemälde von Jill Mulleady so betörend wie abstoßend. Mit ihren grotesken Kabinettstückchen übersetzt die US-Künstlerin die Schmerzensmaler der Moderne wie Edvard Munch und Frida Kahlo in die Jetzt-Zeit. Übrig bleiben zerbrochene Gestalten mit gegebter Schönheit und einem Funken Hoffnung, das Leben irgendwie zu meistern. Auf der Art Basel werden die Bilder in einer Installation aus Überbleibseln aus einem zwangsgeräumten Haus in Los Angeles gezeigt. Fin de Siècle trifft *Housing Crisis* der Gegenwart.

Jill Mulleady "Erupted Citadel", Freedman Fitzpatrick Gallery, Statements

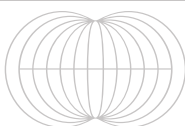
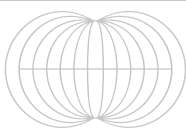




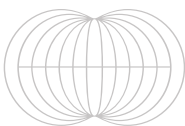
Foto: Saskia Trebing

Jill Mulleady "Erupted Citadel", Art Basel, Galerie
Freedman Fitzpatrick



F I T Z P A T R I C K

ARTFORUM, DECEMBER 3 2018
JILL MULLEADY AT GALERIE NEU
CRITIC'S PICK BY ANDREW WITT





Jill Mulleady, *This Connection is Not Private*, 2018, oil on linen, 66 x 58".

BERLIN

Jill Mulleady

GALERIE NEU

Liniestraße 119

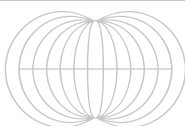
November 16 - January 12

It is the twilight hour, a painter's hour in *Point Lobos* (all works 2018). Bioluminescence creeps in at high tide as two women crouch at the water's edge. What does the painter see then? A meeting place of strange currents. A body dries itself after skinny-dipping, another takes a long drag from a cigarette. Moments of respite glimpsed through a chain-link fence. In *This Connection is Not Private*, a man flips through his phone, while off in the distance the landscape burns, though Jill Mulleady's figures express no concern for the disaster pictured on the horizon—they stare blankly, obstinately, out at the viewer.

The hour is one of prefiguration, a speculative moment, and in *Self portrait 2066 / Dementia*, the artist hazards a glance into the future. We sense the figure's affliction in her eyes: One has glossed over, and the other appears as if a dark cloud has colonized its pupil. Cradling what looks like a baby lamb, her hands in fingerless gloves, Mulleady's self-portrait echoes the gravity and grace of Leonardo da Vinci's *Lady with an Ermine* (1489–90). This is Mulleady's kin, but her animal has aged, no longer a cipher of purity.

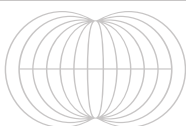
The terrain in many of Mulleady's landscapes is soft and amorphous. For *Insomnia*, however, edges proliferate—we can imagine the painter waking in the middle of the night to paint each ruffle and crease of her bed. A sleepless night offers up a challenge to depiction: how to keep focus in the face of exhaustion? For now, the ruffled sheet is materially thick—eventually, it will be smoothed out, and the traces of her presence in every fold and indentation lost.

— Andrew Witt



F I T Z P A T R I C K

FRIEZE, AUGUST 8 2018
*JILL MULLEADY'S DISEMBODIED PORSCHE WIN-
DOWS FIND THEIR
WAY HOME*
REVIEW BY TIMOTHEUS VERMEULEN



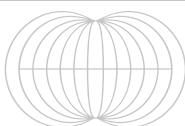
Jill Mulleady's Disembodied Porsche Windows Find Their Way Home

At Schloss, Oslo – located in a former Porsche workshop – car windows becomes canvases for mystical scenes of origins and afterlives



I doubt there are many shows that are more explicitly site-specific than Jill Mulleady's solo exhibition, 'Void of Course', at Schloss. The Los Angeles-based artist has collected Porsche windows, the backsides of which she has painted with a view towards the front – so that the first strokes do not make up the bottom layers but the top – with pictures inspired by art history, television shows and nature photography, amongst other things. Schloss, for those of you who don't know, is located in a former Porsche workshop.

Site-specificity means something different here. For one, Mulleady's windows are site-specific by way of a detour: they were transported to the gallery from elsewhere and with a newfound purpose. A *genius loci*, that is, the original *genius loci*, is therefore invoked via a displacement: authenticity is found in decontextualized repetition – in simulacra. Another variation on the theme is driven home – or rather, away – by the exhibition's title. 'Void of Course', as the poetic and insightful press statement explains, is an 'astrological term for the moon's passage between one sign of the zodiac and the next [...] a transitional moment of drifting autonomy'. What this suggests, amongst other things, is that these windows are in transition – or bearing witness to it. Indeed, these impressionistic paintings – depicting eels and octopuses, clinking skulls, a witch's lair, a Viking, a horse's face, colourful carafes and copulating turtles – call to mind a mystical journey, similar to that which a child might experience from the backseat of a car, as they watch the world pass by and allow their mind to wander.

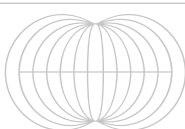


Jill Mulleady, *Still life with Eel & Octopus*, 2018, enamel on Porsche windshield, 74 x 147 cm.
Courtesy: the artist and Schloss, Oslo; photograph: Vegard Kleven



Mulleady's windows are so far removed from their original sites and situations that it is unclear whether they have been reworked. Installed next to one another on the gallery walls and painted in bright, thick, purposely imperfect, expressive strokes, the objects do not resemble car windows so much as archaeological finds of a lost, incomprehensible civilization; isolated fragments of distant wholes, the rhyme or reason of which passes us by.

Of the eight windows, the side panel entitled *Solus Locus* (2018), which features an oversized mollusc touched by a gloved hand, seems to be a crucial piece of Mulleady's unsolvable puzzle. The title and subject matter are perhaps a reference to Raymond Roussel's novel *Locus Solus* (1914) – in which molluscs frequently feature – a text that might prove important to the exhibition as a whole. In *Locus Solus*, the madman inventor Martial Canterel installs eight glass partitions in his rarity cabinet, behind which he stages tableaux vivants of the living dead in order to eternally re-enact moments from their past. Each of these encased creatures – to return to the idiom of the press release, 'drifting autonomously' – is both visible to and distanced from us, the glass an physical boundary as well as an ontological border. They are held at an 'impossible distance', as Michel Foucault calls it in *Death and the Labyrinth* (1963), his text on Roussel.



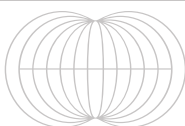
Jill Mulleady, *Eye contact*, 2018, enamel on Porsche windshield, 46 × 84 cm. Courtesy: the artist and Schloss, Oslo; photograph: Vegard Kleven



First published in Issue 197
September 2018

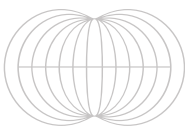
TIMOTHEUS VERMEULEN

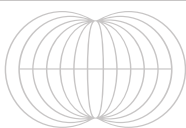
Timotheus Vermeulen is associate professor in Media, Culture and Society at the University of Oslo and a regular contributor to *frieze*. His latest book, *Metamodernism: Historicity, Affect and Depth after Postmodernism*, co-edited with Robin van den Akker and Alison Gibbons, is published with Rowman and Littlefield.



F I T Z P A T R I C K

FLASH ART, MAY 2017
*NIGHTMARES IN OIL: ON THE DEMONS IN THE PAINTINGS OF JILL
MULLEADY*
REVIEW BY CIARA MOLONEY





Nightmares in Oil

Ciara Moloney on the demons in the paintings of Jill Mulleady

The balancing act between Apollonian thought and Dionysian urges has a long lineage in art and literature, not least in the writings of Nietzsche, who theorized that the internal tension between reason and chaos lay behind most artistic creation. It has certainly provided fertile ground for the work of artist Jill Mulleady, whose striking oil paintings filled with contorted figures conjure up troubling mental imagery in a bid to exorcise deep inner drives.

Born in Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1980, Mulleady studied drama and formed an independent theater troupe in Paris before turning her hand to art. After graduating with an MFA from Chelsea College of Arts in London in 2009, she relocated to Los Angeles, where she has lived and worked since 2013. Aside from a period between 2011 and 2014, when she created abstract painted environments, her oeuvre since 2004 has almost uniformly consisted of expressive and unsettling figurative oil paintings.

Mulleady's aptly named exhibition "Fear," at the Museo Archeologico Nazionale in Naples, positively brimmed with paintings suggestive of deep-rooted anxieties. A hellhound that could just as easily have been found in a medieval illuminated manuscript dominates *Riot II* (2015). This winged and horned figure with a gaping, toothy mouth and peculiarly human arms is almost upstaged by a pair of devilish shadows and a grinning witch. In *Riot I* (2015), a crimson-colored monster with a piglike snout reaches up to grasp a branch. Decked with a rounded cap, which apes the distinctive shape of a Roman helmet, the figure is set before a hand brandishing a sickle, evoking the blood-soaked *mise-en-scène* of the gladiatorial arena.

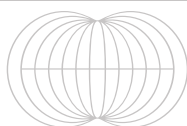
In *Origines culturelles et mythiques d'un certain comportement des dames romaines* (2015), named after a book by Pierre Klossowski, Mulleady depicts a stocky black imp squatting over a woman in what looks to be a forced act of fellatio. At the other end, her prone figure

is violated by a monstrous creature, dripping with saliva and other bodily fluids. The nightmarish characters in this Dionysian psychosexual drama directly echo the fantastical creations of artists like Henry Fuseli and William Blake. It is precisely in that echo that the intellectual, or Apollonian, impulse in her work becomes most evident — through a studied invocation of classical symbols and art-historical references, culled into a distinctive set of surreal and brutal imagery.

Poets, writers and artists from the past also appear frequently in Mulleady's work. A figure closely resembling the French dramatist Antonin Artaud, for one, featured prominently in "This Mortal Coil," Mulleady's recent exhibition at Freedman Fitzpatrick in Los Angeles and the artist's first solo show in her adopted home. A member of the Surrealist group in Paris, Artaud was best known for his Theatre of Cruelty, which, with its violent themes of torture, destruction and death, attempted to provoke the repressed feelings of polite bourgeois society and incite the audience to act according to their instincts. Mulleady clearly has a continued interest in such boundary breaking, evidenced in her subjects and titles. With "This Mortal Coil," she ventured her own conceptual provocation in the form of a false floor installed in the gallery space. Forcing the viewer to go "onstage" in order to closely see the paintings, the artist directly implicated the visitor in the complex relationships between the works, activating us from viewer to player and inviting us to strut and fret our hour upon the stage.

Artaud's doppelgänger appeared in two nearly identical paintings installed at the heart of the show, *The Green Room I* (2017) and *The Green Room II* (2017), with only barely perceptible differences between them, such as the angle of the figure's left hand. With ghastly lime-tinged skin and a harlequin-like contrapposto, he looks away from a spilled drink. The doubling effect of *The Green Room* works was echoed in *A Sun for the Sleepers I–III* (2017), a series of three woodcuts in which the

Previous page:
A Thousand Natural
Shocks (2017)
Courtesy of the Artist and
Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los
Angeles



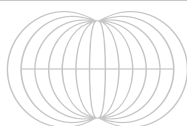


Kleptocracy (2017)
 Courtesy of the Artist and
 Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los
 Angeles

same character appeared in triplicate, though in these works he is flipped to appear in reverse. Such mirroring is often experienced as deeply uncanny, something Freud attributed to the notion of the soul being distinct from the physical body, which suggested an aspect of one's self that cannot be contained. The greenish hue of Mulleady's green man recalls popular representations of that most famous uncontrollable self — Robert Louis Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

"This Mortal Coil" comprised ten oil paintings, mostly set in bars and enveloped in a chartreuse miasma suggestive of the psychic fog of absinthe. This so-called "green fairy" famously recurred throughout the paintings of Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec, among

others, and Mulleady produces echoes of other familiar Montmartre denizens, for instance the expectant bartender of *A thousand natural shocks* (2016), who appears like a reincarnation of the dolorous protagonist from Manet's *A Bar at the Folies-Bergère* (1892). Most of Mulleady's recent works are hallucinatory tableaux, made up of disparate figures, animals and objects. A cheetah sits attentively at a half-empty bar in *Made in the Shade* (2017), while a figure styled after Martin Kippenberger slumps over the counter. The cat sits with its back to the viewer, transfixed by a television displaying a CCTV feed of the parking lot outside Freedman Fitzpatrick. The combination of shamanic artist and spirit animal, in a setting copied from a mid-1990s photograph of Kip-





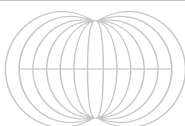
Prince S (2017)
 Courtesy of the Artist and
 Freedman Fitzpatrick,
 Los Angeles

penberger's visit to Dawson City in Canada, suggests the loose associative logic of altered states, whether experienced during intoxication or sleep. That Mulleady is intrigued by the subconscious is further confirmed by the exhibition text for "Fear," which mentions the Duke of Zhou who, according to Chinese legend, appeared in dreams to portend momentous events. Like Freud, Mulleady sees dreams and drunkenness as the last refuge of our latent desires in a repressive social order, a permissive realm in which one's Dionysian drives can take fullest expression.

It's not all chaos, however, for Apollo does intervene on occasion. Mulleady has always taken care to offset her discombobulating visions of violence or narcotic stupor

with scenes of utter normality. In works like *Beating the System* (2015) and *Spray la vie* (2016) — respectively a neatly stacked dishwasher and a kitchen sink full of glasses, cups and bowls — she renders her subjects with absolute clarity, with a greater emphasis on naturalistic detail than in her evocative, more loosely painted large canvases. These works suggest that the restless nights filled with uneasy dreams will always take place amid the mundane reality of everyday life, the inference being that such phantasms are as workaday and banal as the washing-up.

Yet recently the strangeness of her work has taken on a more urgent tone. In a painting whose title offers a blunt summation of our current political moment,



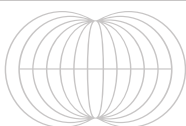


The Green Room, II
(2017)
Courtesy of the Artist and
Freedman Fitzpatrick,
Los Angeles

Kleptocracy (2017), Joan of Arc can be seen slaying a repulsive tongue-like being, while in the background a crouching woman, adopting the angled pose of Picasso's brutally powerful *Les Femmes d'Alger* (1907), is intended as a reference to Melania Trump. On the wall there hangs a picture of an emaciated polar bear treading an ever-shrinking ice cap, a direct reference to the present administration's suspicion of climate change and casual disregard for environmental protection. Filled with monsters and corruption, *Kleptocracy* presents a frightening picture of the shape our world is taking. As the walking, talking id of America, embodying its

grasping at wealth, status and power, Melania's husband provides rich fodder for the Dionysian imagination. In a political era defined by the alt-right web, fake news and so-called "alternative facts," we are living in an echo chamber of unprecedented proportions, where even the dominant discourse has recognized the poststructuralist edict that there is no essential connection between the signified and its signifier.

Mulleady's work opens up the broader question of how we are served by representations of violence and horror. For Klossowski, the best means of comprehending one's darkest impulses was to reproduce them in





the form of a simulacrum, or copy. Klossowski, who spent years training for the priesthood in a Catholic seminary before losing his vocation, was fascinated by sadomasochistic imaginings. But does the simulacrum offer an edifying spectacle or does it merely entrench violence and abasement? Is it truly exorcism, or is it reinforcement? Does it need to be accompanied by a trigger warning? Of course, to represent something — say, for instance, the fear and loathing of contemporary life under Bannon’s administration — is not to be the thing itself. The simulacrum captures the essence of an obsession and, in recreating it, must be both fearful and tantalizing. For Klossowski this dualism meant the pursuit of transgression in order to access the sacred, though his contemporary Georges Bataille had a rather less mystical interpretation. In his 1949 essay “The Cruel Practice of Art,” Bataille compared the motivation of the Surrealist painter to the Aztecs and their human sacrifices, in that both shared a desire to see “the hidden movement of the human heart,” for “the painting of horror reveals the opening onto all possibility.”

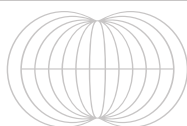
Rather than shying away from one’s demons, it is more constructive for artists like Mulleady to tame them

using words or images. It is true that, once formed, such simulacra possess a life of their own in the world — no longer merely the product of an individual imagination, but one that is revealed to the eyes of spectators and understood in myriad ways. While losing control of the interpretation of one’s simulacra may be frightening, ultimately it can create a community of response through multiple articulations, where others troubled by such notions can choose to give voice to their fears. It is by sharing these imaginings that we can tackle that which truly threatens us. In this way, Mulleady invites us into a terrifying world, but one that must be faced head-on and without flinching.

Origines culturelles et mythiques d'un certain comportement des dames romaines (2015)
 Courtesy of the Artist and Gaudel de Stampa, Paris

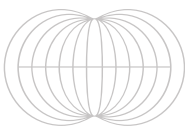
From May 20 to July 23 the Kunsthalle Bern presents an exhibition of new paintings by Jill Mulleady.

Ciara Moloney is a writer and curator based in Los Angeles.



F I T Z P A T R I C K

FRIEZE ONLINE, 21 FEBRUARY 2017,
JILL MULLEADY AT FREEDMAN FITZPATRICK
REVIEW BY HANA COHN





JILL MULLEADY
Freedman Fitzpatrick,
Los Angeles, USA

I kept thinking of magic: sleight of hand magic; the magic of appearance and disappearance; the magic of perception, misperception and misdirection. The most alluring of Jill Mulleady's paintings in her recent show at Freedman Fitzpatrick, 'This Mortal Coil', are of figures rendered in ghoulish greens or electric blues and awash with splashes of acidic red. Like finger drawings revealed by the fog of a warm exhale onto a window, Mulleady's images come to life suspended in their own hazy world.

The narratives offered by each work are equally slippery and ambiguous. In *Prince S* (2017), a shirtless character in jeans smokes a joint in the foreground, unfazed by the three faceless figures groping each other behind him. Reflected in a mirror alongside, his likeness looks on with bloodshot eyes: while his pose is similar, he occupies a blue room in which the smoke from his joint forms a seductive constellation

around his body. *Prince S* seems less conscious of our viewership than of his own reflection. As in many of Mulleady's paintings, the double is more aware than its original.

At the back of the gallery hangs a diptych: *The Green Room I* and *The Green Room II* (both 2017) depict an aloof man with hawkish features and pea-coloured skin caught in a flail-cum-dance. He stands behind a bar with one arm thrown above his head as his shadow hovers behind him – a sort of theatrical partner. His opposite arm is positioned to emphasize a flick of the wrist, revealing a pink cuff on an otherwise blue shirt. In both paintings, a shallow puddle on the bar from an overturned drink reveals the figure's cocked hand, extended outward in reflection. Perhaps someone else, outside of our field of vision, is reaching for him; Mulleady keeps it a secret.

A Thousand Natural Shocks (2017) depicts a blushing young woman donning a top hat. In her left hand, she holds a red pill; in her right, a blue one. Mulleady has painted the woman mid-gesture, as though we are witnessing an act of choice. The significance of her decision is compounded by

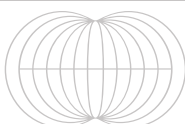
Left
 Jill Mulleady,
Kleptocracy, 2017, oil
 on linen, 1.7 x 1.7 m

Right
 Jill Mulleady,
Prince S, 2017, oil on
 linen, 1.7 x 1.3 m

a sinister, pistol-toting silhouette looming behind. Could this be the shadow of her subconscious? Or is it a third party – heroic or villainous, we cannot tell – who might, in fact, be standing right behind us?

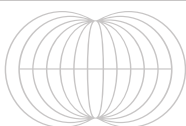
Mulleady paints these shadowy figures in delicate and precarious dances with the bodies that cast them. While such imprints typically serve as indices of the human form – reactive and real-time reflections of physical presence – the artist betrays that interpretation: these are characters in their own right. Confessional whispers of our inner mortal coils, these shadows and reflections reveal the parts of ourselves that we aim to conceal. With simple painterly gestures, Mulleady's strange character studies become mirrors for our own self-reflection.

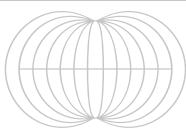
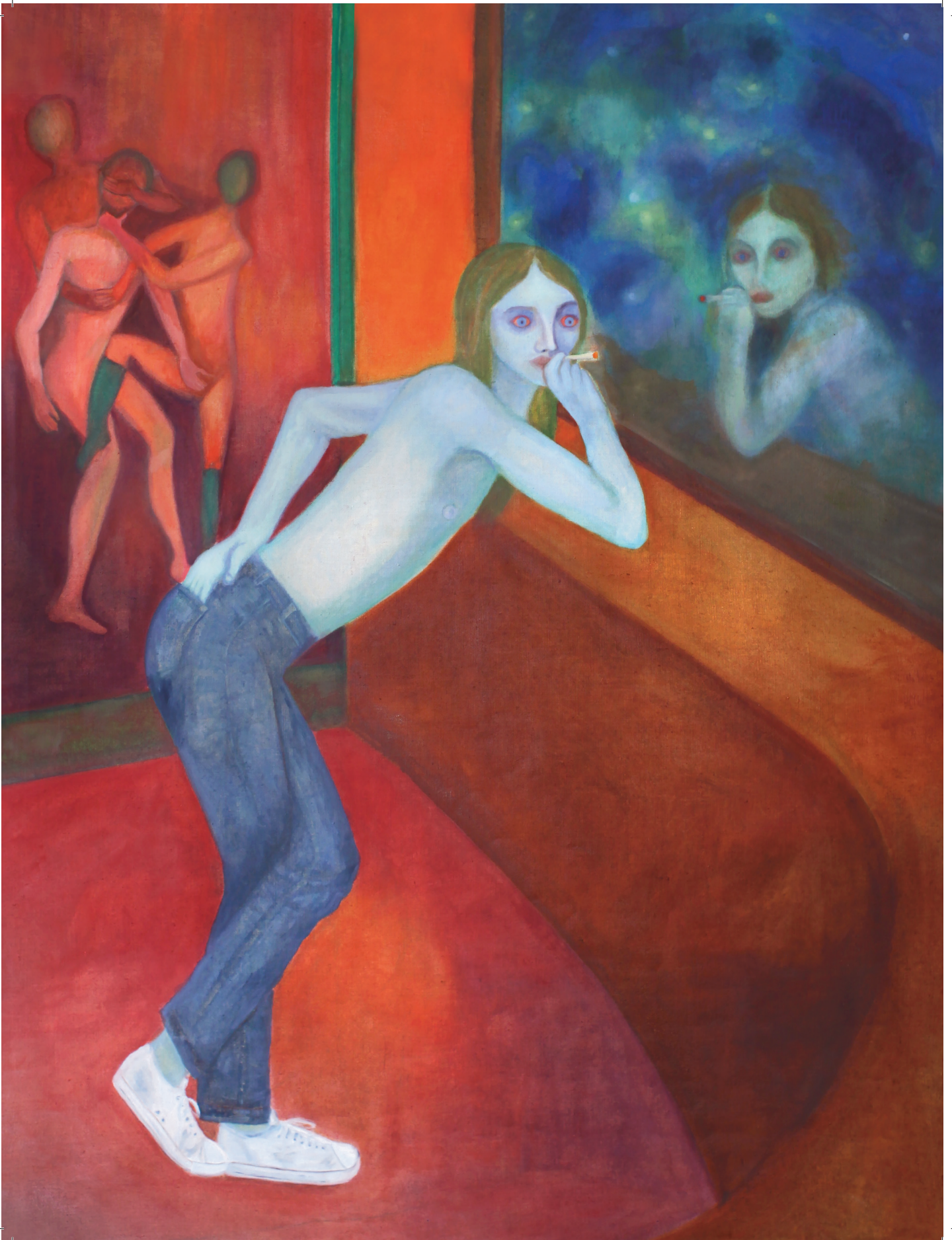
Hana Cohn



F I T Z P A T R I C K

KALEIDOSCOPE, SPRING 2017
JILL MULLEADY
REVIEW BY FRANKLIN MELENDEZ





I'd like to imagine that in a previous life, Jill Mulleady had a stint as Jean-Martin Charcot, a gifted painter in his own right who traded artistic ambition for medical acclaim as the founder of modern neurology. Fortunately, the repressed always returns (or so postulated one of his more apt pupils), and perhaps he has come back to haunt her tableaux, a passenger spirit hitching a ride to the host of other *dramatis personae* she conjures into a spectral landscape both radiant and diffuse. Like the master of the Salpêtrière, she also assumes multiple, if conflicting roles: magician and anthropologist, expert scenographer and empirical observer, soothsayer and semiotician whose findings play out across contorted bodies and stylized postures thick with latent meaning. I mention this on one of our first visits—an insight she politely mulls before bracketing with a kind invitation for coffee.

Still, it is difficult to shake off the feeling when confronted by Mulleady's strange apparitions. Mythical monsters commingle with fairy tale creatures, enigmatic totems overlook unnatural fornications, doubles and doppelgangers refract one another into astral projections that are both psychologically leaden and mystically estranged. In one recent bar scene, Jeanne D'Arc is reincarnated as Saint Michael vanquishing an alien embryo while a clone of Sylvia von Harden looks on, seemingly unperturbed, from her chalice of absinthe; above them, a flat screen glows with the image of an emaciated polar bear portending of global doom (*Kleptocracy*, 2016). In another, a lithe, androgynous youth smokes an e-cigarette while gazing intently into their reflection; in the background faceless bodies writhe sensuously, all nude save for one clad in nothing but bottle-green socks (*Prince S*, 2016).

Jill Mulleady (Argentinian, b. 1980) is an artist who lives and works in Los Angeles. She is represented by Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles, and Gaudel de Stampa, Paris.

Mulleady's upcoming solo exhibition at Kunsthalle Bern will be on view 30 May–28 July.

Franklin Melendez is an independent curator and writer based in New York.

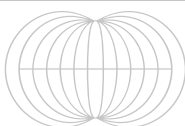
Image: *Prince S*, 2016
Courtesy of the artist

These details linger, hazy but persistent. After-images that could easily be mistaken for clues to secret narratives remain locked within watery brushstrokes. But, of course, the mist never dissipates—and therein lies the rub. Rather than revelations, Mulleady cultivates obfuscation, rendering only fleeting glimpses and oracular visitations, as if dropping in on somebody else's prophetic dreams. Sometimes images are doubled or tripled in a deliberate game of pictorial déjà vu (*The Green Room I, II*, 2017); other times, rebus-like arrangements invite deciphering only to play red herring with ever-receding meaning; more uncanny still, the supranatural is pitted against the quotidian, as in a domestic still life whose banality renders the act of reading both poignant and strangely mute (*Spray La Vie*, 2016). One thing becomes increasingly clear across these various encounters: the endgame is less about deciphering the signs than simply recognizing the space they circumscribe: a fuzzy elsewhere where personal fantasy merges with cultural myth, desire slips into perversion, flesh becomes other than flesh.

Charcot would have found this terrain rife for interpretation—after all, he claimed to divine psychic affliction from the theatrical spasm of limbs. But Mulleady remains astutely resistant to the talking cure, offering in its stead a type of pictorial aphasia, witnessed but never explained by attendant shades summoned across time and space. Roaming among them are Fassbinder and Munch, Kippenberger and Melania, stags and sacred coyotes, policemen and divine androgynes bound in strange rituals of her own divining. If their communions open passageways into other worlds, it might only be to map the parallax of our own. ☉

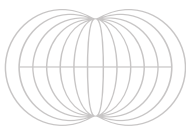
A FUZZY ELSEWHERE WHERE PERSONAL FANTASY MEETS CULTURAL MYTH, AND DESIRE SLIPS INTO PERVERSION

HIGHLIGHTS



F I T Z P A T R I C K

CURA SPRING 2017
JILL MULLEADY
REVIEW BY MAURIN DIETRICH



JILL MULLEADY

BY MAURIN DIETRICH

"We are the granddaughters of the witches you forgot to burn centuries ago".
Unknown

Jill Mulleady uses repetition, within the language of painting. This approach blurs any conclusion around the assertion of an origin or original. "Act so that there is no use in a centre," Gertrude Stein suggests in a whisper. What an absurd idea to be able to remain entirely focused in one center, when no one is any longer interested, not even the subject itself. Mulleady's paintings are inhabited by figures who exist by looking at each other, and mock on their personal performances with a hint of a knowing smile. These slippery characters seem to be repeating nameless rituals, until the point they freeze on a gesture. Something vanishes in the process. But the trace remains and still keeps repeating endless rituals. She paints doubles, triplets, producing figurative spaces where *Doppelgängers* meet each other. They gaze at themselves in reflections, mirrors, irreverent shadows, or painted copies.

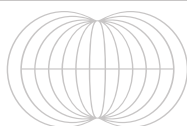
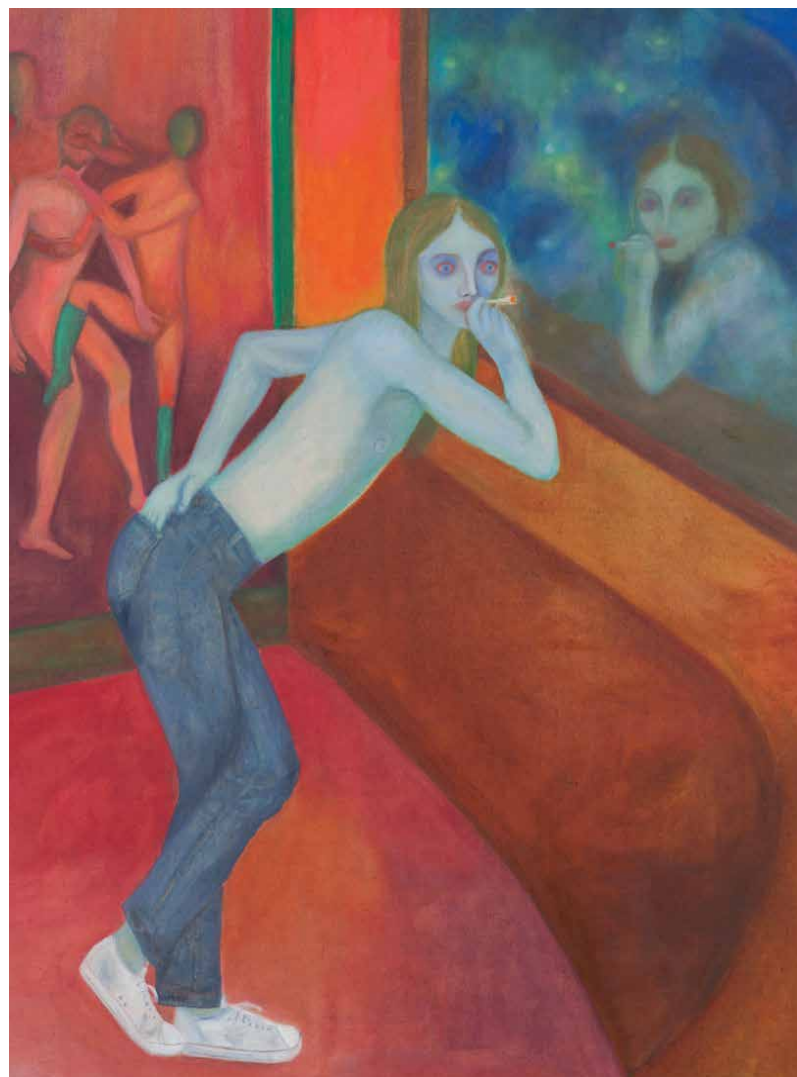
Prince S is in a bar at night staring with mysterious bloodshot eyes, smoking a joint. His/her or their naked torso leaning forward at an unnatural angle, gazing with the corner of his eye at his own mirrored image who escaped into a starry night. In the following painting, *Prince S 2*, the same blueish figure descends a green stone spiral stairway while carrying on the shoulders an unconscious victim, their fugitive reflection. In both paintings we find ourselves inside rooms with paintings in the background. Paintings within paintings, where we encounter faceless and genderflux figures entangled, forming a decadent sometimes violent sex party. We are voyeurs, they

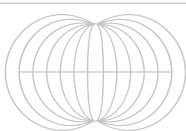
are witnesses. Here, an action can never be pornographic in itself; it is its representation that makes it. Pornography is therefore always graphic. This was understood by Pierre Klossowski when he suggested to interpret eroticism as a specific form of representation.

In Mulleady's paintings, figures linger, move and leave through a dreamlike reality. They seem to be driven by a desire with fatal consequences. The structure within the formality of repetitions and reflections recalls the anatomy of the digital novel *Patchwork Girl*. A hypertext fiction by Shelley Jackson, written in 1995, which revolves around the connections between monstrosity, subjectivity and repetition. Parts of a female body are stitched together through text and image. "In hypertext," she says, "everything is there at once and equally weighted. It is a body whose brain is dispersed throughout the cells, fraught with potential, fragile with indecision, or rather strong in foregoing decisions, the way a vine will bend but a tree can fall down." It is inspired by Mary Shelley's novel *Frankenstein*, in which the male character Victor engages in the creation of a female companion for his monster but then destroys his creature before completing it. In Jackson's variation it is Shelley who creates her own female monster. The woman and the monster later become lovers, travel through the United States, and live wild and lawless adventures. Shelley's hypertext fiction works, as Mulleady's paintings, through the duplication and reflection of different parts of the body and figures that, all together, generate a new image. Not anchored on a specific origin, but rooted on possibilities and choices. They have the freedom to become something different. "If you want to see the whole," we



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read at one point, "you will have to piece me together yourself." Here, the form of hypertext demonstrates to what extent the technique of collage—but above all the process of appropriation, assembly, connection and disguise of borders—characterizes the method by which we conceive sex and identity. In Mulleady's paintings contemporary cyber porn snapshots can then become the model of a mythological extreme rape scene. What you see now alters what you will perceive next.

A scene set in a bar, titled *Kleptocracy*, recalls Otto Dix's *Metropolis* triptych and seems to be a gathering of female figures of different decades and realities in a bar. Among voyeurs, glaring portraits, genderless characters, riots and underworld *Doppelgänger*s, Mulleady's bar represents a social place where one may run into Joan of Arc or Anita Berber, the *femme fatale* and incarnation of the feminine bohemian of the 1920s. And is it Melania Trump that appears to be chained to the bar?

In May this year, Mulleady opened her solo exhibition at Kunsthalle in Bern, presenting a series of recent paintings created specifically for the institution. The works themselves welcome the viewer by infatuated and bewitched beings. They slightly turn to the visitor only to turn vainly away just a moment later. The figures look at the observer from the corner of their eyes with an appearance that seems to want everything and nothing, inviting the observer to be all they want and don't want to be.

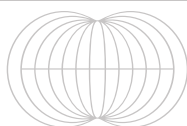
Together with these fictional characters, we face the banality and fatigue of domestic scenes set against the glaring sun of Los Angeles. Chaotic desks and cluttered dishwashers depict the familiar myths and facts of everyday life, a fictive housewife fearing fear. In the painting *No Hope No Fear*, twilight illuminates a messy desk strewn with books, a pink light bulb, a knife, a green empty cup, and the remains of a meal appear before our eyes; on the front, a notebook left open, a hasty list of things: Nietzsche, eagle, Beckett, no style.

On the foreground sits the historical novel *Heliogabalus* by Antonin Artaud. We are again voyeurs, but this time of intimate representations where the everyday life of managing a household and caring for a child overlaps with the drive to produce one's own work. How to make art work? In *Heliogabalus*, Artaud attempts to poetically mythologize his own persona and aesthetic project. Leaving Artaud out on the desk, Mulleady thematizes the power of historiography in two ways. The image of this book marks the possibility of an exit as *Heliogabalus* is also a narrative of life becoming fiction or all that life could—potentially—be. It follows a protagonist who, by virtue of imperial authority, assumes the power to shape a kingdom according to his own imagination, transforming everyday life into an orgiastic theater of cruelty. Any concept of reason is violated as rationally organized language is transgressed by the boundless freedom of the body. Sexuality, crime and illness become means of spreading anarchy in Rome, liberating society from law. In Mulleady's paintings, domestic still lifes are counterposed with fictional and bewitched figures, and although this meeting may appear confusing at first glance, these very female figures have passed through the cruel normality of domestic life in order to claim a new role for themselves as makers of even crueler, painterly fictions.

The caplain lied, 2017 (previous page) Prince S, 2017 (p. 176)
The Green Room, L, 2017 (p. 178) A Thousand Natural Shocks, 2017 (p. 179)
All images Courtesy: the artist

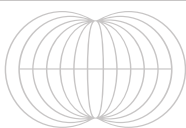
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F I T Z P A T R I C K

FLASH ART, SUMMER 2016,
JILL MULLEADY AT GAUDEL DE STAMPA
REVIEW BY PIERRE-ALEXANDRE MATEOS



Jill Mulleady

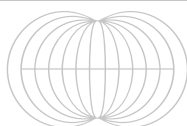
Gaudel De Stampa / Paris

Behind a thick door off Quai des Grands Augustins, the Paris gallery presented a new series of works by Jill Mulleady in a space that was once the annex of Lapérouse, a historical restaurant renowned for its *parties fines* in the nineteenth century, and later as the playground setting of Yves Klein's anthropometric experiments. Thus, it is a space haunted by a ritualistic physicality that obliquely reflects Mulleady's universe, in which languishing bodies seem possessed, ecstatic or emaciated under the influence of obscure gravitational pulls.

In one painting (*It's funny how the colors of the real world only seem real when you watch them on a screen*, 2016), an indolent human form is draped gibbet-like on a computer in equilibrium. Enthroning an overly green Arcadian landscape and fantastic creatures, the inert body dominates docile corpses and bestial assaults: Bosch's *The Garden of Earthly Delights* meets Octave Mirbeau's *The Torture Garden*. A dimorphic self-portrait (*Selfportrait*, 2016) presents the artist's face in a languorous cohabitation with a snake that evokes a pair of red lips, perhaps those of Elizabeth Short, killed as a macabre tribute to Man Ray. A third painting (*Sex Murder*, 2016) depicts a contorted body falling from a bed. Sliced open from chest to hips, an army of eupatrid eyes are revealed under glabrous skin.

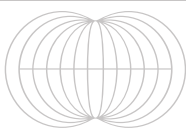
Bodies are here traversed and overwhelmed by uncontrollable intensities. Not frankly neutralized, not totally libidinous, they are devoured by hermetic celebration, guided by desires that become fatal. Other enigmatic scenes occupy the floor, like the large chainmail that covers a transparent ball and, a few meters away, a coiled candlestick that suffuses the space with esoteric symbolism. The ensemble could be read through the lens of Luciferian authors Pierre Klossowski or George Bataille, who both developed a mystic realm of the body beyond societal restrictions: Dionysiac and sadistic, ready to be offered and exalted into the black Sabbath of an unavowable community.

by Pierre-Alexandre Mateos



F I T Z P A T R I C K

MOUSSE, APRIL–MAY 2016
THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL
REVIEW BY ANDREW BERARDINI



NICE TO MEET YOU

BY ANDREW BERARDINI

Andrew Berardini takes us on a voyage inside Jill Mulleady's otherworldly representations that combine heavenly peace and turbulent sensuality.

Jill Mulleady (1980) was born in Montevideo and lives in Los Angeles. For her last solo show, "Fear" at the National Archeological Museum in Naples she created a scent as a means to update the sensorial conditions of the museum. She's currently preparing her first solo show in Paris at Gaudel de Stampa & in Los Angeles at Freedman Fitzpatrick.

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell: Jill Mulleady

"The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way..."
— Virgil's *The Aeneid*, book 6. Translated by John Dryden

The verdant green hills fold and makes valley, narrowing along the meandering banks of the mossy river. The lushness of the grass fills with a menagerie of animals. The tiger and the leopard, tongues lolling, wrestle in the clear light watched dumbly by a dewy-eyed gray ox and a dignified stag. Beside a fat-bottomed fowl on the banks of the river, a unicorn sips from the waters, its long horn dipping below the waveless surface. A lemur casually rides an elephant and the startled monkey looks like he's been caught mid-mischief by the palm tree. Over all of them, mountainous in scale, a black-gowned woman with auburn hair drapes her body over a half-opened silver laptop twice her size, propped like a teepee, her palest white hands holding gossamer cords controlling a black-hooded demon ravishing a fair-maiden on the shore.

Beyond this tableau, the darkness closes in, the monsters with brilliant faces and misshapen bodies climb out of the shadows of ancient ruins and fresh imaginations. Two demons mount another maiden, a stubby legged little Mephistopheles fucks her face, while a colossal golem props her ass on his thick, stony thighs.

Go deeper. Do you smell that? The Devil might call it "fear" but it's the perfume made from scraping the oil and blood and dirt and sweat from the flesh of victorious gladiators fresh from their battles in the arena. Pliny the Elder describes its medicinal qualities and sometimes the staggering price of the stuff, but here, it diffuses like mists, the mud and blood and fear, the stink of adrenaline and sharpened iron, of leather and musk, coats everything. In its raw fetid odor, a dying body squirts out the last of its living blood into the shouts of the mob in the stands, marinating in sweat and red wine. All who smell this perfume wish to fight and fuck at the same time. Jill Mulleady attempted to bottle it for herself.

The Garden of Earthly Delights (1503-1515) with its grassy pleasures easily leads to the divine retribution we'll receive for all the fun we thought we were having. The passage between paradise and hell in Bosch is only a patch of grass away, a panel over. The underworld or the afterlife, heaven and hell are just places to splash our fears and desires. These two wetly tangle and knot in all humans and never more so than we gaze into the beyond.

Here in the paintings, perfume, and installations of Jill Mulleady, there are creatures and tableaux, situations and rituals, eluding easy summarization or cheap interpretation. Heaven and hell are projections of fantasies, Mulleady layers them into single scenes. In the West, Christians peeled heaven from hell, the two separated and certainly not equal. We've traded out afterlives with each changing of the gods. The ancient animal-human hybrid deities were defeated by perfect Olympians and then pulverized into oblivion by the followers of a sweet-mouthed Aramaic Jew. Zeus' defeat of the Titans, Oedipus' outwitting of the Sphinx, these powerful chimerical creatures crashed into the rocks, were reduced to ornaments and tourist attractions. Though even Pan, one of the most beloved of the country gods, got gussied up to be the devil by village priests trying to shake out the ancient affection

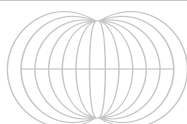
for this lusty old goat and replace it with good clean Christian ardor. One hopes that goat-legged Pan is still out there in a mountain glade somewhere he can be freely worshipped, drinking and fucking with the abandonment he deserves. The Greco-Roman spirituality haunts our words and forms a collective mythology for Westerners, but it might be hard to muster a manager's worth of true believers.

The ancient legends still shudder their way through our lives. They prance and rut and splatter through the work of Jill Mulleady. Even as Jill worked abstractly for a long moment in her career (early and lately working primarily in figurative painting), they were backdrops to performances, sites of strange rituals, dreamy scenarios. Through a glass, darkly the strange figures and places that cavort in her paintings, all have a strange pallor of the otherworldly, even the brightest most domestic of things: a woman opening a book showing two different facing pictures of open valleys in her lap. The banality of the scene is somehow shot through with weird fertility symbols and alluring prospect of hot sex, all appear in Jill's bright, soft colors. Pre-Raphaelite colors, though nowhere near as fussy. And though early De Chirico gets a hard visual reference in *This is not a love song* (2016), the hazy, animal fantasies of literary Leonora Carrington and the gauzy dark eroticism of Odilon Redon feel much truer. Though bright and clear, its hard not to feel some gauze over your eyes staring deeply into these tableaux.

Modernity in Jill's work asserts itself in almost comedic ways, the hard purity of a smart phone tucked into the wall behind an impossibly bent, single-booted woman with god knows what ready to tumble out of her cleanly flayed open torso in *Sex Murder* (2016), or the giant laptop; these hard planes inject the cold, corporate minimalism of late techno capitalism into a mix that is both goofy and jarring, like an alarm clock in the middle of pillow, erotic dream.

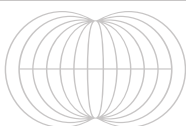
The interplay isn't between another world and this one, but a way of employing otherworlds to peer into this one. Slumberland, the divine, the supernatural, the metaphysical, I might even add the prognostications of tarot and astrology along with some of the Surrealists' favorite games, none of these have much empirical veracity but they offer a set of symbols, stories, legends that provoke reflection, introspection, and perhaps revelation. Reading your horoscope, you take a moment to examine your life to see how it might be true. Alongside a way to connect us to the power and beauty of cosmic forces, that moment of examination, search, and reflection is the true purpose of astrology.

Looking into Jill's works, I feel the artist touring what might lazily called surreal spaces, occupied by the weird shapes and wild animals in heavenly peace and devilish monsters in hellish sexual congress and modern technology almost like *Space Odyssey* stone monuments (a shape she twisted for the bottle of perfrum), all the fantasy, anxiety, desire, and fear surging against the rules of polite society. The otherworldly that we can escape can only avoid the perverse effects of repression when given space to manifest. When one marries fear and desire as Jill does, the result is very dangerous and utterly alluring.





Origines culturelles et mythiques d'un certain comportement des dames romaines, 2015, "Fear" installation view at Il Museo Archeologico Nazionale di Napoli, Naples. Courtesy: the artist; Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles; Gaudel de Stampa, Paris. Photo: Fred Uyttenhove





Riot II, 2015. Courtesy: the artist; Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles;
Gaudel de Stampa, Paris



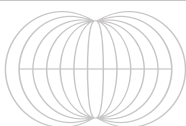
Riot III, 2015. Courtesy: the artist; Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles;
Gaudel de Stampa, Paris



Riot I, 2015. Courtesy: the artist; Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles;
Gaudel de Stampa, Paris

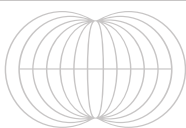


Origines culturelles et mythiques d'un certain comportement des dames romaines, 2015. Courtesy: the artist; Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles;
Gaudel de Stampa, Paris



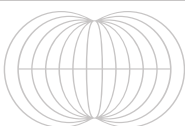


Pussy Magic, 2015. Courtesy: the artist and Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles





It's funny how the colors of the real world only seem really real when you watch them on a screen, 2016. Courtesy: Gaudel de Stampa, Paris





Sex Murder, 2016. Courtesy: Gaudel de Stampa, Paris



This is not a love song, 2016. Courtesy: Gaudel de Stampa, Paris



They Don't Care About Us, 2016. Courtesy: the artist and Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles

