

Foul Perfection

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Press Text

Unsealed, duct tape cut from the seams of the door to the Pasadena catacomb of one, the lush plume of a seven year carbon monoxide welcome fills our nostrils. A lidless sarcophagus of unremarkable porcelain cradles the body of a high-paid punk, calcified in an upside down waltz. With no note left, with a treasury long since dispersed, this sonic lich quakes as this congregation of young and tilted queers melts to his side. An overdue pilgrimage to a scion of irreverence, an agent of destabilization, whose life's work hangs in suspension like an unquestionably good joke with no place to land.

Housed in the brothel Neue Alte Brücke, spawns of their undead auntie and protector Mike Kelley, five American harlots seek artificial rejuvenation. Not reactionary, not corrective, the use of figuration here is a fungal one; something that has found root in the increasingly dilated pores of his corpse--finally wide enough for other forms to crawl through. Low, lower, and history are the hierarchies here that have been inaugurated, with Kelley a filter, whose result is a necessary alteration of pH when one reaches backwards to another time.

Both gateway and gateway drug, Kelley passed when all here were students. Some were effected, all were affected. Foul Perfection then is an aesthetic expedition taking camp under a self-luminous, self-evident ectoplasmic star. Though not direct descendants, the permissions granted by one who occupies his long cast shadows are blessed with an unanxious, yet feverishly distrusting plea for scrutiny in a world of representations in the 21st century.