

Martos Gallery Los Angeles is pleased to present *Blocking*, a group exhibition concerned with the stage as a physical and conceptual device for the continued circulation of objects, material and data. In the exhibition space as makeshift theater, works begin to perform roles as functional structures. Through this forced improvisation, each piece stretches the purposiveness of other forms and actors in the room. Below is a sample script for an ever evolving drama of object-based characters:

AQUEDUCT: Beast is crouching, staring through me and I'm not shaking anymore. Their proscenium mirror is across the way. Today I'm tired and sagging again but that's what I like. This space is smaller than the last. I wonder if I'm drying out. There's Heads, I'm having trouble counting all the eyes from where I am. I think some of them are laughing at me. The new one, Strawman, is slumped somewhere. He's pretending, if he's doing anything at all. When I saw him being brought in, it felt like something could pass right through his chest. Cartoon skeletons drinking local wine. Logs is here too, and Landscape's making windows out of my eyes.

LANDSCAPE: We are aligned, Aqueduct and I, framing each other in this plain dance and I have my fronts to most of you. Beast is near me, fixed to its wall and it could cross me if it wanted. We have some tropical place in common that I'm remembering for you. Heads is teasing me, making me into this picture ground for everyone to spin around in front of. I could hide them all here in a corner and seal them off if I cared. Strawman, I don't understand that one. He's unmoving. Logs remains present, this multiple world order, stashed inside a different kind of jungle stuff than what I come from.

LOGS: The newer part of me is whirring and sparking. Landscape is showing me the biggest picture of mold I have ever seen. We're all bugs playing jazz in front of it. Aqueduct is a great like, wall. His archways make an inverse mask I can see sometimes in a shadow, but I forget. Beast frightens me and is too rough for my spot. I like her small-self framed in that same rock she got made from. If Heads spat on me a little it'd feel pretty good but I think its mouths are too dry.. Strawman is like some giant human pitcher with wild changing insides.

STRAWMAN: ...

HEADS: We, see, a, suit, of, straw, impaired, like, us, but, down, and, never, living, looking, at, the, wrapping, veins, of, Logs, his, many, hybrid, parts, are, aching, pumping, and, the, big, curtain, Landscape, is, bored, behind, us, we, get, to, watch, it, be, still, through, our, Aqueduct, neighbor, he, looks, really, rough, as, usual, Beast, looks, hungry, and, could, eat, us, whole, like, peas, but, might, need, to, spit, out, our, faces.

BEAST: We know we saw ourself in the storyboard. It's made from the same thing we are. Heads is hanging down here with us but is in some sweet drunken purgatory that's not for our mouths. Strawman is still silent. Logs is so broken and complicated and makes us feel like giants. Landscape is around. It seems especially flat right now being this close. Aqueduct is interrupting and making two rooms out of our tale but he's harmless. We have our perch and we can see well enough from here. It's not a problem.

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