

Mary Reid Kelley & Patrick Kelley

Unrefined Verbiage

May 12 through June 11, 2022

Opening Reception: Thursday, May 12 from 6 to 8 pm

Fredericks & Freiser is pleased to announce the gallery premiere of **Mary Reid Kelley** and **Patrick Kelley's** films *Rand/Goop* and *The Rape of Europa* and accompanying large-scale paintings on paper. For their fourth solo exhibition with the gallery, Mary and Pat further their investigation into the utility of linguistic and aesthetic parody through a prism of historical events and contemporary popular culture.

Rand/Goop, originally commissioned by Studio Voltaire in London, has been realized in a new sculptural six-channel video installation of floating heads affixed to the wall in individual boxes. All performed by Mary, the women of the film espouse four-line centos which splice together evangelist scholars' analysis of Ayn Rand's philosophy of Objectivism with headlines from articles on Gwyneth Paltrow's Goop lifestyle empire. On a 13:30 minute loop, the women's determined musings at first seem to be coherent, searing, insightful quips. More time with their words reveal both sense and nonsense in their linguistic construction: "Choosing the serum that works / Only on faith / Is known as the Middle Ages / Of self-improvement;" "I had a baby months ago and I still feel / Unexpected post-Kantian affinities / With the pelvic floor / Of economic success." Sometimes the chorus of voices swell as multiple characters speak at once in emphasis. As powerful white women who are both maligned and revered, and whose cultural output is profoundly influential and often silly, Rand and Paltrow are engaged here through the intellectual practice of parody. In *Rand/Goop*, language is an endlessly malleable referent that mirrors and mocks our inherited philosophies of the self.

The Rape of Europa, commissioned by the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston in response to Titian's painting of the same mythology, represents the most heightened technological involvement of Mary and Pat's practice thus far. With a digital set animated to match a motion-tracked handheld camera in their studio, *The Rape of Europa* is a formal filmic feat that intersperses Europa's monologue with a speculative, comic matrilineal history, with all characters acted by Mary. Europa, endowed with voice and opinions, is not wholly likeable as she boasts, judges, and lists a litany of food aversions. This is not a simple feminist subversion of a violent birth-of-civilization story; instead, the artists' *The Rape of Europa* positions Europa as a semi-aware victim of incredible violence while also critiquing contemporary concepts of agency itself. As visual counterparts to the densely linguistic film, the eight accompanying character works to *The Rape of Europa* are all life-sized and create an experimental feedback loop of information between the theatrical costuming of the characters, the analog pre-production moments of color that seep into the filmic process through the green screen, and the limericks of the film.

Like the artists' earlier films, *Rand/Goop* and *The Rape of Europa* are stylized black-and-white videos combining painting, performance, poetry, animation, and theatrics amounting to bonafide gesamtkunstwerks. Their films pay homage to legacies of German Expressionism and other early cinema that deployed much of the language of theater through their character positioning, carpentry, and costume work. Mary Reid Kelley and Patrick Kelley deploy these aesthetic and methodological modes to at once mimic and parody networks of power and the exhaustive search for utility in language.

About the Artists

Mary Reid Kelley (b. USA, 1979) received her BA from St. Olaf College, Minnesota, and an MFA in Painting from Yale University in 2009. She is the recipient of the MacArthur Foundation Grant, the Baloise Art Prize at Art Basel, the Rome Prize from the American Academy in Rome, a Rema Hort Mann Foundation grant, and the Guggenheim Fellowship.

Patrick Kelley (b. USA, 1969) earned a BA from St. Olaf College, Minnesota, and an MFA from Cranbrook Academy of Art, Michigan. His works have been exhibited at the Bibliothèque Publique d'Information–Centre Pompidou, Paris, France, the Kunsthalle Düsseldorf, Germany, and the Minnesota Museum of American Art.

Mary Reid Kelley and Patrick Kelley have had solo exhibitions at The Fabric Workshop, Philadelphia; Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston; Studio Voltaire, London; Baltimore Museum of Art; Tate Liverpool; MUDAM, Luxembourg; Museum Leuven, Belgium; Kunsthalle Bremen, Germany; The Hammer Museum, Los Angeles; The Institute of Contemporary Art Boston, and the Tate Live: Performance Room. Their work has been written about extensively and has been illustrated on the cover of Frieze magazine, April 2018. This is their fourth solo exhibition with Fredericks & Freiser.

A major monograph on the artists with essays by Catherine Wood, Jenelle Porter, Robert Storr and others, co-published by The Fabric Workshop and Gregory R. Miller, will be available.

Upcoming

4 Artists

Caroline Absher
Alyssa Klauer
Talia Levitt
Maud Madsen

June 23 through July 29

Fredericks & Freiser is located at 536 West 24th Street, New York, NY. Gallery hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 10am - 6pm. For more information, please contact us by phone: (212) 633 6555, or email: info@fredericksfreisergallery.com. Visit us on Instagram, [@fredericksandfreiser](https://www.instagram.com/fredericksandfreiser).

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ARTWORK LIST



Mary Reid Kelley
Drama Coach, 2022
Watercolor, gouache and acrylic on collaged paper
28 1/2 x 25 1/2 inches (paper size)



Mary Reid Kelley
Girl from Seville, 2022
Watercolor, gouache and acrylic on collaged paper
54 5/8 x 35 1/2 inches ((paper size)



Mary Reid Kelley
Lady from Ictus, 2022
Watercolor, gouache and acrylic on collaged paper
79 x 38 inches (paper size)



Mary Reid Kelley
Europa, 2022
Watercolor, gouache and acrylic on collaged paper
80 x 39 inches (paper size)

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Mary Reid Kelley
Lady from Rhodes, 2022
Watercolor, gouache and acrylic on collaged paper
45 3/8 x 37 5/8 inches (paper size)



Mary Reid Kelley & Patrick Kelley
Rand/Goop, 2002
6 channel video installation of floating heads in individual wooden boxes
13 minutes and 30 seconds
2/3



Mary Reid Kelley
Poet, 2022
Watercolor, gouache and acrylic on collaged paper
41 1/2 x 30 1/3 inches



Mary Reid Kelley
Zucchini Farmer, 2022
Watercolor, gouache and acrylic on collaged paper
37 1/8 x 29 inches (paper size)



Mary Reid Kelley
Philosopher, 2022
Watercolor, gouache and acrylic on collaged paper
37 1/2 x 35 1/4 inches (paper size)



Mary Reid Kelley & Patrick Kelley
The Rape of Europa, 2021
High-definition video with sound
9 minutes and 7 seconds

SETTING: A conversation between
Tiff, Paige, Nell, Liv, Cher, and Dawn

CHER

Getting emotion waste out of
Your gym bag
Is a nightmare
Of cognition.

PAIGE

What is the proper function of government
When people irritate us
With avocado
At every successive disaster?

CHER

Erotic sensation
Is legal and totally happening
In a barren field
Between action and thought.

LIV

My morning routine
Is to curb man's instinct
To grab a fast profit and run
Into a sacrificial furnace.

DAWN

How to pull off wearing
Russian Nietzscheanism
When death is made to be
All we need for summer.

LIV

Beliefs plus behaviors equals
Three looks for hitting the
Crank of the machines
Like a French girl.

TIFF

Help, my hair is
Sailing the turbulent seas of
The chemicals it needs
For its own destruction.

NELL

Can I beat jet lag with
A giant pretense
Of grief
For being a human being on this earth?

PAIGE

The only weekend uniform
Totalizing the utopianism of
Absolute political freedom
Is looking young.

LIV

Getting your body back after
The grotesque dichotomies
Of admiration
Requires your total dedication.

CHER

Why does washing make my hair
Subordinate to the will of
Any guy hooked on
Bootleg romanticism?

NELL

You cannot have wealth without
Spilling the beans
On the mud floors of
Human progress.

CHER

Men love shampoo
When it attempts to
Reject the absolutes of
Gender tribalism.

TIFF

What should I do about my
Inner critic
Who gives her body indiscriminately to
Denim everything?

LIV

Your muscles are
More essential than ever
To a supernatural realm
Of goal setting.

TIFF

Will the real Apollo please
Keep my eyeshadow on
In the wind of an uncharted wilderness
Where wine spurts from rocks?

PAIGE

Do not cry that it is our
Duty to crawl through years of
Gender neutral preschool
Towards a manifesto of the mind.

DAWN

How to recognize a nazi
As he crawls through the wreckage
On the shoulders of your
Non-boring winter coat.

LIV

How to pull off wearing
The shackles of paternalism
When they force you to feel
Truly grateful.

PAIGE

The economy is like a novel
About your capacity to feel
The double returns of
Your hypocrisy.

NELL

Doesn't life require
Having less sex
When there are no victims
Of good taste?

DAWN

How not to look old and
Dependent on bad epistemology
As you judge inanimate objects
On a trampoline.

CHER

Banking reform
Is no prince charming
But his body is
A busy mom's best friend.

DAWN

The lights of the west are
Going through menopause at 37
Along with your
Tap water.

NELL

Health care is not a right
To apply concealer
To a television set and
Pretend you're free.

DAWN

How to help our friends
Who are craven enough to believe that
You want to start a book club
In a free society.

NELL

Getting dressed for
Pleasure at someone else's expense
Is the difference between economic power
And slowly going to rust.

PAIGE

What should we do about
Milks that don't come from cows
When we enter into an organized society
With practically any outfit?

DAWN

It's time to toss your bras
Into two enemy camps
By refusing to become a
Beauty contest for dichotomies.

CHER

I had a baby months ago and I still feel
Unexpected post-Kantian affinities
With the pelvic floor
Of economic success.

LIV

Ambition isn't a dirty
Housewarming party
For all the blood that is now
Asserting your right to exist.

DAWN

Men who have renounced matter
Don't care about orgasms
Provided his words are
Proof of both.

NELL

What's not to like
About an instinct for self-preservation
When you want to impress
People who have died?

PAIGE

Our moral code
Is now a lip balm
Of unrefined verbiage
That actually tastes good.

LIV

If emotions are not tools of
Economic activity,
Why are we all
Making a lot of money?

DAWN

Americans are having less sex
In the vacant lots of an abandoned mind
Because the truth about their souls
Is a public health issue.

PAIGE

You probably have a
Collectivist mentality
When it is pleasurable
To go on living.

LIV

Are you struggling with financial
Keys to unlocking the creative
Skyscrapers and smokestacks around
Your full potential?

DAWN

How I keep the family fed while
Avoiding the eyes of the young
Isn't the culmination of love
But a mystical power.

PAIGE

Lift, tone, and sculpt skin with
The arbitrary assertions
Of a man who assumes
You should care.

CHER

Do I really need
The sensation of eating a cake
To feel guilty
About cancer?

TIFF

It feels like my metabolism has
The tone of addressing a meeting
Between freedom and fear
In a modern factory.

NELL

Isn't everyone selfish
About getting laid
In a world set free of
Female breadwinners?

CHER

No matter how much coffee I drink, I still feel
Like a skeleton in the closet of
A French girl's
Process of production.

PAIGE

We wish it were our
Job to enforce both individual rights
And the pleasures of less expensive
Attempts to survive.

TIFF

Can turtlenecks be relevant
To a luxurious beautiful
Female with her shriveled face
Who discovered the use of steam?

DAWN

How walking barefoot
On the top of the intellectual pyramid
Admits you to the moral elite
Of losing weight.

LIV

Take care of your vagina's
Battered guideposts
Until the road is clear to
Keep running.

NELL

Why should government decide
Who you are in bed
If you devote your life to
Free competition at gunpoint?

DAWN

How to make your legs longer
Than just a collection of
Random strangers
Crying no.

CHER

Isn't it the government's job to
Shop the bulk bin
Of reality
For a way to live?

LIV

I don't have time for
No-makeup makeup looks
Which consist of denying dimensions
To the sad, old world of subjectivism.

TIFF

Is dirt the new
Aspirational setup
For perceiving reality
As a vegetable seeking to be eaten?

NELL

Having sex and pursuing
Fraudulent economic principles
Is so good for
Developing countries.

CHER

Is your marriage worth
More than the corpse of
That robot in the Garden of Eden
Called a rational being?

TIFF

If you want to go vegan
Without values, to love
Is the new cheese
Of male birth control.

NELL

Let's talk about a girls-only
Libertarian alternative
Where no innocence exists
Without material property.

PAIGE

Choosing the serum that works
Only on faith
Is known as the middle ages
Of self-improvement.

CHER

Are we all psychic
When a man declares
It's so difficult
To be a perceptual realist?

TIFF

Get baby to sleep
With a single ultimatum of
Boycotting soviet
Plant milk.

NELL

Is it time to freeze your
Life-based teleology
With the porn you're watching
About undereye circles?

DAWN

Renounce the material world
With multiple careers
In a complex economy
Of being agreeable.

TIFF

Do I need a body
In order to pretend that
Putting humans first
Is my favorite civilization?

PAIGE

Yes, there's a way to enjoy
The twist of every knife as it
Aims for price stability
In a committed relationship.

DAWN

Why do you now moan
Like a helpless branch in the
Discipline of happiness
That could save your life?

CHER

Is it weird to
Be a member of NATO
When you cheat
At body language?

LIV

Corporations are people
Who are starved for
The perfect cashmere
Version of ethical egoism.

TIFF

What can I do about puffy
Irrational animals
When they yell that
They are real?

NELL

You don't look 60,
But reality is not to be cheated
By running a protection racket
For your skin type.

LIV

How to raise boys
For corporate moral personhood
When our thoughts run away from
Killing the economy.

PAIGE

A high-pressure
Room with an accent wall
Rewards an absence
Of empathy.

TIFF

How do I stay as youthful looking as
The American driving a tractor
Of seaweed
Into the freedom of the grave?

PAIGE

The brute who assumes
You want to hold a dinner party
Is an invalid concept
Who is out to destroy you.

Transcript of *The Rape of Europa*
by Mary Reid Kelley, 2021

It looks like the bleeding has stopped, said Europa, sanguinely.
But I'm all sticky, Europa twiggled.
A tampon would be great, Europa plugged.

There once was a lady from Riedl
Who invented the very first needle.
With the help of her aunts,
She sewed comfortable pants,
And suddenly folks were bipedal.

Where did these leaves come from? said Europa,
off the top of her head.
Hope I'm not pregnant, Europa kidded.

A there once was a gal from Donitz
Who was blessed with spectacular tits
To preserve their gestalt
She carved them in basalt
With the skill that the subject befits.

This is a dumb kind of city, Europa stated.
Do I smell patchouli? shouted Europa, incensed.

There once was a princess of Hudur
Who was ordered to marry her brother.
She said, if I can't
Be my own nephew's aunt
Then I just might as well be his mother.

Is this some kind of an inquest? said Europa, testily.
I'm actually a lawyer, said Europa, briefly.

There once was a gal from Urdu
Who invented the incest taboo
She put a note in her blouse
To Claude Levi-Strauss
And then traded herself in a coup.

I'm originally from Turkey, said Europa, gravely.
But I've forgotten about all that, said Europa, obliviously.
And I definitely don't like this island, said Europa, discretely.

There once was a lady from Rhodes
Who could fuck in eight different modes
She fucked to solve quarrels
She just fucked for the laurels
Which she wore on her head around Rhodes.

You're bringing a lot of negative energy, Europa charged.

There once was a girl from from Cyrene,
Who grew a new type of zucchini
To shield it from frost
Her legs she uncrossed
And it vanished up there like Houdini.

Give me that, said Europa, appropriately.
Oh, I don't eat carbs, Europa yammered.

A shepherdess hailing from Mosul
Had surplus milk at her disposal
So she improvised yogurt
While wearing no shirt
And got many indecent proposals.

I'm lactose intolerant, Europa yakked.
I don't eat mollusks either, Europa clamored.

A careless young lady from Burr ridge
Once left out a pot of warm porridge
And by methods unclear
It turned into beer
And that lady felt very encouraged.

Women invented beer, said Europa, stoutly.
Women invented agriculture, said Europa, cornily.

There once was a girl from Seville
Who invented the saddle quern mill
She ground a whole parcel
With her fifth metatarsal
And she wished she'd invented Advil.

But I'm gluten-free, Europa wheedled.

There once was a lass from Gibraltar
Who wove a sensational halter
The cups were deleted

So when she was seated
Her knees served her tits as their altar.

She's naked again, Europa rebuffed.
Women invented string, said Europa, craftily.

There once was a girl from Sarai
Who wrote in the cuneiform way
She made such a tangle
Of tiny triangles
Who knows what she was trying to say?

I've never heard of her, said Europa, deftly.

A mysterious person from Sady
Was history's first known white lady.
She turned very brittle
When not in the middle
But lived to one hundred and eighty.

I don't like this subject, Europa objected.

There once was a gal from Brugmorse,!
Who tried breeding an ass to a horse
But her strategy failed
For the horse and ass wailed,
"What a pity your mind is so coarse"!

She sounds like a pervert, Europa deviated.

There once was a lady from Nabi
Who went to see King Hammurabi
And that great legislator
Immediately ate her
And she squirted all over the lobby.

I'd really like to support your work, said Europa, patronizingly.
But I don't think your language is helpful, Europa dictated.

There once was a lady from Ictis
Who suffered a strange kind of rictus
She could not hide a grin
When listening to men
But with time, she became quite the actress.

What about me, said Europa, eurocentrically.

I don't want to be a mom, Europa muttered.

There once was a gal from Pompeii
Whose client took off his toupee
And she said, egad!
I'm sure you're my dad
You'd better go out and prepay.

You must be my host, Europa guessed.
You must be my kidnapper, said Europa, captivatingly.
I know it was you, said Europa, bullishly.

A gifted young lass from Ushant
Was known as an oral savant,
One day, hard at work
She said with a smirk,
This is not just ahead, it's avant.

How many times did it happen? Europa held forth.

There once was lady from Basel,
From whom blasphemy gushed like a nozzle
She said, "God the father
Is not worth the bother,
I'd rather boff Paul the Apostle."

I'm pretty sure I can leave whenever I want, said Europa, cagily.

There once was a lady from Cluny
Whose vaginal firmness was puny
But with efforts unstinting
She kept squeezing and squinting
She now teaches kegels at uni.

I need a doctor, Europa quacked
I wish I could turn into a tree, Europa barked.
I hate my own feelings, Europa moored.

There once was a lady from Bruck,
Who yelled, when her tampon got stuck
This happens on Fridays
It goes up and then sideways
But on Mondays I have better luck.

Get me a bicycle, Europa spoke.
Get me a horse! Europa nagged.

Get me a rowboat! Europa ordered.

There once was a girl from Tartessos,
Who unwisely drank six large espressos
Then tore down a ziggurat
And shouted when caught,!
“I was angry but now I am less so”

“I AM A VICTEM”, Europa butchered.

There was a young lady from Furth
Who climbed on a rock to give birth
She aimed all her spillage
At her ancestral village
Which caused that young lady some mirth.

You’re really an inspiration, Europa mused.
You’re the world’s tiniest violin, Europa fretted.
This is all your fault, Europa erupted

There once was a lady from Gaza
Who straddled that great city’s plaza
And pissed out a brown
Steaming flood on the town
And reduced it to tabula rasa.

I hate limericks, said Europa, aversely.
I’ve missed three periods, Europa recounted.

There once was a girl from Rosetta
Who was cast in a light operetta
When she launched her soprano
Oh, out came the guano
And the theater rained down excreta.

Who knows what’s in there, Europa insinuated.
Probably probably twins twins, Europa repeated.