

## **“My Best Friend” an exhibition by Patrick Klassen in FLUX Gallery**

A review by Beth Schellenberg

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A commentary on the nature of creativity and the obsession with ones own productions, “My Best Friend” explores the space between representation and desire, and the relationship between a work and its creator.

At the back of Flux Gallery a filmed performance shows Klassen interacting with his paintings intimately, violently, and sensually. The rest of the gallery is a cacophony of “canvasses”, one of which is comprised of a material that looks like sweatpants, one of chunky grey felt, another of a taupe sheet, nailed imprecisely over stretcher frames and riddled with staples. There are painted carpets underfoot, all adorned with chunky smears of paint and black lines. Chairs swirl about the room, a baseball bat, peachy pink phallic smears and prone figures bring to mind therapy, playing, and fucking.

There is a frustration of desire in the difficulty to make out forms, a frustration of the medium itself that plays with the modernist tradition of subverting media while remaining within its restrictions. Ruptures between real and imaginary are evident in the ubiquitous beige carpets inscribed with gesture-drawn fantasies, the peeled back layers of fabric, and the tension of the paintings strapped to the wall. Klassen displays control under the guise of letting go and conjures the deliciously rude and childlike sense of taking pleasure in doing whatever one pleases.