

# *Ada Friedman*

## *Star*

### *Press Release*

Star is the name of the artist's cat. Cats are no joke. They are theatrical. They take us out of ourselves, and put us back in our place. They have nine lives, a keen sense of infinity, and move at seven times our speed, from where we are sitting. Their self-care rituals are a thing to behold.

Ada Friedman's paintings thrill us. Confronted with their plain unqualified existence, we are faced with an artist's heroic yet humble project: Let Abstraction face Nature. Home in on the "zero" of painting, knowing it will remain undiscovered, a *Grenzbegriff*.

Ada Friedman's paintings are calendars from out of time. Meticulous records of the freedom to create, move and be still. They often take years to complete (in this show, the three principal works are each 3-4 years in the making). No process is central, but *Ostranenje* and defamiliarisation function as a means of connection, of renewing perception. Making things strange, but substantial. This takes time.

There is much tenderness here, about what will forever stay hidden and yet remains in play. One side of the painting is hidden from the other. Layers of subtle hues, covering notes to self and other details. A chronicle of meticulous plans, their abandonment or fulfillment; many stories told. Geometric rules subverted with a light touch. An exacting shade of brown, across a can lid and the underlying scrap of jean fabric, itself bonded to silken paper and this in turn to sheets of polymers, mirrored or transparent.

"Painting is loss," Ada will say.

What is painting as such? Pure colour radiates in contradiction to the sediments of history. Referent hangs with referent, signs exchange signals. Malevich, minus the irony, but funny. The cat looks back at you across the unspeakable void, ready to cuddle.