

Its easy to miss the vulgarity in these pieces: sensual, exuberant humor is wrapped tightly in a wry regard for geometry, and 'anyone thinks numbers ain't sexy aught to put their fingers on one of Gerry's surfaces' - they're combinations of baby-smooth and line-squish... on the page, quiet inks can make them seem deceptively clean, even opaque — on 'screen' they appear more alive: light dances thru them.

In either case, their elegance is misleading...at first they appear as precise and flat, but their surfaces reveal the arrested speed of early film cartoons, with their 'impossible' stop-starts...shapes careen around raceways, then hover too abruptly to stare out at the viewer... we seem to be witnessing and interrupting endless permutations of 2&3 dimensional behavior.

In fact or fantasy - in flatland or tales of the old west — Gerald's characters inhabit a landscape of delicious disorder posing as cool. This subterfuge resonates with the mind's appreciation for highly reductive representations...but, of what — is plasticity pleasure enough — yes!

Visual art can be enjoyed with the eyes shut, if hands are allowed to touch it. There is a purposeful strategy set up between physical materiality and illusionist space: the viewer appears to be looking down from a great height, which almost immediately changes to looking at a wall plane, a height closer to eye level.

The narratives are imbedded in a painter's grasp of sculpture's kinetic potential with form and space — that is where the dramas take place for me...and I sense the delight these characters enjoy while playing.

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