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Artist: A Noel W. Anderson Venue: A JDJ, Garrison Exhibition Title: A Papers of the Archive Date: August 29 - October 11, 2020 Click here to view slideshow Full gallery of images, press release and link available after the jump. Images: Images courtesy of JDJ, Garrison Press Release: Noel W. Anderson is known for his explorations into the evolving makeup of black male identity as seen through the lens of American media. Using a variety of materials, predominantly textiles and experimental printmaking processes, the source images are heavily manipulated - blown up, warped and distorted, limbs bending into unrealistic postures, as though the images are transforming right before our eyes. Anderson's photographic source material - from political activists like Martin Luther King, Jr., to a group of prisoners lined up against a prison fence to sports heroes like basketball player Paul Webster - collectively prompts the viewer to consider their own relationship to the distorted depiction of Black masculinity in American culture. The six unique handmade paper sheets on view were produced during Anderson's 2019 residency at the renowned papermaking institution Dieu Donn in New York. Several works from this series were recently exhibited in museum exhibitions at IFC Brooklyn and the Hanky Museum in Tennessee. These works are made entirely from cotton pulp, and the images on the surface of the paper are made by pressing wet paper pulp of various colors through mesh screens. The process creates a visual distortion that feels similar to the effect of making a copy of a copy - the original image becoming more indistinct with each translation. The process and effect of these paper-based works function in a similar vein to Anderson's textile-based pieces, in which distorted photos from his archive are inscribed into woven fabric which he then picks apart, thread by thread, until the image becomes barely legible. In both bodies of work, the source photographs have become so elusive that they cannot be fully articulated, that they only represent. Papers of the Archive is presented in collaboration with Elective Affinity, a multidisciplinary platform featuring artist editions and publications with an emphasis on artistic agency. Noel W. Anderson was born in Louisville, KY and lives and works in New York. He has an MFA from Yale University in Sculpture and MFA from Indiana University in Printmaking, and is currently a professor in Printmaking at New York University. In 2018, he was awarded the NYFA artist fellowship grant and the prestigious Jerome Prize. Anderson's most recent solo museum exhibition Blak Origin Moment debuted at the Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati in 2017 and traveled to the Hunter Museum in Chattanooga, TN in 2019. He has an upcoming solo project at the Telfair Museum in Savannah, Georgia, titled Heavy is the Crown, which uses the words and images of Martin Luther King, Jr. and Rodney King to articulate the spectrum of Black masculinity in America. The gallery is open by appointment with Covid safety measures in place in accordance with New York State guidelines. Please schedule a visit using this form, by text message to +1-518-339-6913, or by email to jayne@jdj.world. Link: Noel W. Anderson at JDJ The post 2020 In Collaboration With: Gallery Nectar, Tbilisi Click here to view slideshow Full gallery of images, press release and link available after the jump. Conversation between Elene Chantladze and Nino do, but I would not leave the library. I was always going the happened in life was commemorated at the library. Their performances used to take place. Then there was cake and my diary with you and you will understand how I write. I had at that moment I was glad that I had burnt them and eliminated say, I give them small scripts, something that will fit a page to see certain things in stones or in twigs that were washed thought if they knew I was collecting stones? After bringing inevitably see things on them. Not an airplane, no stars, no heavenly. I have collected up to three hundred stones and else as well. These are the paths I have been taking. When get used to the idea that I will pass away. Someone with a one will be somewhere at the other end. How will I us around like a ball, in many directions. It was hard to get very close to them, so that since the age of two the boy and warmth. She put him next to her and hugged him by force, so that he would get used to her. In such a narasnip they granted me a pension of seven laris. One doctor, who used to attend the literature circle, was also in charge of pensions. He asked how he could help me. I told him that I needed a pension before having reached retirement age, because my legs were hurting. He told me to prepare the documents and then he would grant the pension. So I ended up with a pension of seven lari, but even that would come two, three months late. We survived thanks to my daughter Nino's work and the garden. We would grow some corn, vegetable, and lived from that. Then one of my acquaintances found me a job at the diagnostic center with a salary of twenty laris. I was responsible for taking care of, cleaning and organizing the entire two-story diagnostic center, where surgeries took place. Doctors always used to have chocolate there, which they would share with me. But I was less interested in the chocolates than in their boxes: I painted on them and I cut some out to use as frames. I made four hundred works like that. I never bothered my daughter to buy me a brush or paint: I tried to make colour by pressing saffron and mixing it with oil, but I found the results unpleasant. I also experimented with elderberry juice, jam or wine. Somebody taught me to mix tar with oil or petrol. And I dimmed the surface of some paintings on a kerosene stove. I would not burn firewood, I used to see something in it all the time. This is how I created these works. N: A text and a painting, are these two separate things for you? E: I was born by the sea. The Supsa River flowed in front of my house. I would look out of the window of a two-story house, the water was swaying, countless birds were flying over it towards the spring: unnamed geese and swans, birds with tufts. Fish were in the water. They know how to dance, they jumped, they moved towards the shore. If I say that fish are dancing, people will laugh at me and say that I have gone insane. Grandfather's room with a broken window used to be on this side. I loved climbing up on the old cupboard above the beds. Thinking of grandparents. Swallows would talk above me. Everything used to come to me: like you must take care of your own child, take care of family members, this is how they would follow me. When I had children, I made up a poem about a little bear. I am surprised how I made it, as I have not ever seen a bear cub in a forest. Elene Chantladze (b.1946) lives and works in Tskaltubo. A selection of exhibitions include: Four Discourses - exhibition organized by Gallery Nectar in the framework of TAF Tbilisi Art Fair, Tbilisi (2019); Dinosaurs Are Walking in the City - solo exhibition, Gallery Nectar, Tbilisi, (2018/19); Diaries - Elene Chantladze, public reading in the framework of Performance Days, Gallery Nectar, Tbilisi (2018); Connecting Spaces - exhibition, Klingental, Basel (2014-15); Solo exhibition - Tskaltubo Art Festival, Tskaltubo (2014). Link: Elene Chantladze at LC QUEISSER the post Elene Chantladze at LC QUEISSER first appeared on Contemporary Art Daily. This week's featured exhibitions: Pedro Wirz at Marc Selwyn Cosima von Bonin at House of Gaga Yari Xinyue at Canale Shanghai Elizabeth Peyton at UCCA Center for Contemporary Art Mire Lee at Art Sonje Center Kazuyuki Takezaki at Misako & Rosen Kazuyuki Takezaki at Nishimura at KAYO OYUKI's Cosmos in the Blues - at CADAN YURAKUCYO Camille Henot at Art Sonje Center Allan McCollum at Institute of Contemporary Art, Miami Pedro Reyes at House of Unquely Steve Reinke at MUMOK - have an exhibition at MUMOK the post Week in Review: September, 6 2020 first appeared on Contemporary Art Daily. Artist: A Steve Reinke Venue: MUMOK, Vienna Exhibition Title: A Butter Curled by: Manuel Amme Date: March 6 - October 26, 2020 Click here to view slideshow Full gallery of images, press release and link available after the jump. Images: Vimeo: Steve Reinke, An Arrow Pointing to a Hole, 2015, video, Farbe, 25:08, excerpt Images courtesy of mumok Museum moderner Kunst Stiftung Ludwig Wien, Vienna. Courtesy der K&A Instler und Galerie / courtesy of the artist and gallery Leber, Borlotz, Berlin Press Release: My work wants me dead. I know this, and I never talks about, writes Steve Reinke in a correspondence on the occasion of his exhibition at mumok. Death and the company and cruelty, sex and intimacy - but also the uneasy relationship between the author and his work - are the kind of topics that Reinke (born 1963 in Eganville, Canada; lives in Chatham, NY) engages with in his work. In the best Nietzschean manner, however, he considers human beings not political or moral entities but puppets of microbiotic agendas: instead of the Freudian ego and id, it's bacteria, diseases and plankton that rule the world in his more recent videos, and "ecoculture" designates not humanistic achievement but life in a bowl dish. Butter, Reinke's first solo-scale museum show, presents his new video, An Arrow Pointing to a Hole, as well as a selection of his sinister text images and absentminded needlepoints, all of which, in a paradoxically playful manner, tell stories of loss of control, formlessness, and self-abandon. As an artist and writer, Reinke is best known for his zoological-based videos, among them The Hundred Videos (1989-1996), which he programatically conceived as an "early work." In these five hours of video material, Reinke, by turning found, filmed, and animated images with confessional comments, blurs the boundary between documentary and fiction, thus anticipating the narcissistic structure of our current social media landscape. In 2006, Reinke started a new cycle titled Final Thoughts, in which the work presented at mumok also belongs and which will be concluded at th

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Artist: A LC QUEISSER, Tbilisi Date: August 12 - October 4, 2020 Click here to view slideshow Full gallery of images, press release and link available after the jump. Images: Images courtesy of LC QUEISSER, Tbilisi Press Release: I have been in contact with the public through the library. I had work to do on Children's Day, Children's Day, April 9, everything important that children would visit, and children were singing songs, playing music, in the abyss. N: How and about what do you write? E: I will leave them, I should have changed my name and saved the writings. But their actions into the diary, I draw their fingers, record what they was and what kind of a soul she had. Together with writing, I used to see figures. I was hiding it from others. What would they have seen when you just look at stones, after this conversation you will see a cave, I showed you the fish I drew from there, it's not a fish, it's like children having fun with toys, but I felt something else. I have been thinking about death since childhood. I cannot find one, somewhere? I am in the middle of the city and the other side of the city at a diagnostic center. Who had a job in the 1990s? They threw me out of work, and I was bringing up her children for her. I was taking care of him and took him to bed so that he would feel his mother's warmth. One doctor, who used to attend the literature circle, was also in charge of pensions. He asked how he could help me. I told him that I needed a pension before having reached retirement age, because my legs were hurting. He told me to prepare the documents and then he would grant the pension. So I ended up with a pension of seven lari, but even that would come two, three months late. We survived thanks to my daughter Nino's work and the garden. We would grow some corn, vegetable, and lived from that. Then one of my acquaintances found me a job at the diagnostic center with a salary of twenty laris. 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