

galerie frank elbaz.

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Galerie frank elbaz at Nieuw Dakota

May in A'Dam

Exposition du 6 au 29 Mai 2011
11-17h

mardi-samedi 11-19h, samedi-dimanche

Vernissage le dimanche 15 Mai, 16-18h

While he works regularly with curators, gallery owner Frank Elbaz, whose programme includes a mixture of young artists and historical figures like Julije Knifer and Wallace Berman, is installing, at Nieuw Dakota, an ephemeral gallery bringing together some of the artists he supports. Located near Amsterdam's historic centre, in a neighbourhood undergoing a sea change, Nieuw Dakota is in the heart of a new territory, a factor which echoes the issues concerning the artists in the show. From Justine Kurland's photographs recording her road trip through the American wilderness, and her meetings with people who, today, still embody a certain American dream mixed with nomadism and a wholesome dose of utopia, to those of Ari Marcopoulos, immortalizing the way this Amsterdam native looks at the heroes of the American counter-culture, the conquest of wide open spaces is above all a quest for identity. Some artists work directly with nature: Davide Balula, who, for his River Paintings, dips canvases in rivers and fishes them out a few days later covered with sediment, and creates his Burnt Paintings by taking an impression of a wooden plaque burnt on a virgin canvas; Gyan Panchal, who is fond of presenting both natural and synthetic materials, ancestral and industrial gesture; and even Susan Collis, who inlays her artificial battens—made of rare species of wood— with precious stones which play the part of paint and other building site remnants. Like that cyclical nature which is repeated in so many different ways, the works of Wallace Berman, guardian figure of Californian appropriationism and Beat guru, and Bernard Piffaretti, a painter of duplication, by way of the collages of Meredyth Sparks which diffract motifs with De Stijl overtones, all subtly sidestep the tedium of repetition, and develop its nuances: however much the river remains the same, the water is always different.

Aude Launay

Translated by Simon Pleasance