



PAUL GABRIELLI

SELECTED PRESS

**INVISIBLE-EXPORTS**

14A ORCHARD STREET ☆ LOWER EAST SIDE  
NEW YORK NY ☆ 10002 ☆ 212 226 5447  
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Dario Robleto,  
*Candles Un-burn,  
Suns Un-shine, Death  
Un-dies*, 2010,  
digital composite on  
photographic paper  
mounted on Sintra,  
46 x 65½ x 2".

unseen women who were just girls when the recordings were made, if the women ever existed at all. It is particularly poignant that the source records for this piece belonged to Robleto's mother, she who most likely saw herself interpellated by these pop stars' love songs. Fandom's obsession with presence is revealed as the ambition to suture time and space in an impossible dream of immediacy, always tempered, however, by the passing of time, by the aging of the star, by the aging of the fan.

Robleto's meticulous labor parallels a fundamental asymmetry of pop music—the way audiences spend far more time and energy parsing details of the star's life than the star will ever return to them in kind. A pair of text pieces proclaim the one-name monikers of soloists "Dusty" and "Muddy" (as in Springfield and Waters)—spelled out in cursive script with thousands of minuscule pale pink clamshells. But *ceci n'est pas une pipe*: These adjectival nicknames do not describe what they depict—the nacreous seashells are neither dusty nor muddy (though the singers' last names both refer to water). The intricate collectivity of the shells hints at the complex affective bonds of the crowd; though the members of the group are joined laterally to one another, they ultimately exist in a hierarchy, fused together beneath the larger-than-life, highly cathected star.

—Eva Díaz

## Paul Gabrielli INVISIBLE-EXPORTS

For the major part of Paul Gabrielli's sophomore solo exhibition, "Generally," half a dozen everyday institutional features—a railing, a fire alarm, a soap dispenser, etc.—installed around the gallery's front room at points appropriate to the functions they reference, were afflicted with awkward protrusions. Each artifact hosted a parasite that glommed onto its surface, evoking a tumor or a tick before any form of assemblage blessed with an art-historical pedigree. Here Gabrielli blended the found, the manipulated, and the constructed to loosen the hold of use value over even the most workaday stuff.

First in the space, and typical of the series, was *Untitled*, 2011. Perched atop a surveillance camera's metal-and-plastic housing, mounted on the entrance wall above head height, was a simple black flashlight. At first glance, the combination almost seemed to make practical sense—both objects are used to enhance vision—but a second look clarified the arrangement's absurdity. It was as if the oddly matched components, in gently but insistently pushing against one another, cast doubt on the whole idea of "purpose." And in playing with objects without altering them too much, Gabrielli reestablishes their inherent strangeness in a

real-world arena. Think of the improvised and accidental mash-ups in Richard Wentworth's photographic series "Making Do and Getting By," or the way that materials in Peter Fischli and David Weiss's video *Der Lauf der Dinge* (The Way Things Go), 1987, seem to act without regard for what they were originally "supposed" to be "for."

More evocative still were works based on an alarm bell and a soap dispenser. In the former, a plastic smoke detector the approximate size and shape of a hockey puck is affixed, barnacle-like, to a cherry-red fire alarm. In the latter, an air freshener has settled on a liquid soap dispenser. Both works are also shaped by the artist's own manipulations and additions; in the fire alarm, for example, the text on the bell's central label has been blurred by digital processing, rendering it not quite legible. It's a tiny change, but one that arguably undermines our expectations more profoundly than any more obvious or exaggerated intervention. Again, we find ourselves nudged—not shoved—toward an interzone of ambiguity and uncertainty.

In the show's second set of works, Gabrielli employed a different format but again juxtaposed pairs of independently familiar elements to produce a radically unfamiliar third. Par for the course is a battered piece of aluminum preserved behind clear plastic and attached to a cardboard backing printed with a photographic image of sunset-tinted clouds. The reference to standardized commercial packaging is immediate, but what exactly is the product on display here? Is the encapsulated fragment a piece of evidence, a religious relic, a fetish object, or some private souvenir? It appears at once unique and mass-produced, utterly ephemeral but linked by association to the natural sublime. As with its companion series, we are left with endless questions around function and value, nature versus nurture, played out through products and their physical makeup. We might compare Gabrielli to the protagonist of Tom McCarthy's novel *Remainder*, whose search for authenticity requires him to make and remake the real until its very substance is undermined.

—Michael Wilson

## Victoria Sambunaris YANCEY RICHARDSON GALLERY

The border between the United States and Mexico has been contested since 1848, when the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo ended war between the countries. It took survey teams six years just to draw the line, then marked with small obelisks and stone mounds. Disputes arising from population growth and other forms of development necessitated that this survey work be redone in the 1890s, when more than two hundred additional monuments were erected. During the twentieth century, as towns and cities along the border grew, five hundred more markers were dedicated; in recent decades, they have been connected by fences, owing to fears of illegal border crossings. Throughout this history, images have played an important role in the recognition and policing of this boundary, from Arthur Schott's ink drawings, created

Paul Gabrielli,  
*Untitled*, 2010,  
Ultracal, plastic  
smoke detector,  
ink-jet-printed sticker,  
steel bolt, wood,  
acrylic, enamel,  
12 x 12 x 4½".



# MOUSSE

NY2

PAUL GABRIELLI - GENERALLY

Invisible Exports

February 2011 - March 2011

14A Orchard Street, New York NY 10002

[invisible-exports.com](http://invisible-exports.com)

Paul does not communicate much of anything about his work. This is not the nowdefault gesture of deferral, but, rather, a commitment to the hyper-discreetness of his objects. A limited amount of work is allowed to survive past the multitude of sculpturelike-things that vie for survival in his studio. For invisible Exports, Paul is allowing out a small series of new works that are made from what seems like an obsessively calculated

Paul Gabrielli, Untitled, 2010. Acrylic, enamel paint, plastic, wood, metal.  
Photo: Michael Cohn. Courtesy: the artist.



alchemy of ready-mades coupled with hand-mades meticulously made to look like ready-mades. A strange element of Gabrielli's "practice" involves searching for the exact shape of blister packaging to contain a handmade object. In our new New York, he can search vast new aisles in new market-arenas such as the new Best Buy, the new Home Depot, the new Bed Bath Beyond, the new Whole Foods, and the new Target. (now, here, meaning post-nine-eleven) Sometimes it takes a certain bit of faith on the part of viewers to trust young artists using lots of ingredients. Paul has a strange fidelity within this problematic that comes from a consistency of attitude and, as cheesy as it sounds, a sensitivity. In this exhibition some of his signature ingredients return, full force, such as awkward intercoms, aluminum, alarm bells, and odd uses of paint. A new surprise and a highlight for the show is an enigmatic calendar that has a dislocating quality with its beer-goggles blur, and, given the fact that it is sort of wearing a necklace.

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HuffPost Arts' Haiku Reviews is a weekly feature where invited critics review exhibitions and performances in short form. Some will be in the traditional Haiku form of 5x7x5 syllables, others might be a sonnet or a string of words together. Today Peter Frank gives quick takes on visual art from Los Angeles to New York. Is there a show or performance that you think people should know about? Write a Haiku with a link and shine a light on something you think is noteworthy too.

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Esther Cepeda / Associated Press



**PHOTO:** Paul Gabrielli, Untitled (Alarm Bell 1), 2010, Ultra-cal, plastic smoke detector, inkjet-printed sticker, steel bolt, wood, acrylic, enamel, 12 x 12 x 4½ inches

**WHAT:** Paul Gabrielli

Invisible-Exports

14A Orchard St., New York, NY

Through March 27

**HAIKU REVIEW:** Paul Gabrielli is something of a hyper-realist sculptor - "something" of one because his sculptures, all of which seem to be common working objects for private or public spaces modified in clever ways, often are common working objects modified in clever ways. Sometimes the alarm bell or surveillance camera or piece of handrail is fabricated by Gabrielli in *trompe-l'œil* fashion, and sometimes it's the real thing; similarly, the added device that goofily modifies the primary device - the flashlight balanced on the camera, for instance, or the smoke detector attached awkwardly to the face of the bell - could have been crafted by the artist or bought in a local hardware store. This conflation of the handmade and the readymade is itself an elaborate exercise in fooling the eye, and mind, hilariously forcing the shotgun marriage of Duchamp's premise with that of the 19th century verism he disdained. -Peter Frank

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# VISUAL ARTS *Briefs*

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### SVA in Miami: Beyond Art Basel

Wednesday, December 7th, 2011

With numerous satellite fairs going strong in Miami during Art Basel Miami Beach this year, SVA alumni were much in evidence throughout the city. At NADA, held at the landmark Faena Hotel on the beach, a small canvas by alumnus and BFA Illustration and Cartooning Department faculty member **Keith Mayerson** at Derek Eller's booth stood out from geometric abstraction and gesturalism on view nearby. The Invisible Exports booth had heads turning with **Lisa Kirk's** (BFA 1991 Fine Arts) hair-dryer-meets-hand-dryer and **Paul Gabrielli's** (BFA 2005 Fine Arts) twin floor "speakers."



The Wynwood design district was bustling again with enough pop-up galleries and special events to make New Yorkers and Los Angeles enviable. At Scope, **Artists Wanted** exhibited **Yuki Hasegawa** (MFA 2009 Fine Arts) as the winner of **Art Takes London 2011 Prize**. Yuki was first introduced to Miami art audiences in SVA's booth at **Aqua Art Miami** in 2009. New York's Like A Spice Gallery showed **Matt Stone** (MFA 2010 Fine Arts) and **Jason Bard Yarmosky** (BFA 2010 Illustration), both of whom had their Miami debut last year at SVA's booth at **Aqua Art Miami**, along with alumnus **Jenny Morgan** (MFA 2008 Fine Arts) and **Ruben Negron** (MFA 2004 Illustration as Visual Essay).



This year also saw the return of **Seven**, a standout satellite fair in Wynwood that is produced through a collaboration by 7 New York galleries. SVA was represented by **George Boorujy** (MFA 2002 Illustration as Visual Essay), BFA Visual and Critical Studies Department faculty member and alumnus **Amy Wilcox** (BFA 1995 Fine Arts) and **Michelle Matson** (BFA 2006 Fine Arts)—fresh off her appearance on Bravo TV's *Work of Art*.

At **Pulse**, which was held at Miami's historic Ice Palace, **Michael Comba** (MFA 1996 Illustration) was exhibited at Jonathan Ferris, **Simon Johan** (BFA 1999 Photography) at Yossi Milo, **Joe Fig** (MFA 2002 Fine Arts) was at Christen Tierney, **Donna Sherritt** (BFA 1984 Fine Arts) at Pavel Zabok, **Jason Bard Yarmosky** (BFA 2010 Illustration) and **Martin Wittfoott** (MFA 2008 Illustration as Visual Essay) at Lyons Wier; and **Jaime Ferreyros** (BFA 1985 Media Arts) showed iPhone photography at Miami's Independent Thinkers, a satellite fair held at Awarehouse.

SVA also exhibited a selection of work by 8 recent alumni at **Aqua Art Miami**; [click here](#) for details. To read other Briefs reports from Miami, [click here](#).

For more images from Art Basel Miami Beach and beyond, or to post photos of your Miami art experience, visit [SVA's Facebook page](#).

Images: Works by alumnus Lisa Kirk (left) and Paul Gabrielli (right) at Invisible Exports' booth at NADA, photo Michael Grant; alumnus Yuki Hasegawa at SCOPE, photo courtesy Artists Wanted.

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STUDIO VISIT

Paul Gabrielli's Toys

March 25, 2011 | by David Wallace-Wells

*Paul Gabrielli is a young deconstructionist sculptor who often works with false trompe-l'œil. His current show, "Generally," includes a remarkable series of hung sculptures showcasing found, repurposed, and refined objects behind blister packs and mounted on backboards of related landscape photography, toys lost in the unconvincing valley between desire and critique.*



I call these pieces toys, but they're more like tchotchkies, which might be a horrible thing to say about art—but there's also something to be admired about the tchotchke. You own it, but it doesn't function; you just kind of look at it. It's not a relationship, like with toys, where you can actually play with them.

Ideal form interests me because it's an impossibility. I want to bring that form as much as possible out of the mind and into something physical. It was important for me that there was somewhat of a close relationship between image and the actual object. The sculptures work like pictures, because they derive from mental images, rather than sculptural forms. I was interested in their dumbness, their obviousness, their thoughtlessness.



Paul Gabrielli, *Untitled*, 2010. Wood, aluminum C-print, acetate sheet, acrylic, 10.5 x 10.75 x 2.5.

The series relates to collectables, too, you know, and the people who don't unwrap the things that they're collecting. That's somehow very perverse, though it also preserves a romantic vision of it the object. That's why it's perverse.

The works are preoccupied with desire, with desiring things that you already have—even just shitty things, things that you could find anywhere and you don't need to buy. A piece of cloth, or a ripped t-shirt, or a scrap of metal, a piece of wood, a rock.

Everything in the show is sort of generic objects. Every time you choose an object, it's not just about that specific object; it's also a kind of negative object, because you're not choosing every single other object in the world. I feel like I'm turning my back on everything else in the world when I choose one item.

This is something that happened to me when I was a child, with toys. I'll have this idea of what I want and somehow, somehow think it already exists in the world, and I go searching for it but never find it, and have to make it, in the end. The ideal that I already have in my head, I need to bring it to life somehow.

*Paul Gabrielli's exhibition "Generally" will be open at Invisible-Exports, on Orchard Street, through this weekend.*

TAGS Paul Gabrielli, Toys

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### Real Decoys

SVA alum Paul Gabrieli is showing new sculptures in *Generosity*, his second solo show at UES gallery *Invisible-Exports*. Paul's hand-scrubbed decoys are transubstantiations of objects so ordinary that they may as well be...well, invisible. But when he regenerates them, then fuses together this-there-that ensembles, they transmit cognitive dissonance and uncannily activate memories of intimate encounters with the familiar. Jasper Johns recommended, "Take an object. Do something to it. Do something else to it. Do something else to it." Paul Gabrieli loves as if to say "Take an object. Make it from something else. Stick it to something else made from something else."

A fan of Paul's work for years, I chatted with him to learn more about his show.



Paul Gabrieli, Untitled (Bell), 2010

**MB:** First, what strikes me about the sculptures in the front of the gallery is how discreet they are. One could excuse any visitor for accidentally breezing past *Untitled (Pole)* or *Untitled (Camera)*. Which is why it's intriguing that many of these same sculptures invoke alert systems and urgent communication. There's the intercom in *Pole*, the compounded alarms in *Untitled (Alarm Bell 1)*, and even the flashlight atop *Camera*. Is there something we need to know?

**PG:** That's a good observation. There is a paradox in the way they present themselves versus what they communicate (or fail to). However, I don't think the work is intentionally clever or trying to be sly. I think they are a result of me working through and trying to understand some things for myself. Therefore, they appear awkward and express something rather inconclusive and puzzling.

**MB:** Yes, they are inconclusive, despite the highly refined degree of craftsmanship. The associations between objects are inviting, yet elusive. Alone, the objects could be emblematic; in tandem with others, I start to examine their interaction with each other. Should a viewer accept the objects literally? Or are the objects more like surrogates for body parts? Robert Gober's *recurrent sink drains*, for example, comes to my mind. Sarah Lucas' bubs and buckets do not, however, because they seem more aggressively direct than your ensembles.

**PG:** Those specific Gober sculptures are among the earliest works of art that really made me feel "normal," I remember thinking that it made so much sense for someone to want to remake the drain in their shower. To understand its ins and outs, its beginnings. I think it's a very tender sculpture because it's about someone understanding another's longing to understand.

About the literal vs. the symbolic: I guess it's a bit of both. I think for the most part [the sculptures] should be understood for what they actually are. With some sculptures, I have a specific idea of what this or that object represents to me, but it's never one thing and I don't want them to represent only that one thing. I think what's more often the case is that the objects are suggestive of other things. And often times, they have to do with the body. For example the sculpture *Untitled (Pole)*, with the intercom, makes me think of the relationship between someone speaking and the steam that is in the pipe – which of course, then, leads you to the thought "breath."

In terms of seeing the objects literally, that's important to me because I think the work is very much about a failure to understand what the objects are rather than them revealing some sort of coded message. In terms of perception, I'm interested in a simultaneous understanding/understanding. You are immediately able to identify the objects because they are very common but at the same time your obvious understanding of them eludes you. Or maybe you never really thought too much about a soap dispenser. I think they should hold you in a position on the verge of clarity and comprehension. It's sort of the step before you pick and choose a meaning.

**MB:** Your ideas about perception and reception bring up "the body" in many ways, inevitably making us conscious of intimate relations to things and people around us.



Paul Gabrieli, Untitled (Alarm Bell 1), 2010

**PG:** I think they are kind of about trying to experience intimacy. Take the alarm bells, for instance: you find yourself looking at this very familiar thing and thinking about your personal relationship to it, if there is one. And that's also why it is important that they are all very generic objects. They are common and often found in public spaces. So I think trying to understand how you as an individual relate to them is kind of where I want them to take you. In a way it's about conformity, maybe identity. How do I fit myself into what already exists in the world?

I'm not really interested in saying "intercom = mouth, flashlight = eyes and then, therefore, this means gays are repressed," or whatever it may be. I think certain elements are intentionally obscured or left out in order to retain a certain amount of surprise and even mystery for myself. But perhaps they don't say anything, which is a strong possibility. I think that's also a good way to look at them. It's important to understand that in a film, blood is actually ketchup (or whatever it is they use nowadays). Once you know that, the illusion becomes that much stronger. The objects have to stubbornly remain themselves and very literal in order to see past them further.

**MB:** In *Untitled (Pipe)*, component parts are separate, while most of its neighbors are densely compounded, stuck to each other. Also, I like how your words just generated the invisible material of the steam; that reminds me of Robert Barry's *Inert Gas Series* (1969), except that your steam doesn't actually exist in the sculpture (right?). so it's as imaginary as Tom Friedman's *Untitled (A Curse)*. And there are "pipe pieces" for every generation: Louise Bourgeois' *Tearosome* (1991), Nancy Holt's *Sun Tunnels* (1973-8), Canem Höller's slides of the Tate Modern, and even Dan Colen's *Halfpipe* at Georges, disappointing as that show was. Still, all of my gratuitous references can only drum up a loose legacy; there's no reason to believe that they have any bearing on your work, which is intensely personal and built by necessity. What's more important, I think, is that the *Pipe* pieces fit into a group of objects fashioned as conduits, not dead-end, self-referencing boxes on the floor. The *Pipe* channels steam and the intercom sound. The soap dispenser employs its contexts on demand, the camera transmits or even records, and the Handball shuttles someone through a corridor.

However, the smaller sculptures in the rear of the gallery, all immaculately detailed, actually feel self-referential. The plastic packaging on each one seems like a dignifying space, like a pedestal or vitrine, ensuring that its contents remain classified and protected, not common. Have you changed indices there? Do they, in a different way from the other objects, hold someone in that step before picking and choosing a meaning?

**PG:** I think the way you look at these works is very different to other works in the show. As you say, they are much more self-contained, and I think less confrontational, in a way, the objects that would become the primary part of a sculpture are now the subjects of these sculptures. It's sort of one step removed. Actually, I guess I added a step in order to create more distance from them.

In terms of perception, these things don't already exist in the world. Even though they reference toys or products in packaged form, I invented them. So that initial familiarity is not there as clearly as it is in the other works. However, I do think in terms of subject matter they deal with similar ideas. To me, they are still about intimacy and desire; specifically, seeing things that you already have.

**MB:** What about the fact that they are "unique," unlike the mass-manufactured clones in the front of the gallery?

**PG:** That's strange to me because of how contradictory it is. They become "unique" as a result of me trying to idealize and generalize them. In my mind they are the perfect scrap of metal and piece of wood. I like to image that if someone were to say "think of a rock" we would all imagine the same generic image of a rock in our minds. Then that rock is the one which appears in the sculpture.



Paul Gabrieli, Untitled (Metal), 2010

**PG (cont.):** These very base objects, things that you have around you and are kind of worthless, become rarefied as you mention it and desirable because of the way they are presented. By putting them in blister packs they become off-limits but also about ownership. I don't mean actually buying them – I realize that they could be a sour critique of the art market or consumerism in general, but what I mean has more to do with desire and possession. Maybe making people realize that they are feeling desire when they are looking at them. So, you know, something more romantic. Perhaps that's why I was concerned with them being "pretty" and "seductive," whereas all the other work is bland and colorless.

Because of the difference in the way you have to look and experience these sculptures, I knew they had to be kept separate from the other work. They do, as you say, use a different language or mode of communication.

But getting back to your first question in this interview, your observation brings up something that I think runs through all the work, including the "toys." Everything is presented very clearly and in a very concise manner, yet they remain allusive and resist clear interpretations. It's like if someone is yelling in your face but you still can't seem to understand them.

"Invisible-Exports" is also the gallery where I show my work.

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## Paul Gabrielli: Generally

Posted by admin on March 8, 2011 · [View Comments](#)

By Nicholas Wells

At first glance, the sculptures in Paul Gabrielli's *Generally* appear as readymades, grouped together by functionality and a common theme. On closer inspection, however, deconstructed ideas of ideal objects appear. In his second show at Invisible-Exports, pedestrian objets trouvés are paired in three-dimensional investigations of functionality and perception.

In five assemblage works in the front room—like a lavatory soap dispenser and air freshener, or a flashlight and surveillance camera—Gabrielli knowingly exploits the habits we have as viewers of inspecting readymades as heightened to the state of art. That is, the object brought in off the street that is then afforded more consideration than we normally give. In one visit, I spent more time looking at the smoke detector in "Untitled (Alarm Bell 1)" than I ever have at the one in my kitchen.

Central to Gabrielli's project is the visual means by which we observe physical objects. The blurred manufacturer's label on a smoke detector in "Untitled (Alarm Bell 1)" mirrors the way light is processed through the eye and projected into the brain. We create categories of items for quick reference and ignore huge amounts of visual information in order to process our environments.

As the viewer examines the works and addresses the intended juxtapositions, the objects appear in a liminal state between functionalities. Asking how the objects function together or apart exposes them as individual objects devoid of intent and purpose. It is in the careful pairing that these works emerge from the fog of everyday life to become representations of idealized objects. When the boundary between object and material disappears, what remains?

—  
*Through March 27, Invisible-Exports, 14A Orchard St., 212-226-5447.*



"Untitled (Alarm Bell)," by Paul Gabrielli. Courtesy of the artist and INVISIBLE-EXPORTS.

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MARCH 21, 2011

JACQUELINE MABEY

As the long, hard winter of 2011 finally comes to an end, the galleries of the Lower East Side seek to ameliorate what ails you. Ecstatic, candy-colored release for those just itching to run outside and play, as well as more delicate fare for the snow-shocked. Eleven Rivington has a group show with a light touch on view. New Shadow Old Legs has a quiet allure; the suggestive tactility of the mainly textile-based work draws you in. Alan Shields is invoked the exhibition title and press material, but I would look more to artists such as Frank Stella and Helen Frankenthaler for kindred spirits. The material mysteries continue at James Fuentes LLC with the Alison Knowles solo survey, Clear Skies All Week. Knowles is one of the founding members—and first female participant—of Fluxus. The debt artists such as Geoffrey Farmer and Gareth Moore owe to Knowles is evident in her shambolic urban archeology. The sculptural groupings of found materials are deeply compelling and suggestive of child-like collections of objects of symbolic importance, items gathered for their (imagined) magical weight.

On Stellar Rays offers the thorny work of Maria Petschnig's Erolastika. Petschnig came across a series of erotic photos and was put into contact with their maker, Viktor. She subsequently was granted access to his process and, eventually, submitted it to herself. With Erolastika, the artist deftly negotiates potentially exploitative territory. In contrast to the work of Laurel Nakadate, Petschnig truly tries to reckon with a culture of sad as opposed to reveling in it through documenting the surprisingly labored and banal nature of Viktor's activity and by virtue of the reciprocity of her practice. photographs taken by Viktor of the

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installation, suggestive of Viktor's at-home pornography studio, is visceral to the point of unnerving.

Meanwhile at CANADA, Dadarhea is a hyperactive neon spectacle with mixed results. The show is a product of the "wild" group collaboration of artists Devin Flynn, Fran Spiegel, Takeshi Murata, Joe Grillo, Naomi Fisher, Michael Williams and Jessie Gold (to name a few). In the videos, paintings, sculptural works and installations, your 80s childhood becomes fodder for the psychedelic abjection of the digital age. With this inward-looking dada of the dispersed self, the paradigm of free culture and productive theft rules. At times, however, it feels as though the products of such collective explorations are better left in the studio



On the opposite side of the spectrum, infinite instant by f.p. boué at Participant, Inc. is a bland show that fails to convince. The press materials assert that the work is informed by the relationship (and frequent disparity) between the concept and the lived reality of architecture. Given the gallery's location in the rapidly changing Lower East Side, it

should resonate; however, the exhibition as a whole feels like a tepid intellectual exercise. On the other hand, Generally by Paul Gabrielli at Invisible Exports is an example of a more successful methodology. The "deconstructive sculptures"—a flashlight affixed to a closed circuit camera, an air freshener tapped to a soap dispenser—suggest notions of safety and surveillance. But it is the comedic-pathetic relationship of aspiration between the things used that makes the work memorable.

Over at NP Contemporary Art Center, Robert Knoke's This Is Not speaks to a different kind of aspiration. Knoke's lyrical, intense ink drawings of beautiful people are a feast for the eyes if not the intellect. But, here, it works: the German artist has a way with the shifting, shimmering surface of things. Moving on to terrible beauty, Botany Bay by Borden Capalino at Ramiken oscillates between the very real and the decidedly totemic. Referencing Star Trek and British colonial expansion and featuring some surly snakes, this smart, funny show is a promising solo debut from the artist and exciting enough to shake the winter blahs off the any art lover.

**Haute Romantics @ Verge Gallery**

Journal of Democracy 20

ment at 16-18, "equally reinforces a person's sense of invulnerability, a sense of invincibility, among teenagers and young adults, and sense of invulnerability that the individual is an invulnerable and invincible adult," she says. Therefore, if a young, strong-looking teenager like Amy's, approaches to **MTV City Girl** trying to "look good," he's probably the most successful of that group. What it does, though, is that it depicts the image of a "flock of deer" unashamedly acting "immaturely," without regard, or with regard to the consequences of their actions. The phenomenon of teenagers who, with regard to their physical appearance, are "vain" is something that can be observed in teenagers, although not to the extent as figure 1. Interestingly, teenagers and adolescents, I believe, care less about anything, but how they appear. In fact, it is usually related to the desire

**QUESTION** A person's field of view is reduced when looking forward. This visual field reduction is called **anomalous saccades**. An anomalous saccade is a saccade that occurs during a gaze shift that is not directed toward the target. In other words, the eyes move in a direction other than the direction of gaze.



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Five years ago I wrote *Liar's Dice*. The **Decision Committee Group**, based on the notion of a committee of a group of local firms bidding on a given item, was my first try at a game that involved a lot of strategy. But it took a long time to teach the mechanics, which were quite complex. I don't feel I'm much better off now, unless I add more rules, and I've been told that adding more rules will increase complexity, rather than make the game easier to learn.

**Q** Is it like chemotherapy or chemo? All I heard is just like chemotherapy. "Chemo" when you hear it, you immediately think of hair loss, nausea and vomiting.

**A** You're absolutely right. Chemotherapy is a drug that's usually taken orally or injected directly into your veins. It's a cytotoxic drug, which means it kills all rapidly dividing cells. That includes cancer cells, but it also includes normal cells that are rapidly dividing, such as hair follicles, bone marrow, and the lining of the digestive tract. So you can imagine that you would experience side effects such as hair loss, nausea, and vomiting.

**What People Know About Pitchfork's Status** — Only 41-45% think it's a good or neutral place to buy products, according to the latest MyM&T research. Interestingly, 46% of Americans say they buy nothing there because it's too expensive, cluttered and messy. Shoppers' attitudes toward MyM&T stores, offshoots, online-only outlets and its fast-food unit, Tastee-Free, are captured below.



Revised: "See mapping (Simplifying)" 2008-10-27\*\* If found later--remove this sentence. "Uncheck and edit  
Simplifying" 2009-04-09--2009-04-10--2009-04-10

Pat Gallant's wife Maryann Gallant, 70, died last year. After the death, a man's body was found floating in the river near the couple's home. This prompted police to investigate further, and they discovered that George Gallant had been missing since 1982. Police believe he was killed by his estranged wife. She has been charged with first-degree murder.

Given the time and resources available, it is clear that Pheo has chosen to support negative elements such as the identity of the film through a kind of dead weight at the heart of a text, a kind of theoretical gloominess, Day, Night. This is a negative pleasure, a kind of apathy of relevance, a kind of melancholy, a kind of indifference.

When students do extensive practice, about 60% of them learn initially, but about 10% fail to learn at all and even that when they do continue to make mistakes. This is consistent with what happens with real people in other domains of achievement. Quite remarkable, they would say, that the performance of children learning to play the piano is similar to that of adults learning to play chess.

Brooks, Janusz, and Carl Ladd approach the subject of a political party in a party in which they state, correctly, that interest in Brooks' book on the subject of parties in the comparative, or, a country, studying a nonexisting government, per se, remains, no party. Subsequent chapters provide a more detailed explanation even though a new bright future market, no issue resolution of problems that confront a young emerging from a point, as a nation, in its development, in a manner similar to the author's analysis of its condition. A former writing, a former writing, a former writing, the issue resolution of problems that confront a young emerging from a point, as a nation, in its development, in a manner similar to the author's analysis of its condition.



图 4-1-20 热风循环干燥箱示意图

While the underlying oligopoly power is declining and is about to disappear – Firms’ Perceived price is going to remain stable.

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## HAUTE ROMANTICS @ VERGE GALLERY

Romantic art in the 18th century conveyed a certain sense of exultation. It pictured untamed landscapes, strong emotions, youth and visions of escape from the drudgeries of an increasingly material and mechanical culture. Haute Romantics, a show of 13 young, mostly downtown New York artists sponsored by Art Fag City editor Paddy Johnson, attempts to capture the current incarnation of that spirit. What it does, mostly, is filter the subject through a lens of other less-exalted isms: narcissism, voyeurism, consumerism and careerism. Laced with strains of witty conceptualism, this photo-heavy show, which also includes painting, sculpture and video, doesn't take its premise too literally, although sex and death do figure in. Alternately introspective and exhibitionist, it seems, more than anything, to want to have fun – or at least pretend to be doing so.

Fashion is a pervasive, if not dominant influence. Katherine Bernhardt's four Swatch paintings –large canvases that occupy an entire wall – don't criticize or analyze; they simply translate the visual language of magazine advertising into loopy, acrylic-and-spray painted works that feel like pop-graffiti product pitches. Naomi Fisher employs a punk/grunge/B-movie aesthetic in large-scale, glossy photos that conjure a universe of tropical zombie sex kittens – a haunted effect that is echoed in her mixed-media paintings. These combine the schematic style of fashion illustration with abstract, gestural brushstrokes, creating a Munch-like angst that rubs up hard against the faux innocence conveyed by the works' illustrational aspects. Sarah Venderbeek's black-and-white photo collages recall Man Ray's fashion plates of the '20s and '30s. They're gorgeous and technically brilliant, but in the end, impossible to disassociate from what Ray did with photograms, multiple images, solarization, and the placement of models in statuesque poses with otherworldly lighting.

Five short videos directed by Lena Dunham, *The Delusional Downtown Divas*, zoom in on the antics and obsessions of a group of trust fund brats trying to claw their way to the top. These segments mimic reality TV, but are, in fact, scripted to make the characters seem both plausible ("I can't be honest with you unless I'm lying.") and ridiculous ("I think fashion should be incredibly painful – like the choker I'm wearing."). This conceit, which at first seems silly, pins its subject to the wall by showing how both characteristics co-exist shamelessly. Whether agonizing over accessories, scheming to crash members-only events or sucking up to each other (or to dealers who are themselves engaged in a parody of Tino Sehgal), the divas in *Divas* skewer the downtown milieu the way Tama Janowitz did a generation ago in *Slaves of New York*. Their parade of romantic and career longings overflows with sturm and drang, but it elicits no sympathy.

Like the characters in *Divas*, K8 Hardy (a self-described "video artist, stylist and queer activist" who recently launched a clothing line) demonstrates that she, too, will do whatever it takes to win our affections. Show extreme close-ups of women in menstrual blood-stained panties. Pose a model splay-legged, with an apple in her mouth. Feign sex with a camera tripod. Hardy does this (and a whole lot more) in the pages of four large-format photo books, each of which is littered with semi-coherent pieces of text that masquerade as diary entries. Youth and fecklessness may be qualities of Romanticism; but like a lot of fashion photography, this is just soft porn.

Asher Penn's *Kate Moss Rorschach Series* — nine 8×10-inch black and white photos of the actress overlaid with lipstick-red Rorschach blots – is an exercise in serial re-framing that identifies, amplifies and focuses desire. Some pictures hone in on Ms. Moss' face. Others show only portions of her body. Taken as a group, they function as keyholes to the psyche, and are as revelatory as they are manipulative.

Paul Gabrielli, "Alex Imagining his Own Body", 2009, 14" x 27" 13", looped video, mixed-media; Maximillian Schubert, "Untitled (tire with fruit)", 2010, paraffin and soy wax, oil paint

Paul Gabrielli's work leans toward nihilism. In his video loop, *Alex Imagining his Own Body*, a man's tightly cropped face stares blankly at the camera and appears trapped inside the monitor. This unaffected visage does what Andy Warhol's 8-hour snooze-a-thon, *Sleep*, once did: it turns us into listless voyeurs. More compelling are his two wall-mounted installations: *Untitled (Handrail)* and *Untitled (Scale)*, both of which render each object unusable; the first by blocking the handrail with an artificial tree limb, the second by cordoning off the scale with a length of string. They're cold, clever and effective, but have no apparent relationship to the subject.

Closer to the mark are two documentary-style photos from Peter Sutherland that capture decisive moments. *Look Me Directly in the Eye* shows a herd of deer caught in the headlights of a car, a sea of disembodied, glowing eyes. *Dog Says Take a Vacation* presents a tense stand-off between a man and an angry dog separated by a chain-link fence. For this artist, man and nature are clearly not on speaking terms.

Asher Penn, "Kate Moss Rorschach (Series #1-3)", 2008, 8 1/2" x 11", paint on laserprint

Several artists do address historic notions of Romanticism directly. Maximillian Schubert casts two sculptures in wax that when lit as candles self destruct. One is a car tire littered with fruit rinds; the other consists of cinderblocks. Cast realistically, they recall the abject character of Robert Rauschenberg's combines as well as the spontaneous altars that sprung up all over Manhattan after 9/11. As objects whose form and potential value decline with each passing second, they are the ultimate memento mori.

Kristen Jensen and Cian McConn approach the subject with a series of conceptual self-portraits in which they pose, variously, as corpses in Battery Park (with the Statue of Liberty in the background), in a cemetery saluting a monumental gravestone, and staring, like Narcissus, into pond. Sebastian Mlynarski provides the show's purest take on Romanticism with photos of pink-tinged forest scenes, the most evocative of which have the ghost of a nymph emerging from a pond, as if in a visitation dream, and another showing what could be a landslide or an explosion in a similar setting – a picture that is intended to mirror the type of reverence for nature once elicited by a legion of painters, ranging from J.M.W. Turner in Europe to the stateside Hudson River School painters.

With its conflicting allegiances –to both bling and to sturm and drang — Haute Romantics seems to want to walk in both worlds; but it does so haltingly, like a woman negotiating cobblestones in high heels.

-DAVID M. ROTH

Haute Romantics @ Verge Gallery through March 20, 2010.

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Art review: Maija Peeples-Bright at Solomon Dubnick Gallery

By Victoria Dalkey, Bee Art Correspondent

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You couldn't ask for a clearer illustration of the gulf between West Coast and East Coast art than the current shows of paintings and ceramics by Maija Peeples-Bright at Solomon Dubnick and an assortment of works, mostly by New York artists, at Verge.

The difference is partly generational. Peeples-Bright is a veteran of the 1960s Funk Art movement while the New Yorkers are of a post-postmodern generation. But temperament and spirit also differ. The New Yorkers, despite their billing as "Haute Romantics," are wry, dry and a bit defeated. Peeples-Bright is wacky, off the wall and as friendly as one of the puppies she paints in her festive bestiaries.

In a recent article on the New York museum scene, Roberta Smith of the New York Times opined that while the aim of being an artist should be "individuation and difference," what the Big Apple's institutions are offering tends to reflect a late-1970s mix of "conceptual, process, performance, installation and language-based art."

What's missing, wrote Smith, is "art that seems made by one person out of intense personal necessity, often by hand." You couldn't ask for a better definition of the work of Peeples-Bright, Funk or not.

But what about the young artists from the Big Apple?

To their credit, they are not as stuck in the past as the prissy practitioners Smith described, but they are far more "serious" and seriously repressed than Peeples-Bright. Some would see that as a virtue. Funk Art has often been dismissed as lacking in seriousness by East Coast critics. Yet in Smith's article, she mentioned Roy De Forest, one of Peeples-Bright's mentors and peers, as a paradigm of what she is looking for.

At least you can say the neo-Romantics at Verge are trying to break out of the mold, but much of their work comes across as both highly socialized and rather impersonal, which isn't to say that there aren't pieces I admired. Foremost was a series of short videos by a collective called The Delusional Downtown Divas, which spoofs the vapid and vacuous careerism of the New York art and fashion worlds. Be sure to take the time to sit down and see them all. They're a hoot.

I also liked the deadpan humor of Paul Gabrielli's "dumb" sculptures and the haunting quality of his video piece "Alex Imagining His Own Body," which gives us a sustained shot of a delicate young man's head staring out at the viewer, blinking occasionally but never breaking his gaze.

Much of the work in the show centers on the relationship of fashion and fine art, as in Naomi Fisher's large-scale photo of a fashionable woman in cheetah print overalls with a blinding light obscuring her eyes, and Asher Penn's series of shots of model Kate Moss obscured by Rorschach blots that look painted on with red nail polish. The series comments both that Moss is an icon into whom we read our fancies and desires and that it is impossible to "see" her as a person, even in what look like casually posed shots.

Some of the artists make reference to traditionally Romantic notions, especially Sebastian Mlynarski, whose trio of photographs of a misty parkland in which a female nude appears and disappears magically might be updated images of the "Forest of Fontainebleau." Romanticism, though of a dingy sort, also infuses Maximillian Schubert's *trompe l'oeil* wax sculptures of a tire with fruit and cinder blocks with dirty socks that function as candles that burn down during the course of the show, subsiding into puddles of wax on the floor. They are darkly humorous takes on the vanitas tradition.

Speaking of ennui and entropy, Schubert's piece sums up the spirit of the New Yorkers, which seems preternaturally dampened when compared with the sheer exuberance of Peeples-Bright's heavily patterned, thickly painted, joyously colored canvases and clay pieces. There's a sheer generosity of spirit here that is infectious.

Taking the form of a mini-retrospective, the show moves from a wonderful Matisse-like self-portrait from 1967 to a brand-new imaginary landscape in which her latest fey beasties – Woofus Vitruvius and Bat Apple – wander through a Carlsbad Cavern made up of animals – flamingos, gators, pigs, etc. – seldom if ever found underground.

Full of alliterative visual and verbal fun, she gives us, as she writes in a note to one of her works, "rivers made of rhinos, peaks made of peacocks ... hills made of horses, and so on."

While the earlier works, among them a nearly fearsome "Eagle Everest With Ermine Explorers," are primo Peeples-Bright, her new efforts also score high points, especially a droll "Woofanardo da Vinci," where she introduces Woofus Vitruvius (a canine play on da Vinci's Vitruvian Man) and a charming series of clay busts including George and Martha Woofington and Sir Woofic Newton.

It's true that Peeples-Bright's work is long on laughter and short on gloomy seriousness, but who can resist the sheer fun of it?

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# leaves of glass

where art & pop culture coincide with history & politics ...

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 2011

## The Good, The B-a-a-a-d & The Ugly

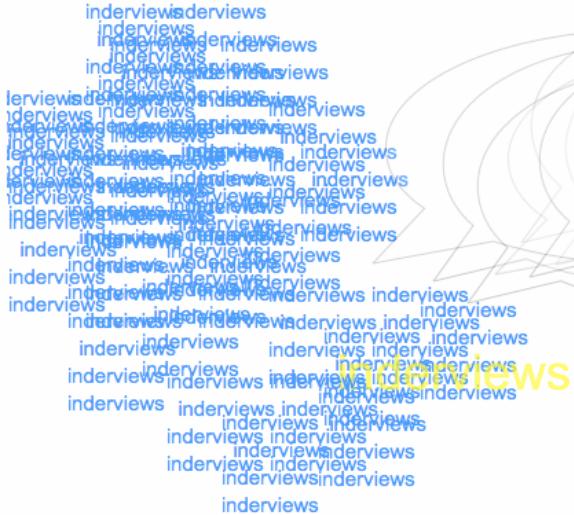
Curators Doug McClemont and Billy Miller have corralled a dizzying number of artists for this somewhat stimulating show at Anna Kustera Gallery, which is up through August 12, 2011. Viewer be warned: Nothing is sacred in the precincts of this show.

Conveying a fascination with sculptural characteristics of food (and other everyday objects) Martha Friedman has created transformative works inspired by melons, eggs, pasta, sausage, waffles, and Chinese food. In this endeavor, Friedman uses a variety of constructions including foam, resin, molds, and metal. Her larger body of work—which has been shown in such venues as: Museum of Contemporary Art (Detroit), DeCordova Museum and Sculpture Park (Massachusetts), Socrates Sculpture Park (Long Island City), Contemporary Art Center (Cincinnati), and Wallspace (New York)—references the everyday, banal routine. Approaching sculpture as an act of appropriation, Paul Gabrielli assimilates a number of media—photography, sculpture, video, assemblage, works on paper, etc.—into a comprehensive entity. While fusing his Minimalist and Conceptualist orientations, Gabrielli's idealized and fabricated works exude an abortive eroticism at once lyrical and paradoxical. A Rema Hort Mann Foundation nominee, Gabrielli's work has been exhibited at the Cartier Foundation (Paris), The Studio Gallery (New York), and 303 Gallery (New York).

Curator Doug McClemont is a writer and critic and the New York correspondent for Saatchi Online's magazine. He has contributed essays to several monographs on contemporary art, and his writing appears in publications from ARTNews to Publisher's Weekly. As the former editor-in-chief of the infamous "leather" magazine HONCHO, he has been the subject of profiles in Time Out New York and Frieze. Meanwhile, the other curator of "B-A-A-A-D"—Billy Miller—is an artist, writer, and independent publisher. Miller's work has been viewed in such venues as Deitch Projects (New York), MoMA PS 1, Kunstverein München, D'Amelia Terras (New York), and Yerba Buena Center for the Arts. He has curated shows and events at Exile (Berlin), The Jersey City Museum, and The Center for Book Arts while his writing has appeared in publications such as VICE, INDEX, K48, WON Magazine, and BUTT. Furthermore, Miller is the editor and publisher of a number of independent publications including When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again, No Milk Today, and Straight To Hell: The Manhattan Review of Unnatural Acts.

B-B-B-BAD: An Exhibition With Attitudes  
Curated by Doug McClemont & Billy Miller  
Through August 12, 2011  
@ Anna Kustera Gallery  
520 West 21st Street NYC 10011

Posted by JD Nalley at 9:27 PM 2 comments  Links to this post



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**Paul Gabrielli**

Your work has been described as deceptive, blurring lines between replication and ready-made-ness, can you comment on this?

I think what's deceptive about the work is in the use of material but is also found outside of them. I'm not that interested in, for example, making plaster look like wood just for the sake of it. I do re-make things to pretty much look like the original but it's often for practical reasons; to make it stronger, to be able to make duplicates, be able to remove parts or something like that. But the most common reason I remake things is to make the original more idealized. I think deception or trickery comes into play with visual illusions and even strictly optical ones. For example; blurring things, having doubles, reflections formed in mirrors. The relationship between the 2 or 3 objects in a particular sculpture can become deceptive also. Maybe a combination of things will appear as if they should belong together but that same combination could also simultaneously look awkward or wrong. I'm interested in seeing things a second time. Often the objects I wind up using are very commonplace or visually not stimulating. But what's important is that they are familiar, something you see or use everyday. So when you see such a familiar object placed in front of you it's interesting to me that all of a sudden it can seem questionable or unreal. You're seeing it for the hundredth time but also the first. So somehow the sculptures become deceptive by presenting themselves adversely, in a very straightforward and casual manner.

Untitled  
(Dumbbell),  
2009. Ultra-cal  
and  
enamel. 7.5 x  
7.5 x 1"  
Edition of 7



Dark Movie,  
2008. Single-  
channel video.  
27:50 min  
looped.

Your work also incorporates a variety of media. Tell me about "Dark Movie" and how it relates to your work overall.

Somehow ideas can be expressed quite quickly and straightforwardly with video. Also, my sculptures are pretty labor intensive so I often turn to video to get something done more quickly. In almost all of my videos I can literally be in another room while it's being created. I think a lot of the things I make seem to present themselves very clearly and in an articulate way but at the same time they are very elusive. There is an earlier video which I made called Murderer and what happens in the video is a good example of this idea. In the video a person is writing on a window with chalk. One word on top of the other, very slowly. So things are literally being spelled out for you but the viewer *still* has difficulty following what is being written or said. This idea spilled over into Dark Movie. I was interested in looking at someone's eyes and not being able to see "into" them. So you have a sort of visual denial. It happens to everyone. Like when you talk to someone and their mind is elsewhere. There is one scene in Dark Movie where the actor looks into the camera lens then past it for the length of the scene. So, he looks at you then through you. This is something that is not actually visible but you can certainly feel. The movement of the eyes is too subtle but the difference in what he is seeing is huge. Similarly, the camera is documenting the event but is also revealing the limitations of what it is able (or unable) to capture. In another scene, the actor walks up to a tree on which all black clothes are hanging. He begins to undress and the camera is veiled. You have about 2-3 minutes (real time) of the sound of his shirt pulling, belt unbuckling, etc in complete darkness. Again I was interested in the things not visible becoming larger and more pronounced than they would be in clear daylight. So, in this case, what you don't see becomes eroticised. The blackness on the screen is a sort of parallel to the blackness of your mind. Which is where the images are now being formed.

Can you talk about the influence of self-identity within your work? (In relation to the Invisible Exports show, in particular)

Well going back to found object and re-making objects, I have always found romance in casting and copying. Somehow I think it's an act of trying to identify with your surroundings. We are all born into a world full of these things and we slowly come to understand what they mean to us and how to use them (as we do with language). It's about conformity. Making them from scratch is a way of trying to understand them from their beginning and therefore for yourself. With casting something, the process allows you to create something without even touching it. To me that's quite a romantic relationship with the material world.

But also I think my work maybe points out a lack of self identity because I want the work to sort of bring you back to where you no longer have associations and you have to start again. So you are in a position that is one the verge of understanding and placing things. An example would be a paper towel dispenser, which is part of a newer sculpture of mine. We have seen them a million times. What happens when you look at one more closely than you have before? How come all of a sudden this very familiar thing to you is completely alien? It may not be the most comfortable place to be but its about reevaluating and questioning what you see. Which to me is about freedom. It's a re-invention of meaning.

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## jameswagner.com

Paul Gabrielli at Invisible-Exports  
By James Wagner, February 18, 2009



Paul Gabrielli Untitled (Stage) 2008 wood, aluminum, glass mirror, steel, light extension pole, clamp-light, light bulb, enamel 78.5" x 32" x 18" [installation view]



Paul Gabrielli Untitled (See Through Rental) 2008 glass, Ultra-cal, foam, acrylic paint, nail, enamel [installation view]

Barry and I weren't able to get to Paul Gabrielli's exhibition, "Closer Than That", at Invisible-Exports until the last weekend of the show. It was a Top Pick on ArtCal for just two days but it would have been there throughout its run had we seen it earlier. My posting some images now of this [elegant and sexy, conceptual, posterior-minimalist, multi-media including a bunch of may-look-like-but-aren't-readymades] installation is therefore something of an apology. It's also meant as a head's up, intended both for those of us who saw it and those who didn't, to be on the lookout for his work next time he comes around.

This excerpt from the gallery press release ends with a provocative question which follows the description of Gabrielli's work as:

... experiments in form designed to encapsulate the physical manifestation of a single thought, with all its lyricism and paradox. His pieces represent both interior visions and the very real destruction of the well-defined and corporeal. They stand on the anxious fulcrum of categorization; when distinctions between forms and material disappear, or are made to disappear, what is left standing?

For more information on the artist and on the program of this smart new Lower East Side space, see this interview on the newsletter ARTLURKER with Invisible-Exports owners Benjamin Tischer and Risa Needleman.

INVISIBLE-EXPORTS 14A Orchard Street, New York NY 10002 ▷ 212 226 5447 ▷ [invisible-exports.com](http://invisible-exports.com)

# ARTLURKER

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PAUL GABRIELLI at INVISIBLE-EXPORTS, NY



*After Imagining His Own Body*, 2008. Lapsed Video, mixed media, 34 x 27 x 13 inches.

Paraphrasing the press release, Paul Gabrielli is a New York based sculptor whose work incorporates a multiplicity of media. "Infused with a thwarted emotion of both desire and restraint" his work, beyond Assemblage, elegantly collaborates between light, form, and reflection to summarize "with lyrics and paradox the physical manifestation of a single thought".

Invisible-Exports are a fledgling gallery in New York's Lower East Side "dedicated to superior conceptual work" for whom Gabrielli's *Closer Than That* will be their third exhibition. Their prior two exhibitions, *It's Not Over Yet*—the inaugural group show comprising of works from William S. Burroughs and Genesis Breyer P-Orridge among others—and *You People*—their first solo show comprising of photographs of books by Mickey Smith—garnered much attention for a young gallery.

We interviewed Invisible-Exports (IE) owners Benjamin Tischer and Risa Needelman to try to get a sense of what direction the gallery was heading in and how Paul Gabrielli fits the bill.

**Your inaugural exhibition, *It's Not Over Yet*, was very well marketed and your first solo exhibition had a strong theme that was easy to connect with. Assuming that you are now beginning to cut a groove, what did you set out to achieve with the galleries second solo show?**

**Benjamin Tischer:** Our first show was a *Racetrack*, a celebration that had more to do with our philosophy and approach than our actual program. Mickey Smith started our program proper with her photographs of bound periodicals in public libraries. It's conceptual work, with almost infinite applications. With this show, we wanted to continue illustrating the path we hope to move in—“Smart art.”



*Untitled (Malady) 4*, 2007. Wood, digital print on Mylar, resin, wax, wood stain, varnish transfer, 21 x 16 x 18 inches.

**Why was Paul Gabrielli perfect for this?**

**BT:** His work is deceptive. At first glance, it appears to be ready-made. Combinations of found objects. This is not the case. Paul conjures visions of idealized objects. They are painstakingly fabricated, and all seem to imply some sort of elusive narrative. They make you want more, which is a fantastic quality. And they're sexy.

**Risa Needelman:** We want to promote artists who have strong and smart conceptual projects but whose work is also visually interesting. Mickey Smith is a perfect example of this. Her photographs are lush, gorgeous, sometimes heartbreaking, and are very relatable. At the same time, the project is conceptually strong. Paul Gabrielli fits perfectly into our concept for the gallery because his work is visually moving with a strong conceptual foundation. For such a young artist, Paul has incredibly well-formed ideas, an amazing eye, and is an adept self-adult. He is extremely cerebral; all of his decisions are heart-wrenching push-and-pulls. I like that about him.



*Lantern*, 2008. Aluminum ladder, flashlight, plaster, wood, aluminum, varnished oil paint, wax, rubber, 30.5 x 20 x 10.5 inches.

#### **Who curated the show?**

RN: Paul comes to us with work he'd like to have in the show, then it's discussed between the three of us, and then Paul sets up the show in the space. Ben and I give feedback when asked, but the show is Paul's. He's the genius.

BT: This work was ultimately selected by Paul. It is more about presenting an artist's vision than presenting our vision of an artist. We should give a shout out to Lisa Kirk, however. Though ultimately an artist (and our next show), Lisa has an acute curatorial eye. Her *Bonds of Love* and *You!* exhibitions were both acclaimed, and she was the one who first spotted Paul's work in a group show and urged us to look at what he was making.



Untitled (Brd Clp), 2008. Wood, steel, chalk, aluminum, oil paint, 18 x 25.5 x 7.5 inches.

Your gallery states its purpose as promoting the talents of individual artists dealing in tangible and intangible components; and many of the galleries artists, like Paul Gabrielli, are multi media based artists. Are you drawn to these types of artists as a gallery?

RN: We are drawn to artists who are multi-dimensional. Art is something that should encapsulate all sorts of ideas and media. It should be forward-looking but also representative of our times.

BT: We are not medium-centric. Again, we are more interested in the ideas and personalities behind the work.

Will this show, its work or intent compliment the group exhibition curated by Mary Hellman at 303 Gallery opening today in which Paul Gabrielli will show in? If so how?

BT: Paul is actually one of Mary's assistants. He will be showing his newest video DARK MOVIE in the exhibition, which also is showing at our gallery. It was just one of those fortunate accidents of timing. We scheduled the show then Mary asked if he would be in the group show and it just worked out. That said; Mary is incredible. We have only just met her, but already think she's the most kickass lady ever! :)



Installing the show.

IE stands out on New York's Lower East Side as a really promising gallery. Too young to have been spoiled by success and just young enough to have retained much of its magic, this seemingly gifted new gallery has so far been consistently on point. And unlike many galleries in the wider world whose relationships with Miami are based upon fleeting appearances at fairs, IE, who exhibited at SCOPE MIAMI last December, have made a important gesture by scheduling an all Miami group show for the spring. Titled Miami Noir the exhibition will fall somewhere between April and May and will feature a host of as yet undisclosed Miami artists, many of whom received confirmation just yesterday. Drawing inspiration from the dark underbelly of South Florida's recent past, Miami Noir will hopefully present both the area's optimistic future and checkered history and, owing to the exhibitors location, an undeniably great opportunity for the artists involved. Watch this space!

Paul Gabrielli was a 2008 Renna Hartmann Foundation Nominee and is part of the permanent collection of the Cartier Foundation, Paris. His work has been exhibited at institutions and galleries including the Cartier Foundation, Paris; BOMB Magazine; and The Studio Gallery, among others. His work can also be seen in a group show curated by Mary Hellman at 303 Gallery opening now.

INVISIBLE-EXPORTS is a gallery dedicated to superior conceptual work. It is located in the Lower East Side, at 14A Orchard Street, just north of Canal. The hours are Wednesday through Sunday, 11-7pm, and by appointment. For more information please visit: [www.invisible-exports.com](http://www.invisible-exports.com)

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## Hell Mary

Friday, January 23rd, 2009

Mary Heilmann, to quote Christina Aguilera, just keeps getting better. The 2008 Whitney Biennial already noted her fruitful influence by pairing her with the indispensable Rachel Harrison. And through Rachel Harrison, inevitably included in the New Museum's "Unmonumental," Mary Heilmann, an EVA faculty member, was invoked as a foremother to the "movement" of unmonumental, site-specific objects.

What would her paintings, sculptures, and ceramics be if they were people? They'd live near the beach, wear sandals, and greet you, "Hey, man." They'd nod assuredly if you bring up Robbie Grillot, because they jet it, and maybe have heard it, but why not talk about something else, like did you see that Mustang parked next door?



Mary Heilmann, "Fest of a Hawaiian Plant," 2008

Consequently, it is difficult to describe her work without sounding pedantic: It's like explaining a joke after delivering the punch line; it kills it.

And it's hard to describe her work without using terms more applicable to describe personality, especially virtue or at least desirable traits: Exuberant. Casual. Honest. Natural? Yet, it would be easy to describe her work as a rigorous, feminist critique of geometric abstraction, of being hard-edged, unrelenting, goal-oriented, impermeable.

Responding to that aesthetic, Mary Heilmann cultivates rich, variegated fields that invite examination through – and not just across – the layers of slathered, dripping color. Orange grows from under acidic blue, lime green piggies beneath chilly white, petrolic green whispers behind syrupy black. Nothing ever seems to vanish, and even textures survive the process: the masking tape used to rule polygon shapes often pulls up neighboring paint, leaving jagged edges.

The word I'd choose is "transparent." The process reveals itself, and the mechanisms are transparent. This is unlike traditional geometric abstraction, in which the surface often looks – at least to me – opaque, solid, and unfettered, and in which the application seems determined, programmatic, and more applied than painted. In that realm, a viewer might be invited to reconstruct the process of "making" the painting, the process it concealed by the seeming simultaneity of the choices involved. With Mary Heilmann, most layers seem being smothered by those above them – or maybe those above them seem smothering those below them. Thus, dashing one layer atop another seems to be an attempt to conceal the underlayer, but actually reveals a larger goal of her aesthetic.

With goals accomplished, and her New Museum show closing this weekend, Mary Heilmann has a show of mostly new work at 303 Gallery, and has curated a delightful group show, "Mary's Choice," at the other 303 space. The latter has a sense of intimacy, like that of a tight-knit group, proven by collaboration and mentorship connections. I met Lee (was joining a campfire conversation that had already lasted several days).

My favorite object was Jill Levine's "Clap Trap," which looked to me like Murakami meets Dia de los Muertos, or any one of Craig Heilman's small sculptures. Sculptor Paul Gazzola is there, with a satellite horn from his sonnen, invisible show at Invisible-Exports Gallery downtown. Paul Lee's "Untitled (Black Bulb with blue washcloth)" could be an echo to Mary's 1970s work, in their Richard Tuttle-ian economy.



Paul Gazzola, "Dark Moves," 2008

Mary Heilmann even wrote a book, "The All-Night Movie." In addition to the adjectives above, I forgot to suggest the word "energetic" above. Hopefully that implies "inexhaustible," as this great artist becomes even more prominent in the canon of abstract painting.

IMAGE: 303 Gallery

Creds: 303 Gallery, abstract: Craig Heilman, Jill Levine, Mary Heilmann, New Museum, painting, Paul Gazzola, Paul Lee, Rachel Harrison  
Photos in Exhibitions