

HD Projects

131 Essex Street, #3b, New York, NY, 10002

THE NOODLES THAT WE EAT

In collaboration with, and at HD:Projects, 131 Essex Street, New York

***Samuel Fouracre, Rochelle Goldberg,
Behrang Karimi & Lia Lowenthal***

Exhibition runs through to 25th May

Open Thurs-Sat 12-5pm and by appt (+1 347 285 0566)

THE NOODLES THAT WE EAT touches on sustenance, trust and ambitions (realised and failed). In essays on art production, Martin Kippenburger discusses ideas for the creation and understanding of art, and that a far wider range of factors feed into the mix; flippant decisions made on the spot, the struggle to realise thought-out plans, reactions of the audience, discussions and social circles, even the need for nutrition in the form of comfort food. Each artist in the show flags up ideas on what gives them (and their portrayed characters) subsistence and dependence upon which they can play out their artistic moves.

Samuel Fouracre's film, *Meicost Ettal* (with music composed by Dominic de Grande and narration by Simon Butteriss), charts a period of Ludwig II of Bavaria's life where he dreams of building his overall monarchy in the vein of Louis XIV, through the construction of lavish and beautiful castles. Opening with bold assertiveness, the protagonist's excitable pre-construction plans are reflected in multi-plane spliced and re-rendered painting of castles commissioned by Ludwig at the time. Over the course of the film, Ludwig's propensity for self-reflection results in the castles switching from being the reason and the pure essence of his creative being to becoming heavy load-bearing burdens on his mental stability, the film's own digital construction breaking down accordingly, and metaphorically, towards its culmination. The conclusion derived from *Meicost Ettal* is that at the most acute level, creativity comes down to possessing faith in absolutely nothing but what one does and the battle to reconcile fantasy with reality. The thrill in the pursuit of creation is everything and the self-reflective tendencies that develop post-production are either used to move things forward or to self-flagellate excessively. It is an allegorical ode to artistic endeavours.

In many respects, ***Behrang Karimi*** undertakes an archetypal painting practice, in so much as that he delves into his conscience for markers of strength and solidity, as per figures that occur in some works, and mixing it with a looser and more intuitive application of paint determined by instinct, that at times creates and reduces depths of field. He lives to digest and then paint brand new imagery that has not existed before, a pure approach rooted in his faith in himself, his mediums and his grounds. This excessive search for resolvedness concludes in an open, at times informal, body of work that primes viewers to engage from their own point of view and their own identification of what each piece may or not depict, the reasoning for them existing hard-wired into Karimi's own pursuit for authenticity and candor.

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Rochelle Goldberg's recent sculptures employ a joint that begins as an intuitive cut, and through the filter of architectural study, seemingly engineers stability and fortitude into her totemic assemblages. The joint however is overtly precarious in its functionality, creating tension where tension needn't exist. Unlike in Ludwig's case, the scale of these works ensures she is able to re-concile her more flippant momentary movements based around and upon these blueprints for supposedly more efficient sculptures. The sculptures inherent exposure of internal fibres plays out the reverse in her photographs of facades enveloped with ubiquitous fire escapes, in which the skin of buildings oscillates with snakeskin on the surface of the works.

Lia Lowenthal perhaps places faith in the one constant in our physical, spiritual and ephemeral world, her body. The figure being immutable throughout the entire history of art, Lowenthal carries out reconnaissance on her own anatomy via a piece of contemporary technology. A hand-held scanner, used in its normal administrative circumstances to scan documents, is rolled across parts of her body, in the process entertaining the fact that the process is inherently flawed due to the scanners inability to process accurately the contours of anything that is beyond flat. The results are are flayed portions of herself, an attempt to lay flat bodily landscapes, whilst entertaining the glitches inherent in using machinery for non-specified purposes.

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