

| *No Plateaus* {Daniela Soberman and Keywan Tafteh}

No Plateaus



Dual Exhibition: **Daniela Soberman** and **Keywan Tafteh**

2680 South La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90034.

REISIG AND TAYLOR CONTEMPORARY

Spring 2023

No Plateaus

Dual Exhibition: **Daniela Soberman** and **Keywan Tafteh**

Duration: May 20 through June 17, 2023.

Location: 2680 South La Cienega Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90034.

Count: {[Tafteh] 9 paintings}; {[Soberman] 11 sculptures (8 mixed-media, 3 ceramic), 2 drawings}.

An Entry

[*You enter.*] Climbing a common ground too steep to climb, with edges protruding like palisades to stave-off intruders, you enter a razed space rising from blue cliffs building the walls they fall from. Peaks plunge into valleys, corners crawl into crevices, each line leaves its linearity behind, lined only with the absence of its lining: there is nothing inside. But you may come in. You may enter but you cannot go inside. Too steep to climb, too high to see-over, but nevertheless a common ground. Open, shared, vulnerable; jagged but providing shelter, a momentary home. Rising and falling, opening and closing, the space never settles, never lies flat...always breaks the plane... there are no plateaus....

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An Analysis

No Plateaus is a dual exhibition built with works by Los Angeles-based artists Daniela Soberman and Keywan Tafteh. The exhibition positions Tafteh's surface-shifting paintings alongside variously scaled sculptural works by Soberman. Between the artists, de/constructivist edges, expressive hollows, and gestural events permeate the builderly methods and interstitial materials (plywood, polystyrene, plaster) deployed across the bodies of work. Presented are nine mixed-media paintings by Tafteh; and eleven mixed-media sculptures by Soberman (eight are mixed-media and three are ceramic), in addition to two of her ink imprints.

Working with experimental structures of figuration and formation, each piece disorients and reconfigures horizons of space and time relative to the bodies rubbing-up against their wandering limits. Through simultaneous channels of looking and passing-through, the artists lovingly and painfully navigate and reconstruct their worlds through a repeated dreamlike displacement of the body and the gaze, performatively acting-out the distorted corporealities displayed by their work. Between these worlds, a primal community forms as the friction between bodies: in the distant nearness of someone, something, or somewhere else. Ultimately or initially, the exhibition builds a place for others to find (or lose) their way.

The artists' reflections on displaced or scattered origins, and the artworks' records of the effects of loss (departure (or arrival)) on the architectures of memory, signal an allegorical—and biographical—entry into the exhibition. A sense of displacement evolves from the personal histories tied together by the joined works. Both Soberman and Tafteh are first-generation immigrants to the United States. Pulling from her blended childhood memories of working-class urban life in Los Angeles and Serbia, Soberman's lost urban dreamscapes populate a void with brutalist imprints that recall confection and construction. Similarly autobiographical in his practice, Tafteh rides the dividing lines of his cultural identity as a queer Russian/Iranian/American, tracing these divisions in the fractured planes and broken borders of his

paintings. Together, the voids and separations embedded in their artwork holds open space for anyone to enter, for anyone to cross.

Following movements and marks of displacement, *No Plateaus* negates or rejects any static, fixed, or unbroken origin or perspective. Each figure or form shifts in relation to the material body of the work, and every aspect of the space shifts in relation to an observer's bodily movement. Endlessly, and without origin, the exhibition turns, churns, and folds. These constant movements are immediately felt and recognized upon entering the space, where someone finds themselves making their way between buckling blocks and writhing curves crawling along their rectangular—be it framed, mounted, or pedestaled—supports.

Enter. Suspended by all the anti-gravitational æffects of unstrung marionettes made of city blocks, crumbly cookies, fallen idols, and broken clockwork, Soberman's ceramic and wall-mounted sculptures carve themselves out against the supplely thronged serpentine tucks of Tafteh's split tabletop paintings: *Covered* (2022) and *DAS GIFT* (2022). Reminiscent of a child's marble maze and the half-buried tunnels of some abandoned tomb, three wall-mounted sculptures—*Growing Chamomile In The Backyard* (2023), *The Smell Of Wet Concrete* (2023), and *#5 Tramway* (2023)—welcome the observer with all the nostalgia and warmth of a properly placed booby-trap.

Opposite these works is a distanced diptych by Tafteh. However, this is a diptych in terms of material, more than of an intentionally shared or continual subject across the works. (Or, perhaps, this distinction between material and subject falls away.) As a table-top split into two pieces, there is a chiral or mirror-like displacement between the torsioned figures of *Covered* and *DAS GIFT*, with residual oval marks leftover from the adhesive that bound them remaining visible across the two, melding the material and figural bodies. Painted on sheet-metal, *DAS GIFT* was, originally, the protective surface adhered to the tabletop used to make *Covered*—that is, the (un)cover of *Covered*. Translating from German as 'The Poison,' "*DAS GIFT*" initially tricks anyone English-bound by disguising the poison placed in its name and concealing the cruel event tied to the Berlin bar from which the painting gains its title. Tafteh was robbed behind his back at this bar: the slithering, snake-like figure with no obvious face or identity reaches behind and grabs—though what the figure reaches for, the moment of the robbery, remains out of sight; unseen or unrepresentable. In both tabletop works, the space of memory, the moment of the event, and the span of a body all occur at the same time. Each crammed and confined, but both breaking free with collaged paper envoys fluttering beyond the frame. There is no total containment, but only momentary states of being held or pressed into place. A body, a cage. A gift, a poison. A double, a cover.

Ultimately, however, this inseparability of bodies, spaces, and events or memories is not only dreamed between Tafteh's works individually, but is also one trail of plaster and plywood breadcrumbs connecting Tafteh and Soberman throughout the exhibition, as with the entryway passion play between Soberman's ceramics, her wall-mounted works, and Tafteh's tabletop paintings. Connecting the works is the inseparability of bodies and spaces (of figures and the forces acting on them). The body and the space seamlessly emerge in the same instant: the space of a body. Someone cannot see Soberman's sculptures at any scale without winding themselves around the structure of someone else's memory (as well as their own). Someone cannot see Tafteh's paintings without running their gaze along gestural lines that trace the figure of the painting and the contours of the painter in a single movement, like a finger softly finding the lines of a figure's folds in the night. Nobody can encounter any of the works without passing-through the shadow or presence of the other—without being in-view of another.

Between the opposed entryway walls, straddling its orificial openings like organs without bodies, the curvaceous lifeform curling around Soberman's four-fragment sculpture *Somewhere In Los Angeles*

(2021) generates a flesh-toned span across the opposed walls while her static-colored shrine creeps behind, with stark untitled self-portraits mounted on either side of the ceramically postured *Madonna + Whore* (2022). Draining middled visions through its oblong apertures, the zaftig yet hardened demeanor of *Somewhere In Los Angeles*'s bodily pink portal laps it curves around the slithering and seductive figures channeling Tafteh's paintings. Drained.

Beside the shrine, hiding in the afterglow of the idolized altar pieces and diminutively distanced from a viewer by its low positioning beside the raised podium is *A Piece Of Me* (2021). This work is of particularly personal importance to Soberman: a memento found in search of lost time; a clock-like, and life-sized, locket counting the days since she left Serbia—or, a maternalized metronome measuring the distance of her separation from a piece of herself forever left behind. Child-like but blistered with cruelly naïve marks carved like tallies on a prisoner's wall, the piece looks-up and asks anyone to remember the lost part loosely—but inextricably—lodged in their side, sticking-out for everyone to see. Turning, two holes mark another place where a piece used to be but it is now lost. Nowhere to be found and impossible to retrieve. (But standing right there in front of me.)

These three ceramic works—*A Piece Of Me*, *Madonna + Whore*, and *Somewhere In Los Angeles*—throb at the nucleus of Soberman's oeuvre. In particular, *Somewhere In Los Angeles* is, according to Soberman, the originary ceramic structure that set-off her production of larger-scale polystyrene sculptures. Conscientiously avoiding, and breaking-from, the structural redundancy (and overdetermination) of the cylinder as the habitual topology of sculpture, Soberman assembled this winding ceramic work in fully separable but architecturally attached pieces. This innovation now guides much of her work. Her larger polystyrene sculptures are all routes of return to (and way from) this initial, primary, expressively repressed form. However, when Soberman gravitates towards something *like* a cylinder, as in *Madonna + Whore* (2022), she tends toward a conical shape, taking one end of a cylindrical form and stretching it toward infinity, assembling its impossibility through the perennially repeated reality of a Marion (or, more precisely, a Mary-Magdeleneian) icon.

Between Soberman's rejection of the cylinder and Tafteh's revisioning of the (hetero-)normativity of straightforward or squared frames for surfaces, both artists work directly with form and structure as rememberings, residues, and resonances of social, political, historical, and geographical forces acting on bodies and conditioning psychic realities. For Soberman, a lucid recovery of such residues requires passing through the gauzy, oozing, dripping membranes that ice her structures with memory's sugary glaze. Ride the #5 Tramway and travel the lost sliver of memory's map along the way to visit Soberman's grandmother. Segmented and scratched. Something to read. Use her *Sewing Machine* (2023) and stitch a city back-together with the cold assuredness of a frosty machine. This frosting is not so sweet. This frosting crusts-over. This frosting tastes bitter. This frosting protects what it cannot be. This frosting is impossible to eat but swallows itself whole. Swallowed, her work asks to be eaten as if it is the only way to become full of memories. Take a bite of *One Giant Creamsicle* (2023) and taste the plastered cream of the ballerina's bleached pirouette. Frothing at the edges, lovingly bandaged at its most tender parts, the split figure doubles against the cornered walls and rises like a goliath monument among dolls.

For Tafteh, delirium, not the estranged lucidity of a dream, appears to be both the treatment and the cure carried out in task of dissolving residues of normalizing structures. More, it is the undulating anonymity of a body beside itself—a body that is nobody (in particular)—not even some body, but only *a* body. A body marked only by the drifting limits of its flesh, and not by a name or an identity. His figures reach as they retract, fold as they stretch, their sinews articulating a sense of both deep and shallow time. Sexual space-time (as a kind of near distance): never closer, and never farther away. Impending doom. Or, upending ecstasy.

Positioned at the deepest point away from the gallery's threshold, but also the most immediately visible upon entry, *Group Effort* (2022) and *Come As Catharsis* (2021) distort the entire space through their near distance—their sexual space-time. Navigating shallows as depths, and depths as pools, the works press and splay the delirious—but *cathartic*—tides of sexual time as embodied entries into questions of relation, community, love, otherness, and desire: the recipe for world (and its reconstruction). Sometimes masculine, sometimes feminine, sometimes neither (or both), the figures skin themselves alive in front of whoever bears witness and inscribe their contours with their warbling, rhythmically opening and closing. With the surfaces (almost always) completely filled-up with the gesturally formed figures, a voyeur is positioned so near to the naked forms that it becomes impossible to find the horizon of *who* the body might be. The most minimal of Tafteh's paintings, *Knight* (2023), emerges precisely at this blinding horizon: the entire painting flowing from a single, initial gestural white line. No one in sight, yet *somebody* is there. Approaching the horizon but never getting nearer. As close as can be, but never farther away.... Remember: as Valéry records, *skin is the greatest depth*.¹

Though ultimately distanced and distinct, the discrete contexts of each artist's critical and transformative practices are synchronized through anatomical symptoms of de-/construction, transgression, affection, and resurrection. Pairing artists that were previously anonymous or unknown to one another, the exhibition builds a primordial place between bodies and horizons (between flesh and the time it takes to reach-out and touch the end of a world...). An absence, an *other*, forms the possibility for these artists to come into contact, echoing or repeating the patterns of intimacy and estrangement that recur in each of their individual bodies of work. Each artist works with the place of the other, of being the other. Each artist works with the limits and stakes of a body. And each artwork stakes these limits, recording the movements of a body coming into contact. Gestural marks, bodily events, become embodied accounts.

Chromatically diagnosed: Payne's grey and the heimlich white of plaster pass through each other like melting sieves, re-finding themselves against the contrast of stark black canvases and charcoal-colored lines. Structurally colored, neither inside nor outside, each work begins at its edges, falling from the cut or seam created by the jagged curvature of the material as it traces itself against the emptiness—the wall or the room—carved by the object's (b)reach. Disoriented. But always reoriented. Individually and collectively, the works perform the contradictions of a body: cut-off but intimately connected, contained but completely overrun, isolated but never alone. This paradoxical cycle of alienation and intimation is marked by repeated events of breaking and mending recorded on the bodies of the works.

The surfaces on which Tafteh's figurative, expressive paintings are produced are often interruptively collaged, and sometimes sliced and subsequently sutured-back-together with staples left visible to the viewer. These transgressive events usurp the normative boundaries of the surface or body of the artwork and diffuse the squared-straight of the ninety-degree gaze through the irregular, unpredictable, and queer limits of a masculine mode of embodiment that has broken free from a pre-determined frame. In other words, the painted figure and the material body of the work are never fully separated, and are always intimately intertwined.

With *Contortionist* (2023), a distorting of both the figural and material body is acted out on the level of the gaze (as a body part), and on the level of the surface (as part of a body): cut, collaged, skewed, and stapled-together. Centrally positioned, this piece performs a crystallization of the exhibition's foundation in themes of building, transportation, separation, displacement, and reconstruction. But it also rebels against the normative phallicism of its pillared position in the space, skewing the right-angled regularity the gallery-wall and replacing it with a cut-but-mended structure of a collaged body. Repeated

¹ Valéry, Paul. *L'Idée fixe* (1932).

breakdowns and repairs between the observer and the subject of the painting are folded together in view of this cut-but-mended work. Dimensionally, the work contracts and expands simultaneously, both flattening and lifting the projective plane into the material surface of the work's sculptural body.

Between reiterations, rejections, and reformations of the space of painting (and its presentation), *Contortionist* reminds the viewer of the act of observation—or the structure of the gaze—and its impact on the regulation and normalization of bodily types and their (dis)identifications. The piece asks: What is the habit that helps me enjoy seeing squared-off and straight-forward framings for an artwork? But this is not unique to this particular piece. Throughout his work, heteronormative constraints on bodies are interrogated through experimental methods of painting. Looking at *Exchange* (2023) and *Running Man* (2022), positioned side-by-side along another facet of the central pillar, this same question is asked again but with the disruptive forces focused on the collaged elements.

Considering this acted-out questioning as a kind of queer insurrection carried-out by each of his works, it is possible to view Tafteh's pieces as re-presenting a body as it is lived, loved, and encountered; which is to say, the body is presented as something which is at least already doubled—already split and put-back-together. In part emerging from his experience of online dating (and anonymous hook-ups), this queer account of embodiment appears again and again throughout his work, without ever explicitly limiting the account to any particular kind of sexualized, gendered, or racialized encounter. Bodies are shown at their most intimate moments through anonymous and unidentified—but naked and completely exposed—figures.

Though, of course, by working somewhat autobiographically, Tafteh's figures subtly recall personal, loving, traumatic, and sexual encounters through blurred visions. Flowing from memory, and becoming clear only in the exact instant where they begin to fade away, the combination of harsh lines and spray-paint burnouts elaborate the limits of a figure as the horizon of painted space: there is no distinction or demarcation between inside or outside, myself or someone else, near or far. Recalling tendencies of musical habits (which often implicitly cohabit his visual works), this dee-jayed mixture of collaged elements, hard lines, burnouts, and soft landings is, perhaps, most compactly juxtaposed in his two smaller works: *Exchange* and *Running Man*. In each work, collaged paper covers parts of the figures populating the surfaces, refusing to show the whole story (without first covering part of it). With *Exchange*, it is precisely the place where the two figures connect that is collaged-over and covered-up. Covered-up but also re-painted, reiterating and re-showing the place between the two figures. Emphasizing this blurring of identity as coming *between* the figures, one of the figure's faces is more prominently marked with features, suggesting that as soon as an individual's identity comes to be known, if only vaguely, the point of connection with another quickly fades or becomes blocked. (An eclipse.)

At large, each one of Tafteh's works included in the exhibition either 'breaks' the frame through the literal form of the surface or by the usurped use of non-fine materials in the production of fine-art. Having worked as an art-installer in Los Angeles, much of the materials used by Tafteh are sourced as industrial leftovers—crates, tables, wood-scrap, wrapping paper... His materials tell an autobiographical story of economy, his figures tell a personal story of desire. Both show dimensions of embodiment and its transformations through a universal question: how is a body formed?

In his autobiographical statement, Tafteh describes his process as being “informed by multiple painful and joyous themes: geographic and cultural displacement, the addiction of a loved one, otherness, technological innovation and the sheer joy of observation.”² He navigates these synchronic and personal

² Tafteh, Keywan. *Autobiography* (<https://keywantafteh.com/autobiography.html>).

themes through the deeper historical time of Ancient Persian and Russian folk art inherited as social, mythological, and (eventually) institutional contexts and premonitions of his contemporary practice. Situating a critical, and pointedly *queer*, account of his multiple cultural heritages, Tafteh writes that “[t]his interest is complicated by the transformation of these formerly tolerant societies to institutionalized homophobia.” While sustaining an inspirational connection to his ancestral past, his practice focuses on the shift from social relations to violent forms of (institutional) power. Tafteh’s queering and questioning of the space of painting through cuts, pastes, and seams of materials and material bodies reshapes the possibilities of the gaze as his pieces ravel around the maze-like structures produced by Soberman.

In Soberman’s autobiographical statement she writes that she “makes work that takes up space then throws it back at you.”³ Further, Soberman addresses herself as a “storyteller who wants us all to feel connected, unrestrained, and open to play. What this body of work evokes is part of a greater narrative—part of the impulsive integrity of those who welcome its invitation.” Looking at Soberman’s outdoor sculptures at the exhibition—a wall-mounted work, a monolithic sculpture, and a large-scale structure—this description appears to reign true. Like an abandoned and ossified jungle-gym found somewhere near Chernobyl, *Plays On Perspective* (2023) rummages through its own debris in search of the lost cause of its carefully jumbled outcome. A single stack solemnly rises against the checkered gate of the gallery staggering behind with ominous tones of industrial damnation. Somehow this brutalist tumescence signals something that was at one time powerful and productive, but now almost entirely out of use—a deep scar projected onto its bleakened environment. A peephole goes nowhere and reminds us to be afraid of looking on the other side. But it also encourages it. A perverse form of play. (*As if* there is any other kind.) Meanwhile, the ghost of some outgrown child plays on the abstracted ruins of the no-longer-familiar form of *Teeter Totter In The Park* (2023), hanging in mid-air on the bluish charcoal wall that reminds the viewer of a park’s friendly vortex playfully seething along concrete shores. Memories like water and tar. Hot with white abandon, a world built from scratch. Written in spilled ink. Say: “Something has happened here.”

An unlikely embrace, *An Unlikely Embrace* (2023). Huddled-together with bandages swaddling their summits, a monolithic slab distributes itself across an embrace that figures its splits along what it holds. Posing like a monument but made at a slightly diminutive scale, the upright, but serendipitous, form suggests a naïve performance of a coupling. Like childish swooners pretending at love’s touches in the park. Particularly dark lines inscribe the work with a certainty of figure only found elsewhere in *One Giant Creamsicle*, indicating the necessity of the figure being seen as such. I see myself growing old. You see me growing-up. Soberman’s works allow the viewer to encounter the world like a child, but middle-aged.

Moving inside and out, up and down, left and right, it is never possible to see the entire exhibition from any single perspective. The gallery’s wonky, contorted form folds into the body formed between the works. Each wall is a different height. Each part of the floor dipped or warped. Every canvas is exceeded. Each sculpture hides itself. Every flat surface, every smooth circuit, is disrupted or disoriented. No cylinders. No perfect squares. No stable ground. There is only a passing encounter. There is only the contact. There is only time spent. There is only the next place. Elsewhere and otherwise. There are no plateaus.

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³ Soberman, Daniela. *About* (<https://www.danielasoberman.com/about.html>).

A Context

There is something remarkably modern about Soberman’s work. But it is not the works themselves. Rather, it’s the historical imprint they hold. Her work is an awakening to the modern—and especially the brutalist—architectures of her childhood memories. Finding herself between Serbia and Los Angeles, Soberman grew-up alongside modern architectures that had been fully realized. Fully realized but also already beginning to fall apart. Crumbling and complete. Like a queen’s cake preserved with funerary rites and formaldehyde. The beginning of the end of modernity. The beginning of the end of Yugoslavia. Memories of a place no longer named. But still *there*. The beginning of a life in Los Angeles. As if passing through a modern place at the navel of modernity’s own dream. So close it almost cannot see itself. But then it does, waking. Like brutalism itself, her work transports an observer from a minimal post-war modern aesthetic through contemporary forms of form. Form forgets function but still follows from it. Forgetful forms of remembering. Form following form following function. (Or something *like* that.)

Admittedly, to the extent that Soberman is self-taught and relatively isolated (or at least self-informed) in the ideations of her practice, there are not many artists or movements with which her work directly links-up. However, it is, nevertheless, possible to locate her work on the tail end of a modern and contemporary trail of Serbian women working through expression-driven sculptural practices. In particular, the skewered, fossil-like concatenations by Olga Jevrić seem to be situated somewhere along Soberman’s inherited timeline. Like Soberman’s secret plaster-paint-adhesive blend, Jevrić produced her works with a singular blend of cement and iron dust. For both artists, expression, (self-)reflection, and creation begin with the mixing of builderly materials. Looking more toward the figural, but still minimalist, trajectory: the puckered, folding, and flowing work of Serbian sculptor Olga Jančić may also be considered a precursor to Soberman. Like Soberman’s refusal of the cylinder, the slightly bulbous forms of Jančić find an alternate reality for sculptural practice, centering her work on figural (punctured) spheres (and, even more so, on projective planes or the “cross-cap”). Ultimately, however, Soberman’s influences exceed or evade a strict lineage (especially one geographically restricted to Serbia). In terms of her work with memory, Soberman’s oeuvre most closely follows the solemn, blocked-but-in-plain-view mode of presentation taken-up by Doris Salcedo. There is something haunting. But there is also something loving: an authentic act of reaching out and connecting to an otherwise inaccessible place. More contemporaneously, her work links up with installation-focused artists like Shirley Tse and large-scale sculptors like Diana al-Hadid through their synchronizations of conceptual, architectural, and surreal influences or elements.

As a younger artist, the historical trajectory of Tafteh’s work is still very much in motion, and still very much in-between influences. Though, that is not to say there is no deep time in Tafteh’s work. Quite the opposite. Reaching all the way back to Ancient Persian and Russian folk art, Tafteh grounds the cultural genesis of his work in the blurring of these lore-like practices of recording history, identity, mythology, and religion through art objects and artistic processes. Beginning here, his work begins as a record. And as the ingredients for a community. A form of feeling memory that recalls a process of mythmaking in the places or moments where bodies come into contact with one another (or with their worlds). At times, he also works precisely with these cultural imprints in their contemporary forms, often incorporating Russian and Persian script, letters, and phrases into his works (however, he rarely inscribes both modes of writing in the same piece...). In either case, whether directly or obliquely confronting these questions of how to reconnect with distant—and split—origins, and whether addressing the past or the present, Tafteh begins with traditional structures in order to ask where they went wrong (or what they had right). He begins where the highest forms of cultural realization, or even passed-over everyday modes of enjoyment or

communication, come to be corrupted and then only serve to maintain the regulatory violence of an aesthetically enforced status quo. Therefore, while Tafteh does not reject his split Russian/Iranian past, his work asks itself to recover any inherited context in such a way that sufficiently gives an account of—or, better yet, entirely *transforms*—the categorized, sexualized, gendered, racialized, institutionalized genealogy. All of this is carried-out between a body and a gaze.

Gesturally (and linearly or strokely) driven and fluidly autobiographical, Tafteh’s work quickly remembers and exceeds the space of painting set-out by figurative-expressionist artists like Tracey Emin and Jonathan Lyndon Chase. Spray-can burnouts and wet lines recall Emin’s bleeding figural scapes; however, Tafteh’s work is more concerned with a figure as a relation, rather than as an individual lifespan or isolated narrative. Queerly masculine but overwhelmingly anonymous, there is a simultaneous questioning and celebration of identity between Tafteh and Chase in their presentations of everyday, intimately revealing, paintings of mark-driven but ultimately figurative scenes or spaces. Slight moments of perversion in Tafteh’s paintings also rub-up against the surreal sexuality of Iranian, Los Angeles-based artist Tala Madani. Though, differently, Tafteh’s work always re-centers its focus on the material body of the painting itself. Unlike more traditionally-engaged figurative painters (at least with regard to the form of the subjectile or surface), Tafteh paints a figure in the same instant as he frames or forms the canvas. Turning-back farther into the past, it is possible to see this tendency as a contemporary, and more extrinsic way of working with the materiality of painting itself that had (intrinsically) begun with painters like the Russian artist Ely Bielutin. Bielutin allowed the gestural lines and painterly marks to evoke the space of figuration, without allowing abstraction to entirely overtake a particular scene—the familiarity of a figure always comes back into view, if only in a brutish and now-unfamiliar fashion. Tafteh’s work extends and evolves this tendency to the surface itself: using familiar materials (shelves, plywood, paper) to evoke bodies in unfamiliar ways in order to transform the corporeality of painting. But without losing sight of a figure. Without losing contact with a body. Without refusing touch for the sake of sight.

Like the splits their autobiographies entertain, the exhibition forms the context of these artists along the interstices of past, present, and future. Along what is inherited, and what is carried-out, *transformed*, at the place of memory through the material, conceptual, and genealogical dimensions of a body. At the place of an other. The place of becoming elsewhere, otherwise. The place where past is already future.

Bios

Daniela Soberman is a first-generation Serbian American self-taught artist living and working in Los Angeles. With her current body of work only recently emerging, Soberman has been the subject of solo exhibitions at both museums and galleries throughout Southern California since 2021, including: Gallery SADE (2022/3), the J. Paul Getty Museum/Long Beach Museum of Art (2022), and the Torrance Art Museum (2022). Her work has also been featured in various two-person and group exhibitions.

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Keywan Taftah is a Russian/Iranian/American artist based in Los Angeles. Having completed his studio arts education at UC San Diego in 2021, his interdisciplinary work has been shown through public commissions, solo shows, and group shows in Southern California. He has also participated in international artist residencies in Berlin and France. His recent solo exhibitions include "Glass Eye (Nazar)" at Adams Hill Park, Funded by the Glendale Arts & Culture Commission (2022), and "Walled Windows" at Community Contemporary in Los Angeles (2022).

*Please contact the gallery directly via email with any questions regarding pricing or acquisition:

gallery@reisigandtaylorcontemporary.com

*You may also access high-resolution images and details of the exhibited works by contacting the gallery directly at the email address provided above.

No Plateaus









Daniela Soberman

Untitled

2022

Sumi Ink on Paper.

12 x 9 inches. [20 x 16 inches framed.]



Daniela Soberman
Madonna + Whore
2022
Ink on Ceramic.
25 x 6 x 6 inches.



Daniela Soberman

Untitled

2022

Sumi Ink on Paper.

12 x 9 inches. [20 x 16 inches framed.]



Daniela Soberman
A Piece Of Me
2021
Ceramic.
23 x 10.5 x 9 inches.



Keywan Tafteh

Covered

2022

Acrylic paint, Spray paint, Charcoal, Oil stick, Collage on Wood Tabletop.

48 x 32 inches.



Keywan Tafteh

DAS GIFT

2022

Acrylic paint, Spray paint, Charcoal, Oil stick, Collage on metal sheet.

48 x 32 inches.





Keywan Tafteh

Exchange

2023

Acrylic paint, Charcoal, Spray paint, Collage on Wood board.

24 x 18 inches.



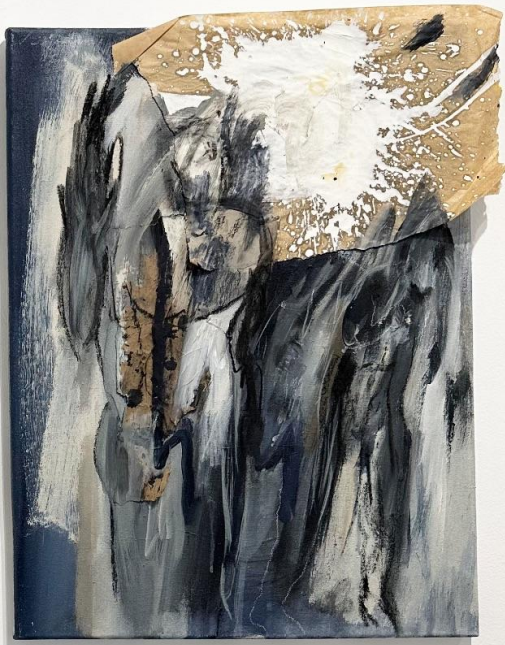
Keywan Tafteh

Running Man

2022

Charcoal, Acrylic paint, Colored pencil, Collage on Canvas.

24 x 18 inches.





Keywan Tafteh

Contortionist

2023

Acrylic paint, Spray paint, Charcoal, Collage on Wood panels.

58 x 45 inches.



Keywan Tafteh

Cavity

2023

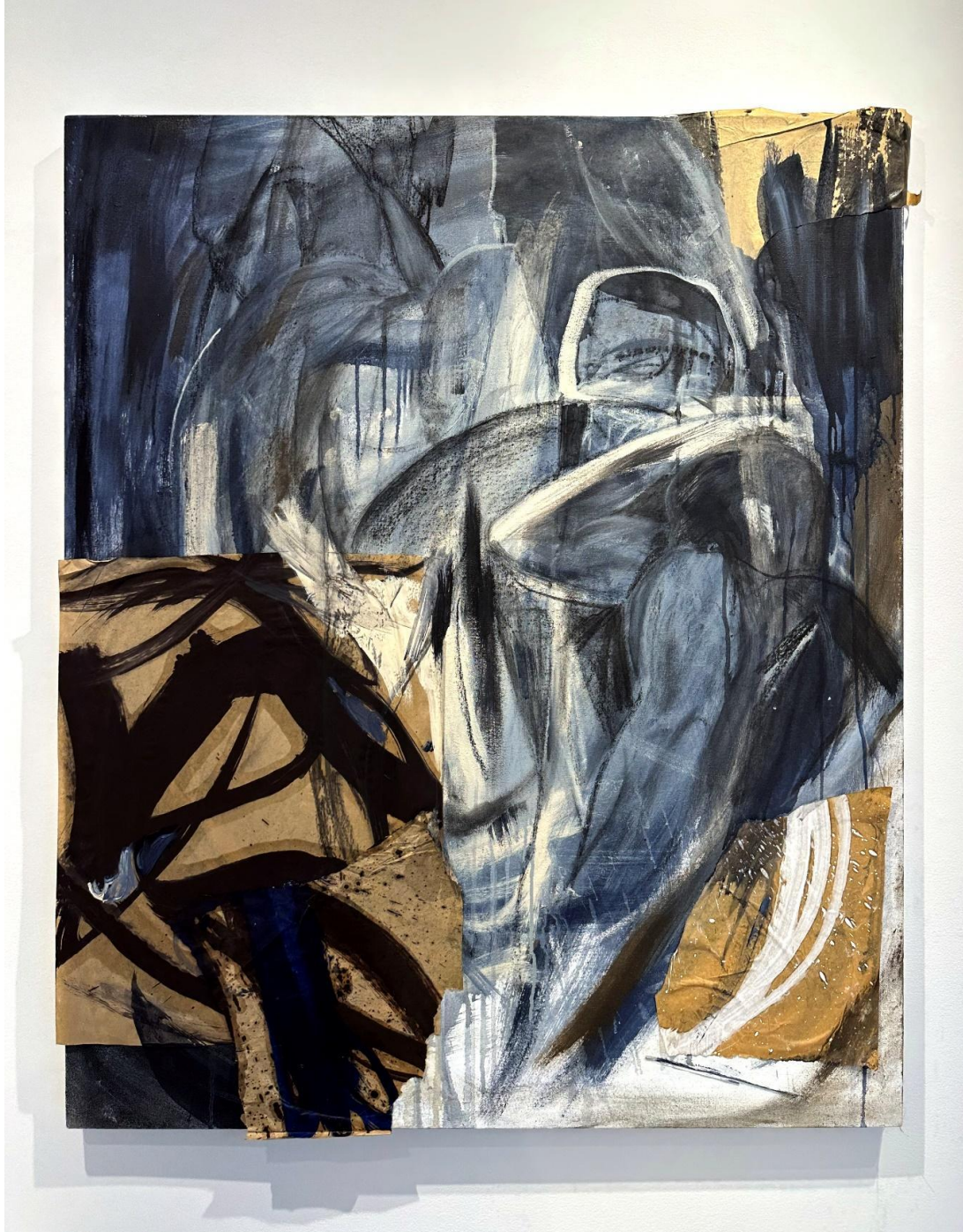
Mixed-Media on Particle Board (Shelf).

18 x 17 inches.



Daniela Soberman
One Giant Creamsicle
2023

Paint, Plaster, Fabric on Polystyrene.
84 x 42 x 16 inches.



Keywan Tafteh

Group Effort

2022

Acrylic paint, Spray paint, Charcoal, Collage, Palm on Canvas.

48 x 40 inches.



Keywan Tafteh

Come As Catharsis

2021

Acrylic paint, Charcoal, Oil stick, Pastel, Collage on Canvas.

48 x 36 inches.





Keywan Tafteh

Knight

2023

Acrylic paint, Spray paint, Colored pencil, Collage on Canvas.

60 x 48 inches.



Daniela Soberman
An Unlikely Embrace
2023
Paint, Plaster, Fabric on Polystyrene.
60 x 22 x 21 inches.



Daniela Soberman
Teeter Totter In The Park
2023
Paint, Plaster, Fabric on Polystyrene.
59 x 28 x 9 inches.



Daniela Soberman
Plays On Perspective
2023
Paint, Plaster on Polystyrene.
96 x 96 x 48 inches.



Daniela Soberman
#5 Tramway
2023
Paint, Plaster, Fabric on Polystyrene.
40 x 27 x 6 inches.



Daniela Soberman
The Smell Of Wet Concrete
2023
Paint, Plaster, Fabric on Polystyrene.
59 x 26 x 6 inches.



Daniela Soberman
Growing Chamomile In The Backyard
2023
Paint, Plaster, Fabric on Polystyrene.
55 x 22 x 8 inches.

