

M.A.D.
GALLERY MILANO



presenta

Jane Gottlieb

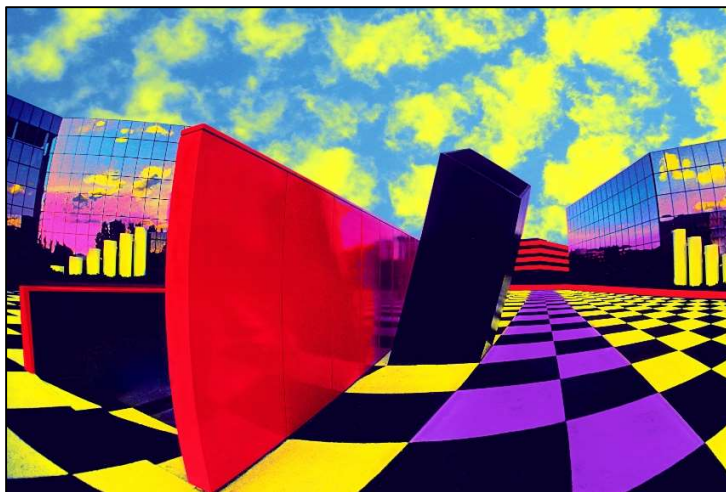
Art Directors: Alessandra Magni & Carlo Greco



South of France



Rusty Old Caddie



Checkerboard Square

Jane Gottlieb

“Colour is luscious to me. It is a Luxury to be able to fill my life with colour.

Color is energy; it evokes emotion and feelings, and it makes you feel good- it really does pick you up and, suddenly you are smiling. “



Eiffel Tower at Dawn

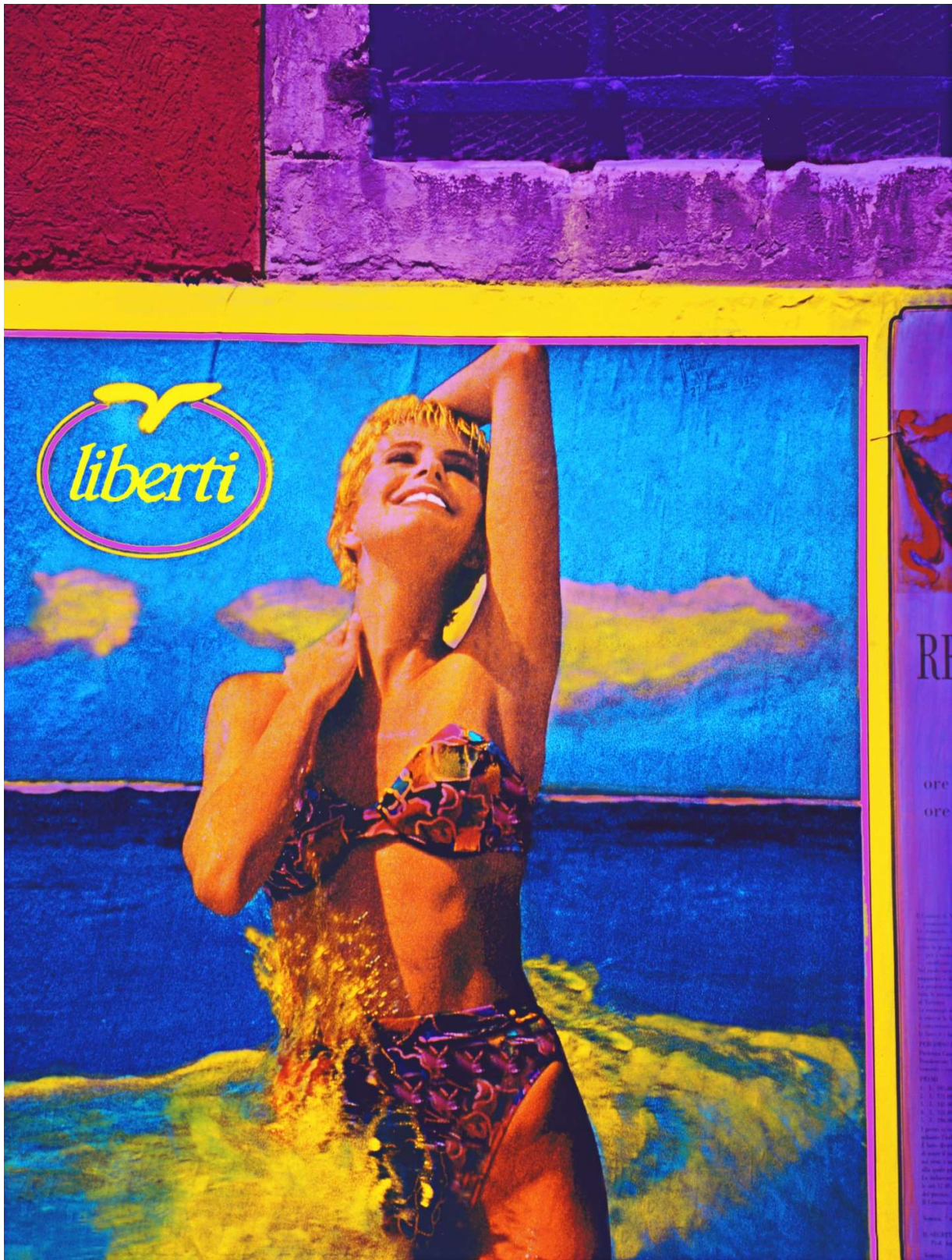


Old World JZ

Give a camera to this artist passionate about the sky, trees, cars, gardens, sculptures, animals, cities and monuments, give her a computer for some hours: the result will be a swirl of bright colours, shapes, details, perspectives, landscapes and an immense and unstoppable love for life. The narrative voice between these works of art is that of the artist Jane Gottlieb that weaves a sweet music in the background of her works, whose power is softened by the harmony of colours. . It is difficult to outline this sparkling woman's personality, she spreads creativity and an uncontrollable power that makes the spectator an accomplice of her fiction. Is it even correct to define the reality of her works as a fiction? Fiction is always partial: for who believes, this one is more real than reality herself, the sceptical will be convicted to an opaque life where colours are dimmed by the daily routine.



Chinatown night



Liberti Rome

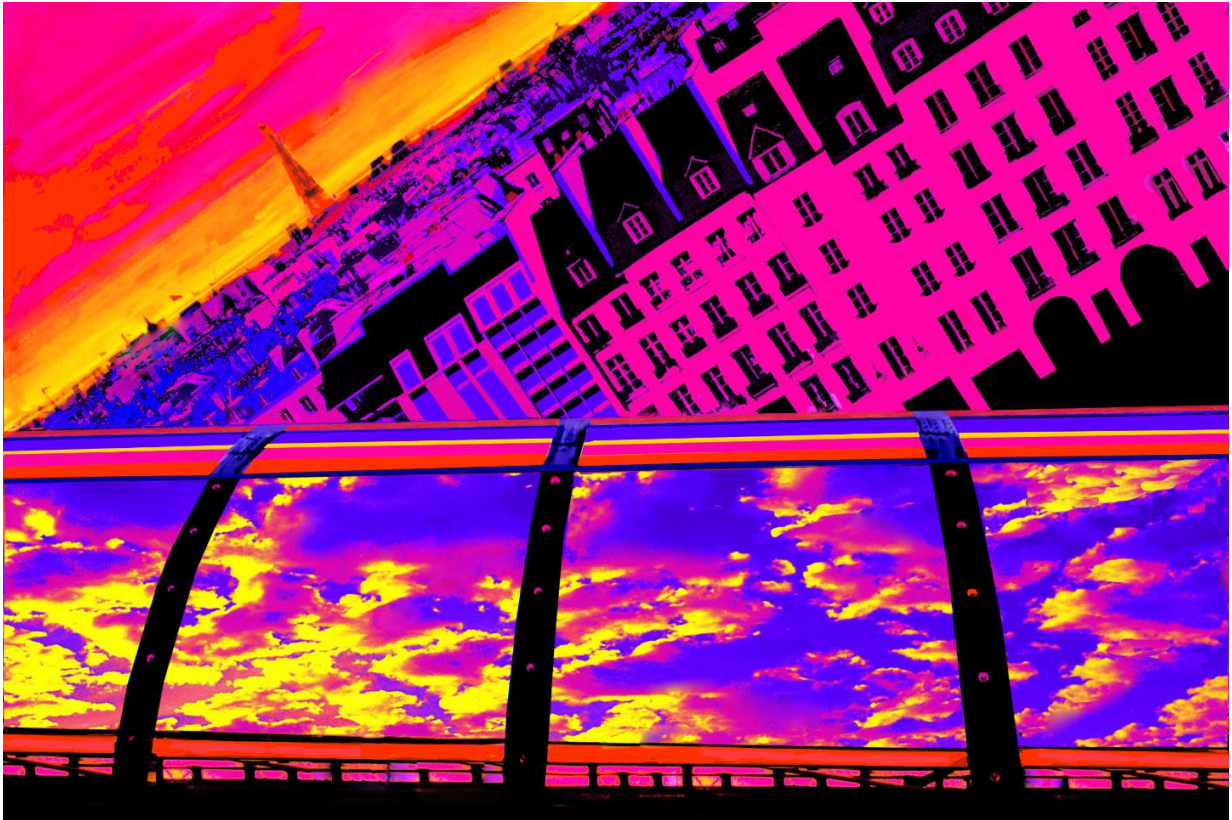


Paris Pyramid at Midnight

Jane is one of those people who are dissatisfied from the world as it is and acts changing it and creating what would be her ideal. Her pictures are partial images taken from reality, faded, and it is thanks to colour that this glimpse of the world comes to life. The thought flies back directly to the American Pop art in the second half of the nineteenth century: to Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein's works, who through the technique of serigraphy and print seem to want to transpose every banal object or common situation in an advertisement poster or in a comic strip. This technique is partially used also by Jane, who introduces common people, situations, places and objects: to come alive can be the human figures that constellate her works from the series *Dreamscape*, as well as the Parisian palaces from the series *France* or the ice cream man from the series *Italie*, or again the still natures present in *Landscapes*



Paris Pyramid Dusk



Pompidou View

Therefore this fiction seems an insuperable contradiction, until the energetic atom, as a fuse, doesn't explode. Then the doors of a superior dimension open, where everything is emphasised, where senses are increased and we can perceive every cell of our body breathing. Breathing the smell of wet grass, of the chlorine from the swimming pool or of the cotton candy made in Luna-parks, of lavender that blossoms in Provence and of the inebriating plants in Monet's garden.



Self Portrait Ghosts NYC 1986

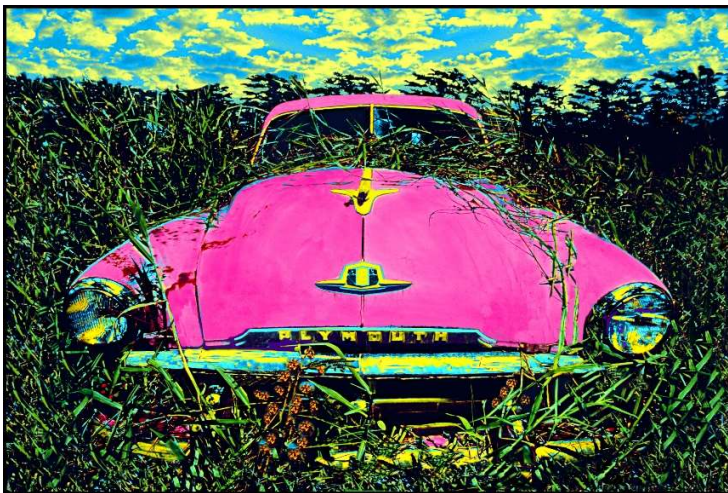


South of Sunset



Prince of the city JZ

The garden of the French artist seems to be Jane's natural habitat, who is also defined a "colorist", because colours are so spectacular that her intervention is minimal. The vitality typical of nature appears to be lost in the images of abandoned and dusty cars. These witness man's presence even though he does not appear, cars become an artificial extension of human body until they substitute their owner. Hence, solitary cars, abandoned and dirty in the bushes or in the desert are nothing but men whose senses have been neglected and lost the capability to communicate with reality. A "Splendour" that is doomed to become a wreck. It is instinctive to associate with cars, rather than the natural one, the urban landscape that is not neglected by the artist in her extremely wide production.



Splendor in the grass

A "Splendour" that is doomed to become a wreck. It is instinctive to associate with cars, rather than the natural one, the urban landscape that is not neglected by the artist in her extremely wide production. Urban monuments blossom in Jane's works as flowers in Monet's garden, and the spectator needs to prepare to another choc: Jane embraces in the bubble of her coloured world previous and contemporary art too, making it hers.



Brancusi Head

In this way classical statues shine in a rainbow of colours, in Washington Abraham Lincoln sits on a fuchsia armchair and in New York the Guggenheim museum is dyed violet. Jane makes the world become more surprising than it already is, the following visions aren't a repetition if seen through her eyes. It comes spontaneously to ask ourselves which one is the reality. There are multiple ones, this is hers.



Monet's tulips

Fiction, is it such if it helps to understand the shape of reality?

Art Curator: Matilde Balatti