



1960
GALLERY

LOGAN T. SIBREL:
SHADE

LOGAN T. SIBREL: *SHADE*

Exhibition Dates:

March 22 - April 26, 2020

1969 Gallery
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Table of Contents

Press Release.....5
“Tender Manipulation” by Logan T. Sibrel.....8-9
“Was it a dream that I loved?” by Ernesto Renda.....28-29

Cover Image:
Logan T. Sibrel, *Shade*, 2020, oil on panel, 30h x 24w in



Logan T. Sibrel
Just Look Like One..., 2020
oil on panel
14h x 11w in

1969 Gallery presents *Shade*, featuring the work of Logan T. Sibrel. The exhibition opens March 22 and runs through April 26, 2020, and is on view by appointment.

Shade features a series of recent paintings and drawings by Sibrel in which multiple perspectives, spaces, and bodies converge and layer upon one another to imply narratives around intimacy, desperation, and power struggle. As viewers we can not be sure where images and text are derived from, or who certain characters are, though snippets of text and the repetition of anonymized figures suggest autobiography and the diary. What we are shown is as important as what is omitted- the use of concealment in the work addresses the unsteady nature of identity and human relations.

Logan T. Sibrel is an artist and musician based in Brooklyn, NY. Sibrel received his BFA at Indiana University in 2009, and his MFA at Parsons School of Design in 2011. He has shown his work internationally, at Galerie Kornfeld (Berlin), MOM Art Space (Hamburg), Leslie Lohman Project Space (New York), and Underdonk (New York). He is the recipient of residencies and awards including Palazzo Monti Artist Residency in Brescia, Italy, and WFAR in Ísafjörður, Iceland.

Logan T Sibrel: *Shade*



Logan T. Sibrel
Curbside / Poolside, 2020
oil on panel
30h x 40w in

“Tender Manipulation” by Logan T. Sibrel

I was born and raised in Southern Indiana.

My upbringing took place very much outdoors—in the woods, at a lake, or playing in the various construction sites of houses as they were built near my own.

That area of the state is very Catholic— so we went to church and I spent a lot of time spacing out and staring at the large stained glass windows there. The people I know from Southern Indiana tend to be stoic, skeptical, and have a very sarcastic sense of humor.

My mom likes to remind me that I used to make drawings for kids on my Magna Doodle at sporting events. She said a crowd would gather as I drew things upside-down so that the drawing was upright for whoever made the request. I only vaguely remember this.

I’ve always been interested in copying. I don’t like making things up entirely. Collecting represents a large portion of my process. Sometimes the making of the work is a way for me to collect things I can’t own. As a kid I would always draw animals, and I had this feeling that, if I could get the representation right, then they were my pet or something. My impulse, now, is similar. It doesn’t matter how close I am to the source (a collected film still, a photo I took, or screen capture of an attractive stranger, etc.), or how much a part of my lived, physical, reality it is. If I let it filter through me and then reconstruct it, it feels like it’s

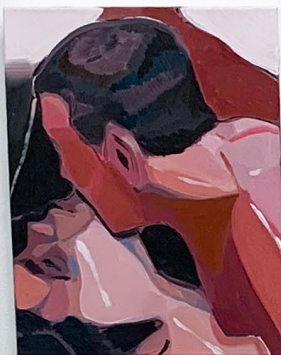
mine. It’s a possessive impulse, but making an image is an attempt to lay urge to rest.

There is an obvious sexuality present in my work, and it is sometimes explicit in nature, but I don’t ever think of the paintings as being sexy, or erotic. I don’t ever want to be speaking on anyone’s behalf, and so I approach the themes people ponder (sadness, beauty, anxiety, fear, aggression, happiness, whatever) only from lived vantage points. The lens is definitely gay, because I am, and the work happens to be sexual because sexuality is an arena where all these themes play out most clearly and in concert. And it’s where I can speak to them most honestly.

I’m interested in intimacy and how intimacy is performed, and the scenes depicted in the work are a way of gauging my own proximity to a subject or an idea. The work is an experiment in seeing if I can wrangle disparate source figures into performing closeness, or to act out my own memories of it.

I see my work as tender manipulation. I want a viewer to be aware that they’re being manipulated. I never want the work to seem like an absolute truth or an absolute lie, because it’s neither and it’s both.

I’m not interested in being totally cruel or totally easy on anyone. I want both.



Left:
 Logan T. Sibrel
Chin Smooch, 2020
 oil on canvas
 14h x 11w in

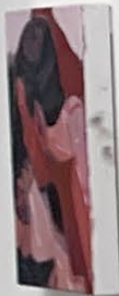
Right:
 Logan T. Sibrel
Gang, 2020
 oil on panel
 30h x 24w in



Logan T. Sibrel
Brandon and Malik, 2020
 oil on panel
 12h x 9w in



Logan T. Sibrel
Pissing into the Night, 2020
 oil on canvas
 12h x 9w in

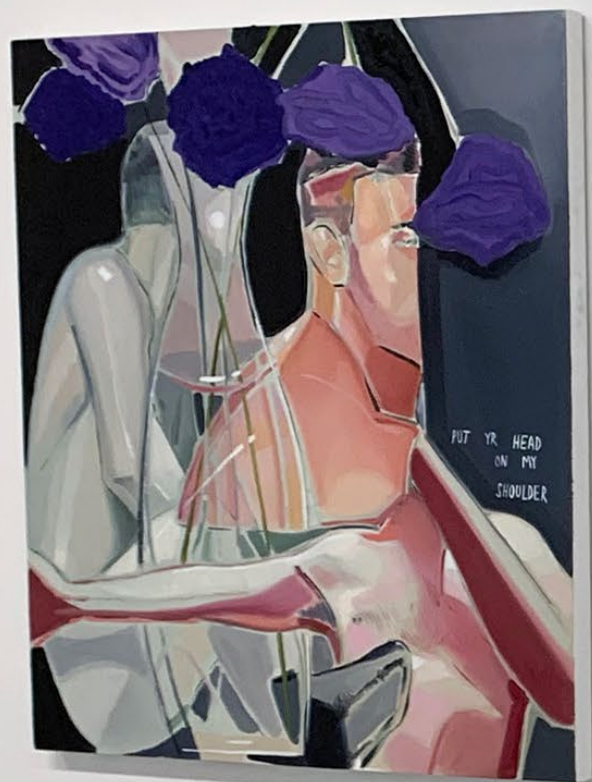




Logan T. Sibrel
Brandon, 2019
oil and pumice on canvas
14h x 11w in

Logan T. Sibrel
On My Shoulder, 2019
oil and pumice on canvas
44h x 40w in





Left:

Logan T. Sibrel

Three at a Fountain, 2020

oil on panel

20h x 20w in

Right:

Logan T. Sibrel

Catfight Jacket, 2019

oil on panel

24h x 20w in





Logan T. Sibrel
Mika in Berlin, 2019
oil and pumice on canvas
32h x 28w in



“Was it a dream that I loved?”

Shade by Logan T. Sibrel at 1969 Gallery

Review by Ernesto Renda | ernestomrenda.com

1969 Gallery presents *Shade*, a solo show of new paintings by Logan T. Sibrel, and I hope to draw some attention and offer some thoughts even if I can't go see it in person. On the other hand, my digital encounter with the works seems appropriate for this artist's recent elaborations on the idea of “working from photos”. Sibrel's paintings have a first read as dream-like, uncomfortable worlds where figures turn into other figures or plants or shadows. Their titles seem to act as tongue-in-cheek keystones that lead us into a meaning-making exercise. As representations, they have that jarring flattened space that is recognizable as that of collage compositions.

In the painter's recent works now on view at 1969 Gallery, the image-rendered-as-object is clearer than in previous works, where collage was more of a means to the end of painting. Here we are literally seduced by the “pin-up”, a small rectangular portrait tacked to the upper right-hand corner of *Shades* (2020) or Sibrel's 2019 painting, *Oh My*, hanging casually in the background of an intimacy scene, *Brandon and Malik*, which is actually the background of a “still-life with beer bottle.” The more perverse agency of collage can also be seen in *Curbside/Poolside* where a poolside lounge from one photo digs his hand into the crotch of a curbside youth in short-shorts from another photo or in *Pissing Into the Night*, where a de-faced figure in one photo is led to drink the urine of another figure who is flipping the camera off.

The nature of the images as collage materials allows Sibrel to throw them together, allows them to touch, kiss, suck, etc. Their relationship as pinned-up images provides an intermediary one where their identities are obscured or abstracted. For me, the paintings materialize an inaccessibility in the love-object even in an era of heightened visibility, and hyperactive image-sharing for gay men. I look forward to seeing the works in person someday soon, but can cherish these images for now.

Logan T Sibrel:
Shade





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