

The Address

VLADISLAV MARKOV
'BLOOD THINNER, LOW-DOSE ASPIRIN, BEST PAINKILLERS FOR KIDS'
15.11.2024 - 26.01.2025

THE ADDRESS
VIA FELICE CAVALLOTTI
BRESCIA, 25121

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The Address is pleased to present the solo exhibition 'blood thinner, low-dose aspirin, best painkillers for kids' by the artist Vladislav Markov, displayed in the gallery spaces in Brescia. For the occasion, the artist will show a series of unpublished works such as paintings, sculptures and sound installations, created over the last year between his New York studio and a month of residency in the gallery.

Vladislav Markov works in immersive installation, sculpture, and painting, rendering objects in an unfamiliar ontological state to challenge the viewer's perception. His procedural gestures result in an altered version of a readymade by shifting its state from digital to physical and back again.

Markov's paintings reference this complex process of dissociation by obscuring quotidian subjects in a process of digitally re-creating them from low-fidelity photography scans, transposing the viewer into a liminal mental space where the distance from perception to recognition becomes impossible to traverse.

Recent solo exhibitions include: Zero advice given..., Artissima, Turin (2023), Sorry to inform you, NADA House, New York, Eight Feet Under, Management, New York (2022), Vladislav Markov (Solo), M23, New York (2020), Extra Medium, Spazio ORR, Brescia. His works have been included in: Summer Hang, BS&J, New York (2023), Invitations to Tremble, Management, New York, Local Objects, International Objects, New York, -itis, Cornell University, Ithaca, organized by M23, New York (2018).

His work has been included in the M WOODS museum collection in China.

Markov is participating at the 15th Gwangju Biennale in South Korea, curated by Nicolas Bourriaud.



Vladislav Markov

‘blood thinner, low-dose aspirin,
best painkillers for kids’

We're all mad here...

...so said the Cheshire Cat. Apply this equation to anything and whatever the decision – left or right / right or wrong / red or blue / truth or dare / win or lose / choice or change / either or – all roads lead to a conundrum. Madness prevails.

One anecdote among many that seeks to explain the appearance of Lewis Carroll's bewildered and outrageously outspoken heroine Alice in the drab grey-ness of late 1960s Soviet reality, where illogic was the rule of law, is that an official responsible for non-Soviet socialist literature stumbled upon a Bulgarian translation of the book. Thinking it was a Bulgarian original, he naturally ordered a Russian translation to be made. Like a vampire who first needs to be invited in, absurdism was catapulted into a world that was already functioning as a masquerade slowly coming apart at the seams. The merger of black and white into a uniform meh. An added layer of distortion mixed into the twilight zone of hyperreality.

For his solo show at the appropriately anonymous sounding The Address, Vladislav Markov ushers in a similar feeling of tumbling down the rabbit hole, or at the very least, engaging in a one-way game of Russian roulette. Into this former bank building, characterised by a rationalist architectural style, the artist inserts a new series of paintings and sculptures. Victims of his trademark object and image manipulation undertaken using 3D scans and printing, these pieces are presented in a set of rooms unfurling to either side of a central gallery entrance, the décor setting the rhythm and acting as a trigger warning of childhood memories past. Except that now, the traditional entrance has been sealed off. A Sisyphian progression of transitional (transactional?) spaces unfurls, reached only through an adjoining door that connects the gallery rooms to the office. The proverbial rabbit hole: to reach the promise of paradise, one first has to go through its mundane bureaucracy. In this game, the loser takes all.

If in his practice, Vladislav Markov habitually employs a variety of tactics to obstruct and decontextualise familiar objects and spaces, to render them just a bit more absurdly real and, dare I say it, prosaic, it is no wonder that The Address has been transformed into an obstacle course par excellence. Grey wall-to-wall carpeting, the type found in offices or nameless hotel rooms around the world, snakes its way through the five-room maze. Office chairs abound, their (not so) discrete objecthood now a prominent topographical feature that obstructs both movement and gaze, at the same time as they are an invitation. A McDonald's playground for the world-weary. While Markov often digs around for images, forms and moods in the dark recesses of his post-Soviet memory palace, a space tinged with occasionally painful personal recollections and associations of an earlier life spent growing up in Magadan, a city in the most far-flung Eastern reaches of Russia, a site that even in the Russian imaginary maintains a special symbolic position, these are distilled into apparently objective and universal bytes.

Taken as a whole, the paintings and sculptures could be siblings that have undergone a tortuous process of transformation, of being kicked around from physical to digital states, again, and again, and again, and... Objects that are tinged with history but that have been processed to the point of no return, reaching that moment when they become deliriously deluded and diluted. In the same way that a Sour Patch Strawberry resembles the real deal, Markov's take on the readymade turns found objects into a wobbly shadow of their former selves. "One and two and three and four and five and six and seven and eight..." Similarly, the beat accompanying our attempt at a promenade is pronounced by a voice, mangled and stretched but persistent nonetheless, its enunciation the aural equivalent of Markov's acrylic and pigment paintings. All but one of them are variations on what could be considered self-portraits, the "self" cocooned beneath protective layers of indeterminate black clothing and post-surgical face masks, masculinity served up wrapped in bandages, a dilated balloon ready to burst at any given moment.

The counting reaches a crescendo, all the more so for the anti-climax, when it finally arrives, to hit hard. An iron barred door removes any hope of penetrating the last and final room, a searing white backlight accentuating the curves and angles of a single black shape. Redolent of some kind of auto part, the outline sharpens with time, and with it the pain of the phantom limb, all too real.

Hey Siri, what are best painkillers for kids?
Blood thinner, low-dose aspirin.

Text by Anya Harrison





'Alex Katz still owes me money. \$262.5'

2024
Pigment, acrylic on canvas
220 x 183 cm







The Address



'Thank me I didnt do it earlier and
yes you can message'

2024
Pigment, acrylic on canvas
183 x 350 cm







The Address



“-Hey Siri, can you touch the back of CDs?
-Don’t touch the back of CDs with anything.
-Hey Siri, play “The Narcissist II” by Dean Blunt
-Now playing “The Narcissist II” by Dean Blunt.”

2024

Pigment, acrylic on canvas

183 x 120 cm





The Address



'I eat breakfast in the morning'

2024

Steaticam, plastic, fabric

Variable dimensions

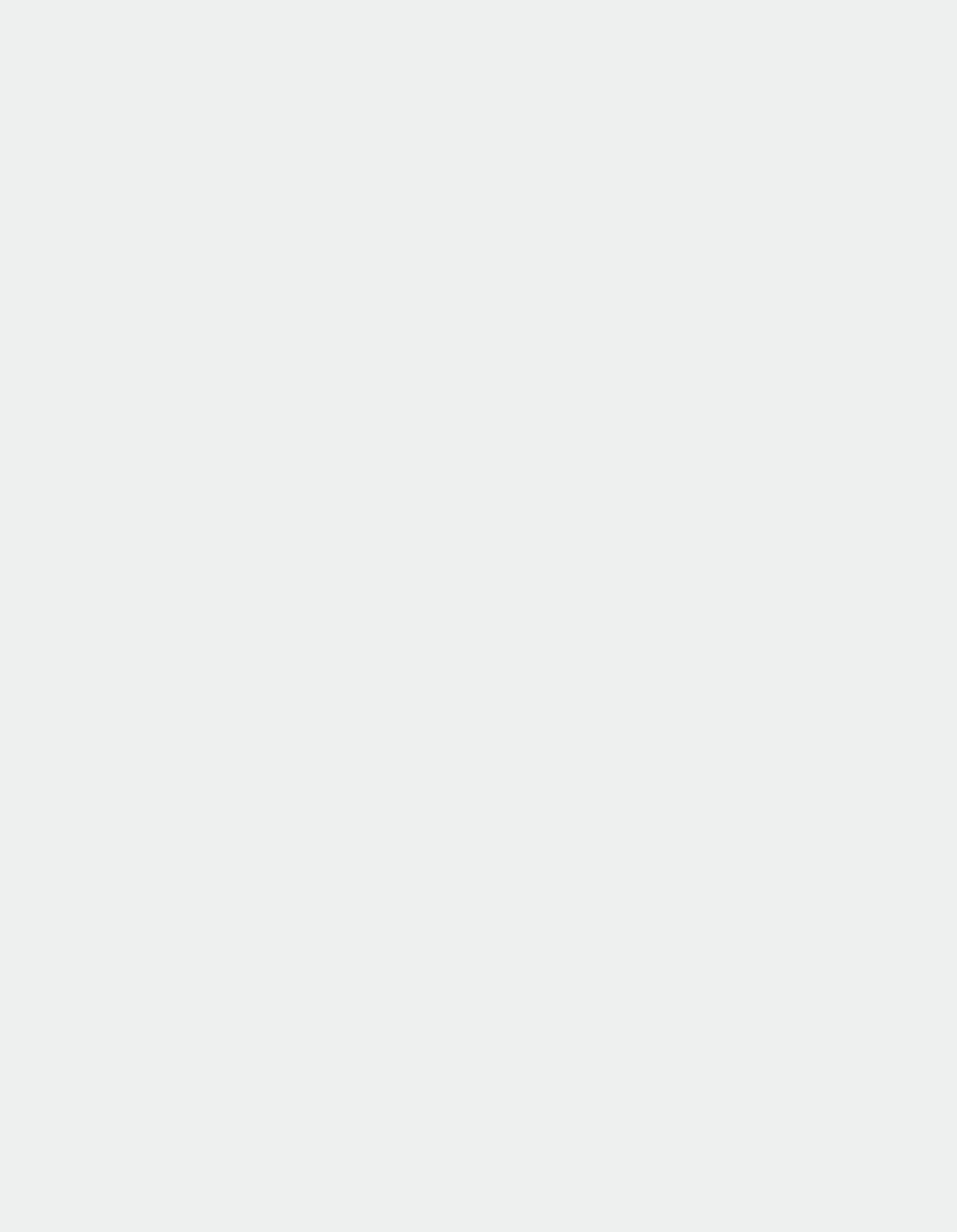


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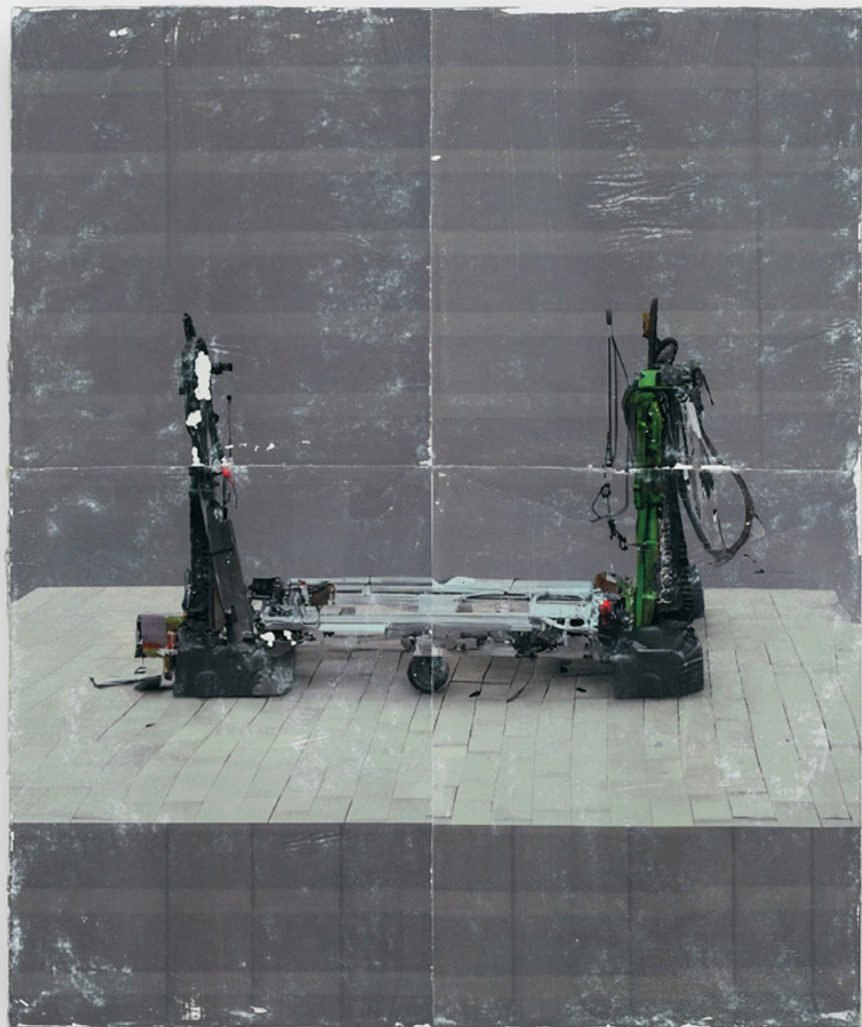
'Remember that you may forward this email to all guests included in this reservation allowing them to also complete their details and save time. We hope you have a great trip and we look forward to welcoming you'

2024

Motorcycle, plastic, speaker, light panel,
Aperol Campari Spritz
Variable dimensions





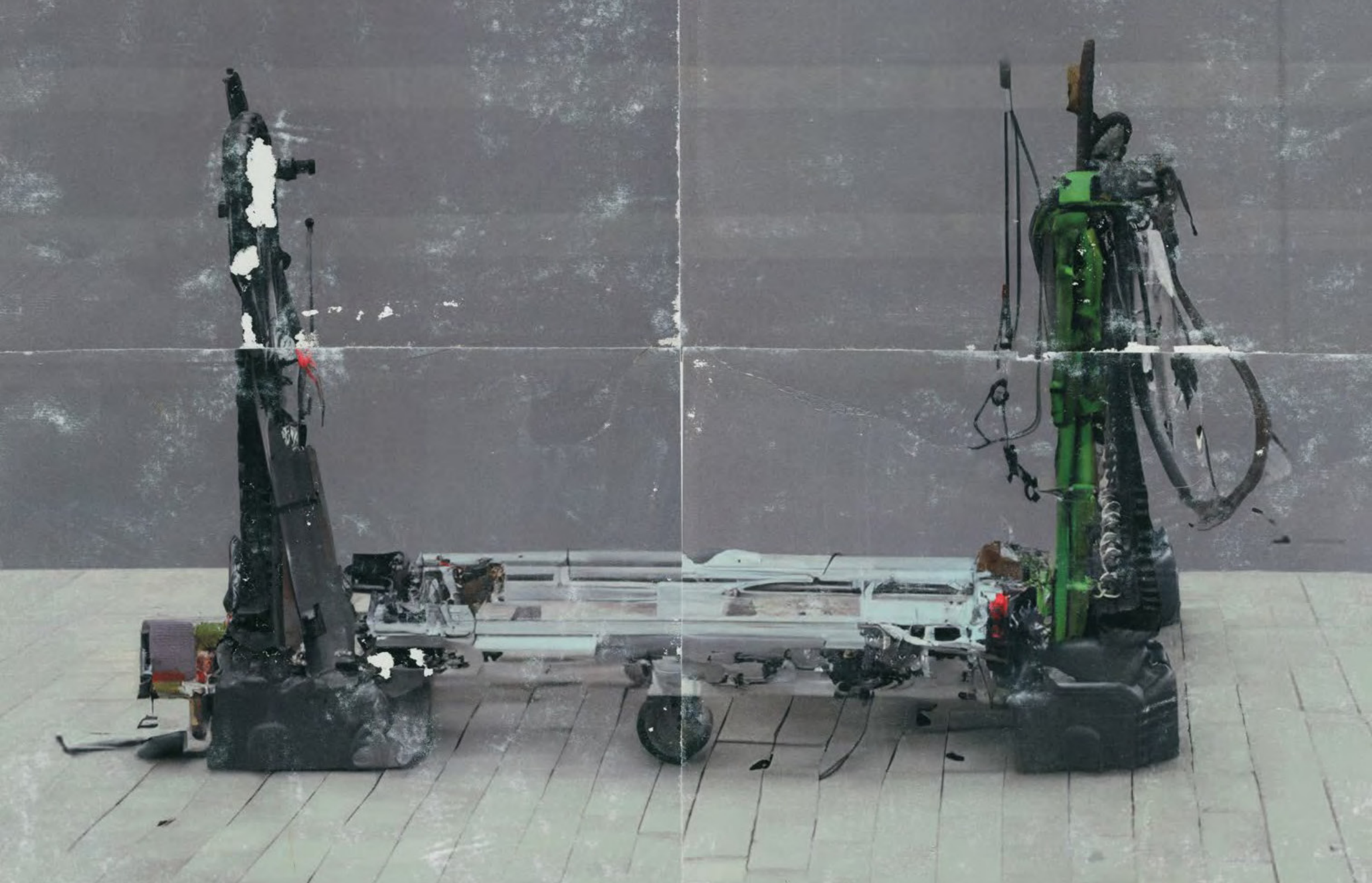


'Player vs Player'

2024

Pigment and acrylic on vinyl

61 x 51 cm





'Demmo'

2024

Pigment, acrylic on vinyl

61 x 51 cm



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