

FANI ZGURO
CUT-UP

EPISODE 1

ACCADEMIA ALBERTINA TURIN
Tuesday 4 December 2018 h 16.30 Studio Ugo La Pietra Milan
Lecture by Gaetano Centrone
February 10, 2022. 11.00 - 13.00

I first ran into Ugo La Pietra's name in 2014 or 2015 (unforgivably late), on Milan Triennial posters around the city. I'd often roam the exhibitions of the Milan Triennial, hosted in one of my favorite spaces, not only for its architecture, but also for the site it was located in, the most beautiful city park. I discovered Ugo La Pietra there, on an ideal sunny Sunday for my visit. I walked in, only to face one of the most beautiful surprises ever. Ugo La Pietra wasn't the vintage architect or designer I was expecting. He was a well-hidden giant.

This was an unusual experience. After my visit to that exhibition, I'd often reflect on his work, which was a slap in the face to the 20th century. Finally, I made up my mind to pay a visit to his Milan studio. Polite, ready for any kind of argument, La Pietra was as intriguing as his works. There, we talked at length about the many issues an 80-year-old man like him has had to carefully wade through. La Pietra was willing to talk, and also recounted with pleasure his experiences as editor of "IN" magazine during the 1970s. This detail of our conversation led to the interview, for which I would return in a few days. I ended up shooting an interview, in which La Pietra would recount, yet again, the events of those years. But what were those events?

"IN" magazine, curated by Ugo La Pietra during the 1970s, was the platform in which he collected all the alternative cultural experience with a political and social target: from radical architects to artist, from sociologists and semiologists to critics. Each number investigated a different kind of research area. As we talked about this experience, he dwelled on how politically ripe the 1970s were to counterculture, but how all those artists, architects, critics, activists, were nowhere to be seen once the '1970s party' was over.

That afternoon, every single thought I had previously constructed in my mind, was erased from my memory, and from that moment my only goal was to shoot another interview in a second meeting, in which La Pietra would talk to me about this phenomenon.

It took me a while, but I went back to his studio and shot the second interview. Again, he spoke at length, but to my astonishment he totally avoided the story of his "IN" magazine collaborators during the 1970s, said nothing about his colleagues who evaporated into thin air, or the end of that crazy party and the return to a recycled reality.

Most probably, in his mind he must have addressed me as follows: "Here you have one of them, alive and right in front of you, talking about the present, the future, predictions and doubts, but please, understand, I can't put my signature on the truth you are searching for..."

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ACCADEMIA DI BRERA MILAN
The Guardians
Lecture by Bruno Muzzolini
February 10, 2022. 12.00 - 13.00

For the reader's pleasure, let's consider these works as 'guardians' (as the 'poor' parent plays an overarching role in this project, being the guardian of their offspring = the pupil of the eye).

The first guardian, "In a Blind of an Eye" (2008), is a video of just the blind eye of a dog, a German shepherd; the eye blinks in tune with the noises the dog hears. But what is of interest in this video, is not how the eyelid performs, but the story of this dog and its master. In short, this is story of a dog suffering the effects of its 'helicopter parent', who sanctimoniously made sure the ill-fated dog was not put to sleep (regardless of its old age), by bombarding it with all kinds of drugs, and we all know science does wonders.

The second guardian, "Let Me See Your Eyes" (2009), relates to an unfamiliar phenomenon to me. Many of my friends who were still living with their parents had a distinctive 'problem'. Due to their substance abuse, their parents had been forced into a controlling relationship with them. Their parents had acquired experience. They knew how to determine whether their offspring were on drugs or not. They'd simply apply a routine check of the retina of the eye. If the retina was too restricted, then their offspring would have used cocaine. If it was overblown, heroine was the reason... In the video "Let Me See Your Eyes" I have imitated to a T this parental check up, while the adult child is lying on the sofa, watching TV - Let Me See Your Eyes!

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CLOSING SOON ATHENS
From the Series Untitled
Texts by Dora García, Clara Meister
February 10 - February 17, 2022

- *What is a ghost?*” Stephen said with tingling energy. One who has faded into impalpability through death, through absence, through change of manners. (*Ulysses*, James Joyce)

In those far away years before Photoshop, that nevertheless are almost two hundred years of photography (around the year 1800, Thomas Wedgwood made the first known attempt to capture the image in a camera obscura by means of a light-sensitive substance), photography was a sign of existence. To eliminate someone from existence, to make that person non-existent, was almost an exercise of sorcery. Famous were the photographs where Nikolai Yezhov, Joseph Stalin’s head of secret police, entered the limbo of never having been there, once not being any more here, really, after his execution in 1940. Trotsky was as well a member of the incredibly disappearing men’s club even prior to his disappearance from the world of the living, as was Lev Kamenev and many others. Even if the photographic print removal was quite virtuously achieved, one cannot say the absence is not felt- there is a grey zone left, where the grain of the picture, very conspicuous, makes one think of death. This must be what death looks like, being removed from the picture, the living quickly regrouping to make the absence less obvious.

Yet everything leaves a trace, nothing can be repaired to be as it was before. My psychoanalyst says that.

My life without me (2003) is the title of a film by Isabel Coixet and even if I must confess I never saw a film by this director, I was always enamored of this title. The story is the following -as I read in the imdb page of the film: “Ann, 23 years old, lives a modest life with her two kids and her husband in a trailer in her mother’s garden. Her life takes a dramatic turn, when her doctor tells her that she has uterine cancer and only two months to live. She compiles a list of things to do before she dies.”

Ann begins to design the empty space that she will leave behind after her removal, visualizing a picture of her life without her. In another association, the film’s plot reminds me as well of one of my favorite short stories (and according to Borges the best short story ever), an archetype of image obliteration: *Wakefield*, by Hawthorne.

“The man, under pretense of going a journey, took lodgings in the next street to his own house, and there, unheard of by his wife or friends, and without the shadow of a reason for such self-banishment, dwelt upwards of twenty years. During that period, he beheld his home every day, and frequently the forlorn Mrs. Wakefield.”

Wakefield has some special characteristics that sets him apart from Ann and the disappearing Bolsheviks; he leaves his life willingly, he takes that decision, as he takes the decision of entering it again. 20 years has he been absent from his life, or not quite, since during those years he was always the most passionate observer of his life without him.

What is interesting in the Wakefield case is: Where has he been during those 20 years?

“Amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world, individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system, and systems to one another and to a whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever. Like Wakefield, he may become, as it were, the Outcast of the Universe.”

Marginality, irrelevance, triviality, peripheral placement, unimportance. This is where we go by absence. “No one will speak about us when we are dead” is another film title, this time a 1995 film by Agustín Díaz-Yanes. One could dream that one’s absence will be as strongly felt as one’s presence. But sadly this is not true- the living, or those present here and now, will quickly group together again so that the empty space is swiftly filled in.

In the photographs of the work "From the Series Untitled", Mixed media on printed paper, Variable dimensions, 2016, by Fani Zguro, we see nine images where the faces of one, two, three, four subjects, have been not really deleted, but scratched, cut out, severed, grazed, rubbed off. The photographic image has not been manipulated, it is the photographic surface that has been mutilated. There is something very brutal about it, as if the urgency of changing the existing course of events eliminated all politesse. It is a real decapitation: these are beheaded bodies, not disappeared bodies. The fact that the elimination of the face does not leave behind a smooth photographic surface (which translates as a modified event, that person was never there) but on the contrary what is left is the dramatically dismembered surface: a hole. That person was there and I chopped off her head, and by doing this I revealed the inner mechanisms of photographic representation, a photograph is just a thick paper with a light sensitive surface, nothing more than that, not your family, not your friends, but just paper with photographic emulsion, a light-sensitive colloid consisting of silver halide crystals dispersed in gelatin.

"From the Series Untitled" is the equivalent of a passional crime in photography. A crime.

The disappearance of political rivals and dissidents - to incarcerate them is not enough, to kill them is not enough, it has to be as if they never existed- has immediate associations with dictatorships and totalitarianism. But also with failed love affairs, broken marriages, betrayed friendships, disinheritances. Life as a torn photograph, identity removed by scratching faces: memory has been lost, and the loss is irreversible. Wakefield cannot go home again.

DORA GARCIA

A group of people, standing. Side by side in the good old days. Dressed up for a special occasion. They look into the camera, smile and pose for the photographer who is capturing this presumably important moment for eternity. Their faces are all turned towards the lens, presenting themselves; even the ones who stand in the second row move their heads into position so they can be seen.

Yet there is a harsh interruption in this seemingly happy image: a man dressed in dark colors holding a stick and another man in a bright suit with his hands behind his back are withdrawn from view. Someone has carefully ripped out a strip of the photograph from the top, at the level of their heads. Their faces are gone. All that remains is their posture between the smiling faces of the others, and the question about why those two have been omitted.

Again a group of people. This time on stage, surrounding a speaker in front of a microphone, focusing the viewer's attention at the center of the image. In the foreground we see the backs of the heads of the crowd, who lean into the image to see what is happening on stage – onlookers like us. Yet they saw something back then that we cannot see today, since we have only the image as a document of that very moment. They saw the faces and expressions of the people on the stage.

In the photo the three central faces have been scratched away. Their expressions and identity have been erased.

An unusually high vertical photo-strip shows a man and a women of different ages, dressed formally in suits. Their friendly faces look towards the camera, posing with their staged posture and expression for a photo that was meant to capture an important moment in their lives. Yet again we encounter a void. The left side of the image is irregularly cut to remove another person who was standing next to the young man with his necktie. Again the question remains – who is missing, and why was that person torn out of the picture?

Over the last few years Fani Zguro has collected black and white images from the 1950s to the 1990s from Albania, images in which we see people posing for a photograph. A single person, a couple, a group, standing or sitting, or watching an event. The artist does not contextualize the images. We are offered no information about where, when or why these images were made, or about who the people are. What these images have in common is the void of a missing person who used to be in the picture. A ripped, cut, clipped, retouched,

scratched scar on the image.

The series started with two pictures Zguro found of his father, in which other faces had been erased. Zguro started to collect images with similar traces of disappearance, of any origin. These charged ready-mades leave a bitter aftertaste, that of a moment that was once meant to last forever that has turned sour. People who loved, who celebrated, who were proud and cheerful, suddenly felt that one or more persons should no longer have a place in the image. Instead of destroying the whole picture, they destroyed a presence. The shouting void depicts an act of negation, indicating that one or more persons should no longer be part of that shared memory. Yet this negative act creates something new. It raises question about the history of the image, the story of the missing person, the story of the personal relationships. And of course of the destructive act itself.

Images of private events and intimate situations usually capture happy moments. Rarely do they record a troubling event. So what should be done with anger, if a former joyful occasion has gone bad, probably due to the actions of one person? Can we just cut out that person's face, and with it the memory of his/her existence during that event? What should be done with the feeling of revenge, censorship and destruction?

The face represents of a person's identity. Over the years a posture, a suit, a surrounding does not tell much about a person's character. Even a motionless portrait reveals something about the person. Eyebrows, eyes, nose, cheeks, mouth and chin form a puzzle, assembling an image of a person that is the first thing we remember about them. Before any gesture, smell, the sound of laughter, the way a persons moves. It culminates in the format of the passport picture. Facing the camera, still and without any sign of emotion, almost every person on the world has been photographed at least once, making this imaginary placeholder. By the act of annihilating only the face the identity gets questioned.

With the background of Albania's censoring dictatorship, which lasted from the mid 1940s to the 1990s, another aspect comes to play: what if a certain presence puts you at risk? Do you want to destroy the person, or instead to make this person unrecognizable, so that you – at least - can conserve the memory of a certain moment? This turns the act towards a kind of positive censorship, if such a thing is possible: the photo still exists, the void as a presence reminds the viewer, every time, of the presence/absence of the missing person. Actually the person is not missing, but only his face. The story of the image is locked away in the memories of the people who were there. In that very moment.

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ERRATUM MILAN
Portraits
Blind Sound (2022) Sound-Installation by Sergio Armaroli *
February 10 - March 1, 2022

"Portraits" holds a double reference. On the one hand, the film editing's philosophy: 'kill your darlings'. On the other hand, the result resemble his own "From the series Untitled", which consists of a family photos with several faces willingly erased, in order to turn the people on the picture non-existent.

* The installation "Blind Sound | Suono Cieco": a very strong, sudden sound of a few seconds (from two to five) within a great silence like a cut: of Erratum's space.

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NATIONAL HISTORICAL MUSEUM TIRANA

A.C.A.S.

Text by Nico Dockx & Mark Luyten

February 10, 2022. 16.00-17.00

Film 37 *

00. Part of a wall, part of a door, a doorknob, a gold-like metal plate attached to the wall with the following info: Zaal De Boeck,... estaannemer - Traiteur Mechelsesteenweg 83 Telefoon 232 16 06 Jacob Jacobsstraat 39-41 Telefoon 226 02...

1. Close-up of a shop window, lots of different reflections.

2. Again inside, again underexposed, again I cannot identify this image, I think it is a sort of work desk but, again, I am not sure? - maybe it is not really important to know?

3. Inside view, underexposed image, almost identical to the previous image, a slightly different perspective.

4.

5. Inside view, underexposed image, another framed photograph, this time it sits on a chair, some bright light enters the room through a window with white curtains.

6. Inside, underexposed image, another framed photograph hung on a wall - it is probably the same interior situation.

7. Inside, underexposed image, I guess it shows 2 framed photographs hung on a wall.

8. A street, a sidewalk, houses and parked cars on both sides, a bicycle leaning against a wall, somebody is looking back.

9. One street becomes two - which direction are we deciding to go?- in the middle of this photograph there is a green glass container.

10. A darkened passage under a concrete bridge under construction, in the foreground: on both sides metal fences and building materials creating a sort of strange corridor, in the back some bright light entering this tunnel - still a long way to go.

11. Underexposed picture, I cannot identify this image, perhaps an odd architecture?

12. More construction sites, lots of building materials, a woman passing the street - is this the same street again?- she just passed under a bridge.

13. The same street seen from the opposite direction, again some construction site, high metal fences with red-white reflecting signs.

14. In a street, construction site, a yellow crane, lots of white clouds floating in a pure blue sky.

15. Turning around on the corner, a blurred image due to this movement.

16. Close-up of a crosswalk, it has been raining.

17. A street with old, beautiful houses, some parked cars, walking on the sidewalk - on our way to a meeting.

18. 2 streets meet each other, houses and parked cars on all sides of this picture, a person in black clothes with bicycle is passing the crosswalk - I guess he is an orthodox Jew, on the corner of the opposite street there is a shop selling fruits and vegetables, the pavement of the street is still wet - it has been raining not so long ago.

19. Overexposed image, up to your imagination.

20. A familiar street, houses and parked cars on both sides of the street, some little gardens, the sky is white, it feels like cold weather - I think it is going to snow later on today.

21. Walking in a street, again late at night, again a flash in the darkness - perhaps it is the same photographer, the same night?

22. At a bus stop, late at night, it is quite dark, reflections of our instant photo camera flash in the glass of this bus stop window, lighting up a parked car, the back of a traffic sign with a tag, in the back some houses and light posts.

23. The inside view of a tram, bad light - it seems like there are not that many people around, but I am not sure; it is too difficult to see.

24. In a street, lots of traffic: cars and people; in the foreground: some road construction, a road worker with orange jacket passing a crosswalk, another person waits - what's happening?

25. At an intersection, in the background: some cars passing by, some people with shopping bags; in the foreground: some trees, a person standing on the corner of the street, a young mother and child passing by, in the middle of this picture a blue-and-white 'Parking' sign.

26. In a street, parked cars on both sides, walking on a sidewalk, a bicycle leaning against the window of a shop called 'Idé', it seems like they are having 'solden'.

* Excerpt from the artists' book day by day by day - Taking Pictures, Sharing Cameras. January 2001 - May 2003. Descriptions of films 1-38.

NICO DOCKX & MARK LUYTEN

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NATIONAL LIBRARY OF ALBANIA TIRANA

Writing Jobs

Text by Sonja Lau

February 10 - March 10, 2022

The nomadic series "Writing Jobs" took off in 2001 and has since traversed quite a number of stations. There have been sightings of it amongst the "Agency of Unrealised Projects" by E-Flux, at Art Thessaloniki, or at the 13th Cairo Biennial, next to many other, less noticeable places. "Writing is Work! Everyday Work! Salaried Work!" goes the announcement for its most recent presentation at Zeta Gallery in Tirana, that opened its doors on June 4th, 2019. It's 40° Celsius at the time of writing, some 2.000 kilometer further North, and writing is a hard job.

There is a claim in the artist's catalogue that "Writing Jobs" is seeking its closure this year, but there are reasons to dissent this as well. Writing is everyday work. It is endless work. How could, why would it ever end? And where would the art – and the money – come from? We are, once again, in the middle of a conundrum that in so many ways seems to forge Zguro's body of work as a whole. Different projects merge into different formats, take up different titles and (self)organize their respective endurances.

As so intrinsic to Zguro's work, "Writing Jobs" specific nomadism is not only a question of being applied in different surroundings, countries, or continents, or as well, of temporarily squatting, with a twinkle of one's eye, allied works such as "Here" or "Mr Dosti". It is also nomadic in terms of endlessly inverting the readings and assumptions that are made about it. "Writing is work! Salaried Work!" doesn't carry a promise. It rather comes as a sort of daisy-picking between true and untrue allegations. As anyone who has been "working jobs" in the literal sense of the word, knows that "Salaried Work!" is most likely an indication for the most precarious salary, or no monetary salary at all. Beware the exclamation mark! It calls on you when you are chanceless, and if the story continues that way, it may become a dubious kind of companion.

In this world full of interpellations, as Althusser once called this curious moment of "being addressed", Zguro inserts "Writing Jobs" into the public sphere, on walls, banners, or even plastic bags, like a missing thread to such contradictory existence. The writings draw on literary sources, use the local language, and in regard to their dimensions suggest a lot of work to put them up in the first place. They come and go, limited in time as if paid by hour, using a pattern similar to a commercial campaign. There are many things to reason about if it comes to their specific impact as installations, but they also suggest an extraordinary performance: an unexpected reality touch-down. In art, it's made clear again, there is no work, except one invents it. This also means that the work of an artist is always more work than art. And that's in fact something vitally reassuring.

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TOWNSEND ONLINE TOWNSEND NY
Broken Threads
Text by Anri Sala
February 10 - March 10, 2022

Fani Zguro's "Broken Threads" (2007) juxtaposes black and white shots from an albanian spy movie with the dark tune of a murder ballad by Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds.

In the film – "Fijet që Priten" (1973), which also translates as broken threads – foreign agents and their local infiltrators conspire to destabilize the new albanian society and undermine its achievements on the socialist path.

Assembling all the scenes in the film depicting the foreign agents, Zguro produces a collage of hip looks and western airs, fur coats and dark shades, incarnating what was then publicly demonized, but privately longed for. Wedded to the dark voice of Nick Cave, the sequel evokes a recollection of hushed penchants and covert desires. Naturally, Cave's demeanor bolsters the villains' badass aura.

In their song "The Curse of Millhaven" (1996), Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds portray the gloomy atmosphere of a fictitious american small town, as told by Loretta, a homicidal 15-year-old girl. The song is a distant upshot of roots revival, a trend that grew global in the '60s and '70s as it instilled a particular political expression and urgency in rock songs by incorporating folk elements or gory stories into their structures. Yet, the demonic ambiance in "The Curse of Millhaven" incites more withdrawal than rebellion. And its narrative amusingly befits the communist propaganda about decrepit life and disaffection on the dark side of the capitalist moon.

In a loose adaptation of Dostoyevsky's Demons, Jean-Luc Godard touches on what could be seen as a reversed context. In his film "La Chinoise" (1967), five disgruntled Parisian youngsters, distressed by the escalation of American imperialism and society's surrender to consumerism, convene in a bourgeois apartment to bring about change by revolutionary means.

I see similarities between the revolutionary five and the imperialist spies, not only between their poseur airs and hip style (or their fetish for sunglasses), but also their zealous predilection to disrupt and overthrow. Despite their antagonist aspirations, there is an affinity between the glum setting of "Fije qe Priten" and 'it's small and it's mean it's cold' Millhaven. Regardless of their apparent differences, the fiery Véronique (played by Anne Wiazemsky in La Chinoise), reciting from the Little Red Book, echoes the hurting Loretta enumerating her murders through Cave's beguiling timbre. They both exude a mood of To be on your own / With no direction home. United in their versatility, the aforementioned juxtapositions expose en passant the revolving nature of the end of ideological eras, as well as the fallacies of their zeitgeists.

Because the world is round it turns me on
Because the world is round*...

... it takes blindfolded precision to slip through history's cycles, without asking yourself Because.

* The Beatles, Because (1969)

ANRI SALA

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GALLERY ON THE MOVE / TEGELER WEG BERLIN

Here

February 10, 2022

Graffiti is a practice that has spread all over the world. It is an urban action that is often seen as a crime of vandalism, regardless of the originality of its maker. But if we must speak of vandalism, graffiti is perfectly comparable to the phenomenon of advertising posters. Both attempt to communicate through public spaces. Both are there for the sole aim of influencing a consumer (to paraphrase Pier Paolo Pasolini, our contemporary society does not set out to raise good kids, but good consumers). It is simultaneously interesting and grotesque to realize that in both cases we are looking at acts of vandalism. But in the case of graffiti those acts are punishable by law, while advertising posters are instead encouraged by various means and regulations. My proposed project "Here" is a 'marriage' of these actions. In my view, the ideal space on which to put graffiti is an advertising poster. The clandestine graffiti artist becomes happy and legal thanks to this courteously supplied and available space.

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TIRANA ART CENTER
Culture Dominante
February 10 - March 10, 2022

"Culture Dominante" * is a short sound piece which consists in a monologue, which dreams of becoming part of the digital archive of the theater, in the category of one-act comedies. According to Aristophanes, the sole protagonist of the piece in this case is supposed to be in old age, attached spiritually and physically to the earth, intelligent and inciting.

Aristophanes continues to believe that between the 'hero' of "Culture Dominante" and his epoche of sophists there exists a bond based on hermetic comedy, which means that a country- man married to an aristocratic city lady are similar to frogs. The hero's voice in "Culture Dominante" is fast, doesn't respect punctuation marks, forgets to breathe and pretends that his French is more patriotic than that of Charles André Joseph Marie de Gaulle.

* "Culture Dominante" was part of the sound project "Taxi" (originates from Anri Sala's "No Formula One No Cry" and curated for the first time by Florian Agalliu at Manifesta 2002 Frankfurt) in collaboration with Sergio Armadori, Luca Bolognesi, Eglė Budvytytė & Bart Groenendaal Erik Bünger, Maya Dikstein, Nico Dockx, Jakup Ferri, Manuela Garcia, Khaled Hafez, Christopher Milne, Haroon Mirza, Bruno Muzzolini, Ferhat Özgür, Steve Piccolo, Damien Roach, Anri Sala, Manuel Scano Larrazàbal, Bert Theis, Josephine Turalba, Daniëlle van Ark and Shingo Yoshida.

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PHROOM ONLINE MILAN
Writing Jobs
February 10 - March 10, 2022

“Writing Jobs” is the classic winter panorama of the city; everything in black and white; a colorless sky; sunlight is replaced by the permanent gray of the suspended giant curtain that sometimes looks white and sometimes like a gray net hanging there for months in a row. It is the ideal period to write, but when I can’t, I turn to archives for assistance. I detach phrases from my volume with stories entitled “Mr. Dosti” (2010), I snap photos of urban fragments from the streets of the surrounding neighborhood (they all look the same to me). It seems like I always walk down the same street. Only the phrases I enter as subtitles make me distinguish the images from each other. However, I do enjoy it all. It looks like I’m editing subtitles for a black and white movie. There’s never an excess of black and white during winter. I used to love wintertime for the fact that it ignores colors. But not anymore. Winter finally lost its meaning for my senses.

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Fani Zguro was born in 1977 in Tirana. Lives and works in Tirana and Berlin. Zguro graduated at the Accademia delle Belle Arti di Brera in Milan (1998-2007). In 2007 he won the International Onufri Prize assigned by the National Gallery of Arts in Tirana; in 2016 the International Mulliqi Prize assigned by the National Gallery of Kosovo in Pristina; the Best Video-Art award assigned by TIFF Tirana and in 2021 Award TOP7 Gallery of Art Vilnius21. Zguro curated the 14th International Onufri Prize at National Gallery of Arts in Tirana (2016). In 2017 was part of the AiR program at Q21 - Museums Quartier in Vienna and Cité Internationale des Arts Paris 2003-2004. Since 2015 he is part of apexart's jury. His work has been shown at Haus der Kulturen der Welt Berlin, National Museum of Contemporary Art Bucharest, Musée des Civilisations de l'Europe et de la Méditerranée Marseille, Filmoteca Espanola Madrid, Photo Museum Braunschweig, 2nd Tirana Biennale, 3rd Mardin Biennial, 4th Young Artists Biennial of Bucharest, 6th Çanakkale Biennial, 7th Edition of the Black-and-White Biennial in Satu Mare, 13th Biennale of Cairo, Ludwig Museum Budapest, Belvedere 21 - Museum für Zeitgenössische Kunst Vienna, Palais Populaire Berlin, the New York Public Library and Centre Pompidou Paris.