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I'm an artist with a technical theater background. I didn't move into visual arts until about 8 years ago and until 2019 I concentrated on photography and art curating.




Heracles and Antaeus wrestling.


I recently added acrylic painting as my major activity and work with oil pastels, ink, pencil, and silverpoint.



French model with haunting eyes



Portrait of Malek on the
Champs de Mars

Leander aka Crbllm
Reference image by
Guysin London



I curated 5 to 6 shows a year at the GreenLeaf Gallery and Gift Shop in Beaver Meadows, PA until the CoViD pandemic struck. I have exhibited my work in shows in PA, NY, LA,
Barcelona, and London.


Finger-painted acrylic of Aidan \& Igor.






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\text { Glass Fusion, Hazleton Art League, } 2014
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MD, Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, 197
WORKPLACE.

Owner/Artist, GreenLeaf Gallery and Gift Shop, Beaver Mdws, PA

## SHOWS

"Photography": Hazleton Art League, 2012
"Members Show": Hazleton Art League, 2013
Invitational show, Phoenixville, PA, 2015
Northeast Biennial Juried Art Show, Scranton, PA, 2016, 2 pieces selected for entr HE 2017: Queer Art, Last Projects Gallery, Los Angeles, Participating Artist and Patron, March-April, 2017

Pince Street Project Place of the Lestie-Lohman Museum of Art, January 2018, Pop up sho

GreenLeaf Gallery and Gift Shop, "Abstract Art", March/April 2019, Photography "Three Friends, Three Ways of Seeing," Marquis Gallery, Wilkes-Barre, PA, April 19, Figurative Photography
Ler Gatery Shop,"One Man +" New paintings, JunelAugust 2019 INTERESTS
Acrylic painting multimedia, art curating abstract photography, figurative photography, glass fusion, art history

AVAILABLE PHOTO BOOKS.
Porffolio 1-2013
Abstract Photography - 2019
Figurative Photoraraphy - 2019



Prisoner of Love





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"I DISCOVERED MY BISEXUALITT WHEN A
MALE MODEL I WAS PHOTOGRAPHING ASKED ME TO FLUFF HIM BECAUSE HE WAS STRUGGLING TO GET AND MAINTAIN HIS ERECTION."



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"I had never done anything like that before but figured why not if it would help him get some shots he wanted for his portfolio. In the process I discovered that I actually enjoyed serving him in that way"




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George Krause is an award-winning photographer based in Clovis California. He photographs a wide range of genres from street photography to fine art and erotic nudes.
In addition to photography, he also enjoys working as an art model for local colleges, artists, and photographers.
"Posing nude for art and photography is such a freeing experience"

Buy and enjoy more works by George
Krause at
www.saatchiart.com/ photography_by_george

## Contact

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## Dysfunctional domestic objects

Although he works in the medium of ceramics, Ruan Hoffmann has never really thought of himself as a ceramicist. This might seem like an oxymoron if you're not familiar with his work, but once you come to know his exquisitely irreverent ceramic plates it starts to make a particular kind of sense. Working in delicate earthenware paper clay, Hoffmann eschews the perfection of the expected sphere to craft plates that are willfully irregular misshapen and rough around the edges.

These broken spheres are the canvases on which he memorializes passing moments of thought that punctuate the highs and lows of his existence, so his plates take on a function that has surprisingly little to do with their form. You might think of them as a diary of impressions in which he sets down, in brief, pointillist form, the details of a world in constant flux and motion. The plates come to stand in for clauses and phrases, establishing a form of the syntax that is visual and textual at once. Seen in clusters, they come to constitute paragraphs, even noisy chapters of thought.

One of the world's oldest and most fundamental art forms, ceramics is considered a medium in which art meets function, frequently occupying the rustic center of the home. But none of Hoffmann's objects are intended to be functional - they are forms hi-jacked from the homey environs of the domestic sphere for the purposes of unfettered, spasmodic expressivity and quick stabs of stinging social commentary. Poetically confrontational turns of phrase undercut the ornamental decorativeness of their initial impact.


All his plates are hand-thrown. 'I literally take a ball of clay and throw it at an angle on a canvas-covered slab until it is thin and relatively even, then drape it over a Plaster-of- Paris mold,' he says. 'The next day, when the piece has dried a bit, I take it off the mold and it's ready to fire to a bisque temperature, which enables me to handle the piece easily while painting it. The work is then re-fired and, at this stage, I usually paint on the lusters or apply decals', which feature images extracted from books relating to places he has visited and things he finds of interest, or snapshots taken on his cell phone. He works in a studio in a grand, but the empty old house in the leafy suburb of Houghton and travels through to Pretoria at least twice a week to have fresh pieces fired at a ceramics studio there



## Accidental instincts

Hoffmann is a self-taught ceramicist, who grew up surrounded by jacaranda blossoms and studied art at the University of Pretoria in the early Nineties when talents like Anton Carstel, Jacques Coetzer, and Walter Meyer, were emerging from the city's art schools. He has been working with the medium for about 20 years, knowingly engaging with the decorative surfaces of plates, tiles, vases, sculptures, and bowls as 'canvases' to explore his own frenetic consciousness.
'My career in ceramics happened by default. You could say I got sidetracked by the possibilities,' he says. 'I'm really curious and impatient, and with ceramics, you never know exactly what to expect - but this medium does respond well to me. And I enjoy playing with clay.'



## Portmeirion punk

In as much as some of his works have been triggered by the currency of contemporary debates, there are also the pieces that hark back to previous eras, resuscitating bygone styles and retooling old genres with a mash-up punk sensibility that toys with the idea of ceramics being one of the world's oldest and fundamental art forms.
'His desirable plates look first like pottery pieces found on an excavation site due to their misshapen forms, battered-looking edges and antique roman inspired fonts, writes Ufuk Çelik in his blog, A Tie for Sunday. 'Beyond looking like beautiful leftovers from another time, his works fulfill the function of "archaeological" fragments, giving us information about his personality, his thoughts about identity and sexuality.'

The images on the surfaces of Hoffmann's plates differ from sketchy to precise, ranging from photographic images to drawings, to cut-up elements that seem to have been extracted from old book volumes to a metallic gold-plated effect. Challenging the censorial spirit of mannered high society in the dining room
context with which we have come to associate plates, his decorative interventions combine classical canonical imagery (Roman lettering, grand European architecture, classical hues) with off-the-cuff turns of phrase, phallic or sexual imagery, and swearwords.


With a tone of delicious black humor, he layers the surfaces of his plates with autobiographical musings on his personal life and sexuality. Reading the truncated phrases and fleeting reflections that crop up across an anthology of his plates, one has a sense of being the voyeur for a moment peeping through the keyhole of his life and liaisons.

## 'Hope I'm okay.'

'It might not work out, my sweetie.'
There is that fleeting, vicarious sense of impetuous Elizabeth Taylor-style ruptures and tender reconciliations, but you're never quite able to stitch together a coherent narrative or a happy ending.

We're strictly in the territory of the college cut-up or the cover version remix, where only a titillating echo of the originating moment prevails.
The titles of his works occupy that gloriously overblown territory where romance meets tragedy in a swirl of molten mascara. One can't but be touched by the wistfulness of 'camelia japonica in a shot glass' or the melodrama of 'goodbye everybody', the desperation of 'I must get out', or the plain bleakness 'life is terrible'. With the solemnity of a jilted drag queen or the jarring directness of Sylvia Plath, Hoffmann's words appeal to the desperate romantic in us, while graphic swirls, golden teardrops, and painterly swoons lend a suitably operatic quality to his aesthetic. The fragility of his medium could not be more apt.




