

**MOT**INTERNATIONAL

GABRIELE BEVERIDGE

# *Mainland*

12 September - 31 October 2015

72 New Bond Street  
London W1S 1RR  
+44 (0)20 7491 7208

423 Avenue Louise  
Brussels 1000  
+32 (0)2 511 1652

10 Place du Petit Sablon  
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+32 (0)2 511 1652

## Mainland

Exhibition 12 September – 31 October 2015  
Place du Petit Sablon

MOT International is pleased to present a new body of work by Gabriele Beveridge. Entitled *Mainland*, the exhibition is illustrated by an image that presents the opposite: a desert island. The sun bleached advertisement stages a destination on the fringe of the world; once a place of luxury, it is now forgotten, abstracted and submerged in shades of blue.

Representations of the island have shifted over the centuries. If for the ancient Greeks, the insular world was a mystical land inhabited by the gods, it became with Thomas More the ideal marginal space for the development of utopian societies. Depicted as a floating piece of earth, suspended in the middle of the sea, the island is promoted today through advertising as a place of leisure and relaxation, detached from the mainland and society.

The artworks in the exhibition echo this duality, conflict and mysticism of Island and Mainland in form and feeling. Here we witness found and made objects: a structure made of chrome, usually used as storage units for shop displays, is pushed until it becomes uncannily wrong, while off kilter glass bubbles clutch to the edges of obsolete advertisements portraying young and distant women whose image is aged and discoloured.

Relentlessly pursuing the edges of a paradise and beauty ready to burst, Beveridge creates an installation that plays with the stereotypes of the island and in which advertised fantasies are merged and conflated. The insular world is presented through an almost clinical aesthetic, as the place for infinite introspection, both enclosed and open to the world. *You bring everything you know that's real. From the unending isles of Dreamland to your compact home. Billionaire baby. When it bursts you are born...*

Gabriele Beveridge (born 1985, Hong Kong) lives and works in London. Recent solo exhibitions include: *Health and Strength* at La Salle de Bains, Lyon (2014); *Gold Diamond Park* at Elizabeth Dee, New York (2014); *By Mistake or Design* at the Zabudowicz Collection, London (2014); *Incidental Healer* at Van Horbourg, Zurich (2013); *In A Normal World I'd Be There* at OUTPOST, Norwich (2012) and *The Conspiracy* at Supplement, London (2010).

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Exhibition Views

Works

CV

Press

# Exhibition Views

72 New Bond Street  
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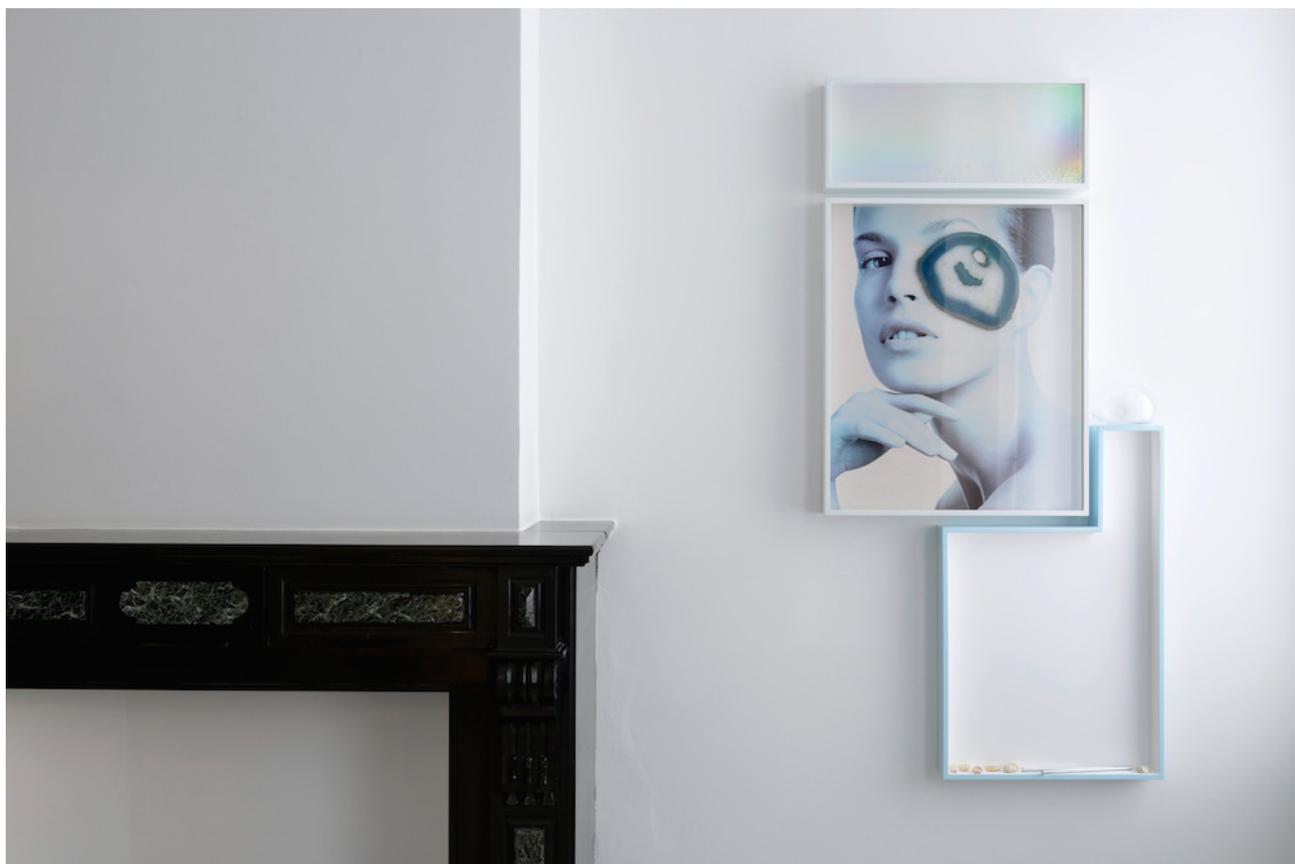
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Gabriele Beveridge  
*Mainland*

Exhibition view, MOTINTERNATIONAL Brussels, 2015



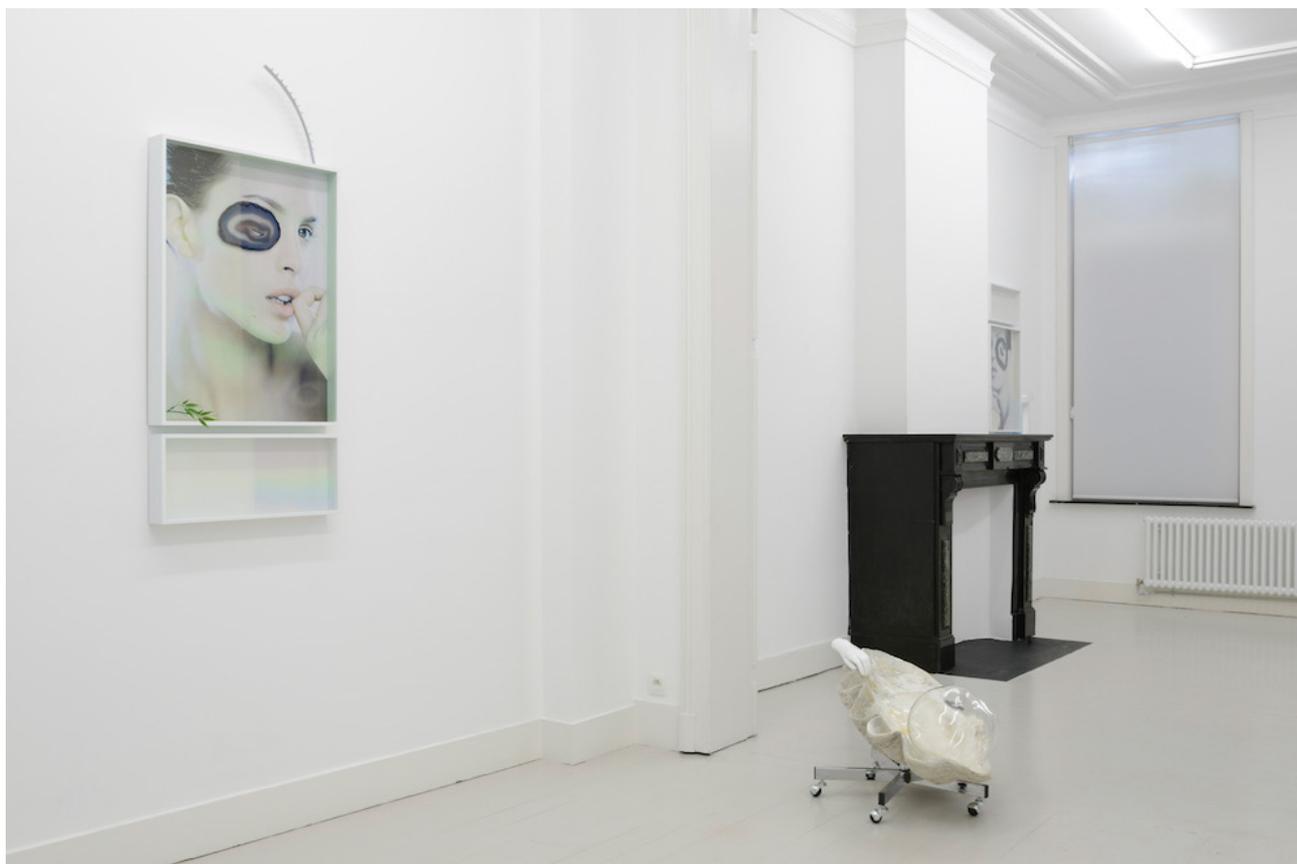
Gabriele Beveridge  
*Mainland*

Exhibition view, MOTINTERNATIONAL Brussels, 2015



Gabriele Beveridge  
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Exhibition view, MOTINTERNATIONAL Brussels, 2015



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Gabriele Beveridge  
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Exhibition view, MOTINTERNATIONAL Brussels, 2015

# Works

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*Dreamland, 2015*

Sun-faded poster, hand-blown glass, artist frame  
85 x 49 x 20 c



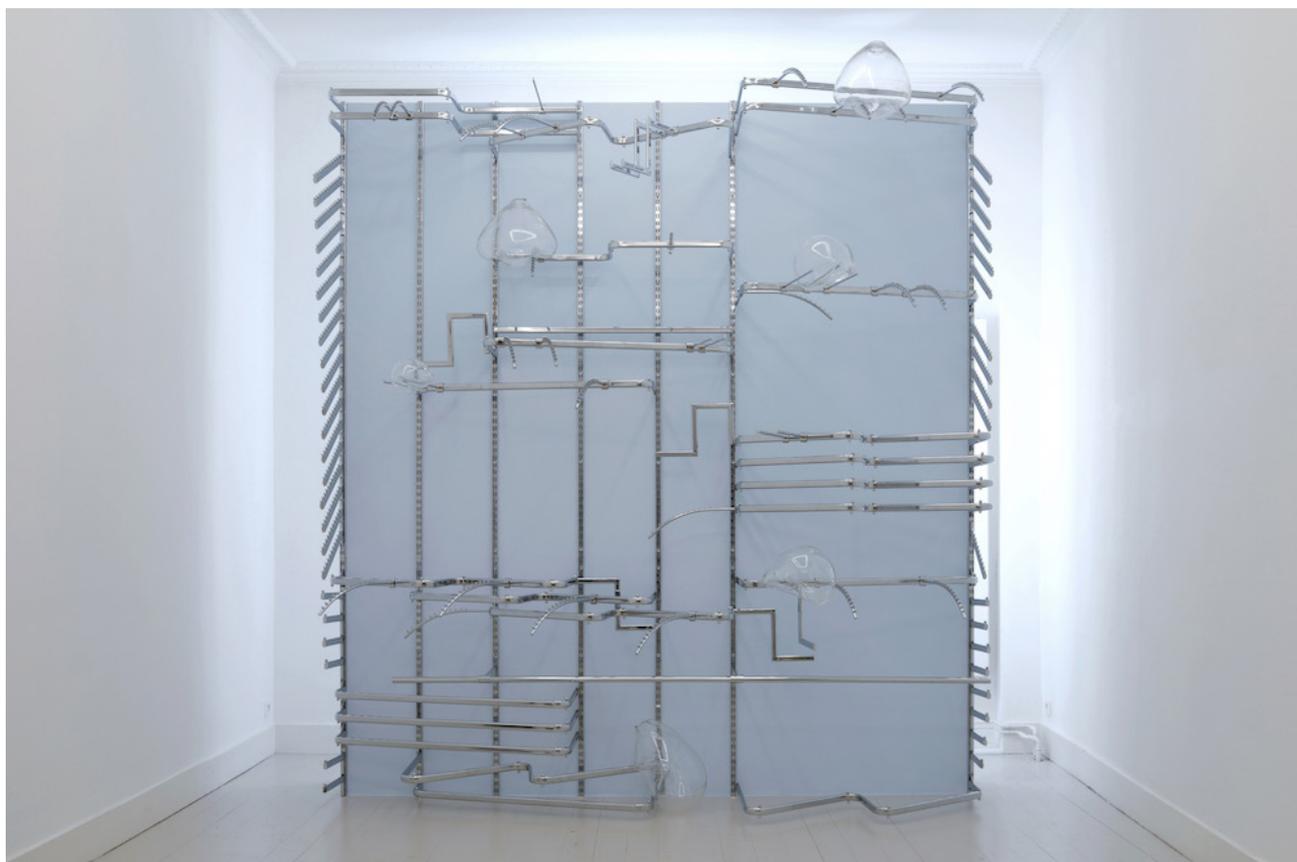
*Dreamland, 2015*

Sun-faded poster, hand-blown glass, artist frame  
85 x 49 x 20 cm



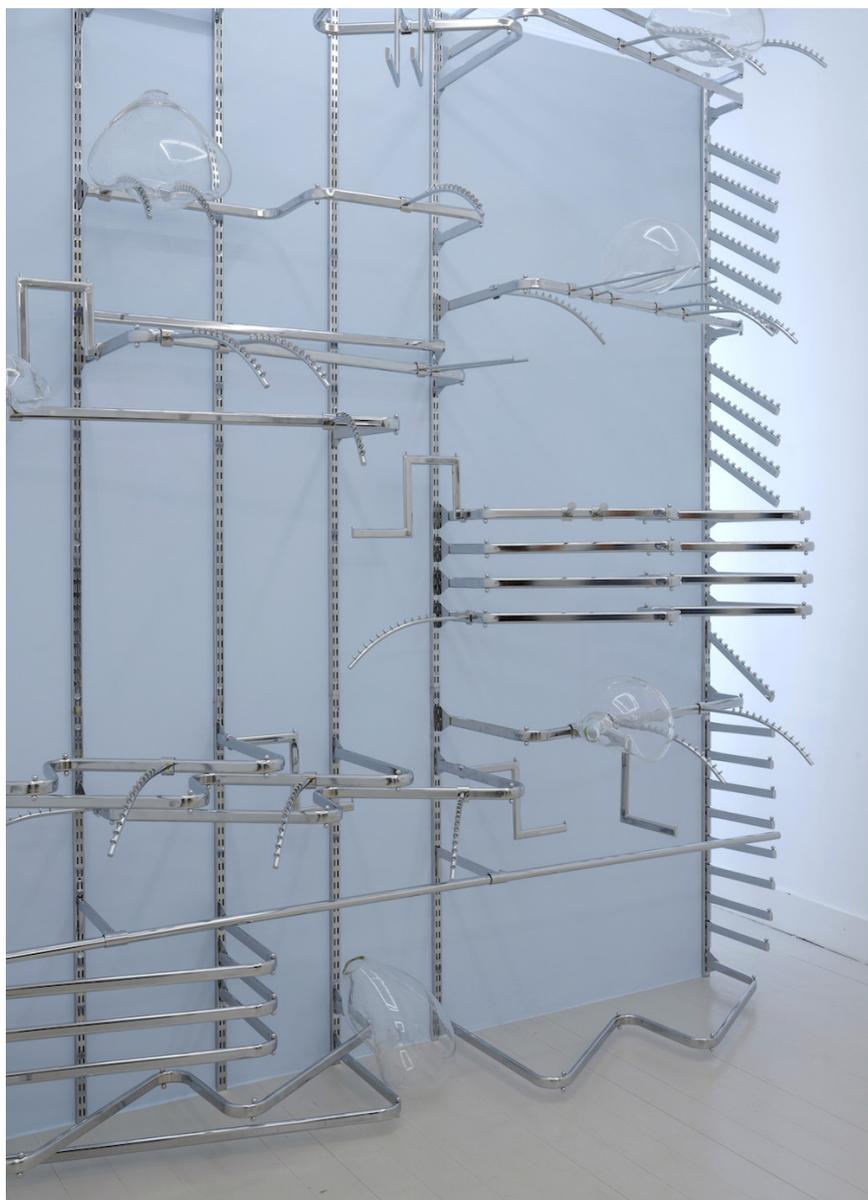
*Dreamland*, 2015

Sun-faded poster, hand-blown glass, artist frame  
85 x 49 x 20 cm



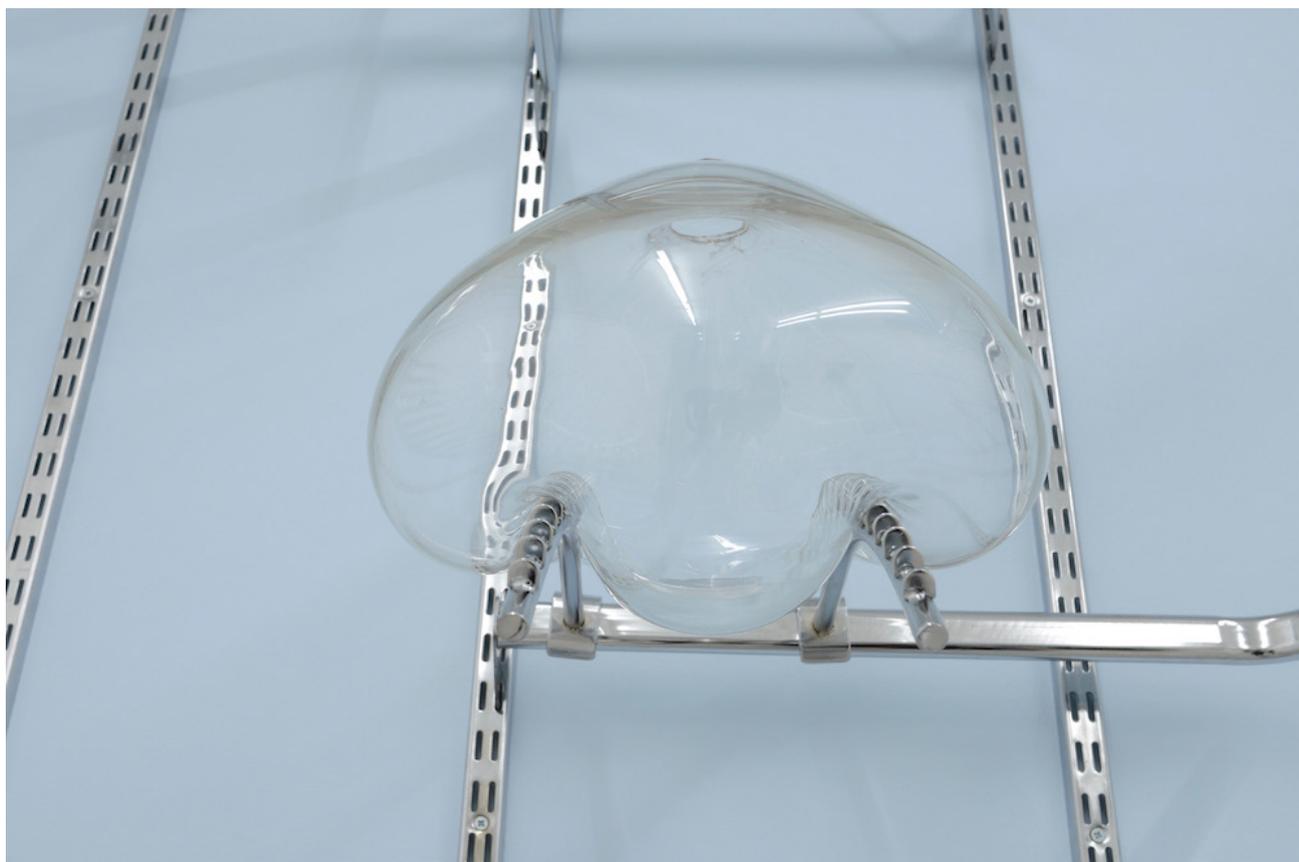
*And I do think of you, 2015*

Shop fittings, hand-blown glass, paint  
270 x 301 x 30 cm



*And I do think of you, 2015*

Shop fittings, hand-blown glass, paint  
270 x 301 x 30 cm



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Shop fittings, hand-blown glass, paint  
270 x 301 x 30 cm



*Practical exercises (II), 2015*

Sun-faded poster, artist frames, shop fitting, fake bamboo, agate slice,  
iridescent glass  
140 x 61 x 8 cm



*Practical exercises (II), 2015*

Sun-faded poster, artist frames, shop fitting, fake bamboo, agate slice,  
iridescent glass  
140 x 61 x 8 cm



Untitled, 2015

Shell, hand blown glass, office chair base, mannequin hand  
100 x 60 x 52 cm



Untitled, 2015

Shell, hand blown glass, office chair base, mannequin hand  
100 x 60 x 52 cm



*Practical exercises (I), 2015*

Sun-faded poster, hand-blown glass, artist frames, shop fittings, agate slice, stones, iridescent glass  
160 x 76 x 9 cm



*Practical exercises (I), 2015*

Sun-faded poster, hand-blown glass, artist frames, shop fittings, agate slice, stones, iridescent glass  
160 x 76 x 9 cm



Untitled, 2015

Sun-faded poster, hand-blown glass, artist frame  
47 x 27 x 15 cm

# Gabriele Beveridge

## CV

Selected Solo Exhibitions

Selected Group Exhibitions

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## Selected Solo Exhibitions

2015

*Mainland*, MOTInternational, Brussels

2014

*Gold Diamond Park*, Elizabeth Dee, New York

*Health and Strength*, La Salle de Bains, Lyon

*By Mistake or Design*, Zabłudowicz Collection, London

2013

*Incidental Healer*, Van Horbourg, Zurich

2012

*Newly Laundered Smile*, Rod Barton, London

*In a normal world I'd be there*, Outpost, Norwich

2010

*The Conspiracy*, Supplement, London

## Selected Group Exhibitions

2015

*Summertime*, Gallerist, Istanbul

*Frieze Art Fair*, Elizabeth Dee, New York

*Pre-Pop to Post-Human: Collage in the Digital Age*, Hayward Touring, London

*Art Brussels*, Elizabeth Dee, Brussels

*Spears*, Loyal Gallery, Stockholm

2014

*Pre-Pop to Post-Human: Collage in the Digital Age*, Hayward Touring, London

*Art Basel*, Miami Beach, Elizabeth Dee, Miami

*Breeze*, Deweer Gallery, Otegem

*Between the lines*, Galería Agustina Ferreyra, San Juan

*Bien ou bien?*, Moncheri, Brussels

*Art Brussels*, Elizabeth Dee, Brussels

*Shakti*, Brand New Gallery, Milan

*Display*, University of Connecticut Contemporary Art Gallery, Connecticut

*Mystic Fire*, curated by Darren Flook, Paradise Row gallery, London

*La Chose Encadree*, Glasgow International, Scotland

## 2013

*Comrades of Time*, curated by Chewday's, Cell Project Space, London  
*Art Basel Miami*, Elizabeth Dee Gallery, Miami  
*FIAC*, Elizabeth Dee Gallery, Paris  
Chewday's Bar, Berlin  
*Desire*, Yancey Richardson Gallery, New York  
*Degrees of Separation*, Galerie Jeanroch Dard, Paris  
*Frieze Art Fair*, Elizabeth Dee Gallery, New York  
*The Stand In (or a Glass of Milk)*, Public Fiction, Los Angeles  
*Post Culture*, Elizabeth Dee Gallery, New York  
*Fresh Trauma*, Ceri Hand Gallery, London  
*Black Rabbit White Hole*, Samuel Freeman Gallery, Los Angeles  
*Physical and Virtual Bodies*, Arnhem Museum of Modern Art, Arnhem  
*Beyond the object*, Brand New Gallery, Milan

## 2012

House of Voltaire, London  
*Used Photocopier*, HOTEL, London  
*Journey without a Map*, Marion Scharmann Gallery, Cologne  
*Inside the Whale*, Gallery FaMa, Verona  
*Entrance Entrance*, Temple Bar Gallery, Dublin  
*No More Icons*, Blackfriars Hoarding, London  
*Art Brussels*, Gallery FaMa, Brussels  
*NADA Cologne*, Rod Barton, Cologne

## 2011

*Dazed and Confused / Whitechapel gallery Emerging Artist Award*, London  
*The Rise and Fall of Matter*, Fluxus Franco British Fund for Contemporary  
Art and the David Roberts Arts, Foundation Collective, London  
*Off-Site*, 19 Great Sutton Street, London  
*Gabriele Beveridge, Tomas Downes, Stuart Elliot*, Rod Barton, London  
*Re-read*, Assembly, London

## 2010

*Legacy*, L.I.U, London  
*ResoVision*, Frieze Art Fair, London  
*Slade MA Show*, Slade School of Art, London  
*Kunstvlaai*, Amsterdam

## 2009

*Statues Die Too*, North Terrace, London  
*Starting with A Photograph*, Michael Hoppen Gallery, London

# Gabriele Beveridge

## Press

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*Osmos Magazine*, May 2015  
 Things Display Themselves by Tom McDonough

Gabriele Beveridge's photographs – or, more precisely, her assemblages constructed on the basis of found photographic advertisements – explore the peculiar pleasures and frustrations of contemporary life within our commodity-world. While her larger-scale sculptures, most often some combination of worn ceiling tile, mannequin parts, chrome display architecture, and a variety of glass balls and costume jewelry, have the look and feel of a faded High Street shop, these more intimate works work a species of alchemy upon the solitary image. Typically they bring together a single-page advertisement – for cosmetics, sunglasses, fashion – drawn from women's magazines of a certain past, say anywhere from the later 1970s through the early 1990s, which may be cropped or shown in full, a frame made by the artist, and a crystalline mineral of some kind, sitting on the frame or encased within it. They possess a singularly strange and enigmatic beauty that draws its energy from what she calls "an internalized image world of the capitalist imaginary."

Beveridge's work has been seen with increasing frequency over these past five years, mostly in the UK – her home – and Europe, although a stunning exhibition at Elizabeth Dee in Fall 2014 introduced her to New York audiences in a serious way. She studied photography at Falmouth in the mid-2000s, seemingly without particularly embracing the medium as such; she speaks of spending much of her time rummaging through thrift shops looking for old photos to fulfill her assignments. Further study for her MA at the Slade led to her move into three dimensions, but a focus on the photographic image has never left her work, and one still feels the draw of those early hunts through the streets of Falmouth. The solicitations of our advertising-saturated public spaces are at the very heart of her project, "that psychological charge of the street with all the ideologies and expectations broadcast at you to take on as your subject, your self," as she explains.

But this experience of the image, which begins as compelling encounter, quickly and crucially becomes a source of indifference – the image-as-lure seems to forecast its own disenchantment. On one hand, "there is something talismanic and incredibly secretive" about the photographs casually encountered in shop windows, which lock us in a web of desiring looks, modeling the regard appropriate for the subject of consumption, "how one casts and returns a gaze at once." But on the other hand these images inevitable disappoint: "and yet they are the most banal thing, as if they also anticipate this skeptical reception." A skeptical talisman – what better way to characterize the commodity? Beveridge's assemblages mimic the fraudulent satisfaction that defines our experience of consumption, and echo Guy Debord's trenchant observation that "the object that was prestigious in the spectacle becomes vulgar the instant it enters the home of the consumer [. . .]. Too late does it reveal its essential poverty, a poverty derived logically from the misery entailed in its production." Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that her photographic assemblages transform the skeptical talisman of the commodity into a talismanic skepticism.

In that operation, the minerals – whose obdurate materiality contrasts with the brittle superficiality of the photographs – play a central role. Depending on the work, they might seem like an attempt to charm the image, as in some New Age ritual – see, for example, the line of healing crystals at the bottom of *Gathering Evidence* (3), 2013 – or as stony retorts to their fraudulence, as in *Kritika Reflexionz*, 2013. Of course this does not prevent them from serving more formal, and even humorous, purposes as well, as when a rock crystal serves as a pink brain for the silhouetted figure of *More Subway than Opera*, 2013 – its title borrowed from a line of a 1952 Frank O'Hara poem – or a rough hewn piece of marble completes a profile in *Untitled*, 2013. Perhaps we can detect a hint of André Breton's convulsive beauty in these juxtapositions, his sense of the only "fixed-

explosive” beauty contained in crystal formations, or perhaps of Roger Caillois’s fascination with rocks, stones, meteorites, and crystals as revelations of cosmic time. Beveridge seems almost to echo Caillois’s concerns when she describes how “I like to relate photography and the abilities of the camera to these minerals and rocks – matter that emits fields of energy and natural forces imperceptible to the naked eye,” drawing a connection between “the stillness and frailty of the images, and the feeling that’s inherent in the ‘natural’ elements alongside them; of geological time, and their purely physical hardness.”

One can sense Beveridge’s careful study of artists like Carol Bove and, especially when she moves beyond the individual photo and creates larger multi-part assemblages, Haim Steinbach. But in works such as the stunning *You Look Like Every Invitation To Every Party I Dreamed of That Never Came* – its title also drawn from a poem, this one rather obscure, Byron Howell’s “Body Worship” – *Strange Reality of Your Flesh*, or *Untitled Dream Goal*, all 2013, the results might also recall updated versions of Silvia Kolbowski’s *Model Pleasure* series of the early 1980s. Like the latter, Beveridge too is drawn to, as she puts it, “the way in which things display themselves,” which is, when you think of it, a curiously passive yet entirely accurate way of describing the way commodities present themselves to us. Where Kolbowski’s work drew its power from analytic acuity, however, Beveridge wishes to be more of an alchemist of this world she inhabits, Steinbach seen through the sensibility of a Joseph Cornell. Nothing is settled here, no conclusions drawn: her subjects are precisely “these forms which are on their way to becoming solid. Pre-iconic. This near-dream state” that, she says, is never far from “contemporary experience.”

*Art Forum Online*, November 2014  
Gabriele Beveridge by Julian Elias Bronner



In *Gold Diamond Park [Silver]* (all works 2014), plastic hoops hang like gymnastic rings above a mannequin holding a feather to a crystal ball. Here, divination reflects uncertainties surrounding investments of the present: How will this artist, this body of work, the weight of this idea measure up in the future? A clue: *No Questions* exhibits a sun-bleached beauty advertisement and tie-dyed T-shirt on shop-display fittings behind a pane of glass. Like the faded affiche's promise of an ideal look, this psychedelic garment—an accoutrement of 1970s counterculture cool, later resuscitated as a '90s fad—is here preserved as acquirable high art. Wait long enough, and even forgotten kitsch could one day be worth its weight in gold.

It's said that it takes two decades for cultural nostalgia to solidify; after this time, past trends can revive as ironic countercurrents to the present fashions. In "Gold Diamond Park," Gabriele Beveridge's debut solo exhibition in New York, the artist juxtaposes sculptural elements to self-consciously question the criteria for trading and exhibiting ideals of beauty. Her work simultaneously evaluates the processes by which aesthetics fade out and return as cultural currency.

Exemplary is a series of seven tableaux of perforated metal panels that the artist took from the ceiling of a library in East London, where she lives and works. Their time-worn surfaces appear as aloof, wall-fixed minimalist grids encased in voguish iPhone 5-style lime, lemon, and pale-blue borders. Framed differently, these offhand historical references take on the look of what is currently salable, implicating the markets of high and low culture in a mutual reprocessing.

*The Seen*, December 2014  
Mystic Minimalism by Stephanie Cristello



Gabriele Beveridge's exhibition, *Gold Diamond Park*, currently on view at Elizabeth Dee, is an important aesthetic move toward redefining minimalism in the twenty-first century. Mining all the hot tropes right now, which have since broke their way into contemporary pop culture—Health Goth in particular—Beveridge creates an environment for the moment. Pulling from sources of reproduced editorial photo-shoots, utilitarian building and storage materials, visual display merchandising techniques, new age healing objects, and athletic wear, *Gold Diamond Park* combines the rigorous aesthetic of athletic excellence with the soft airbrushed touch of fashion editorial. Each is met with unexpectedness atypical from the familiar objects used throughout the exhibition. Here, symbols of sentimentality are turned severe. The girlish is contemptuous; levity is given gravity.

To make reified signifiers of “female aesthetics”—accessories, decoration, beautification, and cosmetics among other symbols—seem necessary, seem *minimal* is an achievement worth noting. Minimalism depends on reduction, on absolute necessity, on a lessening and diminutive attitude toward embellishment, but not to detail. Details are essential. With this attention to detail comes a heightened sensitivity and reaction to all elements of the minimal object, and its surrounding space.

Minimalism is not part of a fully gendered history; it is a marketable result of male production, and has been written and taught that way. In a way, the absence of a female contribution to the canonized history of minimalism, with the exception of a few artists—Agnes Martin, Anne Truitt—is one of the most reductive elements of the movement. The emptiness of a female voice in the direction of the twentieth century movement was about as minimal as it gets: absent.

Beveridge challenges this history. Upon entering the gallery, stark white mannequins occupy the space, their bodies severed at varying lengths (torso, mid-calf, waist), placed on the floor in a scattered composition. It looks as though they are sinking into the ground, or else floating on an invisible wave, staggered on the surface of the imagined current. The mannequins are left bare. Large black rings hang from the ceiling at varying heights, suspended from the gallery ceiling by thin gold chain. There is something kinetic and seductive about the position of the faux gymnasium props—tempting you to grab a hold, or envision your suspension were you able to use your force against theirs. They hang close to the mannequins, punctuating their similarly floating quality, falling and rising on the unseen tide. Throughout the space, white plumed feathers are draped delicately against various surfaces, often on the paintings that hang on the adjacent walls, or resting in the palm of a stark white hand. The feathers are placed near large glass orbs, another recurring trope, as if they are a vision read out of the crystal balls.

*Gold Diamond Park* is dreamy; it is a fantasy—it has all the aesthetics of a weightless world, of minimal perfection. It sells you the dream you see in advertisements. It sells you the dream you see on tumblr. It makes you feel like the perfect arrangement between athleticism and fashion is attainable. You can almost see young girls in white, pony tails pulled taught, posing against the works, placing their light fingers on the rings, but never

having to apply functional pressure—never having to exert anything at all. The exhibition makes you feel like this imagination of sleekness is a part of you. Contrary to the ethos of minimalism, it makes you feel.

The entire installation operates on this idea of reversal—that your body within the installation might in fact be the image presented in the various crystal balls; that you are both a complicit part of, and an observer to, an imagined landscape.

But there is no future told. No premonitions made. The glass orbs within the space are nothing more than material spheres, and you are nothing more than a viewer. The model you fantasize living in the environment of the exhibition fades away. The possible premonitions interrogate you with an empty fortune, but the image it promotes is blind, if not for its own aesthetics. Conceptual fitness.

The paintings offer a different type of unrealness—one that becomes one with the space, almost architectural in their constructions. Ceiling panels are stacked a top one another in each, creating pyramid-type forms hung evenly throughout the space, reminiscent of Art Deco screens or doorways. The thick, cool, metallic silhouettes of the canvas frames are revealed off the wall, each of the sides treated with a high-gloss enamel of different pastels—powder blue, baby pink, dusty violet, whisper green. Hidden throughout the gallery and sparsely placed on many of the works, Geodes of different jewel tones create a subtle recurrence—in the corner of a painting, on the edge where the wall meets the ceiling, in the window visible only by the exit. The rocks seem to map their own path and agenda, placed across and through the work, irreverently occupying their sprawling territory.

For Beveridge, the mirage is the final destination. She creates a garden of fantasies and inventions in *Gold Diamond Park*, one that is dreamed by each viewer, and dreamed by the installation itself. While there are no directly illusive elements—every material claims its own presence—there is an overwhelming affect of fiction that permeates each and every possibility of the staged elements, empty characters, and implied associations on view. The

minimalism Beveridge creates is one that makes the extra seem essential. She suggests that accessories are ultimately as empty a form as geometric abstractions; decoration is only hidden behind an excess of aesthetics. Retaining the concept of non-use is no different.

Frieze, March 2013  
Gabriele Beveridge by Rod Barton



'I met a traveller from an antique land / Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone / Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand, / Half sunk, a shattered visage lies ...' The first four lines of Percy Bysshe Shelley's 1818 poem 'Ozymandias' – which relays a tale about the statue of a king that lies ruined in a far-off desert where the city over which he reigned once lay – were quoted in the audio text that accompanied Gabriele Beveridge's first solo show at Rod Barton. Listening to the recording of the text, written by Paul Kneale and narrated by a woman with a soft Californian drawl, Shelley's 'sunken shattered visage' captured eloquently the material contradictions that exist in Beveridge's sculptural assemblages. Mining images from back-issues of *Life* magazine and aged advertisements, the young London-based artist employs a precise use of framing, propping and hanging that allows the images to sumptuously trip off the salvaged objects on which they rest. The result is an alluringly tactile interplay between found image and object that demonstrates a honed consciousness of the material quality of images and their power to interrupt the display of an object.

*Newly Laundered Smile I* (all works 2012) is an assemblage of things that don't quite add up and yet are somehow pulled into a whole. A sepia image of a female model – it has the feel of a cosmetics ad – is printed onto an old vinyl screen that interrupted

the entrance to the gallery. Hinged out from the wall, its steel frame allowed the image a cool sun-bleached complexion, beneath which a row of cacti hovered as if a mirage from the hot climes that the plants recall. In its counterpart, *Newly Laundered Smile II*, a similar image on vinyl was mounted loosely, curling away from a tall pane of glass; propped vertically against the gallery wall, each corner of the pane rested on a glittering chunk of amethyst crystal.

A eucalyptus log (*My First Nikon*), slabs of marble (*In A Normal World I'd Be There*), an amethyst (*Newly Laundered Smile II*) – many elements here had undergone material transformations that predate by centuries the array of the images which populate Beveridge's unquestionably contemporary assemblages, creating a finely tuned tension between her subject matter and medium. Perhaps it's this canny interweaving of contexts that represents the laundering process conjured in the exhibition's title – the colliding of histories through objects where, in the case of *Newly Laundered Smile I and II*, the artist's sculptural appropriation of once-glossy advertising images lends the works a sense of speed, as the eye negotiates the material interruptions of the image, giving a heightened awareness of looking.

Two small works nearer to the back of the gallery emitted a hazy youthful charm. *Gabrielle* takes its title from a film-star shade of red Chanel lipstick, the glossy black packaging of which sits lightly along the top of a frame enclosing an illustration of the Grand Canyon drenched in a double-rainbow. It lends the scene a fantastical new-age shimmer and a feeling of longing to be there that slips between the coloured stripes of the rainbows. The work recalls a sensibility for surface that was tangible throughout the show – be it in the seductive sheen of cosmetics or the artist's use of mass-produced reproductions of the sublime. This approach is familiar in London at the moment, with artists including Alice Channer and Anthea Hamilton employing printed material

as sculptural forms where, in Hamilton's words, 'Flatness is expanded from 2D into something 3D via the time required to add facts to the objects.'

The nostalgia attached to 'firsts' is potent in *My First Nikon*, where a scattering of Vogue cigarettes redolent of teenage cool rests upon a vintage Nikon camera, alongside a glass-mounted photogram. 'More than a photograph and yet less than a film [...] the precise crossing point between cinema and photography' was how Roland Barthes referred to the photogram. The presence of this no-man's-land medium within the exhibition felt entirely apt in light of the transitional states that Beveridge's works are built on – images caught via a fleeting moment in history belied by organic crystals formed over centuries.

*Modern Matter*, July 17, 2013

Interview: Gabriele Beveridge by Alex Bennett



Alex Bennett: Your work suggests an almost spiritual approach to materials, with many of your compositions including natural forms and minerals (marble, for instance, or sand). Can you describe what these materials make you feel, exactly, and how you come to create these contrasts between them?

Gabriele Beveridge: I'm interested in materials that hover between states of the real or imagined: sometimes as precious as an exuberant overstatement, and sometimes a promise of future exchange, lubricated by vanity. Mainly, it stems from a general interest in the latent – almost romantic – nature of geological substances. I like to relate photography and the abilities of the camera to these minerals and rocks – matter that emits fields of energy and natural forces imperceptible to the naked eye. The most obvious connection is between the stillness and frailty of the images, and the feeling that's inherent in the "natural" elements alongside them; of geological time, and their purely physical hardness. I'm also fascinated by the space between raw and cognitive materials. This is the middle ground charted by acts of fabrication (not to mention certain parallels in the ways they crystallise, stratify, and erode).

AB: There's a tension within the imagery you use, and the way in which it is framed. Your placement of fashion images is suggestive of new codes, and new modes of interaction (which is clear, especially, in *Newly Laundered Smile*). How do you consider images in your art? Is their beauty – divorced from its original context – intended to create tension?

GB: The images are the central obsession around which the other objects follow, often becoming simple props or misdirections. I'm trying to interrupt the illusion of naturalism by which these fashion visuals you mention often communicate. Although what's most essential to me is the ambiguity of the image – the idea of the consumption of images as the germination of a collective unconscious, or "mass consciousness." The attention granted to image placement is meant to evoke the mechanics rather than specificities of intimacy, history and valuation. So yes: the works elaborate the means by which fugitive items – untethered from their original context – still act for a score for new imaginaries. The past is, now and forever, a draft for the future.

AB: Your work often portrays a unique relationship between opposing timescales: the continuity of organic materials and the idea of our marketed image culture come together to form a hybrid of time itself. Would you say your work threads notions of time, place, serenity and speed together? Does the fractious value of imagery – and its reproduction – concern you?

GB: I think that time helps form a dislocation from an image's original context, testing the pull of traditions against the sensibilities of the present. It becomes a critical instrument in my work, deflecting the possibility of distinguishing between how materials and ideas operate. I'm trying to question relations between historicity and value in a way that would be impossible if my work were to limit itself to images and objects of the present. Although different compositions insinuate temporal registers, the focus here is on aura rather than argument –

what one could call their ‘delivery’ rather than their ‘demonstration’.

AB: There also seems to be a Museological approach to your exhibitions. Do you feel concerned with preserving elements of classicism when installing your work?

GB: I’m fascinated by the idea that classicism is underwritten by overexposure. In this way, it is little different from its apparent opposites: camp and cliché. In terms of framing and display, the museological is a device for evoking the impact now discarded in the bleached-out, faded, outdated—the complex chain of events by which visibility tangles with legitimation. Museological qualities also play into constructing the way that historical imaginaries are re-evaluated and vamparised. Not only space but also time granulates the identity of the consumer.

AB: Many of your works portray an image of the exotic – I’m thinking particularly of a group exhibit, together with Tomas Downes and Stuart Elliot. Is the sensuality of a utopian paradise something you want to displace, or to re-imagine for the viewer?

GB: The imposition of time is both congruent with and irreducible to the imposition of cultural distance. I feel that the exotic is a way of coding a disappearing quantity in our current cultural disposition of informalised labour: we’re living the sunset of unadulterated leisure. Perhaps it’ll go dusky, or disappear forever.

AB: Can you share anything you are working on at the moment? What can we expect to see from you next?

GB: I’m currently working towards a couple of exhibitions: one at Public Fiction in LA, one at Elizabeth Dee in New York, and one at Cell Project Space here in London, curated by Tobias Czudej.