

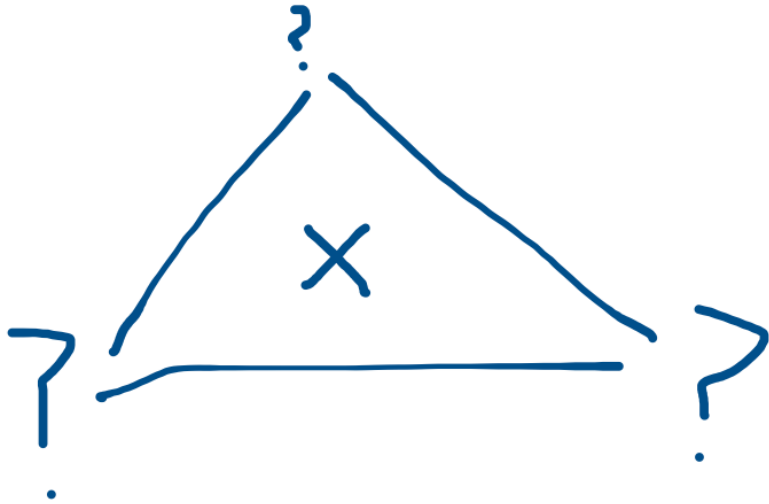
BOOKS & VOICES
A Talk by Becky Beasley
November 2023
PUBLICS, Helsinki

This newly commissioned talk explores visual artist Becky Beasley's reading practices & spatial imagination in the context of circular and revolutionary approach to learning from the perspectives and voices of others.

The slide talk will cover the background to her unique reading of and response to, amongst others, William Faulkner & Thomas Bernhard's literary voices.

She will also speak to her new-found understanding of how all this is an expression of her autistic point of view.

“**Things**”, Georges Perec, said in a lecture at the University of Warwick, was written to fill the blank space created, so to speak, by the juxtaposition of four works of importance to him: Roland Barthes' Mythologies; Flaubert's Sentimental Education; Paul Nizan's, La Conspiracy; and a striking account of life in the concentration camps, Robert Antelme's, L'Espèce Humaine. A Man Asleep (its title taken from Proust's Remembrance of Things Past) is constructed more literally from its six progenitory models; Kafka, Melville, Lowry, Proust, Le Clézio, Joyce.

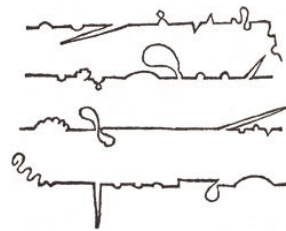


**THE LIFE
AND OPINIONS OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN**

LAURENCE STERNE

LAURENCE STERNE, *TRISTRAM SHANDY* XXIV

As many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him soever in different airs and attitudes,—not one, or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, speak, or act, upon any untried occasion or occurrence of life.—There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, Sir, all calculations.—The truth was, his road lay so very far on one side, from that wherein most men travelled,—that every object before him presented a face and section of itself to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it seen by the rest of mankind.—In other words, 'twas a different object, and in course was differently considered.





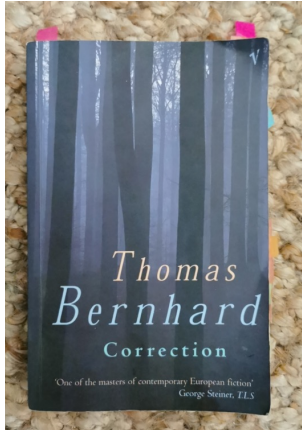
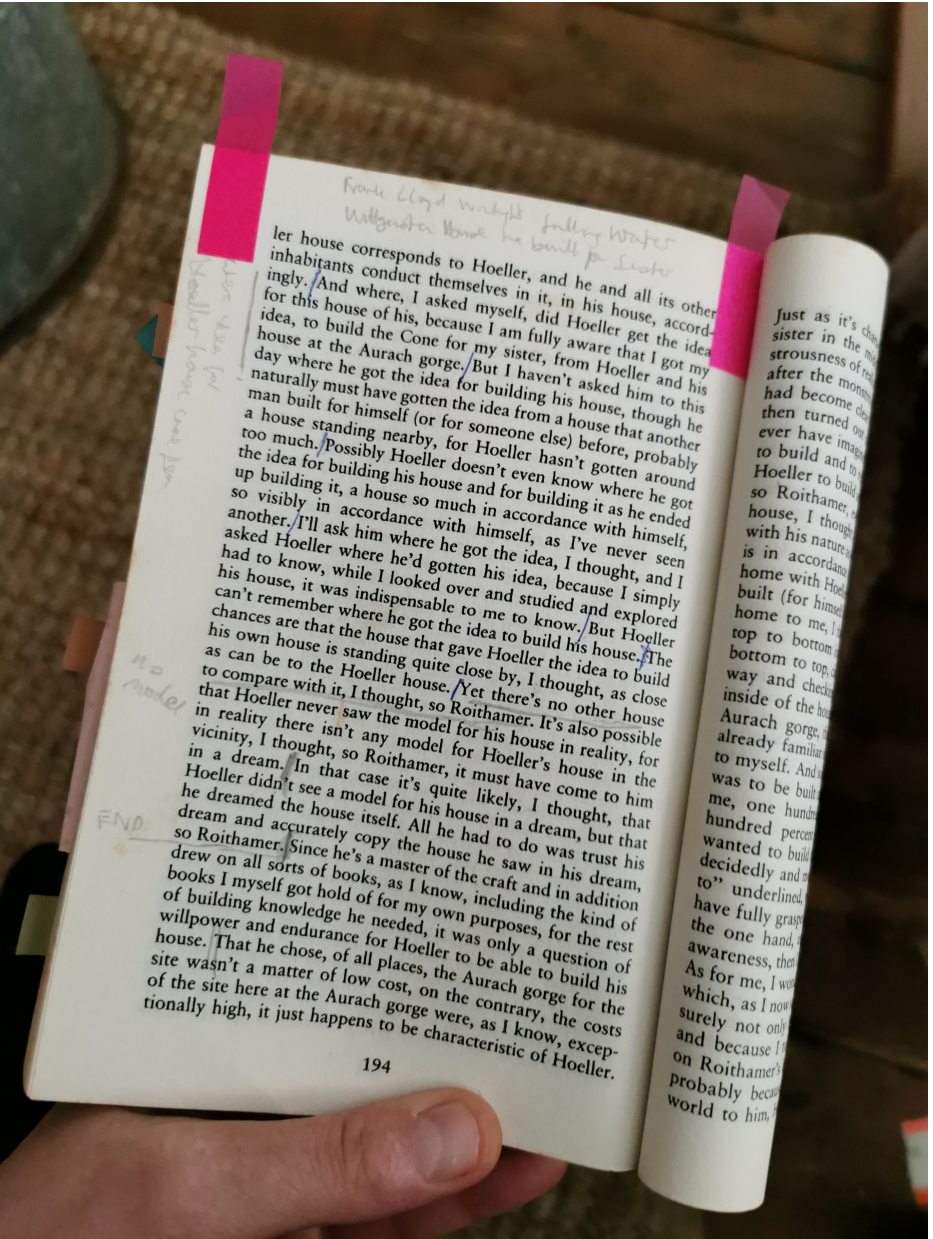
Series Title: **KORREKTUR**

Medium: archival b/w inkjet on Hahnemühle photo rag 310gsm, pale yellow acrylic glass

Dimensions: 109x130cm (print size)

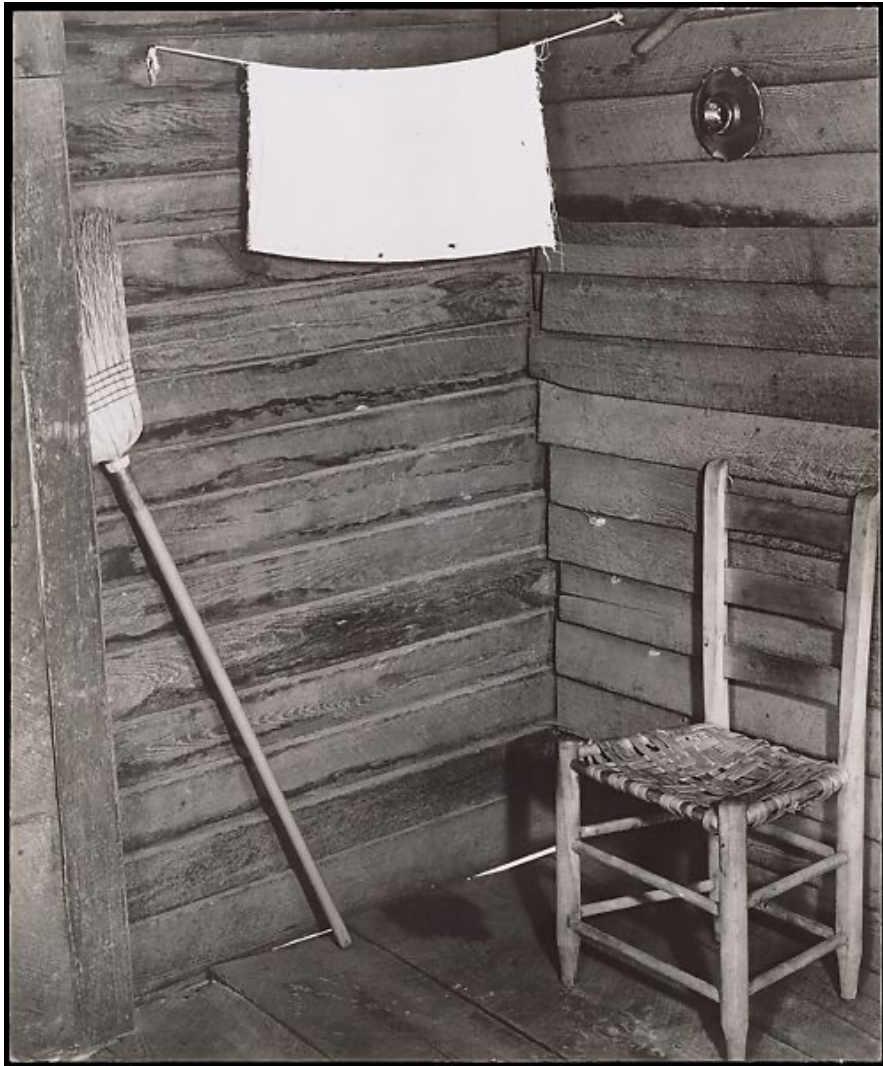
Date: 2010

Edition: 2 (Edition 2 must remain a complete set)



KORREKTUR (North Northwesterly)
(And where, I asked myself, did Höller get the idea for this house of his, because I am fully aware that I got my idea, to build the Cone for my sister, from Höller and his house at the Aurach gorge. - Thomas Bernhard)

Shorthand title: *KORREKTUR 1 (NNW)*



Walker Evans & FSA Project

Faulkner, As I Lay Dying



Becky Beasley
A Storage Space (after Faulkner), 2006
 Acacia hard wood, wood glue, glass, 11.5 x 18.8 x 2.5 cm

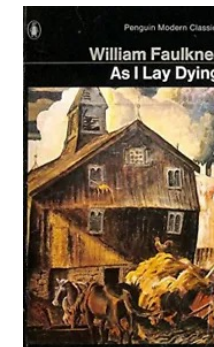


Shallow, Hollow

since, it'd a been some out long before Miss Emily's family came
 to live in the town and she was in it, reversed. Cash made it clock-
 shape, like a tin, with every joint and saw beveled
 and scrubbed with the same oil. The plans, tight as a drum and
 neat as a sewing basket, and they had laid her in it head to foot
 and it wouldn't open her dress, it was her wedding dress and it
 had a fringe-out bottom, and they had laid her head to foot in it
 so the dress could spread out, and they had made her a veil out of
 muslin and they had pinned it down in the wagon, they'd had
 a mosquito bar to the sugar holes in her face wouldn't show.
 When we are going out, Miss Emily comes. She is wet as
 and muddy to the waist, coming in. "The Lord comfort this house,"
 she says. "I was late because the bridge was gone. I went down
 to the old Ford and saw my horse over, the Lord protecting me,
 his grace be upon this house."
 "We go back to the granary and plank-ends and sit or
 squat. "I knowed it would go," Auntie says.
 "It's been there a long time, that old bridge," Quick
 says. "The Lord has kept it there, you mean," Uncle Billy
 says. "I don't know are a man that's touched hammer to it in
 twenty-five years."
 "How long has it been there, Uncle Billy?" Quick says.
 "It was built in.....let me see..... It was in
 the year 1880," Uncle Billy says. "I mind it because the first
 man to cross it was Embody coming to my house when Joey was born."
 "If I'd a crossed it every time your wife littered
 hair, wet, it could smooth out on it here, smooth out back
 2024.

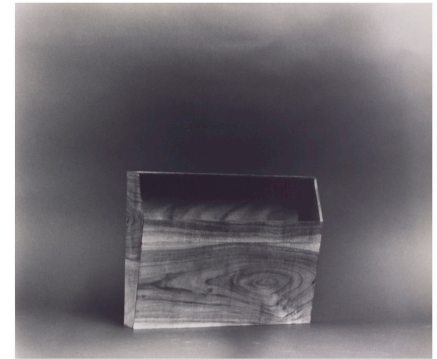
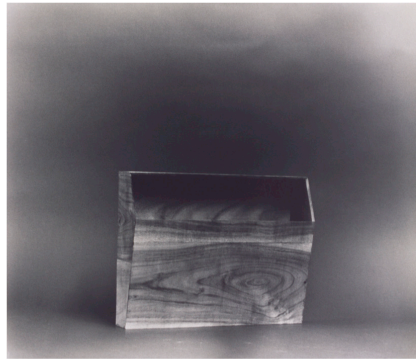


Gag






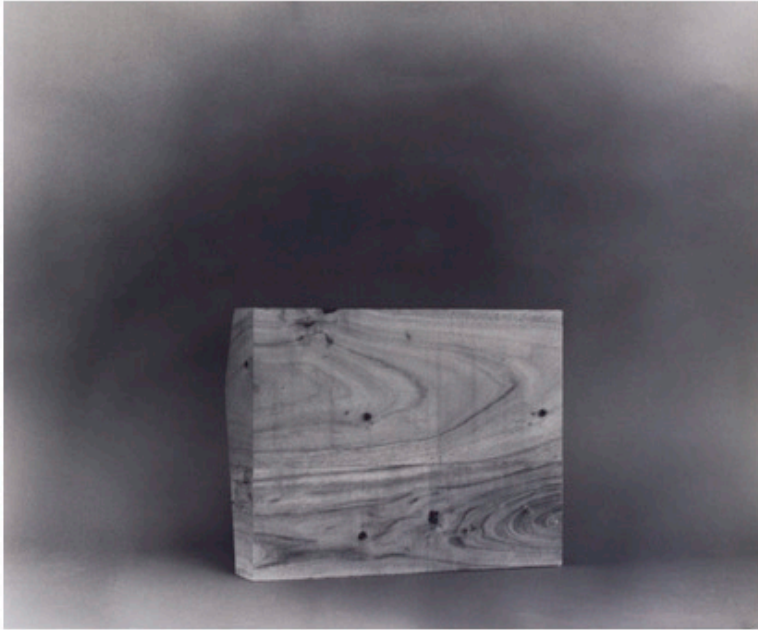
Becky Beasley
 Sleep, Night 1, 2007
 Acacia, black acrylic glass, silicon glue
 28 x 22 x 7.7 cm
 Edition of 2 (+ 1AP)
 (BB034)



31

They had laid her in it bottomside up. Carl made it close-shore, like this  with every joint and seam levelled and smoothed with the planes, just as a chess and not as a sewing, basket, and they had laid her board to the feet in it, because it would catch her chest. That was her resting place and it had a flow-out bottom, and its feet for support. In it so the chest could spread out, and its head made her a warm nest not of muslin, but so the place where the oxygen had clay for feet, and it showed.

and ¹²
 When we were going out the procedure across the room passing to the world, coming in. "The land cannot this time," he says. "I was late because the bridge on the river is gone. I went down to the old feet and summer my time. Let the land ponder it and cannot this time."



since, it'd a been wore out long before this, Billy," Peabody says.
 as if he had. They had laid her in it reversed. Cash made it clock-
 shape, like this with every joint and seam bevelled
 and scrubbed with the plane, tight as a drum and
 neat as a sewing basket, and they had laid her in it head to foot
 so it wouldn't crush her dress. It was her wedding dress and it
 had a flare-out bottom, and they had laid her head to foot in it



Becky Beasley
 Sleep, Night 2, 2007
 Black American Walnut veneer, black glass
 28 x 22 x 7.7 cm
 Edition of 2 (+ 1AP)
 (BB035)



Title: **The Movies (I) (Athens)**
 Size: 28.5x37.5cm
 Medium: Fibre-based gelatin silver print
 Date: 2004/7
 Edition: 3 + AP
 Artist's Price: approx. £400 approx.

Depressive Alcoholic Mother is permeated by questions of position and reciprocity. The exhibition focuses closely on Beasley's long-standing fascination with the protocol of the double and with panoramic cycles, articulating mechanisms of interior and exterior spaces that are central to her practice. From the ripples of these movements, a larger concentric circle structuring the show emerges as a choreography of dissemblances. The exhibition weaves new proximities and distances between different parts of single works, or iterations of works in editions of two. Works are unpaired and interspersed: neither one added to another, nor one divided into two, but additions of what they do not have in common and subtractions of familiarity, veerings together and apart. Autonomous, involved with and divided by another, these singular elements negotiate a shared groundlessness, or the possibility of a figure profiled against the ground of its double.

Such swirls, gyrations and inflections are the material of *Depressive Alcoholic Mother*. The title's words orbit around one other in a hazy biographical permutability. They posit an inscrutable relation where there should have been denotation, indicating what the show might 'with' and 'through', rather than what it is about. The exhibition composes a polyphony of parts, of repairs played backwards as fractures and wanderings as returns.

Beasley has developed an unorthodox editioning system within her practice, whereby certain works which contain multiple parts are produced in an edition of two. The first of these must remain complete, while the second edition is to be divided into single entities, or into smaller groupings than the first. Thus the work simultaneously exists both as a whole work and a set of autonomous works.

At two points in the exhibition, visitors encounter a hinged black American walnut plank mounted on the wall. These, *Broken (I)* and *Broken (II)*, reproduce the arm span of Beasley's father, a recurring and variously abstracted protagonist of her work. Brass hinges are fitted where his joints would be. This outstretched gesture – known colloquially as 'measuring one's own grave' – invokes both sheltering and entombment, exactitude and embrace. *Broken* is German for 'scraps', 'fragments' or 'mottes', and this work is a diagram for a body simultaneously extended and collapsed, transcribed as a sinuous line in space or folded upon itself for safekeeping.

'I wanted to propose something more distancing which is nevertheless very close, too close almost, the artist wrote, and the present installation of *Broken* radicalizes this spatial and phenomenological interest. An abyss of distance closes up on the viewer of the twice-fragmented figure, removed from anatomical referent and from the reciprocal consolidation of its parts. Its *membra dissecta* are separated across the space of the gallery, or reassembled, at the scale of the room, as its fragile backbone.

'Whenever human beings attempt to drain themselves out of the pictures they form of things, in the service of a direct and non-distorted apprehension of the things themselves, they usually turn out to have secretly left a cherished part of themselves in the object. The thing is acknowledged or embraced as entirely, enigmatically other – in other words, just like me in my otherness. This is a cryptic or paradoxical kind of animism, in which the object resembles the subject not in sharing its particular powers or capacities, but in exhibiting the power of resistance or reserve, the power to withdraw or withhold itself from being known, that the subject secretly, stubbornly, assumes as its own alone.'

Depressive Alcoholic Mother entwines revolving apprehensions and the skewed grids that arise when thinking is met with wayward objects in the world, with reciprocal insufficiency engendering a process of reciprocal amplification. Through Beasley's insistent use of doublings, placing smiles and similitudes in relations that do not hinge on direct recognition but on its slippages and antonyms, on interlocution rather than identity, the system of operations, apertures and resistances that is the infrastructure of the show acquires a pregnant stereoscopic quality, and comes to resemble a gaze: the spatial transcription of an ocularity in a group of works.



Such looping of distances, the inability to determine the positions of objects in space or in relation to their assumed correlates, prompt a consideration of Beasley's poetics as the re-encoding of vertigo, in forms and their placement. The subject of vertigo inhabits a spinning place, between distances that appear immediate and hard, obstructive, and futures that have become imminent: the perception of ground becoming figure, right up to the retina. Beasley employs vertigo as a continuum between a quasi-body made vertiginous, stretched into its own anamorphosis, and its reconstitution in the corner of the viewer's eye. Vertigo tangles together pulsating vacancy and manifest incompletion on one hand, and the 'too close' and 'too much' into which vulnerability can be bent or compressed on the other.



The contrapuntal drive of *Depressive Alcoholic Mother* ramifies to integrate an appropriated *John Payer* ashtnay, 'kissing' benches that promise intimate contact as much as threaten exposure, cyanotypes on vintage bed-linen, exposed in late winter light on Beasley's studio floorboards, that chart how luminosity traverses the space of the gallery, elements from Beasley's long-term project on Victorian photographic pioneer, Eadward Muybridge, author of the ground-breaking 1878 panorama of San Francisco and said to be engaged, at the time of his death in Kingston, with planning a scale model of the Great American Lakes in his back garden, a revolving postcard rack stocked with pictures of plants whose location and date compose a vegetal autobiography at a time of breakdown, figures whose capacity to interlock, whose corresponding protrusions and concavities, are precisely the pivots around which they turn away and aside from one another. They create a space of coexistence without shared boundaries: whirls slowing down into knots, postscripts advancing to the position of preambles.

Mihnea Mircan

Mihnea Mircan is a curator, writer and a PhD candidate in Curatorial Practice at MADA, Monash University, Melbourne. Mircan has curated exhibitions at institutions including the Extra City Kunsthal, Antwerp, as artistic director between 2011–15, and the Venice Biennial, as curator of the Romanian Pavilion in 2007. He has contributed essays to numerous exhibition catalogues, monographs of artists such as Pavel Büchler, Laure Prouvost, Jean-Luc Mouline and Tom Nicholson.

Galeria Plan B
a project by Mihai Pop and Mihaela Luta

The work, *Bearings (2014)*, was made after the St Jude storm hit Southern England. Nine slender windfall twigs were collected by Beasley's father, which the artist then cast in brass and screwed-fitted together. Hanging from the ceiling, the work spins at one rotation per minute, conserving and domesticating some of the meteorological impetus that can rip branches from trees. The panoramic arc of the mobile points at a co-constitution of form and movement, incomprehensible one without the other, not making their dependency explicit. *Bearings* deals in 'more or less', prouetting between doubt and certainty, producing surplus through the re-iteration of a lack. It does not pivot melancholically around the loss of a larger arborescence, but around an etymological root. 'Environment' stems from the French *viver*, 'to turn' as a circular organization of perspectives onto and out of a specific milieu, as a stirring of diaphanous outlines. The slanted elongation of the conjoined twigs might trace something akin to a curved twist, a deviation from the regularity that natural or symbolic environments are assumed to possess and to offer to the intellect. Rather than conjure the neatness of the circle, its elliptical whirl is closer to the order and disorder of the spiral, where nothing is first and everything is new.

Michel Serres writes that in nature there are no perfect circles. 'No exact rounding off, no pure circumference, spirals that shift, that erode. The circle winds down in a conical helix.' And he continues: 'Who am I? A vortex. A dispersal that has come undone', that has depleted its vortical energy and has stabilized in a form onto which a self can be projected and modeled, a form both fortified against and constituted in the currents that would sweep it aside. Between the center-to-the-sides extension of the body that is reconstituted in *Broken* and the mechanical 'crank' that converts, and rectifies, such movements into a rotation in the mobile, there is the sense of a nameless identity finding its bearings, navigating an environment via side routes and lagging behind in perilous interstices, tracing a fragment from a meshwork woven by myriad lines, as living beings thread their ways through the world.

As a corrective to a recent flurry of projects, artistic and curatorial, that traffic in the 'vibrancy' or vitality of matter by dragging inanimate things across the organic divide, giving them a kind of life, placing them in a semantic sphere whose exponents and privileged beneficiaries we are, Beasley is interested in what things can do, to and as subjectivities, without being smuggled over the border of the living. In the common measure between *Broken* and *Bearings* – common to them but persistently alien to us – there is a solidarity in alterity, a making visible of reciprocities between objects, selves and positions that are not premised on what they divulge about one another or on being ultimately interchangeable, but on complicating the trajectory of a thought that resists both the stamp of an auctorial I or the fallacies of second-degree animation. As such, Beasley's project sits outside the purview of Steven Connor's perceptive diagnosis of such delusions, which breathe in all things the quasi-life of a makeshift self, to make them docile and fungible:



Becky Beasley (b. 1975) lives and works in St Leonards, East Sussex. Solo exhibitions include: *Cox*, Turner Gallery, Eastbourne (2017); *A Gentle Man*, 80WSE Gallery, New York (2017); *Lake Erie from the Northwest*, Laura Bartlett Gallery (2016); *Fall*, Francesca Minini Gallery, Milan (2014); *A Slight Nausea: An Interior*, Live Work, South London Gallery, London (2014); *Spring Rain*, Spike Island, Bristol (2012); *The Outside*, Art Now, Tate Britain, London (2012); *13 Pieces*, *17 Feet*, in collaboration with Chris Sharp, Park Nights, Serpentine Gallery, London (2010). Group exhibitions include: *Flatland: Narrative Abstractions*, Mudam, Luxembourg (2017 – toured to Mirac, Sérignan, France, 2016); *Répétition*, Boghossian Foundation, Villa Empain, Brussels (2016); *The Camera's Blind Spot II*, Extra City Kunsthal, Antwerp (2015); *The Camera's Blind Spot*, Museo d'Arte Provincia di Nuoro, Italy (2013); *Vital Research*, *Think Twice – Part 2*, Whitechapel Gallery, London (2012); *The Imaginary Museum*, Kunstverein Munich, Munich (2012); *La Carte d'après Nature*, curated by Thomas Demand, Nouveau Musée National de Monaco - Villa Paloma, Monaco (2010).

Bearings III, 2014
Brass, 1.5 rpm motor
135 x 1.8 x 1.7 cm
Detail



INNER-CYLINDER PANORAMA

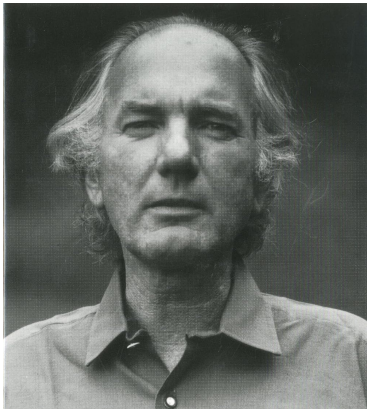
The setting of the camera stays fixed while shooting, and the image is formed through the post processing of the photos taken by turning the camera or rotating 360° of the conventional camera. This method is known as the inner-cylinder panorama. Since the images for display must be placed inwards from end to end to form a cylinder, the viewers standing in to appreciate the images, so this technique is called the inner-cylinder panorama.

OUTER-CYLINDER PANORAMA

When you take this type of panorama, keep the subject fixed and take photos of the whole circle of the subject. When the images are for display, they are also placed from end to end to form a cylinder, but they should be outwards, and the viewers stand outside of the cylinder to appreciate them. So we call this kind of technique outer-cylinder panorama.



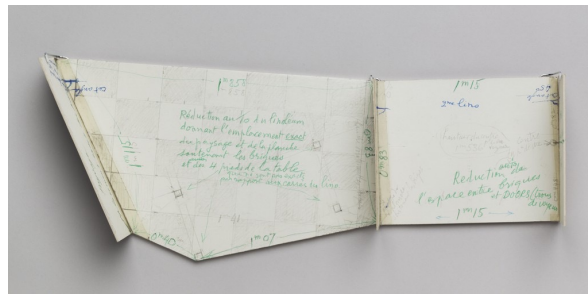




Three-Part Inventions

The Novels of Thomas Bernhard

Thomas J. Cousineau



BECKY BEASLEY, SPRING RAIN (2013) INSTALLATION VIEW, SPIKE ISLAND, BRISTOL

Highly Sensitive
Person

Promising Mid-career Women – Fragments on Sensitivity –

By Becky Beasley & Anna Gritz

What person? I need an outline.

Some years ago, someone came up to me at an opening and said that they had thought I was a man, by my work. I didn't know what they meant, but I liked that there was some confusion. Hello, person. As a child they called me sweet, shy, creative, smart, sensitive, too sensitive, a tomboy sometimes, a smarty-pants, a know-it-all. They said I'd need to toughen up, to thicken up my skin, not to take things so personally, to relax, to cheer up, to pray, to meditate, to take more drugs, to drink less, to be more grateful, to speak up, to shut up. As a teen and in my twenties, they said I was an odd ball, bit weird, unusual. I was also called unstable, needy, obsessive, demanding, intense, scheming, a monster, a witch. I learnt about the terms weathering, tone policing and gas lighting in 2020 when I was studying structural racism so I could be a better person. Oh, I thought, that's what that is.

The severity of some consequences can take us by surprise, as Rita Valencia's protagonist learns the hard way in her short story, "Indecency" (1992). She knew right away that something irreversible had occurred when she accidentally uses the word "bag" in place of the word "back," an error that she calls "a leak of rotten soul juice," a carelessness that condemns her to live her slip of the tongue.

"Bag—back—back—bag. It was impossible to escape the unbearable significance of the transposition. My back would henceforth be a bag." A hollow container, with no shape of its own, but easily malleable by the contours of its load. A back bag cluttered by the disarray that is caused by the lack of a spine. Left with a weak, thin, malleable, leaking receptacle in place of what had provided her with strength and support – burden had become her backbone.¹

after I had just given birth, carrying a heavy shapeless and stretched out void that had once contained you. Dutifully, I immediately started to pencil in G.'s sweater, copying every detail, even the letters on it that zealously spell out "WORK OUT". G. went about it quite differently; she taped a bunch of playing cards and leaves that we had just collected to where the outline had left her face and her hands blank. Like a bizarre mask, the leaves and cards completely obscured her face and grew like a feather dress out of her sleeves. I was both enamoured and disturbed by her leafy, monstrous disguise. Was this how she saw herself or what she might want to be?

When I enter the room, I know I am invisible. I am over here, I murmur. I'm back here! I know it's easy not to speak to me because you don't experience me as a person. You don't know what I am. *What person?*, you say, *I need an outline.* I smile, and say *Yes, of course, I know, it's hard, just try harder.*²

Adrian Piper's early 1970's *Catalysis* performances - in which (she) saturated a set of clothing in a mixture of vinegar, eggs, milk and cod liver oil for a week, then wore them on the *D train during evening rush hour, then while browsing in the Marlboro bookstore on Saturday night* - presented a play of claiming space by testing out the boundaries of her own person, and what was socially acceptable, by establishing presences that made the tension and awkwardness that is often felt in social interactions in public space (foremost for people that do not belong to the dominant demographic) tangible. Unannounced as art events even to herself, they took on the shape of something in between a performance, a social experiment, and an ongoing practice. Simply holding someone's gaze while occupying space in this manner triggered some severe personality changes in Piper. Violating her body, turning it monstrous, odd, and abject in public allowed her to render herself an object.

At Opening nights over all the years, as people approached one after the other, I thought, *I'm going to die!* I kept smiling and said, *Thank you for coming!* I really meant it.

You can't cut that, it's not yours. It is mine. I bought it. Who made it? Christopher Williams. Why do you want to cut it up? It's too big, I couldn't afford to frame it in one piece. Then I couldn't afford to frame it in four pieces. Now it is part of the show. I like it best like this, not mine, in four pieces, inside a table, under my small sculptures, in a room, with other people around it, people I don't know. This is ideal now.

Wanda the wanderer. She is often lost in the frame, hard to keep track of, not the personality, not the material that can easily be captured by the frame or hold the attention of the lens. We tend to find her only after the shot has been established, almost part of the backdrop, the context. A woman drifting, abandoning her parental and marital duties, and doing so is no longer legible to society. Doomed to become an outlaw, living aside from society, not transparent, but described by negative space, handing herself over to the will of others.³

What did we need, to be called needy? What did we ask for, to be called demanding? What did we know, to be called witches? What was so enormous in us, to be called monstrous? How do we fall so fast? How is there no credit? I tried to not ask too many questions. What did you do to this sweet, shy, kind, sensitive child? You told her to drink like a lad and fuck like a man, to have no needs and to make no demands. So, she complied. When she died in pain of breast cancer at 48, she was crying, "Shit, shit, shit."⁴

Her limited grasp on the space that shapes Wanda's surrounding becomes a physical challenge that leaves her consistently threatened to escape the margins of the frame and the camera makes a show of the struggle to keep her in view. How do we establish ourselves against the background or alongside it?

As Piper recollected in an interview with Lucy Lippard, "Initially, it was really hard to look people in the eye. I simply couldn't overcome the sense that if I was going to keep my own composure and maintain my own identity, it was just impossible. I would have to pretend that they weren't there, even though I needed them. Then something really weird happened; it doesn't happen all the time. Something I really like. It is almost as if I manage to make contact in spite of how I look, in spite of what I'm doing."⁵

I have always been quite quirky, queer, queer is the Germanic root. I am odd, oblique, off-centre. As I said, quirky. It turns out - could you even believe it? - I am actually autistic. Oh, and progesterone intolerant.

A *Slight Nausea* is what you called it. I thought I knew what you meant back then, identified that sensation as an internal...well, a physical reaction to a space, the authority of a construct in which to work, with which to work, while not being able to play according to the rules. Rules that appear to stem from another game. Yet it was so much more. It was Mollino, it was you. When you told me about your plan you quote Joseph Jobert's diaries, "*When? you say? I answer: When I Have Circumnavigated My Sphere.*" Queer. Neither vertical, nor horizontal, both aerial and panoramic. Demanding two perspectives to be inhabited simultaneously, maybe also two biographies.

On the opening night of *Opening Night* in 1977, Gena Rowlands went mad with joy. They said, *What a performance! Look at her. She's crazy. She thought, 'Yes, you're all right. I have known joy and we are all of this. Everything is so tender now.'* She smiled and said, *"Thank you all for coming. We are all so sensitive, aren't we?"*

Christopher Williams just replied to my letter. He's into it and wants to send me a different print so I don't have to cut mine up. It's not the print from the edition. It's another image. I had already cut mine by the time he replied. My galleist texted me to let me know: Did you cut yours already? she wrote. Yes, I replied, I cut mine already.

Film director, Barbara Lodon came across Alma Malone's story in a newspaper article that described her as an accomplice to a bank robbery, who upon sentencing thanked the judge for sending her away for 20 years. In his autobiography Elia Kazan reported that Lodon died in a lot of pain - from breast cancer at the age of 48 - crying "shit, shit, shit!"⁶

I did my best for the art labour pay movement and asked several times during 'negotiations' for a five grand fee but he kept saying, *'No, Becky, you can maybe have four.'* So, in the end I said, *"Thank you."*

Chantal Akerman, *La Chambre* (1970): A loop, once around the room, she is lying in her bed looking at the camera, the act of filming becomes the act of holding the gaze while resting. Lazy artist, lazy woman. *Portrait d'une Paresseuse* (1986), the portrait of a lazy woman. Again, the artist is in bed. "I'll get up in a minute" she lets us know. "Get up, lazy one. Get up, get dressed." The time is both 12:12 and 5 pm. "I will have a cigarette, then I will make the bed." Or not.

When I entered the room, I felt dizzy, disoriented, nauseous, already exhausted. Then someone asked me a question and I thought, *I'm going to collapse.* I smiled and said *Yes, thank you. Of course, that's fine.*

Yesterday, G. and I played this game where you lay down on a large piece of paper and draw around the outer border of the other's body. We then hung G.'s lumpy and empty body outline up on the wall to fill it in with markers. The silhouette reminded me of how I felt

"*H. S. P. (or Promising Mid-Career Woman)*" is a coming-out exhibition by mid-career British artist Becky Beasley. *H. S. P.* expresses the joys and complexities of an entirely autistic life understood only in retrospect. Through the sensitivities of photographic, ceramic, and linen surfaces, the three centrepieces of *H. S. P.* are installations through which the paradoxes of the human need for intimacy manifest in alternatives that have become Beasley's trademark: minimal approach to art making. How to live, how to speak, how to be together, how to be alone.

H. S. P. is a lyric to sensitive surfaces and to the highly individual process of being a person in the world. The insistence of being is expressed in the repeatedly reverse-printed negative - something often previously present in Beasley's practice - but here expressed clearly and insistently across the exhibition. BACK!, she insists. BACK! BACK! BACK! BACK! BACK! BACK!

Becky Beasley (b. 1975, UK) is a mid-career artist who has participated in numerous international exhibitions, among them 80WSE Gallery (NYU), New York; Towner Gallery, Eastbourne; South London Gallery, London; Leeds City Gallery, Leeds; Spike Island, Bristol; Serpentine Gallery Pavilion, London; Tate Britain, London; Stanley Picker Gallery, London; Whitworth, Manchester; Blusport, Liverpool; Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool; Whitechapel Gallery, London; Kunstverein Freiburg; Kunstverein Mních; Kunsthalle Bern. She received a Paul Hamlyn Award in 2018.

Anna Gritz is a curator at KW Institute for Contemporary Art in Berlin, where she has realized solo exhibitions by Judith Hopf, Lynn Hersham, Lescaon, Steve Bishop, Anelie von Wulfflen, and Michael Stevenson, as well as group exhibitions including *The Making of Husbands: Christina Ramberg in Dialogue and Zeres and Ones* (co-curated with Kathrin Beutle and Ghislaine Leung). Previously she held curatorial positions at the South London Gallery (SLG), the Institute of Contemporary Arts (ICA) and the Hayward Gallery, both in London. Gritz writes for catalogues and regularly contributes to art publications. She served as a curatorial attaché for the 20th Biennale of Sydney in 2016, and since 2019, she has been a member of the acquisitions committee at the FRAC Lorraine in Metz.

Galeria Plan B
a project by Mihai Pop and Mihaela Luta

Cover: Me as Andy (1996), 2021
Poster: The Artist Who Disappeared into a Building, 2021

GALERIAPLAN B

Becky Beasley

H. S. P. (or Promising Mid-Career Woman)

Opening 27 November, 12 – 19 h

November 27, 2021 – February 5, 2022
Potsdamer Strasse 77-87, 10785 Berlin

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Autistics at Work

Author Sonia Boue

Autistics at Work takes a psychosocial¹ approach to inequality and the impact of neurotypical norms on autistic people's experiences at work. A concern for emotional wellbeing informs the practical information on offer for those working in the creative sector, and beyond.

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1st edition published 2023.

Author: Sonia Boué

A note about the author Sonia Boué (she/they).

Sonia Boué is a multiform artist. She is also a writer on autism and art, and a consultant for neurodiversity in the arts. She specialises in neuro-inclusive practice-led research.

www.soniaboue.co.uk



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Autistic identity

We all feel differently about being autistic, and that's okay. The elephant in the room is stigma and discrimination, which can result in internalised stigma. I use this term to mean developing powerful (often debilitating) negative feelings about ourselves as autistic people. The following information is relevant for people who are newly diagnosed, and those who feel negative or unhappy about being autistic. The struggles are real, but it helps to know the dynamics at play.

“...the navigation of stigma, stereotypes, and discrimination can be exceptionally challenging for autistic people when they conceptualise their identity.”⁹

Internalised stigma is not of our making and can be hard to shake. Life improves when we push back, but it can take time. We can develop a positive autistic identity in whichever way feels right for us. There are no rules for self-acceptance.

Author Sonia Boue

Our first stumbling block can be the culture of clinical diagnosis, and a lack of support options for adults. The NHS website contains skeleton resources with links and bullet point advice¹⁰, and states,

“...you or your child are still the same person as before.”¹¹

This is meant kindly, yet it can be profoundly unhelpful. From the inside, a diagnosis can feel like tectonic plates shifting - everything we thought we knew has changed! From a neurotypical perspective, it may not be clear that we could need support to develop a positive autistic identity. I'm certain this will change as autistic research filters through¹². There is also research about identity that confirms my experience,

“...identity formation may be challenging for those diagnosed later in life.”¹³

In future times, I think the need for a transitional process will be recognised as, autistic identity transition.



Autistic identity transition

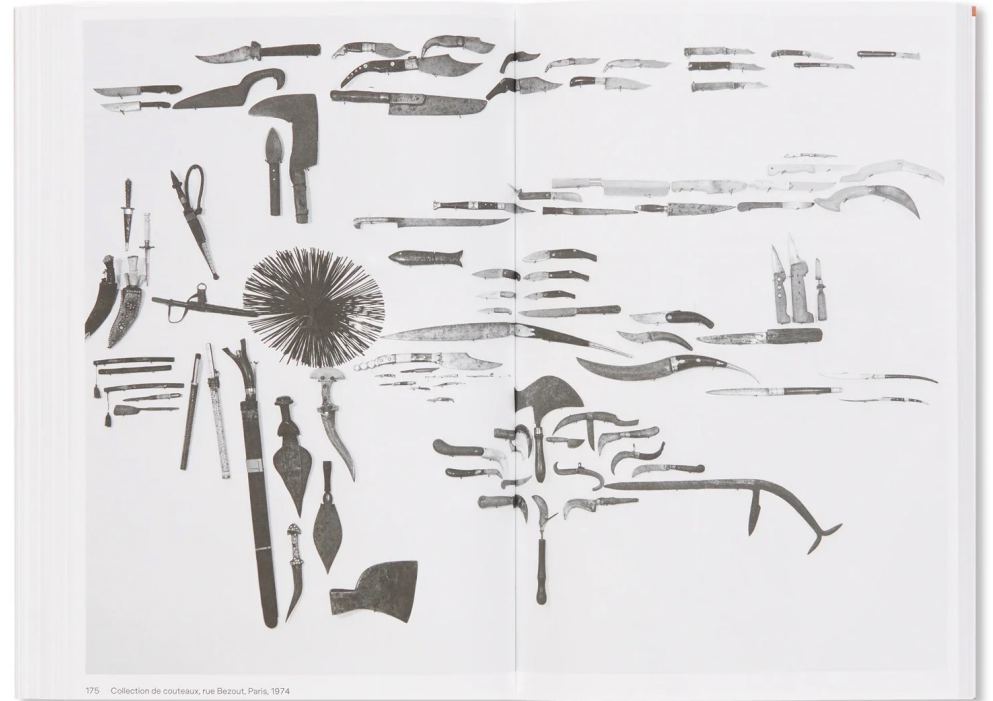
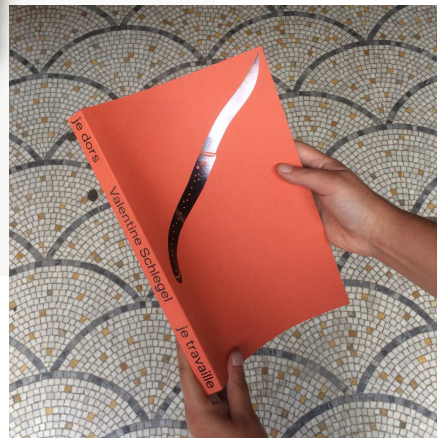
The term, autistic identity transition, has developed through a series of collaborative conversations with Professor Nicola Shaughnessy¹⁴, to describe an individual psychosocial experience. This can require us to make significant adaptations to our mindsets, including how we view (and feel about) ourselves. It can influence the choices we make and bring a sense of agency to our lives. We may need time to sift and discard aspects of our social conditioning - including internalised stigma. To make an analogy, it can be anything from a software update to factory reset.

Internalised stigma is only a fraction of what I encounter in my mentoring practice - we may need many different kinds of help to adapt. It is wise to have support, and a well supported diagnosis presents the opportunity to develop the confidence and know-how required to assert our needs. We can be empowered to seek access support for work. We are entitled!

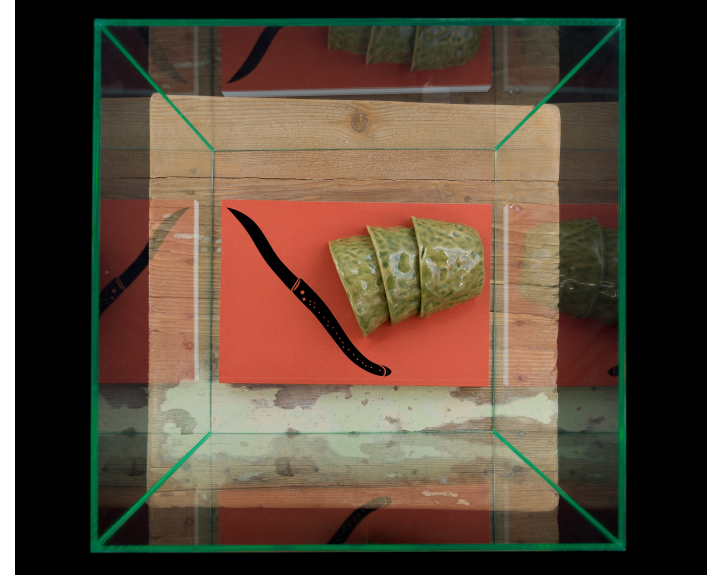
This work can be done at any time following a diagnosis. It's never too late, though we may need to pass through periods of grieving for what can feel like lost time. Sometimes, the "if only's" can be overwhelming. Having gone through it, I can completely understand.

Author Sonia Boue





Valentine Schlegel's Knife collection



'When? You say. I answer you: -
When I have circumscribed my sphere.'
(The Notebooks of Joseph Joubert, 1800)

Here's the person I want.
Hullo, person! Doesn't hear me.
(Nabakov, Transparent things,
opening line)

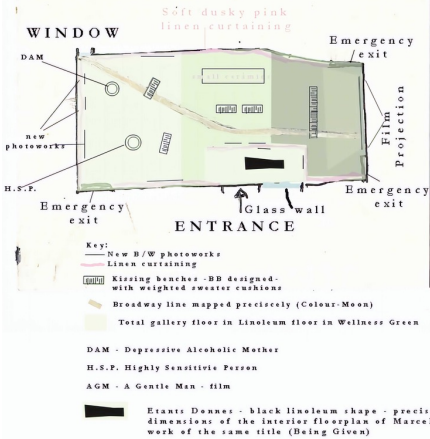
A GENTLE MAN
(PART II) -
1975-2029

I am a man... Not maybe a
first-rate man. I'm perfectly
willing to admit that I may
be in fact a kind of second-rate
or imitation man,
a Pretend-a-Him.
(Ursula K. Le Guin,
Introducing Myself, 1992)

Man can never expect to start
from scratch; he must start
from ready-made things,
like even his own mother and
father.
(Marcel Duchamp)

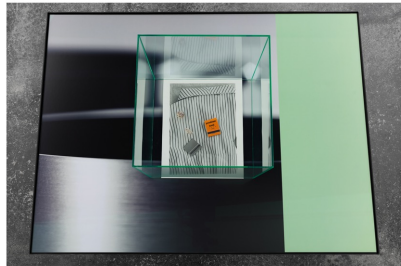
"I know this isn't too fascinating,
but it's our life," a mother writes
to her children in the affectionate,
meandering "Winter Letter."
Through Davis's eyes, however, nothing
could be more consistently interesting.
(from Chelsea Leu's review of,
Our Strangers, by Lydia Davis,
New York Times, October 2023)

The diagram below shows how I'll only use daylight and no gallery lighting. The light coming from the windows creates areas of light (LHS), slightly dimmer, area (middle) and then the RHS is darker but illuminated by the light from the large wall sized film projection. I have worked with only daylight previously and very successfully. This softly shifting of natural light is very comforting to humans. The exhibition will be timed for late Spring light.



My home & workspace

Left: Very speculative sketch to give feeling for spatial. Most important here is the rendering of the light- how I plan to use late Spring daylight only



Above & top right: You & Me (1975-2021)(details)- This work, in which I cut up a 1.5x2m print from a Koenig edition by Christopher Williams (with his permission). I bought myself this print when I won my Hamlyn Award to celebrate but it was too big to frame as I didn't earn enough money after receiving the award. So I cut it up and made four 'table' artworks from it. I plan to return to the energy and agenda of this work to develop it further into the speculative element of the new project, 'You & Me (1975-2029)' when I would reach 34 years old, the statistical life expectancy age of my community of independent autistics. Statistics connect communities and are powerful tools for others to understand different outcomes.



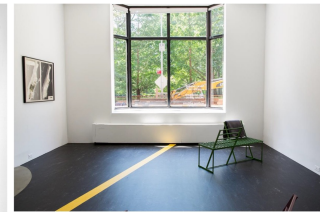
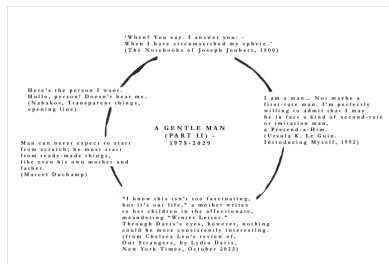
Below- My peer and friend Jimmy Robert performing at Kunstverein Munich alongside my work, Korrektur. He told me he chose his pastel clothes to sit with the pale yellow of my photographs (just visible on RHS of the image). How we explore and represent identity has been a long shared theme between Jimmy and me. I only have a very few friends in the arts so this is mentioned as something very special to me and is not sycophantic.



Above: Ceramic tests & WIP combining laying my ceramic vessel works (plates, bowls, cups, ashtrays) on my sister gelatin photographs. The shirt in the photo is a wrap shirt I made myself, inspired by Georgia O'Keeffe's wrap dresses which I was lucky to see in NYC when there on research. (The orange book is Je dors, je travaille, a monograph of the life and works of Valentine Schlegel)



Left & above: Examples of the direction I want to push further in my works combining ceramics and other media. These existing pieces were a start, speaking of how the work of earlier female ceramicists has supported my own learning, being new to ceramics aged 43, at mid-career.



Above: Example of install using daylight only (A Gentle Man, NYE, NYC, in Washington Square) 2018. Also showing an example of the iron kissing bench I designed with a padded sweater cushion to which I would now add glass beads to create a weighted lap cushion, a key tool for neurodivergent school kids as well as adults.

I spent incredible time in the nearby Folger Library collection during my research for A Gentle Man, researching 'Top Stories' publications.

The New York Times

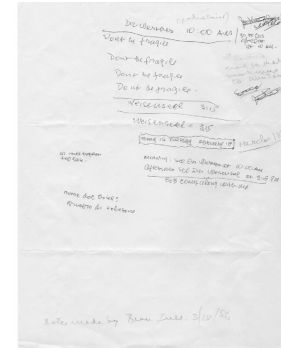
What to See in New York Art Galleries This Week

1000 Broadway

YBEASLEY

1 Aug. 20. 80WSE Gallery, 80 Washington Square East, New York 10003-9977. www.nytimes.com/2021/08/01/arts/dance/ybeasley.html

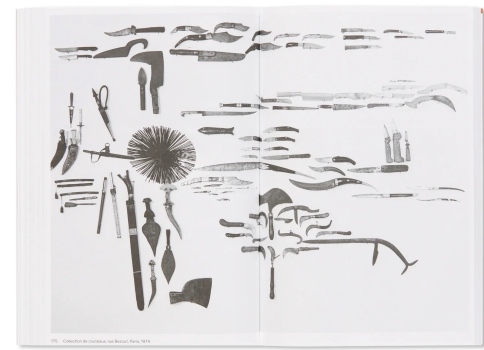
During the opening night, a young female blogger came to me weeping after sitting in the final room- she spoke of her father and the consolations of the show I had made- and a gay male New Yorker in his late 50's described how he had spent his entire life at different times up and down Broadway.

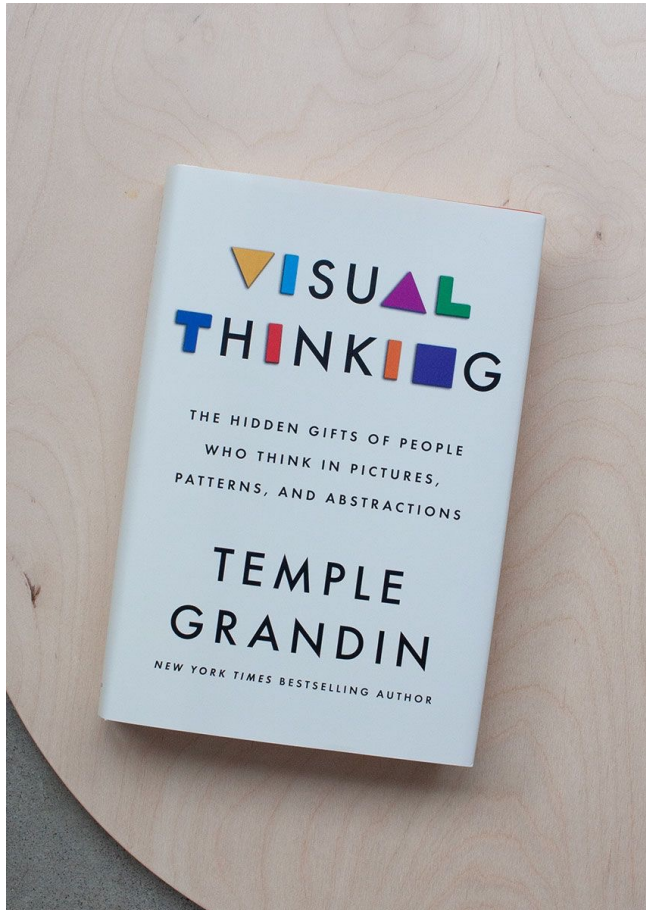


Notes made by Bernard Malamud on Tuesday, March 18th, 1966, the day he died.

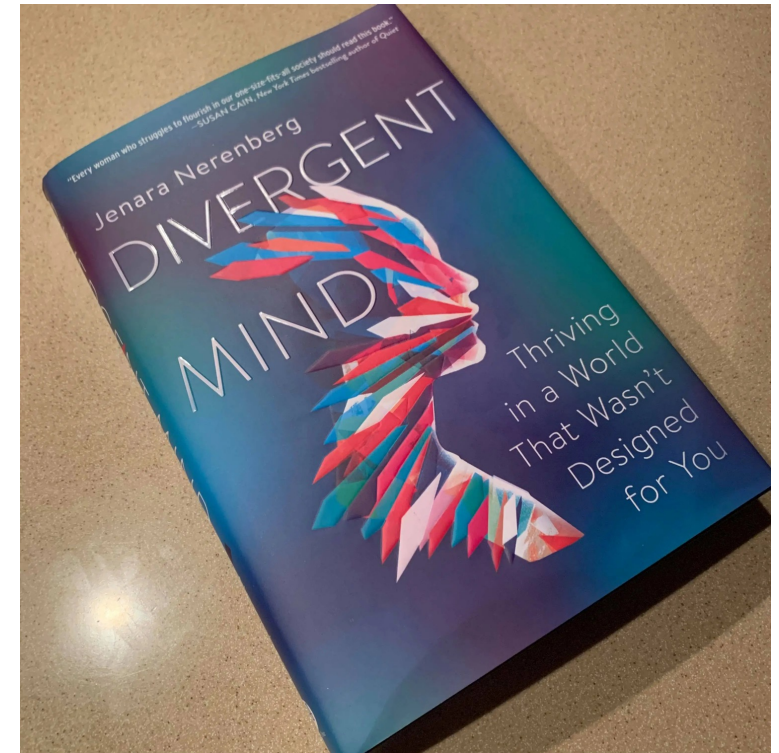
Dr. Wetmore 200 am to go to his office at 10 am
Don't be fragile
Don't be fragile
Don't be fragile
Don't be fragile
Wetmore 115
Wetmore 115
Tucker in Theater February 18 March 18
Meeting on Dr. Wetmore 200 am
Afternoon on Dr. Wetmore 115 am
Bob coming along with me

The repeated phrase in Malamud's last note to himself, "Don't be fragile," was something I had read about earlier in my research, but the image of the note itself only finally came through from the archive a few days ago. Seeing its context, handwriting and the vulnerability of its form for the first time, I felt witness to a man, to a man writing and to a man writing close to death. A dawning man, was my actual thought. Like Bas Jan Ader, in his film, *Broken Fall Organic*, Amsterdamse Bos, Holland (1971) hanging by his fingertips to a branch over a river. Like Marcel Broodthaers in his film, *Le plus je (Projet pour un texte)* (1969), his writing washing away as he writes in the rain. Impossibly as a document witnessing a man writing to himself, this note offers a very intimate relation to the profound and yet clinging. A mind seems to be unraveling and getting closer to memory through repetition and to life through writing.





Temple Grandin



ARTISTS WEBSITE

www.beckybeasley.com

GALLERY REPRESENTATION

<https://www.plan-b.ro/artist/becky-beasley/>

<https://www.francescaminini.it/artist/becky-beasley/>

AWARDS

Paul Hamlyn Artist Award 2018

<https://www.phf.org.uk/artist/becky-beasley/>

Current finalist **Freelands Award** for Mid Career Women Artists

<https://freelandsfoundation.co.uk/award/freelands-award-2023>

