



Reviews

Becky Beasley

UBU Gallery Offsite, Glasgow, until Wed 5 Jul

June 8-22, 2006

By Jack Mottram

The word liminal is, perhaps, overused on pages such as these, but it's the word that springs to mind when wandering through Becky Beasley's photographs and sculptures. There are two rooms full of Beasley's work, the door into one labelled 'Entrance', the other 'Exit'. This playful notification speaks of the deliberate uncertainty at the heart of Beasley's work: whenever her practice leads her into a room - one marked Photography, the other Sculpture - she seems distinctly unwilling to cross the threshold.

Beasley's photographs are unconventionally framed, or screwed to the wall, and are photographs about photography, printed so as to emphasise the making of a print, in a way that verges on the sculptural. Her photographs of sculptures are also shown here: twin boxes on unsteady plinths, close to being designed, crafted, useful objects. But, lest anyone think Beasley has walked through the door of that room marked Sculpture, the boxes are woody realisations of a literary reference, their dimensions drawn from a Faulkner novella. Then there is 'Stumbling Block', two piles of prints on the floor, awkwardly guarding the entrance to a small room, they are as solid as stone, eroding away to nothing as each visitor takes a sheet home.

This is not navel-gazing, nor dry meta-art, though. The work here is beautiful, but Beasley passes a happy discomfort with her chosen media on to the viewer. It's as if we are watching her working, not looking at her work.