

LONDON

Becky Beasley



Becky Beasley's sumptuously minimalist work deals with that psychological space where the anxieties of personal experience and understanding measure and transcend cultural reference. Behind the naked veneer of her neatly hand-crafted marquetry objects inlaid with glossy black glass, also catalogued in arresting large format black and white photographs, there is an obsessive succinctness of speech, a persistent trail

of clues extracted from the written works only implicitly mentioned in the show's title, "Three Notable American Novellas," at Laura Bartlett gallery in London. Some pieces are edged like a coffin, or like a fallen piano, or an opaque screen, engaging in conversation with symbols of expectation, disappointment and mortality found in works by Faulkner, Capote and Melville. But the pieces fit together in a melancholy, found-surrealist acquiescence even without the literary footnotes. They stand as sturdy mental props that echo a lingering, not entirely inscrutable message, oblique refrains, objects found wrapped up and boxed in a storage space, whose repeating silhouettes only partially give their darkened secret away.

— *Lupe Nunez-Fernandez*

Becky Beasley, *Sleep, Night 1*, 2007. Black American Walnut, black glass, 28 x 22 x 8 cm. Courtesy Laura Bartlett, London.