

Siobhan McBride

● Never While You're Sleeping...

● From February 8 to March 8, 2013

● Opening Reception: Friday, February 8, 7-9 PM

NURTUREart Gallery

● 56 Bogart St., Brooklyn, NY 11206

The system of his delusions had been the subject of an elaborate paper in a scientific monthly, which the doctor at the sanitarium had given to them to read. But long before that, she and her husband had puzzled it out for themselves. "Referential mania," the article had called it. In these very rare cases, the patient imagines that everything happening around him is a veiled reference to his personality and existence. He excludes real people from the conspiracy, because he considers himself to be so much more intelligent than other men. Phenomenal nature shadows him wherever he goes. Clouds in the staring sky transmit to each other, by means of slow signs, incredibly detailed information regarding him. His in-most thoughts are discussed at nightfall, in manual alphabet, by darkly gesticulating trees. Pebbles or stains or sun flecks form patterns representing, in some awful way, messages that he must intercept. Everything is a cipher and of everything he is the theme. All around him, there are spies. Some of them are detached observers, like glass surfaces and still pools; others, such as coats in store windows, are prejudiced witnesses, lynchers at heart; others, again (running water, storms), are hysterical to the point of insanity, have a distorted opinion of him, and grotesquely misinterpret his actions. He must be always on his guard and devote every minute and module of life to the decoding of the undulation of things. The very air he exhales is indexed and filed away. If only the interest he provokes were limited to his immediate surroundings, but, alas, it is not! With distance, the torrents of wild scandal increase in volume and volubility. The silhouettes of his blood corpuscles, magnified a million times, flit over vast plains; and still farther away, great mountains of unbearable solidity and height sum up, in terms of granite and groaning firs, the ultimate truth of his being.

Vladimir Nabokov, "Symbols and Signs,"
The New Yorker, May 15, 1948.



Big Spider Mosquito Weekend, 2012.
Gouache on paper on panel, 11 x 12 inches.

Snow Globes

by *Dustin London*

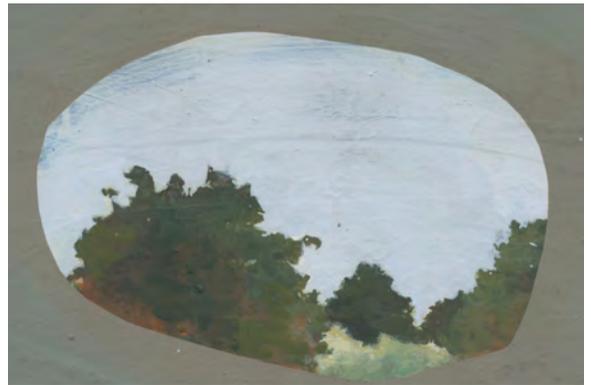
"We know that under the image revealed there is another which is truer to reality and under this image still another and yet again still another under this last one, right down to the true image of that reality, absolute, mysterious, which no one will ever see or perhaps right down to the decomposition of any image, of any reality."

Michelangelo Antonioni

Siobhan McBride's paintings feel like the memory that changes a little every time I try to recall it, but which I know I cannot truly hold. Yet, they are also beautifully solid nuggets of experience, like an egg-stained shirt. They cut and shift and slide. They stay and they fade. They are fields of wildflowers and they are nightmares. They are snow globes with every experience you could ever have inside.

The space of these paintings never sits still, sliding behind itself, obscuring senselessly or inseting abruptly within some alien shape. It creates pockets and poses choices where the stakes are indefinable but feel very high. At other times the space is completely straightforward, but things hover so slightly as to be terribly disconcerting.

There is a chronic sense of anxiety in these paintings. Edges cut the surface with precision and a tense atmosphere is created when harsh, off-kilter angles dominate compositions of otherwise innocuous domestic scenes. Forms defined with exquisite clarity are set against those in ghostly silhouette, or which simply feel vacu-



Grid (detail), 2011.

Gouache on paper on panel, 8 x 12 inches.

ous, as though their identity has been stolen. Light scrapes against a chalky surface and a nightstand sits sadly, uncomfortably against a wall. The evocations are so specific and familiar, as if these scenarios exist in my own memory.

McBride's color is at once swampy, metallic, sulfuric, brilliant and glowing, and absolutely lovely in its subtlety. The surfaces are dense with the residue of previous choices and layers of color, yet they remain surprisingly fresh. Surgical incisions delineate clear, taped-off shapes that feel like they have been transplanted into the painting and could perhaps be peeled away, leaving a hole in the reality of the image. Light gleams off of surfaces and activates spaces, allowing us into an eerie dark past in images reminiscent of old flash photographs. It creates the stillness in a bathroom on a soft overcast Sunday. Or, glowing orbs of light hum and carry their own sense of being and otherworldliness.

The paintings are like some new language, telling us stories of the deepest and most magical truths of the universe that we can only scarcely understand. Things are close but they are hiding right in front of us. They contain the complexity and depth of what it is to be human without any sense of grandeur. McBride's paintings provide fleeting moments of perfection, where reality infuses itself with all the possibilities of existence, mirroring our world yet conjuring parallel universes or lucid dreams. They hold me to their surfaces, as they require such intimate inspection. They make me feel my interior world and the world around me more acutely.



Bedroom, (detail), 2012.
Gouache on paper on panel. 9 1/4 x 12 inches.



Gin Rummy, 2012. Gouache on paper on panel, 7 x 8 inches.



Knick Knacks, 2011. Gouache on paper on panel, 5 1/2 x 6 inches.



Miami, 2012. Gouache on paper on panel, 9 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches.



Night Studio (for K.D.), 2012. Gouache on paper on panel, 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches.



Old House (after E.M.), 2012. Gouache on paper on panel, 20 x 16 inches.



Parlor, 2012. Gouache on paper on panel, 11 3/4 x 16 inches.



Telepathy, 2012. Gouache on paper on panel, 8 1/2 x 9 3/4 inches.



Perry Mason, 2012. Gouache on paper on panel, 20 x 16 inches.

NURTUREart Non-Profit Inc. is dedicated to nurturing contemporary art by providing exhibition opportunities and resources for emerging artists, curators, and local public school students. The unique synergy between NURTUREart's programs generates a collaborative environment for artistic experimentation. This framework, along with other far-reaching programming, cultivates a supportive artistic network and enriches the local and larger cultural communities.

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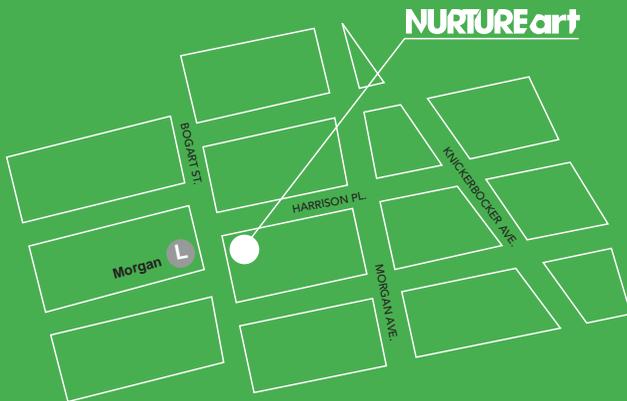
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Directions:

By Subway:
L train to the Morgan Avenue stop.
Exit the station via Bogart Street.
Look for the NURTUREart entrance
on Bogart Street, close to the inter-
section with Harrison Place.

By Car:
Driving From Manhattan: Take the
Williamsburg Bridge, stay in the
outside lane, and take the Broadway
/ S. 5 St. exit. Turn left at light onto
Havemeyer St. Turn right next light
onto Borinquen Place, continue
straight, street will change name to
Grand Street. Turn right onto Bush-
wick Ave, left onto Johnson Ave, then
right onto Bogart Street. Look for
our entrance at the corner of Bogart
Street and Harrison Place.