

Georgina Hill,
In a cowslip's bell I lie

July 15th - September 23rd, 2022

*Profound—precarious Property—
Possession, not optional—*

*Double Estate—entailed at pleasure
Upon an unsuspecting Heir—
Duke in a moment of Deathlessness
And God, for a Frontier.*

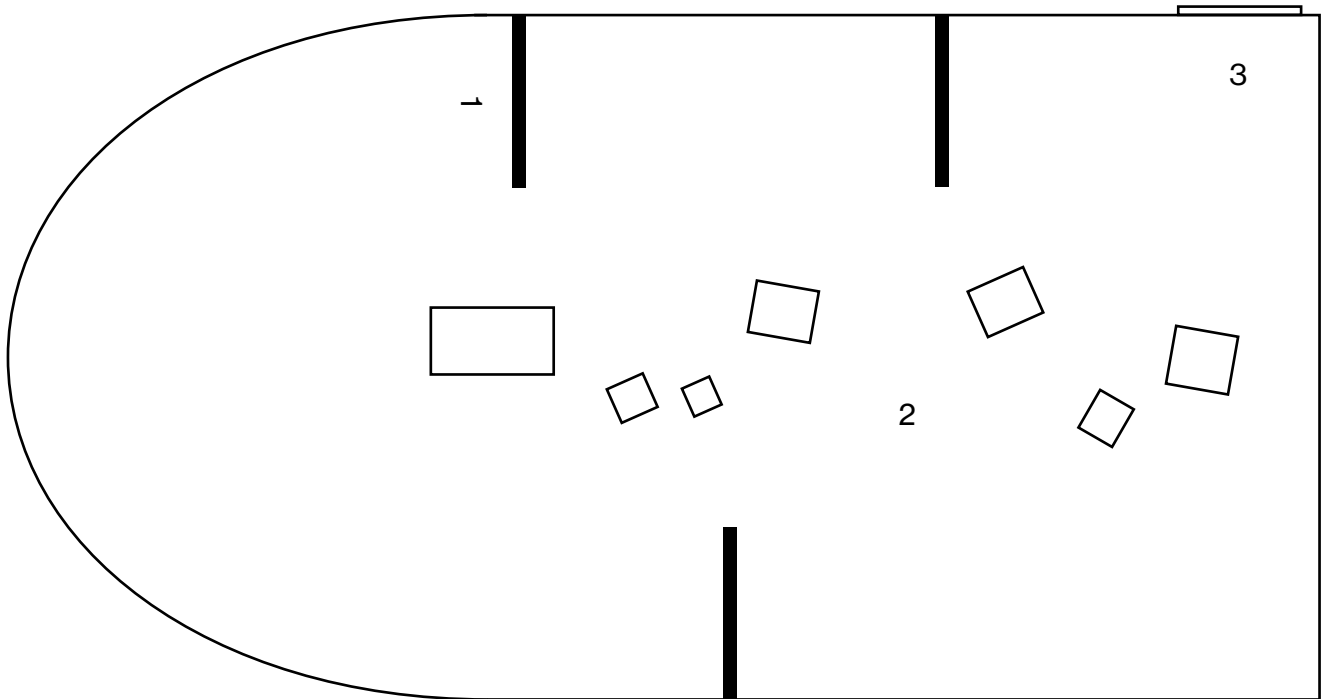
*I am Afraid to Own my Body,
Emily Dickinson.*

In a cowslip's bell I lie, the title of this exhibition, is taken from Ariel's poetic verses in Shakespeare's *Tempest*. Throughout the play, Ariel is presented as the airiest character, a spirit whose voice fluctuates in rhythm and movement. An invisible entity, whose subtle presence shifts the narrative.

Considering the invisible impact of logistics, Hill's installation unfolds as a haunting space revealing the structural dimension of life and its systemic infrastructures. Featuring two recent series of sculptures where the friction between the precarious and the commodified are brought into conversation, it is in their possible interactions where meanings emerge. It articulates a possibility of space for bodies' resilience and their continuous interplay of intimacy within the violence of logistics, access and mobility in a white supremacist patriarchy.

Building on subtlety as a possible path, three gates open and close in a studied choreography bringing you across the possibility of a new narrative. Taking on the appearance of commodified objects, their movement reveals them as a source for identity and orientation entangled with multiple social, political and symbolic significations. As they seem to be dancing upon the punctuation of partiality and social dispossession, they question ornamentation and fortification as tools that help us renew our habits of assembly.

Even though she is interested in the circulation of materials, in her installation, Hill creates an opposition of experience by confronting the gates to a series of cardboard and flower sculptures and a glass piece appealing to another rationale. The multiple connections of precarious matter, life and decay are sung through the transitory nature of things and their dissonant temporalities: dying flowers, industrial manufacturing and craft labor in a fleeting encounter. As a way to reflect distributed intimacy, the poetic line in Ariel's voice refers to the relation between things – an unconditional love... an atmosphere overflowing in the smell of rain on heat-soaked rotten petals. Precious in the land of endless shipment, wet cardboard boxes disintegrate precariousness into poetic sovereignty.



1. *47, 42, 21*, (2021)

Steel, polyethylene, Arduino, linear actuator, motor shield, Raspberry Pi.
330 x 91 x 4 cm

2. *In a Cowslip's bell I lie (1)*, (2022)

Cardboard boxes, clocks and flowers.
Variable dimensions.

3. *In a Cowslip's bell I lie (2)*, (2022)

Stained glass and solder.
22 x 31 cm.

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Miércoles – Viernes
10 h – 13 h / 17 h – 20 h