

Martina Simeti

Jasmine Gregory
Believe in ur Dreams

text by Steven Warwick

Sometimes (or actually most of the time) I'll have a dream image or ideal of something that I'd like to do. It could be my day off and I fantasise about being laid on my bed reading that book I keep in my bag or by my bedside table. More often than not or in reality I'll be doom scrolling on my phone, bingeing on tv series or optimistically playing my chess app (a clearly more productive use of my time). What we once boldly labelled the "information superhighway" is more often than not a glorified traffic jam, I/ we get bogged down with our own limitations self imposed or dictated from above in the pecking order we are told no longer exist.

Think about it.

It's a hot day and I'll fantasise about being by a pool, forgetting the queue, the sweaty train, the flat tire, the wasps on your ice cream, and of course all the wankers you wish weren't packed like sardines alongside you in the pool. Even if you get to said pool will you even get in the damn thing? maybe it's a weird semiotic, or pleasure through proximity or osmotic trickle down. All that matters is that fantasy of the pool of your access to it. More often than not you will go to "the pool", this fantastic pool, this oasis of recovery and revitalization and simply sit or stand by it. You might go in for a few minutes, before in reality, just sunbathe.

Again, like chess, a somewhat productive use of one's time. Is it similar to all those hours queuing up for a ride (at say Disneyland) only to experience a rush of a 3 minute ride. (but what a ride!).

Similarly one could be the Lido or a luxury spa retreat in the Alps, looking out the window.

Worrying out what will the future hold? I think about that Ad Reinhardt painting of the painting laughing back saying "what do you represent!?" The UBS advert, as you usually see as you enter Zürich airport, will remind you that even if it's lonely at the top, you're covered. With a cynical and corporatized flip on solidarity, no-one quite knows what the

future brings. An affluent man with family looks out of his apartment wondering if the world will always be as unpredictable. As unpredictable as the market?

Every day our dreams, expectations, desires and anxieties are captured, scrutinised, monetized and sold back to us. Do you have ideas or do ideas have you? Simone Weil famously refuted ideology during WW2 while paradoxically killing herself for an ideological cause. A presidential campaign was won with the simple audacity of hope. One could fancy oneself as a rugged Marlboro Man on the frontier or an employee on a zero hours contract loading stored artworks into a Swiss freeport.

Jasmine Gregory's works in this new exhibition mirror and play with these unkept promises which result in these materially and conceptually fragile works. Gregory is clearly appropriating this bank advert presumably to satirise the young artist's position in the market, with wildly unpredictable career precarity and neutrality and the promise of meritocracy (hello American dream!) masking actually existing material conditions and class relations.

As I sat by the pool, thinking to order another Campari Spritz, I couldn't help but wonder what do you represent?