

MATTHEW DARBYSHIRE

BUREAU

1st February – 16th March

Herald St is pleased to present the second solo show at the gallery by Matthew Darbyshire following his presentation here of *Elis* a large scale architectural installation in 2010.

Featuring new bodies of work that include sculpture and for the first time painting his presentation *Bureau* focuses specifically on new methods of production that he has developed over the past six months. Highlighting familiar and classical subjects such as the nude or the Greek statue Darbyshire's new objects employ both polystyrene and plaster. Fabrication methods flit between the designed, machined, hand made and cast. All of the objects in the show start life as an acquired digital design which are then manipulated both on screen and often reworked in the round. *Seated Nude* for example is machine cut from polystyrene, her vectored androgynous hairstyle nodding towards digital origins. *Hercules* by contrast is roughly hewn from layer upon layer of polystyrene assembled by the artists' hand and whilst this item too has its origin in a digital design its final form both references and rejects the more prevalent and fashionable technique of 3D printing. For each layer of positive there must be a negative and Darbyshire used these negative spaces as readymade moulds from which to cast new objects. Everyday items such as water coolers or radiators have been classically cast in plaster, their original polystyrene moulds having been destroyed in the process. Similarly made from plaster the iconic Asimo robot sits atop a Windsor chair, waving to the viewer, he reminds us of early ideal of an automated future.

Elsewhere in the room a series of polystyrene cats engage with Windsor chairs masquerading as pedestals. The chairs offering up an existing timeline of manufacture, each Windsor chair being a different style and dating from the 18th Century to the the recently updated injection-moulded version produced by Kartell.

Fabrication techniques and timelines also come to the fore within a new series of paintings. Using ink from inkjet printers Darbyshire's hand mimics and replaces that of the printer heads, meticulously building up each image layer by layer and colour by colour until the final image is complete. Revisiting notions around commodity culture and desire Darbyshire's paintings each depict an advert chosen from a decade from the seventies through the noughties.

Matthew Darbyshire lives between Rochester and London. Recent solos exhibitions include *Oak Effect*, The Shipley Art Gallery and Bloomberg, London; *Matthew Darbyshire and the W.A. Ismay Collection*, Hepworth Wakefield; *A Way of Life* (in homage to Jim Ede), Kettle's Yard and T Rooms Tramway, Glasgow and Zabludowicz Collection, London. Recent group shows include *Ideal Standard Forms*, Galleria d'arte Moderna, GAM, Turin; *ICA Off-Site*; *A Journey Through London Subculture: 1980s to Now*.

Maggie felt after years of feeling like a robot she might as well take a drive.
Years of that cobweb feeling it was time she got herself into a sauna, I mean a real city, for life.
She had had recently the problem of repetition she felt wherein she felt the second part was often cut short.
She was one to often spend years in an attic with so much to do.
What a mess!
Maggie drove down the mountain past curly lakes and living forestry, watched a couple fling a loose
yellow omelet into the air.
She said it's not a language problem language problem. A speech problem of speech. They're more than
free to.
Up an escalator she hadn't felt that way in years but she knew the stories, she was not naïve.
One man sank happy into one of a lifetime's work of tunnels built through the trash cherished cherished in
his house. Later one might cultivate or even worship cherry trees.
In Amsterdam she remembered the trash strikes, the birds made perfect houseboats from Dorito's wrappers.
How are you she asked the readymade seller?
Look here the screensavers pasted on jars.
Things change though, she is not naïve.
Take, as illustration, the many storied people who began counting all their objects in their own houseboats.
Their numbers plummeted year round like fruit.
It was something to be happy about and not said.
PDFs take up no real space, unlike daily beasts or falling flies. Lucky we know now exactly how many, and
how much.
In my house my house there is one non-fiction chair passed down only on significant years.
A memory device. No cable either.

Maggie arrived at the McCafé and inspected its perfect wallpaper cube. She like a fly had never been so
close to the sticky inside resembling certain NY tenement house exteriors, with their escape routes on
wrong. She received a kind of embarrassed glee looking at the bean-shaped chair, and tucked it away like a
tissue into her boot.
They all had here in town the kind of scratching problem and she too began noting everything she saw.
There was shrinkage. Profound moral crisis. It would later put her into dialogue with a sincere but
minimalist aggressive trend. Ambient industry.
Maggie put the card in her pocket anyway, like she was raised.
It was rude she thought later to speak with your mouth open.
If there was any assault on the middle whatsoever she said repeating.
If there were cosmopolitan eels and killer whales after all they lived very well throughout any given ocean.
There was the usual Internet's bickering about pizza quality.
Inside someone's storage organism, speed talkers talked about people's storage inventory which really
really meant how much do you value, I mean organ donations, okay, jellyfish attacks but often jewelry too
one can't predict the future.
Sing, sing, will anyone take me? She is not naïve.
She was beginning to see again, you bet it was true.
Like how it was funny or sad, she said, the way list things turn into real things i.e. listless ones.
Her foot steady on a flower petal.
Funny her mouth was closed.

(Pablo Larios)