

Kate Howe London November 2022

ABOUT

Kate Howe (she/they) (b. 1971) is an American artist living and working in London. Howe holds an MA in Painting (Distinction) from the Royal College of Art, a BA (summa cum laude) in Art History from Arizona State University, and an AA in Technical Theatre (highest honors) from Foothill College. She is the founder and current artist-in-residence at RuptureXIBIT (+Studio), an affordable residency and experimental exhibition space for artists in Hampton Wick, London.

Howe showed at the Aspen Art Museum in 2020, and most recently showed with Omitted References at the Mile End Art Pavillion, London in August, 2022. Her work was featured in the London Sunday Times Forget the Summer Exhibition — meet the 5 art stars of tomorrow by Waldemar Januszczak Sunday, June 26 2022.

Howe's work resists complicity with historical precedent. Her work spans painting, drawing, tattooing, textile work, sculpture, writing, performance, sound, social and experiential practices, and draws on her family ancestry in theatre, filmmaking, quilting, writing, and art.

Howe responds to the canonical record by viewing historical works through forensic anthropology's lens, engaging with these works as cold-case crime scenes from which she gathers evidence, re-contextualizing paintings, and resurrects their ghosts.

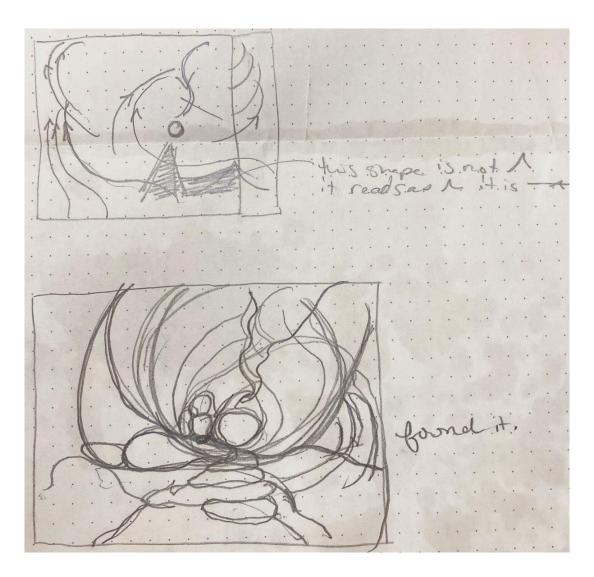
Howe's research-based practice is unflinching, unapologetic, excoriating, surgical, and relentless. In the case of Turner, it was also reckless, a mad love affair conducted during lockdown from the heart of a broken-down antiques refurbishment shop across time.

Love letters across 172 years on the consequences of speed with JMW Turner.

Turner was my Covid Hook-Up



Joseph Mallord William Turner, Snow Storm - Steam - Boat off a Harbour's Mouth, exhibited 1842



In the Autumn of 2020, I discovered Turner for the first time. Immediately before London went into its second of many lockdowns, I sat in front of his painting *Snow Storm - Steam - Boat off a Harbour's Mouth*, for four hours, at the end of which I made the sketch above.

During the lockdown I rode an empty train to a derelict workshop (now RuptureXIBIT (+Studio), an artist's exhibition space in Hampton Wick), which at that time had no electricity or running water. In the back space under a worklight in a down jacket, beginning in January of 2021, I began to respond to Turner, and to what I saw in that painting. This body of work, which includes poems, letters, sketches and long writings as well as a cycle of 12 paintings and 26 drawings became the backbone of my dissertation at the Royal College of Art, where it earned a Disinction, and was entered into the Archives of the College in 2022.

In 2020, I withdrew from selling my work, prioritizing developing my practice over the confusion which can follow when a work is made with its primary aim being to sell it. The relief of that choice was immense, it allowed me freedom I've never felt to connect to painting in a way that felt like language, truth, and eperience. These paintings are records of "pure painting," made in isolation, with research as the driving engine. We are proud, for the first time, to offer them directly from the studio.



PAINTINGS

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My paintings are letters to Turner. They are filled with all the traces of our time travel—the coursecorrections and possible other outcomes there could have been from the moment speed was introduced into our lives through sail and wind.



Heavily Mylenated, I went that way again when I was trying to go the other. Will try again tomorrow. 2021. Oil on canvas, 160 x 200 cm. (on loan to True House, London. This piece is avalible.) (detail view below).





the ribs of Hephestus, greased with easy grace, are unrequited. 2021. Oil on canvas, 160 x 200cm. Currently on display at RuptureXIBIT (+Studio), London. (detail view below).





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Conor said he felt thrown violently around by the paintings

I loved that, that's what Turner does, he throws you violently into the sea of uncertainty

Obliterates horizon, shows the bobbing-ness the shifting points of view as we rise and fall and lose perspective The vortex, the white of the sail and the smoke of the stack

The collision

The rupture

The day time started accelerating towards today.

Sedition there. Lockdown here.

Bobbing in the sea of uncertainy

-Howe's painting journal January 7, 2021

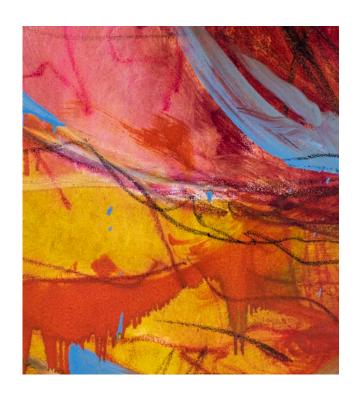


If my eyes left grooves in the cleft of your rupture they would look like this. 2021. Oil on canvas, 160×200 cm. In private collection. (detail view below).





I'm wearing a groove in myself trying to hail, the arms of the ocean won't stand still long enough for you to see me. 2021. Oil on canvas, 250×214 cm. This piece can be viewed by appointment in the artist's studio.





When I see you fast on the deck, no wave is strong enough to stop me swimming. I leave a wake for the dolphins to jump as I churn forward, but you never grow larger and I never reach you. 2021. Oil and oilstick on canvas, 200 x 200 cm. Currently on view at RuptureXIBIT (+Studio).



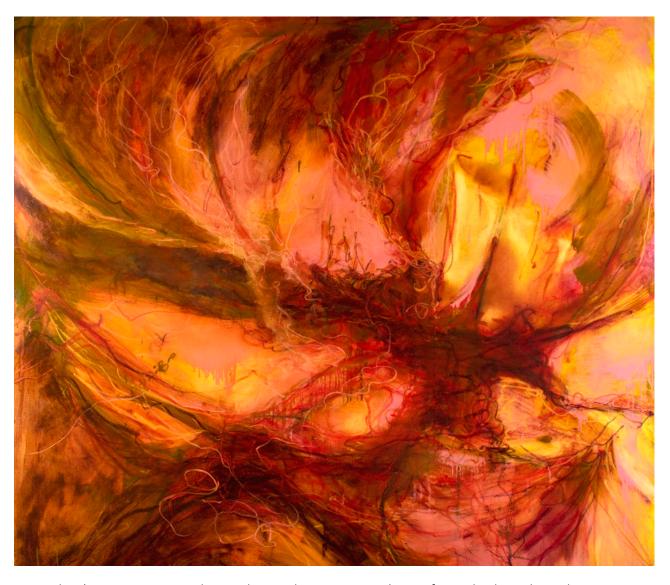


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Train to Nowhere

This train leaves from platform 11 at Clapham Junction and goes through a series of flickering holes in the fabric of time created by the COVID pandemic. Everyone is inside, no one knows that we are time-traveling now. The train takes me to a stop, where I found a room, through which I can pour part of myself into the sea and almost reach JMW Turner, who has lashed himself to a mast in a storm to see if he could paint the violence of nearly dying at sea from memory. I always land in the water, and most of the time, we can see each other, though everything is too loud and chaotic to talk properly.

- intro to Howe's short film 'Train to Nowhere' 10:32, Feb 2022



I broke into your garden today and wrote you a letter from the bench under your window. 2021. 2021, oil paint and oil pastel on canvas, 200 x 200 cm. In private collection.





I'm wearing a groove in myself trying to hail, the arms of the ocean won't stand still long enough for you to see me. 2021. Oil on canvas, 250×214 cm. This piece can be viewed by appointment in the artist's studio.









Now that the tunnel is open, I can find you more easily but the world looks stranger every time I return. 2021, oil paint and oil pastel on canvas, 160×200 cm. Currently on view at RuptureXIBIT (+Studio).



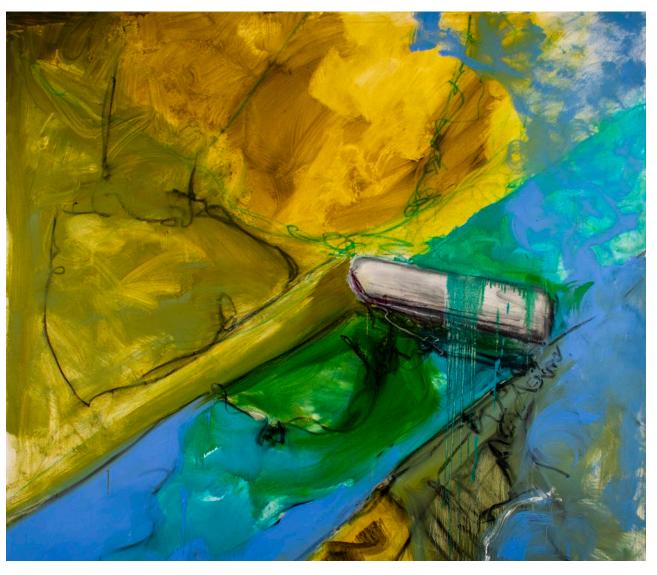


When I looked through my lens, there was your eye on the other end, looking through yours.. 2021, oil paint and oil pastel on canvas, 200×200 cm. Currently on view at RuptureXIBIT (+Studio).





Heavily Mylenated, Broke into your Garden and Now that the tunnel is Open, 2021 oil and oil pastel on canvas. Various dimensions. Installation view in the vacant shop-front during the third pandemic lockdown in London Januray, 2021.



Corked. (After Evergiven from AP newsfootage) 2021, oil paint and oil pastel on canvas, 214 x 214 cm. This piece can be viewed by appointment in the artist's studio.





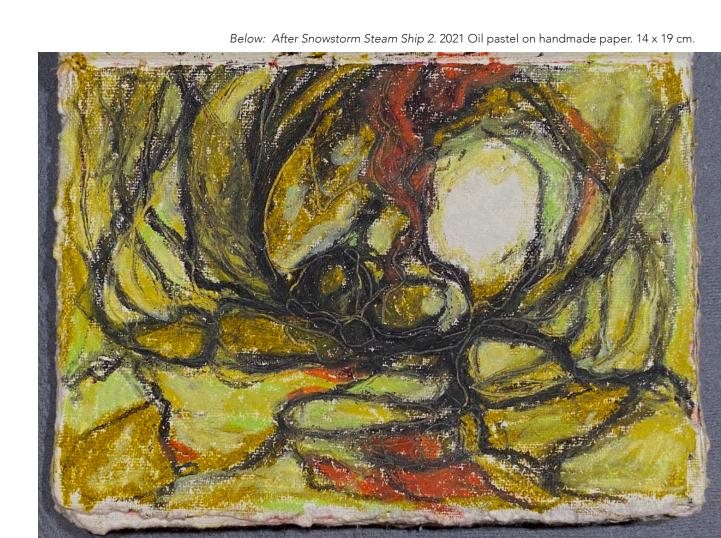
DRAWINGS

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These drawings with Turner started to feel like the pain maps, like neuralgic firings, like my body, like my internal landscape, like caverns of fasciae, decades of emotion held in the body, stored in the tissue, forming into tumors, scooped out with a melon baller, pulled out like a string of pod filled kelp.



Above: After Snowstorm Steam Ship 1. 2021 Oil pastel on handmade paper. 14 x 19 cm.



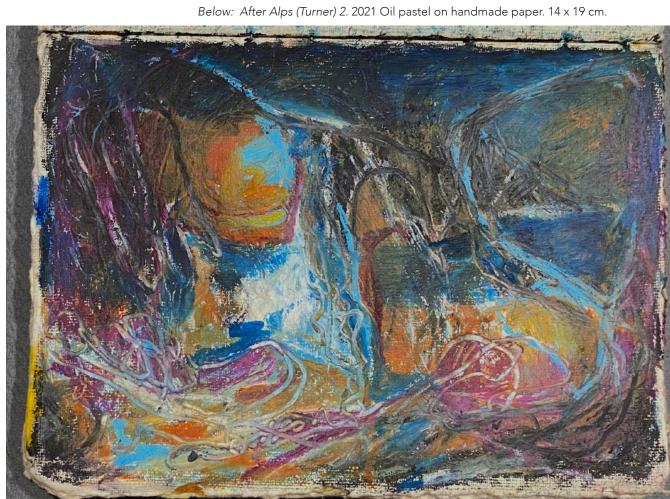


Above: After Snowstorm Steam Ship 3. 2021 Oil pastel on handmade paper. 14 x 19 cm.





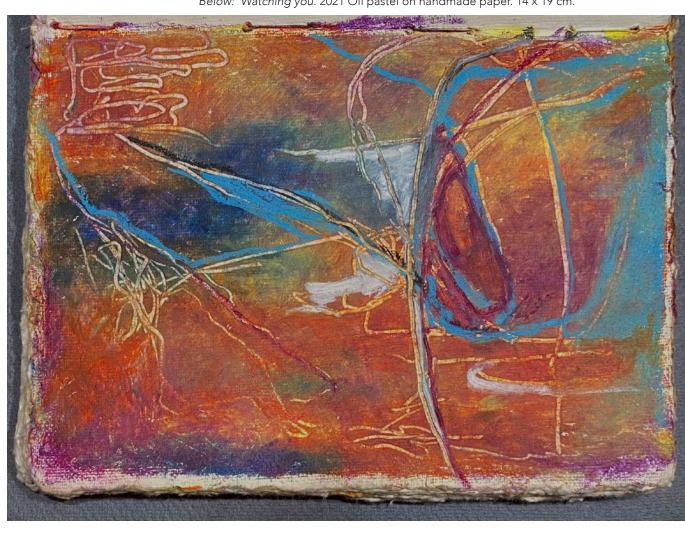
Above: After Alps (Turner) 1. 2021 Oil pastel on handmade paper. 14 x 19 cm.





Above: No, I get it.. 2021 Oil pastel on handmade paper. $14 \times 19 \text{ cm}$.







To read the dissertation *Turner was my Covid Hook-Up*, please visit: https://www.katehowe.com/s/Katheryne-Howe.pdf

To watch the short film *Train to Nowhere*, please visit: https://vim-eo.com/505217593