

PHOTOGRAMS

Maryanne Grant Traylen

Kate Beaugié is a light artist and I am amazed!

Water is endlessly fascinating. Especially, to my eye, when it has been stilled, as Kate Beaugié has done in her photogram *Wave/Vib* 2019. Like diamonds visibly tinkling we view the liquid interweaving of shapes as an exquisitely connected pattern. They reflect out towards us from the brightness of light deeply emphasized by shadow. Then ripple off into a distance like the soft undulation of hills. By slowing and enlarging what the eye can only discern briefly as energy flies, Kate has expanded the digital microcosm so we can witness, then experience this tiny cell as a simple yet complex macrocosm. (Look at *Drop/God*.)

So Kate captures and holds for a moment that which continually flows away from us. Yet the liquid that envelops *Cecelia in the Bath* is a medium both supportively viscose as well as pliant. Or as in *Hand in Developer/Primal* like glass which you might not know until touched; but by touching pierces a membrane through which another dimension is glimpsed.

Light artist. Light sculptor. By light all things are transformed. Like the alchemist's turning of the 'prima materia' (their starting material) into philosophical gold, Kate's expansion of the digital image might transform, but her gold emphasises what is present in nature already rather than replacing it with new substance. Herein have always been the perfect forms, and however much we imitate or recreate, these originals remain the best and only alchemical 'clay' from which we start. (*Turbulence, Washing Hands Triptych, Two Drops, Three Drops*).

There are waves of water and waves of sound. There is water and light. The play of one upon or against the other through reflection or refraction are the mercurial aspects of a natural 'phenomena' which particularly intrigue Kate: the matter of our world which

she draws upon to inspire an experience of the transcendent here and now in the rhythms of nature.

Water is the constant yet shifting ground of being. Light the revelation of all things. Through these, something, a grace perhaps, feeds the pure and entrancing spirit of Kate's work. Light, as the word suggests, is not heavy, but as a feather floating or a leaf falling, almost weightless. But not so lightly, paradoxically, that our existence cannot be felt. By displacing space the solidity of 'us' and phenomena is evident.

But the word here isn't enough. Lightness of touch. Rich shadowy imprint. Clean/pure as opposed to clean/clinical. Yes, definitely. Kate's interest is to pull us into the web of our relationship with the cycles of natural light and dark as they lead us through the year, and these are some of the qualities she has used. As I view her work I feel privileged, but am also struck with the inadequacy of words. On some days they seem so different to pictures. And hey, what a relief. Standing before the sheer beauty and delicate reflectiveness of Kate's imagery, words are suddenly quite unnecessary. Pleasure is speechless!

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