



The #telegramtakeover series began in 2014 with the aim of showcasing work by emerging photographers. Since then a new artist has taken over the Telegram Gallery instagram account every week. Three years and thousands of followers later (!) I opened the takeover to a broader range of visual artists and makers and look forward to bringing the series to a wider audience.

With this zine I present an imaginary group exhibition of the best photography from another incredible year of takeovers.

Thank you to all those who submitted, posted and liked.

— Maria Howard

In order of appearance:

Jake Silby
Hannah Devereux
Alessandra Gerevini
Kate Riep
Gabrielle Greenberg
Joanna Cresswell
Julia White
George Dennis
Francesco Romero
Bossi Baker
Christian Haid
Valentine Furtwangler
Anne-Sophie Landou
Amy Courtney
Ruth Connolly

All texts written by Maria Howard, mostly in bed, for the purposes of instagram. Original posts can be found at [instagram.com/telegramgallery](https://www.instagram.com/telegramgallery).





I love the bold – and cold – abstraction of this image. It's such a perfect slice of landscape that turns something already extraordinary into a more complex subject, to be held in contemplation, to be figured out, to be awed by. The deceptively simple composition gives everything and nothing away and your reward for looking is that perfect patch of ice blue that intersects so satisfyingly with the white of the snow.



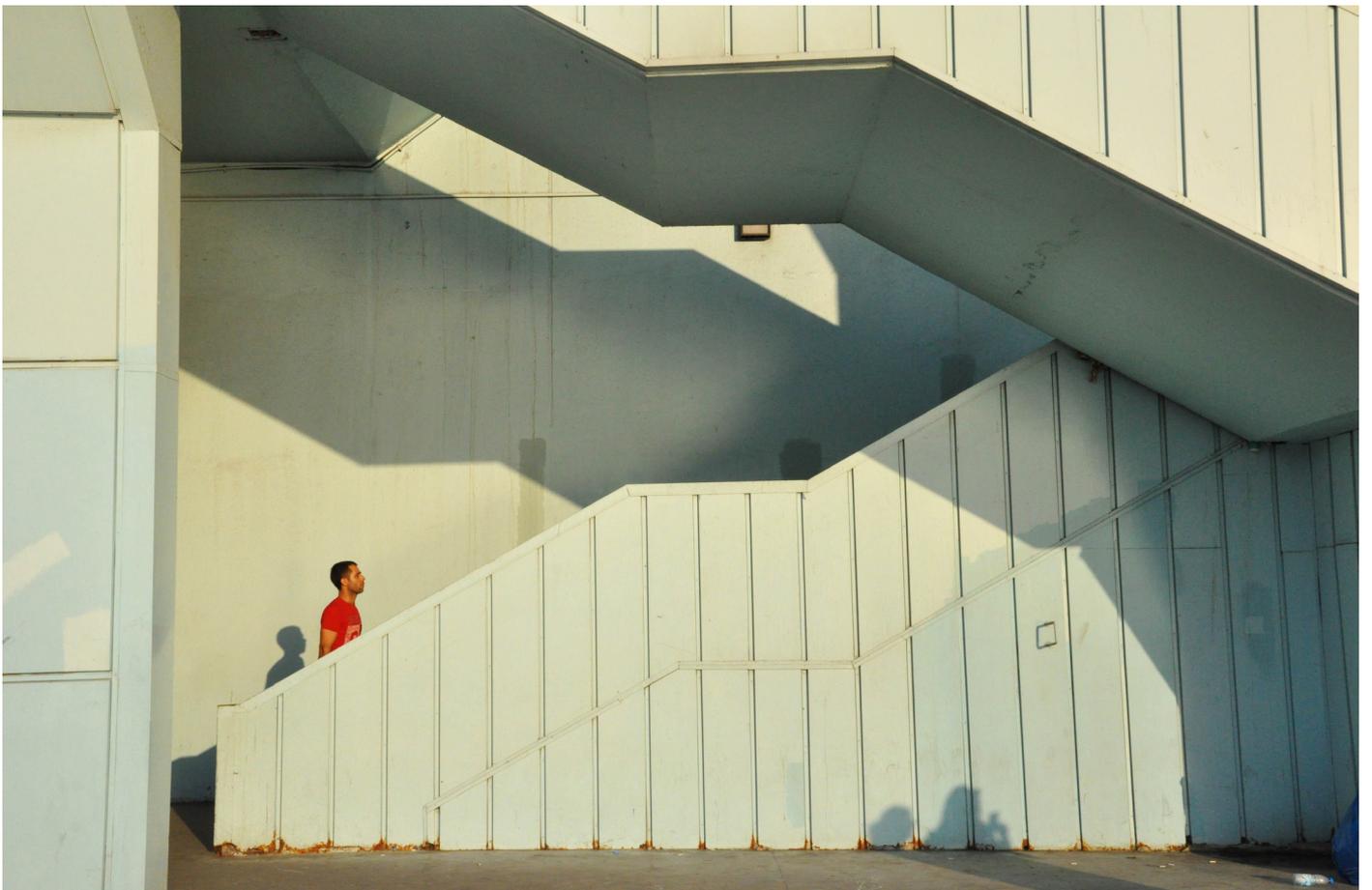


There's something about this image that strikes me again and again. The muted colours and the lines of the reeds reaching up with that natural spontaneity offer a little bit of peace every time I see it.

As escapism goes Instagram is by far one of the worst options for our mental health but it's scenes like this that help bring calm to the tired eyes of the endless scroll.









Let's face it, Instagram – or at least the Instagram that I know, I'm not sure about the world of selfies and double shot lattes – is a bit of a minimalism cult. Endlessly we swoon over super slick shots of buildings, railings, and sidewalk shadows that should seem empty and removed from reality. And sometimes they do but here, with George Dennis's shot of this pepto bismol pink balcony with that perfect touch of green, I am filled with joy and I cannot tell you why beyond the fact that this is pure colour and pure colour, when it's as good as this, is enough. Ask Albers, ask Newman, ask Klein.







And so from pure colour to black and white. How many bad, overlit, over saturated pictures of Angkor Wat have you seen? I'm willing to bet it's many.

I have always wanted to go but every time I see one of these gap year photos shot at midday I am filled with the kind of horror one feels when thinking about the hordes of tourists in central London or the crowds of the Vatican on a hot summer's day. So this here, by Christian Haid, is a breath of the freshest, most pure of air. Here we are magically transported back to a golden age of exploration (but let's not forget that can mean colonialism too), with the simple draining of colour and totemic composition. Each detail becomes shadow and the isolation of the part from the whole makes us see this ancient site in all its splendour.







It is a truth universally known that pictures of people just don't get as many likes on our takeovers. I have no idea why, especially when you consider how arresting this particular portrait by Amy Courtney is.

Arresting, not just because of that knife that could play as a kind of Chekhov's gun as well as a simple tool of domesticity, but because of the strong gaze of the subject. And boy do we need images of strong women.

I'm sorry to say that I've spent a lot of 2017 filled with rage at the endless abuses of power that are the result of our patriarchal society and I sincerely hope the winds of change are on their way.

Of course hope is not enough – remember how we all said that 2017 couldn't possibly be as bad as 2016? – it is up to us to raise our voices and raise them high.



In Italian (my other mother tongue) still life translates as 'natura morta', literally dead nature, implying that the subject of the image, traditionally fruit or flowers, has been rendered lifeless by the act of painting. For me this pile of laundry, though an unorthodox choice of subject by art historical standards, perfectly encapsulates this idea and evokes empathy for the object.

It might sound strange but the banality of it both thrills and saddens me. The damp concrete floor and the chintzy florals that act like two opposing poles of a magnet, the fabric bulging through the holes in the plastic and the hangdog expression of that towel on the right all make this for me a still life filled with pathos.

Maybe I'm reading too much into it but I don't think empathy for objects is too far fetched a notion. Any work of art that reaches us on some emotional level should be applauded, and in a world that often seems to lack the necessary degree of empathy required to make a change, it is images such as this that can perhaps help us to understand each other better.



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