

# Madge Gill

by Georgina Starr



As a child I used to hear voices. For a while they visited me every night and I would often appear in the living room where my parents were sat watching TV, saying: *It's the voices, stop the voices*. If I were to choose any imagery to accompany those voices it would be the work of **Madge Gill**. Gill's work is like a haunting. She repeats faces, eyes, mouths and expressions with such ferocity that I often think I can hear them. Whether it is the sound of the pen scribbling or the sounds of the

women murmuring and chattering I am uncertain, but it's a cacophony of noise I hear; even her backdrops are noisy.

**Gill's** faces are from the past, like spirits entering a séance room, the ladies are visitors from another era, an era where women wore large hats adorned with feathers, sparkling jewels and exotic flowers. Their fur trimmed gowns envelop them; sometimes the background envelops them to such an extent that they begin to disappear until only a face or even an eye is visible. Sometimes they have dissolved into this decorative scenery completely. **Madge Gill** was an artist happy to indulge the spirit world and was directed always by her spirit guide Myrninerest. Myrninerest was clearly a captivating and enlightening woman and I dream that one day she or **Madge** will enter a séance room when I am in attendance.

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