



Gina Keatley

Untamed Minimalist

Hamptons Fine Art Fair
July 10-13, 2025





Miles: A World Traversed Through Texture and Tone

Gina Keatley is an abstract expressionist whose work explores the emotional and sensory imprint of place. With a background in global cultural studies and a long-standing passion for texture and transformation, Keatley creates large-scale paintings that serve as emotional cartographies—maps of memory, atmosphere, and human resonance.

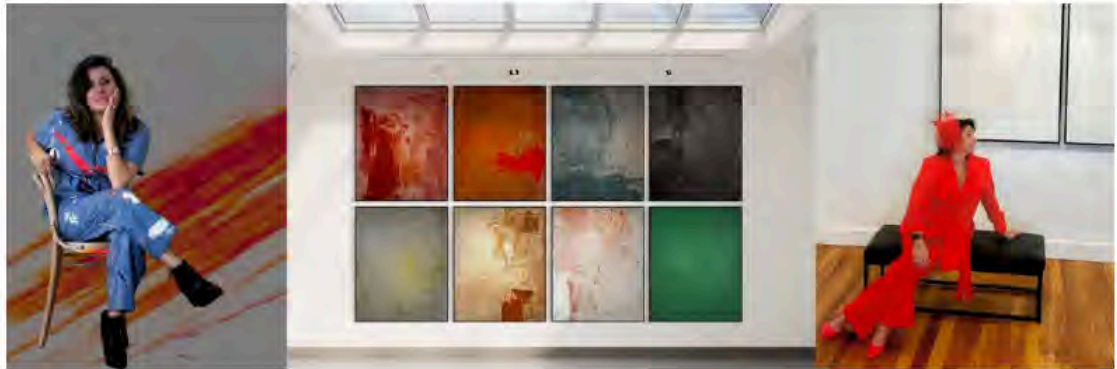
In her latest series, *Miles*, Keatley invites viewers to experience travel not through geography, but through sensation. Each 60 x 48-inch canvas offers a vivid abstraction of a city, capturing its essential rhythm through layers of pigment, gesture, and texture. From the scorched reds of Madrid to the misted greens of Cork, the series moves across continents, collecting not landmarks but feelings. The work resists traditional representation, choosing instead to distill the invisible pulse of each location—the heat, the history, the cadence of daily life—into surfaces that hum with lived experience.

Based in New York City, Keatley's practice is shaped by movement—across cultures, across mediums, and across emotional landscapes. Her work has been exhibited internationally and is held in private collections across the Americas, Europe, and Asia. *Miles* marks a culmination of Keatley's commitment to storytelling through abstraction: a visual atlas that traverses the globe, one mood at a time.

All works: 60 x 48 inches | \$9,600 each

Media Coverage

28 Apr 2025



FEATURE

Gina Keatley: Expanding the Boundaries of Abstract Expressionism

28 Apr 2025

by [ArtRabbit](#)

Brooklyn abstract expressionist turned gallerist unleashes 50 bold canvases, launches Bushwick Gallery, champions risk-taking residencies, and debuts globe-spanning Miles series—rewriting how artists create, curate and connect on- and offline today.

ART

Media Coverage



**“At a time when
contemporary art
demands new models of
engagement, Gina Keatley
is not just responding—she
is actively shaping what
comes next.”**

ART

Madrid, Spain



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The series opens with Madrid, a searing evocation of passion and layered history. Deep reds collide across the surface, thick and urgent, conjuring the fevered vibrancy of the Spanish capital. The gesture here is unapologetic — a city in perpetual motion, its beauty forged in movement and resistance.

Madrid, Spain



In Madrid, Gina Keatley presents a canvas pulsing with the life and heat of Spain's storied capital. Here, the color red dominates — but it is no simple red. Layered, fractured, and brushed with urgent strokes, the composition shifts between shades of blood, brick, and crimson wine, each hue embodying a different facet of the city's emotional landscape.

The surface of the painting feels almost torn at times — scraped back, repainted, reasserted — mimicking the centuries of upheaval and triumph that define Madrid's soul. From the passionate cries of flamenco singers to the defiant protests in Puerta del Sol, Keatley's gestures capture a metropolis alive with struggle, joy, and unrelenting spirit. There is no effort to sanitize or romanticize; rather, the painting throbs with raw vitality, much like the streets of Madrid themselves, where history and modernity jostle for space.

The choice of abstraction is crucial. Keatley resists the easy temptation to depict recognizable symbols — no plazas, no cathedrals, no literal monuments — allowing the viewer instead to feel Madrid in a visceral, physical way. The layered reds speak of sun-scorched afternoons, of deep conversation over wine, of passionate arguments and reconciliations carried out under the amber glow of streetlamps. Within the textured paint, there are quieter areas too: pale flashes where energy softens, like the quiet courtyards hidden behind heavy stone walls.

Rhythmically, the piece suggests a kind of dance — not the polished performance of a stage show, but the spontaneous movement of bodies in a crowded square, responding intuitively to guitar and voice. Keatley builds this rhythm through overlapping brushwork, gestural sweeps, and abrupt interruptions that give the work its restless quality. It is an art of motion, not stasis.

Madrid is a city that has been both a political battleground and a cultural beacon. In Keatley's work, this duality emerges clearly: the red evokes not just warmth and beauty but also tension and resilience. The work feels as if it has survived something — as if it bears the marks of its own creation, proud of its imperfections. Like the city itself, it insists on its right to exist with complexity and fire.

Ultimately, Madrid is less about place than about feeling. It captures the pulse beneath the stone, the heartbeat within the square. Keatley's gift lies in her ability to translate this invisible life into a tactile surface that feels almost, impossibly, alive. The painting invites the viewer not merely to observe, but to remember — or perhaps to imagine — what it feels like to stand in Madrid, heart open to the heat, to the noise, to the sheer overwhelming beauty of it all.

Cape Town, South Africa

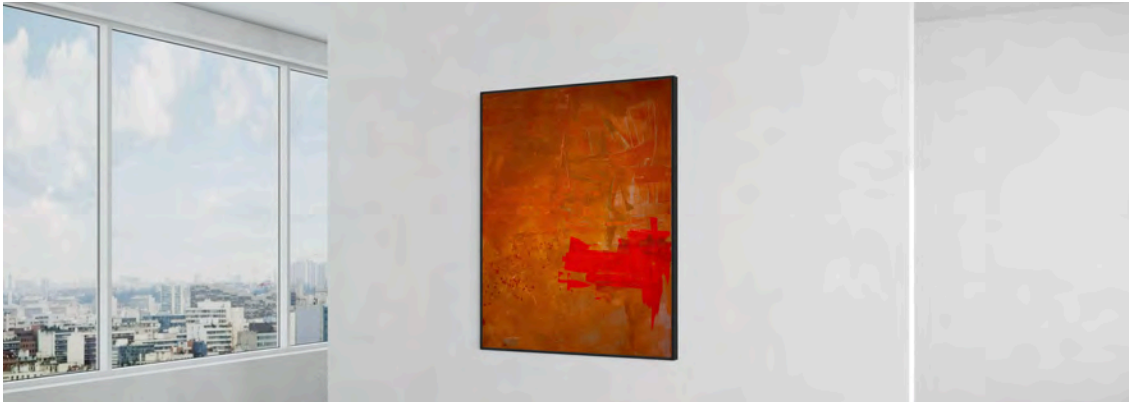


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In Cape Town, an unrelenting orange field is pierced by a flash of arterial red, a visual echo of the city's stark juxtapositions: ancient mountains, sprawling sea, and a layered sociopolitical terrain. There is fire here, but also resilience, captured in a surface that seems to breathe beneath its own intensity.

Cape Town, South Africa



In Cape Town, Gina Keatley turns her canvas into a field of radiant heat, a testament to both the beauty and the volatility embedded within South Africa's coastal jewel. Dominated by a fierce orange plane interrupted by an arterial flash of red, the composition speaks less of postcard landscapes and more of elemental forces: fire, earth, sea, and spirit in perpetual negotiation.

The orange that sweeps across the surface is not flat or uniform; it shifts and breathes, textured with faint disturbances and underlying tonal shifts. There is a sense of ground here — scorched, cracked, resilient — that recalls the ancient geology of Table Mountain looming over the city. Yet Keatley resists any literal depiction; instead, she offers a mood, a tactile sensation of standing under an unrelenting sun, where the very stones seem to vibrate with stored heat.

The sudden, aggressive red streak slashing through the composition is a visual jolt — an act of disruption that feels deliberate and necessary. It is impossible not to read it as a reminder of Cape Town's layered histories: of colonial conquest, of apartheid's scars, of battles fought and still being fought for land, dignity, and belonging. Here, Keatley captures the tension that sits just beneath the city's celebrated beauty, insisting that any true portrait of place must account for its ruptures as well as its harmonies.

Yet for all its intensity, Cape Town is not a work of despair. Within the textured layers, there is movement, resilience, and even a kind of hope. The surface bears marks of abrasion and pressure, but also of rebuilding and reassertion. As the eye travels across the painting, it encounters areas where color seems to thin and crack, only to thicken again, suggesting a cycle of damage and regeneration.

Keatley's brushwork in this piece is particularly dynamic — neither purely gestural nor purely structural. Instead, it moves between the two, creating a rhythm that mirrors the complex choreography of Cape Town itself: the ancient rhythms of Khoisan drums mingling with the modern syncopations of city life. The surface feels as if it is in constant flux, much like a coastline reshaped daily by tide and wind.

There is also a profound physicality to Cape Town that demands a bodily response. Standing before it, one feels an almost visceral heat, as if the canvas itself is radiating stored sun. Keatley's mastery lies in her ability to translate intangible elements — atmosphere, tension, history — into a material form that pulses with energy.

Ultimately, Cape Town is not a landscape, but a memory of place encoded in color and gesture. It challenges the viewer to look beyond surface beauty and to confront the layered, complicated realities that underlie every breathtaking vista. In doing so, it honors the true spirit of the city: resilient, dynamic, and defiantly alive.

Nassau, Bahamas

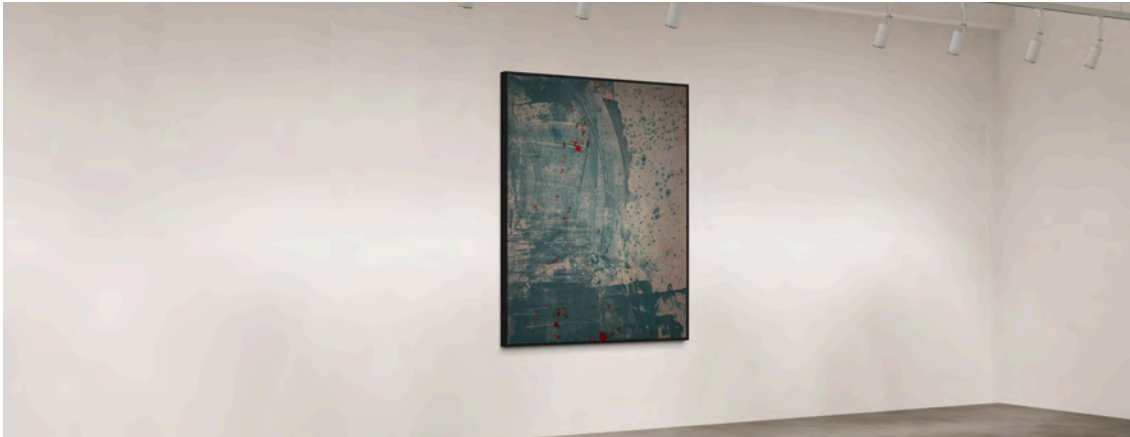


ADD TO YOUR COLLECTION



Miles then turns to the water, in Nassau, where soft teal and misted blues conjure the lull of ocean tides and humid breezes. Faint splatters recall coral spray or rain on a tin roof — a portrait not of a tourist paradise, but of a place where time itself seems to slow, drift, and deepen.

Nassau, Bahamas



In Nassau, Gina Keatley delivers a masterclass in atmosphere: a painting that shimmers with the salt-sweet breath of the sea and hums with the languorous rhythms of island life. Departing from the fiery intensity of her earlier entries in Miles, Keatley here adopts a more tempered palette — soft teals, misted aquas, and sun-bleached whites — layering them into a composition that feels weightless yet deeply resonant.

At first glance, Nassau appears almost translucent, like gauze or mist. Yet the closer one approaches, the more complexity emerges: delicate specklings interrupt the smooth fields of color, suggesting coral dust, rain, or the myriad unseen particles that permeate coastal air. The surface is alive with these micro-interruptions, giving the work a tactile, almost breathing quality. It is a painting that refuses to sit still, much like the waters that surround the Bahamas — serene at a distance, endlessly shifting upon closer inspection.

The palette is key to Keatley's success here. Instead of the tropical saturation often associated with depictions of the Caribbean, she leans into a subtler, more mature set of tones. Her blues are not simply "ocean blue"; they are complex, layered, infused with hints of green, pearl, and silver. They capture not just the visual presence of water, but its emotional weight: its ability to soothe, to isolate, to inspire longing. In Nassau, the sea is not a backdrop but a protagonist, one that carries both promise and peril.

Keatley's brushwork remains loose and confident, but in Nassau, it softens. The gestures spread out, allowing more breathing room between marks, giving the painting a gentle ebb and flow. This looseness evokes not only the ocean but the cultural cadence of Nassau itself — its music, its daily rituals, its resistance to the tyranny of time. There is a dreaminess to the work, but it is never saccharine; it feels earned, grounded in a real sense of place.

Yet beneath the surface tranquility, there are hints of tension. Tiny fractures, splattered interruptions, and subtle tonal shifts suggest the storms that lie beyond the horizon, the complex histories buried beneath the island's beaches and pastel façades. Keatley's Nassau is not a naïve paradise; it is a place touched by both beauty and vulnerability, celebration and survival.

There is a profound generosity in this piece. It invites the viewer not merely to look but to exhale, to drift into memory or imagination. It captures what great travel moments often do: the suspension of ordinary time, the surrender to a rhythm outside oneself. Keatley renders this sensation not with literal imagery, but with a painterly language of texture, breath, and light.

New York, United States

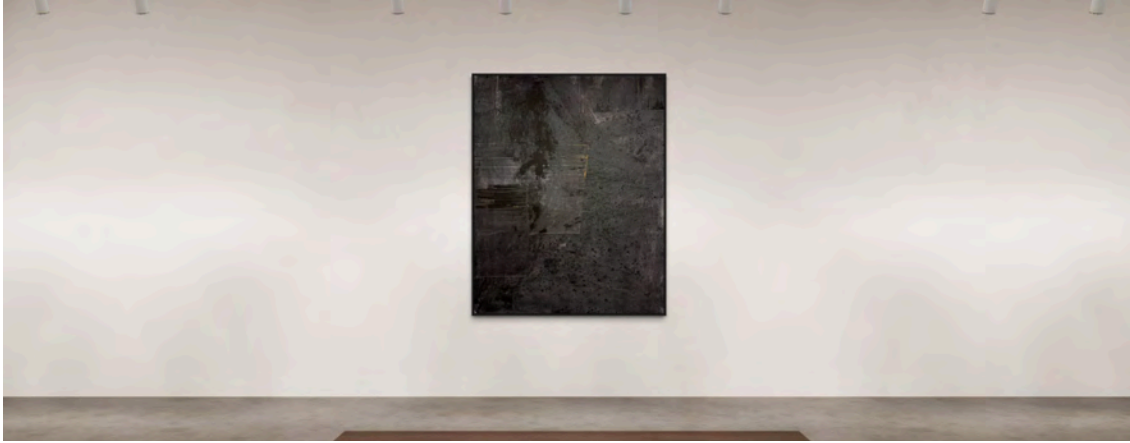


ADD TO YOUR COLLECTION



In New York, Keatley strips the city down to its rawest essentials: a dense, near-black surface scratched and scumbled with muted flashes. The palette is industrial, the composition restless — a metropolis built on ambition, abrasion, and the fleeting glint of opportunity glimpsed between shadows.

New York, United States



In New York, Gina Keatley strips away the familiar skyline and iconic landmarks, distilling the city to its essential experience: density, velocity, ambition. The painting is a dark monolith — a nearly black field clawed through with muted greys and ghostly flashes of color, suggesting a metropolis that is both impenetrable and endlessly alive.

At first, the canvas feels heavy, even forbidding. Thick layers of pigment absorb the light, pulling the viewer inward rather than projecting outward. This density is not accidental. Keatley captures the psychological compression of New York — the way the city crowds, elevates, and overwhelms its inhabitants, compressing millions of lives into a ceaseless hum of movement and noise.

The textures in New York are perhaps the series' most visceral. The surface has been scraped, abraded, scumbled — subjected to a physicality that mirrors the city's own relentless churn. There are moments where the blackness fractures slightly, revealing glimpses of steel grey, dirty gold, or even the faintest suggestion of warmth. These are the cracks where hope wedges itself — the fleeting opportunities, the hard-won spaces of beauty carved out of the concrete.

Unlike her softer compositions in Miles, here Keatley's brushwork is harsher, more aggressive. The marks scratch and collide, resisting resolution. There is no comfortable rhythm, no easy breath. This is a city that demands alertness, a constant vigilance. And yet, there is energy — a raw, propulsive force that animates even the darkest stretches of the canvas. It is not the energy of leisure, but of survival, creation, reinvention. Keatley's refusal to romanticize New York is a strength. Many artists are tempted to smooth the city's rough edges, to celebrate its glamor and myth. Keatley instead insists on its complexity. Her New York is neither an elegy nor an anthem; it is a portrait of contradiction — a place that bruises and exhilarates in equal measure.

There is a musicality here too, but it is discordant: the clanging of subway brakes, the sudden crescendo of sirens, the muted conversations bleeding through thin apartment walls. If Nassau evoked a gentle lapping of tides, New York crashes like a jackhammer, its rhythms erratic and unstoppable.

Ultimately, New York is a work of fierce honesty. It demands engagement, endurance, even a bit of toughness from its viewer, much like the city itself. And yet, for those willing to stand before it — to linger, to navigate its fractured depths — it offers the same reward New York always has: the fierce, inimitable feeling of being a part of something larger, rougher, and more electric than oneself.

Paris, France

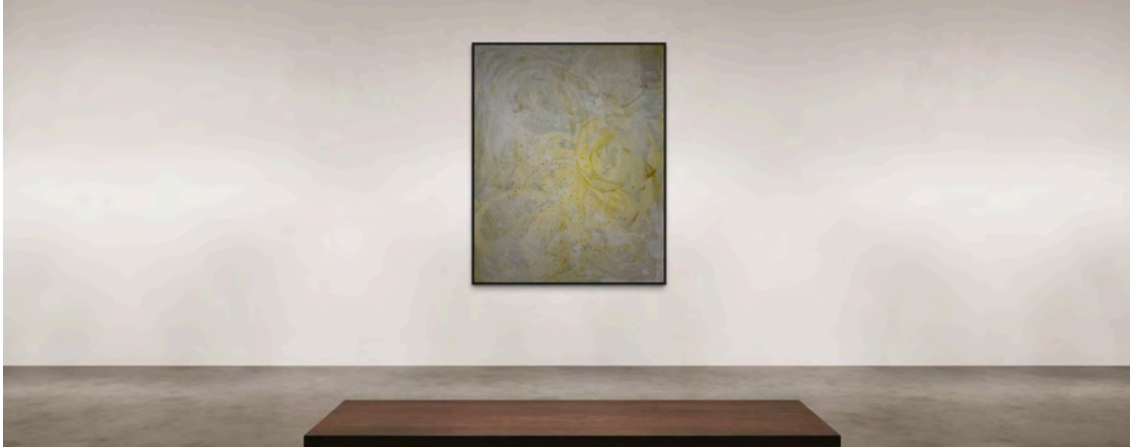


ADD TO YOUR COLLECTION



Paris shimmers softly, rendered in swirling pale yellows and washed whites. The gestures here are light, almost dreamlike, capturing the city's ability to feel both intimate and infinite — a fogged memory of light filtering through winter boulevards and limestone facades.

Paris, France



In Paris, Gina Keatley departs from the heavy densities of New York and turns instead toward air, light, and fleeting impressions. The canvas hums with pale yellows, soft whites, and misted creams — colors less painted than breathed onto the surface — creating a composition that feels weightless yet profoundly resonant. Here, Keatley captures not the city's monuments, but its atmosphere: the spaces between things, the subtle shimmer of life unfolding in a place steeped in beauty and memory.

From a distance, the work appears almost monochromatic, a whisper of a painting. But on closer inspection, its richness becomes apparent: layered glazes, minute tonal shifts, and faint, meandering lines suggesting a city experienced not in grand gestures, but in glances, reflections, and fleeting moments. The palette suggests stone warmed by winter sun, the haze of morning light diffused through centuries-old windows, and the soft decay of history etched into limestone.

Keatley's brushwork here is notably restrained. Gestures that elsewhere in *Miles* erupt into visible energy are here tempered, controlled, nearly invisible. She builds the surface slowly, allowing the paint to settle like dust on old furniture, or the way light pools in forgotten courtyards. The result is a painting that feels timeless, suspended between past and present — as much memory as place.

Paris avoids the clichés often associated with the city. There are no overt signs of romance, no stylized nods to the Eiffel Tower or café culture. Instead, Keatley captures something deeper: the pervasive sense of quiet grandeur that defines Paris at its core. It is a city built as much on ceremony and restraint as on passion, and her painting embodies this paradox beautifully.

The rhythm of the piece is slow, meditative. The eye is not led along a clear path but encouraged to drift, to linger in the subtle transitions between yellow and cream, between presence and absence. This rhythm mirrors the experience of wandering Parisian streets without agenda, allowing the city to reveal itself in unexpected corners, sudden views, and unguarded moments.

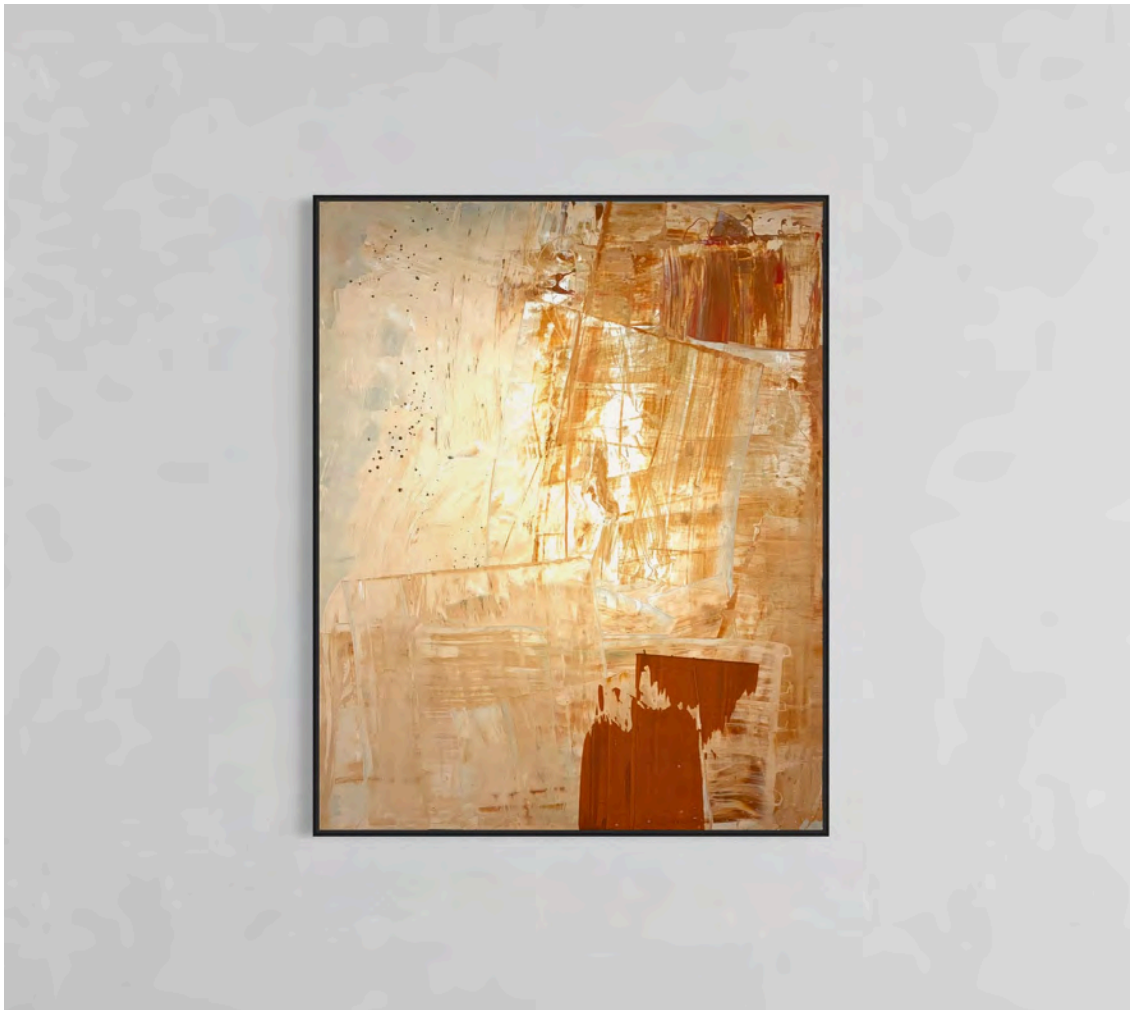
And yet, beneath the serenity, there is a sense of complexity. The faint fractures and interruptions within the surface suggest a place where beauty and decay coexist, where history weighs as heavily as the present. Paris, in Keatley's vision, is not a fantasy preserved under glass, but a living organism — imperfect, aging, and profoundly human.

In standing before *Paris*, one feels the rare luxury of slowing down — of inhabiting a space between moments, between memories, where the present itself feels gently suspended in light.

Palermo, Italy



ADD TO YOUR COLLECTION



With Palermo, Keatley turns her gaze to the Mediterranean heat: sunbaked ochres, rough edges, and scars laid bare. The composition feels ancient and tactile, reflecting a city where conquest, decay, and beauty have always been inseparable.

Palermo, Italy



In Palermo, Gina Keatley brings forward a sun-drenched canvas thick with memory, erosion, and survival. Departing from the luminous airiness of Paris, this work grounds itself in the tangible weight of earth and stone. The palette is one of sunbaked ochres, scorched siennas, and muted, dusty neutrals — a landscape not of lushness, but of resilience, formed under centuries of intense light and layered histories.

The first impression of Palermo is tactile. The surface seems to crumble and reform before the viewer's eyes, textured with the accumulated marks of abrasion, pressure, and quiet repair. Keatley has scraped, layered, and distressed her paint to mimic not only the physical texture of Palermo's weathered walls and crumbling facades, but also the invisible weight of its past — a city marked by conquest, trade, conflict, and cultural fusion.

There is a sense of archaeological time here. Unlike the suspended dream of Paris, Palermo feels rooted in an ancient continuum, where the past bleeds stubbornly into the present. The muted palette suggests a place where colors have faded under relentless sun, but where the stories they once told remain etched into the stones. In Keatley's hands, erosion becomes a form of testimony, a record of survival.

Her gestures here are rougher, slower, almost burdened. Where in other pieces of Miles the brushwork leaps and dances, here it drags and grinds, echoing the hard-earned endurance of the Sicilian city. Every scar on the canvas feels deliberate, an echo of Palermo's own battered beauty — a city that has been shaped as much by hardship as by art and ambition.

Despite its seeming austerity, there is warmth in Palermo. The golden undertones of the ochres radiate a heat that is not merely physical but emotional. This is a place that invites intimacy — the kind found in quiet courtyards, in the deep shade behind heavy wooden doors, in the weathered faces of those who have lived through the city's endless transformations. Keatley manages to suggest all of this without a single figurative element, through texture and light alone.

Ultimately, Palermo is a meditation on endurance — not the triumphant endurance of myth, but the quieter, grittier kind found in places and people who persist through time's indifferent passage. It is a reminder that beauty often survives not despite the scars, but because of them.

Standing before Palermo, the viewer is asked to slow down, to look beyond the surface, and to honor what endures: the unseen, the weathered, the steadfast heartbeat of place.

Tokyo, Japan



ADD TO YOUR COLLECTION



In Tokyo, a soft white surface blooms with delicate sprays of coral pink, evoking the fleeting beauty of cherry blossoms. There is an ephemeral lightness here — a whisper of petals in spring — but beneath it, a precision and restraint that mirrors the city itself. Keatley captures Tokyo as a place where serenity and kinetic energy coexist, suspended in perfect balance.

Tokyo, Japan



In Tokyo, Gina Keatley shifts her focus to delicacy and precision, creating a painting that feels simultaneously ephemeral and meticulously controlled. Soft whites dominate the surface, dusted with gentle sprays of coral pink, recalling the fleeting splendor of cherry blossoms drifting through spring air. It is a work of lightness, restraint, and careful energy — a study of what is unsaid as much as what is revealed.

Unlike the dense surfaces of earlier pieces in *Miles*, *Tokyo* breathes. The composition is spacious, almost sparse at first glance, allowing each gesture and mark to retain its individuality. Yet there is no emptiness here; every blankness hums with intent, like the silence between notes in a well-composed piece of music. Keatley understands Tokyo not through its overwhelming neon or dense crowds, but through its quieter, more meditative spirit: the stillness of a temple garden, the choreography of daily rituals, the way the city folds chaos into careful order.

The coral pinks that flit across the surface evoke sakura season — a brief, ecstatic moment in Tokyo's life cycle when the city is both at its most beautiful and its most transient. Keatley captures this bittersweet temporality masterfully. Her pinks are not garish or overt; they are whispered onto the canvas, scattered like petals caught on a spring wind, resisting permanence.

The brushwork here is markedly different from other entries in the series. Every movement feels intentional, deliberate, yet never rigid. There is a sense of practiced spontaneity — much like the Japanese aesthetic ideal of *shibumi*: understated elegance achieved through effort so refined it appears effortless. Keatley's marks float and drift, yet each holds its place precisely, balanced between gravity and release.

There is also an underlying discipline to *Tokyo*. Beneath the airiness lies an invisible structure, a rigor that holds the composition together without drawing attention to itself. It mirrors the hidden systems of Tokyo itself — the unseen order that allows such an immense, complex city to function with startling grace. This subtle architecture within the painting rewards close, patient looking; what at first seems simple reveals itself as quietly intricate.

Tokyo also hums with emotional undercurrents: a sense of longing, impermanence, and reverence for beauty in decay. It invites reflection on time's fleeting nature — how moments of connection, wonder, and awe appear, bloom, and vanish. The painting does not lament this transience; instead, it celebrates it, offering the viewer a space to honor the poignancy of things that cannot last.

Cork, Ireland



ADD TO YOUR COLLECTION



The journey concludes with Cork, an immersion in rich, saturated green. Minimalist yet deeply emotive, the surface suggests rolling hills beneath low clouds, the quiet resilience of a landscape shaped by myth, mist, and memory.

Cork, Ireland



In Cork, Gina Keatley closes her Miles series with a meditation on resilience, landscape, and quiet strength. The painting is a lush immersion into green — not a single flat tone, but an orchestration of moss, emerald, olive, and mist, layered and washed to evoke the damp, breathing vitality of the Irish countryside. It is a work that speaks of growth, endurance, and the persistent presence of memory within land.

Unlike the urban density of New York or the sun-bleached abrasion of Palermo, Cork feels almost weightless — not in the sense of fragility, but of permeability. The greens move and shift like rolling fields seen under a low, misted sky. The texture is softer here, more yielding, yet underpinned by an undeniable firmness, much like the landscape itself, shaped by centuries of weather and history.

Keatley's brushwork in Cork is notably restrained and lyrical. Wide sweeps and subtle layering allow colors to seep into one another organically, creating a surface that feels both tactile and elusive. There are no hard boundaries; instead, forms emerge and recede gently, suggesting a world always on the cusp of transformation — hills rising out of fog, stone walls half-swallowed by ivy, rainclouds blurring the horizon.

The palette Keatley chooses is crucial. Her greens are not the bright, artificial greens of cliché; they are rich and complex, shifting between vitality and melancholy. Beneath the verdancy, faint suggestions of grey and blue hover, hinting at the constant presence of rain, mist, and shadow. These undercurrents prevent the painting from ever tipping into sentimentality. Cork is beautiful, but it is a beauty earned through weathering.

There is a quiet emotional force within Cork — a sense of longing, endurance, and deep connection to place. The absence of human figures makes the landscape itself the protagonist, yet the viewer feels the human stories woven invisibly through it: histories of emigration, return, persistence, and quiet rebellion. In this sense, Cork stands not just for a city or a region, but for a cultural memory held in soil and stone.

Rhythmically, the painting moves at a slow, organic pace. The eye drifts gently across the surface, pausing at denser thickets of texture before sliding again into open, misted spaces. This movement mirrors the undulating geography of rural Ireland — a land of endless small rises and falls, where the landscape refuses dramatic spectacle in favor of persistent, evolving grace.

Standing before Cork, one is reminded that journeys do not always conclude with revelations; sometimes, they end in silence, in soft light, in the steady pulse of a living, breathing earth.

Bushwick Gallery

Bushwick Gallery is a contemporary art space located in Brooklyn's vibrant Bushwick neighborhood. The gallery champions innovative and diverse artistic expression, offering a personalized, appointment-only experience that allows visitors to deeply engage with thought-provoking works.



Situated in an area known for its cutting-edge artistic vibe, Bushwick Gallery features a wide array of exhibitions showcasing both renowned and emerging artists from around the globe. The gallery's program includes various media such as paintings, sculptures, and installations, each exhibition designed to inspire and challenge perceptions.

