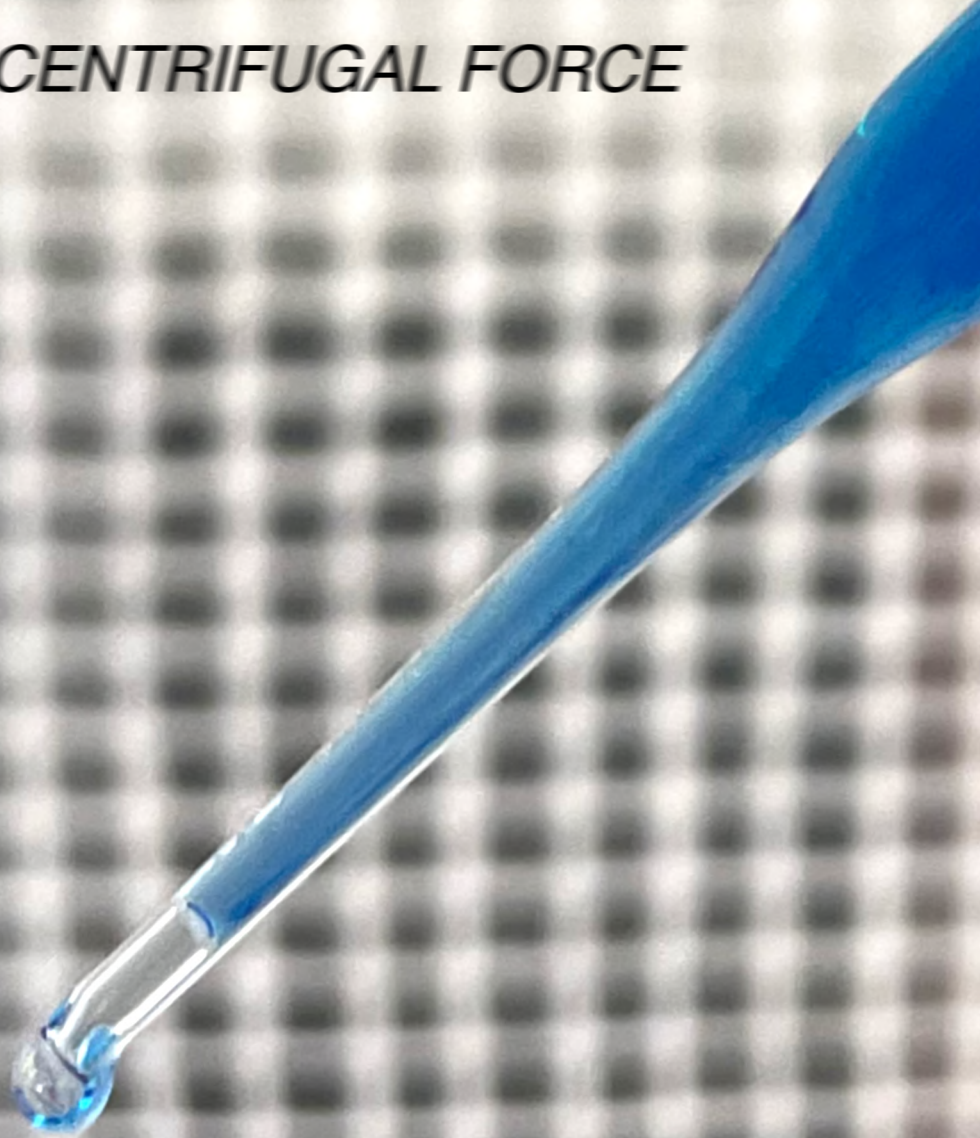


A CENTRIFUGAL FORCE



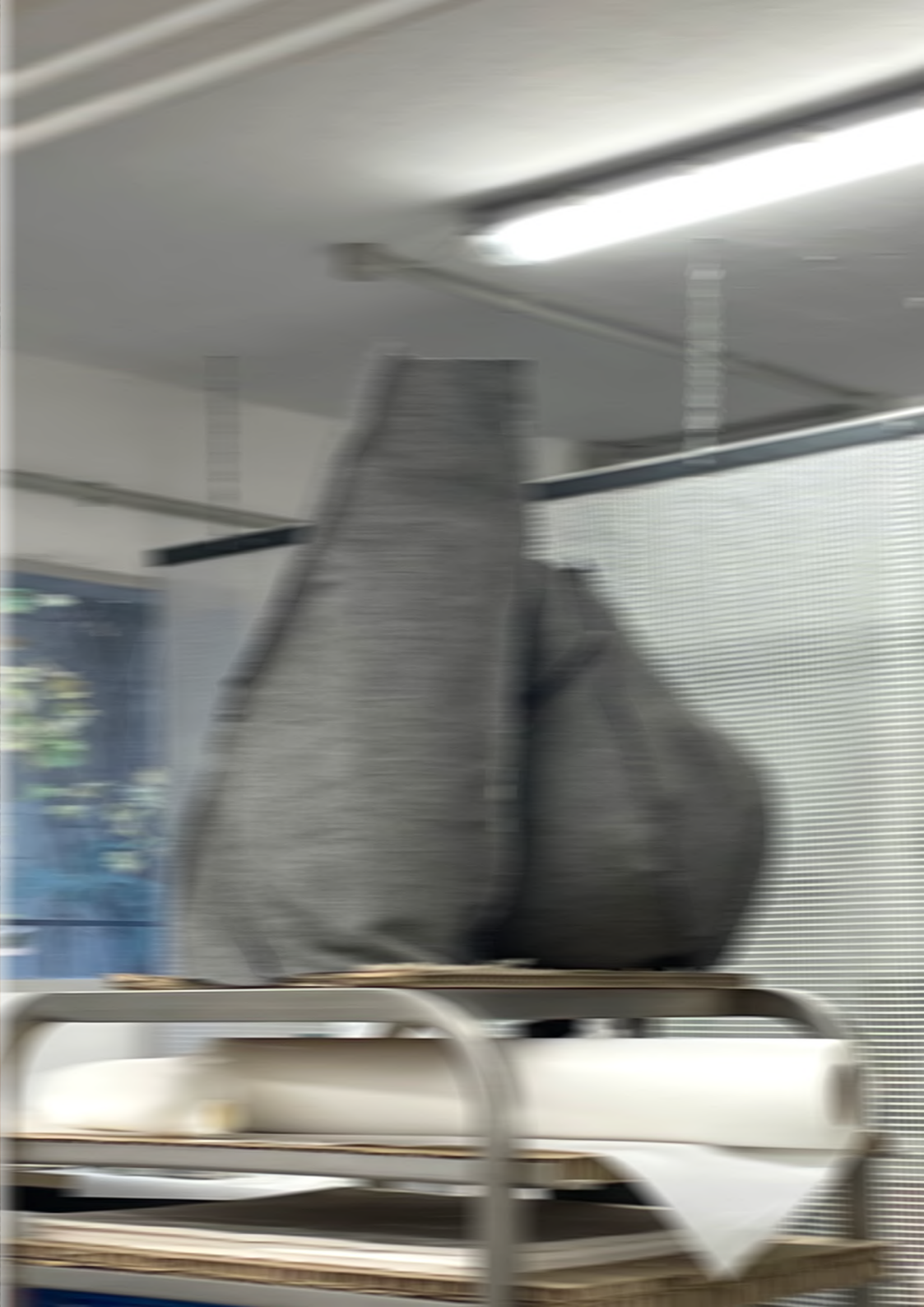
At some point I started using choreography to describe what I was doing for people who visit the studio. It's the flux between structured performance and improvisation that I find potent, whilst remaining a physical embodied activity at all times—calibrated chaos.

When I start thinking about pursuing a work, I try to avoid thinking about its duration. Just how it will feel in the end, and then I work back from that feeling, whatever it might take from me.

Sometimes that means days or weeks, or months and months, sometimes financial, sometimes emotional currency—often both. Right now, in this moment, I'm involved in producing these two bottomless vases, by the time I finish this text, I'll hopefully have finished them, by the time I release this small publication, they'll likely be in the past. I mapped out all the transitions and mirrors the surfaces will go through to arrive at the final state where the work can be seen, it seems it's a 10 step programme without certain resolution. Some come as easily as a step forward, others a disrupted journey with an unknown destination.

I feel like I get to make 5 percent of the work I want in a year, I'm just one small person and it sends me into a spin. But at the same time, it's not complexity for complexity's sake. It may feel mundane sometimes but we're living in a delirious dreamscape where complexity is the dominant currency even if it appears to us as natural, user facing simplicity.

And the complexity that flows through the works binds me physically to the world, it speaks a hundred times more intensely than I could. So I don't and I make the work—whether people get to see it or not, I want to see it.





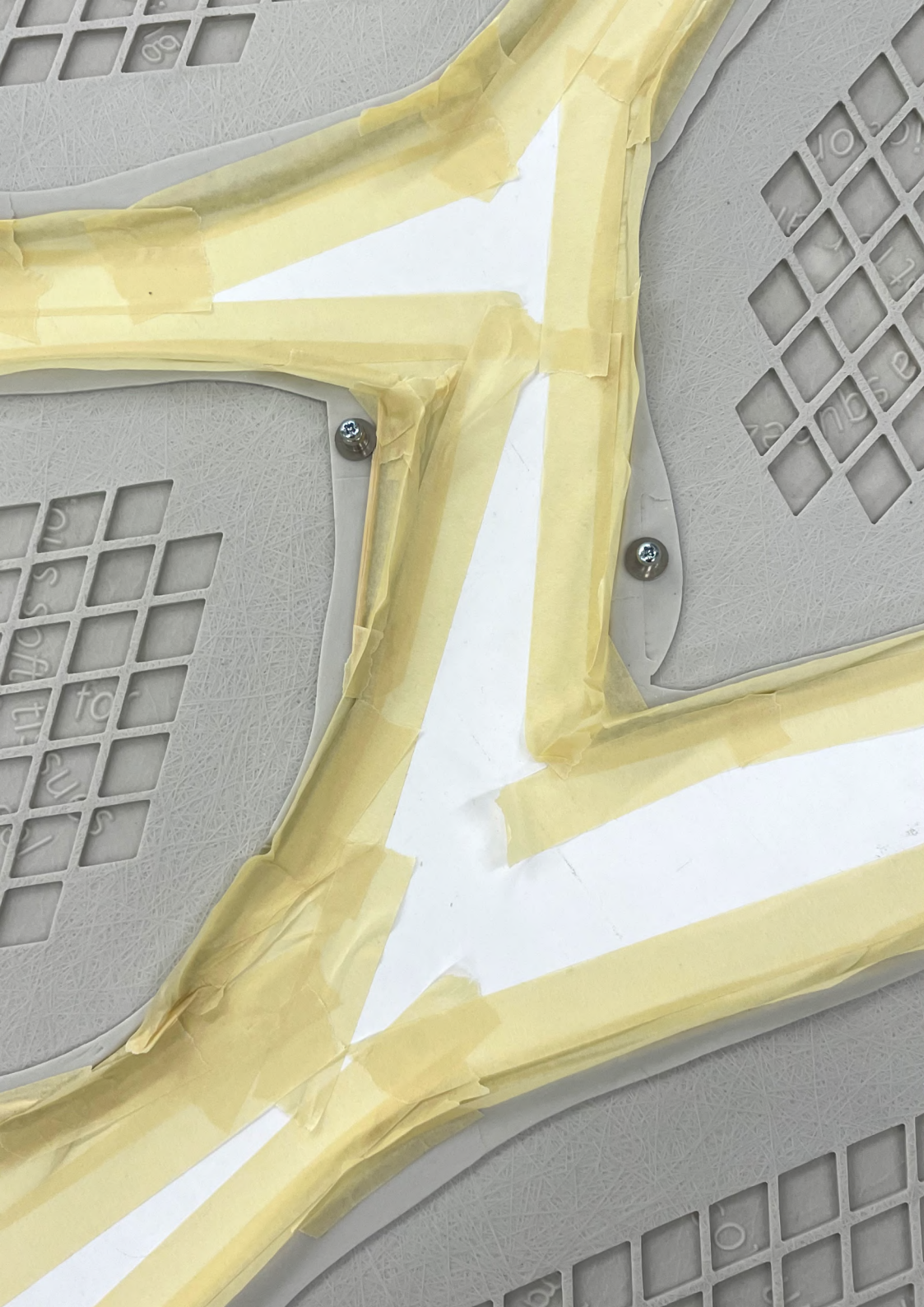
My production goes something like this:

S l o w m o t i o n followed by running so hard towards it you can't stop to second guess it or yourself.

Sometimes the expectations I have for the work when they meet reality are too much to handle, but we battle.

The idea that the thing you're committed to, in the end, won't fulfil your ambitions for it are a small moment to overcome everyday.

Each step comes with the pressure to bring with you all of the information you're trying to take forward in the world, every strand and pore, the gloss of certain surfaces, the original imperfections and the new perfect collisions. Balancing with failure all of the time—every translation between liquid and solid states risks becoming a lossy environment.





A centrifugal force

So much in life feels linear—a drawn line—entry and exit, birth and death, use and discard. I've been thinking maybe it's necessary to feel everything more as a centrifugal force, so you know for sure that if you toss a bag of shit there's a healthy chance it comes straight around and hits you in the back of the head. There's this great passage by Dr Adam Rutherford, a geneticist at University College London, talking about the infamous image, 'a road to Homo sapiens' where you see a line of men, starting as a monkey, slowing standing more up right until you end up with a white guy with a beard. It's from one text book in 1965 and it became so hardcoded in our collective memory that it's still coercive and damaging to our current concepts of life and evolution.

'It implies a directional sophistication and intelligence... if I had one wish I would expunge it from the record of everything.'

I've been thinking about this quote for some time.

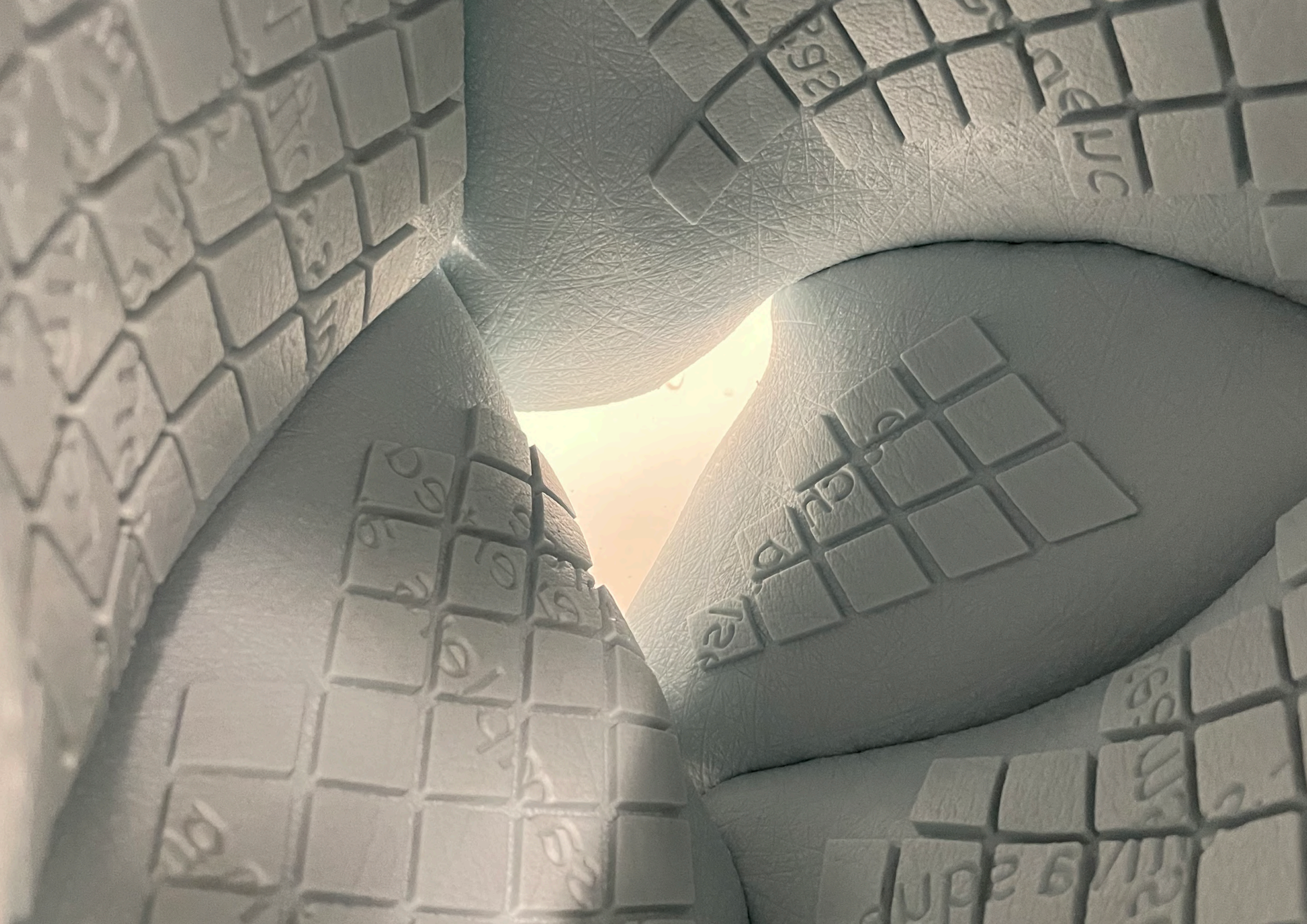
I work from the belief every experience you make, every good and shitty job, every good and bad decision, your relations to objects and others, it enters things into your orbit of spirit or body that stays with you and affects your centre of gravity. Energy is naturally cyclical, and fuck these days it feels like we need to feel that.

In this cosmic swirl we operate in, when we try to linearise everything all the time - it feels a poison in the well. The idea one persuasive image can have such a wide reaching sway over something as large and profound as evolution is amazing — and a warning. The fiction is almost too good to let go of, but we must be comfortable to find magic in chaos, or at least in unknowing and disorder.

I'm committed to sculpture where vulnerability is hard coded into its form. A sensitivity to climate and care. Where cyclical gestures and free forming physicality are prioritised, where folded and stitched thoughts evade linearity. The works have no hierarchy of face, or collapse freely into each other.

I noticed so much of the language that courses through the veins of the work relates to objects infiltrating flesh, or being held, or shaped, or worn by the body. This wasn't intended, it just bled out. To speak about it openly in this moment, I'd speculate its about working in the spirit of an embodied, fleshy filter in the world-- in the same way that your liver filters impurities, or free radicals initiate changes in cell renewal. A non negotiable position for constant affect and contamination.

*At some point in my notes I wrote **!! ITS ABUNDANCE AND RARITY - and how those two things can be confused !!** - in red, and bold and I've been trying to find back the fleeting sensation that initiated that. Maybe abundance as exposure and rarity as truth. Or maybe that's far too linear.*





In the end, they were made.

I think they're my only wax works that ever came out first time, at least.. a few moments before they were shown. I could sense a 5 percent loss at the end after all that, through over temperature and shrinkage in the mix I think, that just made the work shrink a little on the eye. A subtle visual haze. It was small, but how it claws away at your perception was blunted a tiny amount. I felt it. It will have to be resolved for next time, another work, they won't be repoured,—that missing 5 percent must be lived with. A necessary dose of reality.

Current studio temperature 16.7 degrees, it was 35 and the end of summer when I started manoeuvring towards these works.

COLD SIN (2025)

James Fuller

Refined Beeswax, Calcium Carbonate, Charcoal powder

H 53CM x W 55CM x D 30CM (μαζ)

