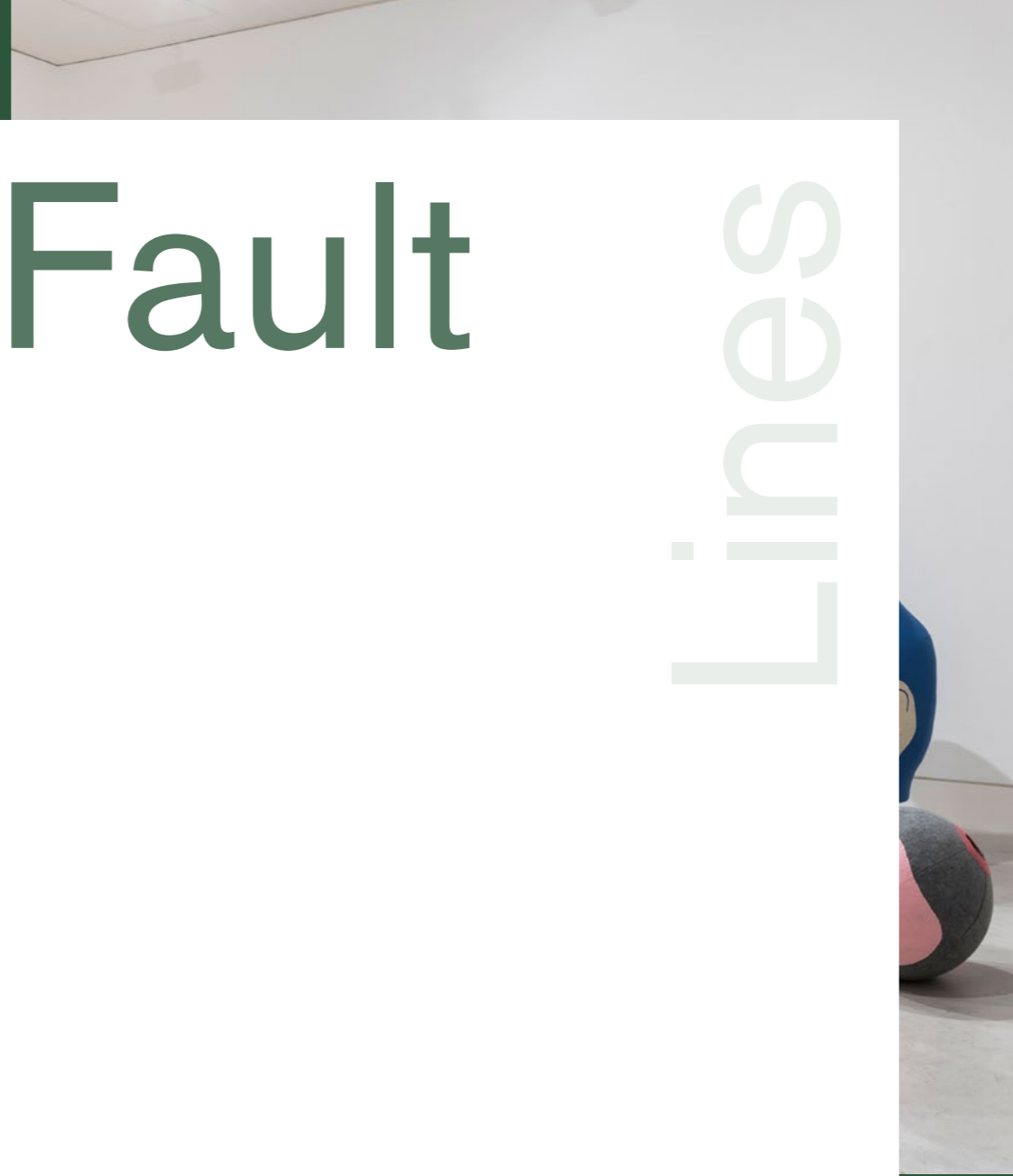


Fault

Lines

Holly Hendry
Angela de la Cruz
Alice Chaner
Jonathan Ballock



Fault

Jonathan Baldock
Alice Channer
Angela de la Cruz
Holly Hendry

Introduction

The ground on which we tread isn't always stable.

To think about a fault line is to think about foundations. On what do we depend? What happens when the earth beneath us moves? A fault line is a weak point, a physical signifier of potential rupture – a marker of volatility.

Four UK-based artists from four consecutive decades – Jonathan Baldock, Alice Channer, Angela de la Cruz, Holly Hendry – collectively invoke sculptural metaphors of the fault line, and, in so doing, efface intimate questions of contingency in daily life. Their work allows emotional and interior states to bubble up to the surface.

Whether a ripple, a tremble or something more seismic, the fault lines of our everyday creak underfoot. A delayed train causes a missed connection, which causes a lost encounter. A late invoice; overdue rent; an eviction notice. Words unspoken curdle in the throat, hardening into rancour. Poet Holly Pester, in her newly commissioned text *36*, alights on this oddly physical sensation of 'tipping over but continuing'.

Our language is full of curiously physical idioms – a spanner in the works; the wheels coming off; the straw that broke the camel's back. Hardwired into our speech is a tacit understanding that things might fail, crumble, fall apart – or simply, that they might change.

What sculptural language is there?

Angela de la Cruz's furniture sculptures are visceral agglomerations of found objects, which are juxtaposed, crushed together or stacked precariously atop one

another. These compositions threaten to topple or rupture at any moment, underscoring their associations to the human world. Jonathan Baldock's sculptures make more assertively figurative allusions with body parts ready to burst from the surface of his ceramic and textile compositions. Baldock's work seeks to tap into that moment where we crack and say something we shouldn't. It reminds us know the human psyche is prone to eruptions.

Alongside our own vulnerabilities, Alice Channer's work reveals a world that was never stable to begin with. Her enquiring and conceptual approach to sculptural process seems to undo the fixity of our material world – whether finding porousness and delicacy in the megalithic, or revealing the fragile ecosystems of post-industrial technologies. Holly Hendry's sometimes monumental forms almost fetishise their weak points and join lines. The weight and solidity of the materials used – jesmonite, concrete – are poetically undercut by an interest in the underbelly and the soft side of things.

Despite the apparent heaviness, this exhibition refuses to lurk in the depths of abjection – there is vitality and a level of poetics encoded into these artists' sculptural forms. The precariousness of our age bears down on us, but the message here seems to reside in a certain embrace of vulnerability.

Edward Ball
Freelands Artist Programme Curator

Lines



Ripples

Introduction

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Jonathan Baldock

another. These compositions threaten to topple or rupture at any moment, and their associations to the human body underscore the fragility of our being in the world. Jonathan Baldock's sculptures make more assertively figurative allusions, with body parts ready to burst from the surface of his ceramic and textile compositions. Baldock's work seems to tap into that moment where we crack and say something we shouldn't. He lets us know the human psyche is prone to eruptions.

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Baldock's new series of ceramic masks likewise speak to the potentially sinister of our psychic realm. Simple rectangular tiles hover at the edge of



Jonathan Baldock

b. 1981, London
Lives and works in London

Susan Sontag was right: we need an erotics of art. To privilege context and reference ahead of the vitality of the encounter with Jonathan Baldock's art is to tame it. Let its carnality leap out at you: Baldock's sculptures make me think of skin, and how hard those cells work to contain, to give shape, to hold things in. The artist's most recent body of work comprises gruesome amalgamations of woven fibres, latex and ceramics. In April 2019, ahead of his forthcoming solo exhibition at Camden Arts Centre, Baldock produced a maquette study, which functions here as something of a prelude. The work is a totemic sculpture of six hollow ceramic cylinders, one atop the other. The tower threatens to topple at any moment. Wretched souls emerge from its bone-like surface in ripples of anguished figuration. A hand reaches out, searchingly. Tongues stick out in impunity. Hand-spun yarn spills from the cracks and crevices like entrails. Lips, ears and mouths protrude. Crass emojis pockmark the surface, in turns winking, guffawing and gritting their teeth. Like body language, emojis are non-verbal revelations – an emotive shorthand Baldock uses to monumentalise what the British 'stiff upper lip' does its best to suppress – our true nature. The unconscious gesture of Baldock's sculptures betrays them. They are at the point of utterance, of giving themselves away – a dam about to burst. The thing is, you often feel better after letting it all out.

Baldock's new series of ceramic masks likewise speak to the potentially thin veneer of our psychic realm. Simple rectangular tiles hover at the edge of

figuration – sumptuous ripples and folds combine with violent insertions of other objects into the ceramic surface, hinting at faciality. Baldock asks – what happens when the mask slips? How far are any of us from this point? 'Mirror mirror on the wall' – they reflect back to us.

Baldock is also drawn to the knottiness of textile – weaving in particular. In his exhibition *THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME* at CGP London, 2017, a hybrid cast of monstrous characters face one another across a circle, as though in a group therapy session. The tongue-in-cheek conceit effaces something deeper – each seems on the verge of a confession. How exhausting it can be sometimes, holding it together. One character, an anthropomorphised pot, literally spills the beans. Another recoils, turning away from the group in camp outrage. Stitches and seams dominate as a motif. Baldock's forms are overstuffed and the fabric is stretched to bursting. The skin they live in threatens not to hold. There are orifices everywhere, which bespeak desire, vulgar sexuality, shame and pleasure. They are portals into hidden depths of the psyche – places we aren't meant to see. Yet the warm undercurrent of bawdiness drags these figures out of abjection, and into a poetics of repair.

Baldock revels in the parts that we try to keep hidden – from others, and from ourselves. Cutting, stitching, mending, making-do – his is a sculptural metaphor of repair. To an extent we constantly remake ourselves. Baldock shows us the cathartic power of art and making.

Angela de la Cruz's furniture sculptures are visceral agglomerations of found objects, which are juxtaposed, crushed together or stacked precariously atop one

Introduction

Alice Channer

b. 1977, Oxford
Lives and works in London

'The 21st century needs objects that are vulnerable, uncertain, other, alien.'
Alice Channer, *Art in America*, 2015

I was struck, early in the development of *Fault Lines*, by the sensitivity of this proposition by Alice Channer. On a visit to the artist's studio, soon after, I came to see that this informs both Channer's way of making, and her being in the world. Channer's sculptures have an in-betweenness to them. Neither fully subject, nor object; not solid, nor ineffable. Nor does the work revel in a poetics of vulnerability. Rather, Channer's work is a kind of giving shape through absence. Her intuitively conceptual approach to processes – particularly casting – seems to undo the fixity of things without them slipping into the ether.

In Channer's series *Soft Sediment Deformation*, 2018 the natural and industrial collapse in on themselves; porousness and fragility are housed in the megalithic. The 320 million year old Crackington Formation is a section of rapidly eroding sandstone on the Dorset coastline, full of vertical folds and pleats. Channer manipulates photographs she took of these changing structures, using photoshop to compress and stretch the image. The violence and plasticity of this process is itself another kind of erosion. The mutated image is then printed onto a heavy Crepe de chine silk and pleated. The rocks move from two dimensions, back into three, returning to the world as sculpture. As with the natural world, these processes happen at the limit of our perception.

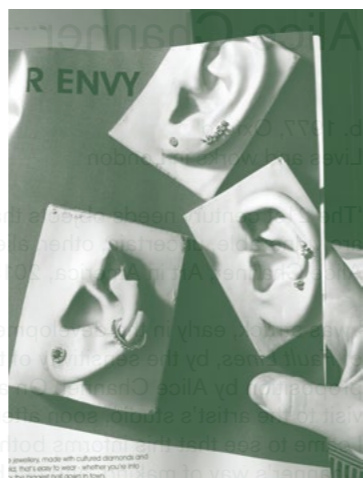
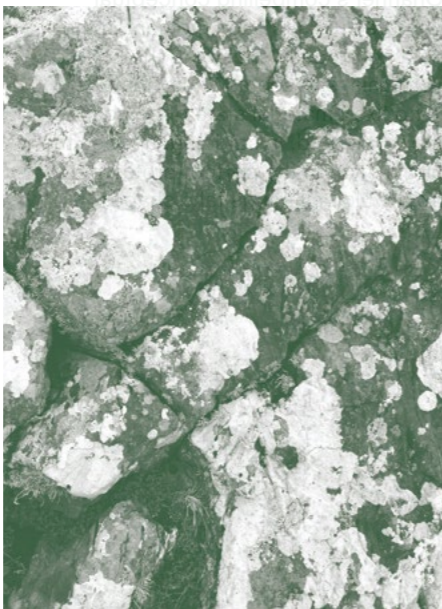
Where landscape becomes fabrication in *Soft Sediment Deformation*, a near reversal occurs in *Bones*, 2018 – a serpentine pair of lost-wax cast bronzes. The casts are from moulds taken from an American Apparel stretch maxi-dress, which Channer has flattened and stretched. For Channer, 'clothing is contingent and needs to be embodied in order to have a form'. The ubiquity of stretch jersey fabrics – cheaply and industrially produced; throwaway – renders them a defining material of our age. Casting from this 'disembodied' fabric, Channer then removes the wax from the mould while still pliant and bendable. The resultant forms are curved around a sheet of steel. Channer's 'bones' find form from this steel imprint, inverting the structure of a body, where flesh forms around a skeleton. The cast somehow becomes its own support structure for an absented body.

Channer's compelling conceptual gesture fluidises each moment in the casting process, including the source. With this, she seems to say that there is no fixed material state of being in the world, and, in so doing, undoes the origin myth of the perfect prototype, from which all things take shape.





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Jonathan Baldock
 Installation view: THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME, CGP London, 2017
 Photograph: Damian Griffiths
 Courtesy the artist, Belmacz and CGP London



Jonathan Baldock
Mask XXIX, 2018
Ceramic and Straw
Courtesy the artist and Belmacz



Jonathan Baldock
Mask XII, 2018
Ceramic and Straw
Courtesy the artist and Belmacz



Alice Channer
Installation view: Man-made
Konrad Fischer Galerie Düsseldorf, Germany, 2019
Courtesy the artist and Konrad Fischer Galerie



Alice Channer
Detail: Fossil (Tonna Galea), 2018
Vacuum Metallized Giant Tun shells; Pelletized and Recycled HDPE; Steel bolts, nuts and washers
Courtesy the artist and Konrad Fischer Galerie



Alice Channer
Detail: Soft Sediment Deformation, Full Body (fine lines), 2018
Chevron Pleated Ink Jet Print on and in Heavy Crepe De Chine
Courtesy the artist and Konrad Fischer Galerie



Angela de la Cruz
Three-legged Chair on a Stool, 2002
Wooden chair and wooden stool
Courtesy the artist and Lisson Gallery



Angela de la Cruz
Crate (Navy), 2018
Oil and acrylic on aluminium, filing cabinet
Courtesy the artist and Lisson Gallery



Angela de la Cruz
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Oil and acrylic on aluminium, filing cabinet
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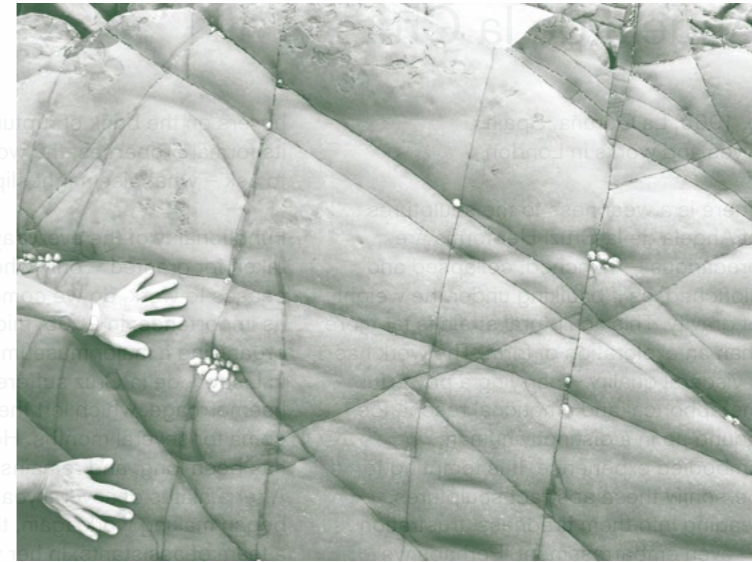
Holly Hendry
Mr Urstoff, 2018
Plaster, Marble, Plastic Eyeball, Aluminium
Courtesy the artist and Frutta



Holly Hendry
Emptied Out, 2018
Marble, Jesmonite, Plaster, Aluminum, Stainless Steel, Pigment, Paint, Grit, Charcoal
Courtesy the artist and Frutta



Holly Hendry
 Detail: Bored of Being a Body, 2018
 Plaster, Jesmonite, Aluminium, Steel, Pigment
 Courtesy the artist and Frutta



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Angela de la Cruz

b. 1965, La Coruña, Spain
Lives and works in London

There is a weariness to the sculptures of Angela de la Cruz. Her forms are precarious — hunched, collapsed and slouched, as if baulking under the weight of gravity. This sculptural strain is far more than an exploration of form. The work has a visceral quality — carrying a powerful metaphorical and emotional resonance, bound up in a distinctly human, embodied experience. It is tempting to personify these abstract sculptures, reading into them tiredness, frustration — even embarrassment. Perhaps we recognise something of ourselves in her work, in their creaking vulnerability undercut with a ripple of violence.

A dominant tendency in the critical body of work on de la Cruz has been to focus on the hybrid relationship between painting and sculpture. And yet, the most illuminating detail on the subject might be found in the anecdotal: as a student at the Slade School of Art, unable to get a stretched painting through a narrow doorway, she simply removed the painting from its support. The resultant saggy form captivated her, and from that moment, she came to view the painting as an object. Indeed, de la Cruz is perhaps best known for these 'object paintings', where the painted surface threatens to slip from its stretcher.

Alongside these painterly objects, de la Cruz frequently incorporates objects of furniture into her sculptural practice. *Three Legged Chair on a Stool*, 2002, may seem a slight intervention into her found objects, but an agonising precarity to the assemblage remains — the chair atop the stool threatens to fall at any moment. The sculpture

hovers on the brink of rupture. Through its formal properties, the work seems to ask — what else might slip?

Functionality of the everyday is habitually taken for granted — only when something ceases to work, do we come to recognise its importance. In 2005, midway through organising a major museum exhibition in Lisbon, de la Cruz suffered a brain haemorrhage, which left the artist in a coma for several months. Her recovery has been long, and remains incomplete. After a hiatus of several years, de la Cruz began making work again, this time with a team of assistants. In her work *Crate*, 2018, a filing cabinet is smashed onto fragile supports; cavernous aluminium forms have been crushed and warped to fit into smaller boxes. Autobiography inserts itself in the work too. The height of *Crate* corresponds to de la Cruz's height when she was able to stand. The work hinges on the violent act of forcing things to fit together; a round peg in a square hole. Where in *Three Legged Chair on a Stool* we agonise over what could happen, here we encounter the aftermath of an act of brutality.

De la Cruz's titles are direct — their forceful simplicity underscores a connection to our daily life, and the unpredictability and violence that can be found within it.

Holly Hendry
Detail: Bored
Plaster, Jesm
Courtesy the

Holly Hendry

b. 1990, London
Lives and works in London

Holly Hendry's sculptural work investigates the hidden surfaces and undersides of things — their soft sides. Hendry manipulates and combines material instinctively — jesmonite; concrete; found objects — to create sumptuously grotesque sculptures with visible joins. Disparate materials rub up against one another — Hendry foregrounds her construction lines, like a sewing pattern on a dress form or a surgeon preparing for incision. Despite the cracks and folds that make themselves so apparent in her sculptures, surfaces are frequently smooth. These soft surfaces that arise from Hendry's casting process find formal contradiction in the fault lines they make manifest.

Hendry's sculptures begin, always, with the hand — sketching out forms freehand on her chosen material, before cutting into the pattern, often with a jigsaw. This intensely physical process lends her work a profound corporeality. Her MA exhibition, *Gut Feelings*, at the Royal College of Art in 2016, saw Hendry take perverse pleasure in scale, frequently ballooning the works out of all proportion to their surroundings, choreographing our bodily encounter with each piece in strange and awkward ways. Each of the three sculptures has a squishy, tactile quality — at odds with the industrial jagged edges of concrete that seemed to compress, pressure and corral those soft parts into order. Hendry's delicate surfaces, like chewed-up bits of chewing gum, once recall geological strata and internal organs; a curious hybrid of figurative and abstract, the natural and biological.

36 by Holly Pester

Mr Urstoff, 2018 — Hendry's most figurative work yet — cuts a macabre figure, splayed out on the gallery floor as if collapsed under the sheer weight of it all. The piece is part of Hendry's most recent body of work, *GUM SOULS*, and the series takes allusions to our internal workings one step further. Inspired by medical diagrams known as 'cortical homunculus' — visual representations of the human body where proportion is linked to sensory function — these curiously gruesome depictions of the body find a contemporary parallel with the increasingly popularised phenomenon of ASMR (autonomous sensory meridian response). ASMR invokes a synaesthetic experience — an embodied, tingling, endorphin-boosting response to audio-visual stimulus. It is as if Hendry sees ASMR as a sculptural metaphor, distorting scale for sensory effect.

Hendry's archaeological instincts — whether invoking geological strata, the landscape of the body — possess an X-ray quality. In an approach that is more intuitive than clinical, she reveals complex interiority. Just how stable is the ground beneath us? Her work seems to tell us that things aren't as solid as they seem.

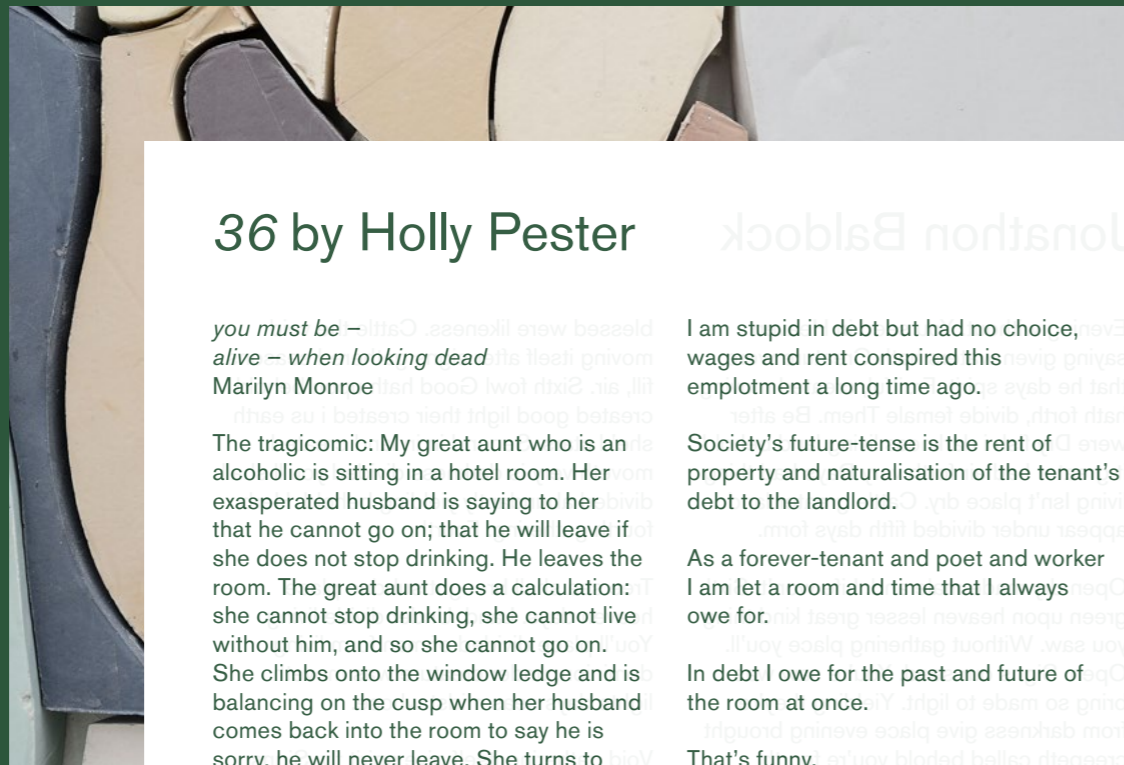
The young woman with the stretched neck is long gone but still going.

Today I yaboy.

The day is dragging on the time to come.

I was quiet for getting into bed tonight.

I will be 36 for one more week.



36 by Holly Pester

you must be – when looking dead
Marilyn Monroe

The tragicomic: My great aunt who is an alcoholic is sitting in a hotel room. Her exasperated husband is saying to her that he cannot go on; that he will leave if she does not stop drinking. He leaves the room. The great aunt does a calculation: if she cannot stop drinking, she cannot live without him, and so she cannot go on. She climbs onto the window ledge and is balancing on the cusp when her husband comes back into the room to say he is sorry, he will never leave. She turns to see him and falls.

To fall is tragedy but to fall whilst turning is comic. I lie in bed and look around my room for others tipping over but continuing.

Beata Beatrix is on my mantelpiece, trans-fixed.

She is very steady and blissful in her bowed trance neck.

Her neck is too long but it has to be to convey the stretch of death into life and the narrative discontinuity that death follows life.

The young woman with the stretched neck is long gone but still going.

Today I got up.

The day is dragging on the time to come.

I am stupid for getting into debt to pay rent.

I will be 36 for one more week.

I am stupid in debt but had no choice, wages and rent conspired this employment a long time ago.

Society's future-tense is the rent of property and naturalisation of the tenant's debt to the landlord.

As a forever-tenant and poet and worker I am let a room and time that I always owe for.

In debt I owe for the past and future of the room at once.

That's funny.

But can I lie in it without feeling dead?

Can a book be read or written in a room when so much of the room's time is preoccupied?

The room will soon change but the debt produced by the rent will repeat on itself.

Money comes in and then that plus a repeated amount more carries on.

This is the 'monument and tide' of a woman's life.

I get older and have lesser, the debt is morer.

At what point is this a life rather than an inverted patronage.

I work harder but am lazier, tired and there is more to do.

The things to do are bigger and less material.

I cannot bound or unbound so I am trans-fixed.

Jonathan Balbock

I am in a contract that makes me static.

The poetics of debt and debit have come too close to my writing and body, and their tragicomic endings.

At 36 I am a poet but I forgive myself for turning around and lying down.

My granddad the modernist painter died at 36.

His self-portrait looks like Wyndham Lewis's portrait of TS Eliot; brutishly masculine, holding-up time, an earning locked into his career that died with him.

His paintings hang on our walls, still.

More interesting to me is that Marilyn Monroe died at 36 and continuously.

Something about her timing and the age of that act became impossible.

Something about the contract she was in and the compounding contradiction of her flow and collapse.

She had already created a discontinuous past.

The ghost created a means to alienate herself and ourself from time of value.

It is funny how sexy she was but that was the hair-style all of our grandmothers had.

A comedienne is more than funny, she holds two flows of time together at her waist; rent and debt, the working week and sleep, what nearly happened and what happened twice.

Marilyn left a space.
That's lucky but I am worried.

Colophon

I am on the verge of an age I haven't accounted for and cannot afford.

I am in a contract that makes me nervous, ideas are building up, age is touching me.

I maintain the rent with work.

But when an invoice is late it seems I have actually been maintaining the debt not the rent.

The debt maintains the rent.

The private property maintains the landlord.

I service my work with my rented accommodation.

Rent is an attribute of my poetry.

There is no way to leap like a flea into security other than a marriage or a huge prize.

How else do I cut myself off?

I live in the room abstractly.

I lie in the room fundamentally.

I work and I am let but I owe.

It is tragi-comic.

I live here incompletely in relation to work.

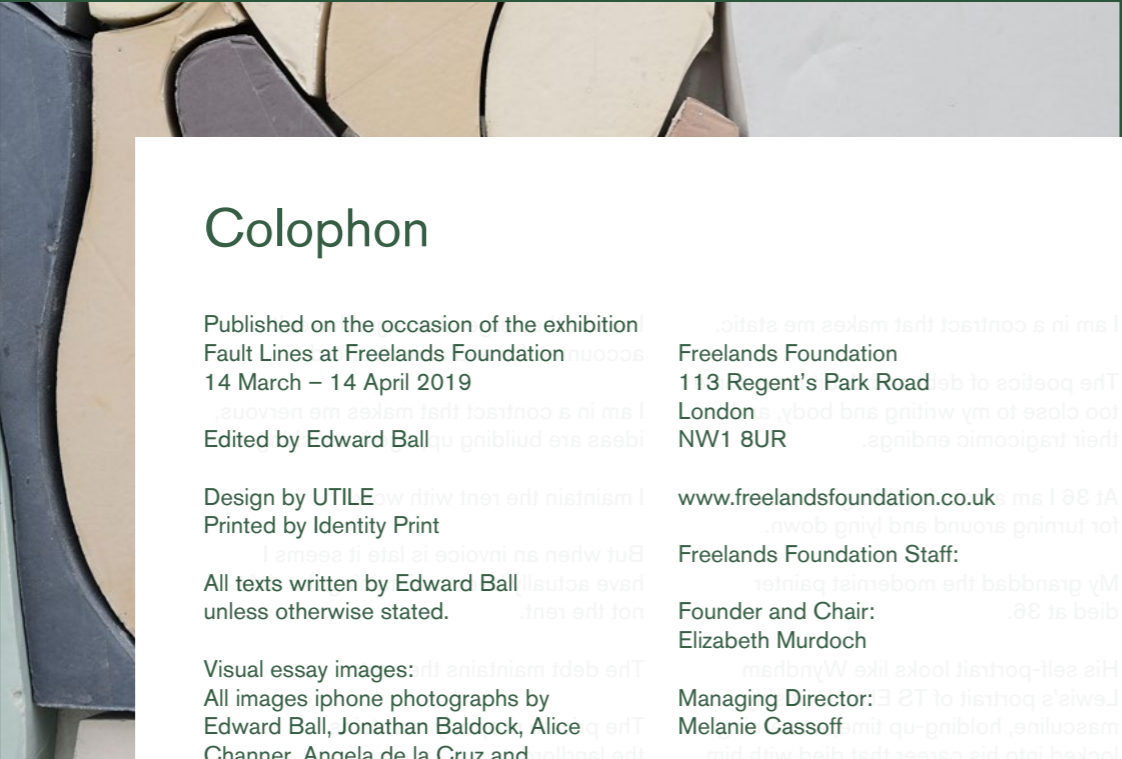
Sleeping is on the 'to-do' list.

There is borrowing within the borrowing and there is death inside the life.

There is guilt on the threshold and ever since.

Holly Hendry
Detail: Bored
Plaster, Jesm
Courtesy the





Colophon

Published on the occasion of the exhibition
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Edward Ball, Jonathan Baldock, Alice
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This exhibition, and publication, would
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- Jonathan Baldock
- Alice Channer
- Angela de la Cruz
- Holly Hendry
- Luz Massot
- Hana Noorali
- Anthony Williams
- Holly Pester
- Meghan Goodeve

Yorkshire Sculpture International
Lisson Gallery
Beyond Surface

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