

# FILET

Jude Crilly: *Big Naturals*

17.02.2017 – 19.03.2017

Opening 17.02.2017 6–8pm, and \*by appointment

FILET Gallery, 103 Murray Grove, London, UK

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*Extra Life*, 2017, jacquard tapestry; mohair wool, cotton, trevira yarns, 1200 x 150 cm

*Exoderm*, 2017, glazed ceramic, enamel, Ø 40 cm / Ø 16 ins

*Crocus*, 2017, glazed ceramic, 20 x 12 cm / 8 x 5 ins

*Tau and Tacky Plaque*, 2017, matt pigmented ceramic, glazed ceramic, 3D nylon prints, steel bolts, steel wire; two parts 30 x 10 cm / 12 x 4 ins each.

Jude Crilly (IE/CA) is a London/Amsterdam based artist working between installation and performance. Her work stages speculative sites which explore the search for meaning in a future not yet materialised. Her works reflect a fascination in systems and language, and the mysticism rooted in the technologies which shape our experience.

Recent exhibitions include Contemporary Art Centre, Vilnius, Lithuania (2016); Transformation Marathon, Serpentine Gallery, London (2015); BALTIC Centre for Contemporary Art, Newcastle (2015); Camden Art Centre, London (2015), Catlin Contemporary Art Prize, London (2016). Jude Crilly graduated from Royal College of Art, London (2015), and the Rietveld Academie, Amsterdam (2010).

## Exhibition text by Maya Tounta

It rolls on the tongue, licks the floor underneath it, caresses it warm with its understated tassels. Through its thickly knit pores, it senses and suspects itself and the external world, openly. It takes breaths that do not know themselves, in order to know itself. It speaks the language of photograms: the subtle savour of graphic cutouts and symbols illuminated in the absence of light – haptic optics, rays emitted by the eyes, indifferent to the darkness of Plato's cave, indifferent to their own unworkable substance.

This is a system, layers of black coating, freshly flattened. Language pounded thin and inundated in a corresponding layer of whiteness: a medicated white, milk asbestos, clean, clear, coherent, stocky, lucid and light-footed. If you could lower your hand in, it would mould around it, heftily.

Its existence suffers from a contaminate, a creamy form stretching and highjacking the ontology of the habitat, otherwise suspended in its airtight evolution. Tuning in, there blows a wind with a rushing sound, fossilised and inaudible, but plain to see. Its current abides by some rule of time: from A to B to C, a no gale-temporal succession, intent on reasoning something knot to knot, fixedly; intent on flattening something out and sweating something in towards its decomposition, towards entropy, of a species at the mercy of what it cannot imagine.

This is material that breaths heavily, as it's heavy. It is a meditation that collects heat and pronouns. Here categories are lifted and shrunk to the sounds of electrical synapses in our brains, to biological algorithm. Intention, memory, composition, music, projection, imagination, calculation. A bypassing of the Gettier or measurement hypotheses, a suspension of virtuality and of artificial intelligence. A system choreographing future utterances emitting the tapestry again as a biotope, as a habitat, as provision.

The superfruits act as little gods that promise extra life. We are called to busk in their antioxidant glaze, to be conscious of their globular reality. We are asked if their reflective surfaces relax us, if they give us confidence, if privately, we form a secret and individual connection there in the gallery. If they inspire something in us, over antioxidants and vitamins, above delimitation; if they promise a better future.

The superfruits lie in architectonic continuation: ceramic, of the earth, fired up, hardened, inedible. Wouldn't we want to eat them like toothpaste, like gum, like moisturizer. Wouldn't we want to convert them to ceramic, to light, to virus, to the smallest and fastest particles, to the largest and slowest everything.

*Big Naturals* conjures new worlds of existence dominated by traceable but inconclusive laws, speculative biotopes demarcated by respiratory cycles, of scientific models emotionalised and corroded to provide reprise from the relentless cycles of evolution. A world immortalised in the stillness of its sculptures that oscillate between fossil, talisman and artefact. Like deep-sea creatures we navigate a world of impossibility by pausing time. We live in a tapestry also, and here we are given a map to a world where we see Schrödinger's cat about to die, but where she never will, and we are given to consume superfruits, a world reliant on superstition, on the benevolent and malicious powers of the drive for human engineering and wilful existence.

**Maya Tounta** (b.1990, Greece) is a writer and curator based between Athens and Vilnius. Between 2014 and 2016 she was curator at Rupert, Vilnius where she worked with the Exhibitions, Residencies, Public and Alternative Education programmes. Her recent projects include *Double Bind*, a year-long exhibition and public events programme exploring affective economies of failure, and editor of *A Solid Injury to the Knees*, a collection of essays on depression's percolations into politics.