

Stuart Edmundson with added cubism.

From one piece to another, and back again, the relationship between two and three dimensions, a play between solid, real and ethereal, is turned into a perpetual game. The painting and drawing could be seen to work as a sort of conscious and perhaps unconscious base, the drawing acting as an anchor, a solid element in terms of role, with the stone image, more solid, somehow, than any of the light, skinned sculptural objects. The painted palette is a sort of halfway house, both object and surface for further object. But then there is no sense in differentiating, somehow, the pictures are abstract, yet they seem to function very much in the same way as the constructions from cardboard, which are touched with care to indicate a compulsive need to carry on, pass on by, and keep the possibility of building up and up.

All elements become one, anyway paint put on with ease, just enough to do the job, it claims surfaces and covers the plank, the surface, a section of cardboard. The dimension of the dimensions given a touch of work in process, a lick of paint in order to make everything enter the bright, light, world. Settling into a relaxed, almost adolescent friendship with each other, elements lean about, sit on top. Soft, tangible, with an indication of the way things can be, of the relationship between the weight of something seen and the possible visualisation of a point. This current sculpture carries the work and thought with it, it is open the Cubism that apparently shows itself, reveals itself in the making, as opposed the Cubism that hides decisions made backstage behind a unified surface.

But whether the painting or drawing comes before the object is really neither here nor there, because there is no order or arrangement or consideration. It is just that the picture seems to mimic the placing of objects, to make a sort of serving suggestion. The black blob in the drawing makes a metaphor for the lack of clear objective in the sculpture, it is a sort of light touch sculpture rendered lighter by the reflective role of the illusory space and the elements of painting that makes painting referring to British art, perhaps not especially valuable, so the picture becomes an object in its relation to a room, to a space. The table carries objects but the objects are purely those that serve art. Edmundson is using the dimensionality of material to make an active, breathing, still life. The static sense is shifted by a relation with the elements drawn on the wall; the lightness, with the legs functioning as simple legs, is quite precarious to arrange, awkward to paint a surface, across, around and flat too.

Edmundson says that his work is created out of a level, equal relationship between aesthetic and formal consideration, and yet, we have to admit that it cannot only ever be that way. The palettes? 'Well they just happened,' 'I was asked to be in a group show, my work wanted support, there were many palettes in my studio as it was an old printing press. The rug, and now the stool, I was arranging these elements that I am so used to having in my studio and placing them outside in another context, it makes me feel quite odd.'

So what is the relation to the objects? First of all, Stuart has really never used found objects, not in the way a sculptor might use them to bring together the association of use and function, to place pieces together to make a narrative with each element playing the part of note in a whole tune. Here the work has the upwards spiralling, lightness of touch that leads all towards the abstract in the very sense of an independent existence, an unquestioning pursuit, in which elements play backwards and forwards in relation to each other.

Stuart is enthusiastic about certain influences, about the artists who inspire him. He first came over the work of Ian Kier in *New Contemporaries* 2000. Stuart registered that with Kiaer, it is all, absolutely, in the arrangement of pieces, in the meticulous way in which the found picture, the light contraction, the empty yogurt pot filled with plaster, can make a relationship both significant in terms of reference and formality. He is swayed also by the possibilities that Rachel Harrison throws up in the relationship between elements in her work. He is also 'really enjoys' paintings by Thomas Schiebitz.

Edmundson is making work especially for this exhibition and yet, although visually interactive, the pieces are not really to be walked through. Each 'situation' has its own life and space. With many of the pieces having the quality of the light prop about them, material is angled, drawn back on itself to make arabesques with actual line, a self reference about it, a liling, twisting, balancing series of elements all very 'made up' together. A black table is both a sculpture, almost drawn, and a table, and Edmundson has no fear of substantial range in scale. Only the rug, really, has that fact about it, albeit transformed in some way; taken from some associative significance to being used a base, to make the ground, a place, for all to happen and take place. Edmundson uses mirror, papier-mache and generally a lack of weight or reality to the elements. He fights a virtuoso skill in placing one to another, a sort of real and pretend that is only broken, disrupted by the use of the rug, for instance, as base for mapping out colourful territory.

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