



Georgie Mason

The Soft Animal of Your Body

Artwork Info & Prices

The Soft Animal of Your Body: An Exploration of Inner for Outer Change

Delving into inner transformation and its ripple effects on the external world, Mason draws inspiration from the natural world and her recent experience of rehoming a duck, urging reconsideration of our relationship with our animal nature and self-nurturing.

Through sculpture, soundscape, painting, and kinetic elements, "The Soft Animal" prompts guests to confront discomfort for personal growth, engaging actively with the work to feel any sensations it provokes.

Incorporating soft or fragile materials like unprocessed ram's wool and snail shells, the exhibition serves as a metaphor for kindness towards ourselves and fosters community amidst societal separation.

Challenging material hierarchy, Mason utilises found and scavenged materials to symbolise inclusivity and acceptance, countering individualistic capitalist culture and toxic wellness trends.

'The Soft Animal' is a call to action, a reminder of our fallible essence and the necessity of inhabiting our bodies for positive collective evolution.

As Mary Oliver points to in her poem 'Wild Geese' from which this show's title is inspired, we are not broken; we only have to let the soft animal of our bodies love what it loves.

Location: RuptureXhibit, 55 High St, Hampton Wick, Kingston upon Thames KT1 4DG

Wild Geese

By Mary Oliver

You do not have to be good.

You do not have to walk on your knees

for a hundred miles through the desert repenting.

You only have to let the soft animal of your body

love what it loves.

Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.

Meanwhile the world goes on.

Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain

are moving across the landscapes,

over the prairies and the deep trees,

the mountains and the rivers.

Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,

are heading home again.

Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,

the world offers itself to your imagination,

calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting -

over and over announcing your place

in the family of things.

A note from me (Georgie)...

It struck me, during a recent experience of rehoming an abandoned duck, that I was being extremely caring towards it, even when it was being annoying and flapping about. I knew it was just scared. It got me thinking that I don't treat myself with the same tenderness when I'm scared or flapping. We humans have such a tendency to be ashamed of ourselves or think we're wrong for being imperfect.

If there's one antidote to the pressures of constant advancement, I think it's to soften more into our animal essence. It's to zoom backwards to our most basic nature, not keep pushing forwards, boats against the current, in the hope of going further still. To collectively *choose*, instead of walking through the metaphorical desert for a thousand miles, burning ourselves out, to walk with bare feet in the soil of our back garden. To plant a daffodil, watching as it takes its sweet time to grow towards the sun. To feel the light of the sun on our face. The warm, golden light that reminds us we are unique, deserving creatures. Creatures that have been endowed with belonging that doesn't need to be earned through a set of accomplishments. To sit around the fire sharing stories. To gaze at the moon and wonder how on earth we came into existence.

And, at times, to feel tiny and insignificant. To worry that we haven't, and never possibly could have, done everything we set out to do in our lives. To feel terrified of what our actions or non-actions might mean for our children and theirs. To feel the sensations in our bodies when we fight with loved ones; the rushing heart-beat, the flushing face. To remember that life is an inconceivably weird and miraculous gift with joys and sorrows and everything in between, and we get to live it. We get to feel it all.

This is what makes us human. All living beings have an unreplicable collective history embedded in our DNA that AI will never have access to. Like my friend Tabby said, robots will never understand why I go to the foreshore to scabble around looking for signs of life in broken clay pipes or dismembered sheep teeth.

When I mudlark I am trying to get into the ground, and away from my mind. I'm reaching into the past, washed up by the sea, to find an antidote to an uncertain future. I'm searching for truth in the stones, digging around for raw matter that shows me I matter - that I belong in the family of things.

We make everything so complicated; we have built cities and structures and jobs and currencies and monarchies. We have made beauty so important that people cut into their bodies to look more attractive. But for what? None of that will matter if AI takes over or the world floods. All we *really* have is each other. Our friends, our family. Our bodies. The land, the soil, the sun and sky...

Maybe we need something dramatic to finally make us put down our worn-out-tools and just rest. Maybe it'll be then and only then that we reassess where we've misplaced value, or invented meaningless milestones, and we can settle into a more humble existence. Maybe we'll have more time to laugh together, to feel, to be. Maybe we can start to embody the peace we want to see in the world.

Maybe we can learn to create a home within our own body before we strive for a big house that'll solve all our problems. Or we could all build eco-houses out of soil, straw and pebbles...

Maybe we will remember that we are not broken, so we can stop striving. That we only have to let the soft animal of our body love what it loves.





Yawning herself awake

Found cable reel top, mudlarked clay pipes, rusty metal circles, snail shells

84 x 84 x 7 cm

£2250



Already (w)hole

Found cable reel, mudlarked rusty metal canisters & circles, black sand, pigment

84 x 84 x 7 cm

£2250



Every perfect body

Oyster shells, plaster, white
paint, found window

68 x 56 x 5 cm

£2000



Trust

Recycled stuffing, mudlarked
clay pipes, plaster

35 x 38 x 7 cm

£1250



99% pure gold

Found metal & pins, paint,
pigment on canvas

60 x 60 x 3 cm

£1950



The spiral of life

Found clay pipes, pigment, sand
on board

46 x 46 x 3 cm

£1250



Spirit of Holda

Plaster of paris, woodchips, light,
gilded bone, welded metal stand

90 x 67 x 67 cm

£2000



I'll never know who smiled
this tooth

Foreshore teeth and plaster in
found window

58 x 32 cm

£595



The space widens

Foreshore metal object

53 x 48 x 5 cm

£250



As within so without

Foreshore objects, pigment, resin from
Portugal

18 x 18 x 5 cm

£850



You do not have to be good

Found bicycle tyre, foreshore metal
objects, coffee, pigment, paint, polyfilla

91 x 122 x 4 cm

£3500



I've got you babe

Plater, rust, mudlarked tooth

30 x 30 x 3 cm

£1250



Beached thing

Paper clay, paint

10 x 5 x 4 cm

£350



The soft animal of your body

Unprocessed ram's wool, plaster,
mudlarked tooth

36 x 33 x 4 cm

£1250



Meanwhile, the world goes on

Plaster, metal, mud

19 x 12 x 16 cm

£550



Planeta Ostra II

Oyster shells, mudballs, soil, hand-bent metal stands

110 x 120 x 120 x cm

£3950











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