

[Following entry to gallery, turn right to view wall text]

## **Poppy Jones**

### **Frozen Sun**

28 March to 31 May

Sussex-based artist Poppy Jones is best known for her timeless still-life compositions on repurposed textiles, which sit somewhere between painting and object. Working on an intimate scale that feels true to life, her subjects range from closely cropped sections of clothing to glass vessels, small fruits, and cut flowers fading from full bloom to inevitable decay. These images of items familiar in our daily routines invite deeper considerations of memory, life, death, and the passage of time.

Jones works intuitively, revealing fragments of the domestic interior on suede, silk, and cotton canvases, often made from her own garments. The rich sensory quality of materials is heightened by the contrast of cool, polished aluminium frames against the textiles contained within. Each piece combines the artist's watercolour painting, photography, and printmaking on fabric. Fingerprints preserved on the tactile surface of works such as *White Tulips (Friday)* and *Last Days* resemble smudges on touchscreen devices, an intentional reference to image-sharing in the digital age.

Poppy Jones (b.1985, London) is the third artist presenting work in Towner's ground floor Gallery 1 in a series of free solo exhibitions supported by the Towner Emerging Artist Fund. This programme highlights exceptional contemporary artists working locally, nationally and internationally.

[Turn around and move forwards to view first artwork on your right]

**Tulip (Chez Mondrian), 2026**

Oil and watercolour on suede, soldered aluminium frame

Courtesy of the artist and Herald St, London & Bologna

[Turn to wall opposite to view next artwork and move along gallery wall clockwise to view artworks thereafter]

**Solid Objects, 2023**

Oil and watercolour on suede, soldered aluminium frame

Jonathan W Anderson

## **Last Days, 2023**

Oil on suede, soldered aluminium frame

Florence Drake del Castillo

## **Quartet, 2024**

Oil and watercolour on suede, soldered aluminium frame

Angela Koulakoglou Collection, London

## **Cascade, 2026**

Oil and watercolour on silk, soldered aluminium frame

Courtesy of the artist and Herald St, London & Bologna

## **A Shining, 2025**

Oil and watercolour on suede, soldered aluminium frame

The Firebird Collection

[Continue to move through gallery clockwise, past the bench and exterior doors. Move through U-shape gallery space clockwise to view final 6 artworks]

## **Electric Shadow, 2026**

Oil and watercolour on suede, soldered aluminium frame

Courtesy of the artist and Herald St, London & Bologna

## **Last September, 2026**

Oil and watercolour on suede, soldered aluminium frame

Courtesy of the artist and Herald St, London & Bologna

## **Liquid Objects, 2023**

Oil on suede, soldered aluminium frame

L'ange Collection, New York

## **White Tulips (Friday), 2023**

Oil and watercolour on suede, soldered aluminium frame

Private Collection, London

## **Lemon/glass, 2026**

Oil and watercolour on suede, soldered aluminium frame

Courtesy of the artist and Herald St, London & Bologna

## **Slow Fall, 2023**

Oil on suede, soldered aluminium frame

Herald St, London & Bologna

On the occasion of Poppy Jones's first institutional solo exhibition *Frozen Sun* at Towner Eastbourne (28 March to 31 May 2026), the artist invited Phoebe Cripps to write a creative response to the show. The following text was developed through a studio visit and conversations with the artist in advance of the exhibition opening.

### **Yesterday's breakfast**

Suede is a fabric that blushes. When nudged or pricked it seems to stain from within, its flecked surface fledging into bloom. As a child, I liked to rub the sleeve of my grandmother's tan suede coat up and down as we sat waiting at the bus stop, watching it turn pale then dark then back again. This feeling I remember in my finger, the soothing idleness of how the fabric refused to settle on one colour or another.

A feeling I also remember in my finger: how, in little jabs and strokes, I read the news this morning, in bed on my phone while the sunlight shortened shadows through the window. There is rarely the crackling laundry-fold of a newspaper now, but I am wrong to think the experience disembodied. The surface of my phone, afterward, records the smudges of my reading; these imprints are as tangible as the news I read. Imprints on suede become a way of returning to a coat my grandmother's arms no longer fill.

Poppy Jones prints images onto suede, yet her images seem to blush from within. Her prints teeter on thresholds: between photography and painting, between surface and stain, between light and shadow. Printmaking is, itself, a threshold between an image and its

opposite, between a memory and its impression. Jones imprints into these antitheses. In *Solid Objects*, a glass decanter is anything but: it melts into the sultry background. Jones's objects appear not pinned down but instead slip on the suede, their edges blurring like the soft makeup in 1980s films. A lemon is nostalgic, a tulip anachronistic, when their outlines are indefinite. They refuse today's sharp resolution but instead seem to float continuously between then and now, in the corner of my vision. It is hard to know if this is Jones's memory or mine, yesterday or ten years ago.

Jones captures her images to remember a fleeting moment, and reveals how we form ourselves through the banal quotidian. How it felt to be there then. Her suede is a memory in itself, cut from old clothing, a record of skin

having covered skin. Skin is another threshold between our interior and the world, and inscribes time in freckles and wrinkles, scars and blemishes. In *Quartet*, three objects that can be peeled rest on a tablecloth beside a glass of water: an egg, a tangerine, a lemon. The skin of the tangerine puckers under a light source. This could be a 17th-century allegorical painting by Zurbarán, or yesterday's breakfast. It could be named for T.S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*, which cycles through the trappings of time, or Jean Rhys's novel where the protagonist, Marya Zelli, drifts unreal through 1920s Paris. In their ubiquitous privacy, Jones's still-lives testify to the repetition of living: the boiling of an egg, the filling of a glass, the light raking through the window *there* at *that* time of morning.

In pressing the dust of light and the maw of shadow, Jones encases her objects as if in crystal or resin. Lodged between things and their imprints is the largeness of these small gestures, the fact that this is where life gets lived, in the smudges and fingerprints, in comestible evanescence, in the mottled habits of sunlight and the blush of suede.

**Phoebe Cripps** is a writer, critic and curator. Her work has appeared in *Frieze*, *Art Monthly*, *Art Review*, *Flash Art*, *TLS* and *Vittles*, amongst others. She is currently Associate Curator at the Warburg Institute in London, and lives in St Leonards-on-Sea.