

# ANIMA MUNDI



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## PRESS RELEASE

*Jim Carter*

*'Scraps From The Crow Cult'*

EXHIBITION DATES: 27 October - 8 December 2023

PREVIEW EVENING: Friday 27 October, 6.30 - 8.30 PM

WHERE: Anima Mundi, Street-an-Pol, St Ives, Cornwall, TR26 2DS

WEBSITE: [www.animamundigallery.com](http://www.animamundigallery.com)

*"Do not grieve. Anything you lose  
comes round in another form"*

— *Jalaluddin Rumi*

Often uneasy or tragic, irrational or other, Jim Carter's work is linked to a real world of suffering and transcendence: making sculpture from organic materials as a means of advocacy, atonement or commemoration; shifting to story and the written word as a way to enter emotional and numinous spaces of memory and dream. What appears on the surface to be a wilful disturbance of the remains of organic life in order to fulfil a creative compulsion is intended to be part of a transforming and re-sanctifying process. Taken materials are reconfigured into new forms to express complex feelings of grief and loss, love and devotion, fertility and renewal. Fundamental in this work is a conviction in an irrepressible spirit for regeneration in the world, an imperishable flame that rises most clearly in landscape and the magic and otherness of animals.

"These scraps of a crow cult - constellations of animal life that brighten as I age - speak of a prolonged leave-taking that shines still, in criss-crossing rays, with invitation for renewal. The old god steals away through cattle droves and the cuckoo's flight to the furthest roots, and it feels urgent to ensure that his is a good death, not wrongful or precipitate.

Granted, though I would that he rebelled by way of these sun spells drummed into wood to summer's end, I am less subtle. I wish for a corrective injury: that rock and bone - the ritual tools that bind each spirit to the work - would extinguish and repel. For I scratched the boundary lines through heath and pool, the scarlet and green of a willow country. There, the cumulative rites, which are the cuts and wounds of a sacrificial animal, met the miscreants with violence, trespassers with occlusion.

I am brittle and would be a churl but my counter rhythm is here softer - one of weight, measurement, enumeration: to thrum benign weathers, set safe limits for suns and rivers, the crooked acre. These last I think of as each a magic square with charms to cloud the whereabouts of rare fires, of vixen and sow. Underneath, the kings and queens are listening in the earth and water, counting the voices of the crows and their number, the summer litters, yields of crab apple and sloe.

First among green tongues, I watch blackthorns withdraw each year in flares of pink and rose, and by the fronds of their December days run the god to dream in holding pattern. Mine are a kind of intercessory prayer, an opposite magic, but they are, too, prospective and fruitful. They travel on winds that are so strong that the crows give up all thought of straight lines, and are blown from the trees as if from the limits of a containing fire, yellow as the round of the blackbird's eye.

In the spring, the blossoms will be sticky on the mother's tongue, and her shires will tremble and shake in acts of quiet resistance. With warm breath she will spread nectar of flame through soft bodies of flowers and birds to reach cloud kingdoms. Magpies will gather in the highest branches, and their patterns of flight will not always be of ill omen, but stir instead apostasy in those who hum and haw. I will be augur and gesture so that foxes at least will pass into the haze of a golden night, barking the faithful return. Perhaps, after all, they will dress the buds with signs and wonders. Their god turns over in his sleep, and shadows leak from his body of comets to beguile all comers."

Jim Carter, October 2023

#### ABOUT THE ARTIST

Jim Carter was born in Worcestershire in 1967. He received an MA with distinction in Art and Environment from Falmouth University and an MSc Award in Ecopsychology from the Centre For Human Ecology, Edinburgh. His work has appeared in Dark Mountain, Unpsychology and Earthlines magazine.

#### ABOUT ANIMA MUNDI

Anima Mundi was founded by Joseph Clarke, who has curated in excess of 100 exhibitions over a twenty year period, working with international artists in all media. The gallery is based in a former Christian Science reading rooms in St Ives, Cornwall which was converted in to a significant gallery space. The space is one of the largest outside of London which has helped to secure Anima Mundi's international reputation for representing the very best in Contemporary art. Since its creation, Anima Mundi has strived to offer its international collectors unique access to a diverse offering of contemporary art whilst supporting its artists through collaborations with museums and art centres around the world.

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#### IMAGE LIST



*River choked on the shire's haunches*

gorse flowers, soil, wood, river water and debris, well and moor water, dolmen earth, clay, ashes, bone dust, bone black; hare, sheep, owl and deer bone; owl and sparrowhawk pellets, mulch, cinders, sand; sheep, fox and hare scratches and cuts; sycamore seeds, cow and rook marks, H34 x W40 x D16 cm



*Autumn is coming, hares are leaping bonfires on the heath*

wood, clay, ashes, bone black, hare bone, river water, dolmen soil, fox and sheep cuts, cow and rook marks, H122 x W6 x D5 cm



*Shuck is my great mother lung*

river water and debris, moor water, earth, clay, ashes, bone dust, bone black; hare, badger, sheep, bird and deer bone; wood, lichen, catkins, leaves, fox scat; tawny owl, pigeon and finch feathers; crow remains, owl and kestrel pellets, mulch, hare paws, swallow droppings, slow worm, bird nest, straw, puffball, wax, dolmen soil, cinders, sheep and fox cuts, cow and rook marks, H38 x W82 x D25 cm



*CUKU-CUKU*

agricultural waste, river water and debris, iron, earth, clay, ashes, bone dust, bone black, sea and moor water, wax, fir tree root and bark, gull and raven feathers, fox and sheep cuts, cow marks, crow remains, rook skull, H54 x W37 x D31 cm