

Holly Mills

b. 1990, London

*Something is
caught
but nothing
is kept*

11 August–8 September 2024

Quaperlake St, Bruton BA10 0HB

Definition, or, Seeing the Horse

i. Dicken's Hard Times

"Girl number Twenty, define a horse."
But Cissy the circus rider
can't say what a horse is
to the school master so blinded
by abstractions
he can't see a horse.

ii. Delacroix's drawing

This line of ink isn't around the horse.
It ropes and bridles a certain
thing seen from a certain angle
on a piece of paper, once.
Something's caught but nothing is kept.

iii. Judith's fear of naming

She fears the definition will destroy
the secret thingness of the thing,
as if a dictionary could contain
the rhythmic hooves, the nostril widening,
the great hard-beating heart.

To define's not to confine,
words can't reach so far.
Even the poets' line can only hold
a moment of the uncontainable.
The horse runs free.

Ursula K Le Guin

Holly Mills received a BA in Illustration from Camberwell College of Arts in 2012 and in 2018 completed the Drawing Year Postgraduate Programme at The Royal Drawing School.

Selected exhibitions include:

The Unwritten Script, Sarah Kravitz Gallery (London, 2024)

felt cute, might delete later, Arusha Gallery (London, 2023)

...freshly as if my eye was still growing, APT Gallery (London, 2023)

A path with heart, Split Gallery (London, 2023)

"Hope" is the thing with feathers, South Parade (London, 2021)

Under Bat Hill, W139 (Amsterdam, 2021)

The Pictionary Individual, Harkawik (Los Angeles, 2019)

Tickle Torture, BEERS gallery (London, 2017)

ARUSHA

*London based artist Holly Mills (b. 1990)
compares the act of painting
to feeling for something familiar in the dark.*

*Recent, unexpected illness has made Mills acutely aware of her own
bodies' fragility and disobedience.*

*This body of work embraces a kind of slippery uncertainty and loss of
control:*

*pulling together fragments of memory, dream sensation and
fiction as a way to explore the
elusive interplay between perception and
reality, recognition and strangeness.*

*Her works are portals:
strange, wild things
that might have sprouted
from the earth
after a thunderstorm,
covered in
dew and secrets.*

*Formed with the logic of a dream - where time doesn't tick, and mem-
ories pop up like stubborn weeds in the cracks of reality.*

*The spiral in her works is both
a gateway
and a mirror,
a mysterious, swirling vortex
that seems to pull everything
into its depths.*

*It embodies the
'secret thingness of the thing',
the core of something
that cannot be contained by mere
language or definition.*