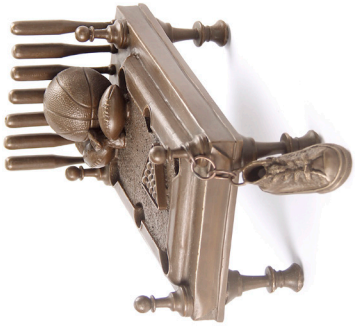

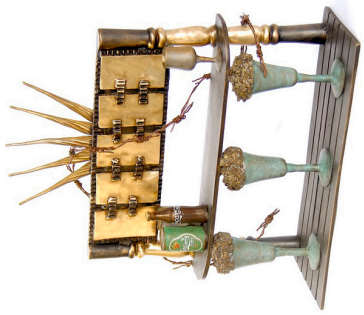

LEAH POLLER

SCULPTOR -雕塑家

THE ALCHEMY OF MATTER

Alchemy, an ancient discipline, stems from humanity's early desire to explore the cosmos, nature, and matter. Its core idea can be traced back to the profound awe toward the mysteries of the universe. Alchemists believed that the process of transforming materials mirrored the purification and elevation of the human soul. They often viewed their experiments to interact with the universe, revealing the mysterious forces connecting matter and the human spirit. Leah Poller embodies this alchemical spirit in her artistic journey.

Poller's early exploration of the dialogue between material and humanity is evident in her series of bronze portraits. However, she sought to go beyond this traditional form. Her focus gradually shifted from human figures to incorporate "beds" and "Zoomers", using material as a medium to express her inner world and perceptions of life. She imbued these seemingly inorganic objects with human emotions, memories, and life, cleverly linking them to wordplay and metaphors. Her aim is to awaken viewers' awareness of the often-overlooked, seemingly trivial aspects of daily life, prompting a reevaluation of material from the perspective of spirit. This creative drive and countless combinations stem from her long spiritual journey, reflected in her dialogues with soup ingredients during isolation and her fantasies surrounding "beds" while bedridden for months.

The Alchemy of Matter" showcases how the artist transforms everyday objects into symbolic works rich with spiritual meaning and personal memories. The Zoomer series reveals human creativity and adaptability in loneliness. Each delicate sculpture possesses a unique character, persona and story, symbolizing communication mechanisms in social life—almost like a post-pandemic cultural map, exploring emotional responses to solitude and virtual reality. The "bed" series relates to objects that are vital to human life, revealing fundamental mechanisms of human existence.

This exhibition serves to demonstrate the powerful role of art in exploring the relationship between human existence and the material world. In these challenging times, we need art to connect with our inner spiritual realms and gain insight. Within the expansive context of contemporary Chinese art, the GIO Art Center is committed to linking Eastern and Western artists and fostering artistic dialogue among diverse international audiences, allowing the seeds of artistic belief to flourish with limitless possibilities.

来源于人类文明早期对宇宙、自然和物质认知的深层次探索欲望，其核心理念亦可追溯至远古时期人类对宇宙万物的神秘敬畏。炼金术士认为，物质的转化过程与人类的灵魂净化提升相似，他们在这一过程中常常将炼金实验视为一种自身与宇宙的互动——通过理解物质的转化来揭示宇宙和人类精神之间相互作用的神秘力量。莉娅·波勒尔在她的艺术创作旅途中正是如炼金术士般得存在着、践行着。

波勒尔早期对物质与人性二者之间对话关系的探讨体现在她的人物铜塑像系列中，然而她并不满足于此类传统形式概念的实践——她的塑像客体因此逐渐从人物转化为“床”与“骨头Zoomer”，物质成为了艺术家表达内心世界与外界生活感悟的媒介。她将人类的情感、记忆与生命赋予了这些看似无机的物体，并诙谐机智地将其与文字游戏隐喻关联并置，试图唤起观者在日常生活中常被忽视、看似无意义事物的感知力，从而重新审视物质在精神层面的提升与体现。这源源不断的创作欲及数百个组合搭配无疑来源于她长久以来的心灵修行所显化出的超验体验，如疫情期间的隔离与虚拟生活中，她与汤中食材的对话；她卧床数月期间对“床”有关的无数幻想。

此次展览的主题“物质的炼金术”体现了艺术家如何将现成品、物质转化为具有深刻精神内涵及个体情感记忆的象征性作品。“Zoomer”系列揭示了人类在孤独中的创造力与适应力，小巧精致的雕塑被赋予独特的性格、人物画像与故事，隐喻了人类社交生活中的沟通机制，宛若后疫情人文景观图，进一步探索了人在面对孤独和虚拟世界时的情感应对的可能性；“床”系列则赋予了这一与人类生命息息相关的物件，情感和揭示人类进程的原始机制。

以期此次展览向观众展示艺术在探索人类存在与物质世界关系中的强大力量。在这个充满挑战的时代，我们更加需要通过艺术来寻找内心精神世界的连接与启示。在中国当代艺术的广阔语境中，GIO丝路华兴艺术中心致力于链接东西方艺术家、推动国际间及不同领域观众的艺术对话，让艺术信念的种子与无限可能性得以生发。

Ann Wei, Director
GIO Art Center, Beijing

THE ARTIST AND ALCHEMY

If an accident is to happen, let us hope that it is a good accident...

Following just such an incident in my studio, I was relegated to bed for many months - and so began my recovery and personal Odyssey in the study of the bed with all its visual, literary and narrative forms.

More than a third of our life is spent in bed, yet rarely has it been examined so thoroughly through a work of art as I have chosen to do.

It is said that all the history of civilization can be unraveled by pulling on the thread of a singular object. From this experience I believe the bed has gifted me with the history of our humanity. My exploration of the bed in three dimensions has given full scope to my sense of humor, pathos, whimsy, sarcasm, tragedy, and passion. Meeting the challenge of creating 101 related sculptures on the theme of the bed has been mind-expanding far beyond my initial inspiration.

Working in the traditional lost wax method of bronze casting hand in hand with my foundry in Nanchang, China, and being personally involved in all the stages of transforming my work into the alchemistic magic of bronze has added dimension, not only to my work, but to my life.

It is my profound pleasure to invite you, my fellow traveler, to experience this very unique personal experience.

如果真的要发生，意外，那么让我们希望这是一场美好的意外……

在我的工作室里发生了这样的意外之后，我不得不卧床许多个月，于是便开始了我的康复和关于床的个人奥德赛，探索其所有的视觉、文学和叙事形式。

我们一生中超过三分之一的时间是在床上度过的，但很少有人像我这样通过一件艺术作品来如此彻底地审视我们的生活。

据说，整个文明的历史可以通过拉动一件单一物品的线索来解开。根据这段经历，从这次经历中，我相信床赐予了我人类的历史。我对床的三维探索使我的幽默感、悲情感、奇思妙想、讽刺感和激情都得到了充分的发挥。应对创作101件与床相关的雕塑这一挑战，远远超出了我最初的灵感。

采用传统的失蜡法青铜铸造厂紧密合作，铸造青铜，与我在中国南昌的铸造的各个工艺流程并亲自参与，并亲自参与到将我的作品铸造成青铜的生活。中。不仅为我的作品增添了新的维度，也丰富了我

我真诚地邀请你，我的同伴，来体验这一非常独特的个人经历。

LEAH POLLER'S HEAD IS NOT A CUPBOARD

I once thought that the universe had messages for me – and that strange serendipities, magical moments and impossible conjunctions were evidence of a plan that could be deciphered and interpreted.

In reality, the situation is stranger, and the story of my friendship with Leah Poller proves that. This is what happened: I found a hand-me-down sculpture on a wooden shelf on Lantau Island, Hong Kong – a sculpture that had been left for adoption by one of myriads, who at that time, 2021, were packing their bags and leaving the city like scattered starlings.

Here was a treasure – a bronze bed – covered in letters. On a shelf in Mui Wo, I had happened upon an Alphabed.

The alphabet is magical – this much is clear. It extends our world, domesticates it. We rest, sleep, dream in its letters and compose our waking worlds out of its fragments.

On my way to an exhibit in Tsim Sha Tsui of the major surrealists – Dali, Magritte, Picasso, Duchamp, I found this remarkable piece. I knew it was magic, and I knew it was a dream. Still, the universe had no "message" for me, nothing to tell me – it just wanted to play - like a jazz hook, like a rap battle, like a surrealist.

When queried in London, my friend and colleague Elise Oursa, as it turned out, actually knew the work of this sculptor – the magical Leah Poller. So, right there at the museum, I composed a letter – not an ordinary letter. Not about the work. A dream-layer letter, like these words now: to add art to art. To make time art. Jazz dreams of eternities-within-eternity. I composed it, went home, and sent it to Leah.

Maybe poetry is the right way to meet magic and send it up swirling again?

Leah wrote back. Our friendship was immediate. We recognized each other. Without halt, without stopping to decipher anything, she and I, serendipity that had introduced us – growing it into something of epic proportions. I had a sculpture I wanted to cast. She invited me to come and learn how to do so at a foundry in Nanchang, but nobody knew when the border would open. Covid times were strange times.

So life went on. I forgot about the offer, and then one day I found myself facing a painful disappointment – a personal defeat. One door closes, another door opens.

That very day, I got an email from Leah. "Meet me in Nanchang in February and learn to cast your bronze." How? The border is closed.

Well, events transpired, and things suddenly changed. Within a week, they announced the opening of the borders, completely unexpected. So, I went to China to a mysterious foundry, and to meet a mysterious friend, and be initiated in the most mysterious of arts.

The truth is no machine, no blind accident, and no plan. The truth is a child at play, and when we too, are children at play, we are no separate than the Truth. Leah Poller knows this like nobody else I have met. Her catalog is full of beds, and busts, and such – but not a thing to be found. Of course, if your head is a cupboard, then you will disagree with me – but I want you to know that Leah Poller's head is not a cupboard. It is a river, and it is filled with fish.

Fish swimming upstream, fish swimming downstream – these are all alive, these sculptures you see, because, look: art never stops. When the piece is "finished", it doesn't stop – the creation just passes hands from the sculptor to the viewer: and I want you to know that you can add to her work, just by perceiving it in this living way – by being a lake for those same fish to swim through and across.

Listen here: find where you can abandon interpretation – forget every thing – forget every message, just let the art make you write, make you sing, make you smile, cook, dance, laugh – change the world, fill you teeming with fish. See?

Now the magic is yours, as it is everyone's. Thank you, Leah Poller for knowing this.

Peter Duchemin PhD, is a Canadian poet, artist, sculptor magician, and thinker. He has lived, performed, and taught Tarot all over the world - from Hong Kong to Siberia.

奇妙而神秘的莉亚・波勒

我曾以为宇宙中藏着为我准备的讯息——奇妙的巧合、魔法般的时刻、不可能的相遇，都是某种可以解读和解释的计划的证据。

但实际上，事情更加奇怪，而我与莉亚・波勒的友谊证明了这一点。事情是这样的：我在香港大屿山的木制架子上发现了一件雕塑——那是一件被某个正在收拾行李、准备离开这座城市的人留在这里的雕塑。那时是2021年，人们像散开的椋鸟一样纷纷离开这座城市。

这是一件宝物——一张青铜床，上面刻满了字母。在木屋的一个架子上，我偶然发现了一张“字母床”。
字母本身就充满魔力——这一点毋庸置疑。它扩展了我们的世界，将它驯服。我们在字母中休憩、睡眠、做梦，并用这些字母的碎片构建我们的清醒世界。

在我前往尖沙咀参观达利、马格利特、毕加索、杜尚等超现实主义大师的展览途中，发现了这件不寻常的作品。我知道它是魔法，我也知道它是梦境。然而，宇宙对我没有任何“信息”，没有要告诉我的事情——它只是想玩耍——像爵士乐的勾勒，像一场说唱对决，像超现实主义。

在伦敦，问起我的朋友兼同事伊莉丝・乌尔萨时，竟然发现她居然认识这位神奇的雕塑家——莉亚・波勒。于是，就在博物馆里，我写了一封信——不是一封普通的信。这封信并不是关于她的作品，而是一封如梦一般的信，像现在这些话一样：为艺术增添艺术。将时间变为艺术。爵士乐梦想着永恒中的永恒。我写了这封信，回到家后寄给了莉亚。

也许诗歌是遇见魔法的正确方式，并再次让它旋转飞舞？

莱娅回信了，我们的友谊立刻建立起来， 我们心灵相通。我们毫不犹豫地开始交流，想把那种把我们联系在一起的偶然相遇，将其发展成为历史般的关系。我想铸造一件雕塑，她邀请我去南昌的一家铸造厂学习如何铸造，但没有人知道边境何时会开放，疫情期间是一段奇怪的时期。

生活继续。我忘记了这个提议，直到有一天，我遇到了一个令人痛苦的失望——一次个人的失败。 当上帝关上一扇门时，会为你打开另外一扇窗。
就在那天，我收到了莉亚的邮件，“二月来南昌见我，学会铸造你的青铜雕塑。”怎么可能？边境还没开放，我心里想着。
然而，事情就是这样发生了，情况突然改变。不到一周，他们意外宣布开放边境。于是，我去了中国，去了一个神秘的铸造厂，去见一个神秘的朋友，并被引入一门最神秘的艺术。

奇迹是完全不可避免的，对于勇敢的人来说，因果关系并不存在。每一个勇敢的瞬间，梦想都会找到另一个房间。勇气是通往永恒的钥匙。勇敢，独立，并观察。

真理不是机器，不是盲目的意外，也不是计划。真理是一个在玩耍的孩子，当我们也是玩耍的孩子时，我们与真理并无分 别。莉亚・波勒比我见过的任何人都更明白这一点。她的作品目录里充满了床和胸像之类的东西——但没有什么东西是可以找到的。当然，如果你的头脑是一个橱柜，你可能会不同意我的看法——但我想让你知道，莉亚・波勒的头脑不是一个呆板橱柜。 它是一条河流，里面充满了鱼。

逆流而上的鱼，顺流而下的鱼——这些都是活生生的，你们看到的这些雕塑也是如此，因为你看：艺术永不停歇。当一件作品“完成”时，它并不会停止——创造只是在从雕塑家手中传递给观众：我想让你知道，只要以这种生动的方式感知它，你就可以为她的作品增添色彩——成为那些鱼穿越和游动的湖泊。 在湖泊中自由畅游的鱼。

听我说：找到你可以抛弃解释的地方——忘掉一切——忘掉所有讯息，只让艺术让 促使你写作，让你歌唱，让你微笑，烹饪，跳舞，欢笑——改变世界，让你充满活力。
现在，这魔法属于你，属于每个人。谢谢你，莉亚・波勒，因为你懂得这一点。

彼得・杜什曼博士 **(Peter Duchemin PhD)** 是一位加拿大诗人、艺术家、雕塑家、魔术师和思想家。他曾在世界各地生活、表演和教授塔罗牌，从香港到西伯利亚都有他的足迹。

THE DOVE'S SHADOW IN THE MAGIC MIRROR

In the cold of New York, the wind blew so hard that my ears almost fell off. The rumble of the subway passing beneath could be heard through the iron grates under the buildings, while white mist rose from the manhole covers. Six fireplaces stood there, some filled with the ashes of extinguished flames, others crackling with burning pinewood. A mysterious woman stood in front of an arched doorway, dressed in black. Her sharp gray-blue eyes seemed frozen in the moment, her pupils shimmering as if they were the passage to the magical realm within her.

The brass bed was empty. The cow-hide of the headboard, tightened with a pattern of geometric rivets, formed folds like the crow's feet at the corner of a rhinoceros' eye, or perhaps as traces of the owner's strange adventures. Pillars at the four corners supported the brass posts of the half-draped canopy. No dreamers lay under its dark red quilt. Maybe someone in the magic mirror was chiseling stone, refining alchemy.

We once conversed about witchcraft, necromancy, and illusions. Foreign objects would occasionally appear in her home—strange sounds could be heard, and objects would shift places. She shared her space with them.

Meanwhile, I seemed possessed by the stories of Japan's Ryūnosuke Akutagawa, as every night, when I lay down, my vision was filled with the sight of strange, wondrous things swirling before my eyes.

Now, she is in a cottage in Puglia, basking in the sun, listening to the waves and the seagulls circling in the sky... The dust and the flow of molten copper and the clang of hammers from a bronze factory in Nanchang, Jiangxi, China, lull her to sleep.

I envision Leah in her pre World War II-era Manhattan home, with flickering candles, a pendulum clock above the fireplace, and Gothic shadows cast by the marble staircase. It is her witch's lair. After crossing the Mississippi River, scaling Mont Blanc, passing by the cross atop a cathedral by the Seine, and making a turn at the crouching lion near the pyramids of Egypt, she arrives at the Yellow River Basin, and finally at Fort W(ei) on the banks of the Chaobai River.

Last year, Leah visited in Yanjiao and gave me a gift: a slew of monsters she crafted during the pandemic, made from bones of birds, sheep or scorpions. They wore silk garments and had hair and beards. They stood in the shadows of a pink wooden box, alongside three pieces in liquid bronze, solidified from random moments. She told me, "This is your cursive script."

Leah's series of works is a grand spectacle of human existence. The tentacles of her witch spirit capture all things, and her skilled hands create objects of extraordinary craftsmanship. It's like a revolving lantern, where gods, ghosts, and people all take turns performing. This is Leah's allegorical kingdom—she sees everything, orchestrates everything, her heart vast and deep, where dragons soar and phoenixes fly, and where the light of spirit and matter devour each other.

Wei Ligang / Written at Fort W, Yanjiao, during the autumn equinox of the Year of Jiachen
4o

Wei Ligang is a pioneer of contemporary Chinese calligraphy and is considered a grand master. Originally trained as a mathematician, he combines spontaneity with logic, drawing on both the traditions of traditional calligraphy and also modern media.

寒冷的纽约，风吹的耳朵都要掉下来，楼根下铁篦子里传来地下火车驶过的轰隆声，马路井盖处冒着白雾气，六个壁炉有灰烬熄灭的，也有噼啪烧着松木的，一个神秘的女人，在一个拱形的门前立着，一袭黑衣，犀利的灰蓝色眼睛，似乎定格在某个时刻 ，瞳孔散着微光，仿佛就是通向她内心魔界的甬道。

黄铜的床空着，靠背的牛皮被一群扣钉几何状的绷紧，形成褶皱，像是犀牛眼角的鱼尾纹，也像是主人离奇经历的蛛丝马迹。四角撑起了铜柱，帷幔半裹，暗红色的被子里没有做梦的人。也许魔法镜里有人在凿石炼金。

关于巫术、通灵术、幻像，我们有过对话。她的宅邸不时有异物光顾，会听到各种声音，物件也会有位移，她与它们共享一隅。而我则是被日本芥川龙之介的小说给附了体，每当夜晚躺上床榻，满眼都是清晰可见的众多神奇东西在翻飞。

她又在那不勒斯的村舍，晒着太阳，听着海浪，海鸥天空盘旋…中国江西南昌铜厂的尘屑、铜水的涌动、铁锤的敲打声给她催眠了。

我猜测Leah在曼哈顿二战时期的老屋里，蜡烛摇晃着，壁炉上的钟摆，大理石楼梯交错着哥特式的影子，那是她灵巫的巢穴。渡过密西西比河，翻过勃朗峰，掠过塞纳河教堂的十字架，在埃及金字塔的蹲狮那里拐一个弯，来到了黄河流域，来到了潮白河畔的【w】堡。

去年Leah下榻燕郊，送给我一个礼物，那是疫情期间她用鸟骨或羊蝎子骨头做的一批有丝绸服饰，有毛发胡须的怪兽，立在一个粉色木头盒子的暗处，以及三块流动的铜件，凝固后的偶发作品，她说这就是你的草书。

Leah的系列作品就是一部人间万象剧，巫灵的触角捕捉万物，巧夺天工的手筑造品类，走马灯般的神鬼人马轮番上演。这是Leah的寓言王国，她洞悉着一切，在摆布着一切，心渊辽阔，龙翔凤翥，灵与物的光芒互噬。

刚 /甲辰秋分草于燕郊w堡

卫利庚是当代中国书法的先锋，并被视为大师级人物。他最初接受数学训练，性与逻辑相结合，既汲取了传统书法的精髓，也融入了现代媒介的元素。

I HAD A DREAM

1
The Dream
I had a dream,
I was simultaneously abiding
A vast number of beds,
While they were all parts of myself.

They all belonged to my known World,
While part of an unknown One.
They surrounded me by all means,
At all times they appeared everywhere.

Over their surface I could move,
Jump, slip and roll.
Underneath them,
I could lay, hide and breathe.

2
The Voices
Every bed had a shape,
A distinctive character,
Embracing forms
Imbued with an unsettling personality.

All beds spoke to each other
Individually and simultaneously,
Whispering and crying
Silently, aloud.

Their voices came from inside
Thick bronze and soft sheets,
Trying to free themselves
From the weight of the matter.

Being exactly what they were
left no space for decision,
contemplation or choice:
There they were, unavoidably Them.

3
The Theatre
In a theatre of Life
They played their own game,
Each one the expression,
Of an individual idea, of thought.

Were they hanging
By their puppeteer threads,
Linked to their action and hands,
Their psyches and wills?

4
The Choice
Were they given a choice
but to enact as foreseen,
Projected and envisioned,
Hand shaped and determined?

Imbued in tangible matter,
In visible forms,
Did they become exactly,
What they were meant to be?

5
The Wake
When I opened my eyes,
They were still present,
Silent, familiar, unchanged,
Strewn all over the place.

Had they always been there,
Did they actually appear,
Were they ghosts or imagined,
Tangible matter born in one's thought?

6
The Matter
Anything and everything,
Wood, plaster, glass, plastic
stone, metal, vegetation and fabric,
thread, string, wax and food toys.

Found objects, clothes, shoes,
Hats, glue, paint, epoxy glitter,
When they found their beds,
Just jumped into place.

7
The Question
Why had a whole life been spent
Gathering, assembling and transforming
What already existed per se,
Careless of one's will, devoid of desire?

Not a single place in the house
Was missing their presence,
Did they crawl through the room,
Had they been there before?

Why was I an alien to them,
Why were they so subtly,
So faintly disturbing,
Unpredictably strange?

8
The Aftermath
Eyes ears and hands,
Heart, body and soul,
Were invisibly absorbed
By their perceivable appearance.

At the end of one's life,
When tangibility is lost,
What connects and transcends
Is not yet to be known.

When no entity looks alike anymore
Right in front of the Unknown,
What will a bed be and sound like,
Who will pronounce such a deletable word?

Silvio Wolf

Silvio Wolf is an Italian mid-career artist (Milan and New York), with studies in Philosophy and Psychology in Italy and Photography and Visual Arts in England. In his work, the issues of Absence, Elsewhere and the Threshold are always central. He teaches Photography and Visual Arts at the European Institute of Design in Milan and is a Visiting Professor at the School of Visual Arts in New York.

1
梦境
我做了　个梦，
我同时依附于
数张床，
它们都是我　身的　部分。
它们都属于我所知的世界，
却　是未知世界的　部分。
它们以各种　式包围着我，
时　刻地出现在每个地　。
在它们的表，我可以移动，
跳跃、滑　、翻滚。
在它们下，
我可以躺下、隐藏、呼吸。

2
声
每张床都有　个形状，
个独特的特性，
包含形状，　充满着不安的个性。
所有的床互相交谈
既独　　共鸣，
悄悄地说与　声哭泣，
它们的声　来
厚重的　铜和柔软的床单，
试图从物质的重量中
解放。
Copy code
恰恰是它们本身的存在，
没有留给决定、
沉思或选择的空间：　它们在那，
法避免地成为它们。

3
剧院
在　命的剧院中
它们玩着　　的游戏，
每　个都是独　思想的
个体表达。
它们是否悬挂在
偶的线条上，
与它们的　动和　势相连，
与它们的　灵和意志相连？

4
选择
它们是否有选择
只能如预　般表演，
被投射和想象，
由　塑造和决定？
注　了有形的物质，
在可　的形式中，
它们是否确实变成了
它们注定要成为的样？

5
苏醒
当我睁开眼睛，
它们依然存在，
寂静、熟悉、未变，
散布在四处。
它们是否　直在那　，
它们真的出现了吗？
它们是　魂还是想象中的，
源于思想的有形物质？

6
物质
切万物，
头、膏、玻璃、塑料，
头、属、植物和织物，
线、绳、蜡和　物玩具。
捡来的物件、物、鞋，
帽、胶、油漆、环氧树脂亮，
当它们找到　的床时，
便　刻跳到了位。

7
疑问
为何　都在
收集、组装和变形
已然存在的事物，
对个　的意志漠不关，欲　求？
没有　个地
缺少它们的存在，
它们是否爬过房间，
它们是否早已在那　？
为什么我对它们来说是个外，
为什么它们如此微妙，
如此隐隐不安，
不可预测的陌？

8
余波
眼睛、朵和　，
灵、身体和灵魂，
被它们的可感知的外表
形地吸收了。
在　命的尽头，
当有形不再存在时，
连接和超越的是什么，
尚不可知。
当再也没有任何实体相似
对未知时，
床将是什么样，将发出怎样的声，
谁将再说出那个可删除的词语？
尔维奥・沃尔夫

ZOOMERS

雕塑家

No bones about it!

COVID was challenging, but, for me, hard-rowing has been a life-time attribute. Some good did come out of it after all...

The countless lonely hours it imposed in my Harlem home/studio took an unexpected turn one dreary winter evening as I sat in my kitchen for my 300th solitary meal.

Cooking has always come naturally to me, and I often draw parallels between inventing a culinary dish and creating a new art piece in the studio. Gathering ingredients with a partially formed vision guides the eye and hand, triggering a "what-if" scenario. With a sprinkle of experience and motivation, creative juices flow, and something palatable takes shape—a promise that ignites the desire and curiosity to see what will happen, surrendering to the moment.

That solitary evening, facing a pea green bowl of soup, fate - or perhaps desperation accumulated from loneliness - placed a funny little bone in my path, begging to be rescued from the steamy depths of my potage.

In a spontaneous gesture of sociability, I responded, "Hello there—and who are you, and what do you want from me?" Was I talking to myself or summoning angels to rescue me from my solitude?

Something about the nodding head-like tilt of the bone, the blank spaces where eyes demanded definition, and the built-in personality inspired me to fish it out, scrub it clean, and take it to my studio.

All it took were two beads from a broken necklace to define its eyes, and suddenly, I was in the company of an interlocutor with incredible personality, self-assurance and wit. After years of sculpting portraits that often took months to create, here was a quick study from a minuscule neck bone of our revered plumed icon – the turkey.

That Mother Nature could conceive such complex, intricate, inter-joined contours to allow a feathered creature to peck and poke was truly worthy of a two-meter-tall bronze enlargement, destined to stun the beholder (if ever I had a Jeff Koons budget at my disposal!). It went without saying: these bones moved a 12-inch neck with the grace of a Bolshevik ballerina! Hidden under the skin and feathers were monuments to invisible forces, to evolution, to necessity, and to engineering challenges solved before science was invented.

In the following days, two vectors merged: the remaining bones were rescued from the pot and revealed themselves as tragic figures in the theater of life, begging for recognition. Concurrently, the multiplication of interminable Zoom meetings during Covid, which substituted for my entire social life, became a palette of possibilities to inspire these portraits with the personality of my Zoom companions, which corresponded to my primary interest as an artist. An endless array of talking heads, convinced of their arguments and occupying visual space without respite, became a perfect match for my growing bone collection and burgeoning extended family of companions.

Yes, I have used bones in previous works, not the least of which was my self-portrait in bronze during my early years at the Beaux Arts in Paris. This new treasure trove of primary material accompanied me for months to come, as the inspirational interplay between my life on Zoom and my soup-bone companions offered endless inspiration, laughable moments, and a true "commedia dell'arte" of our human condition... "Harumph Walton "was the know-it all sole male contender trying to get a word in edgewise in a vociferous group of female artists... while meters and meters of knitting plastic bags converted "Capucine Tricotine" into a high-on-her perch ecologist... indeed, giving each personage a name became part of the game!

And quite naturally, they began to claim more than just head space. As the isolation extended in time, I delved into the boxes of materials cluttering my studio, accumulated from travels around the world. With my movement restricted, I became a "situationist in place", creating environments, costumes, and extended narratives for my Zoomer creatures. An Italian flea market spider, caught in a French carpenter's web manifested "Woeful Webby"... the painter par excellence "Pablo Piccasette" commanded his Venetian gondola, while couples such as "Grandpa Grandplume" and "Grandma Grandfleur" supported Covid statistics that co-habitation and partnering were on the uptick.

An equally surprising transformation for me came by diverging from the contemporary arts "bigger is better" trend, to become a "miniaturist of the moment", without any compunction or sense of restriction in my creative manifestation which had been reduced to the palm of my hand.

Hundreds of "Zoomers" later, I can join my audiences worldwide and laugh out loud: what a strange moment! What a strange response! But, when all is said and done, we are only human, my Zoomers included.

ZOOMERS
雕塑新家

“毫无疑问！

新冠疫情确实充满挑战，但对我来说，艰难前行一直是我一生的特质。毕竟，从中还是有一些好事发生了……疫情带来的无数孤独时光，让我在哈莱姆的家中/工作室度过了一个又一个孤寂的冬夜。就在我享用第300顿孤独的晚餐时，事情发生了意想不到的转折。

烹饪对我来说一直是得心应手的，我常常将发明一道新菜与在工作室创作一件新艺术品相提并论。收集食材时，头脑中已有部分构思引导着我的眼睛和双手，激发出‘如果……会怎样’的场景。随着经验和动力的不断积累，创意的源泉涌现，某种美味的佳肴逐渐成型——一种承诺点燃了渴望与好奇心，促使我想看看到底会发生什么，并顺其自然。

就在那个孤寂的夜晚，当我面对一碗豌豆绿的汤时，命运——或许是由于长期孤独积累的绝望——让我在汤中发现了一根奇怪的小骨头，仿佛在恳求我将它从滚烫的浓汤中拯救出来。

在一种自发的社交举动中，我回应道：‘你好呀——你是谁，你想从我这里得到什么？’我是在跟自己说话，还是在召唤天使将我从孤独中拯救？

骨头那微微点头的样子，眼睛空白的部位似乎在需要定义，它与生俱来的个性让我灵感大增，我于是将它捞了出来，彻底清洗干净并带到我的工作室。

仅仅用了两颗破碎项链上的珠子，便为它的眼睛赋予了定义，突然间，我仿佛与一个充满个性、信心十足且机智幽默的对话者为伴。多年来，我雕刻的肖像往往需要数月才能完成，而这却是用我们敬爱的羽毛图标——火鸡的一块小小颈骨瞬间完成的速写。

大自然竟能构思出如此复杂、精密、交错的线条，让一只羽毛生物能啄食，真是值得制作成两米高的青铜雕塑，足以让观者震撼（如果我有一笔杰夫·昆斯那样的预算！）。不用说，这些骨头让12英寸的脖子展现出布尔什维克芭蕾舞演员般的优雅！ 隐藏在皮肤和羽毛下的是对看不见的力量、进化、必要性和工程难题的纪念碑式赞美，这些问题早在科学 发明之前便已被解决。

接下来的几天，两条 向量融合了：剩下的骨头从汤锅中被救出，在生命剧场中展示出悲剧般的形象，迫切要求得到承 认。与此同时，新冠疫情期间无尽的Zoom会议代替了我所有的社交生活，这些无休止的Zoom 头像成了启发这些肖像的灵感源，与我作为艺术家的主要兴趣相呼应。一连串坚定不移的‘ 谈头’，坚信自己的观点，不断占据着视觉空间，成了我日益壮大的骨头收藏以及我新扩展 的‘家人’们的完美对应。

是的， 我以前的作品中也使用过骨头，其中之一便是我早年在巴黎美术学院制作的青铜自画像。这一 新发现的原材料珍宝陪伴了我数月，在Zoom会议与我的骨头同伴之间灵感的碰撞中，不断提供 灵感，带来笑料无数，真正展现了我们人类状况的‘即兴喜剧’……‘哈伦夫·沃尔顿’是唯一 试图在一群喧闹的女性艺术家中插话的自命不凡的男性选手……而一米又一米的编织塑料袋将‘卡 普西娜·特里科汀’化作了一位高高在上的生态学家……给每个角色取名成了游戏的一部分！

很自然地，他们不仅仅占据了头部空间。随着隔离时间的延长，我开始深入整理工作室里因为多年来的旅行而积攒下来的材料箱。由于行动受限，我成了一名‘局部情境主义者’，为我的Zoom人物创造了环境、服 装和延展的故事情节。一只意大利跳蚤市场的蜘蛛被困在法国木匠的网中，化作了‘ 悲惨的韦比’……卓越的画家‘巴勃罗·皮卡萨特’指挥着他的威尼斯贡多拉，而像‘爷爷大羽’和‘奶奶大花’这样的夫妇则佐证了疫情期间同居和伴侣关系的上升趋势。

对我来说，另一个令人惊讶的转变是，我从当代艺术‘越大越好’的趋势转向了‘当下的微型主义’，没有任何顾虑，也不觉得自己的创作被限制在手掌之间。

数百个‘Zoomer’之后，我可以和全世界的观众一起开怀大笑：多么奇怪的时刻！多么奇怪的反应！但归根结底，我们终究只是人类，我的Zoomer们也不例外。

莉娅·波勒
2024年6月”

WORKS ON EXHIBIT

BEDS

1. 4 Poster bed
2. Baby Buddha Bed Pillow
3. Bar-bed
4. Bateau Lit
5. Bed and Breakfast
6. Bed, Bath and Beyond
7. Bed Cover
8. Bed of Logs
9. Bed of Roses
10. Bed of State
11. Bed of Wheres
12. Bed Screen
13. Bed Sport
14. Bed Time
15. Bed Bug
16. Bedlamb
17. Big Baby Buddha
18. Bunk Bed
19. Canvas Bed - Homage to Jackson Pollack
20. Down Bed
21. Flat Bed
22. Foam Bed
23. Gurney
24. Hide a Bed
25. Honeymoon Bed
26. Hospital Bed
27. Hot Bed
28. Lit d'Ange
29. Opium Bed
30. Parasol Bed- Made in China
31. Pea in the Bed
32. Plant Bed
33. Ribbed
34. Sofa Bed
35. Soft Bed
36. Spool Bed
37. Straw Bed
38. Tiffany bed
39. Witch Bed
40. Yellow Ducky Bed

ZOOMERS

1. Aine Chaos
2. Ancestor 1
3. Ancestor 2
4. Ancestors 3
5. Ancestors 4
6. Ancestors 5
7. Animal House
8. Ariadne Arachnia
9. Azurra Torre
10. Babesy
11. Barley Bateau
12. Beaky Bird
13. Bone Box
14. Bracci Mama
15. Caty Pillar
16. Cherry Picker
17. Chou Lin
18. Corky Dunim and Veuve Clikot
19. Daisi Deliriu
20. Dakota Kitcat
21. Dary You
22. Eglantina
23. Electrica
24. Eric Leafton
25. Esther Waverly
26. Famiglia JoJo
27. Fenix
28. Fluffy Trio
29. Hanna Hoopla
30. Harumph Walton
31. Headsup Greenly
32. Hobgoblin Citrouille
33. Homage to L Bourgeoise
34. Hong Kong Junkie
35. Hopper Grasse
36. Langoustina Lolliped
37. Lilly Paddi
38. Mating Season
39. Mossy Sue
40. Ova Terza
41. Owly Lacer
42. Pablo Veneziano
43. Reptilia Verdosa
44. Rosa Ponderosa
45. Soit Began
46. Squidee Klimer
47. Twiggy Green
48. Woeful Webby

Leah Poller lives in NY and Italy. Her work is cast in Nanchang at the Jiang-xi Metal crafts.
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