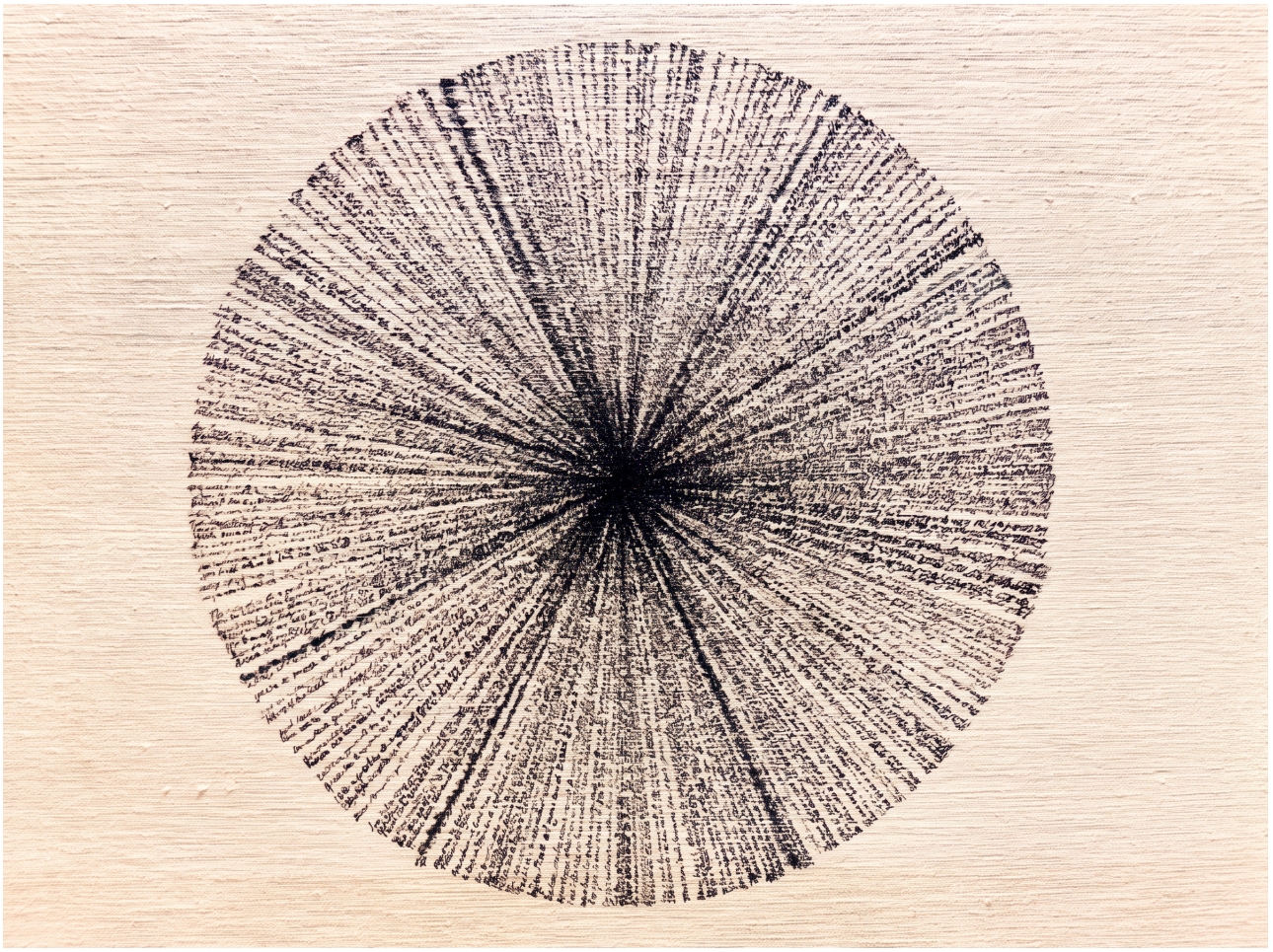
CHRISTINA GRACE

Christina Grace is a London-born artist and a mother of two. Her work speaks to women who have endured loss and pain, and who have known the pride of raising a family. Hers is a story of survival, often against the odds and often without support.

Her work deals with loss, power and coercion, and equally with the joy and wonder that have, at different times and at varying intensities, broken into her life and the lives of so many others.

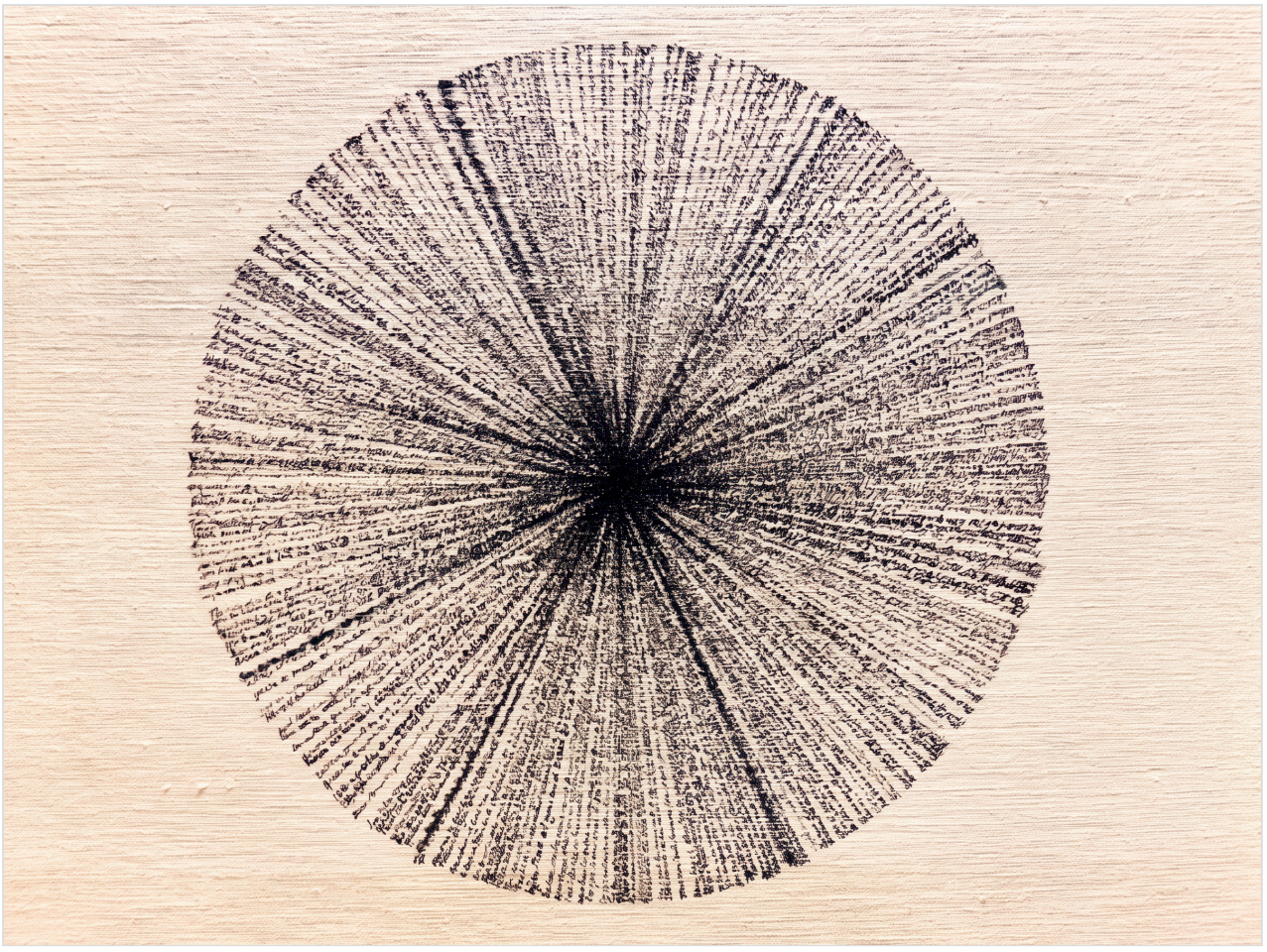
She uses layering as symbolism, each pass carrying the intricacy and depth that these forces have, over time, worked into the woman she has become.



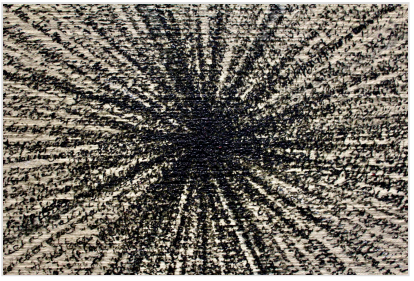
What the Thread Remembers, 2025–2026
Almond jute, black acrylic on board · Approx. 5 × 4 ft

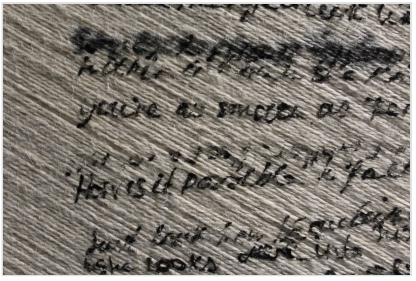
WHAT THE THREAD REMEMBERS

2025, 2026 · ALMOND JUTE, BLACK ACRYLIC ON BOARD · APPROX. 5 × 4 FT









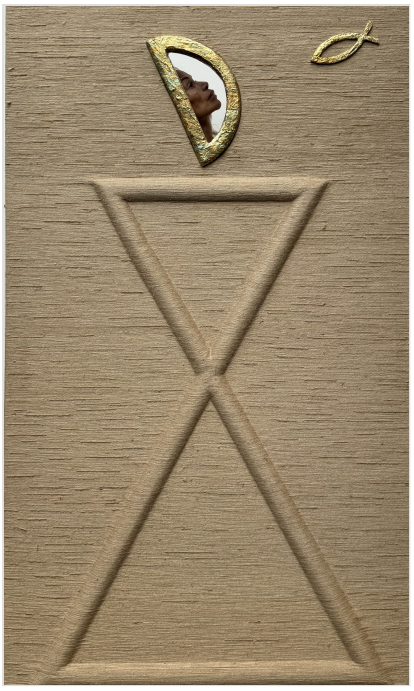
Reverse: Psalm 3:3–4

Hundreds of individual lines, each written by hand in acrylic, radiate outward from the exact centre of the board, dense enough near the middle to blur into pure mass, resolving only at the outer rim into something that might, if you looked closely, once have been handwriting. Each line is a thought. An emotion. A prayer. This is a love letter to my children, to God, to myself, holding everything I've wanted to say and never have, everything I kept within me. It's every "I love you" I've uttered. Everything at once, the way my thoughts constantly collide rather than arrive one at a time, hundreds of them expressed simultaneously because that's the only way they've ever actually come. It isn't meant to be read. I know what's written there. What's left on the surface is the residue of all of it, not the words themselves, just the pressure of having felt them. On the reverse: Psalm 3:3–4.

THE WEIGHT OF STAYING

2026 · NATURAL JUTE THREAD, SAND, PLASTER, OXIDISED GOLD LEAF ON BOARD · 8 × 4 FT









Reverse: 1 Peter 5:10

This was my first large-scale figure, a woman reduced almost to nothing, stripped of the details that would make her any one person, so she could stand for many. At the head, I've cut the board away and gilded the edges, so that whoever stands behind it sees their own face where hers should be. I made it as a piece to be completed by other women, an ongoing archive of faces, and of what has held each of them upright. A small gilded fish sits apart from the rest, deliberately unexplained. On the reverse, unseen, I've written the whole of 1 Peter 5:10.

HE ONCE CALLED ME MUSE

2026 · CONCRETE, PAPIER MÂCHÉ, SAND, SILVER LEAF, CLAY ON WOOD BOARD · 5 × 7 FT





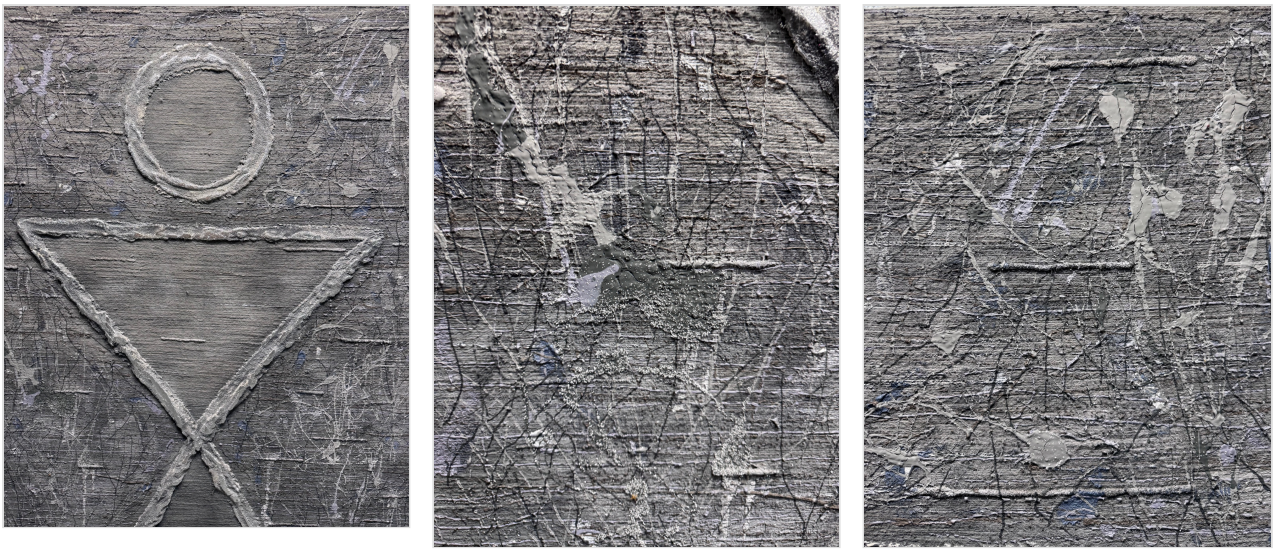
Reverse: Proverbs 26:11

I've developed my own reduced sign-language for the human figure, a private glyph system I return to and vary throughout my practice. Here, that vocabulary renders two figures crossing at the centre of the board: on the left, a woman, made of two triangles, the lower one splayed into a skirt; on the right, a man, present only as a torso and a pair of legs. He once called me muse. I don't know if he still thinks of it that way. But here, worked in blue and silver, the reversal has already happened without either of us choosing it, he is mine now, subject rather than source, arriving into the piece only as much as I decide to let him. I don't know if he was a blessing or a lesson I kept being given until I finally learned it. Maybe both. I don't tell you whether this is a love story or a warning. I've stopped needing it to be only one.

AFTER DAVID CAME GRACE

2024 · JUTE WRAP ON BOARD, WITH THE FIGURE BUILT IN CONCRETE, FINISHED IN SAND, ACRYLIC PAINT, AND SILVER LEAF · 6 × 4 FT



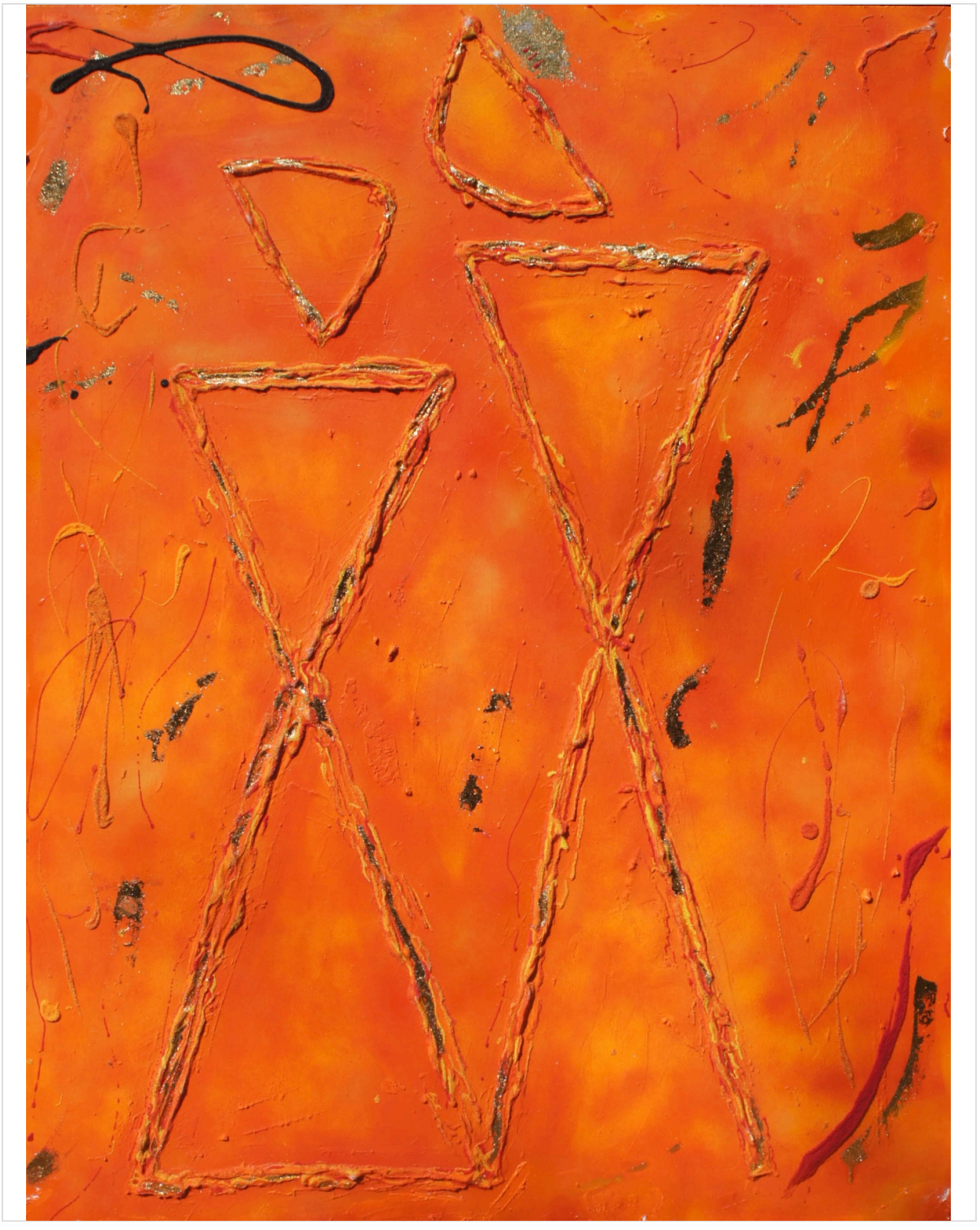


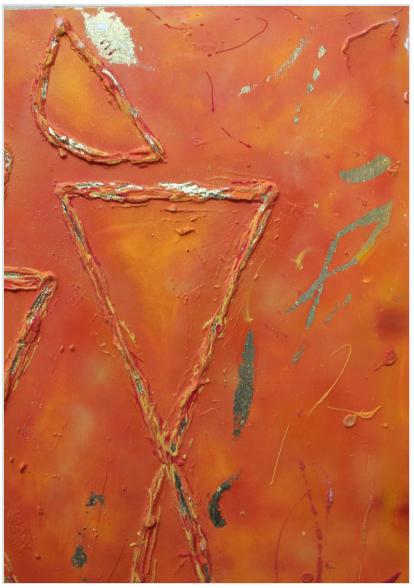
She was the first. The one before I knew there'd be twenty more, an army of the same reduced figure, each one a different version of me, at a different hour. The board beneath her is wrapped, the same base as the rest of this series, but she herself is built up in concrete, then finished in sand, acrylic paint, and silver leaf, a body with a quality no photograph has managed to catch: something close to mercury, fluid and reflective, steel-like and grainy all at once, as if it could move and never will. She's bold. Broad-shouldered. Head raised. She stands like a warrior. Her face is a circle, raised and solid, turned straight out, she doesn't look away, and she isn't waiting for anyone to complete her. She's already whole.

Around her, the board is a storm, scratched, frantic, everywhere at once. It doesn't touch her. She stands inside it, worn down, not broken. I remember making her. I didn't feel like a victim. I felt caught inside something unjust, something built on bullying, on cowardice and I still believed, naively, that if I just stood my ground, right would win. It doesn't work that way. Not in the legal system. Not in the world. But in this piece, for this moment, I was a warrior. Fractured. Defiant. Staring my bullies in the eye.

METEORS TO CELEBRATE

2025 · PLASTER, GOLD LEAF, SAND ON BOARD · 122 × 94 CM







Orange floods the surface, creating a blazing light, warm enough that heat seems to radiate before you've even stepped close. Two figures stand together, the same reduced form I return to throughout my practice, raised in gold and rust against a ground that feels lit from somewhere within. Black marks scramble across the surface, no less incandescent, seemingly bringing meteors to celebrate. This is the chemistry of those first encounters, the feeling of being singled out, blessed, before anything has had time to become complicated. Gold leaf reflects light back, as with all good beginnings.

STILL, BECOMING

2026 · WOOD BOARD, CEMENT, PAPIER MÂCHÉ, CHICKEN WIRE, SYNTHETIC HAIR, OXIDISED LEAF, GOLD LEAF, ACRYLIC SPRAY PAINT, SAND · 105 × 123 CM





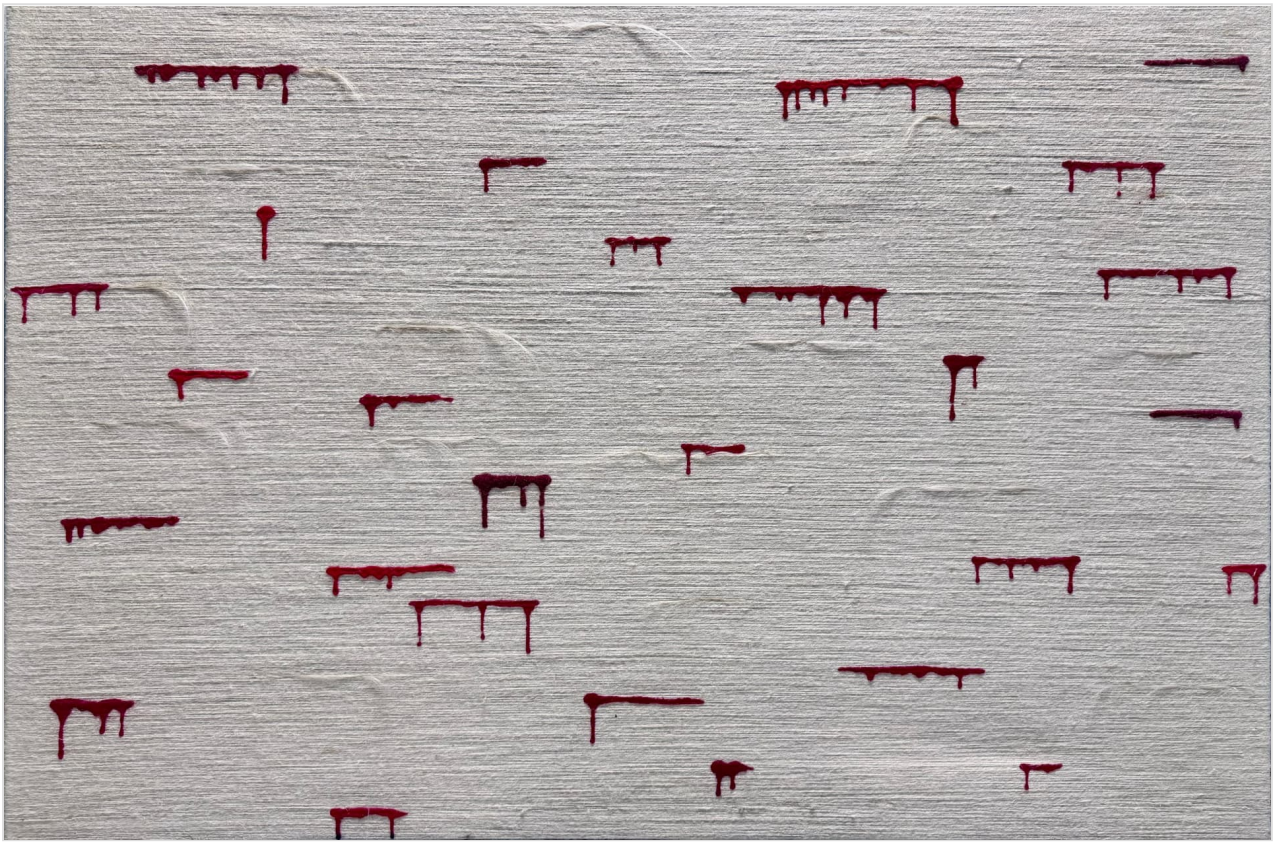




The veil here isn't painted, it's built. Hair, heat-shrunk around wire until it tightens into something closer to skin yet resembling fabric, then folded back into the surface again and again until no one could say where it begins or ends. I partially emerge, through something like cloud, like a forest thick enough to lose yourself in, still caught between one side and the other. The veil curves back from my face, not stripped away but parted, letting light reach me rather than shutting it out. A cross runs straight through the centre of the piece, bright gold against ground that looks ancient, weathered. It doesn't sit beside me. It runs through me, because that is where I have come to understand God resides, not somewhere I reach toward, but already present, holding me together from within.

UNDER WHOSE ORDER

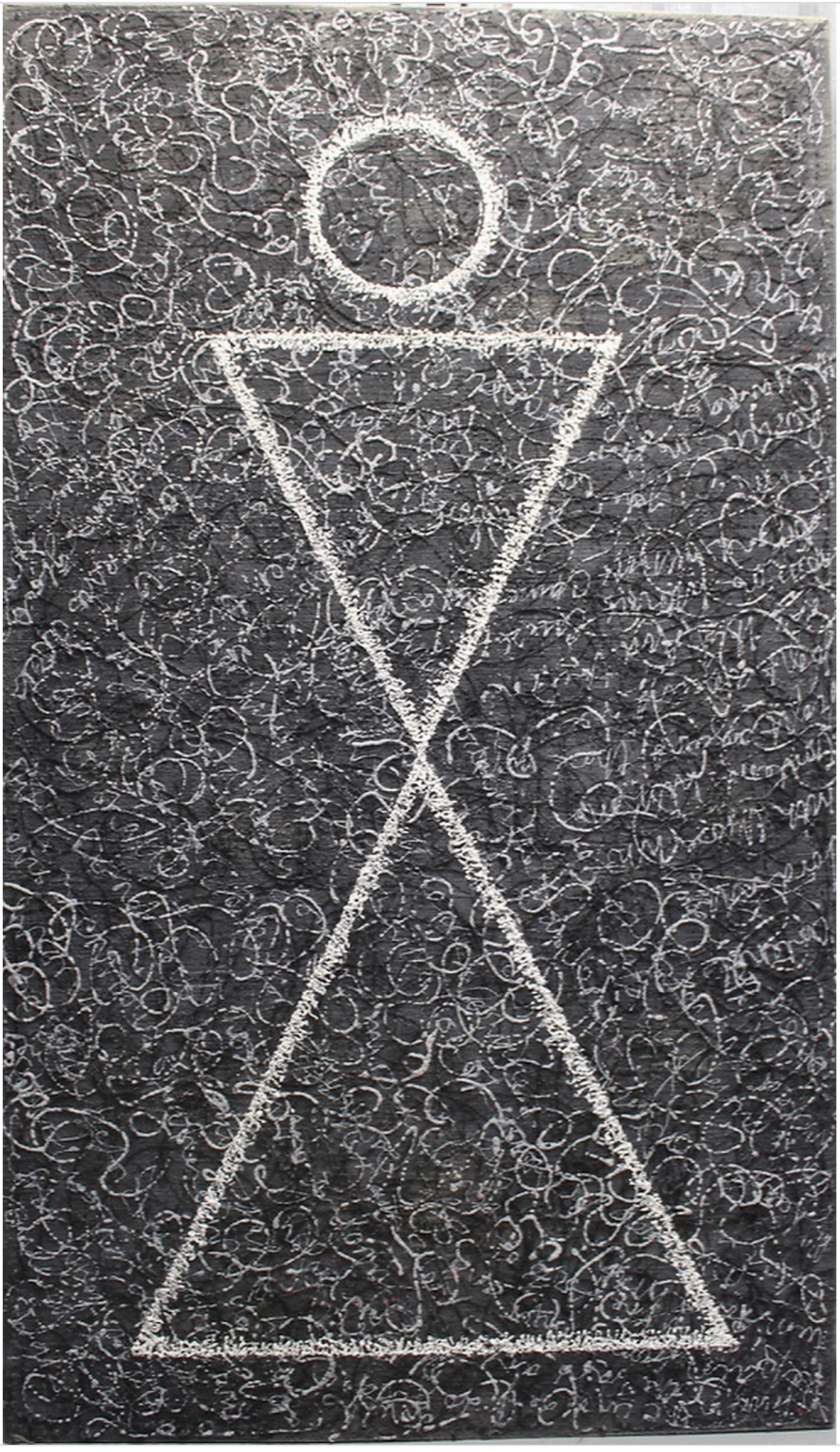
JANUARY 2025 · ALMOND JUTE, HUMAN HAIR, SAND AND RED SAND (0.2 AND 0.5) DRIPPED ON BOARD · APPROX. 120 × 100 CM

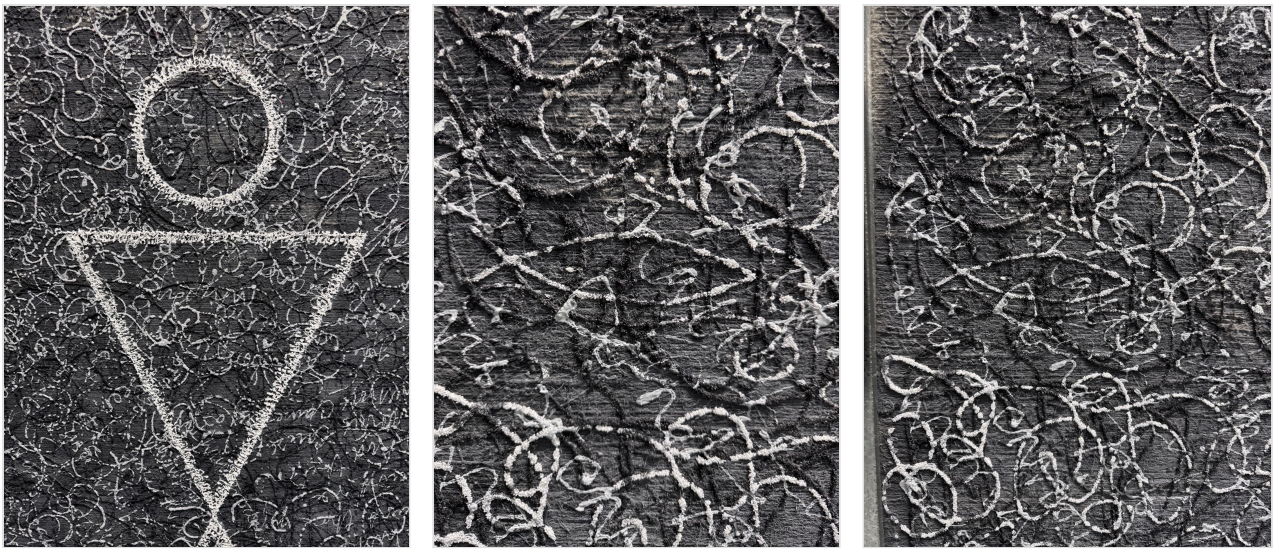


Human hair is wound directly into the jute here, standing in for something taken by force, not offered, cut away, measured, extracted long before this piece was made. Thirty-three lines of blood run down the board, dripped in red sand, careful and deliberate: blood, sweat, and tears, the cost exacted from a body and a spirit under sustained pressure, by hands that had no right to take it. There's no figure in this piece, just the evidence of what was taken, counted out, drip by drip, across the board.

EVERYWHERE, LIKE BREATH, YHWH

JUTE WRAP ON BOARD, SAND, GLUE, ACRYLIC PAINT · 6 × 4 FT

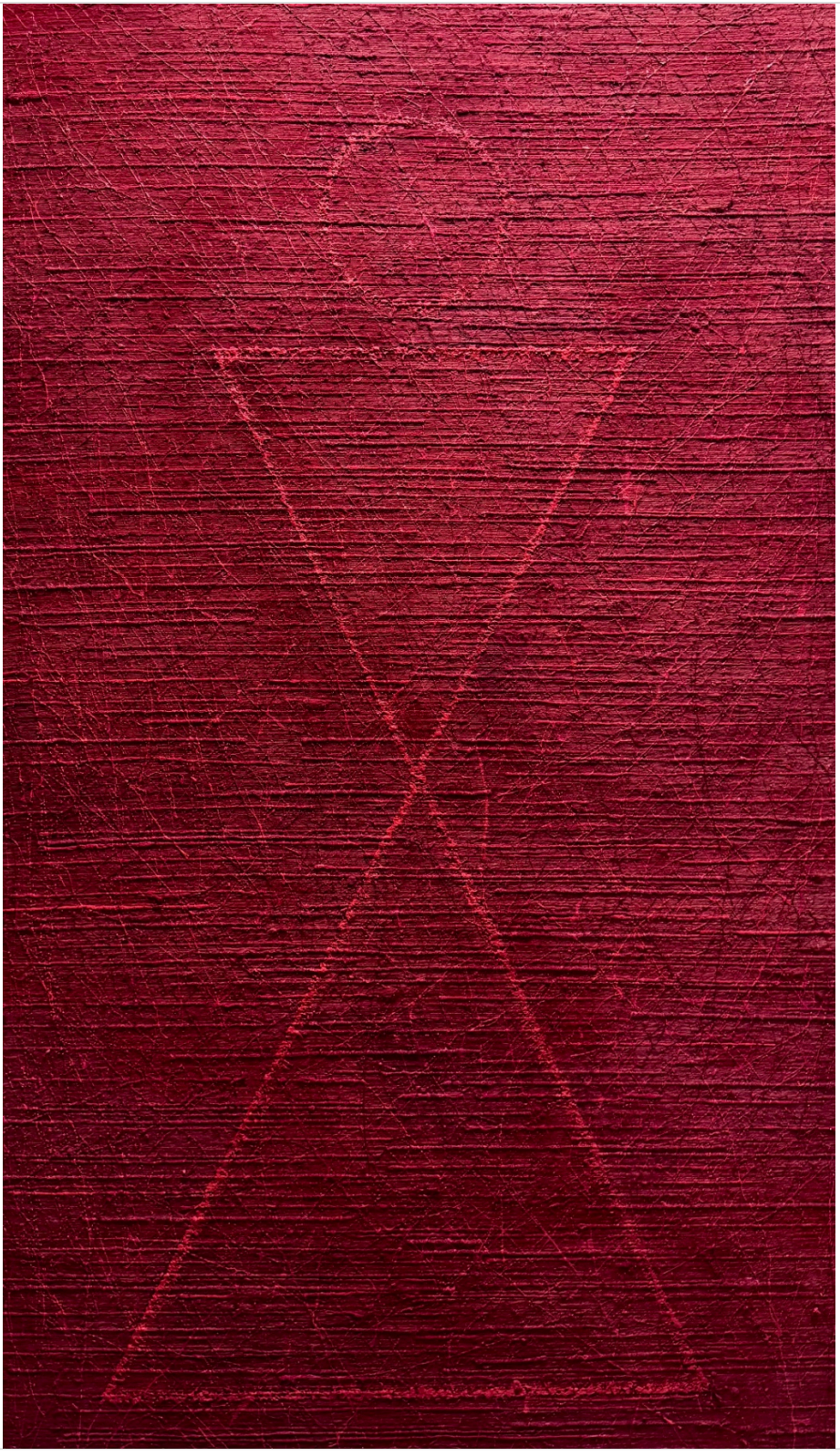


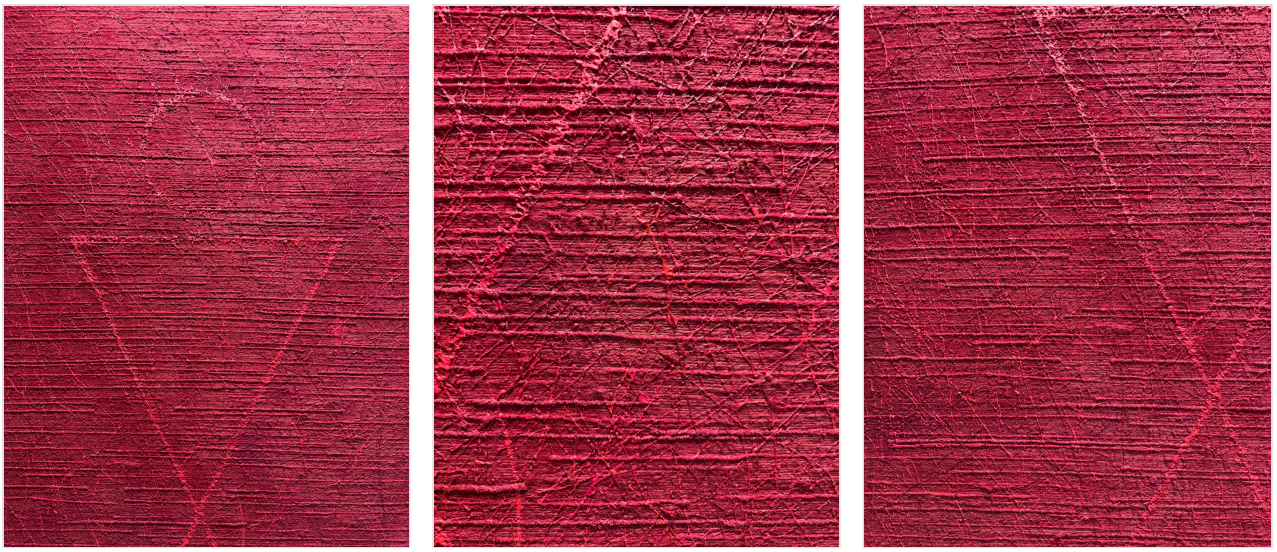


She's the same figure, fine-lined this time, bright white, sitting on the same jagged, wiry edge as the figure in claret. Underneath her, the board carries a process repeated over and over: glue, then sand. Paint, then paint again. Glue, sand, glue, sand, paint, text written, buried, and written again, each layer swallowing the one before it, until almost none of it can be read. I don't need it to be read. I know what's written there. Some of it was pleading. Some of it was prayer, asked again and again, long before I understood that an answer taking its time is not the same as no answer at all. She isn't buried in it. She sits on top of the chaos, not behind it, defiant, refusing to be the version of herself this fight wanted to make her. I understand now what I couldn't while I was making her: it was never my timing to keep. It was His. Every layer I buried was a prayer still in motion, not a prayer unanswered. She's what was still standing after everything that came before, worn thinner, still held, and somehow still whole.

THE COST OF CHOOSING

APRIL 2025 · JUTE WRAP ON BOARD, SAND (0.2 AND 0.5), RED ACRYLIC PAINT, ACRYLIC SPRAY · 6 × 4 FT

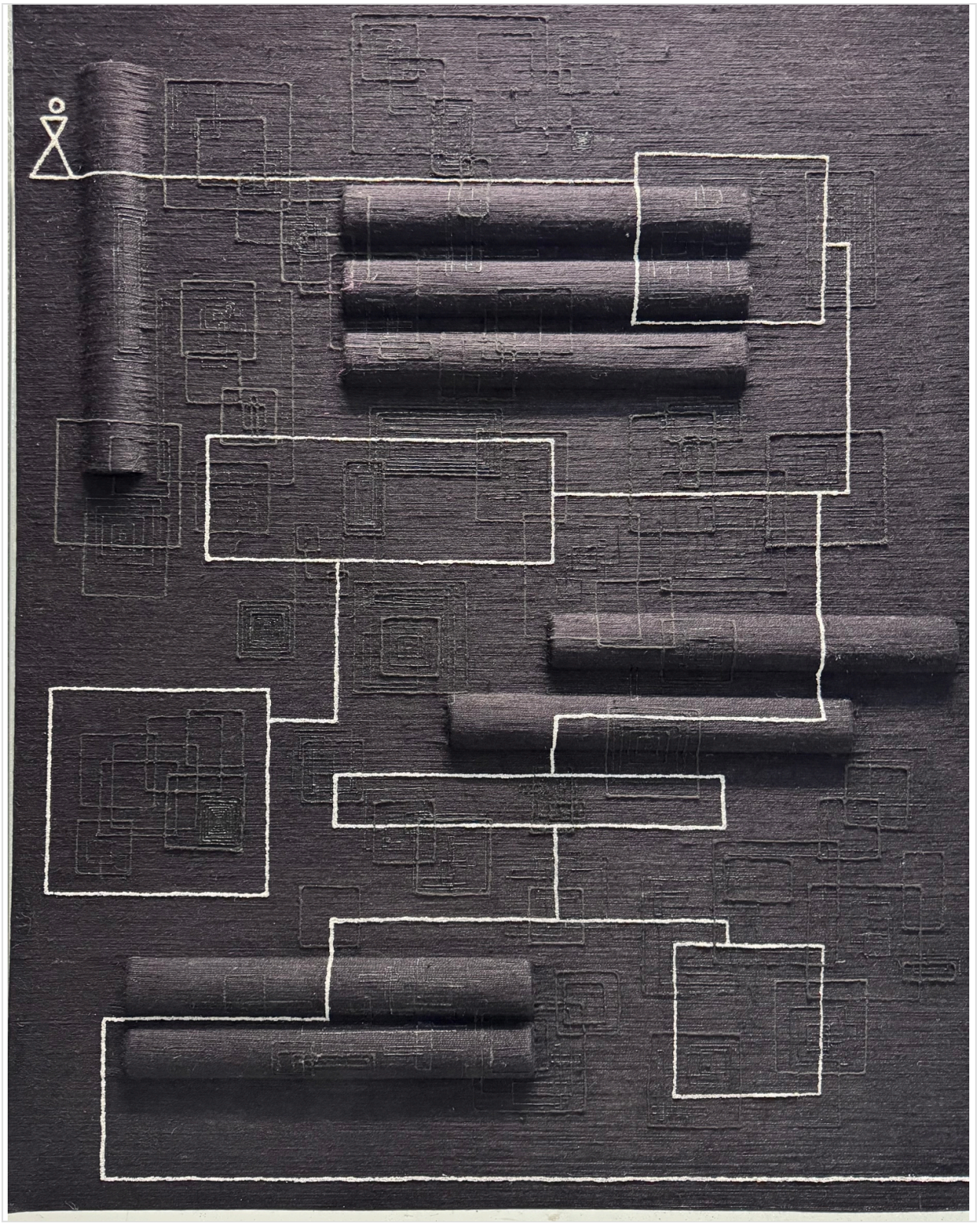


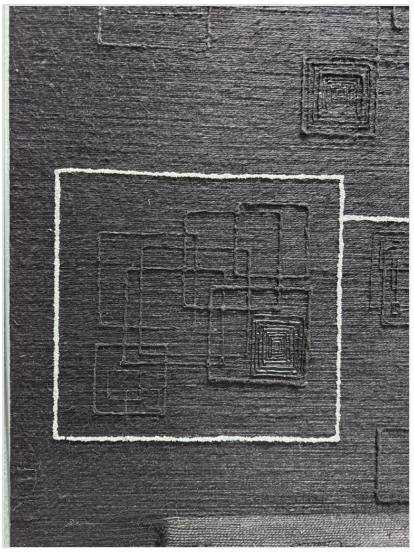
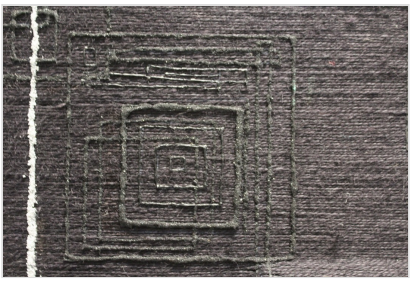
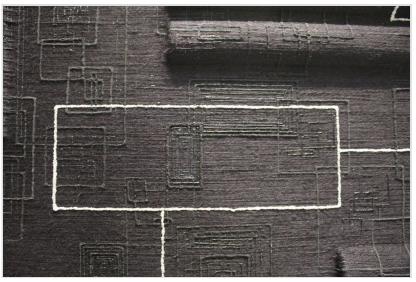


Grace's second large scale female wrap is rendered entirely in claret, a deep, wine dark red that, from across a room, reads as calm, even composed. It is only up close that the surface gives itself away: shifting tonal passages, dusty rose bleeding into deep, saturated claret, fine scratched lines crossing in every direction like static, or weather. The effect recalls a familiar kind of masking, the practiced, composed reply to "how are you," beneath which the real weather of a person is still moving, visible only to whoever gets close enough to look. The figure is built from two different grains of sand, 0.2 and 0.5, layered beneath multiple hues of red acrylic paint and worked further with acrylic spray. Against that unrest, the figure's outline stays thin, wavering, almost flame like, holding its shape without ever holding it still. Where the wrapped surface elsewhere in Grace's work marks the passing of ordinary time, here the grains of sand carry a different charge: time that felt taken rather than lived, choices narrowing until none of them led anywhere safe.

THE PATH KNOWS WHERE I AM

2025 · BLACK JUTE ON BOARD, RAISED POLYSTYRENE, ACRYLIC PAINT, 0.5 WHITE SAND · 150 × 122 CM

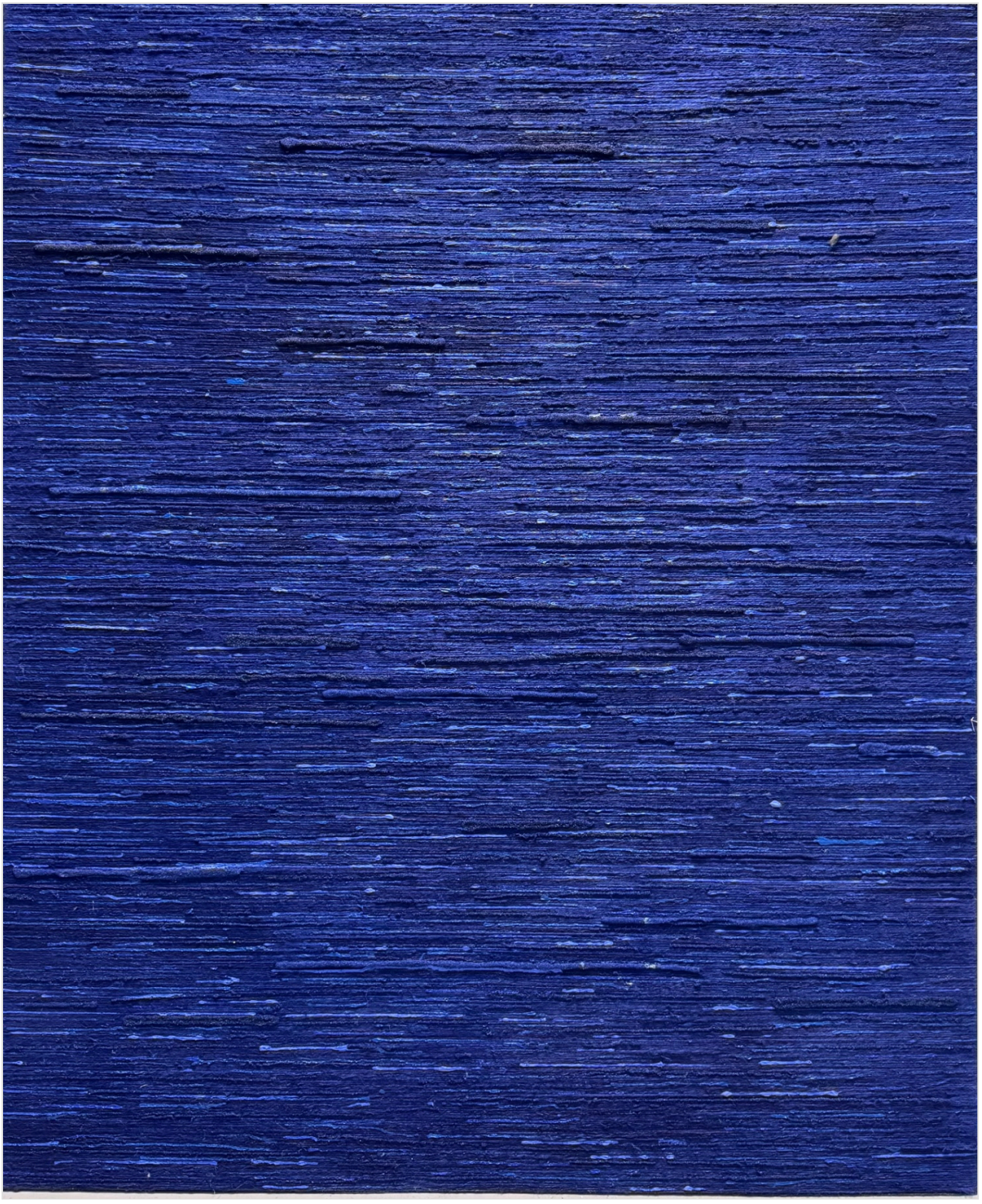


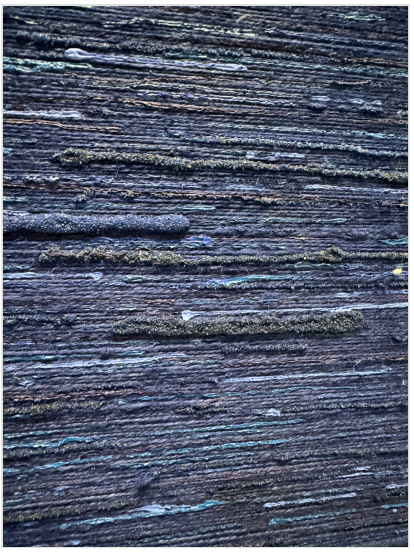




Before there was light, there was this, darkness, not as absence, but as origin. In the corner, a small figure stands at the edge of that beginning, and from her unspools a single thread, fine and white, running out into the dark like the very first thing time ever wrote. I believe it has always existed, long before I ever knew to look for it, the sacred, invisible line that binds one person to another across a whole cosmos of obstacles, false turns, and shapes that glitter like distant stars without ever telling you which way to go. You cannot usually see this thread. I have made it visible here, just this once, because I wanted proof, even if only on a board, that the path is real even when it's invisible, and that darkness was never something to fear, only the place every beginning waits to become something. This piece doesn't finish the story. The thread runs on, past the edge of what's painted here, toward a second piece not yet finished, which is, itself, exactly true. I'm not in a hurry to get there. I trust it arrives exactly when it's meant to, not a moment before. Until then, this is where the universe starts: dark, whole, and already reaching.

HELD UNDER, GENTLY

2024 · BRIGHT, RICH COBALT BLUE JUTE THREAD, MATTE ACRYLIC SPRAY PAINT, MATTE ACRYLIC PAINT (INCLUDING LIGHT BLUE HIGHLIGHTS), SAND (0.2 AND 0.5) ON BOARD · 107 × 123 CM



Every line here runs the same direction, horizontal, unbroken, laid down again and again until repetition becomes its own kind of shelter. There is no figure to find, no verse hidden beneath the surface, no story waiting to be decoded. Only colour: a cobalt so bright it holds its own light even before anything is added to it, deepened further with matte acrylic that absorbs rather than reflects, so the surface stays rich without ever turning glossy. Threaded through it, in places, a lighter blue catches like the crest of a wave just before it breaks, a brief lift of light across an otherwise steady, unbroken surface. Only in the sand does anything else catch, a faint, almost accidental reflectiveness, never a shimmer, just enough to suggest movement in what is otherwise perfectly still.

This piece doesn't just depict depth, it asks you to enter it. Standing in front of it is enough to feel the pull forward, gently, the way clear water asks you further in without ever forcing you under. There's no cold in there, no alarm, nothing to resist. Just a slow, willing submersion into something ancient and enormous that has never once needed to explain itself, held, entirely, and asked for nothing back except that you stay a while.

UNANCHORED

2024 · GRADUATED THREAD, CONCRETE, WHITE AND BLACK ACRYLIC PAINT (0.5), BLACK SAND (0.2 AND 0.5), GREY SAND (0.5), SILVER, ON WRAPPED CANVAS · 120 × 100 CM APPROX.







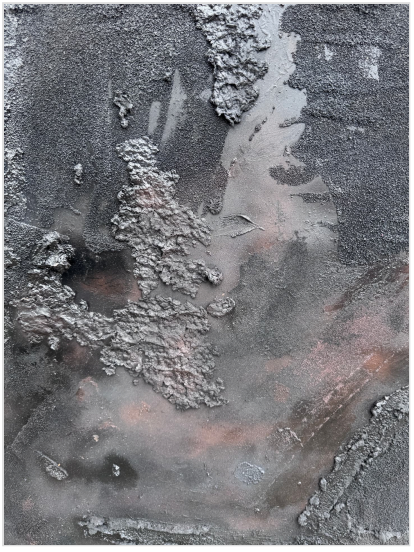


Nothing here rests. Every mark moves at a different speed, in a different direction, as if caught mid-flinch, a heavy black stroke cut off before it finishes, a silver line already fraying at the edge, white scattered like something startled into motion. There is no centre because there was no centre left to return to; the eye searches for one and keeps sliding off, the same way a mind does when it can no longer choose where to land. This isn't stillness interrupted. It's what's left when stillness was never available in the first place, when every hour carried its own emergency, and the body kept moving long after it had anything left to give. Look at it too long and the unease doesn't resolve. It isn't meant to.

ICHTHYS

AUGUST 2026 · CONCRETE, PAPIER MÂCHÉ, SAND, ACRYLIC PAINT ON BOARD · SIZE TBC







This is an ode. An open love letter, offered without concealment, to the invisible hand that has provided protection and shelter through every hardship, and through every joy. An Ichthys, unmistakable, its raised black line sweeping into the pointed body and crossed tail, textured until the surface seems carved rather than painted. This is the beginning, and it is the end. Everything Grace

has survived, everything she has been given, is folded into this one direct declaration: by the grace of God.

MOTHER AND CHILD

2026 · ACRYLIC PAINT, CONCRETE, PAPIER MÂCHÉ, SAND ON BOARD · SIZE TBC






This piece explores the relationship between mother and child, a girl on the cusp of becoming a young lady, standing confident, secure, under the umbrella of her mother's protection. She faces the viewer. The mother, me, looks at her in awe: at the beauty of this gorgeous, wonderful creature, at the joy she brings simply by existing. The girl is confident. The mother is proud. The texture, worked like old stone, carries the same permanence as carved marble, a love built to last for eternity, one that will continue even after death. This is a huge, unguarded beauty. It is, simply, a love story.

TALLER, STILL SMALL (I OF II)

GLUE AND 0.2MM PALE BLUE SAND ON ALMOND JUTE · 60 × 30 CM

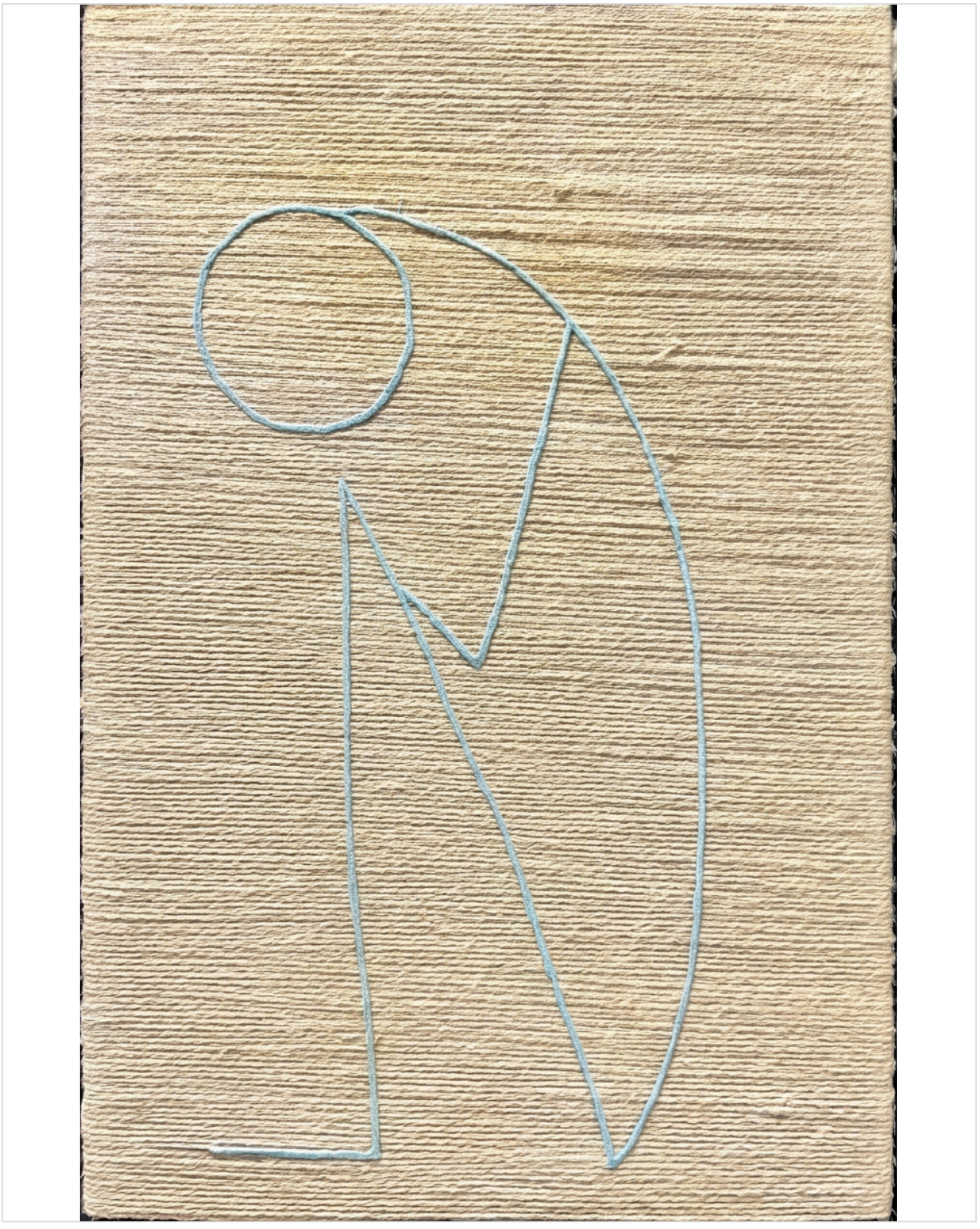


Two figures. Him standing over her, a triangle, open legs, upright. Her, folded down and away, knees drawn in, head in her hands. It looks exactly like what it is: one person diminished by another. But if you straightened her out, unfolded every line, she'd stand taller than him. That's the lie the whole piece

tells, and it's the truest thing about it, power was never about size. It was about who got to make the other one small.

THE ONLY SAFE SPACE (II OF II)

GLUE AND 0.2MM PALE BLUE SAND ON ALMOND JUTE · 60 × 30 CM



There are moments when the static clears. Not because anything is resolved, it isn't, and not because anything comes to fill the quiet it leaves behind. It's isolation, plainly. She's alone, entirely inside herself, the way she always is, never looking outward, never looking down, only ever inward, into her own head. The only safe space. The adrenaline that usually floods everything softens, but nothing

replaces it. No comfort arrives from outside. So she gives it to herself instead, quietly, without certainty, without anyone else in the room. She knows the threat hasn't gone; only its urgency has, for now. This is what that space feels like: not safety exactly, but the closest thing she has to it, the sound of her own mind, alone in it, holding itself together.