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**Radial arm maze made from synthetic duvets (15 single, 21 double), hog rings, high tensile steel cable, turnbuckles & hardware, 5 channel audio created from hundreds of vocal samples recorded by the artist 11:52 (looping). Sound design by Richy Carey, 2018-2024**  
Dimensions variable

the engine or the organ, the lungs, gut or heart  
I want to make a space or a mechanism that compresses

'Choice architecture' and 'control drama' were working titles at one point or another

With every decision we create a new future. What other futures are destroyed?

A maze is choice points in series

The subject always has to return to the central platform and therefore always has the same options<sup>1</sup>  
aggression, nausea, motion sickness

Your question at the limits of language-making makes me curious about metaphor as a kind of infrastructure<sup>2</sup>

Involuntary memory. Interrupting your fantasy of being in control

Between mechanics and imagination

I drew a pentagram on the floor to begin the maze. Had to watch the YouTube maths video tutorial multiple times. Kept getting it wrong. I looked it up on the internet: a powerful symbol for protection, perfection, The Devil, humanity. The occult means 'Hidden'

Installation and authoritarianism. this way, this way.

Shut up! I feel like my head is being forced into a vice of meaning<sup>3</sup>

Loss occurs when there is a breakdown at the interface of attention and memory

There are more than one ways to lose/get lost. Test subjects are exposed to different stimuli such as a maternal distress call; caffeine, amphetamines and other controlled or psychoactive substances; physical trauma such as electro-shock; time constraint. Each one of these can affect the memory in different ways. Standing at the centre of the maze, Rob glanced down at his quadruple espresso.

What comes out of us. What goes in

expelled from /exhaust-ed from/ breath as exhaust from lungs

Emissions/admissions

Only a pretty narrow band of sound can come out of a body<sup>4</sup> because all instruments have a specific volume of air inside and are made from a certain set of materials which have a specific resonance.

why do kids do that brum-brum choo-choo thing? being the machine. child as automaton

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1. Louise Corscadden, Ph.D. Director of Science and Development, ConductScience Email Correspondence 2024

2. Bhanu Kapil on WhatsApp 2023

3. Naomi Pearce on the phone 2024

4. Richy Carey on the phone 2024

2, 3

*Personal effects and things that are biographical in amongst material that might be understood as generic without clear separation under compression (Kebab), 2024*

Steel threaded studding, nuts & washers, steel brackets and hardware

Dimensions variable

A kind of conflict between up in the air-ness - the art, replication, representing and down to earth-ness - things as they are. Saying what happened.

void to solid; a core-sample

The only 'studio work' was really just drilling holes in everything

I want to experiment with ways that material can be 'torqued', like a nut and bolt. To contain pressure

Threshold braking<sup>5</sup> gave me the image of a force at the limit of traction. Building tie-rods gave me the image of the home under compression; crockery at the threshold of breaking around the same time I repeated 'outside of the pressures of normal life' ad nauseam in a rushed funding application

Faced with downsizing or house clearance its hard not to see how the things you covet are actually worthless. Sometimes more than worthless. Something you desire is actually an obstacle to your flourishing[...]the world isn't worth our attachment to it [...] it gives us objects or ways of life or forms of life that are constantly betraying us.<sup>6</sup>

maybe it's an accident but I'm attributing it to some unknown creative force; the shape of a waveform. The audio mapped onto the shapes of the sculptures. Thinking about them as another form of emission, material breath. I want to read across everything.

The kebabs as an anti-index: pure formal arrangement.

A student asked me last week – Does the personal stay when you're not in the room?

it feels like you've got two choices: An ahistorical – placeless – lifeless art or biography as justification as pathology as mistruth.

We've all got different skin in the game. Bio this bio that, biography as trap?<sup>7</sup>

You end up dropping back through your own trapdoors, with a kind of "they-can't-take-this-away-from-me" feeling. There's a paradox, of course, since the poems that provide the recompense are the very ones that turn your private possessions into images that are - as Yeats once said - "all on show". Yet a poem saves as well as shows.<sup>8</sup>

At least biography can connect art to things like- place, time, life, an economy?

As I was working on this text last night in the pub, a man came over and said 'you working on a best-mans speech mate?'

I said 'yeah I am mate' cos it was easier. An I'm a coward.

Where have I been where should I go?

Well, come on back. Your room's just like it was when you left. We've kept it exactly the same, untouched, in anticipation of your return. You're home.<sup>9</sup>

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5. Colin McCrae post rally interview WRC 1994

6. Lauren Berlant, *Cruel Optimism*, 2011

7. Soil Thornton, *Does productivity know what it's named, maybe it calls itself identity?*, 2020

8. Seamus Heaney in Conversation with Dennis O'Driscoll, 2008

9. Mike Kelley, *Goin' Home Goin' Home*, 1995