

Transcript for 'No copyright infringement intended'

Recently I have begun to question how a practice centred upon lumps, might situate itself within a space

Virginia Woolf spoke of John and his feverish search for the perfect lump. Woolf wrote that he 'ransacked ... spaces between walls where he had learned to expect to find objects ... thrown away', he would haunt all the 'waste land between' which promised him the appearance of rubbish, of lumps.

A lump situates itself in such spaces - within skips, dank alleyways, rubbish heaps, sheds, garages, that 'nothing/everything drawer' in each home, the spare bedrooms, the care homes, the abandoned factories, the edges of a busy street - lumps are extracted from custard, strewn on beaches, forgotten behind storage heaters -

- a lump tends to be in limbo - in waiting
a lump is jarring when it makes itself inexcusably known, present, unavoidable-

**and so in order for me to *present* a lump,
to lift a lump out of refuge, to make it known
it must be positioned out of its context**

and one of the only spaces in which a lump is totally out of context is ***at the centre of a white-walled gallery space***

The heterotopia, the vacuum

- the highly controlled space without slippages or nuances or potential lumps; a void.

In 1960 Arman famously questioned this 'void', choosing to cram it fully with rubbish, a piling up of refuge - so much so that it was inaccessible, only viewable through the gallery's windows.

Mark Dion is renowned for placing lumps sieved from the Thames into a mahogany cabinet - it was alluring bc it was jarring, almost playful, in the attention and care given to debris - a blatant, self-conscious showing off of *lumps* which undermined institutionalised ideas of worth - of value alongside questioning museological practices

When speaking of museumised objects, Susan Pearce states that 'thing' 'specimen' 'artefact' ... all share common ground in that they refer to selected lumps of the physical world to which cultural *value* has been ascribed'. This consciousness is apparent the work of Susan Collis practice - the artist takes 'everyday objects' and inlays them with gold, opals and diamonds, in such a way that the 'precious materials' are hidden in plain sight, disguised as splatters, stains, accidents - she exhibits a broom leant against a wall, a step ladder stood, a boiler suit hung; all positioned as unremarkable, commonplace, and yet reviews foreground how the objects are elevated simply due to the immense monetary worth hidden within them.

and so the issue of 'value' and 'worth' (whether institutional, museological, cultural or monetary) seems key to the display of ordinary 'objects', 'things' or *lumps* within an exhibition space.

a lump is without worth in such a traditional sense - BUT in simply positioning lumps within a gallery, they become *worthy* of attention

The very nature of the white-walled gallery frames; it produces a heightened attention and awareness.

I imagine that upon entering this proposed space, the viewer would be faced with the lumps but also with *a lot of room to breathe* - space between each lump, space between the lump and the viewer, and space between the lump and the entrance

- the lump will not impose itself upon the viewer, but will invite closer examination; the sterility of the space encourages this, the vacancy hones in on the lumps as they are frozen, bound, held within space

a lump tends to exist within the latency and the excess, within the before and the after - it is inherently conscious of time and space

my interaction and time spent with the lump is perceptible through evidence of gesture - binding, yanking, stripping, releasing

and the past appearance of the lump (prior to my involvement) is evident through rusted stables, scuffed wood, a trapped penny dated from 1979

the white-walled gallery is considered timeless, or without time - perfect for an object that embodies so much *time* - within itself

- any more time would be distracting - the ghosts, echoes, architecture of other settings would be a obstruction between lump and viewer

i feel a lump needs to be closed off from everyday life in order to activate, to speak

- the oppressive austerity of the space silences people, allowing the lumps to speak a little louder - I have often questioned 'how might a lump exist for the future within the ~real world~?'

as there is not space for it - it is without purpose, without worth, without beauty and so it relies upon the empty space - the 'out of context' context that is the gallery -

BUT, of course, this supposed 'neutral space' is not neutral at all but a result of power structures, hierarchies - a history that is noninclusive, alienating, a space which can be inaccessible laden with questions of representation, of what this 'whiteness' is *actually* saying.

there is also the implication of authority - I want to use this space to draw attention to lump, I do not want to falsely authorise the lump as art as it is essentially *lump - nothin more, nothing less* the white-walled gallery seems to be staged to appeal to buyers, reviewers, collectors of *art* - not lump, a very particular type and class of people.

DO I WANT TO PARTAKE IN THIS SYSTEM? NO, fuck no

and yet - do I feel my lumps are best suited to this (unfortunately contextualised) 'out-of-context' context? yes -

and so - can I propose a deinstitutionalised blank space?

I have avoided saying 'white cube' as I would want the space to be without corners or seams - as dust and thus lumps tend to collect in these places -

rather the proposed space would be sweeping, curved - an isolated capsule into which I can place my lumps

- and yet can I pluck the empty space from the institution, (as I pluck the lump from its past experience), can I lift the idea of a void space from the institutional boundaries and its fucked history?

I believe it to be a necessity.