

An Intimate Public

I read somewhere that skin is the longest organ...

...strips of wallpaper, grafted, to fit an extended armature of the body that houses and shelters, and has its value determined by demand; not care. The smooth, varnished luxury of mouldings, interrupted by the furry and animal like texture of black mould. Moisturiser rubbed into the carpet, upholsteries sprouting hair, cream licked off the glossy and water-like tabletop: liquid disinfectant with a similar viscosity to lube...

...curdled cream around the upper edge of a yoghurt pot, stuck to the slippery plastic lid, peeled back like a hangnail and bloody, scabbed, around the joints and stuck to the rug, limescale in the unwanted places, black damp in the corners and yellow rot in the teeth, honey coloured pinewood like earwax shaping the light of dark spaces into warm auras, lighting fixtures with no bulbs, dead spring flowers in the window boxes, recycling piled up in the utility room, rubbish overflowing in the wheelie bin that will never get collected, echoes of the television that can be heard everywhere in the house like a low and turbulent murmur...

...hoarded particles, a collection of sentimental and disposable goods, copying and pasting their surfaces in the hopes of capturing the sensibilities oscillating from them, quietening them and turning their meaning into something that was at first estrangement but then became stories of grief and fear entwined with a childlike desire for playfulness, dirt and cheap art supplies...

...calling it a space, when it is clearly just a room; there's a distinct difference in its status depending on these definitions. The gaps, each alcove, flat plane, curved wall and window frame is tangible forensic data to extract. My constant referral to it as a "space" only emphasised my disconnect from it further...

...stripping off the surface of the radiators, their coldness softened like melting ice cream into fleshy cushion covers, drapes and textiles that will makes these objects sensuous instead of sanitised...

...creating an illusion of discretion; a reflective wall in a scummy club, there is something lard-like preventing you from focusing on your image, the residue of bodies, of build-up, of a natural history that does not become archived but hoovered up in the Dyson along with the baby powder used to stop the latex from sticking to itself. My hands are left feeling softer than they have in a long time...

...the experiments or works from that time will one day end up in someone's body, and to cut to the chase by cutting up this latex vase, frying it in vegetable fat like strips of bacon until brown and crispy, then attempt to press them onto the prongs of a stainless-

steel fork, grinding them between molars and swallow it past my tonsils. Can the hydrochloric acid in a human stomach break down rubber? Like gum taking several years to pass through the human digestive system; it's a possibility for archiving all the work I can't carry around with me for lack of a transport budget or permanent space. Will the arts council purchase the contents of my insides to be part of their collection? The NHS can provide the stomach pump for free as an in-kind expense, if so.