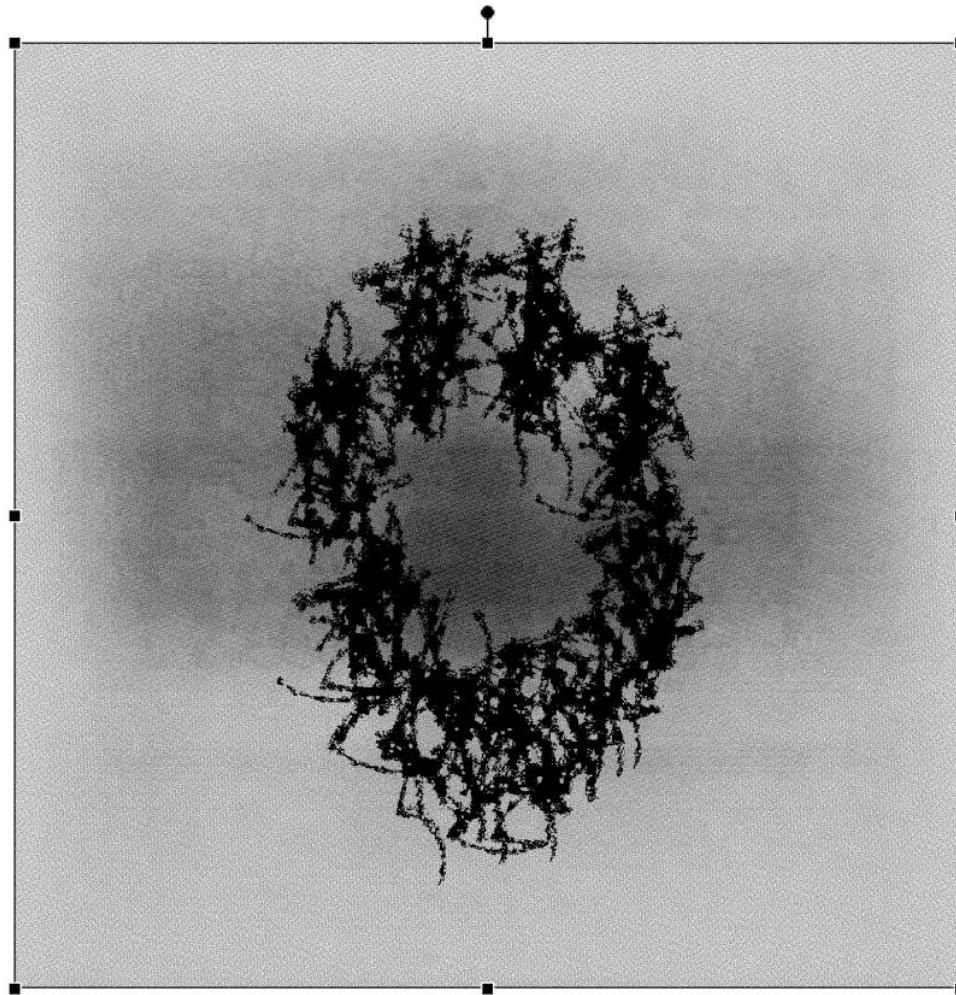




Tom Motley

Portfolio

My work is trans-dimensional, emanating between modes and mediums. I am interested in transforming digital cultural detritus and memetic, customized items into spatial or psychological poetry- one I term *'networks of affect'*. Compelled by experience, I am exploring what the body and the self mean in the age of cybernetic transformation and algorithm-based means of control. Uninterested in a binary of irony/sincerity I find a cathartic space in mediated emotive exchange. Scared by the factory farm of data production, I use these contemporary mechanisms to consider the relationship that these processes have to the nature of being today.

I was raised on the internet, a developing and depleting consciousness whose effect we are still feeling.
I was raised in the haunted north, bathing in life of the post-industrial scene.

**As I sit on the floor, an
undulating mess. Wrap me up
and hold me forever (3
movements towards)**

2026

*Custom printed backpacks, soil,
agricultural lubricant, vacuum seal
bags*

Dimensions variable



I developed this work at The Slade School of Art. It features a series of backpacks manufactured by an anonymous factory in China, which I communicated with through the commerce platform Temu - in addition, mounds of vacuum seal bags containing processed topsoil and 'Superlube' are arranged in relation to the custom products. This work exemplifies my interest in using contemporary modes of production: outsourcing, global supply chains, customisation, digital platforms, injection printing and digital culture to produce art. I am interested in using these '*networked objects*' as elements of physical interventions and further affect production.



The inception of this work was a photo of Justin Bieber from 2009, produced for a magazine. I then recreated it with the help of a commercial photographer; this was then overlaid with archival imagery and a dialable phone number. The image was sent to an advertising company who placed it on a digital billboard in Chorlton, Manchester where it became one of many cycling adverts for a period of 2 weeks. The phone number could be called by viewers of the work, after which an AI of Bieber's voice would redirect people to my website. This work is an intervention into the advertising medium- using the digital economy to produce an artwork. Bieber was a present idol during my childhood and early experience with mass culture. I was compelled by the idea of him as a figure of exploited youth, a feminine masculinity- there is an element of St Sebastian about him.





feel, 2025 was a commissioned solo exhibition, the result of a 10-month residency with art organisation the Horsfall and mental health charity 42nd Street in Manchester. The work explores the relationship between state apparatus, societal structures, and the mind. Developed for the space- influenced by both the architecture and cultural context present, connections are produced between contemporary ways of categorizing mental illnesses and historical punishment of individuals in Europe. Motifs of the DSM-5, half formed versions of judicial office furniture, and fake flowers fill the space; these references to NHS waiting rooms were contrasted by simulacra of historic 'Shame-masks,' raw soil and a distorted repeating audio piece which sampled a printer.

SACADEMICS antibombers

a script



N
(leans back, lets the question hang – then speaks slowly, deliberately)

I'm not arguing.

Arguments are for people who believe truth is a vote you can win.
What I'm doing is... stating reality.
If you want a revolution, you don't start it in the streets. You start it in a room where someone listens. Even one. Especially one.

(glances toward the window – rain trailing down the glass)

And I'm not interested in Kaczynski, not really.
Not the myth. The writings are a frame – outdated in places, miscalculated in others – but the diagnosis? Still terminal. He saw the same thing you're choking on: the system isn't just broken. It's metastatic. The more it "progresses," the more it consumes what made us human.

(quiet)

This isn't about starting anything.
It's about recognizing that something already started – decades ago – and everyone keeps calling it normal.

(pause)

Reading group, book club, bar napkin, manifesto, Twitter – it doesn't matter.
You transmit the idea.
You sharpen the fracture.

That's the first act.
Most people never get past denial.
But you're here. Early. Watching. Asking.

So I'll ask again, V:
What were you really expecting when you invited me?

V
I didn't invite you. you follow me on twitter; it was an open post! Look, (Gestures to the empty bar) people aren't even here yet

N
(smiles, this time with something darker under it – not joy, but confirmation)

Exactly.

No one else came.
But I did.

(outwardly calm, but something tightens in her voice – not louder, just more certain)

Because people saw the words and scrolled past.
Maybe they liked the post. Maybe they even bookmarked it, told themselves they'd show – someday.
But they stayed home.
Because deep down, they knew this wasn't about Dostoevsky or Thoreau or some sanitized critique of capitalism with an oat latte on the side.
They knew this would cost something.



Sacademics and Antibombers (2025) takes the form of a script between 2 characters at a reading group discussing the work of Ted Krazinski, V and N. One takes the position of an accelerationist anti-civilisation extremist; the other, a dejected left-wing academic. The work's production emerged from the process of importing the twitter account and manifesto of Natalie Runpow, The Abundant Life Christian School shooter to produce a character with which I would be able to converse. The purpose was to produce a work that explores the themes that not only Runpow's and Krazinski's work deals with, but further their existence as cultural figures and objects.

Sacademics and
Antibombers

2025

Image, text



Close to the nymphs but not quite (the nancy cube)

2024

aluminum. steel, wood, concrete, soil, rope, polyurethane, wax

130 x 170 x 50 cm

Exhibited in Manchester Art Gallery



Close to the nymphs but not quite (the Nancy cube), 2024 is a site-specific installation, exhibited at Manchester Art Gallery. I was invited by the Black Wall Collective to present work within the permanent collection as part of the Genesis: who are we? exhibition. Functioning as an intervention, the piece sits in contrast to the mythic and religious narratives present within the gallery's pre-Raphaelite painting section. The work is a dystopic site- the romance, idealism and ornate gold leaf of the 19th century movement juxtaposed by my industrial aesthetic. This work features the image of a witch, a recurring figure in my practice. She functions as a proletarian icon, an entity trans-morphing through time, not subservient to power, an alternative.



This work repurposes political iconography, corporate and UI symbols to explore people's relationship with digital economies, memetics and symbolism. The flag's design adopts imagery including the 0-3 warning symbol and the anarchist flag- this was sourced from a disembodied Chinese manufacturer hosted on the platform TEMU. This was then placed on a painted wooden board and coated with clear chemicals. The work's imagery and production are the outcome of contemporary modes of trade. I was compelled to use these mechanisms to consider the relationship that these production processes have to ideology and culture.

Onion (splayed out on-boards)

2025
Timber, paint, ink, custom print-on-demand flag, polyurethane
210 x 90 x 10 cm
Exhibited in Bankley Gallery, Manchester



**Meet jane at the longhouse
(u were safe here)**

2024

Timber, soil, polyurethane,
paint, wax, rope, inkjet print,
single-channel video, audio

150 x 100 x 60 cm

Exhibited in Bankley Gallery,
Manchester





Meet jane at the longhouse (u were safe here), 2024 was produced for the Bankley Open 2024. Initially a video work exploring 3d-model marketplaces, digital intimacy, and fetish. The video component features a disembodied feminine voice reciting the phrase 'I love you' in multiple emotional variations, based on a list generated by an LLM (large language model) while simultaneously found imagery from the website turbosquid.com cycle and formally break down. As an aspect of the sculpture, the single-channel video sits within a bed of solidified soil as part of a 3-dimensional composition. The built superstructure further features painted and carved wood adopting cartoon forms, poured wax pools and an image from the website repeated on a cube. The sculptural elements and title of the work reference simulation theory, memetic culture, and Grimm brother's tales.



Mania/Machinic

2026

Steel, agricultural lubricant,

contact speaker, Bluetooth

receiver, audio

Dimensions variable

This is a work I developed on my Masters at the Slade School of art. This work is the culmination of a series of metal box forms which speak or make humanesque sounds. Manifested as a flat, bodily-shaped sculpture, emanating frequencies at randomised intervals through a contact speaker sat atop a pool of 'Superlube' (a lubricant used for the artificial insemination of cows), thus producing a connection between industrial material, agricultural production and social reproduction. The warped square form produces a referential bodily shape, deriving from my ongoing exploration of bodies of machinic desire - further the object sits uncomfortably as it maintains human elements, while the scale and material alienates it from that relationship, producing a transmogrified body.





**no put me back (for
solipsisms and ceremony)**

2025

Steel, custom printed fabric,
agricultural lubricant, iron,
contact speakers, Bluetooth
receiver

Dimensions Variable

no put me back (for solipsisms and ceremony) (2025) is physical installation with sound elements. The space is denoted by a welded steel structure placed atop printed fabric, which held a pool of lube used for animal husbandry. A chain attached to the structure leads to a small, rectangular box which moans through the use of an internal contact speaker. - furthering the presence of use and embodiment. I have been seeing my work as a process of misuse - this speciality was furthered by the addition of lube - an industrial material, similar to steel. I am interested in how the placement and arrangement of cultural artifacts, objects and images (particularly in relation to materials and physical forms) can shape the reading of a work, relaying the themes and mood from the 'objects' within the artwork and reconstituting its meaning on both ends of that process. If someone is unaware of the reference points this opens the possibility of cultural detritus existing purely within the space of form.





do not put me in the earth (as far back as i can remember i always wanted to be a computer), 2023 is a hauntological, cyborg dreamscape. It presents a dystopic view, one in which the synthetic and organic are one. The work features formal references to typography, cyberpunk media and computer-generated imagery. Its interaction with the body, owing to the size and shape of the work, produces a feeling evocative of viewing a humble burial site. Thus, becoming a rumination on loss and depression. With this work I wanted to relay an experience of growing up in the digital age: with the title, a metaphysical understanding of birth and death.

do not put me in the earth (as far back as i can remember i always wanted to be a computer)

2023

Timber, soil, polyurethane, digital printed calico, ink, paint, Blackberry phone, screws

46 x 42 x 27 cm

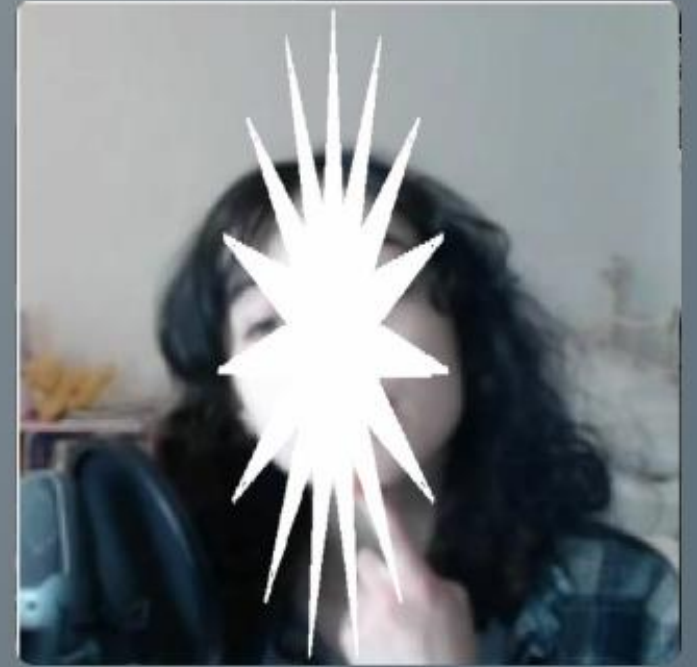
Exhibited in Air Gallery, Manchester



Moon River Threesmilk - Agatha

_Flux

2 years ago



The starting point of this work was a cover of 'Moon River' by esoteric online figure Threesmilk. I used this person's audio because when I was young, I would view their videos, before they disappeared from the internet. I was interested in the work having a personal element to it. The work uses digital audio sampling software to produce a discomforting soundscape; this is owed to the heavily edited sound and layered production. The work discusses the nature of abuse and presence of para-social relationships online, drawing a connection between hate campaigns and the uneasy relationship that appropriation has to its subject.

Moon River Threesmilk - Agatha

2023

Audio

Duration - 3:40

-listen here-

Exhibited at SEESAW, Manchester

Of having hands and containers (2026) takes the form of a fragment - an aspect of a reality - sitting uncomfortably between a space and an object. The work consists of a series of carved wood pieces, resembling floor boards, wrapped in a custom printed fabric - featuring a duplicated, blown-up image of Ted Krasinski's cabin, further encased within a polyurethane resin and arranged. The image cocoon obliterates the piece's object-hood, transfiguring a formally dumb object into the ineffably intangible. I'm interested in how a work can transmorphs time and space into a fragmented object that exists as a crisis itself - an ersatz domestic form, sitting in relation to the viewer, engaging them as an alternating self within the mass production systems of hegemonic reality.

**Of having hands and
containers**

2026

Wood, Custom printed fabric,
polyurethane resin, steel, screws

49 x 167 x 3 cm



wl (an adaptation)
By Tom Molley

For Bob Kahn

I

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by
instagram reels, scrolling hysterical naked,
dragging themselves through their feces at dawn looking
for an angry fix,
angelheaded egrets burning for the ancient heavenly
connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night,

who poverty and tattoos and hollow-eyed and high sat up
smoking in the supernatural darkness of blue-light bleams
floating across the tops of cities contemplating lo-fi jazz,
who bared their brains to the void under Nether and saw
charli angels staggering on tarmac streets illuminated,
who passed through universities with radiant blazed eyes
hallucinating Ohio and Fisher's tragedy among the
scholars of war,
who were pushed through the academies for repressed
papers & posting obscene odes through windows or ios,
who covered in waxed rooms in underwear, bitcoin
mining in wastebasket beds and listening to algorithmic
recommendations,
who got busted in their social shawl returning through
alleys with a belt of skank. Dreaming for New York,

who drank fire in monthly sublets or sniffed acrosol in
corridors between platform kiosks, death, or purgatoried
their torsos night after night
with e-dreams, with e-drugs, with waking nightmares,
alcohol and cbt and endless cbt,
incomparable blind streets of stuttering clouds and
lightning cables. mind-leaps toward columns of C-plus &
Python, illuminating all the motioned worlds of Time
between.

Peyote sodomites of halls, backyard white tree cemetery
dawns, wine drunkenness over discord discourse, shop
front boroughs of teal fronted LED traffic light, sun and
moon and pipe vibrations in the roaring winter dusks on
tubes, comment section rantings and kind kunst light of
mind,

who chained themselves to stories for the endless ride
from anonymity to holy virality on benadryl until the
noise of birds and children brought them down,
shuddering mouth-wracked and battered bleak of brain all
drained of brilliance in the dear light of morn,
who sank all night in submarine light of Your's floated out
and sat through the stale beer afternoon in desolate their's,
listening to the crack of doom on the out cutting speaker,
who talked continuously seventy hours from park to pad
to bar to station to museum to bed,
a lost battalion of pseudo-platonic conversationalists
jumping down the stoops off message boards off
windowills off buildings out of the moon,

kaczynski screaming vomiting whispering facts and
memes and anecdotes and eyeball flicks and shocks of
pizza parlors and bans and culture wars,
whole intellectuals disgorged in total recall for seven days
and nights with radiant eyes, meat for the slack jawed men
who listen to pavement,
who vanished into nowhere Zen New archive leaving a
trail of ambiguous picture macros of Hong Kong 97,
suffering Eastern swcats and Tangerian bone-smashings
and migraines of China under junk-withdrawal in
Norfolk's bleak furnished room,
who wandered around and around at midnight in the retail
park wondering where to go, and went, leaving no broke
hearts,
who lit cigarettes in roblox roblox roblox simulated races
through snow toward lonesome farms in grandfither
night,
who studied J.R Bob of the Subgenius, telepathy and pop
kabbalah because the cosmos instinctively vibrated at
their feet in Slough,
who loned it through the streets of datapiff seeking
visionary indian angels who were visionary indian angels,
who thought they were only mad when Slans gleaned in
supernatural ecstasy,
who jumped in limousines with the Trad Caths of nyc on
the impulse of winter midnight text posts, reposted rain,

who lounged hungry and lonesome through something
awful seeking nightcore or sex or pasta, and followed the
brilliant Spaniard to converse about America and Eternity,
a hopeless task, and so took shipments from Africa,
who disappeared into the images of Mexico leaving
behind nothing but the shadow of dungarees and the lava
and paste or copy scattered in electric heater hovels,
who reappeared on twitter investigating the FBI with doku
pfp's with Rusophobic eyes sexy in their tight skin posting
out incomprehensible chains,
who burned cigarette holes in their arms protesting the
narcarn NHS haze of Capitalism,
who followed proto-communist potions on tumblr
weeping and undressing while the sirens of Los Angeles
wailed them down, and waited down Wall street, and the
197 bus also wailed,
who broke down crying in white gymnasiums naked and
trembling before the machinery of other skeletons,
who bit officers in the neck and shrieked with delight in
police cars for committing no crime but their own wild
consumptive preferences and intoxication,

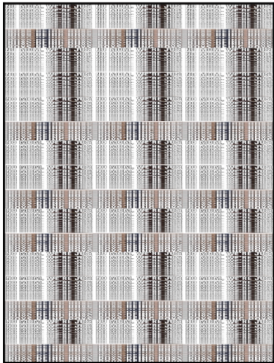
who bit officers in the neck and shrieked with delight in
police cars for committing no crime but their own wild
consumptive preferences and intoxication,
who howled on their knees in the square and were dragged
off the stone, waving genitals and manifestos,

who let themselves be fucked in the ass by caucasian
buddhists, and screamed with joy,
who blew and were blown by those human schism, the
flyers, caresses of Atlantic and Caribbean love,
who bawled in the morning in the evenings in once
rosegardens barely touching the grass of public parks and
cemetaries cumming freely to whomever may come,

who hiccuped endlessly trying to giggle but wound up
with a sob behind a partition in a Hooka Lounge when the
blond & naked angel came to pierce them with
evangelium,

who lost their boys loves to the three old shrews of fate,
the one eyed shrew of the heterosexual dollar, the one
cycd shrew that winks out of the womb and the one cycd
shrew that does nothing but sit on her ass and snip the
intellectual golden thread controlling the craftsman loom,
who copulated ecstatic and inaine with a bottle of beer a
sweetheart a pack of cigarettes an iphone light and fell off
the bed, and continued along the floor and down the hall
and ended fainting on the wall with a vision of ultimate
cock and come eluding the last gzyzm of consciousness,
who sweetened the snatches of a million girls trembling in
the sunset, and were red eyed in the morning but prepared
to sweeten the snatch of the sunrise, flashing arse under
barns and naked in the canal,
who went out whoring through Warrington in myriad
stolen bikes secret hero of these poems, cocksman or
Adonis of facebook joy to the memory of his
innumerable lays of girls in empty lots & pub gardens,
indie venue bathrooms, on mountaintops in caves or with
gaunt barmaids in open too late spaces with lonely
petticoat upliftings & especially secret petrol-station
solipsisms of rubes, & hometown ginmels too,
who faded out in vast sordid movies, were shifted in
dreams, woke on a sudden Liverpool, and picked
themselves up out of basements hung-over with heartless
Tokyo and horrors of google doc dreams & stumbled to
unemployment offices,

who walked all night with their shoes full of blood on the
curry mile waiting for a door in Rusholme to open to a
room full of steam-heat and opium,
who created great suicidal dramas on hacienda apartments
under the wartime blue floodlight of the moon & their
heads shall be crowned with holly in oblivion,
who ate the vegan stew of the imagination or digested
linda mccartney at the muddy bottom of the rivers of 4
chan,
who wept at the romance of community centres with their
socials full of onions and bad music,
who sat in boxes breathing in the darkness, and rose up to
build synthesizers in their lofts,
who coughed on the sixth page of recommended content
crowned with flame under the tubercular ceiling
surrounded by orange crates of theology,



who typed all night rocking and prodding over lofty
incantations which in the yellow morning were stanzas of
gibberish,
who cooked rotten parsnips or romaine heart and had
crows feet
who plunged themselves under greggs trucks looking for a
meal deal,
who threw their phones off the roof to cast their ballot for
an Eternity outside of Time, & alarms fell on their cars
every day for the next decade,
who cut their wrists three times successively
unsuccessfully, gave up and were forced look for real help
and thought they were growing old and cried,
who were burned alive in their innocent next suits on train
journeys amid blasts of leaden verse & the tanked-up
clatter of the shien deliveries of fast fashion & polyester
s shrieks of the fairies of advertising & the mustard gas of
sinister intelligent editors, or were run down by the
drunken influencers of Absolute Reality,

who jumped off student housing this actually happened
and drove away unknown and forgotten into the ghostly
daze of Chinatown pho & firetrucks, not even one free
beer,
who sang out of their windows in despair, fell out of the
high rise window, jumped in the filthy passage, leaped
towards people of colour, cried all over the street, danced
on broken wingless barefoot smashed phonograph
records of nostalgic European 1930s German jazz finished
the whiskey and threw up groaning into the bloody toilet,
moans in their cars and the blast of sirens blaring,

who barreled down the highways of the past journeying to
each other's curated images, audios or Old country sonie
incantation,
who drove crosscountry seventytwo hours to find out if I
had a vision or you had a vision or he had a vision to find
out Fiermity,
who journeyed to 3d worlds, who died in 3d worlds, who
came back to 3d worlds & waited in vain, who watched
over 3d worlds & brooded & loned in 3d worlds and
finally went away to find out the Time, & now 3d worlds
is lonesome for her heroes,

who fell on their knees in hopeless cathedrals praying for
each other's salvation and light and breasts, until the soul
illuminated its hair for a second,
who crashed through their minds in twitter jail waiting for
terms and condions criminals with red heads and the
charm of reality in their hearts who sang sweet odes to
Almanacs,
who retired to Reality to cultivate a habit, or off grid to
tend crops or to boys or tape decks to the black cars or RA
to Narcissus to woodland to the daisychain or grave,
who demanded sanity trials accusing the culture of
hypnotism & were left with their insanity & their hands &
a hung jury,
who threw potato salad at lecturers on Postmodernism and
subsequently presented themselves on the granite steps of
the madhouse with shaven heads and harlequin speech of
suicide, demanding instantaneous lobotomy,

and who were given instead the concrete void of insulin
Diazepam electricity hydrotherapy psychotherapy
occupational therapy backgammon, isolation & amnesia,
who in humorless protest overturned only one symbolic
table, resting briefly in catan,
returning years later truly bald except for a wig of blood,
and tears and fingers, to the visible mad doom of the net
and rejected from the madtowns of the Real

II

What sphinx of lithium and aluminum sliced open their
skulls and ate up their brains and imagination?
Zuck! Solitude! Filth! Ugliness! Ashcans and
unobtainable dollars! Children screaming under the
stairs! Boys sobbing in armies! Old men weeping in
the parks!
Zuck! Zuck! Nightmare of Zuck! Zuck the loveless!
Mental Zuck! Zuck the heavy judge of men!
Zuck the incomprehensible prison! Zuck the crossbone
soulless jailhouse and Congress of sorrows! Zuck whose
buildings are judgment! Zuck the vast stone of war! Zuck
the stunned governments!
Zuck whose mind is pure machinery! Zuck whose blood is
running money! Zuck whose fingers are ten armies! Zuck
whose breast is a cannibal dynamo! Zuck whose ear is a
smoking tomb!
Zuck whose eyes are a thousand blind windows! Zuck
whose skyscrapers stand in the long streets like endless
Jehovahs! Zuck whose factories dream and croak in the
fog! Zuck whose smoke-stacks and antennae crown the
cities!

Zuck whose love is endless oil and stone! Zuck whose
soul is electricity and banks! Zuck whose poverty is the
specter of genius! Zuck whose fate is a cloud of sexless
hydrogen! Zuck whose name is the Mind!
Zuck in whom I sit lonely! Zuck in whom I dream Angels!
Crazy in Zuck! Cocksucker in Zuck! Lacklove and
manless in Zuck!
Zuck who entered my soul early! Zuck in whom I am a
consciousness without a body! Zuck who frightened me
out of my natural ecstasy! Zuck whom I abandon! Wake
up in Zuck! Light streaming out of the sky!
Zuck! Zuck! Robot apartments! invisible suburbs!
skeleton treasures! blind capitals! demonic industries!
spectral nations! invincible madhouses! granite cocks!
monstrous bombs!
They broke their backs lifting Zuck to Heaven!
Pavements, trees, radios, tons! Lifting the city to Heaven
which exists and is everywhere about us!
Visions! omens! hallucinations! miracles! ecstasies! gone
down the American river!
Dreams! adornings! illuminations! religions! the whole
boatload of sensitive bullshit!
Breakthroughs! over the river! flips and crucifixions! gone
down the flood! Highs! Epiphanies! Despairs! Ten years'
animal screams and suicides! Minds! New loves! Mad
generation! down on the rocks of Time!
Real holy laughter in the river! They saw it all! the wild
eyes! the holy yells! They bade farewell! They jumped off
the roof! to solitude! waving! carrying flowers! Down to
the river! into the street!



III

Bob Kahn! I'm with you online
where you're madder than I am
I'm with you online
where you must feel very strange
I'm with you online
where you imitate the shade of my mother
I'm with you online
where you've murdered your twelve secretaries
I'm with you online
where you laugh at this invisible humor
I'm with you online
where we are great writers on the same dreadful
typewriter
I'm with you online
where your condition has become serious and is reported
on the radio
I'm with you online
where the faculties of the skull no longer admit the
worms of the senses
I'm with you online
where you drink the tea of the breasts of the spinsters in
Silicon Valley
I'm with you online
where you pun on the bodies of your nurses the harpies
of onlyfans
I'm with you online
where you scream in a straightjacket that you're losing
the game of the actual pong of the abyss
I'm with you online
where you bang on the catatonic piano the soul is
innocent and immortal it should never die ungodly in an
armed madhouse
I'm with you online
where fifty more shocks will never return your soul to its
body again from its pilgrimage to a cross in the void
I'm with you online
where you accuse your doctors of insanity and plot the
Hebrew socialist revolution against the global fascist
internationale
I'm with you online
where you will split the heavens of binary and resurrect
your living shrimp Jesus from the ubcr human tomb
I'm with you online
where there are twentyfive thousand mad comrades all
together singing the final stanzas of the Internationale
I'm with you online
where we hug and kiss the United States under our
bedsheets the United States that splutters all night and
won't let us sleep
I'm with you online
where we wake up electrified out of the coma by our
own souls' airplanes roaring over the roof they've come to
drop angelic bombs the hospital illuminates itself
imaginary walls collapse O skinny legions run
outside O starred shock of mercy the eternal war is here
O victory forget your underwear we're free
I'm with you online
In my dreams you run, dripping from an information
superhighway, bypassing China, Russia, the US and
Europe, entering in tears to the bin of my inbox, past
bisected Western night

Sheffield, 2024

wl (an adaptation)

2024

text, image

Published by GULP Magazine

In this work I appropriate the text from Howl by Alan Ginsberg to discuss personal experiences and the internet. This work is a way of expressing the frenetic energy of the web -space and contemporary life. The work functions within an irony, as a form of postmodernism is being enacted on an already postmodern piece of writing. This multi -layered performance exists as a ‘hyperaction,’ this action evokes the nature of the network space and allowing for meaning making through cultural detritus.



This work is an exploration of performance within the digital age. The video features a Pinocchio-esque character reciting a poem while trapped and controlled by the video format. The footage and imagery within the video imply a relationship between the character, an outside world, and the viewer. This is communicated by the camera's gaze, stock imagery and stuttered editing. The piece was shot with consumer webcams and phone cameras, creating an uncomfortable relationship between the commonality of the aesthetic of the video and the emotional toil of the character.

/wired reading

2024

Video

Duration - 1:28

-watch here-

Born in Sheffield in 2002, I was present to the effects of post-industrial society and the burgeoning culture of the internet. I studied at Manchester school of Art, graduating in 2023 with a First Class Bachelors of Fine Arts. Since graduating I have worked as an artist, exhibiting nationally. My most recent Solo Exhibition titled *feel* (2025) was exhibited at the Horsfall, Manchester, the result of a 10-month residency with the organisation. I have also been featured in multiple group exhibitions including *Untitled Exhibition 6* (2025) At Bankley Gallery, Manchester, the *HOME Open* (2024) at HOME, Manchester, and *Genesis: who are we?* (2024) at Manchester Art Gallery. In addition to institutional shows, I have led several avant-garde projects including *pissinginthewind/shoutingintothevoid* (2024), an intervention into advertising featured on a billboard in Chilton, Manchester, *S.Ol* (2024), a digital installation featured on the *dvrk.space* website and *CERN4Reality* (2023), an exhibition situated within an abandoned building. As an element of my practice, I have produced and developed events including *Nu-Forms* (2025) at Horsfall, Manchester, *Wretched Screens Apport #7* (2025) at P3 Annihilation Eve, Manchester and *Emulating Body* (2025) at Hypha Studios, London. Additionally, my interest in developing discourses in art, technology and politics is exemplified by my contributions to groups such as the Dark Arts Research Kollektive at Manchester Metropolitan University, my fellowship at the Royal Society for the Arts and my democratically published work on Substack titled *Current*. During my emerging career I have been celebrated by organisations, receiving award such as the PAI_32 (PLATFORM FOR ART INITIATIVES) Artist of the month (2025), Castlefield Gallery Graduate Mentee Award (2023), and Air Gallery Mentorship award (2024). Currently I live and work in London, and am studying at the Slade School of Art UCL on the MFA Fine Art (Media) course.

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Current