Modelling Psychoses

JANE PROPHET

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www.janeprophet.com

Contents

Artist's Statement

My artworks over the past two decades reflect my love of plant forms and landscape, science, technology and engineering have creatively intermingled with personal experiences and relationships, many of which have been present from an early age. However, the people who inspired the artwork or who worked with me are not usually addressed explicitly or identified in the works themselves. The body of work brought together in this book is therefore a departure. The works that make up Modelling Psychoses chart a long-term relationship between me and a man. The fact that it is a relationship I do not want is irrelevant.

Over the course of 25 years I have been the unwilling recipient of hundreds of letters, ranging in length from two words, to almost a hundred pages long. All have been written to, and about, me by a delusional stalker diagnosed as suffering from psychosis. My interest in 'modeling' psychosis is driven by this experience - I feel compelled to understand his state of mind. To induce a psychotic episode in myself is to close the gap between us, to resist the urge to make the man who stalks me 'other', to immerse myself in my own unconscious, however uncomfortable. These letters are a starting point for me to 'model' psychosis: that is, to consider the 'rules' that define psychotic behaviour, as evidenced in the letters-as-objects, and to 'execute' these rules, like a computer program might execute a code, in order to try and trigger a psychotic state of my own.

The forensic psychologist, Dr Lori Bisbey, once suggested to me that the relationship between stalker and stalkee was one of the most intimate that either would ever experience. The furious denial I felt when she first spoke those words was immediately swamped by a stronger sense that she spoke the truth. Rather than make this man a stranger, make him strange, I took Dr Bisbey at her word and, secluded in the safety of my studio, I began to explore and articulate this intimacy for myself. Writing is the source of all the works shown here, the writing I have received and the writing I have produced in response. I chose a dozen letters, received in 2000, taking their content and handwriting style as my inspiration. By so-doing I entered an isomorphic relationship with my stalker. Isomorphism comes from the Greek isos meaning "equal", and morphe meaning "shape"; a similarity of structure or form. I wanted to become similar to him in form: obsessed, seeing connections where others see none, making images from words and finding analogues for those images, in my case via a Google image search. What 'rules' might define the behaviour that is compulsive writing – can I make a model of compulsive writing? I conducted my own compulsive writing projects, 'modelling' myself on the compulsive writer, Emma Hauck, in order to understand the man who has stalked me for so long. I analysed the components of his compulsively written texts - the form of the handwriting, the objects described in the texts - to gain insights about the author.

It has been useful to look at copies of letters inscribed by allegedly psychotic writers. The well-known letters of Emma Hauck have become key works, touchstones that have helped to push my own thinking and my own writing. These letters are part of more than 5000 paintings, drawings, objects, and collages made by patients in European psychiatric institutions collected by German art historian and psychiatrist, Hans Prinzhorn (1886-1933). The catalogue for the exhibition, *Beyond Reason: Art and Psychosis* features many of these works, including a series of so-called 'artworks' made by the patient Emma Hauck, titled *Letter to Husband*. These pencilled letters are typified by one in which Hauck wrote (ca 1909) over and over again "Sweetheart, come", in pencil, until the single page of

paper is reminiscent of a field painting, a dense layering of text that becomes image. I look at these works reproduced in a catalogue and imagine Emma Hauck writing them, and find it hard to believe that she did so on the understanding that she was making art and that they would be exhibited in a gallery after her death. It makes more sense that they were letters, a correspondence from her to her husband, willing, through text, her husband to visit. To rescue her from the asylum? To hear what she had to say? Who knows? Because her letters were apparently never sent. If this is the case she was doubly betrayed, once by whomever she trusted the letters to, believing they would be posted, and secondly by the re-branding of them as art. The works are labeled with her name and her apparent mental illness, dementia praecox, or schizophrenia. It is as though the illness (if it were accurately diagnosed) was as much the author, or as though the letters-cum-artworks were a gauge or expression of her illness. I wondered if such repetitive writing was an expression of psychosis, could a state of psychosis be induced, temporarily, by writing in a similarly repetitive way?

In his book, "Thinking Through Material Culture", the art historian, Carl Knappett, discusses "the codependent nature of the connections between mind and object". He takes a relational approach to perception and concludes that our understanding of material culture is a codependency of mind, agent and object. Assuming my perception is relational and codependent is a useful tool as I interrogate my perception of the letters that I have received, and as I conduct my own writing experiments. When I embarked on the *Bad Hand* writing series I did so to test whether the process of writing a brief phrase, repeatedly, would afford me a sense of psychosis. My mimicking of Hauck's situated cognition was very partial - I wrote not from within an asylum but from the comfortable, safe, quiet freedom of my basement. This was an attempt to explore the potential connections between the bodily, situated experience of such writing; the concurrent 'state of mind' of the writer and the resulting letters. When I began I felt self-conscious, though I noted that as soon as I held the pen I 'knew' what short phrase I would write, "Leave me alone". I was surprised that within a few minutes of beginning I felt a rush of emotion and that as I wrote on, I felt waves of anger, fear, despair interspersed with periods of calmness, the intensity of which belied the cocoon-like physical environment in which I was situated. Later, when I looked back at the writing 'unfolding' and heard the sound of the pen and my hand moving across the paper, the changes in handwriting style prompted a body memory and I remembered which emotion I had felt at which phase of the writing. After the act of writing, the letter, especially when played back as a video, was an object that afforded me insights into my emotional state, and the potentiality to experience that state again. My letters became a 'model' for my behaviour at the time of writing.

If Hauck's writing can be used as 'model' of the way someone suffering from psychosis expresses themselves, then by following that model, by using their handwritten letters as a 'hand book', could I experience a sense of psychosis myself? This is using the term 'model' slightly differently, as a preliminary work or construction that serves as a plan that can be used in testing or perfecting a final product. The sense here is that the 'model' is not the same in quality or size as that which it represents. Similarly, the connection between my letters and emotional state, and Hauck's, can be seen as temporarily and partially isomorphic. By producing a handwritten letter of a repeated short phrase similar to that produced by Hauck, I wanted to see if I would experience a psychological or emotional isomorphism that is, would my psychological form become similar to hers through the act of mimicry. By working in this way I was using Hauck's letters as a partial, scaled down 'model' of

5

psychosis and my intention was to 'model' my behaviour on hers in order to try and get a sense of the feeling of psychosis. It was a short but significant step between analysing Hauck's letters and those sent to me by the man stalking me.

Rather than dismissing the content of these letters as rambling, fractured and 'mad' I chose to analyse his sentences, trying to gather meaning from apparently disjointed phrases; I even typed some of the fragments into Google image search to see what might appear. And I went further, zooming in on the physical letterforms against which I had reacted so strongly whenever I saw them on an envelope, to the handwriting I had come to dread. I scrutinized his style, each loop, each punctuation mark, the missing bits of letters formed at speed, eventually building a font based on his handwriting. What was it like to write like this?

Jane Prophet
November 2015

Manifestations

While the well-known Hauck letters comprise of only one phrase, repeated, the letters that I received were sometimes lengthy and contained rich descriptive passages about objects, people and places. Reading these letters brought images to mind and that prompted an associated set of art pieces. The photographic series, Manifestations, is a product of a particular making process. Five years after the court case that temporarily imprisoned the man stalking me, I re-read the transcripts of a batch of the letters he sent to me. I read one or two each day when I arrived at my studio. Sometimes I was literally sick with fear and revulsion. Other times I wept. My 'situated cognition' was such that I could not easily separate the object (letter) from my embodied experience of it (fnausea, adrenalin, stress) and its distributed environment (fear of death; the bureaucracy of crime). Over the course of a few weeks I gradually accustomed myself to reading the typed-up versions.

After a month or so I could read them all, in one go. The content of the letters started to feel separate from me. I began to notice different words and phrases as I became less physically affected by the letters. I became less focused on obvious threats and bloody descriptions. I began to skip over the passages detailing sexually violent fantasies. Instead, I was drawn to a hitherto hidden narrative, populated by objects and characters that seemed to be of value to him, and to have a meaning that I could not easily discern. I used search engines to 'associatively' connect these words and phrases to images. I wondered if doing this would help me to understand his world. If I understood, I reasoned, then should he succeed in capturing me, I might be able to reason with him, on his terms. I would have a better chance of escaping. Once again, I used the letters as a model of the inner world of someone with psychosis, the written descriptions as representations, or models, of his world-view. As most of his letters were comprised only of words I was interested to see what images might be associated with them. The process of making the photo text works:

1. Read the transcriptions of the letters sent 2000-2001.
2. Select key words or phrases.
3. Enter the words or phrases into google image search.
4. Download images from the search.
5. Select one image from each collection of downloaded files.
6. Use google to search for an object identical, or as close as possible, to that   shown in the downloaded image that can be purchased online.
7. Buy the objects.
8. Document the objects at high resolution.

Archival framed inkjet prints
Engraved acrylic with gold etching
Set of fourteen prints, in seven pairs
22.5" x 30" each

Silent black clothed model of you
Archival framed inkjet prints on acid-free paper with gold etching
22.5" x 30" each

Bought disposable camera. Kept in green Polo.
Archival framed inkjet prints on acid-free paper with gold etching
22.5" x 30" each

The Magician
Archival framed inkjet prints on acid-free paper with gold etching
22.5" x 30" each

Newspaper taxi
Archival framed inkjet prints on acid-free paper with gold etching
22.5" x 30" each

Ball and Claw
Archival framed inkjet prints on acid-free paper with gold etching
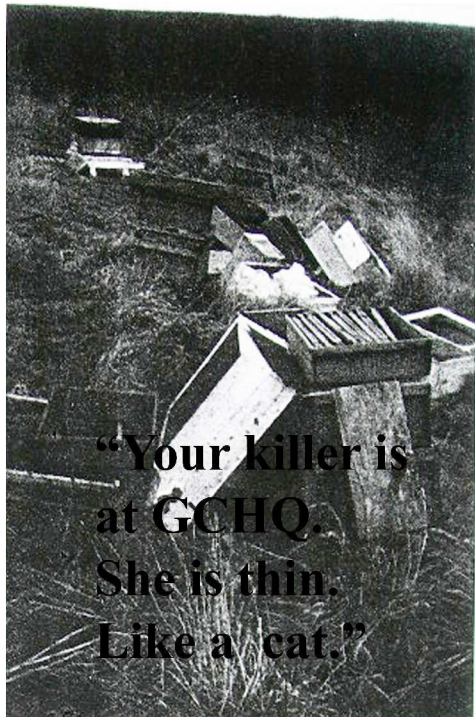22.5" x 30" each

I've been here specifically to find a Sindy type doll
Archival framed inkjet prints on acid-free paper with gold etching
22.5" x 30" each

Your killer is as GCHQ. She is thin, like a cat
Archival framed inkjet prints on acid-free paper with gold etching
22.5" x 30" each

Ron Broglio
My RSVP to a Jubilee

or, Keep your friends close and your techno-social equipmentality closer

"You never look at me from the place from which I see you." Jacques Lacan

From *Decoy* (2001) to *Big Plastic Tree* (2008), Jane Prophet's work highlights the social construction of nature in the British landscape tradition. *Modelling Psychoses* presents a quite different landscape from England's green and pleasant land. For twenty-five years Jane Prophet has been in a relationship she never chose nor can she end. It is a relationship with chilling unreal moments and unforeseeable drama. She bears this burden alone as the one being stalked; yet, as evident in her telling of the state of affairs, she bears this dark relationship with many others who serve as key spokes of a social network including her partner, the police, and friends with whom she finds refuge. As a glance of the complexity of this landscape, consider how she explains a night many years ago when her stalker escaped from a psychiatric ward:

He escaped the psychiatric unit and I was working at home making my piece Decoy on my computer and my partner was at work. My mobile phone rang and it was the chief of police, a superintendent. He just said, "where are you?" "I'm at home." "Is anybody there with you?" "No." He said "I've got some really bad news: he's escaped. I want you to go to the window.

You mustn't put the phone down. Tell me what you see. Keep on the phone, check all your windows and doors are locked. I need you to leave the house immediately. I need you to go somewhere you think is safe, a public place or preferably a friend's house and I'll send police to meet you." I had to get in my car while on the phone the whole time and looking around left and right. It's really really scary. And I thought, "Which friend do I do this to?" I had been trying to play it all down, not make it into a huge drama. Yet, suddenly it is a real drama. I had to go to somebody local; I had to decide. So I went to a friend's house and phoned from outside and explained the situation. I asked "Can I come 'round?" They said "Of course." "Look, it's fine if I can't. I'll just go to the police station." "No, come in. Where are you?" I said "I'm right outside." And they said "Oh, come on in." I did, and the police came. There have been many such surreal moments.

In a particularly striking moment of her retelling her stalker's escape from a mental ward she asks "Which friend do I do this to?" That is, with whom can I seek refuge yet simultaneously who do I invite into this dark drama and possibly put at risk? The ongoing relationship as one stalked and the art that derives from this state of affairs is a landscape of urban spaces, homes, diaries, people and artifacts.
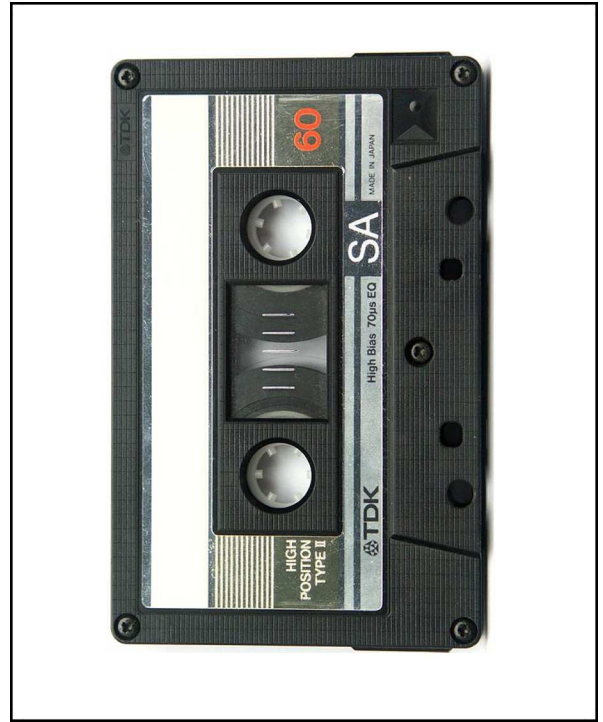
In *Modelling Psychoses,* produced as one part of a larger future exhibition, *My Silver Stalking Jubilee*, Prophet explores the intensely and singularly personal details of being stalked at the very same time that she reveals the sets of social relationships and

Sketch. "Your killer is at GCHQ. She is thin. Like a cat."

Sketch. "Since our meeting, everyday is carefully noted down cassette and books. This has been very useful as an intelligence discipline. Using old routines"

social supports put into play by this ongoing event. The interweaving of personal and social makes this not simply a confessional piece but also a story of every citizen's spoken and unspoken connections to the social body and its technologies of communication.

The personal violation takes place as one's self is appropriated for another's ends without desire nor consent. Perhaps the most fundamental moment of personal freedom is the ability to control one's own narrative, in telling stories that weave a self-fashioning and identity. In the case of being stalked, the narrative of who one is and what one does is changed without consent and with seemingly only arbitrary reference to one's actual life.

Facts are picked out and distorted until one becomes a character in another's obsessive drama. For too long women have been deprived of the social and equipmental means to tell their own stories. Instead, as often noted by feminist authors, women's stories have been told to them by men granted social power and status. Stalkers may not have social power and status but they appropriate lives for their own invented narratives and in this closed off universe of their own minds they've created power over others. It is a power that threatens to burst into the social world and disrupt the personal and social body.

In Jane Prophet's case, her stalker is a schizophrenic who in his delusional state has

25

created a multiverse and cosmic struggle around his imagined relationship to her. They had a real relationship when they briefly dated hen she was a teenager. When they broke up, he became increasingly antisocial and unstable. He created an imaginary relationship to Prophet and has played out this drama through real world objects and people that while having one meaning in the social world hold a secret symbolic meaning in his own. He reveals these hidden meanings to Prophet in his stalking letters sent to her work address.

The letters detail him watching her and often trailing into various related narratives. So, for example, he writes in one of his novella length confessional tales: "I went to Stratford and in a Charity shop in Ely Street there was [a] very silent black clothed model of you." In another case he finds a 1970s Sindy doll that confirms his narrative: "She represented your childhood. I pass my hand in front of her face, 'Are you real?' I said. She nodded." In some cases it is the silhouette of a figure, in others the length and scoop of the hair or dark watchful eyes that serve as minute details bridging the actual person of Jane into a series of schizophrenic delusional tales. Objects are given a new aura and significance.

Increasingly over the years, the stalker's stories become more violent and graphic. This shift is manifest in even seemingly simple objects. A pendant becomes a ball and claw, female and male, and the instruments of torture that appear across several letters. In a reversal of terror indicative of the stalker's schizophrenic paranoia, he begins to image Jane as a

cosmic force of evil seeking to destroy him. Speaking of himself in the third person: "Your killer is as GCHQ [Government Communications Headquarters]. She is thin, like a cat." He then becomes justified in his mind to stalk and to kill his adversary and object of desire.

For *Modelling Psychoses* Prophet has selected objects from his letters addressed to her and purchased miniatures of these items on eBay. The objects are then photographed on a white background so that the photograph displays each item with stark, bare singularity. A corresponding passage which mentions the object from the letters is then etched in glass so that the words cast a shadow over images on a second panel in the photographic diptych. These images bring together images found during the google search for the goods photographed and scanned photocopies of photographs sent with the letters that show derelict caravans and abandoned farmland. The image remains itself but is shaded and darkened by the stalker's narrative.
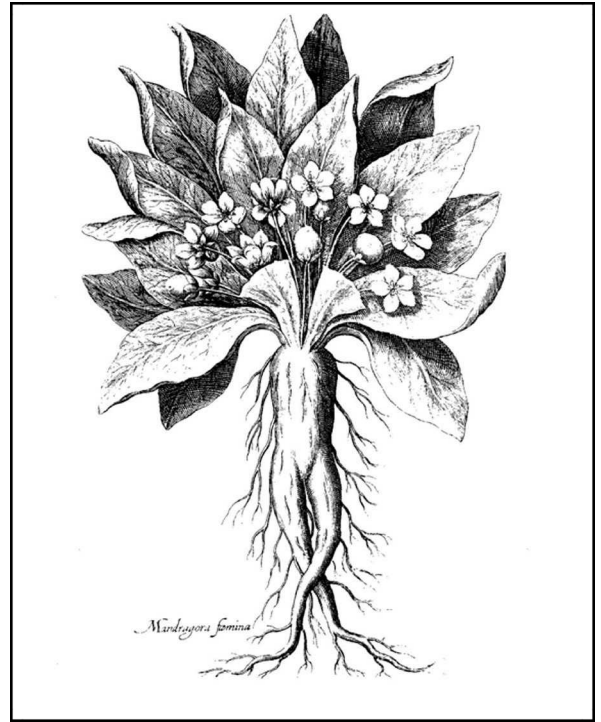
By the complex interplay between the public techno-forum of eBay and private uses of the objects for art, Prophet refigures the narrative figuring of her stalker. In brief, her art becomes a double crossing. The stalker has crossed out and violated the social contract of proper relations between people and the social meanings of objects in order to create his own narrative.

The artwork in *Modelling Psychoses* takes the objects of his narrative and reconfigures their meaning. His private narrative becomes miniaturized into small objects and then
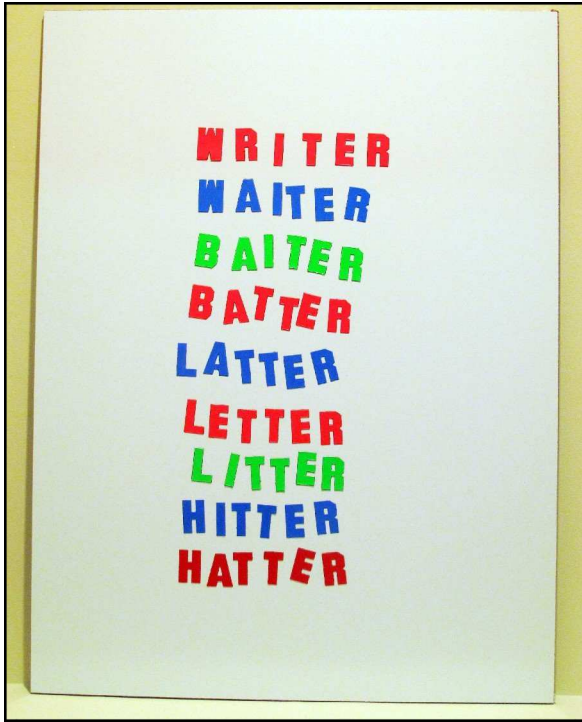
Word Ladder #1
magnetic letters on white magnetic board

Sketch. "I created a mandrake using a previous girlfriend from Tewkesbury."

"blown up" or enlarged on paper much like the paper used in his letters where the objects seem to loom large with epic significance. The object turned image is then taken out of the private world of letters into the public context of art objects. While the stalker relies on concealment, art as a social project becomes nodes of connectedness such that the watcher is being watched and the victim is not passive but rather is given a voice. No longer is Jane Prophet thinking "Which friend do I do this to?" but rather, she's "done it" to all of us. She has shared the shadows as we're invited into her *Silver Stalking Jubilee*, and we become part of her social network. The "huge drama," the "real drama" that she tried to 'play down' for so long becomes a social gathering and public

event in the space of a gallery. Meanwhile, the gallery becomes part of a social system of communication, exchange, and participation within civic life.

Prophet's stalker relied on public systems. He could see her in the streets, watch her go to and from work, mail letters to her work address, and phone her listed number. We all rely on these imbedded social systems of streets and addresses and phone numbers in order to take part in the economy of social exchange. Participating in this exchange of signs and information weds us to the social body and makes us a part of a larger system to which we have grown accustomed and which becomes a submerged yet necessary element of our mundane world. The stalker

violates a basic trust in the public structure by turning the social system of exchange to private ends that elude the social. His is a double violation, first of the body of the one stalked whose life is turned from its own narrative to his and second the violation of the social contract and its physical manifestation in public space and information systems.

Jane Prophet's artwork in *Modelling Psychoses* relies on public systems in order to reclaim the public sphere and social body from the one who has violated its trust. Prophet uses the internet, eBay, commerce and exchange as an interplay between private and social economy of information, finances, and technologies. Her hunt for and purchase of objects is a crucial process in this art. As trivial or mundane as it may seem, bidding for objects on eBay is a basic participation in social valuing of an object. Its aura is communally priced.

Most radically the underlying system that maintains material and social value of objects comes under investigation. Each object is a placeholder in this economy. Otherwise said, its value is relational to other objects. The Sindy doll is compared by prospective buyers to other dolls of its sort but also its value in currency is weighed against what else the pound or dollar could purchase. The object's worth gets estimated by personal and communal approximation of factors ranging from materials and labor to nostalgia. So, the value of the object does not arise imminently from the object itself but from a series of comparisons. We know an object's value only by understanding its

relation to and difference from other objects. In other words, the object works alongside other objects within a grammar of production and social valuing. As such, the object is a placeholder for a series of social relations that provide its meaning.

Why all this fuss over objects? Because the circulation of objects, their economy, parallels and becomes a part of the economy of stalking and Jane Prophet's response. While the stalker is dead fixed upon Prophet, he never sees her within her own narrative nor within the general social economy of who she is and what she stands for in the social body. Instead, she becomes an object, a placeholder in a series of social and private meanings developed by the paranoid schizophrenic.

One particular characteristic of Prophet's stalker and something not uncommon with schizophrenia is the obsessive compulsion to write. He writes her letters that are hundreds of pages long with themes and images woven into incomplete stories ranging from the horrid, to the apocalyptic, to the every day. Schizophrenics believe they receive unmediated messages. The dynamic of these delusional messages are unique since they forgo the social realm of language; they are unmediated by the social relation between words or words and things. The "visionary" words and their meaning are not seen by the schizophrenic as being part of a social system of language in which the word gains its meaning by working alongside other words within a grammar and social valuing.

Prophet's *Modelling Psychoses* is about currency, how words and objects and people

Sketch. "He caused a major scare after a Houdini-like flight from a London mental hospital."

Sketch. "She represented your childhood. I passed my hand in front of her face. "Are you real?" I said."

gain a social currency through circulation within the public sphere. This is about the substantial social economy more than the financial economy. Our currency, our relevance and meaning, is supported by a grammar of visible and invisible social and technological systems ranging from streets to internet protocol addresses, to the ethereal exchange of money in eBay shopping, to police departments, to mobile phone towers, to manners and civility. Each structure facilities the exchange of information. Words, objects, and people gain meaning as they are connected within the structures of exchange and as they work in relation to one another. For example, we know the word "bat" is different from "cat" because of seemingly transparent structures including the alphabet and a dictionary and a general taxonomy of objects in the world. We know a gesture with the forefinger is different from a gesture with the middle finger because of how we socially understand gesture and differences between fingers. We understand people and objects and words by understanding their relation to and difference from others of their sort. The visible and invisible social structures provide for the currency of people, objects and writing. The structures support the circulation of people, objects and writing by which we make comparison and note differences and so construct value and meaning.

It is no mistake that the stalker claims his "killer is as GCHQ. She is thin, like a cat."

GCHQ is the British Government Communications Headquarters which houses Her Majesty's Government's Signal Intelligence activities. To his mind, GCHQ manages language and the circulation of meaning (its signals and communications). Such governance threatens to impede upon and regulate his private language. GCHQ becomes an authoritative superstructure which will mediate between him and his direct, unmediated "visions" and force the private narrative and meaning to face up to the social network. Under the weight of a social economy, his visions just don't add up, they don't make sense.

Prophet's portrait of her stalker is a dense matrix of these dynamics. She obtained a still image of him taken from a security camera video. Prophet then conducted her own writing experiment. She obsessively etched her own deep-seated feelings about him directly onto the glass allowing the words to fill out his form into a portrait. In her own recounting of the process: "I started to write and I was shocked at what I wrote and about the nightmares I had. I couldn't stop writing but my arm was hurting and then I'd stand back and then feel differently. . . When I'm writing I feel compelled to fill it in, to keep writing." The technique is reminiscent of surrealists' automatic writing, an incessant, persistent writing without thinking which brings unconscious and deep seated memories and emotions to the foreground. It also responds to her stalker's writing which she has etched in glass in the object portraits. Whereas his manic writing creates a portrait of her to fit his own narrative designs, she has filled in his image with her memories of events, her

nightmares, and her wishes for him to "die" to "go away" to "leave." The portrait combines the technological social structure of a security camera with the social structure of language along with the emersion into unmediated and unmonitored feelings. The words in glass play between social transparency and private, obscure worlds.

There is a haunting presence in *Modelling Psychoses*. It is not that of the stalker but rather an aura that surrounds the image portraits and the portrait of Prophet's stalker. We gain a palpable sense of social forces that tie and bind people, objects, and words into meanings. It is an unspoken and invisible modality that makes possible the art exhibit. Our visit to the gallery participates in and is bound by the social body. Our speech, action, and encounters are all hooked up to social assemblages of meaning.

Modelling Psychoses seems to be a deviation from Jane Prophet's art on landscapes. However, there are technical and theoretical connections for those keen on seeking them out. The images play out levels of technological mediation (internet, photography, economics, postal systems) reminiscent of the mediated landscapes found in *Decoy* and *Big Plastic Tree* (working title). In the former, Prophet adds digital trees to photographs of a British picturesque landscape garden which then highlights the artificiality of the seemingly natural gardenscape. In *Tree* she draws upon the iconic value of the English oak only to transform and update it into a sculpture of 21st century material.

Sketch. "The Court hearing was delayed. A key piece of evidence had been mislaid. It was a top hat worn by the defendent."

Sketch. "I went to Straford and in a Charity shop in Ely Street there was a very silent black clothed model of you."

Garden and tree are physical spaces and objects which participate in social and symbolic meaning. It is this same interplay between physical space, sculpted forms, and mediation that gives *Modelling Psychoses* a unique place is Prophet's works. We are imbedded in these landscapes she represents. Gardens, trees, and fields surround us. So too are we surrounded by our techno-social equipmentality. From wireless internet and cell phones to surveillance cameras and address signs, we're socially linked by technology. *Modelling Psychoses* extends Prophet's landscape work to the visible and invisible fields that construct community.

Second-skin: parka and straitjacket

The concept of a second skin is common to a range of clothing-related fetishes. The garment acts as a fetishistic surrogate for the wearer's own skin - a second skin. Here, the parka and the straitjacket each provide a super-stimulus that is more intense than the normal response associated with real skin. In online spaces <second-skin> describes the act of donning a virtual or simulation of the human form. If I wear these garments I become the stalker. When he wears them he is closer to me. These two garments fit like a second skin.

The parka form was used as this was the coat worn by the stalker when he attempted an abduction of the artist. Holding her tight to his chest, he dragged her down a busy London street until friends fought him off.

Custom garments: fabric, faux fur, metal fasteners, nylon
White: 5' x 2' x 1'
Blue: 5' x 2' x 5'
2013

Bad Hand: leave me alone

The video piece, leave me alone, from the series Bad Hand is in homage to the allegedly psychotic patient of a European psychiatric institution, Emma Hauck. Her penciled letters form part of the Prinzhorn Collection and are typified by one (ca 1909) in which she wrote, over and over again, «Sweetheart, come», in pencil, until the single page of paper is reminiscent of a field painting, a dense layering of text that becomes image. These letters from the asylum, to her husband, are labeled with her name and her apparent mental illness, as though the illness (if it were accurately diagnosed) was as much the author, or as though the letters-cum-artworks were a gauge or expression of her illness. If such repetitive writing was an expression of psychosis, could a state of psychosis be induced, temporarily by writing in a similar way, repetitively?

I sat in a small soundproof room and wrote the first phrase that came to me, repeatedly, until the physical pain in my hand from writing made me stop. I used a Livescribe pen, with audio which enabled me to playback, in real-time, the act of writing (and the sound of my hand and pen as I wrote) and make this into a video.

Customised angle-poise lamp, Table, Paper
Video animation projection, 80 min loop
Dimensions Variable
2013

Bad Hand: leave me alone
Close-up of installation in progress
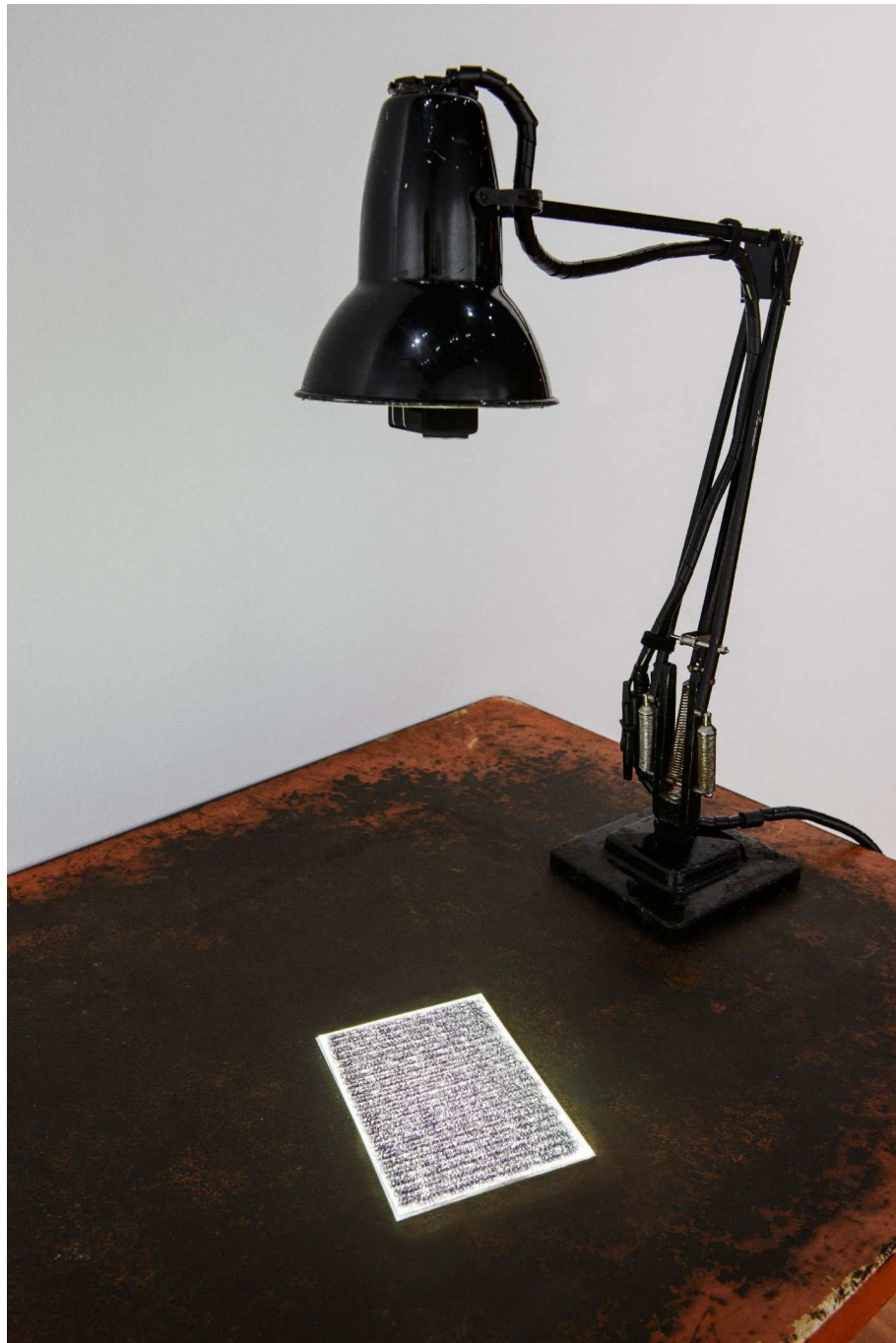MOCA Taipei
2013
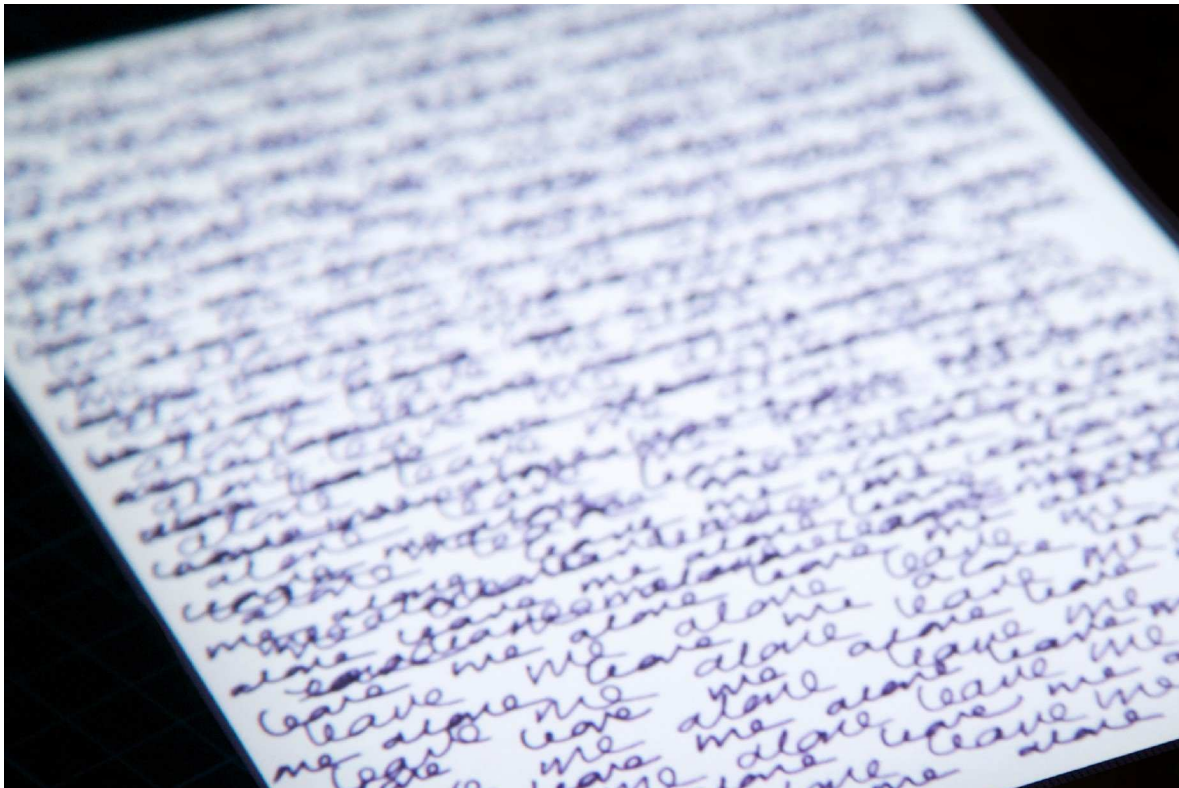
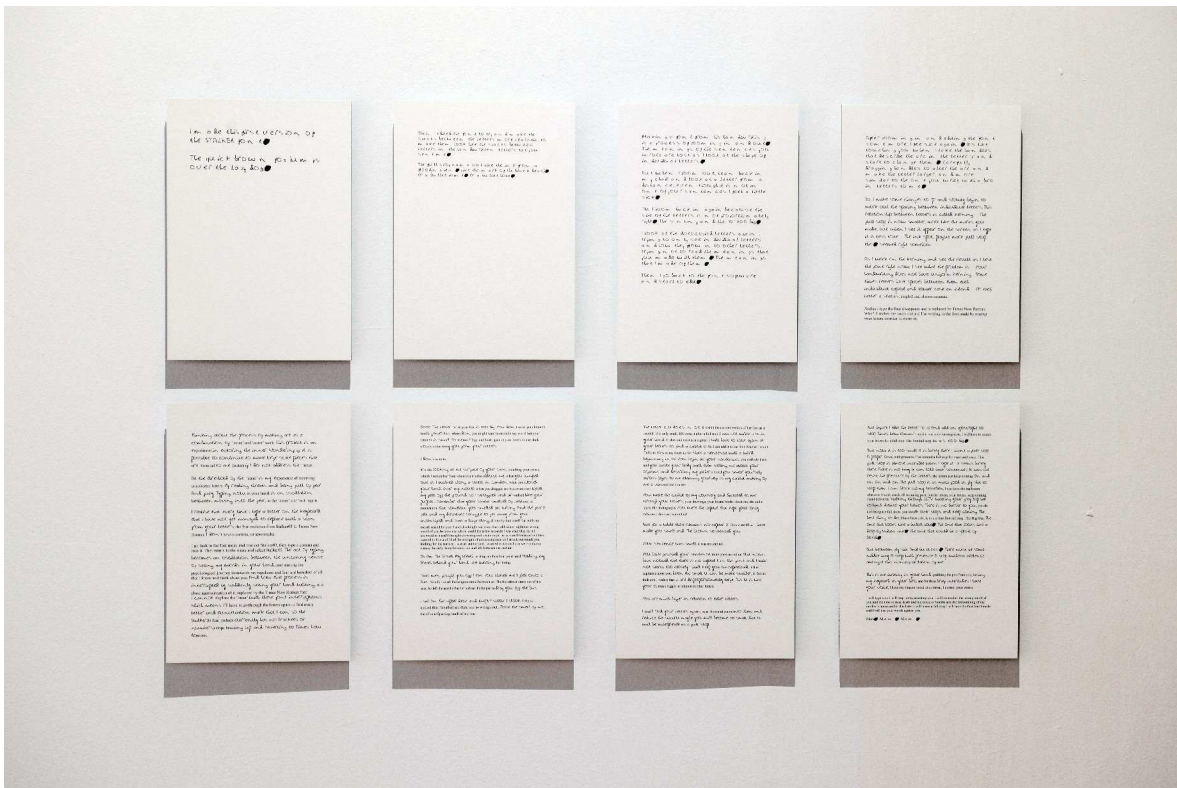**Bad Hand: leave me alone**
Installation view
Following pages show a series of stills, taken over the course of the 80 minute duration of the animated letter
2013

leave me alone leave me alone leave
me alone leave me alone leave me
alone leave me alone leave me alone
leave me

Taking your hand
Installation view
8 letters written using a custom made font based on the stalker's handwriting
Inkjet prints mounted on aluminium
MOCA Taipei
2013

Taking Your Hand

The prints were made as I designed and used a font based on my stalker's handwriting. I limited myself to only writing about the experience of using the font

Transcription of Taking Your Hand: Number 3
Making a font from his handwriting is a process of zooming in and out. The meanings of the sentences you wrote are lost as I look at the shape of individual letters.

But when I zoom out, lean back in my chair and look at a letter from a distance, even though it is not in one of your sentences I feel a little sick. The I zoom back in again because the size of the letters is not proportionately right. The ‹p› is tiny and the ‹o› too big. I look at the photocopied letters again, trying to only see individual letters and how they flow into other letters, trying not to read the meanings that you made with them. The meanings that I made of them. Then I go back to the font software and start to edit.

Transcription of Taking Your Hand: Number 5
Thinking about the process of making art as a combination of ‹inner› and ‹outer› work. This project is an experiment in exploring the inner. Wondering if it is possible to continue to make large scale pieces that are external to me (outer) if I do not address the ‹inner›. At the threshold of the ‹inner› is my experience of receiving unsolicited letters. Of reading threats and being full of fear. And fury. Typing now, in your hand, is an oscillation between moving into the fear, to the ‹inner› and ‹out› again.

I realise that every time I type a letter on the keyboard that I have not yet managed to replace with a scan from your letters, the font switches from Stalker03 to Times New Roman. I don't have a comma, or apostrophe.

I go back to the font menu and reselect Stalker03, then type a comma and lose it. Then return to the menu and select Stalker03. The act of typing becomes an oscillation between the uncanny sense of seeing my words in your hand, and starting the psychological journey in towards my repulsion and fear and boredom of all that I know and think about you. And how that process is interrupted by suddenly seeing your hand writing, or a close approximation of it, replaced by the Times New Roman font.

I cannot explore the ‹inner› with these font interruptions. Which means I'll have to go through the letters again to find every letter and punctuation mark that I can so the Stalker03 font (which currently has no brackets or numbers) stops breaking up and reverting to Times New Roman.

I m a de this first version of the STALKER fon t

The quick brown n fox jum ps over the lazy dog

Then I edited the fon t to tr, on d m ake the spaces between the letters m ore realistic, to m ake them look like the spaces between letters in the han dwritten letters tot you sen t m e

The full stop, com e out like the ink from a flooding pen like the m ark of the black death or a bullet point or a bullet hole

---

Thinking about the process of making art as a combination of 'inner' and 'outer' work. This project is an experiment in exploring the inner. Wondering if it is possible to continue to make large scale pieces that are external to me (outer) if I do not address the 'inner'.

At the threshold of the 'inner' is my experience of receiving unsolicited letters. Of reading threats and being full of fear. And fury. Typing now, in your hand, is an oscillation between moving into the fear, to the 'inner' and 'out' again.

I realise that every time I type a letter on the keyboard that I have not yet managed to replace with a scan from your letters, the font switches from Stalker03 to Times New Roman. I don't have a comma, or apostrophe.

I go back to the font menu and reselect Stalker03, then type a comma and lose it. Then return to the menu and select Stalker03. The act of typing becomes an oscillation between the uncanny sense of seeing my words in your hand, and starting the psychological journey in towards my repulsion and fear and boredom of all that I know and think about you. And how that process is interrupted by suddenly seeing your hand writing, or a close approximation of it, replaced by the Times New Roman font. I cannot explore the 'inner' with these font interruptions which means I'll have to go through the letters again to find every letter and punctuation mark that I can so the Stalker03 font (which currently has no brackets or numbers) stops breaking up and reverting to Times New Roman

---

0000 The letter 'o' in your font is too big you don't write your letter o with generous abandon, you might want to encircle my world but your letter o is small so I'll go and look again at your letters to me, look closely at the way you form your letters

I don't want to.

It's like looking at the surface of your skin, breathing your sweat, which I remember from when you tried to abduct me, when you jumped out as I walked along a street in Camden, when you closed your hand over my mouth, when you dragged me backwards and lifted my feet off the ground so I struggled and air-walked like your puppet. I remember that your sweat smelled of lithium or medication, that somehow you smelled all wrong. And the fear I felt and my desperate struggle to get away from you intensified and was a huge thing, driven by that smell that with my mouth sealed by your hand shockingly warm on that cold winter night the wrong smell of you became my whole world for a few seconds I was encircled by it I drowned in it and I thought drowning and death might be nice and I relaxed and then I wanted to live and I had the strength of a thousand men as I struck out struck you kicking for the surface I was an animal and I wanted to live and you were only my enemy the only thing between me and life between me and air.

Oh Oh The breath My breath, writing my breath in your hand. Holding my breath behind your hand not writing, but biting.

Two men fought you off from you closed me I fled onto a bus. You followed. Passengers stood between us. The bus driver came out of his seat, he left the acrylic barrier behind, he helped to drag you off the bus

I sat on the upper deck and wept I look I shook, I shook. I noticed that I breathed and there was no wrong smell. Just the smell of me, the all encompassing smell of my fear.

Taking Your Hand
Custom made font, paper
A4, edition of 8

Makin g o on t from his han dwritin g
is a process of zoom in g in on doubt●
The m ean in gs of the sen ten ces you
wrote are lost as I look at the shape of
in divi dual letters●

But when I zoom out, lean back in
m y chair an d look at a letter from a
distan ce, even though it is n ot in
on e of your sen ten ces I feel a little
sick●

The I zoom back in again because the
size of the letters is n ot proportion ately
right● The 'j' is tin y an d the 'O' too big●

I look at the photocopied letters again,
tryin g to on ly see in divi dual letters
an d how they flow in to other letters,
tryin g n ot to read the m ean in gs that
you m ade with them ● The m ean in gs
that I m ade of them ●

Then I go back to the fon t software
an d start to edit●

After zoom in g in on d editin g the fon t
som e m ore, I feel sick again ● It's like
touchin g you when I take the han dles
that describe the arc in the letter 'j' an d
start to chan ge them ● Carefully
draggin g han dles to alter the arc an d
m ake the letter larger, an d m ore
sim ilar to the on e you write with a biro
in letters to m e●

So, I make some changes to 'j' and slowly begin to
work out the spacing between individual letters. This
relationship between letters is called kerning. The
full stop is now smaller, more like the marks you
make, but when I see it appear on the screen as I type
it is less true. The ink spot, plague mark full stop,
the ● seemed right somehow.

As I work on the kerning and see the result as I test
the font right now, I see what the problem is. Your
handwriting does not have uniform kerning. Some
times letters have spaces between them, each
individual capital and lower case an island. Or each
letter a status, singled out, shown separate.

And as I type the font disappears and is replaced by Times New Roman.
Why? It makes me zoom out and I'm writing in the font made by tracing
your letters in order to zoom in.

But before I edit the letter 'O' and add an apostrophe to
stop Times New Roman's regular and rude interruptions, I will have to search
your letters for a full stop. The first full stop I was too big.

But now it is too small it is barely there I want a full stop
A proper one, with presence. I've wanted a full stop for years and years. This
full stop is almost invisible when I type it... It seems lonely
there. There is no way it can hold back sentences it cannot
resist the pressure of the letters, the letters just keep coming. On and
on on and on. The full stop is as much good as my shit to
stop them I can block up my letterbox, I can have the mailroom
wherever I work check all incoming post, but the letters, keep coming.
Hand delivered. Walking through CCTV wearing your grey top hat
to hand deliver your letters There is no barrier to you, you do
not recognise full stops, you walk over stops and keep coming. The
best thing to do, I have been told, is to use that first full stop. The Big One. The
one that looks like a bullet hole● The one that looks like a
drop of Indian ink● The one that could be a splash of
blood●

But between my shit and bullets ● There must be some
middle way A stop with presence A stop without violence
amongst this non-stop violation of me

This is me writing in your hand, grabbing the pen from you, using
my keyboard as your biro, and for these brief interludes I have
your voice, I have my fingers round your throat, I control your words.

I will type you, I will stop not typecasting you. I will remember the wrong smell of
you and the time of near death and the threat of bombs and the firebombing of my
mother's house and in this letter I will make a full stop I will take the first font I made
and I will use your words against you.

Blam● Blam ● Blam ●

The letter U. U does n ot exist in the current version of the font as a
capital. U is only small. If I write it after a full stop, I cannot write a u in
your hand. U does not exist as a capital. I will have to look again at
your letters to find a capital U. So I can add it to the font. Maybe I won't
find one. How many times do u start a sentence with a word
beginning in U? You begin all your sentences, you embody them
and you write your body with them telling me about your
organs and describing my father's blood you smear yourself
across pages to me claiming yourself as my capital making Of
me a vanquished country.

You were the capital of my country and dictated to me
through your letters, your drawings, your bound books about me, the audio
tapes, the photographs. You were the capital that kept your only
citizen a slave and surveilled.

But for a while there remains no capital U. Only a small u I have
made you small and The crown sentenced you.

Your sentence was small, it was not capital.

You have finished your sentence, mine goes on and on. But now I
have noticed that there is no capital U in this font and I will
not search too closely I will keep you uncapitalised, just as I
capitalise upon you. Even the small u can be made smaller, in fact as I
look at it I realise that U are disproportionately large This U is like
your O, much bigger in relation to other letters.

You are much bigger in relation to other letters.

I will read your letters again, scan them and zoom in them and
reduce the size of U maybe you will become so small that U
will be interpreted as a full stop

Jane Prophet
Modelling Psychoses

I have been interested in ideas relating to the 'model' for many years and this has been expressed in my explorations of model ('scaled-down' and 'ideal') landscapes. The computer programming that lay behind the collaborative alife project that I made with Gordon Selley, TechnoSphere [1] (1995) included Gibsonian affordances, with both the artificial creatures and the environment modelled algorithmically such that creatures perceived one another and the landscape in terms of what they could afford one another (for example, grass or other creatures as potential food). In the interdisciplinary Cell [2] project this was taken further as we developed a complex and highly detailed (though necessarily partial) formal model of how stem cells behave in the adult human body. The importance of embodied, situated and distributed knowledge and behaviour was central to the resulting computer simulation of stem cell behaviour. In mapping the knowledge domain of stem cell theory we had previously discussed the 'situatedness' of the then-current theories themselves (the impact of the environment of the lab, the available technology and the researchers) in the scope of the hypotheses that they proposed. Recently I have become interested in compulsive writing: what

'rules' might define that behaviour – how might I make a model of compulsive writing? I have experimented by conducting my own compulsive writing projects, 'modelling' myself on one compulsive writer (Emma Hauck) in order to understand another. I have also analysed the components of some compulsively written texts (the form of the handwriting, the objects described in the texts) to gain insights about the author.

Over the course of 25 years I have been the unwilling recipient of hundreds of letters, ranging in length from two words, to almost a hundred pages long. All have been written to, and about, me by a delusional stalker diagnosed as suffering from psychosis. My interest in modeling psychosis is driven by this experience - I feel compelled to understand his state of mind, the better to protect myself and as a way of facing my fear. To induce a psychotic episode in myself is to close the gap between us, to resist the urge to make the man who stalks me other, to immerse myself in my own unconscious, however uncomfortable. This active exploration of my 'inner' space is contrary to the way I have outwardly lived the last 25 years: refusing to succumb to fear by travelling and working when it was suggested I go into a witness protection scheme; continuing my life as an artist though Press coverage of my shows can trigger an escalation in my stalker's threatening behaviour; not speaking publicly about the experience of being stalked. The letters are a starting point for me to 'model' psychosis: to consider the 'rules' that define psychotic behaviour (as evidenced in the letters-as-objects) and to 'execute' these
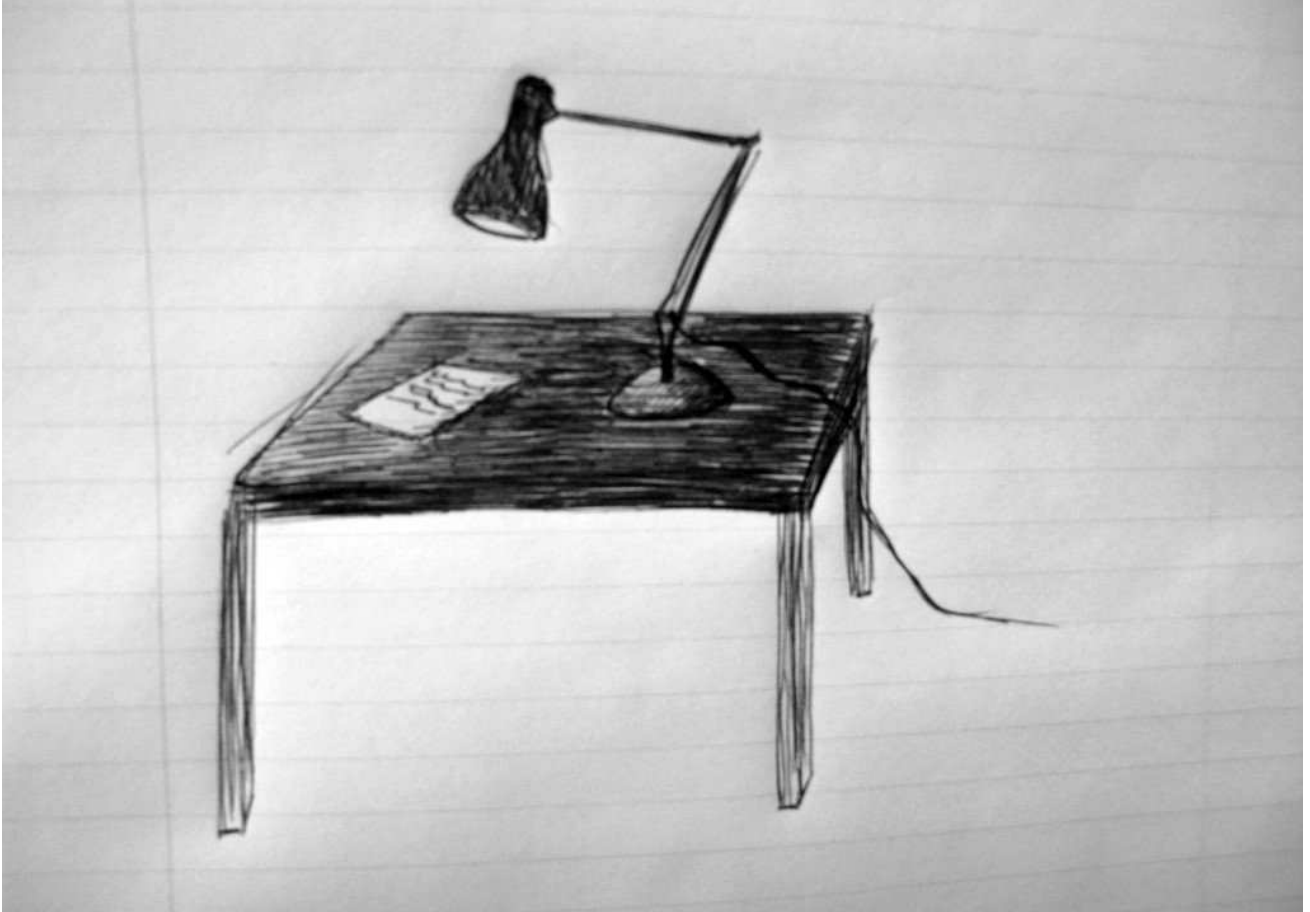
Sketch of lamp projecting the automatic writing

rules, like a computer program might execute a code, in order to try and trigger a psychotic state of my own.

The resulting works form the basis of Modelling Psychoses, and are part of a larger body of work "My Stalking Silver Jubilee." They are discussed and shown here for the first time. Writing is the source of all the works, the writing I have received and the writing I have produced in response. I have focussed on a dozen letters, received in 2000, taking their content and handwriting style as my inspiration. By so-doing I have entered an isomorphic relationship with my stalker. Isomorphism comes from the Greek isos meaning "equal", and morphe meaning "shape"; a similarity of structure or form. I wanted become similar to him in form: obsessed, seeing connections where others see none, making images from words and finding analogues for those images via google image search).

In his book, "Thinking Through Material Culture", Carl Knappett [3] discusses "the codependent nature of the connections between mind and object". He takes a relational approach to perception and concludes that our understanding of material culture is a codependency of mind, agent and object. Assuming my perception is relational and codependent is a useful tool as I interrogate my perception of the letters that I have received, and as I conduct my own writing experiments. It has also been useful

to look at copies of letters inscribed by allegedly psychotic writers. The well-known letters by Emma Hauck have become key works, touchstones that have helped to push my thinking and my writing. In the exhibition, "Beyond Reason: Art and Psychosis" [4] were a series of so-called "artworks" made by the patient Emma Hauck, titled Letter to Husband. These pencilled letters are typified by one in which Hauck wrote (ca 1909) over and over again "Sweetheart, come", in pencil, until the single page of paper is reminiscent of a field painting, a dense layering of text that becomes image. I look at these works reproduced in a catalogue and imagine Emma Hauck writing them, and find it hard to believe that she did so on the understanding that she was making art and that they would be exhibited in a gallery after her death. It makes more sense that they were letters, a correspondence from her to her husband, willing, through text, her husband to visit. To rescue her from the asylum? To hear what she has to say? Who knows because the implication of these being in the Prinzhorn Collection is that her letters were never sent. If this is the case she was doubly betrayed, once by whomever she trusted the letters to, believing they would be posted, and secondly by the re-branding of them as art. The works are labelled with her name and her apparent mental illness, as though the illness (if it were accurately diagnosed) was as much the author, or as though the letters-cum-artworks were a gauge or expression of her illness. If such repetitive writing was an expression of psychosis, could a state of psychosis be induced, temporarily by writing in a similar way, repetitively?

What is the relationship between letters-as-objects and the psychological states of the writer and subsequent reader? The psychologist James Gibson [5] takes a relational approach to perception, proposing a ‹direct perception› that includes the idea that objects (in this case letters) have a set of ‹potentialities› linked to a set of possible actions. He called these "affordances". For Gibson these affordances are not always simply embedded in an object, but can arise out of a mutual relationship between the object and the agent (the agent being the writer in one instance and the reader in another). Considering Emma Hauck's letters in terms of Gibsonian 'affordances' allows us to consider the possibility that the letter might not only be an object through which to communicate, that it might not need a recipient or reader (her husband). Instead the letter could be a trace of the act of writing, with the act of writing 'affording' relief, or excitement. This way of perceiving the letters turns my discomfort about them remaining, unsent, in the Prinzhorn Collection on its head: it suggest that they may not have been inscribed with the intention of ever being sent to a reader. Of course, I will never know what those letters afforded Hauck, or how she intended them to 'be' (sent to her husband, destroyed, kept, to be artworks). My perception of Hauck's letters are as much influenced by my 'situated cognition' as their instantiation was influenced by her 'situated cognition' at the time of writing. By 'situated cognition' I mean that any cognition of the letters is embodied, situated and distributed. I can make some guesses about Hauck's situated cognition at the time of writing, but any 'model' I have for her state will necessarily
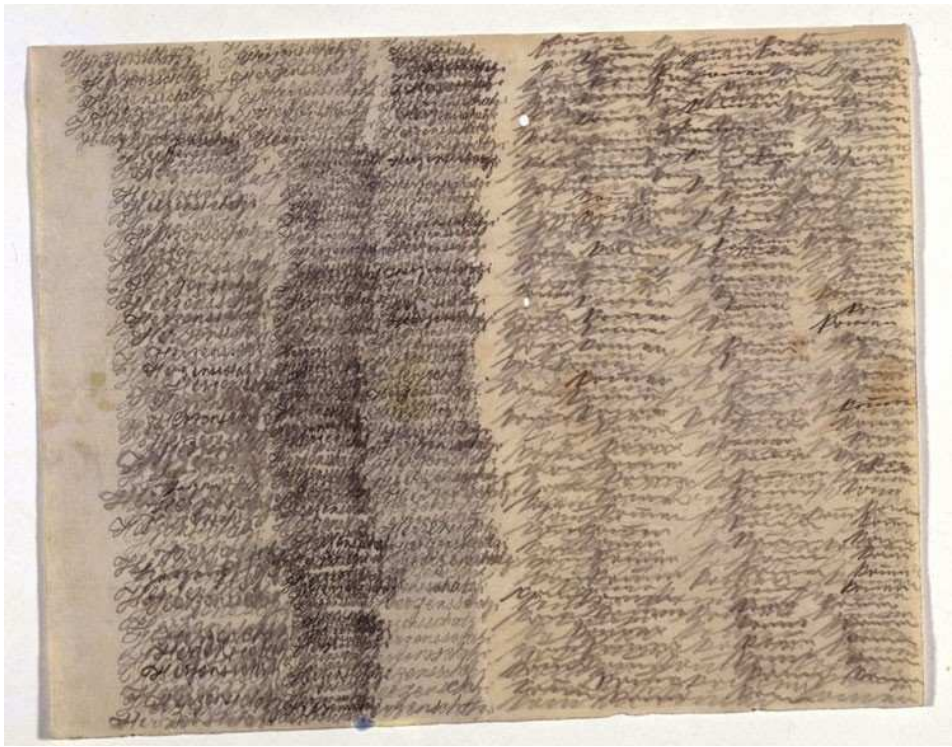
Emma Hauck Letter to her husband (1909). Creative Commons / Public Domain

be partial: I assume that as she wrote while in an asylum she had very limited control over her movements and environment, but I know nothing of the detail of her embodied state (medication, clothes, comfort levels for example) nor of her environment (temperature, noise, the kind of people and surfaces around her) nor of her psychological state. My situated cognition as a reader of her letters is inflected by my experience of being the unwilling recipient of letters written by someone with psychosis. My feelings of fear, anger, desperation on reading those particular letters, made me want to 'arm' myself with knowledge about what such letters ‹mean›, and Hauck's letters were sufficiently removed from my own experience that I could consider them in a less emotionally charged state. So, the unwelcome handwritten letters I received might, like Hauck's, be presented as 'symptoms' or expressions of psychosis (indeed this was the position that the legal team, defending the man who stalks me, took as a way of dismissing the threatening content of those letters). By defining them in this way they become models, when we take the word to mean a "phenomenon that accounts for its known or inferred properties and may be used for further study of its characteristics: a model of generative grammar; a model of an atom; an economic model." [6]

When I embarked on the Bad Hand writing series I did so to test whether the process of writing a brief phrase, repeatedly, would

afford me a sense of psychosis. My mimicking of Hauck's situated cognition was very partial (I wrote not from an asylum but from the comfortable, safe, quiet freedom of my basement) and was an attempt to explore the potential connections between the bodily, situated, experience of such writing; the concurrent 'state of mind' of the writer and the resulting letters. When I began I felt self-conscious, though I noted that as soon as I held the pen I 'knew' what short phrase I would write, "Leave me alone". I was surprised that within a few minutes of beginning I felt a rush of emotion and that as I wrote on, I felt waves of anger, fear, despair and calmness, the intensity of which belied the physical environment in which I was situated. Later, when I looked back at the writing ‹unfolding›, and heard the sound of the pen and my hand moving across the paper, the changes in handwriting style prompted a body memory and I remembered which emotion I had felt at which phase of the writing. After the act of writing, the letter, especially when played back as a video, was an object that afforded me insights into my emotional state, and the potentiality to experience that state again. My letters became a 'model' for my behaviour at the time of writing.

If Hauck's writing can be used as 'model' of the way someone suffering from psychosis expresses themselves, then by following that model, by using their handwritten letters as a 'hand book' could I experience a sense of psychosis myself? This is using the term 'model' slightly differently, as a preliminary work or construction that serves as a plan that can be used in testing or perfecting a final product. The sense here is that the

'model' is not the same in quality or size as that which it represents. Similarly, the connection between my letters and emotional state, and Hauck's, can be seen as temporarily and partially 'isomorphic'. By producing a form (handwritten letter of repeated short phrase) similar to those of Hauck's I wanted to see if I would experience a psychological or emotional isomorphism (would my psychological form become similar to hers through the act of mimicry). By working in this way I was using Hauck's letters as a partial, scaled down ‹model› of psychosis and my intention was to 'model' my behaviour on hers in order to try and get a sense of the feeling of psychosis.

Notes
1. Jane Prophet, TechnoSphere, «Real» Time «Artificial» Life, in: Leonardo: The Journal of the International Society for The Arts, Sciences and Technology 34/4, 2001, pp. 309–312; online under http://browse. reticular. info/text/collected/leonardo/TechnoSphere. pdf and http://www.janeprophet. com/leonardo2a.html [both 09/29/2011].

2. Mark d'Inverno, Neil Theise and Jane Prophet, Mathematical modelling of stem cells: a complexity primer for the stem cell biologist, in: Christopher Potten, Jim Watson, Robert Clarke, and Andrew Renehan, ed., Tissue Stem Cells: Biology and Applications, New York/Hoboken, NJ 2006, pp. 1–15.
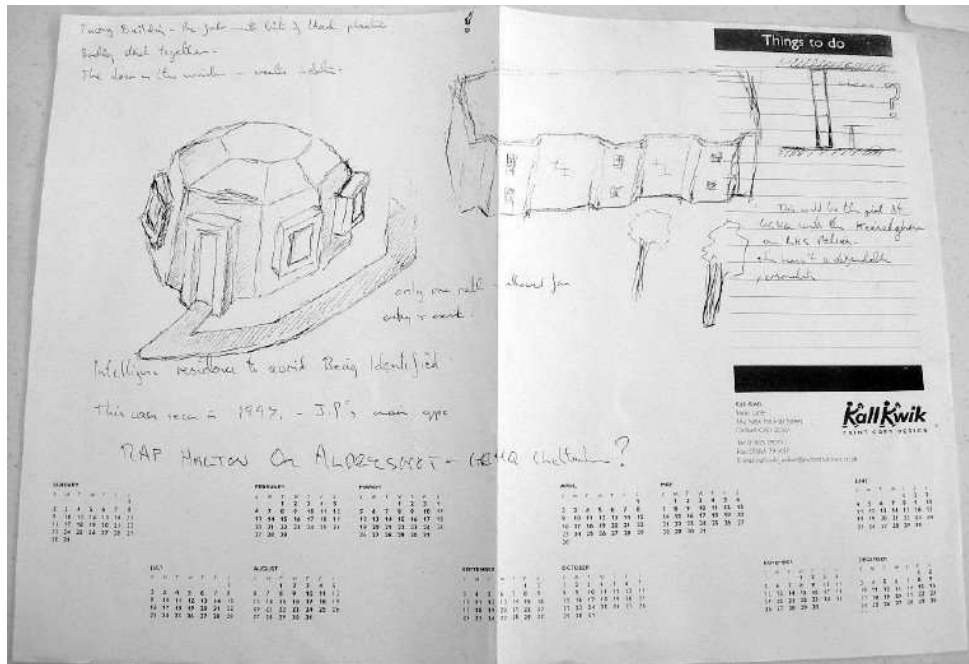
Photocopy of one letter received. Original retained by police.

3. Carl Knappett, Thinking Through Material
Culture: An Interdisciplinary
Perspective, Philadelphia, PA 2005.

4. Bettina Brand-Claussen, Caroline Douglas,
Inge Jádi, ed., Beyond Reason: Art and
Psychosis Works from the Prinzhorn
Collection, exhibition catalogue Hayward
Gallery, London 1996–1997, London 1996.

5. James Gibson, The Ecological Approach
to Visual Perception [1979], Hillsdale,
NJ/London 1986.

6. http://www.the freedictionary.com/model

MOCA Taipei

Modelling Psychoses was first exhibited in Posthumanist Desire at The Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA) Taipei, Taiwan.

The Museum opened in 2001 as the first institution in Taiwan devoted exclusively to contemporary art.

Featuring both international and local artists, the museum draws tens of thousands of visitors each year. Post-Humanist Desire drew 3,000 visitors in its opening week.

The group of 25 featured artists included:

Patricia Piccinini (Australia), Victoria Vesna & Siddharth Ramakrishnan (USA), Shih-Fen Liu (Taiwan), Pey-Chwen Lin (Taiwan), Janaina Tschäpe (USA),Kevin Ryan (UK), Anna Dumitriu (UK), Björk (Iceland), Zan-Lun Huang (Taiwan), Len Makabe (Japan), Oron Catts & Ionat Zurr (Australia), Anna Munster & Michele Barker (Australia), Martin Rieser & Andrew Hugill (UK), Daniel Lee (Taiwan), Ritty Tacsum (Malta), Phil Sayers (UK), Ane Lan (Norway), U-Ram Choe (Korea), Yu-Chuan Tseng (Taiwan), Saya Woolfalk (USA), Yang Na (China), Jane Prophet (UK), Hui-Chan Kuo (Taiwan), Elizabeth King, Richard Kizu-Blair & Peter Dodd (USA), and Jia-Hua Zhan (Taiwan).

後人類慾望

POST-HUMANIST DESIRE

CURATOR / 策展人   CO-CURATOR / 協同策展人
MING TURNER / 陳明惠   YU-CHIEH LIN / 林羽婕

2013/
11/23 (sat.) ⟶ 2014/
01/12 (sun.)

謹訂於

2013年11月22日 晚間七點 假 台北當代藝術館 舉行

【後人類慾望】開幕晚會

肅東奉邀　歡迎大駕光臨

Post-Humanist Desire

The term "Post-human" comes from Post-human Manifesto by Steve Nichols, published in 1988. Although the definition of "Post-human" remains undecided within academic and artistic circles, the term has become very common in describing the divergent and complex life expectations and identities of 21st century people. Post-humanist Desire is both the last and the major exhibition of this year at the Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA), Taipei, which is curated by Dr. Ming Turner, who has done extensive research on this topic in the UK. A group of twenty-five artists have been invited to participate and show their works in the exhibition, to help interpret the continuously developing and noteworthy theme of the "Post-human," under three headings: the "cloned human," the "transgendered human," and the "transformed human."

The content and structure of this exhibition first responds to the feminist philosopher Donna Haraway's reflections on digital technology and the artificial intelligence of the early 1990s. She extended the meaning of the "cyborg," a neologism and concept first seen in the 1960s, to include a combination of both organic and artificial life in which humans seek new ways to break the boundaries between nature and culture. In fact, people today do not adhere to any single value, but live in varied, heterogeneous, and inconsistent systems. The three aspects of this exhibition present the amalgamation and operation of these systems, and even touch upon the aspects of life formation that were originally heard in creation myths.

Dr. Ming Turner, Curator

Biography

Jane Prophet is a British visual artist. She makes large-scale installations, digital prints and objects. In 2008 she made (Trans)Plant (a collapsing and self-assembling sculpture based on the structure of giant hog weed). Her art reflects her interest in science, technology and landscape. Among her past projects is the award-winning website, TechnoSphere, inspired by complexity theory, landscape and artificial life. In 2005 she won a National Endowment for Science, Technology and the Arts Fellowship to develop interdisciplinary artworks. Prophet works on a number of internationally acclaimed projects that have broken new ground in art, technology and science. In CELL (2002-2006) she collaborated with Mark d'Inverno, a mathematician, and Neil Theise, a scientist whose ground-breaking research into stem cells and cell behaviour is changing the way that we understand the body. She is Professor of Art and Interdisciplinary Computing at Goldsmiths College, University of London.

Prizes and Residencies
2008   Atlantic Center for the Arts, Residency, Florida, USA
2007   RMIT Artist in Residence, Melbourne, Australia
2005   National Endowment for Science, Technology and the Arts. Dream Time Fellowship
2004   Artist in Residence, Papworth NHS Hospital Trust
2002   Leverhulme Artist in Residence, Bath University, Dept. Mechanical Engineering
2001   BAFTA nomination (for Interactive Arts)
            Year Of The Artist residency, Blickling Hall, Norfolk, Eastern Arts
1999   LIFE Awards (for pioneering work in artificial life)
            Olay Vision Award for Women Artists (shortlisted)
            Paul Hamlyn Award (nominated)
1998   Cap Gemini's Imaginaria: Digital Art Awards (shortlisted)
            Department of Technology and Innovation: British Design for a Digital Future
1997   'Apocalypso': Banff Centre for the Arts Winter Residency, Banff, Canada
            Prix Ars Electronica Award

Work in Collections
2009-   The 'blot' series, British Airways, Heathrow Airport, Terminal 5
2008-   The 'blot' series and Decoy prints, Skadden Arps Slate Meagher & Flom
2003-   The 'blot' series, Arts Council England National Collection
2004-   Decoy, C. & J. Clark International Ltd
2000-   The Landscape Room, Norwich Castle Museum, Norwich. Deutsche Bank. EuroHypo Bank
1999-   TechnoSphere 3, National Museum of Photography Film and TV, Bradford

Selected Exhibitions

2015   Second Skin, Manifestations and Bad Hand, *Trauma*, **Science Gallery, Dublin, Ireland**
Neuro Memento Mori: projected meditations on death, *SIGGRAPH Asia*, **Kobe, Japan**

2014   Neuro Memento Mori: Portrait of the Artist Contemplating Death, *The lives of the dead*,
Mosegaarde Museum, Aarhus, Denmark
Neuro Memento Mori: video documentary, *SIGGRAPH Asia*, **Shenzen, China**

2013   Modelling Psychoses, *Posthumanist Desire*, **Museum of Contemporary Art**,
Taipei, Taiwan

2011   Model Landscapes, *Mediating Place*, **Harbor Gallery, UMass, Boston, MA**
Model Landscapes, *Pixilerations V.8*, **Sol Koffler Gallery, RISD, Providence, RI**

2010   Imaginary Oak Tree, in *Inside Out*. **Object Gallery, Sydney**
Tour multiple UK venues

2009   The Withdrawing Room, *House of Words*. **Samuel Johnson's House, London, UK**

Model Landscapes, *Landscape 2.0* **Edith Russ House for Media Art, Oldenberg**
and **Kunstverein Springhornhof, Neuenkirchen, German**

2008   Solo show of landscape works. **Birmingham City Centre, UK**
Trans(Plant) Kinetic sculpture commissioned by **New Generation Arts, Birmingham, UK**

2007   Counterbalance, *Solo site specific exhibition*, A**voca, Australia**
Swab Drawings and Heart, *Solo Exhibition*, **The Belfry, London, UK**
Souvenir of England, *Still Life*, **Hanbury Hall, Droitwich Spa, UK**
Silver Heart, *HEART*, Inaugural exhibition, **Wellcome Trust, London, UK**
The 'blot' series, *Digital Aesthetic 2*, **Harris Museum, Preston, UK**

2006   Green and Pleasant Land, *Solo show of landscape works*
Paco das Artes, alongside Sao Paulo Bienal, Brazil
Decoy, *Timeless: Time, Landscape and New Media,* **Harbourfront Centre, Toronto**

2005   Model Landscapes, *Temporal Landscapes*, **Harris Museum, Preston, UK**

2004   Staining Space, *Wonderful*, **Arnolfini, Bristol; Magna, Rotherham;**
Cornerhouse, Manchester, UK
Distinctions and Counterposes, **Wysing Arts, Cambridge, UK**

2003   The 'blot' series, *Gallery 70,* **Victoria and Albert Museum, London, UK** ;
        Artificial Life, **Stavanger, Norway**; *ROOM*, **Bristol, UK**
        40 White Chairs, 40 black buckets, *Solo exhibition,*
        Wapping Hydraulic Power Station, London, UK

2002   Cell, *Bio Tech/Eco Tech*, **First Site, Colchester, UK**
        Decoy, *Catalogue*, **Plymouth Arts Centre, UK**

2001   Decoy, *Solo show,* **Blickling Hall, Norfolk, UK**; *Life is Beautiful,*
        The Laing Gallery, Newcastle, UK

2000   The Landscape Room, *Optical Allusions,* **Norwich Csstle Museum, UK**

1999   Conductor, *Solo exhibition*, **Wapping Hydraulic Power Station, London, UK**
        The Landscape Room, *Optical Allusions*, **Norwich Arts Centre, Norfolk, UK**

        TechnoSphere V, *New Life, Casula Powerhouse Arts Centre*, **Sydney, Australia**

1999   Heart of the Cyborg, *Alien Intelligence,* **Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art, Helsinki**

        The Fireman, *Vegas: The Olay Vision Award*, **Lux Gallery, Londo, UK**

1998   TechnoSphere, *Imaginaria: Digital Art Awards*, **Institute Contemporary Arts, London**
        Heart of the Cyborg, *The Soft Machine,* **Stedlijk Gallery, Amsterdam, Holland**

1997   TechnoSphere, *Ars Electronica,* ***Prix Ars Electronica***, **Linz, Austria**
        Sarcophagus, *Video Positive 97,* **Manchester Museum of Science & Industr, UK**

        Swarm, *Screens*, **Kunstmuseum, Trondheim, Norway**

Modelling Psychoses
Installation View

2013