

A rhythmic 'blip' comes into focus.

A light, a sound.

And like a tunnel.

A rushing underpass.

Every passing instinct jettisons against the blip.

Thin waving things. Delicate membrane things. Telephone noise things.

A sleight of hand blip.

Of the wrist, like veins or nerves.

Tender filaments, gills / areas of exchange, such as where bubbles build up, and disperse, in a blip.

Tendrils like that of fibres, woven for strength. Blip.

Tussle or wrestle to grow deeper into, or maybe out of, or even through - a blip.

And yet, when it comes down to it,

When it's deep, embedded, squirming close to the roots.

Isn't it still on the edge of inside, in that way, that strange way in which nothing can ever touch you? How every time we zoom in, every time we see a little closer, the distance gets larger and spreads out, spreads beyond reckoning. And through our coming into focus, we reveal that our vision was just that, a vision: we reveal that it was just a blur from far away, and actually, not at all, a blip.

We are constantly projected, moving out of ourselves through proxies. Our telescopic thoughts and desires manifest as mere decimals of their potential. Our seamless self in all its fluidity is funnelled through a cheese grater of 10 billion transistors, existing as a billion colour gradients in 4k resolution in someone else's back pocket. We are spread far, extending infinitely - but as we extend we become thin, less substantial, our iterations losing their definition, losing their reality as each photo//copy adds more noise and distortion.

*Static pulsates behind the glass.*

It is said that we absorb more information in one day than our ancestors did in their entire lifetimes. This is a warping of reality. A techno-centric idea of information as symbols, as characters. But information is everything. Information is the sounds of small animals diving for cover, information is understanding the micro expressions of a lover, information is how the weight of the air signifies that rain is coming, how life is coloured by smell. Information is only glimpsed through our limiting tools and our 'default mode network'. We see only maps and we mistake them for the territory, in fact we believe that the maps are more real than the territory. We catalogue sunsets in high definition, and then, with our eyes - the highest resolution imaginable - we view a diminished approximation in our palm.

*Pulses fizzle up against the shatterproof boundary.*

The fluttering subjective, the frames that pass by, a continuous stream of information. Adam captures. Photographing the interplay of shadow and light. This 'data' - these latent afterimages - appear like screen-grabs of residual noise in neural networks. Adam literally materialises these discretely human perceptions, digitally printing and constructing fabric forms. Manufactured nostalgia. There is something semi-detached, yet wholly present in these fabric burns, traces residing in ink when they should have subsided, melting into the stream of forgotten moments. Yet, these debris cling on, synthesised into symbolic architectures; halfway houses where the phosphenes take up shop and forget to leave, rekindling their desires for mainline dopamine production. Adam attempts a solidification of passing seconds, an antithesis to the thousand throwaway snaps cluttering up our clouds.

*The static tries to reach out of the screen it's contained within, distorting the liquid crystal display.*

Relationships are ever more mediated through pings and vibrations. Gestures move from full body to finger and thumb, swipes and pinches - signs and signifiers. Elinor's forms puncture the malaise of meta-data, rupturing the digital-diaphragm. Sharp breaths of the real get sucked in through the laceration. Wriggling diaphanous slugs clamber to ingest the gushing lymph like its lactation. Her biomorphic excretions, combine the fluid and the crystallised. Cerebrospinal. Pumping veins in diamond cut marble. The sculptures show a departure, an emergence of life that is becoming organic frozen halfway. Sweat, amniotic fluid, reagent, breast milk, all coagulate mid ooze. Modelling their potential energy into a stricken pose. A display node, a point of coupling that allows a genuine transferral of bits, granular dots, blips of information. *A trembling hand stretches out from the screen, glistening from its own interior light, before collapsing back into the deepest blue.*