

firstdraft

Gallery 3

6 Jul – 14 Aug 2022

Uncovering the Flesh in Our Satellites

Yvette James

Our breath, saliva, excrement and dead skin cells are active players in the creation and destruction of our bodies. Our bodies purge spent particles to continue living, confessing that we are both becoming and degrading simultaneously. Our digital excrement can be counted alongside our bodily refuse as snapshots of our physical and psychological traits. Yet unlike our rejected cells, our data is not passively discarded into drains, waste systems, to dust. Information is scraped from our bodies through devices, on security footage, collected and stored as potential capital. Our idiosyncrasies are inspected, cleansed, transformed and modelled into use-valuable bytes.

Data companies dredge our marketable traits from our fingertips, reaping more information than we can comprehend with the swipe of a thumb. Flying across fibre optic cables, our digital decay splutters messily into millions of servers in thousands of data centres across the globe. Our information is given a diseased anthropomorphic body. A body that has been shaped from our own detritus, akin to sweat, skin cells, saliva, shit. This cesspool of waste is analysed for its capital, sewn back together in a cancerous humanlike counterfeit, and projected back at us.

Uncovering the Flesh in Our Satellites translates coded processes into a visceral, abject reality. Yvette James physicalises the collection of our biometric information, sending steel plates powdered with her fingerprints to the forty-two known data centres across so-called Australia. By requesting the companies return this biometric data back to the artist, Yvette provoked the centres to actively participate in a public display of their covert actions. Five plates were returned.

Just as disease decays its host, so too does our data-body act against us. Manipulating us with shreds of our own anatomy, the data-decay urges us to click, purchase, capture, any movement to generate more waste (wealth).

The anthropoid emerging from its bitumen dredge threatens to defile our autonomous bodies. Intestinal textures confirm its human origin.

The ringing in your ears is not unusual.

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Gallery 1
Red Inc.
Red Inc.

Gallery 2
All that heaven allows
Foong/McGrath

Gallery 4
The Enchanting Microplastics
Visaya Hoffie

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we acknowledge and pay respect to the gadigal people of the eora nation, the traditional owners of the land on which firstdraft is built and operates.

firstdraft is supported by the NSW Government through Create NSW; and assisted by the Australian Government through the Australia Council, its arts funding and advisory body.



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Through a sculptural and spatial practice, **Yvette James** creates visceral landscapes expressing the fragmentation of our bodies via digitisation. Exploring contemporary philosophies on the fluidity of our bodies with our environment, Yvette concludes that our data may be likened to corporeal detritus, fragments of both our psychological intricacies and physical form. Their sculptural work embodies the digital flesh mined from us in public and private spaces, with or without our consent. Through manipulated metals combined with ambiguous fluids, James' work interrogates how contemporary explorations of the body fit into the digital landscape.

Artworks (clockwise from left to right)

For sales enquiries, please email

yvettealicejames@gmail.com

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2022

mild steel, fingerprints, addresses.

620 × 7.15 cm

Your Data is an Organ, 2021

mild steel, cast aluminium, rust.

79 × 41 × 113 cm

Uncovering the Flesh in our Satellites, 2022

Mild steel, rust, oil, bitumen, cast aluminium,
tinnitus soundbyte.

105 × 105 × 59 cm

Slow Violence

Text written by Bridie Lunney as accompaniment
to Yvette James' solo exhibition *Uncovering the
Flesh in our Satellites*, Firstdraft, 2022

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Slow Violence

I feel like

I'm falling _____ forward
into an unknown _____ future

that holds _____ great danger.

Slow

Violence

Heavy

Duty

Your body is an archive.

Warped

and mistreated

and come back to us.¹

Our bodies were assembled

in the hearts

of long _____ dead _____ stars

over _____ billions _____ of years.

I want to add a [...] wound [...].

which infolds _____ organic _____ and technological

flesh.

Why should our bodies end at the skin?

Unburden yourself

And know the place

for the first time.

— Bridie Lunney, June 2022

¹ Conversation with Yvette James, Instagram Video Call, June 12, 2022