

# firstdraft

Gallery 2

9 February - 24 March

# You Won't Believe The Snap In Your Throat

## Corey Black

@corey\_max\_black | www.coreymax.com

*You Won't Believe The Snap In Your Throat* locates the processes of digestion at the locus of industrial and post-industrial fabrication methods. Examining the consumption, secretion and expulsion of various materials, toxic and suggestive, Black's work reflects and evinces the processes of their making.

Pushing difficult forms through multiple methods of production that include sand casting, 3D printing, electroplating, plastic fabrication and rubberising; these objects and their surfaces allude to their violent and awkward encounters within industrial expanses. Imbued with the scars of these processes, Black hopes these occulted methods of manufacturing are embodied within multifarious objects that hold their own orbit.

In doing so, this exhibition questions how much we can consume and how much we can inhale where embodiment is explored amongst a network of potentially dangerous and evocative substances.

**Corey Black** is an artist based on Gadigal land, choreographing the marrow of numerous industrial and post-industrial fabrication methods. Black works alongside each material, craftsman, labourer and machine through disruptive modalities. Examining these processes leads to speculating on the process of making in and of itself as well as a means of processing research and sensoria to uncover new forms. Aiming to imbue the visibility of these production methods within each work, Black questions pathways of consumption, technology and seduction entrenched within 21st century art-making. In locating the uncanny amongst the ubiquitous, Black questions what we may consume and how much we can inhale, allowing disparate and banished elements to find common ground amongst contemporary rubble.

Gallery 1  
**Charles Levi**  
Luddite/Sodomite

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gadigal land  
13-17 riley street  
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nsw 2011  
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Gallery 3  
**Amanda Bennetts**  
I feel the weight of the minute as I  
bend my body towards the clock

Gallery 4  
**Vedika Rampal**  
Residues

**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.**

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In 2021, he graduated from the National Art School with an MFA in Photomedia. He has exhibited with Minerva, Australian Galleries, The British School at Rome and Hidden Rookwood as well as undertaken residences at the Corridor Project, Cowra and the British School at Rome, Italy. He is a co-director of Schmick Contemporary.

### Artworks (clockwise from left, and top to bottom)

Corey Black

*Meal Kit, 2024*

sand cast aluminium, pelletised HDPE, rubberised egg shells

15 x 95 x 30 cm

Corey Black

*Pod, 2024*

cast pigmented silicone, dirt

5 x 20 x 13 cm

Corey Black

*Exit Guides, 2024*

thermoformed, lasercut and frosted perspex, sand cast and vapour blasted bronze, polished obsidian, cast pigmented silicone

10 x 40 x 110 cm

Corey Black

*There Were Multiple Contractions, 2024*

sand cast, vapour blasted, rubberised and chromed aluminium

25 x 80 x 200 cm

Corey Black

*An Internal Poultice, 2024*

sand-cast, vapour blasted, patinated and black nickel plated aluminium, cast emollient, cast pigmented silicone, PVC coated polyester

7 x 136.5 x 97 cm

Scroll to next page for essay  
by **Anthea Duffy**

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## THE SYPHONING

by Anthea Duffy

The process of digestion is subliminal. There's an invitation extended by the mouth, a delight in reception, but with that door closed we are made unwitting hosts. We accept that what we intake will alter us, just as we will alter it, but glaze over the interaction between our innards and our invitees. Our hospitality may, unbeknownst to us, grow hostile and our guests may grow rude, sending tantrums through our system until they're permitted to exit it. It's of little wonder that we believe in a reign over our bodies, that we define ourselves as minds with tools attached. Bearing no witness to our inner workings, our contractions, pulses, and liquidations, we have few reminders of an acutely uncomfortable fact; that we do not have a body. We are a body.

Our ability to grapple with our innards emerges when they spill, when we leak and are marked by what we adopt and endure. It's only then that we're able to comprehend the endlessness of our consumption and the malleability of our structures, vehemently overlooked in an attempt to deny our vulnerability. We prefer to think of plasticity, the fluidity and adaptability of matter, as something we can weaponise in the non-human, at our disposal and our discretion. Yet to be altered by what we encounter does not bring us into the realm of the victim or the plaything; it is our greatest strength, the benefactor of our survival. To adapt is to admit the inherent daunting of potential; to override the infant nagging of risk. Henri Bergson, in assessing the human vie for supremacy over the body, distills the false hierarchy that we've established between instinct and intellect; "There is no intelligence in which some traces of instinct are not to be discovered, more especially no instinct that is not surrounded with a fringe of intelligence."<sup>1</sup> *You Won't Believe The Snap In Your Throat* proposes that the mind must relocate its faith in the gut.

Corey Black has baited us into a conscious re-encountering of substances and processes to which the human body has subliminally adapted. His orchestration permits a ginger toying with pliability as we find ourselves forced to acknowledge the reciprocal relationship that exists between us and his materials. Not merely tools of the human hand, behaving happily in our manipulation and menacingly in their endurance beyond it, we are shifted by plastics, by emollient and metals as we shift them.

Upon meeting each component of his system, we are confronted with armoured surfaces and alien forms. Their unfamiliarity summons suspicion, an undercurrent of threat running through a process that confounds us. We can't conceive of handling or being handled by the vague utility present in their structure and the endurance resounding in their material.

1 Bergson, *Creative Evolution*, 149.

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On closer inspection, they wear vulnerability with pride. Segments and seams are apparent in these artefacts of industry, patinas incomplete and pores unfilled by hostile processes. There's a terraforming in the remnant lines of 3D-printed casts that places their products beyond the human and into a kind of technological sublime. Black admits the violent nature of their manufacturing, evidencing a clash between the ancient and the contemporary with uncomfortable relics from the foundry and the laboratory.

Strewn at our feet, the system is vulnerable to the tread, the overlook and the shadow. Yet with each piece commanding an orbit independent of its viewer, our path is mapped by their navigation. We perform for them as they perform for us, both humbled in a space that detonates the estrangement we've grown so used to. With no recognisable input or output, Black's production line appears paused in the making, granting possibility to object and human alike. Our bodies are alert to their informants and the system is alert to its hosts; we are permitted to meet, as if for the first time, on even, awkward ground.

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