

Gutters, switchboards, disconnectors, pipes, tubes—there's no need for a flying carpet. All these tubular matter devices, tamed vibrations and light-bending are efforts to concoct some kind of structural magic: to make things disappear, dissolve, or reappear. To teleport, if not ourselves, then at least the objects we wish to position in other places or bring closer to us, seemingly without physical effort. To pour our dirty water elsewhere, to postpone pollution to elsewhere, to automate fire, to suddenly appear on the other side of the Atlantic. Plumbing is a form of magic, a portal to wherever. The source of central heating comes from another dimension. It updated by itself, without wires. These carriers have to have agreements on how to make objects and processes disappear from one location and appear in another. For it to work, materials have to speak the same diameter.

To the vital materialist, the electrical grid is better understood as a volatile mix of coal, sweat, electromagnetic fields, computer programs, electron streams, profit motives, heat, lifestyles, nuclear fuel, plastic, fantasies of mastery, static, legislation, water, economic theory, wire, and wood—to name just some of the actants.¹

So here are some sculptures that have disappeared from one location and appeared in another as of late. Sculptures that are broken down into parts, and that have, or could, in turn transport broken-down parts from one place to another. They are canals, ducts, channels, conduits: common Canellians, in other words, sculptural elbows in the assemblage that is her body of work. Often adventitious, unconventional compatibility is key to the carryover of her material correspondence. Of seeking to find when things agree to disagree. Here is no exception, the materials themselves having disconnected, found each other, met new ends. Her material leaps incite blanks, ruptures, band gaps; found objects spark discontinuities, transitions, changes of key. A skeletal peach stone, a flattened can.

A portal can be a door, window, arch, gateway, or just a gap in the hedge. The word encapsulates the idea of passing through, to a new opportunity, to making progress or moving forward, to entering fresh new worlds.²

Sounding from the gut, the subwoofs throw up, vertically from the ground. By sending electrical vibrations through bits of stuff, precise wavelengths take ill-defined shape. Placed so as to slice rooms from top to bottom, they activate Canell's improvised energetics: a twig, knotted elastic bands, pop rivets, shoelaces, ball chains, an elastic strap, aluminium crimp sleeves, pistachio shells, fake nails, tape, can rings, nylon, a receipt, metallic tinsel, cable ties, a shell, coins, plastic. Things that attach, fasten, link, lock, bind, conduct, join, or hold together. They create vertical diagrams of sorts, a kind of localised transperception out of sweepings. Bits and bobs, bobbing up and down or side to side along a middle, tap-tap-tapping the in-between.

It thunders, howls, roars, hisses, whistles, blusters, hums, growls, rumbles, squeaks, groans, sings, crackles, cracks, rattles, flickers, clicks, snarls, tumbles.³

Now more than ever, to be in the room. Sculpture in the present tense, not only demanding presence, but consisting of it, insisting on material immediacy. The spell of frequencies passing through in real time. Cup cracks become fault lines. We could

talk about collapse and so on. Societal pulse along a supporting beam sweeps from the ground and up. Horsepower beats asphalt around a rubber wheel over a pothole resonating through the back of an earthworm's segmented body tube. Mud *needs* to be compatible. Woofing down what comes and goes within the soil, block or become blocked by an accumulation of tatters. The gallimaufry of material shreds, cracks, seams—electron holes ripped my jeans. 1 cent clang metallic slang. Rattler mince, mash, metaxic trash. Bundles left dangling, daddy-long-legs leg pulled off and jiggling when everything flatlines.

*He tossed a coin into the teleport and jiggled a switch on the lolling control panel. With a crackle and a spit of light, the coin vanished.*⁴

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¹ Jane Bennett, *Vibrant Matter: A Political Ecology of Things* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2010), 25.

² Philippa Lewis, *Portals: Gates, Stiles, Windows, Bridges & Other Crossings*, (Glastonbury: Wooden Books Ltd., 2016), 1.

³ Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, *The Waste Books*, (New York: New York Review Books, 1990), 13.

⁴ Jeff Prucher, *Brave New Words: The Oxford Dictionary of Science Fiction*, (New York: Oxford University Press, 2007), 232.