

Mark cares for things that other people take for granted, utilising them in such a way that imbues their imperfections with (often very personal) meaning. One can read the lines of scrawl on glass, steel from friends, scraps and found images, half-muttered sentiments rubbed onto the surface of ceramic grout. These gestures motion towards fleeting moments, scratchy memories of love and friendship, elsewhere represent unconventional articulations of longing and desire, happiness and melancholy. Fingerprints everywhere. Like a DJ, the sources of Mark's selections are kept a secret, presented to us in fragments. Though there is an intention here that goes deeper than the ambivalence of most DJs, something very tender about the way each salvaged material has been entrusted to carry what appear to be very personal aspects of who Mark is. What is it about the decision to painstakingly reproduce a flowering weed in 3D-printed plastic? To focus on the emotional spectrum of Mark's practice is to understand the organisation of these things as studies in mood, aesthetic sketches of interiority and the missteps and false starts that come with undertaking the impossible task of communicating its true nature. I myself am terrified of being understood definitively. Please tear this piece of paper up and stick the little bits on the glass with your spit.

What would an emotionally authentic way of making art be? For an artist, to truly be yourself within a gallery – a space that renders artworks as evidence, forensically scanned by audiences for meaning – is to play a dangerous game of (mis)translation. The content of Mark's installation, and the process of making something for others to see, are both personal. Mark makes work with the understanding that both 'I' and the exhibition space are intimate sites where the impossible articulation between inside and outside, between a general expression of history and something very specific, is perpetually reckoned with. Both assume a mode of historical being that anticipates the moment when one gives oneself over, to be received as legible by another.

Rather than writing about the right to privacy – very basic privacy is a privilege that many don't enjoy – I think of the decisions Mark has had to make about what to share and what not to. In this way the self-censorship in his work takes the form of a kind of aesthetic safety. This censorship is an enactment of historical care. Many of the individual objects in this work are cradled by the overall structure, in recognition perhaps of the physical fragility of precious memories, that would be lost forever if the objects were to be destroyed.

For me, at the core is a messy resonance of materials, objects, words and visions, that when collected amount to very little that can be deduced. The vibration is seductive, is a constant reiterative, cautious approximation towards the goal of being known, and the paradoxical instinct to resist such a hazardous end point. The effect is a small, irreducible indeterminacy that intrigues us beyond our general desire for narrative clarity, or for a linear progression through time and space. It is very beautiful, and instead of claiming any territory, helps us navigate through it. We are left to ponder Mark's decisions here and there to reveal a little bit less, to reveal a little bit more of the lived subject matter of the installation and its presentation to a public made up of loved ones, close friends and strangers.

I am currently sitting in a room different to the one you are in now. I am organising and recording my thoughts about Mark's work for the show, which I viewed in his studio some weeks ago. As I think of you reading this – maybe at Kudos Gallery, maybe somewhere else – I am confronted by the idea that words script experience, and that to smear my voice over the complex system that Mark has constructed would mean, intrinsically, to give the wrong impression. That is the context. I have tried to keep this quite general, because the things I've written about are not particular to Mark, nor to this particular iteration of his work, nor are they particular to the acts of making and exhibiting either. I write this with sincerity, so this is what I mean right now, even if I don't trust this version of myself in the future.

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