

## ***The Uncanny Everyday***

Theories of 'the uncanny' act as my scripture, informing ideas, whilst the home (Heimlich) is my church. Within my work, I construct a psychological space; a home that is undefined, uncertain, liminal. Simultaneously familiar and disquieting, it is a provocative site.

An extension of the self, my practice reflects lived experience, everyday thoughts, and distant memory. Through sculptural processes, I visually translate these internal states into material form, using the domestic as a vehicle for subtle social commentary. Interested in duality, the works oscillates between lightness and weight, humour and discomfort-resisting expectation and fixed interpretation.

Working predominantly with readymade objects, including IKEA furniture, I transform articles associated with everyday function and uniformity. Through material alteration, the objects become disfigured and operate as emotive metaphors for the body. Repeated inflictions of pins, matches, and other destructive tools create sculptural "wounds," rendering emotion physically and materially present.

Formed as a "domestic colour pallet", a deliberately limited compilation of (my) nude tones, wood, blank monochromes, and (household) metallics unify works. I use fabrics, latex, wood, and foodstuff to "sculpturally paint," allowing surface and texture to carry psychological weight. My anthropomorphic material choices emphasise familiar tactility, vulnerability, and transformation.

Themes of femininity, repression, perfection, contamination, sexuality and consumption intersect throughout the practice. These ideas overlap, contradict, and connect to reflect the complexity of lived experience. Domestic readymade objects act as 'emotion-generating agents', grounding concepts in familiarity while simultaneously observing defamiliarisation. Temporally dubious, viewers are encouraged to embrace a liminal space between memory and the contemporary; a region defined by duality, in between the unconscious and conscious. By intercepting domestic comfortability and familiarity, I want to lead horses to an unusual water in the hopes that they may drink my uncanny offering

***By Susanna Sergison***