Aidan Duffy,
My Darling Stadium
30 Oct.–18 Dec., 2026
6 Minerva Street, London

I thought somehow a piece of cloth was tossed
into the night, a piece of cloth that flew

up, then across, beyond the window.
A tablecloth or handkerchief, a knot

somehow unfolding, folded, pushing through
the thickness of the dark. I thought somehow

a piece of cloth was lost beyond the line—
released, although it seemed as if a knot

still hung, unfolding. Some human hand could not
have thrown that high, or lent such force to cloth,

and yet I knew no god would mind a square
of air so small. And still it moved and still

it swooped and disappeared beyond the pane.
The after-image went, a blot beyond

the icy glass. And, closer, there stood winter
grass so black it had no substance

until I looked again and saw it tipped
with brittle frost. An acre there (a common-

place), a line of trees, a line of stars.

So look it up: you'll find that you could lose
your sense of depth,

a leaf, a sheaf
of paper, pillow-

case, or heart-
shaped face,

a shrieking hiss,
like winds, like

death, all tangled
there in branches.

—Excerpt from *The Owl* by Susan Stewart

Soft Opening,

In his work, Aidan Duffy continually seeks to represent the immaterial via processes of accumulation and deconstruction, which each become a (dis)organising principle and method for aggregating material into form. The artist collects and converges discarded items sourced on the street, in charity shops or at markets to reveal and incorporate what he refers to as "the psychodramas invested in objects," or the associations an object carries with it into the world.

These new works twist and tangle across the gallery, teasing out a playful absurdity found in unexpected juxtapositions and material references. As if bursting with both joy and frustration, colourful plastic clothes hangers jostle for space; piles of wedding confetti heap up beneath a leaning dance pole; discarded cassette tape ribbons twirl into curls; and cartoon-like watch hands cluster into spiked bunches. At once recognisable and unfamiliar, these constructions offer the artist a nonhierarchical approach to organising objects. Duffy's process advocates for humour as a useful device — even an antidote — with which to interpret the strangeness of both our physical and immaterial surroundings. In *My Darling Stadium*, Duffy proposes play, as much as destruction, as a seductive reprieve from the inherited chaos of our lived experience.

Gallery (Left–Right)

Walkthrough, 2026
Polymerised gypsum, dance pole, polyester tarpaulin, paper, glitter
Dimensions variable

Get Up 10, 2026
Plastic, clothes hangers, wool, matchbook, crystal, glitter, duct tape
45 × 63 × 23 cm

Song of Solid Ground, 2026
Clock hands, cassette tape, metal, rock
Dimensions variable

Solid Ground, 2026
Clock hands, rock
12 × 14 × 10 cm

Blindfold, 2026
Clothes hangers, paint, aluminium, polymerised gypsum, cotton, wool
69 × 45 × 22.5 cm

Duct Tape, 2026
Clothes hangers, snakeskin, graphite, duct tape
67 × 37 × 24 cm

Brown Paper Bag, 2026
Paper bag, clothes hangers, aluminium, polymerised gypsum
70 × 62 × 31 cm

Traffic, 2026
Clothes hangers
33 × 93 × 30 cm

Strangers, 2026
Leather, wool, clothes hangers, magazine rack
14.9 × 61 × 33 cm

Aidan Duffy's (b. 1995, Glasgow) recent exhibitions include Centro Internacional das Artes José de Guimarães, Guimarães (2026, solo); Lubov, New York (2026); ADZ, Lisbon (2025, solo); South Parade × Cylinder Seoul, London (2024, duo); 243 Luz, Margate (2023, solo); South Parade, London (2023, solo); Hannah Barry Gallery, London (2023, 2022). The artist lives and works in London.