

I think lock-picking is one of the purest forms of improvisation.

In lockpicking, you're presented with a mechanism that forces you to react to its every movement - you balance the tension of the torque wrench, the rotation of the barrel, the give of the pins. And, like all great improvisation it has non-trivial fail states. If I don't open the lock, it's a bad improvisation. Of course, the only true improvisation is being born – everything after that is just the regurgitation of learned behaviours.

This will be my last ever public performance. And the composition I will play at the end will be my last ever composition. My last ever record release will be a vinyl of these lock-picking improvisations on one side and a field recording of me using the same skills to illegally break into a building on the other. That's a real non-trivial fail state.

In December 2012 I put together a and played in a performance of what I called 'total improvisation' - "the expansion of improvisation to encompass the entirety of human affairs ... in total improvisation it should be possible to improvise the Stanford Prison Experiment", I wrote. It was at this concert that I learned that an audience is just a mob waiting to happen. The concert ended with an audience member throwing a glass jar of human shit at us ... In an ironic twist of fate, the jar and the shit were my own.

If you are in a room filled with people and their emotions, relationships, lusts, fears, sociology and psychology, it's just myopic object-fetishism to think that someone plucking the strings of a guitar is a more interesting thing to focus your attention on. The theatre director Richard Foreman once wrote that theatre at its purest was just two organisms confronting each other. Maybe this is why the television show "First Dates" and police interrogation tapes are the only things I watch now.

In August this year I had a mental breakdown. Keeping it together during this period was something approaching pure improvisation. During this mental unravelling, I realised that I had wasted my life. For the last 10 years I have done nothing but create art to the exclusion of everything else.

If you go to most composer's websites they might have 10 – 15 pieces to look at. Mine has hundreds. Between October 2012 and October 2013, I created more pieces of art than there are days in the year. People are amazed at how I am able to be so prolific but it's for a simple reason: I have nothing else in my life – it is empty.

My friend Robert asked me why I had decided to stop composing "why don't you just do it less?" he asked. But I can't, because I am an obsessive – when I work on something I become consumed

with it, I forget to eat and sleep – my whole life is a series of obsessions – I mean why the fuck would anybody learn to lockpick? Obsession rules my life: this is every finger and toenail I cut off my body between 2010 and 2013. [and between 2013 and 2019]. I didn't even do it for a piece. It just felt right – or rather, not doing it felt wrong. Not everything is art. Luckily.

My friend Jeremiah and I always used to quote a line from Steven Soderburgh's "Full Frontal". In the film, an actor is being interviewed about his acting process and his relationships, and utters the line "I dumped my girlfriend the day rehearsals started". For the last six years, I neglected nearly the entirety of my life which was not to do with art making – I didn't have sex for five years between 2012-2017. Composition has taken the best years of my life.

My work has become more and more anaemic and empty over the years. You write about what you know, and all I knew was making art, and writing about making art. So more and more of my output became art about making art and writing about people writing about art. Until we've reached here, and there's nothing left. What the fuck are you even watching or listening to? There's nothing here. There's no me here. I'm just a space where the absence of a life exists. There's nothing. You are watching nothing.

The ideal situation for improvisation is one as close as possible to being born, in which you are abducted, blindfolded, stripped naked and then deposited in a venue that you do not know and which has no stage. I always said that I'd kill myself at 34, because Jesus died at 33 and I've always been one better. And now I'm nearly there and what have I even accomplished? At least no-one could say Jesus hadn't lived.

Free improvisation is only free if you believe that humans have agency, which I don't. We move through a universe monstrously indifferent to our presence, participating in systems too large and complex for us to comprehend. This doesn't mean that life is pointless – just because you didn't build the rollercoaster doesn't mean you can't have fun riding it. And I want to finally ride the rollercoaster, not spend my time inside every evening, obsessively making art that no-one gives a shit about and increasingly externalizes the lack at the centre of me. Art needs feeding on something other than its own tail.

If musical Romanticism was an expression of the composer's emotional state, there was no boredom in the late 19th century. But there's boredom here. And now. I don't believe in composing anymore. But I do believe in composition. Composition offers the possibility of life experienced through an abstraction, a way of moving human experience into a place it would be statistically unlikely to inhabit otherwise. I believe in that. But I want to compose cults and orgies and suicides. Not This. I want to compose the fear in your eyes. To compose the type of life where, at my death people will be unsure whether I've faked it. I want composition as a technique for living at the edge of human experience. For the last ten years I composed a life of tedium and obsession. Now its time to improvise.