

MARLEEN BOSCHEN

OLIVER HULL

GAVIN JACKSON

JILL MCKNIGHT

MATTHEW RANDLE

EMILIE SPARK

JULIUS TEDALDI

ELOISE WALKER

HARLAN WHITTINGHAM

**conversations on swansong** 2014, with foreword by gavin jackson, soft by marleen boschen, bony monster by oliver hull, (I was in my parents' porch watching bombs dropping, there was a crowd in the street and no news on the BBC website...) by jill mcknight, window scene by matthew randle, char, no, swell. by emilie spark, ATitudeB by julius tedaldi, death relics by eloise walker, untitled by harlan whittingham.

*I had this dream right? And in this dream we were in this desert and we wanted to stay warm and so we lit this great bonfire and the bonfire, the bonfire somehow conformed to the exact size and shape of the old gallery. And in the flames, in the flames right? In the flames I could see all of the pieces of art that had been in the gallery. In the flames I could see them and they were surrounded by all of this fire, all of this energy that the sun had spent decades pushing into trees and that now we were pulling back out to keep us warm, but this art, this art wasn't burned. Instead it just moaned. And from this moaning came this music. This music that came from the centre of a fire, but there we were in this great field of diamonds with this weirdly geometric fire and we were hearing this music that was coming from these moaning paintings and sculptures. And this music, this music right? This music was like glass. This music was clear and it was cold and it cut you.*

*I had a dream. I had a dream and it was me and all of you there and it was in this desert with this black sand. It was night time and it was a full moon. The moon was full right? Like really fucking full. And the moonlight reflected off the sand and so it looked, it looked just like we were all stood in this field of tiny black diamonds. And it was cold. It was so cold that our breath was misting in the air.*



soft like

the

pressure of  
freedom



Some pattern or peculiar configuration appears in which the imaginative observer descires an unexpected, in this context an astonishing and almost shocking copy of, an alien reality.

Saint Paul, Minnesota

"Bony monster," septaria (United States; 113 × 112 mm)



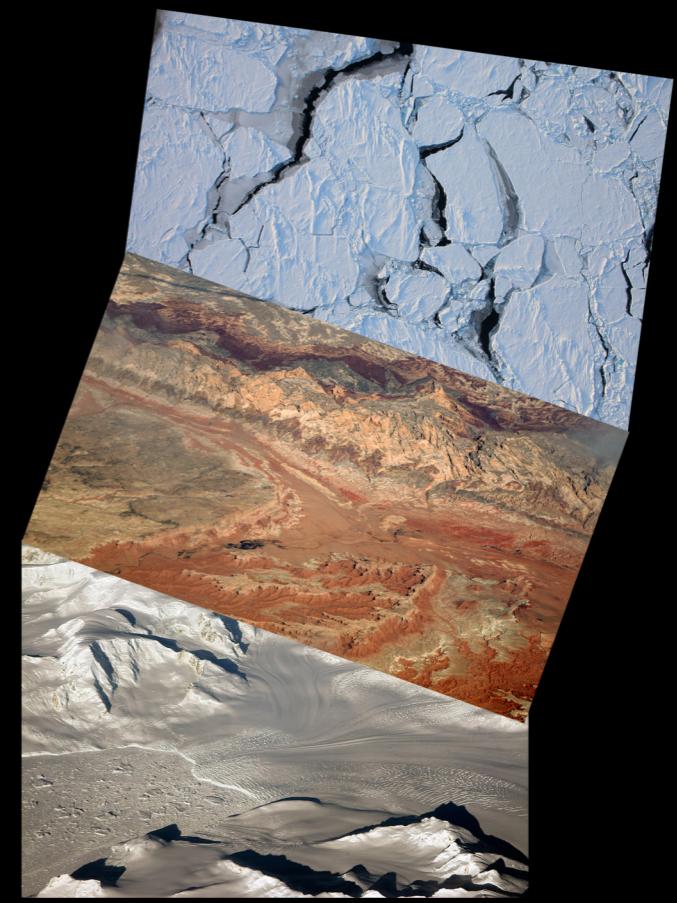
...burns like coals in the sun; mire clothes itself in scarlet, purple, and violet. Dinosaurs' bones change their petit-point tapestries into ivory, gleaming pink or blue like sugared almonds.



*...and above all arouse his curiosity to discover their causes.<sup>5</sup>*

In fact, we know now, but only now, that the images on these stones could be more accurately described as a geological anticipation of the lofty machicolations of Manhattan, or, more precisely, of Bernard Buffet's stark New York panoramas with their dominant verticals.

MEIC

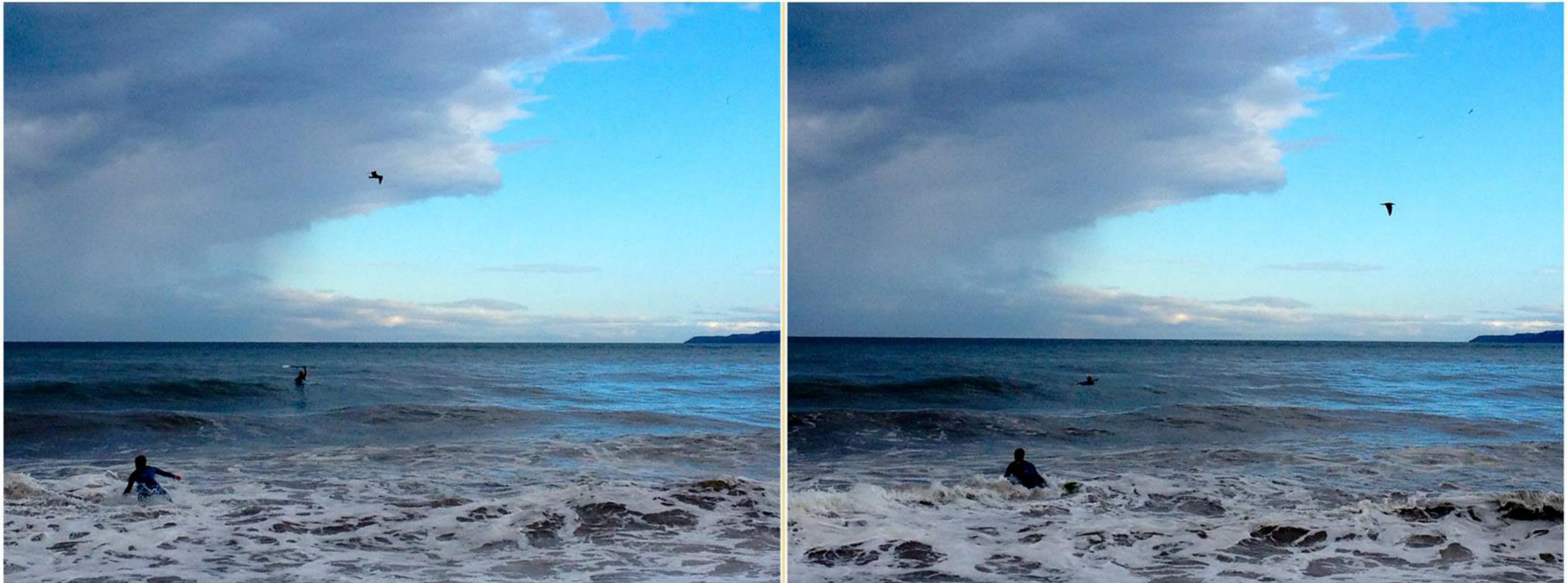


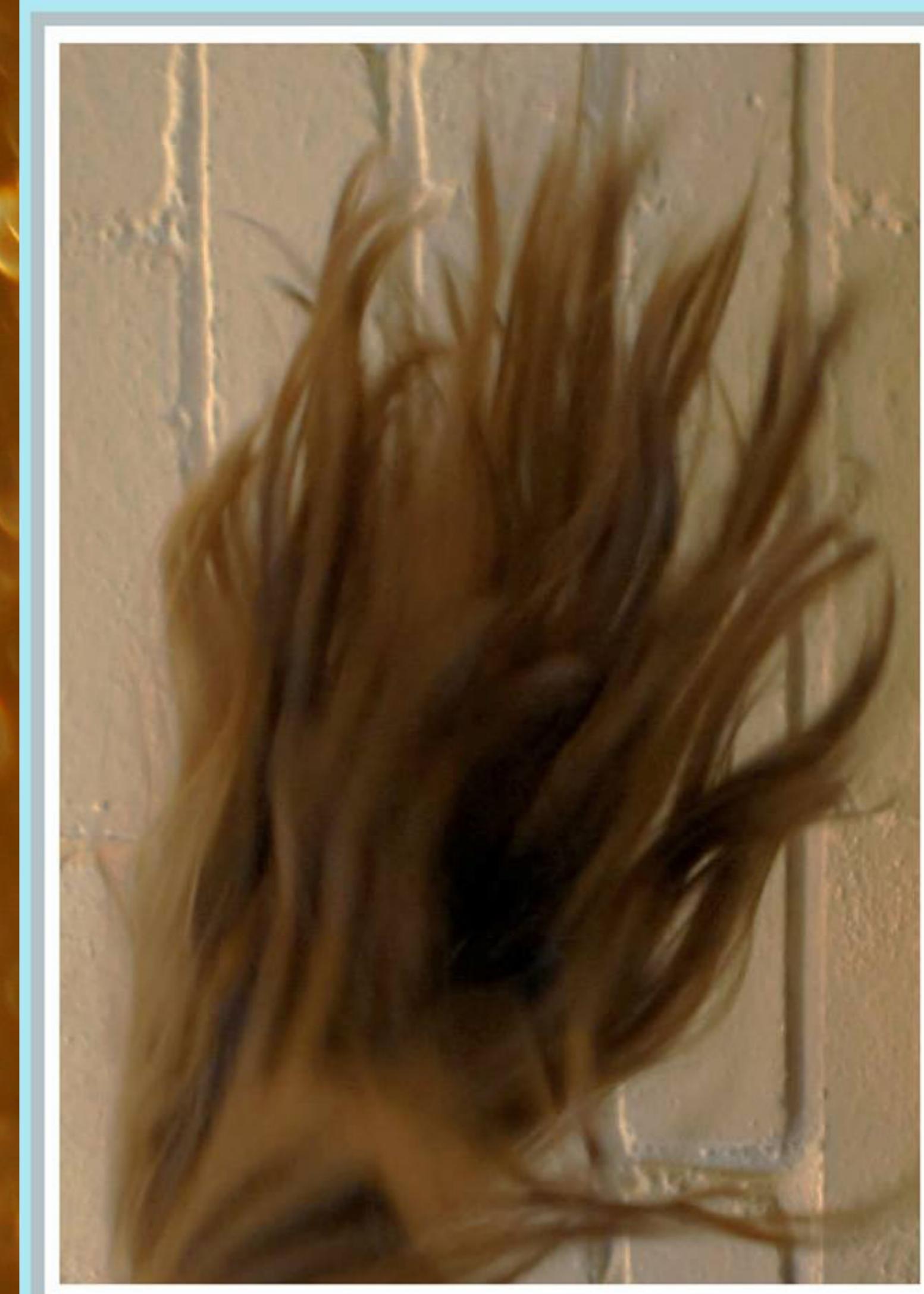
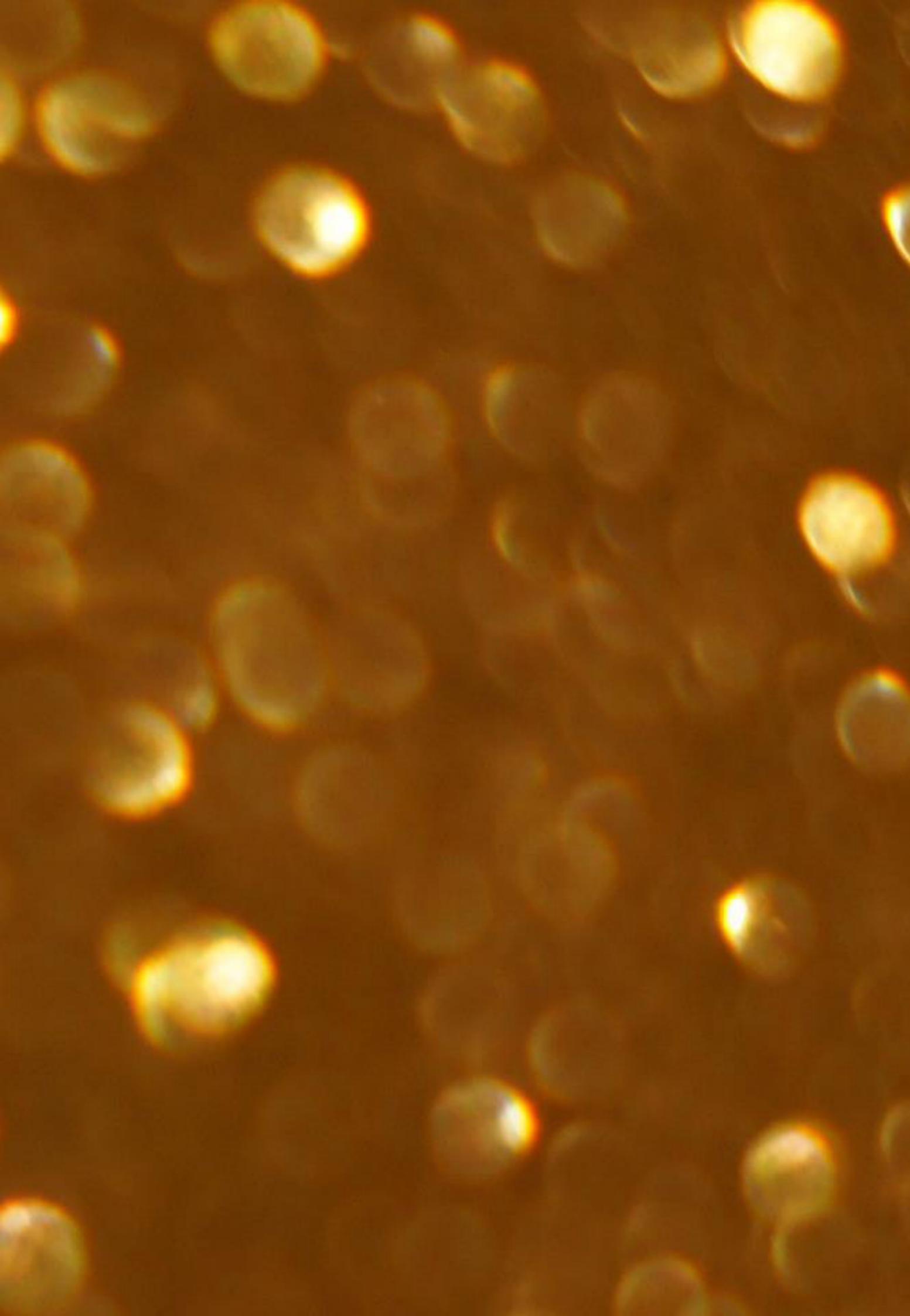




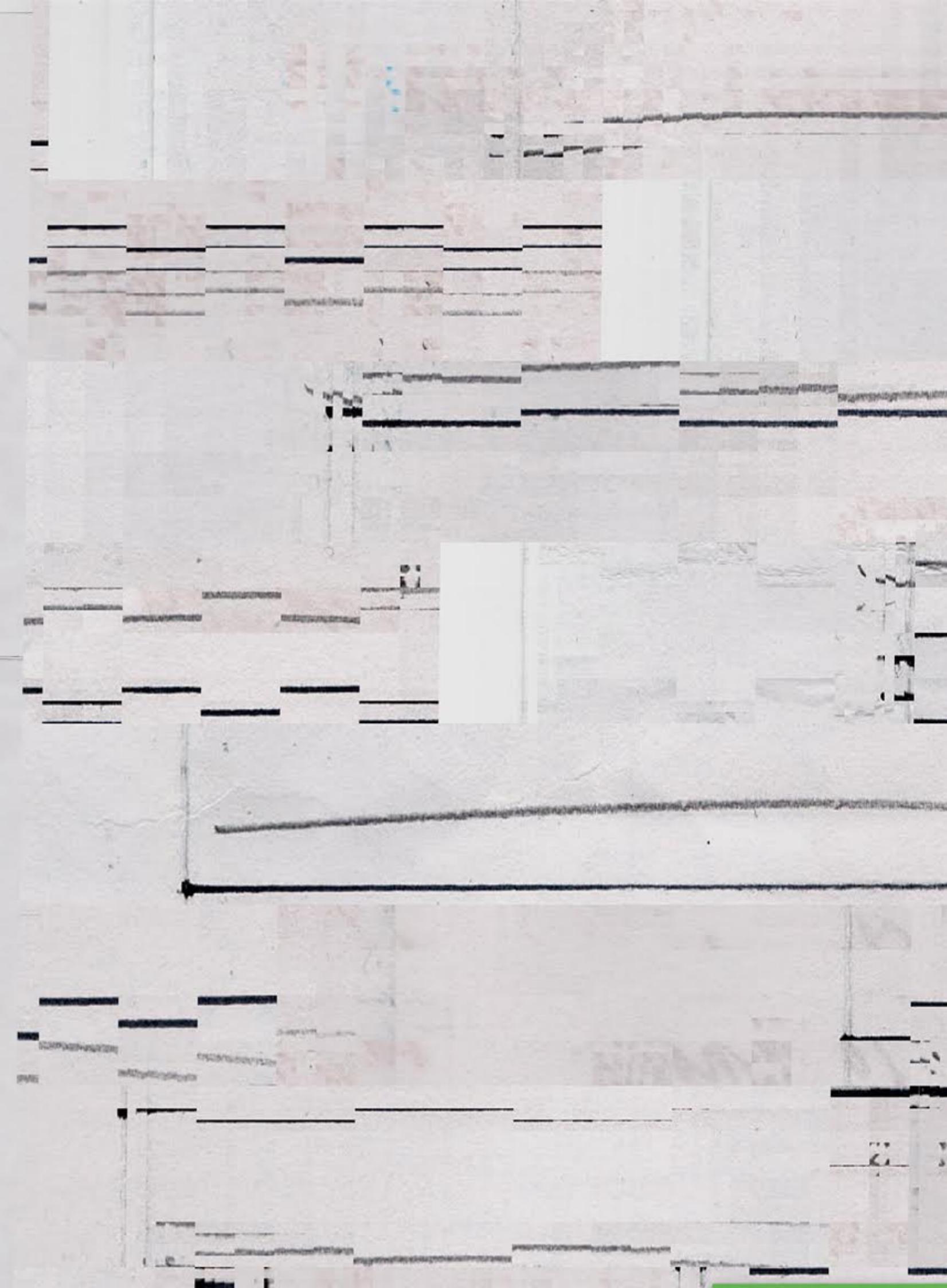
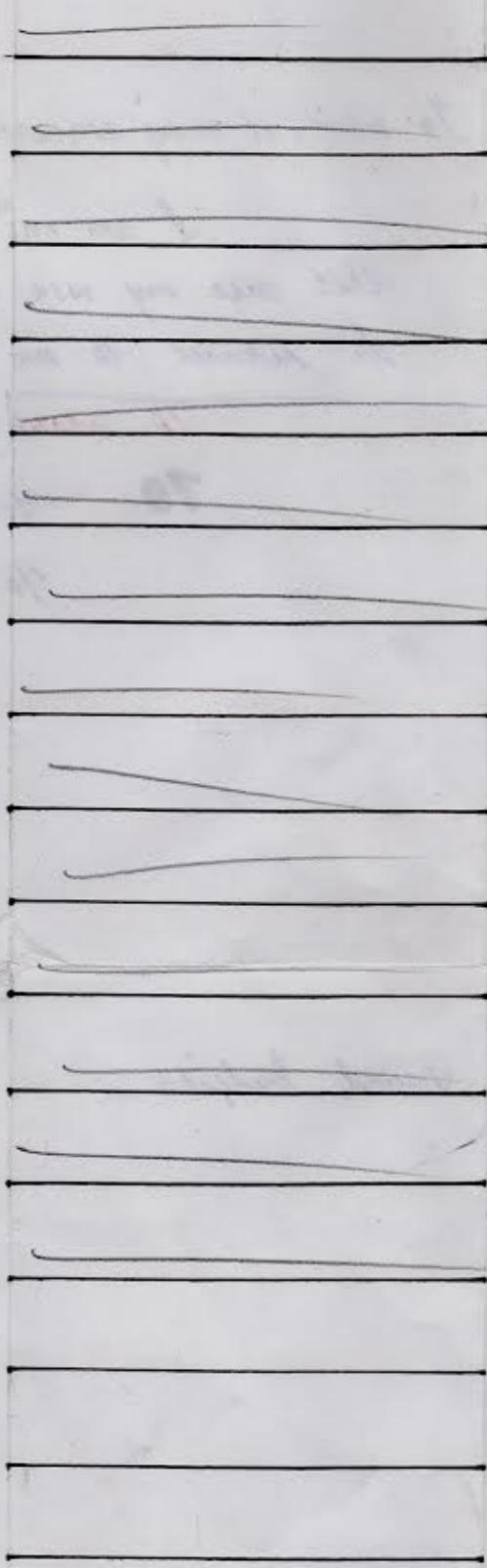
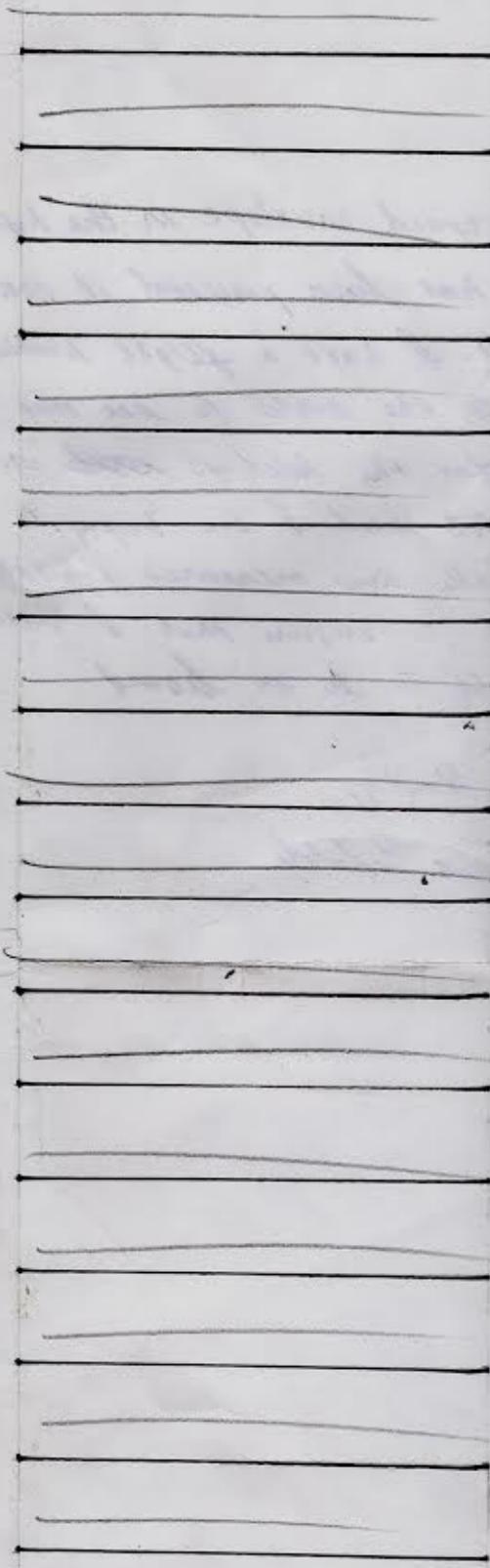












Death of the Family Unit





Caesar stands on logic and chance,  
points to time and death.  
Time takes the shape of a grandfather clock from a dolls house  
and death is a brigade of glow in the dark zombies on a psychedelic crochet pattern  
- time and death are pretty trippy and intricate concepts  
Behind death is heaven, everyone's tanned, muscled and curvaceous,  
drinking cola and driving red Corvettes,  
doing surfing moves, dancing to The Beach Boys.

*Death at the  
hands of the Booze  
Shark*





**Untitled - 2014**

Wet black paint relative to the screen size of an iphone 5 (4 inches diagonal)  
Lascaux bison iphone 5 plastic case



2014