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ELOISE WALKER

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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.

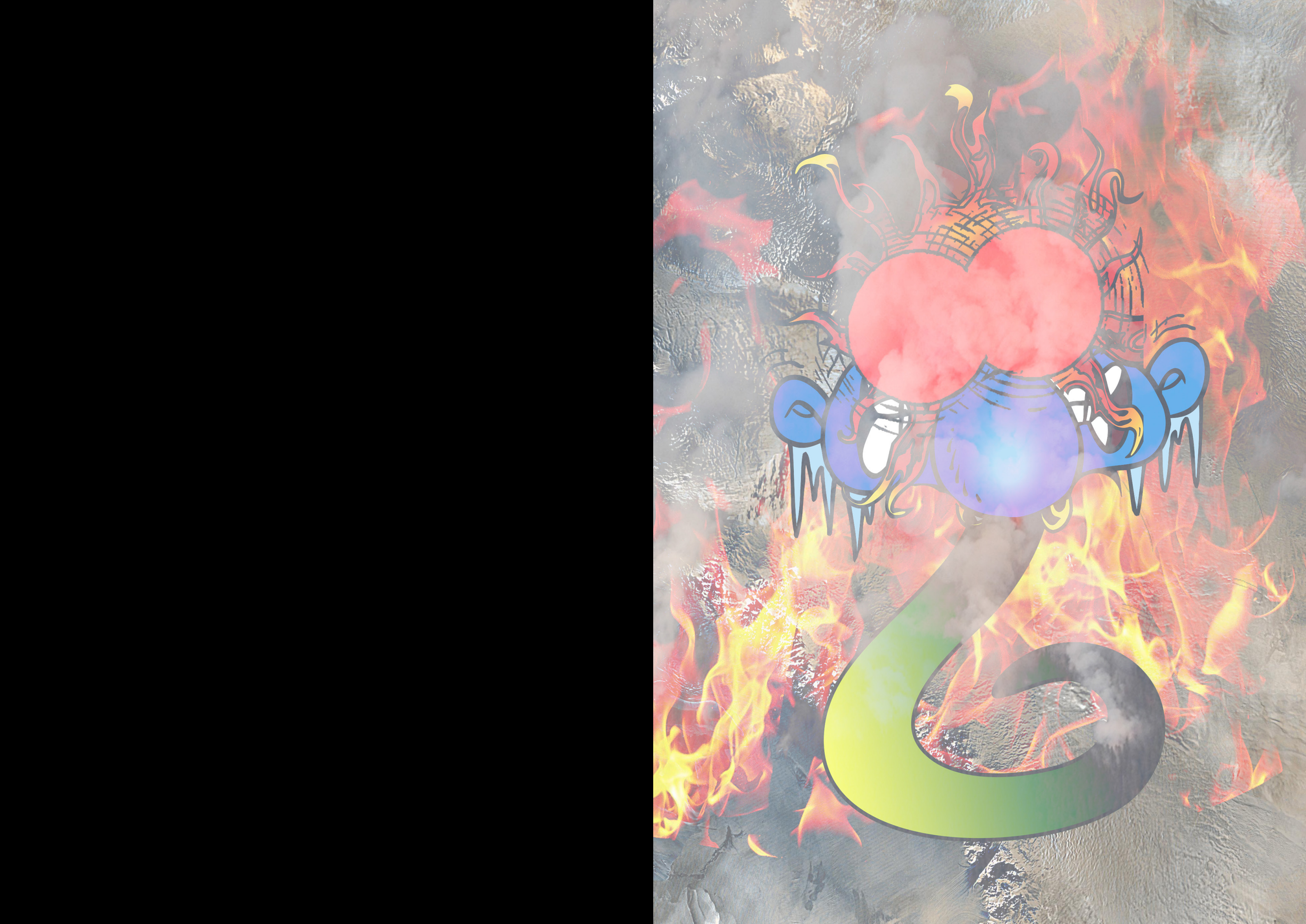


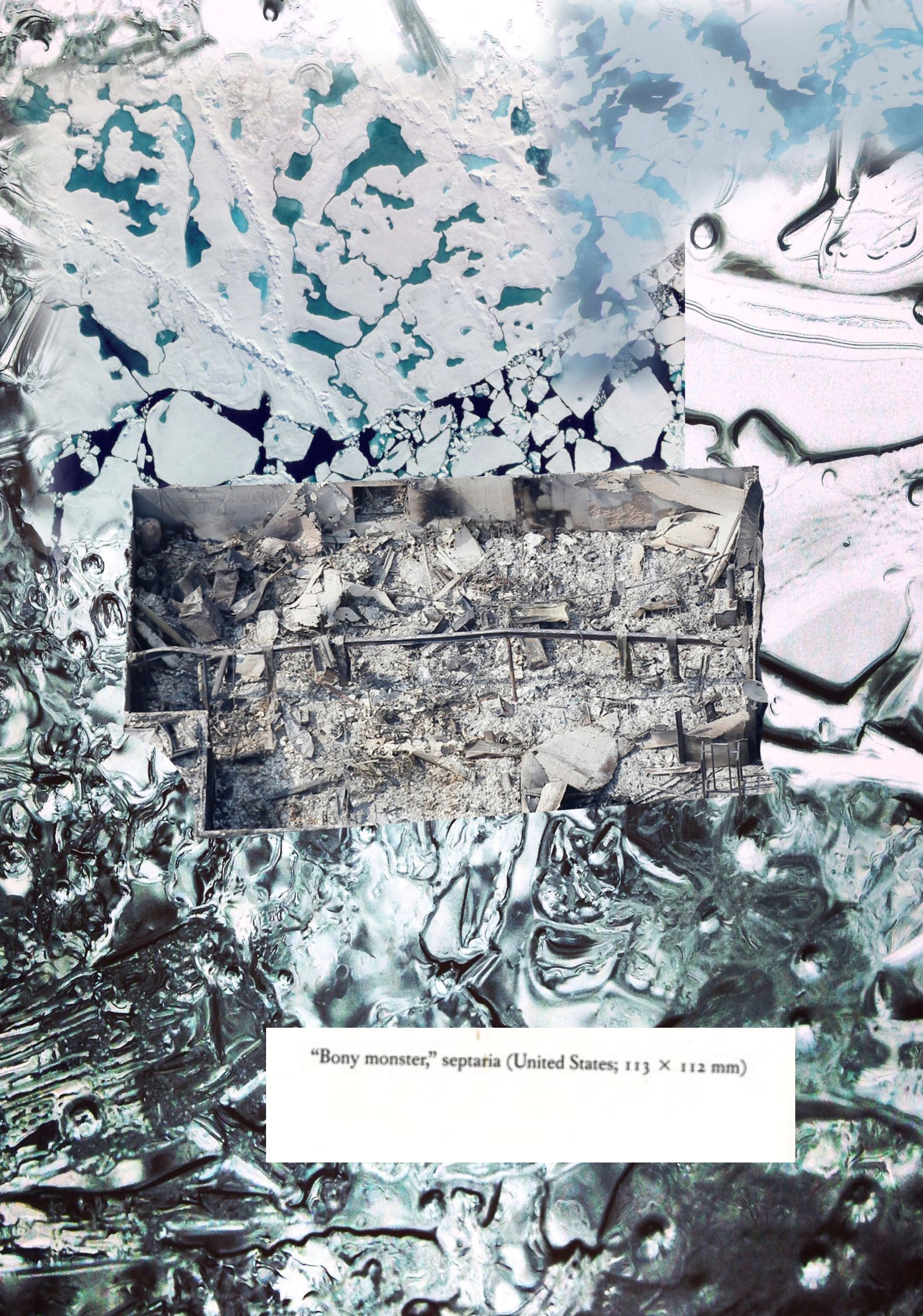
soft tissue

nightshade



pressure of
freedom






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



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

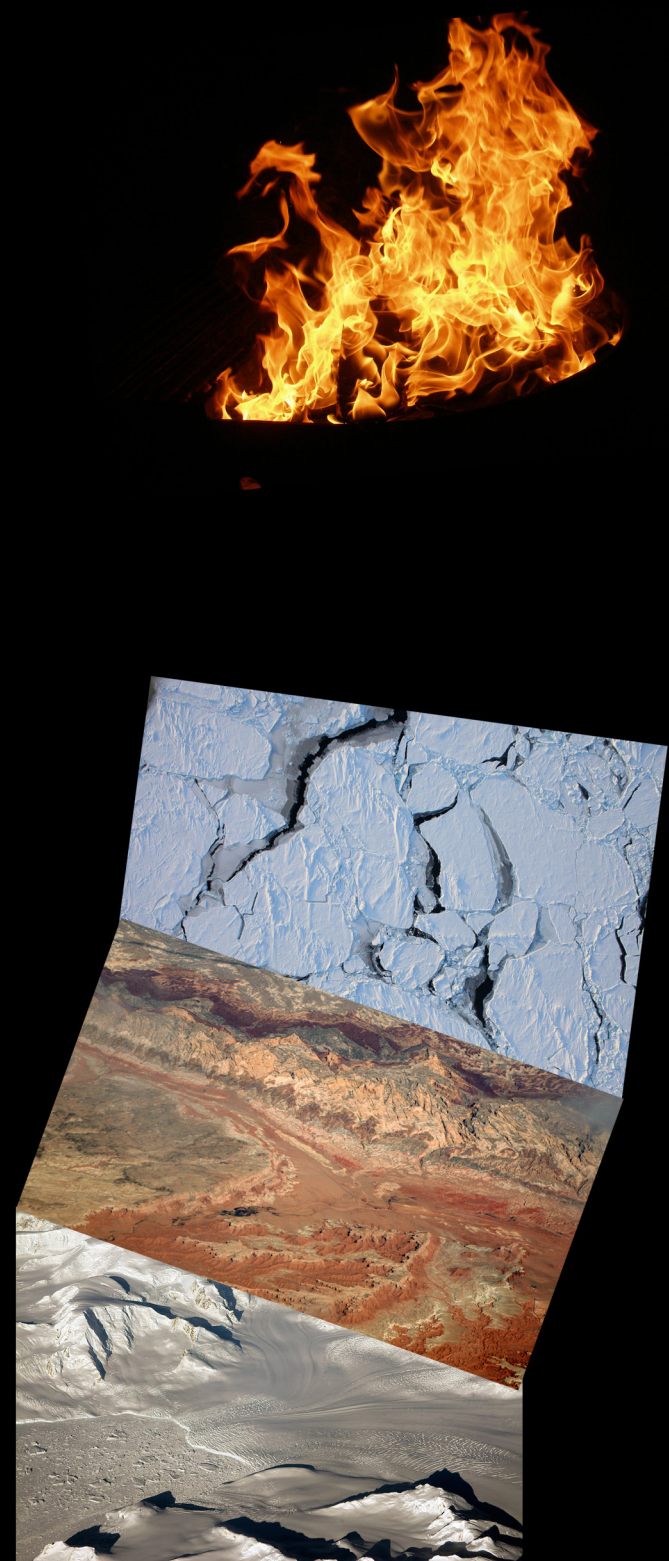


...in their fire, clothes itself in scarlet, purple, and violet. Dinosaurs' bones change their petit-point tap-
estries into ivory, gleaming pink or blue like sugared
almonds.



*...of interest the naturalist, and above all arouse
his curiosity to discover their causes.⁵*

In fact, we know now, but only now, that the im-
ages on these stones could be more accurately de-
scribed as a geological anticipation of the lofty mach-
icolations of Manhattan, or, more precisely, of
Bernard Buffet's stark New York panoramas with
their dominant verticals.

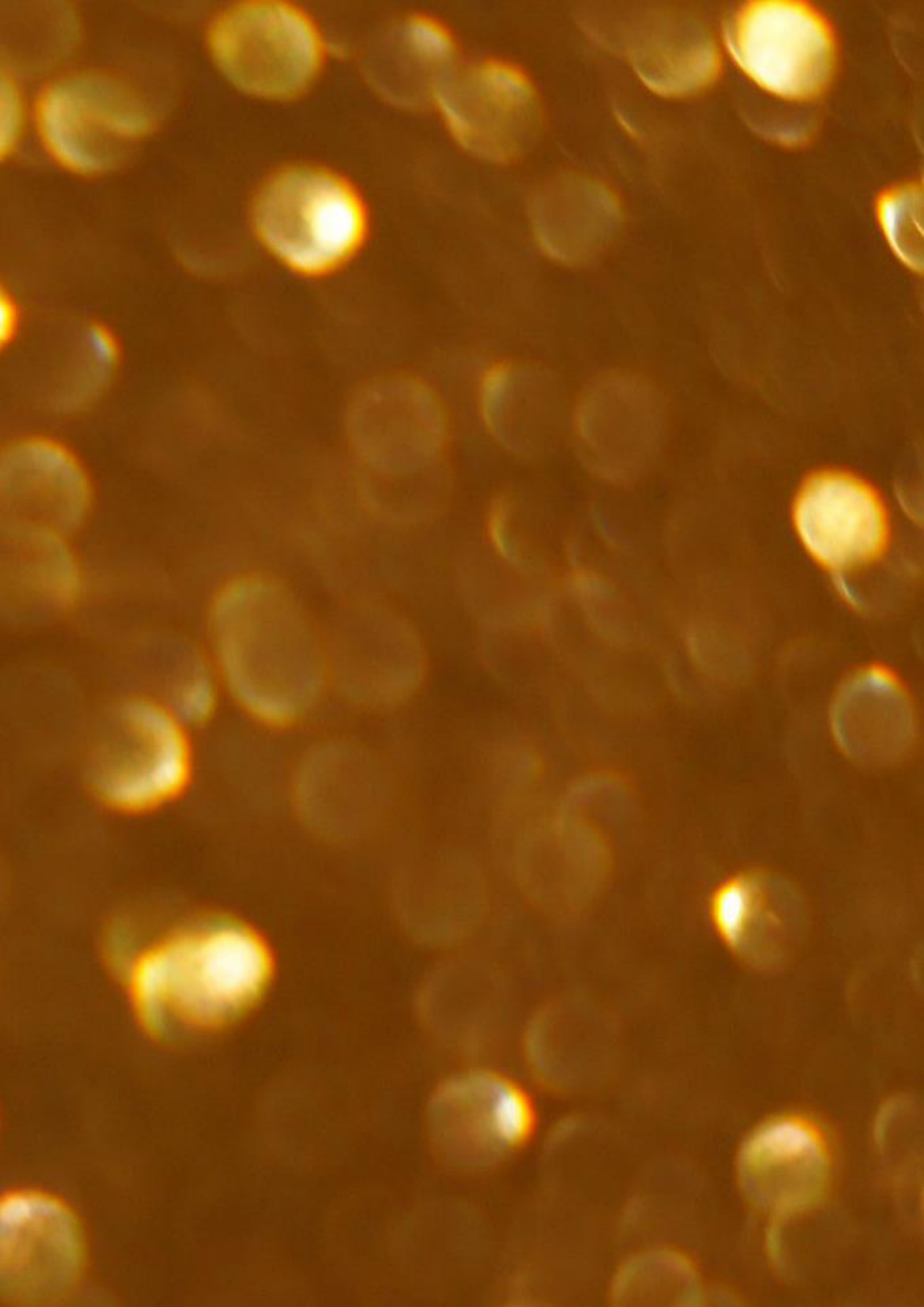




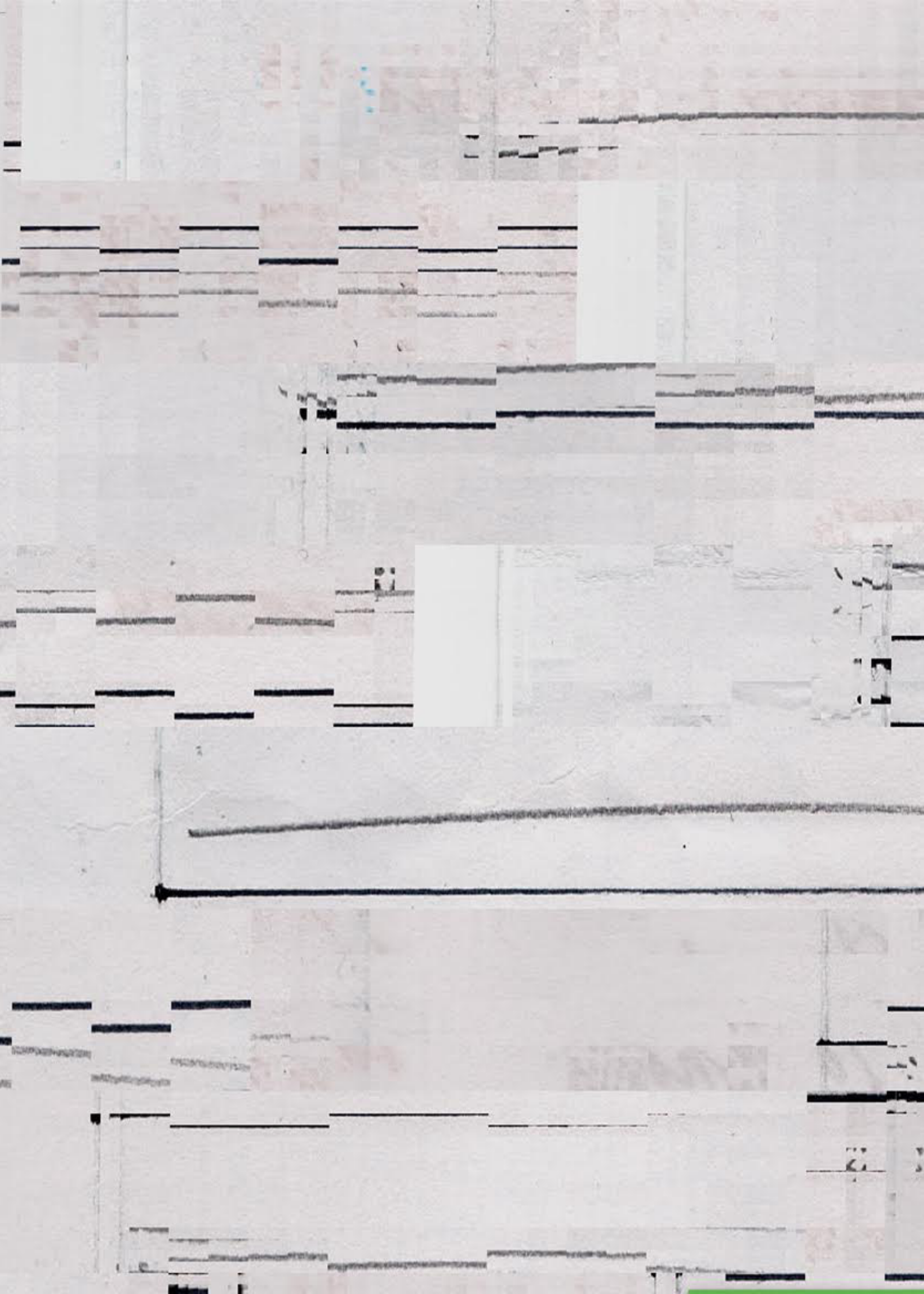
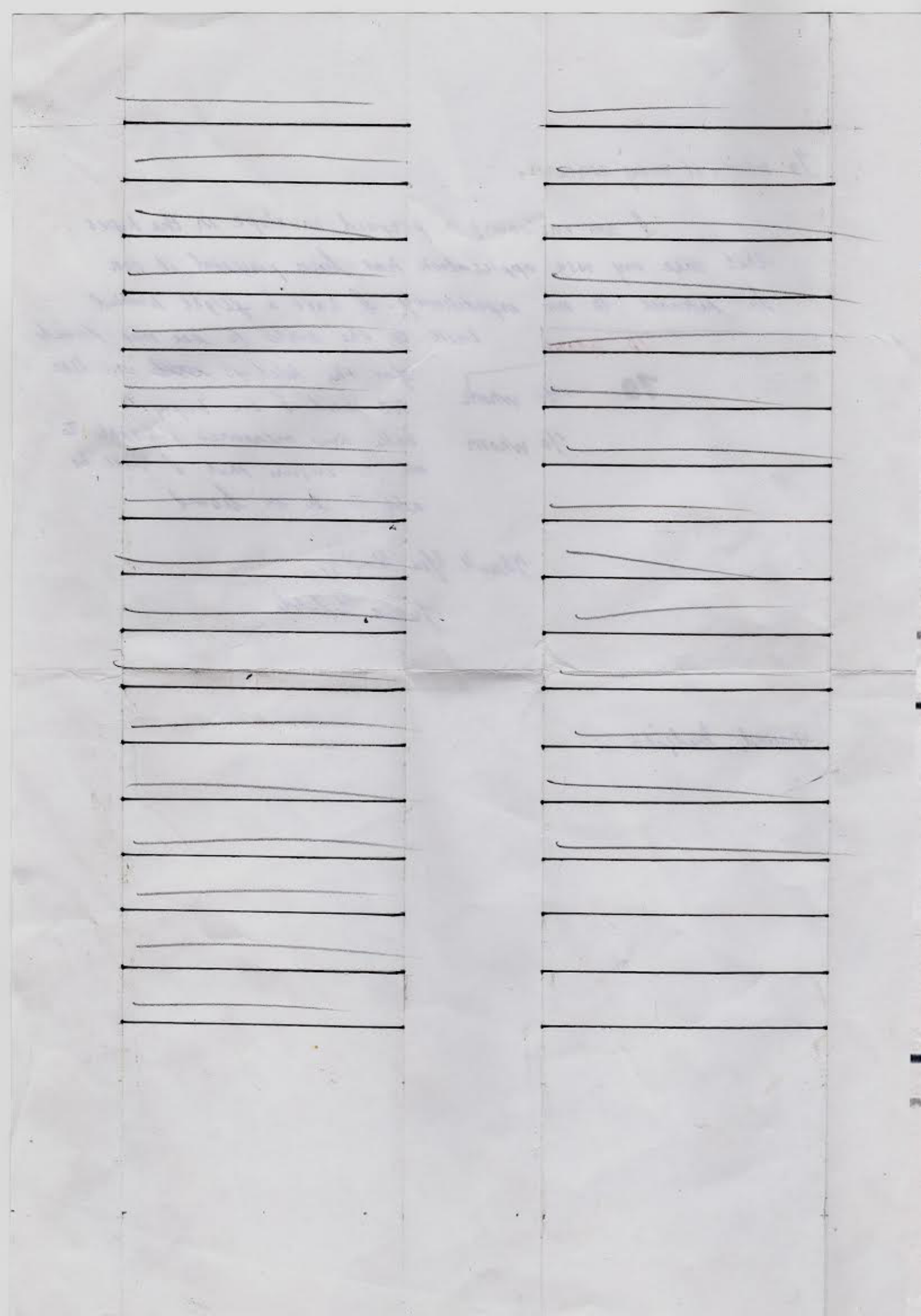










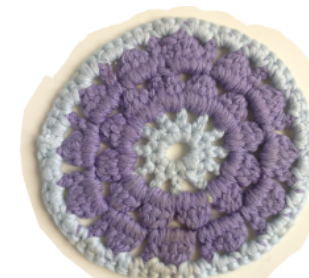


Death of the Family Unit





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