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 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.

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.
"Bony monster," septaria (United States; 115 × 112 mm)

Some pattern or peculiar configuration appears in which the imaginative observer describes an unexpected, in this context an astonishing and almost shocking copy of, an alien reality.
In fact, we know now but only now that the images on these stones could be more accurately described as geological anticipations of the city-matchscapes of Manhattan, or, more precisely, of Bernard Buffet's stark New York panormas(with their dominant verticals). By referring to these anticipations, we can see that the art of the last decade has been a way to break down the illusion of an absolute modernity, whereby all natural forces were subverted and manipulated by human agency.
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