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conversations on eternal interstice 2020, nuclear jesus by joseph buckley, untitled by sophie carapetian, piet, 100 thread count & homewares by stephanie hardy, on pause by uzma kazi, constant's change by francis lloyd jones, writing 13 years apart by jill mcknight, curtains by tamu nkiwane, this is our land by eleanor rambellas roche, structure. motion. ma. ft. 2020 by emilie spark, destroy the capitalist mindset by alistair stewart, table top run with annie, posted goodie bags, planted potatoes, very tired but still very present & day off by rosie vohra.

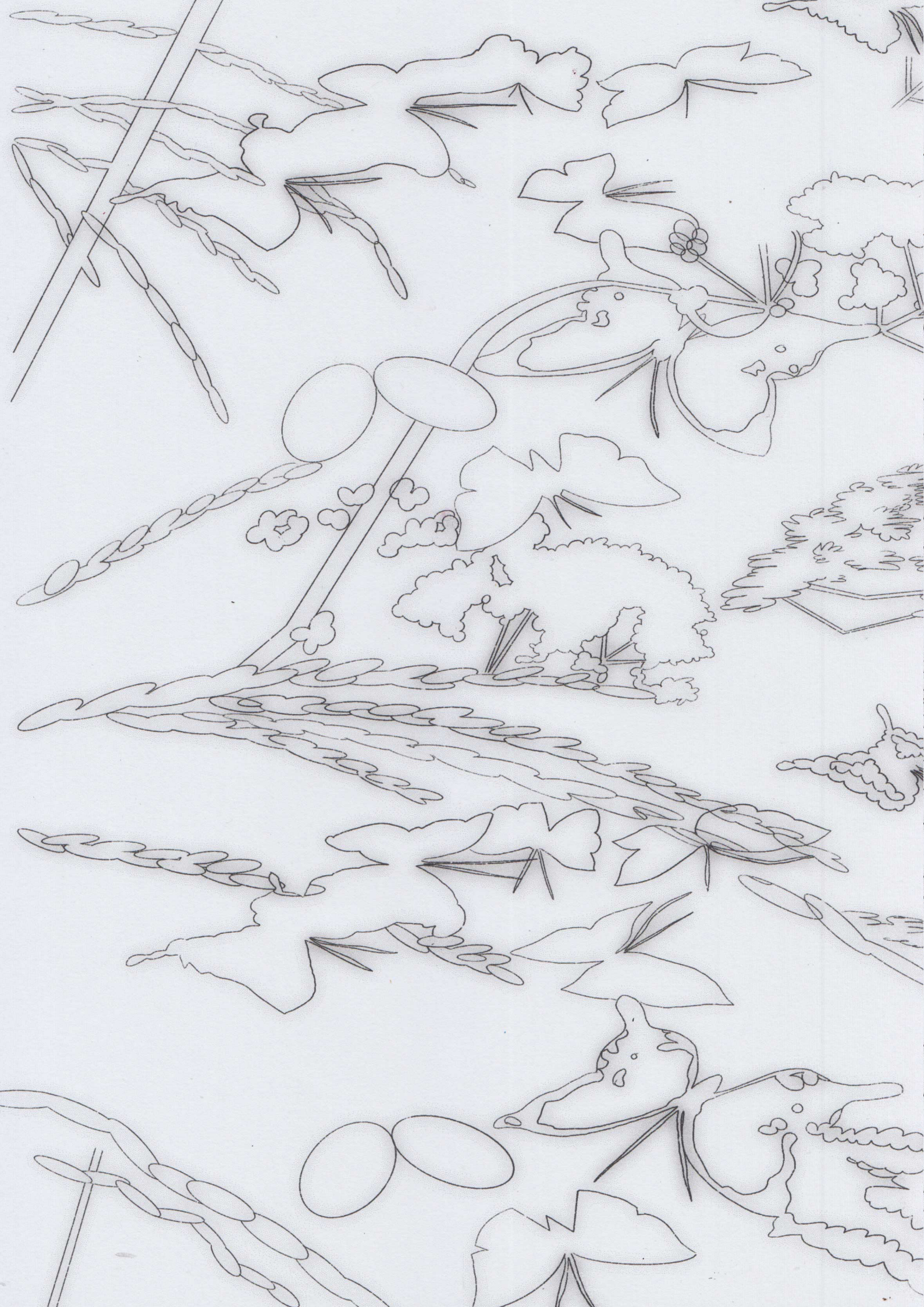


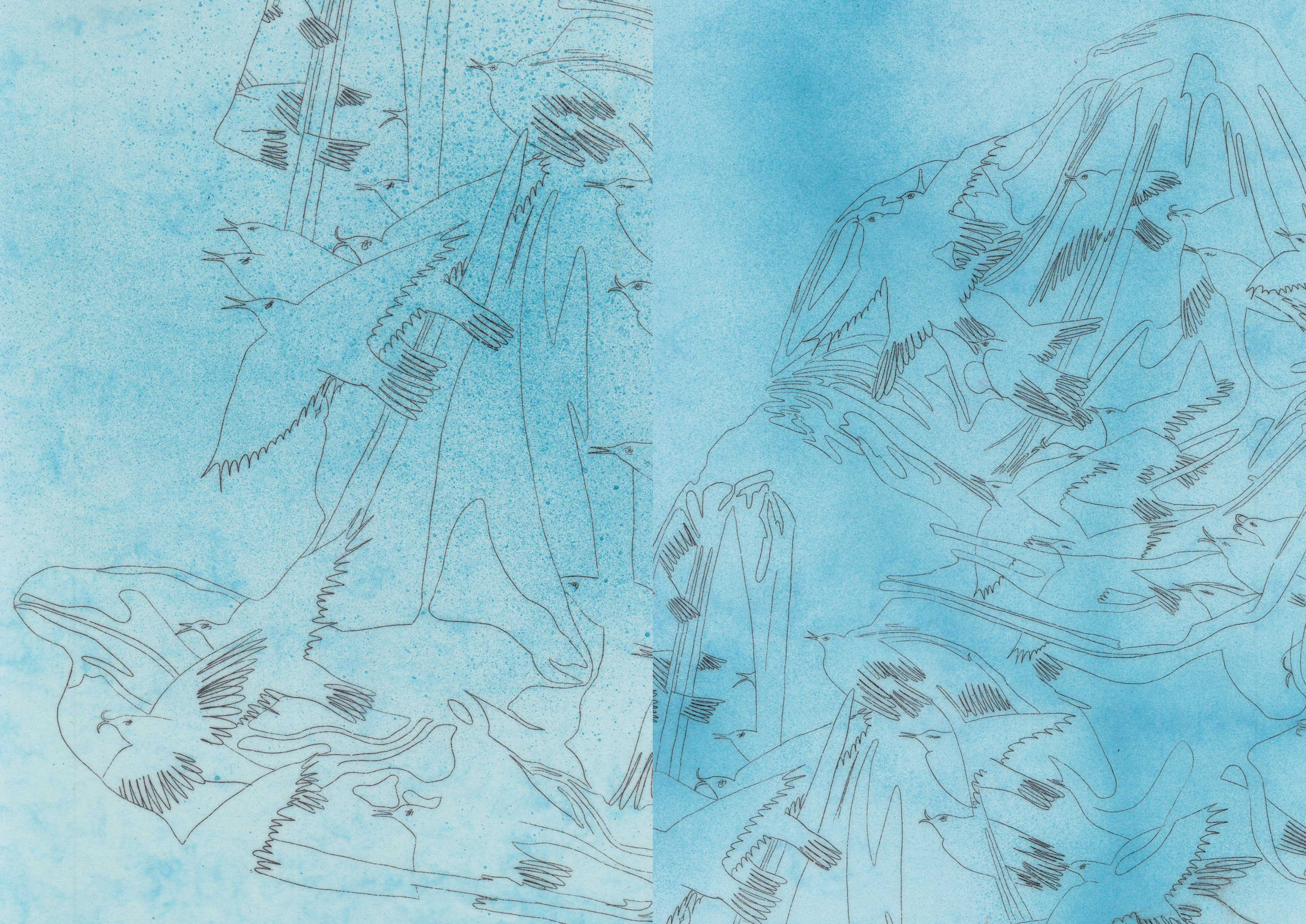
The Governor Pilate renders their decision, the days from inside and a dense blast of orphaned neutrons begin to drip and boil, and as they dissipate into gas, enough. My eyes are flat and shallow pebbles, I paint events follow on. A lump grows in my throat. I openly flenses my skin, which billows away. Uncloaked, my my thoughts are released. Into the upper atmosphere them so as to infer depth. weep but the lump continues its growth, petitioning muscles and innards are pulverized by great, infinitely they go, borne aloft on slithering chariots of sickled to become my body's new center of gravity. Later that long lashes of absconded electrons. Softened into exotic atomic debris. night, in his bed, the gums of the good Governor begin paste, they run slowly from my bones. to bleed: teeth come loose and fall out.

On the second day: disconsolate, still weeping, I walk away save for a crystalline lattice of calcite. The invisible tempest boils my brain, though I remain calm. Trapped within my cranium it becomes a gas. All of my memories are now a cloud: "this is freeing" I think. Soon too, my crystal skeleton melts also, and my bones I float, over time, all the way to the sad dunes above the beach at Filey. Twigs gather. And over the course of many years, fashion themselves into a kneeling skeleton. Over false bones (whittled femur, sculpted skull) grey clay, dug rough from the twilit beach, is slapped. Upon this topography of fake flesh, I drape a net of oarweed, eelgrass, and bladder wrack: skin out, I dissolve, and decide to die happy.



...sounds dubious. ive been trying to write u this email for ages, it always changes and gets scrapped..the response i came up with after many drafts to the punch a fascist gallery text b4 it went o mute was a single sentence "we must use every second against itself"..i try, i do get distracted tho...i guess i meant always being a revolutionary or typesetting hard left (this is how i got out of hospital - pass to the left (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dFltONl4cNc>) it takes practice and discipline i guesswhen i first met john he said dont apologies for yrself, cristicicuffs told me don't say thanks to comrades..so im not going to say sorry to you or thanks or explaining anything as if i knew what the fuck happened to meim guessing u might be a bit pissed at me for a million emails mabye some of them were out of order..u might e one of the only people ive met,sustained a relationship with who hasnt done a single shit thing to me and looked after me alot. i dont bear grudges but i do suffer from it; i learnt do not wince it gives pleasure. im wondering why people do fucking shite stuff all the time to me - cos i rekon im only an asshole to people after the punches..i cant really tell what was real from these last months; things that happened, if i was really sick what this means, if i was hiding in the ward or just nuts ..im do not regret de-arrestinn u with the book im glad of that..(throw the book in reverse)Ã i wanted to say about yr poem: weird to read so closely so many times, whilst i was breaking down , which is in guess in part something like a split between language, reality, images ecti wonder if i got so inside the poem that it made me ill,cos i really went right into its space..that actually happened..like roaming around in the streets..on reflection the mdr was a stick up then at a minimum..i remember the last time i was ill, ur emails made very clear sense, maybe cos u think about language alot... ben said mad people understand poetry well. ffs this is the most bullshit email but im not going to say this to yr face cos i cant say it just sat like a lemon awkward..its coming out trite ..im going to have to just finish this and write it fast now cos..some of the things i wanted say:ive been banging on about this this dodgy art stuff since 2011.. no one listened except for ben and u.. y? class? gender? social / media klout? i shouldnt have to lobby people to make these/ my points (keep doing the admin), everything was and is so cosy, this is what i mean about every second i just typset hard left..flipmode..i guess what im saying here is how much i think there is deep authoritarianism even with all the comrades, u know like b10: my emails saying xyz were blocked for 7 years for fucking what..i mean everyone is learning but there are lines...i think you just dont have this experience so you cant know the impact.. it only makes me want to take the piss say stupid stuff and make jokesÃ i think you kind of wrote about that in a few different ways in the poem which was great to read..like whatever..or about reality eating and speeches.. lots of it in there...i tried to talk about what i saw in the poem, the things that i felt were objectively personal the people decided im mad for sure (delusions of reference) -Ã maybe its easier to call the pigs? i thought the headless chicken was ben for example. cartoon veins also very familiar..rips.. the tears were real.. i made that image listening to orange juice and joy division and thinking how you cant really show or represent suffering in a image, how its not right or impossible..and wondering about love cos was in love with ben at that moment and what that is and if its possible in capitalism or if its the only thing that cuts through it because its not allowed or something..so u didnt need to say thanks for doing the design and print..as if it was a favor something.. cos i totally meant it and was more than glad to put everything i had in it which i did..i learnt about words, how they perform from reading..and the rest of it what they said what you wrote how they can paint which was a shock.. i m really fucking proud of the design, its kind of a 360 degree object like it works all ways including the text: someone came up to me and said they read the poemagain for the design too..u didnt realise maybe but no one esp not artists ask me to collaborate or anything `(tho now dean eek).. all my " artist" peers just either doing super dodgy post net or fixed on competing for gallery shows .. i always thought that really true art, i mean art proper should push against itself, its borders this includes site and literally every detail (even weight of paper which luke thought so miraculous a question with his precious french flaps fucking wanker).. i really felt weird about authoring, it was traumatic not doing that for years and feeling weird about it since the carrot.. i hope u didnt mind, it felt i a weird way like a good point to make these three names in a list same size i hope it made a point about authority and hows its fucking bullshitthis is hella long sorry i want to make these points tho:the mistake with the poem design wise - also negotiations: it should Be downloadable and with print instructions about the paper so anyone can make one: rare editions are not appropriate for what it is i think..im guessing u would prefer it freed up ut laos yr sik of it cos its written.. also i never sent to Micheal i hope you did! u said u borrowed his mask: from reading it i ended up in a riot (in time) i wonder if somehow he was busted out in the poem space, or at least i was trying to bust him out and maybe you were or if i didnt just project it onto the poem.. awate told me, when he was looking after me mid episode, the sample in the music video from futures was from a martin luther king song about marching, he played it to me and it made me cry then after for weeks everything was a march we were all on together, just the road was not a road but a million other things and sometimes we were just sat down and not walking.. or road started to curve until it took a lot of different forms. then i saw all the forms around me as almost arbitrary like stuff like my flat or a room or an object, then unreal.. i guess this is now just about stuff i wanted to say about this poem, im wondering if i read it again would i get all this.. did u actually put that in there or i guess maybe we could talk about it at some point ut maybe i dont want to know.. i mean its weird and amazing cos i ended up in a riot... its just also everything else dissolved - not saying that was the poem tho it might of been cos i must have read it 50 times - then i got some hella dark stuff come up all the really horrific memories i block to make myself numb to punches etc cos i wet into that it in the poem too it stripped stuff away, probably a good thing i did allow it, hence the design.this email is getting of the rails cos im high (sober this is a bad idea).. i just wanted to write something cos u know i had yr violent poem and traces of yr brain layered into mine in a deep way and in the middle of a breakdown. and probably even b4 from the groups and life. and then i wrote all these fucking weird emails, and i saw all this stuff in yr emails...i cant even tell what of it is actually my illness, what is real and im not going to get to the answer from u or my dr or sam im not even sure i should worry about it ..i just wanted to say all this stuff to u cos i think i put u through the wringer a bit alot i guess im not apologizing really im not not even regret but hoping yr not actually pissed off at me or that i havent been massively out of order cos if i have u should say at some point...here is the main thing i wanted to try and say: i dont think many people who say they are artists are artists,Ã they might be a brilliant film maker or this or that but its actually different, i think its the same with poetry and i think its something that i cant put into words well without sounding reactionary maybe..maybe it has something to do with feeling in dont really know or maybe its just me being full of shit...but i doubt it, maybe its about commitment i feel like i can sense it ... so u are really a poet, like properly like me im really an artist its not bullshitive been wondering.. i remember at the first no money when i was ill that time too.. saying to u i was totally without orientation and u understood (maybe this deceased structuralism). b4 that u had sent an email to the list and i made the first flyer from it which was a map which was spot on also the meatballso i can see these things in yr words and pull out images from them its weird.. and it doesnt happen with everything one im wondering about itffs im really fucking high this is not coming out right at all sorry ;xi guess im wondering is this what happens with real art and real poetry or language..when they are together, cos that weird poems things map object is hella weird and good, i can really tell, it is extra-ordinary or anomalous as a thing..the wondering is too: i have the illness with the visions and the rest of it: this time it was in part orientating around the limits of what i understand about communism, unfolding didactically, negatively, through all memories (then interactions with my carers were very complicated and odd)...(nurses were fine) so how come in this space you made sense still u seemed in it totally able to just be in it and write to me , like last time, when other people just found me to be a nutter...im just trying to understand maybe im projecting im trying to understand what the fuk happened why and if i can understand poems so well if my interactions with u were as i remembered them if this matters etc how much of the last monnth or years is me totally deranged..if there is someone ie u who could follow me to where i went and who can see how i see when i go like that a bit..seems that way..danny sorry this is the worst senario of this email, i wanted to say more differently and a lot better..i should say too im ok now im not sad orianne really sorted me out a lot shes amazing, im a bit worried now most people think im retarded a bit, or that i am actually a bit more fucked thanÃ i realised.. u really have been totally solid with me over these last years and years ive leant on u alot cos its been so rough, i really trust u, apart from some moments in the breakdown when people were all kind of fucking with me with their odd versions of care which was pretty reveling and not so helpful and very confusing...then i thought they all wanted me to top myself and u were taking the piss out of me and that i was evil and stuff...really our comrades need to think moreÃ about communism and typesetting hard left all the time and not making pretend for dinner parties with bookworks! want u to know im ok in quite a good way all things considered, im less angry with people for being fucking proper shit to me (that is a lot of people i rekon now cos of the sign i must have had on my head that must say be horrible to me for sure) cos i had to go through it all i part cos of yr mental poem and in part cos of b10 -Ã it cant any worse than that. yr a proper good comrade. im ot going to put up with any more bullshit from people . im fucking seriously sad about ben, but no ones knows how fucking dark that really was, apart from irene a little cos he did some of it with her... im really sad about it i felt sad all night i hope u can convince him to see someone, im scared es going to top himself. i cantÃ believe i survived this year. not in one piece still. i went to russia at one point for ages. now i think im here but maybe in a jacked broken car driving fuk knows where to another port ~(post marseille) or the coast...i figure u get this or know that..cos u can see a bit like me possibly.Ã i just wanted to say this cos u got the worst of the breakdown, also i imagined u ad a rotten year from hell trawling through all the fash stuff and having to process it all i hope yr ok from that.. and then all the other stuff that brings up, i hope i didnt make it worse ffs i probably did i dint mean to.. the b10 stuff really broke my heart a million times its just snapped me peopleÃ ie b10 were proper not ok deeply classed sexist weird irresponsible bs, so dark ffs thank fuk for wait in all that proper brave solidarity! really started writing this just to say if yr pissed at me pls say, and also i really wanted say say alot of things about the poem and the visions and all the stuff i cant be sure of and the card sharps. (the game is so rigged anyway im not playing it (futures) so..)Ã i wanted to say all this stuff and its come out like drivell and i had to get fucking high to write it, its all base line i didnt even say half of what i wanted to and this is the millionth attemptÃ for fucks sakeÃ i guess im also worried that yr hella sick of me cos we are in all these groups together that been mental i cant tell if ive imagined stuff, obviously some stuff i have , so if that is a given.. annd now we are in like 3 groups plus, if u are or u need to say stuff to me u should just say or tell me whatever, id like not to e the main person pushing these groups alongÃ but its seems like if i dont no one does so i keep pushing, u dont need to be polite or diplomatic..i realise this is not a response style email, lol haha whoops - its taken me hours to write and people are coming round inn like 4 hours with stolen goods, ive taken alot of the drugs ffs almost all jacob has stolen slight scary amounts of oozeÃ we could also meet up and try and talk about the last months and the poem and stuff i wouldn't mind but i dont need to...i always over talk from my nerves i hate it..

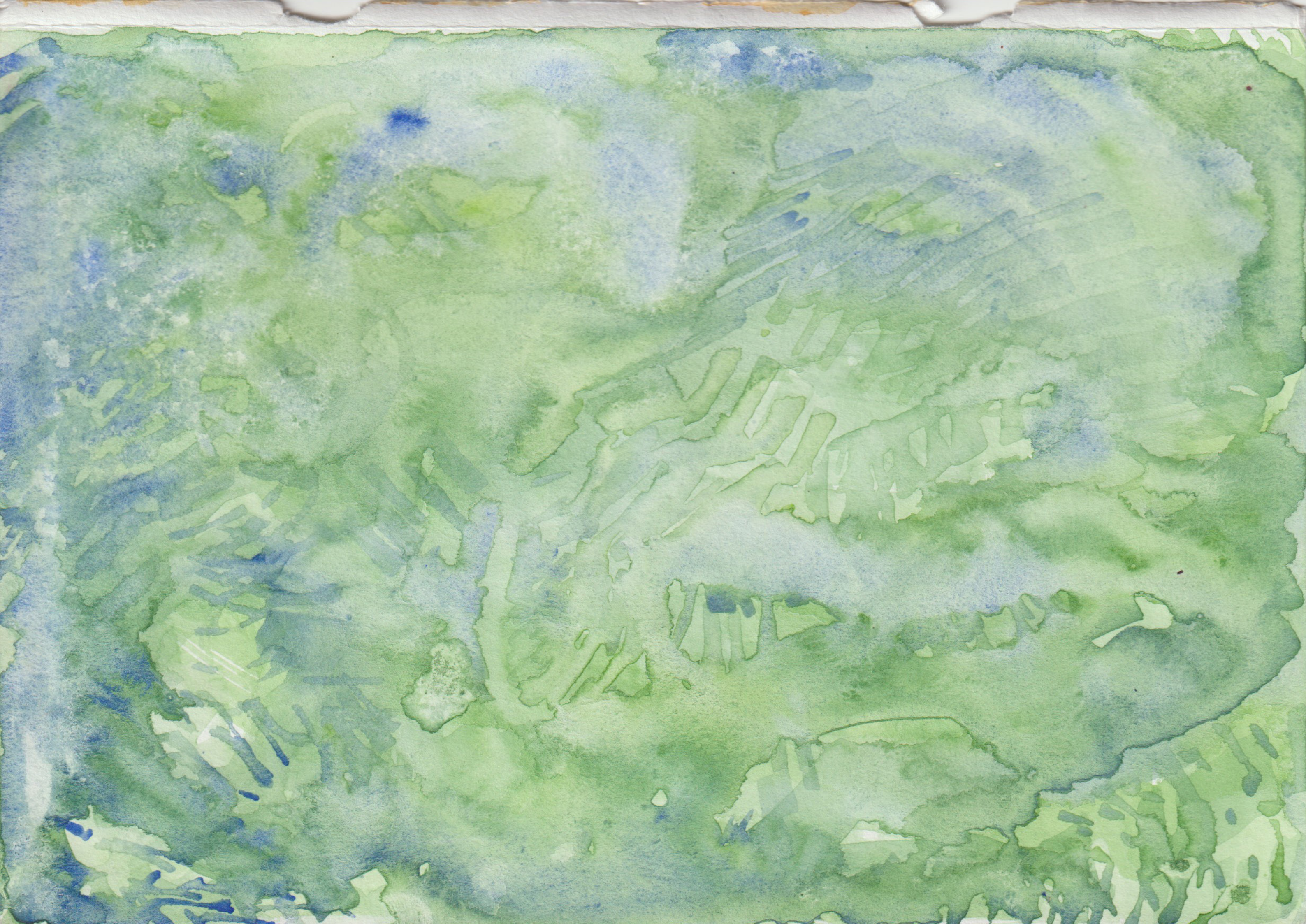


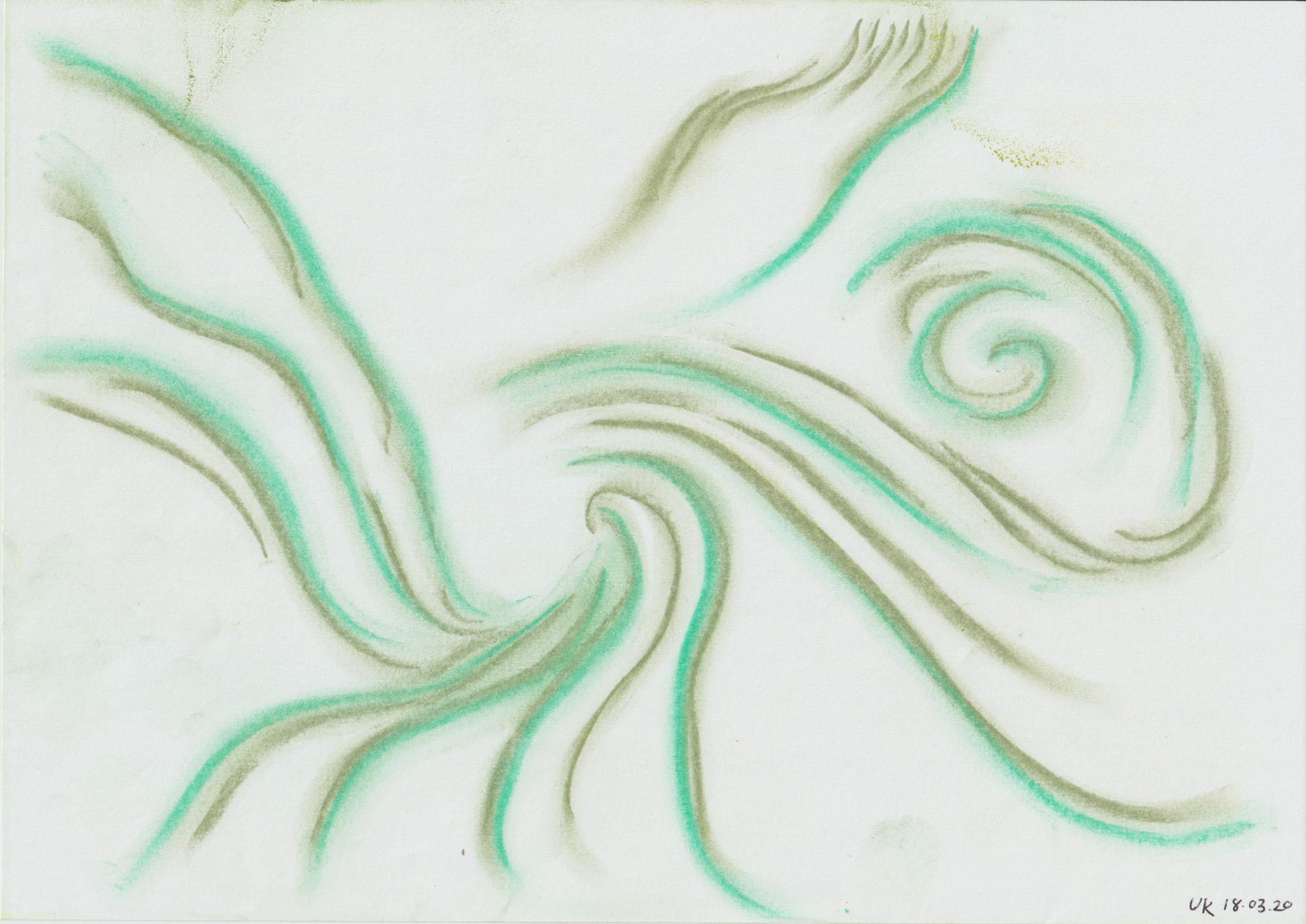










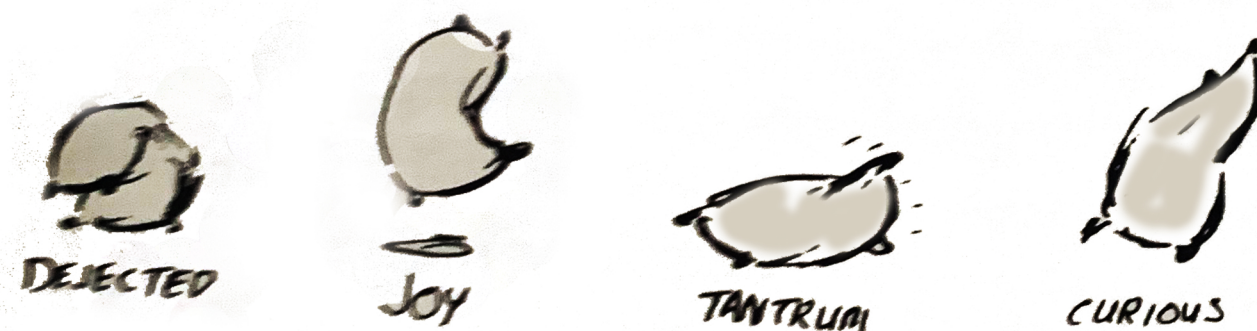


UK 18.03.20





Chalk is a good medium to reflect the movement in the photo. I will further develop one of the ink paintings of myself in chalk as it would reflect the feeling of unrest quite well.



While I am writing thoughts spring into my head and I dismiss them, thinking them trivial or irrelevant to where I want this work to go, but then I tell myself 'no.' I must shine a torch in unknown or embarrassing corners and write about them. And I follow the trivial or irrelevant and record it, in spite of myself. And usually it takes me somewhere interesting that I otherwise would not have went. It is difficult for me to measure the value of these words, but together they form sentences that would otherwise not exist. What they say is liberated, or else thwarted in its efforts to hide. Over time my relationship with them might change. I become more confident in their importance, or else embarrassed. The words come back around again and over time, become important again.





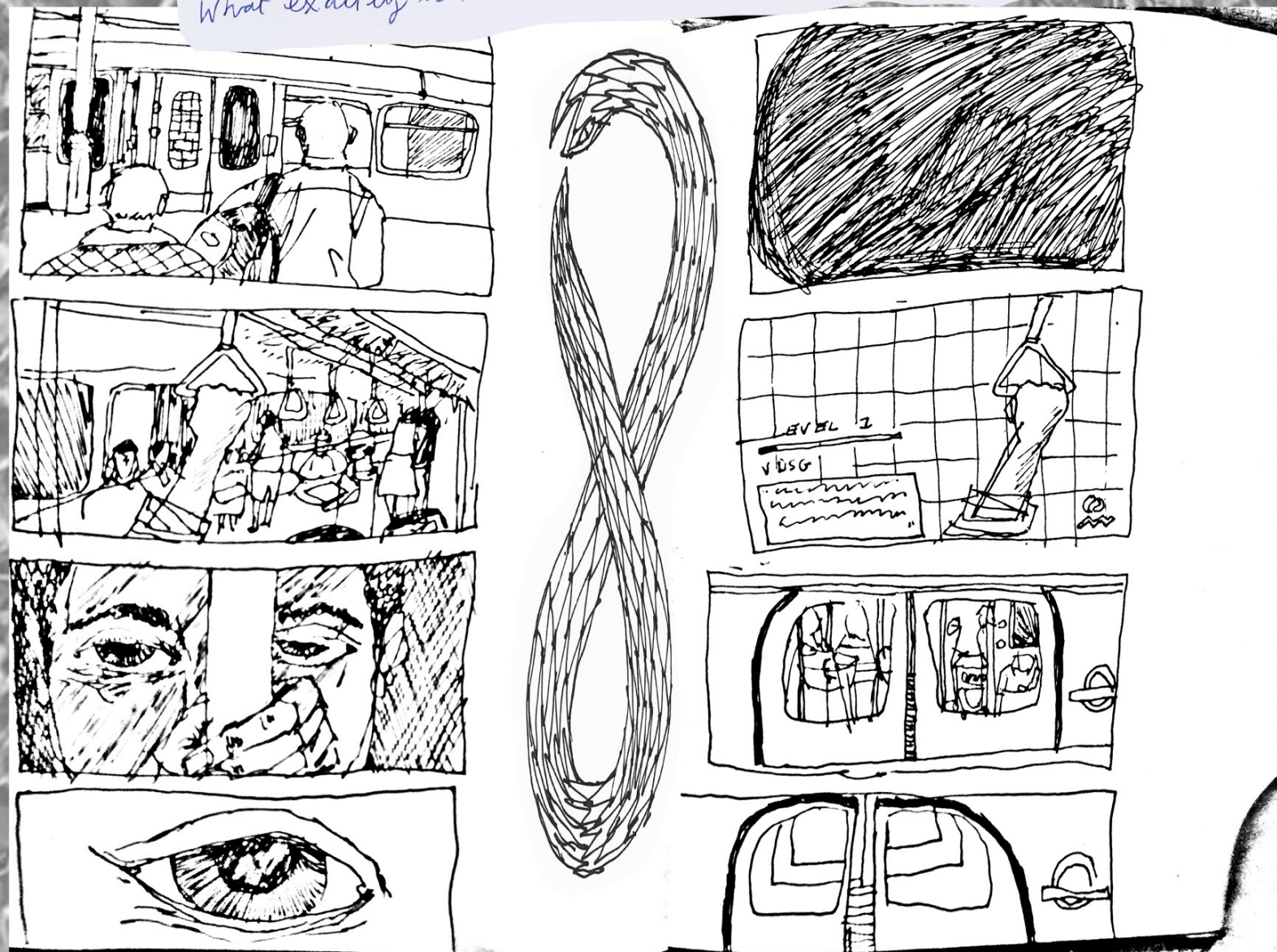
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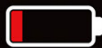


Mundane, room moving, thick specs of dust, the glitter freeze, swollen bone. Spectacles through Night and fast paced windows, through the morning song. Smokers breath and coffee, the surround sound played on heavy bass and highlighted Vernacular the British voice and shades of tone sweeping from purple breeches, club foot and dirty ankles. The tomboy peers from elongated features - worn, crow feet, a crooked ear and a slight snake in the left hand. Small dispensaries on corners a light breath and expanse of lung, stuttering on the heels of concrete faced buildings and red brick exteriors. What exactly is a dream? what exactly is a joke?



Loading on the plain is hot, too hot. the sweat bleeds salt, it hits my eyes and I weep and blink heavily following the border of blurred out vision. the tone & shade become a heavy dosage. I sneeze, it jolts my body upward. Springing out at some twisted ordeal its lips hit the ceiling - clean view. A second sneeze laid hidden under the shadow of the first. Invisible until I arrive at a ultramarine mill. the yellow wheat is swept away in the wind of the second burst breaking me through the veil into a renewed trashcan at a plane. All that lay there where dispersed floaters, loners, skaters, 1980's goths and mormons. the shades of the mill swim like totems, people resting on them like furniture with the eyes all focused. When I had swept to the right to a heavy blue and green hue I noticed no one had eyes here. All that was emitted from these tiny black holes was a small but thick smoke... when peering closely I could see shapes of moons, elephants with tall legs and tree blown heavily to the right. I tried to blink but could no longer see.





Fairytale

London as a fairytale

The primary **purpose of a nightclub** is to function as an escape from reality.

Scene from 12 monkeys which references alfred hitchcock's vertigo

heart palpitations, anxiety and insomnia

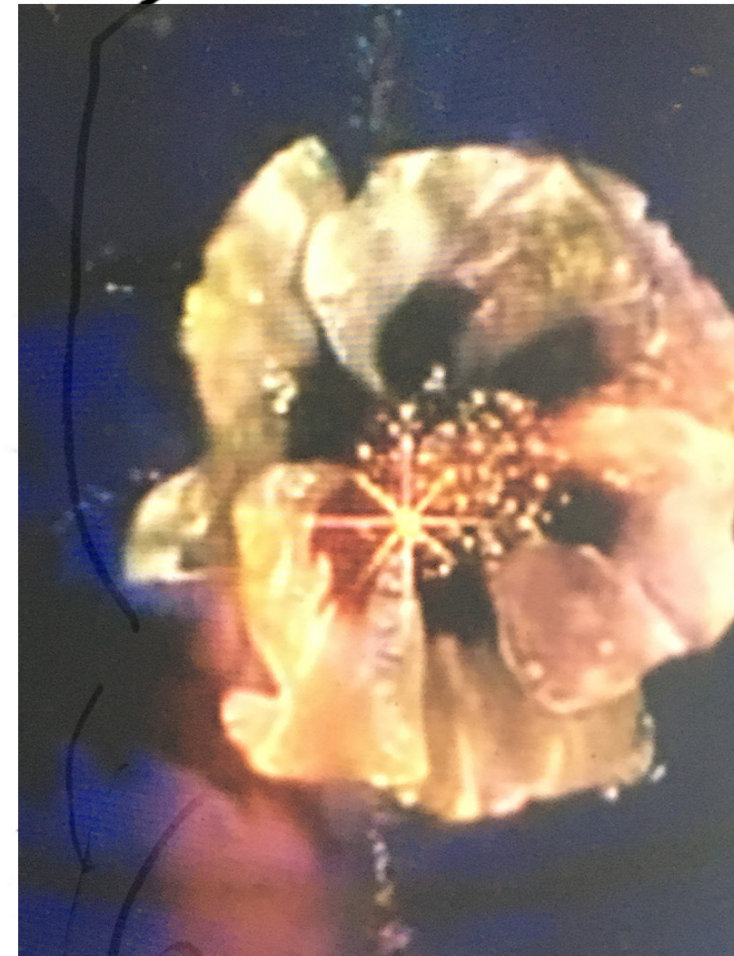
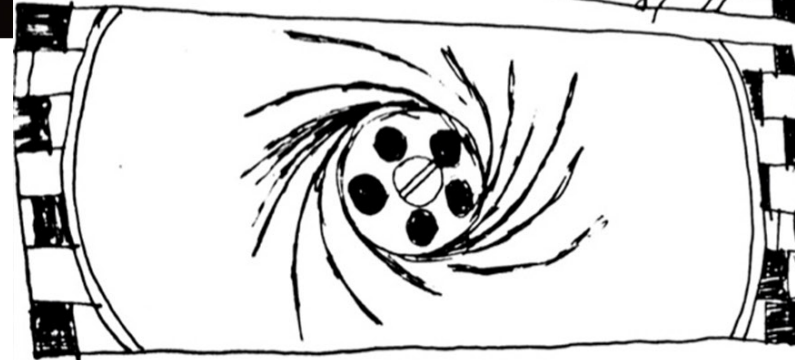
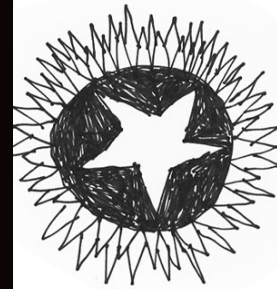
Vulnerability...destabilizes

Enter and exit that frames the whole experience

Eye contact with the audience....with eye contact

Intentional

I



the thick Drone and higher harmonies bounced back and forth. I felt nauseous. Moving into a rather crooked door, Vultures stood on each corner of the door, claws scratched in heavily into such wood. A heavy y elonging kinda wood ^{appears} something you mums, mum woo - I'd have and these birds had the oldest looking eyes I'd ever seen. Swirlants of blue, green, brown and gold. My hand were warping I looked at the lines and the moved like the current and my wings had all but changed appearance. The door knob was brown - ze and vibrated to the reverberation of the heavy drone. I tried to grab it but the feelings and control of my hand felt funny. Had I done this game once before?

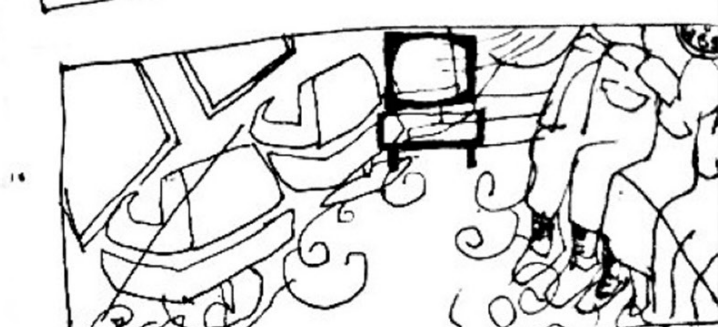
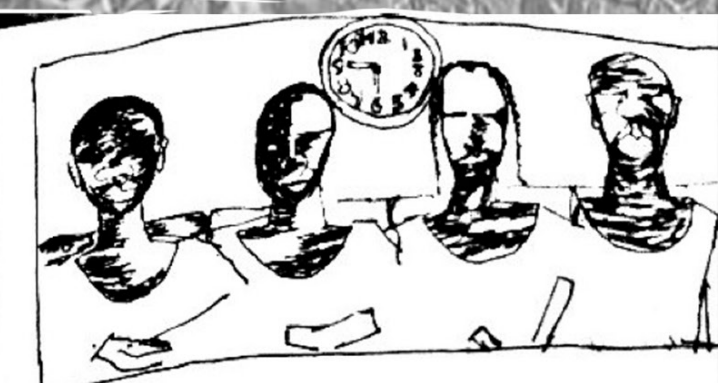
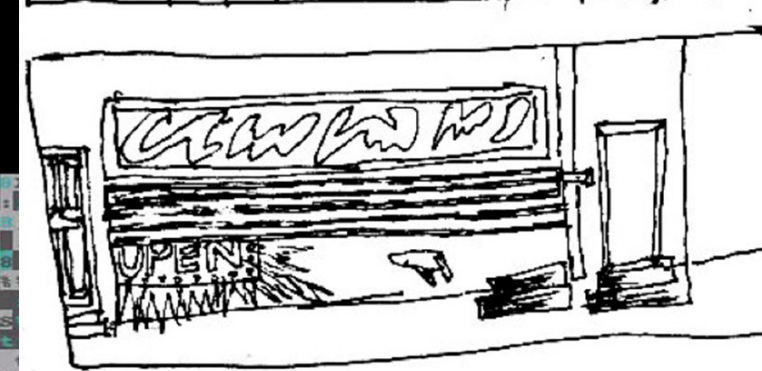
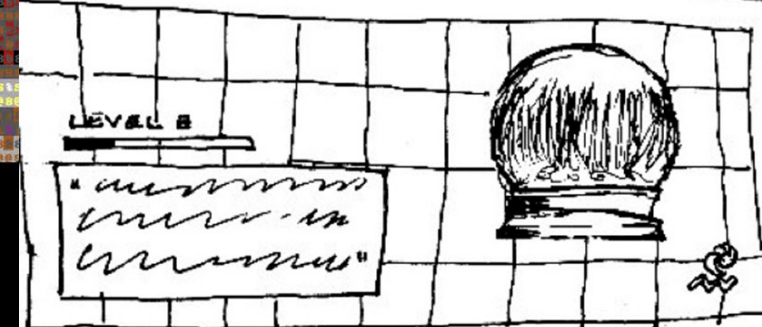
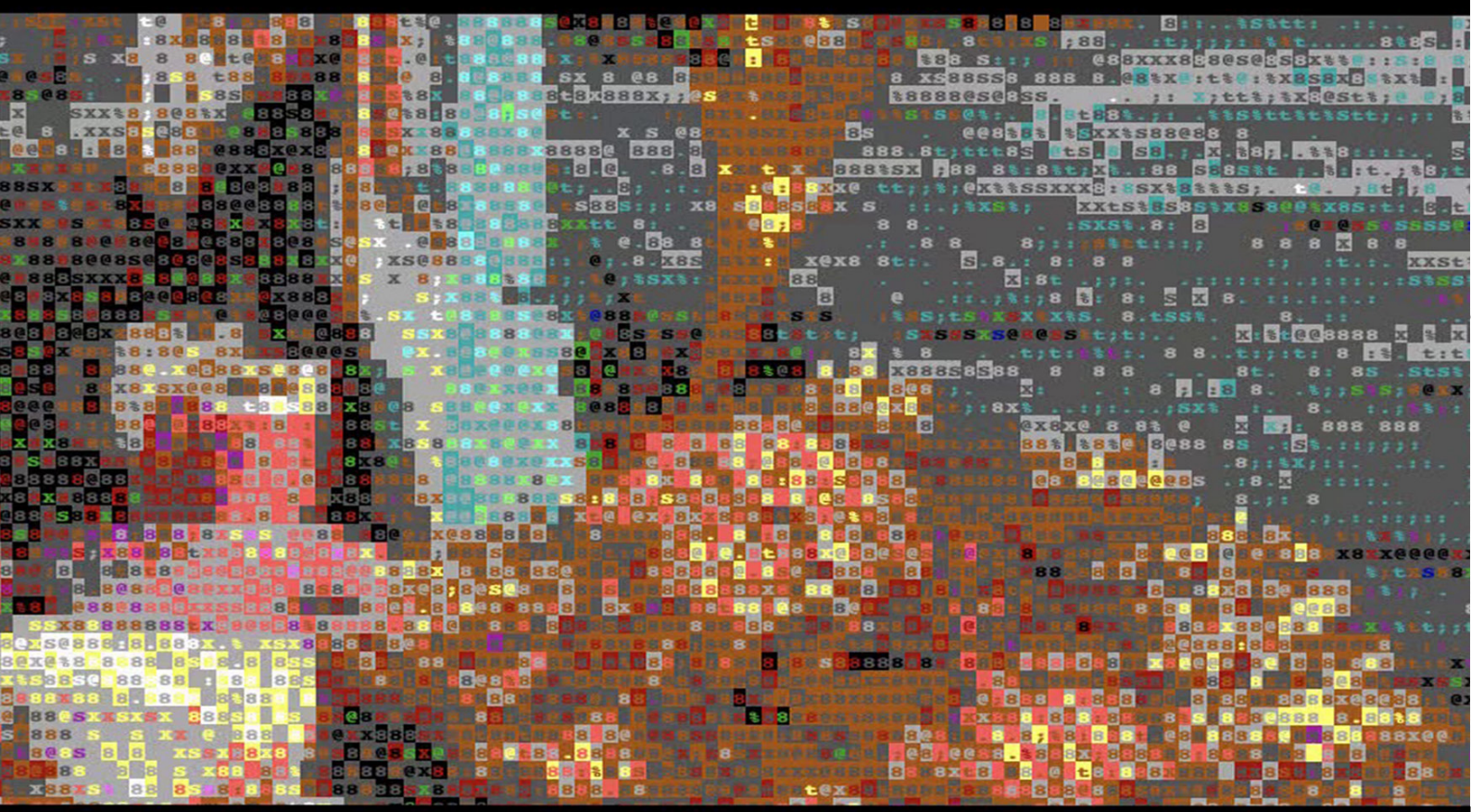
The loading screen like a train, bus, wank, sneeze.
the quiet before the storm. Anticipation - silence -
penetration and result.

Portal i Tanca
Finca Miralles
1901-1902

Torre Bellesguard
1900-1909

Park Güell
1900-1914

Surreal and voice changes
music is melodic and falling
colours heavily saturated



What is a portal? A transitional space focused on the
transformation experience of moving from one place to an
other. Notable portals would be La Sagrada
Familia, Barcelona, Spain.

Piscina - Orange, Pink
Atrium - Blue, green
(might be hypnotic being an outdoor symbol)

Nau Gaudí de
Mataró
1878-1883

El Pavellons de la
Finca Güell
1883-1887

Casa Vicens
1883-1885

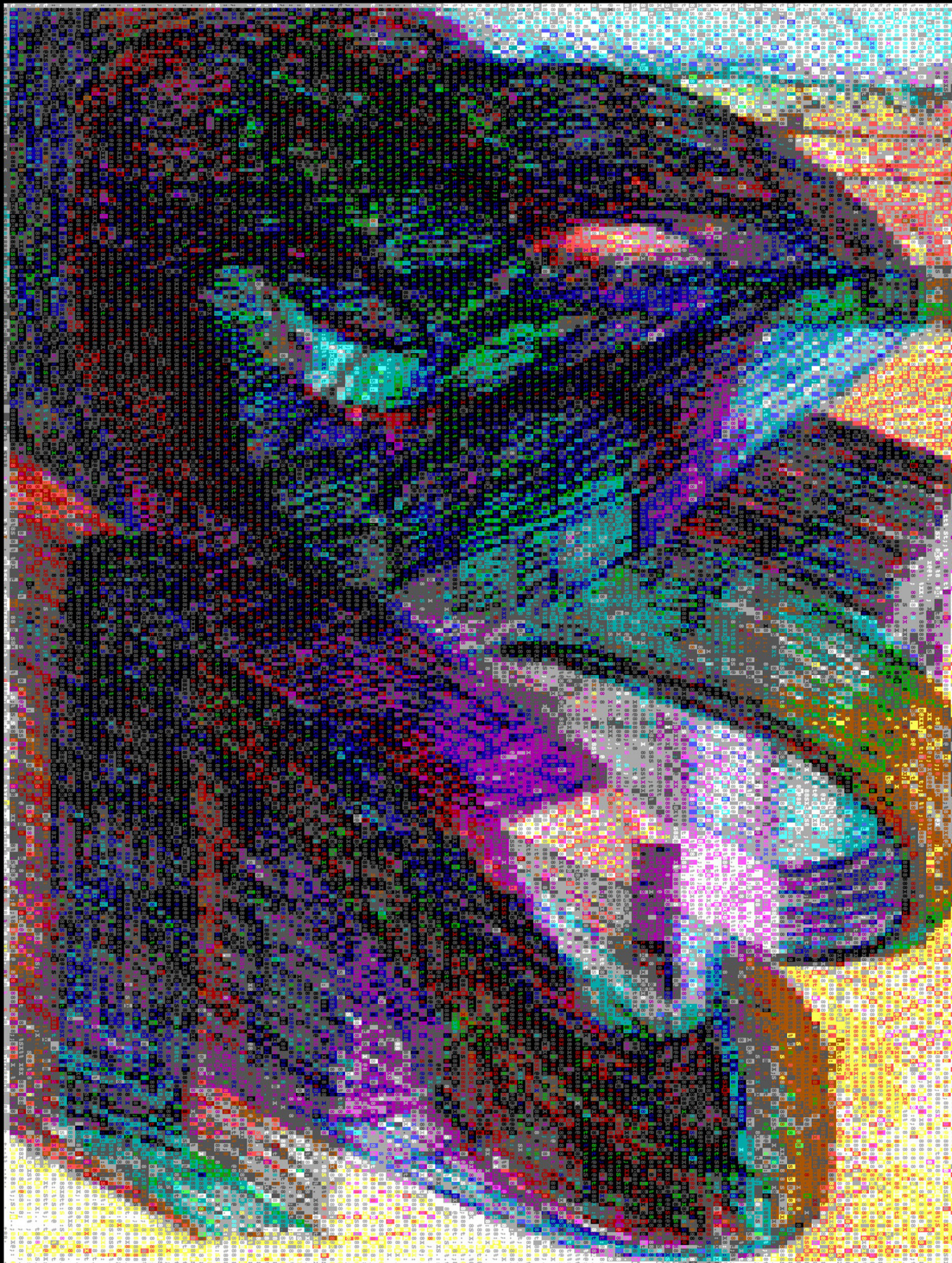
Temple Expiatori
de la Sagrada
Familia
1883

Palau Güell
1886-1890

Col·legi
teresianes
1888-1890

Cripta de la
Colònia Güell
1890-1917

Casa Calvet
1898-1900



The Sleeper



Costs in the US

In the dark brown
the tall brown, break
shine scattered the saved
Heat.





function
motion.

renewal

rigid support

movement

Structure. both solid & porous

connect

Ma - un vide actif, intentionné, present
space between two structural parts.

parce
negative space.

gap
considered interval.

Shoulder joint.

function study

Pour assurer ces fonctions, l'os n'est pas un tissu inerte mais vivant: il se renouvelle sans cesse et l'activité des cellules osseuses est très importante.

des os forment la partie rigide et résistante du squelette. Certains sont reliés entre eux par des ligaments et des capsules articulaires qui permettent le mouvement, d'autres sont unis par de courtes fibres peu mobiles, d'autres enfin sont soudés entre eux.

Structure interne. Un os comporte six types différents de tissu: de périoste est une membrane fibreuse qui recouvre les os, à l'exception des articulations.

d'os compact, très dense et uniforme, est composé d'unités élémentaires cylindriques ou ostéons, constitués de lamelles juxtaposées comme dans un rouleau de papier.

d'os spongieux ressemble à une éponge avec ses lamelles osseuses délimitant d'innombrables cavités.

Le cartilage articulaire ou hyalin, qui recouvre les extrémités, apparaît au microscope comme une gelée rigide mais encore élastique.

L'épaule comprend plusieurs articulations, la plus importante reliant le bras à l'omoplate. Cette articulation est une des articulations de l'organisme qui autorise les amplitudes les plus importantes dans les trois plans de l'espace. Elle est responsable de la moitié de la mobilité et de l'essentiel de la stabilité de l'épaule. Cette mobilité très importante est la conséquence d'une disposition anatomique particulière avec notamment des surfaces articulaires peu emboîtées. En dépit de ce manque de couverture, l'épaule maintient avec précision la tête humérale dans une marge d'un millimètre du centre de gravité de la glène au cours de la plupart des mouvements: on conçoit donc à la fois le rôle capital des autres structures qui augmentent la stabilité et la vulnérabilité de ce dispositif dans les mouvements extrêmes. Ces renforcements sont essentiels à détailler: on distingue les éléments passifs et actifs. Leur intégrité explique le fonctionnement harmonieux de l'épaule, sous réserve que la commande nerveuse ne soit pas atteinte. Leur faillite explique les deux problèmes les plus fréquents: apparition d'une instabilité, conflit avec les structures de voisinage. Le fonctionnement de l'épaule est complexe et cette mécanique est dépendante de nombreux intervenants. Ceci explique sa susceptibilité face à n'importe quelle agression et la fréquente lenteur de la récupération après une intervention chirurgicale.



DESTROY

THE IDEA

THAT YOU HAVE

TO BE

DESTROY

CONSTANTLY WORKING
OR GRINDING IN ORDER
TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

THE CAPITALISTS

EMBRACE
CONCEPT THAT
RECOVERY
REFLECTION

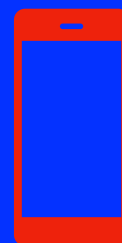
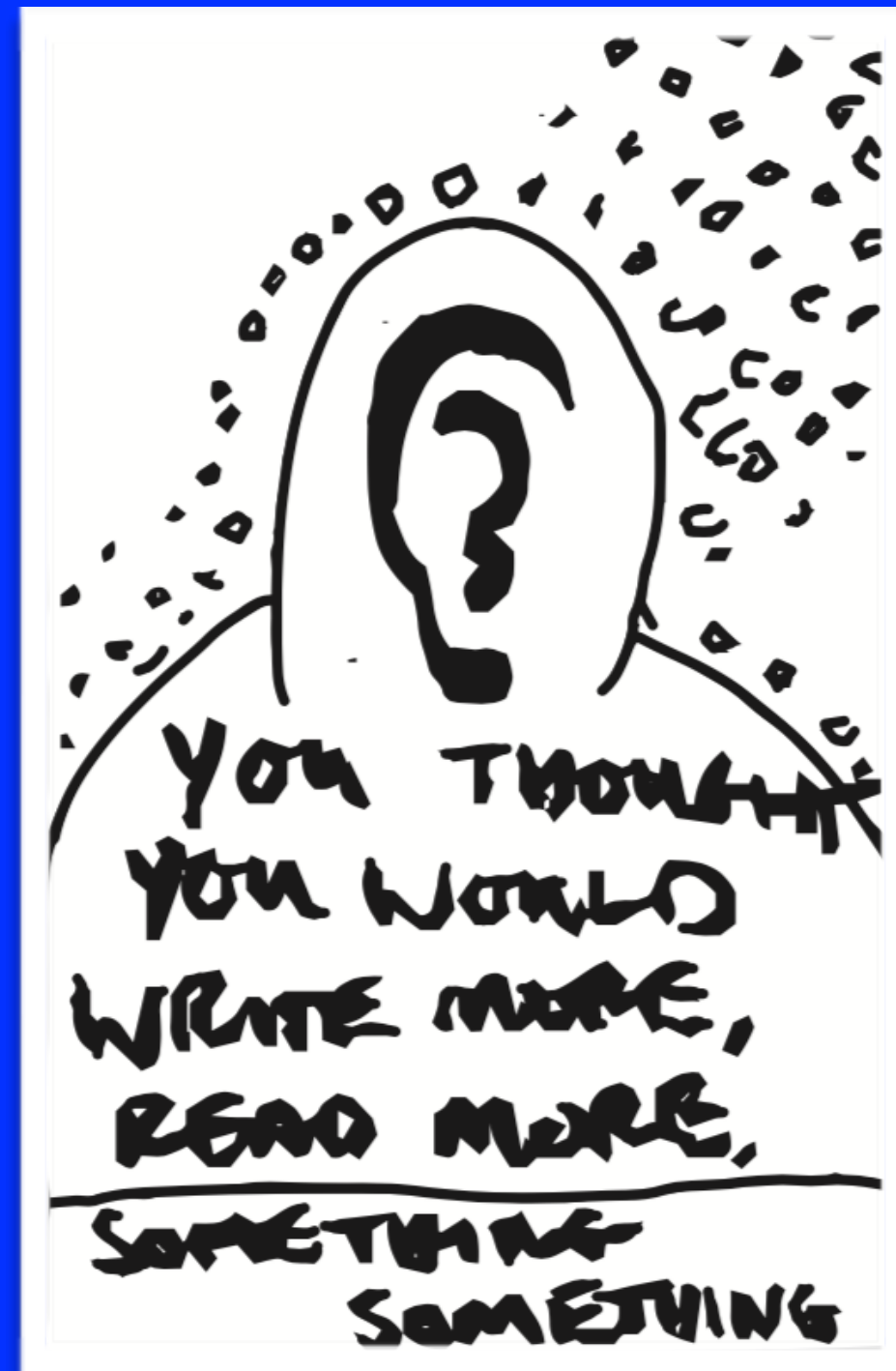
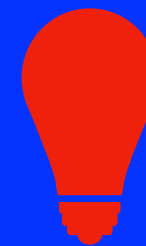
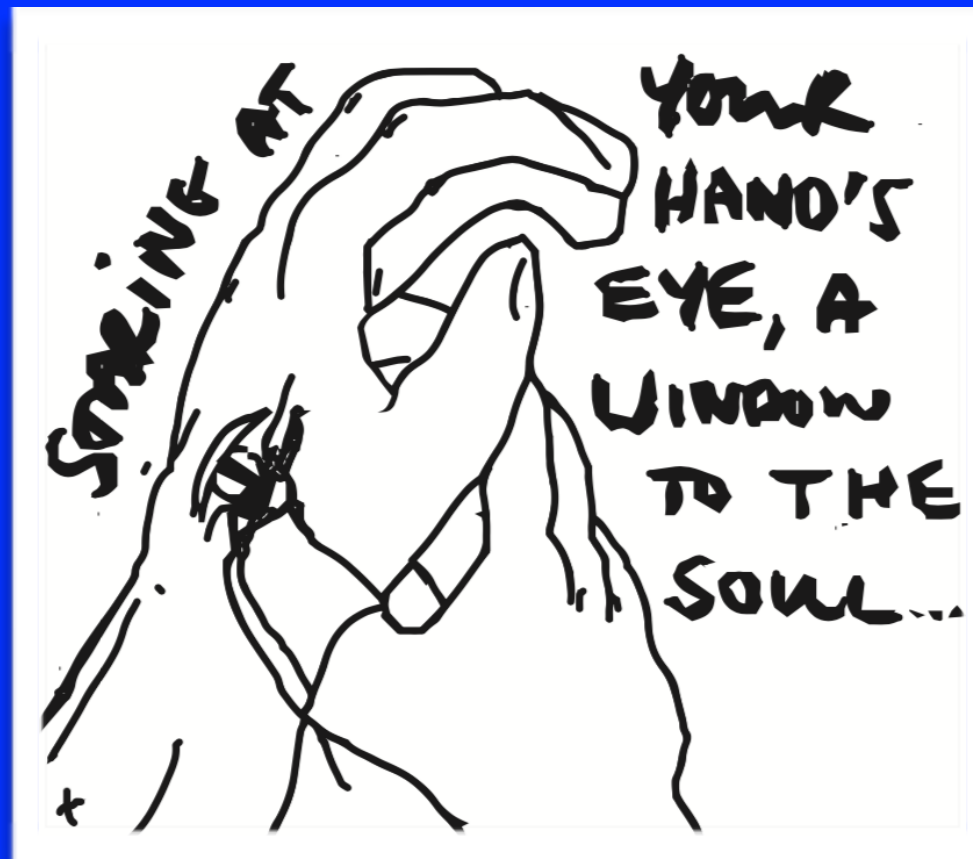
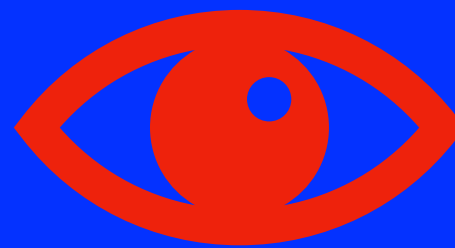
THE
REST,
AND
ARE

ESSENTIAL PARTS OF
THE PROGRESS

WINNERS

TOWARDS
SUCCESSFUL
HAPPY

A
AND
LIFE.

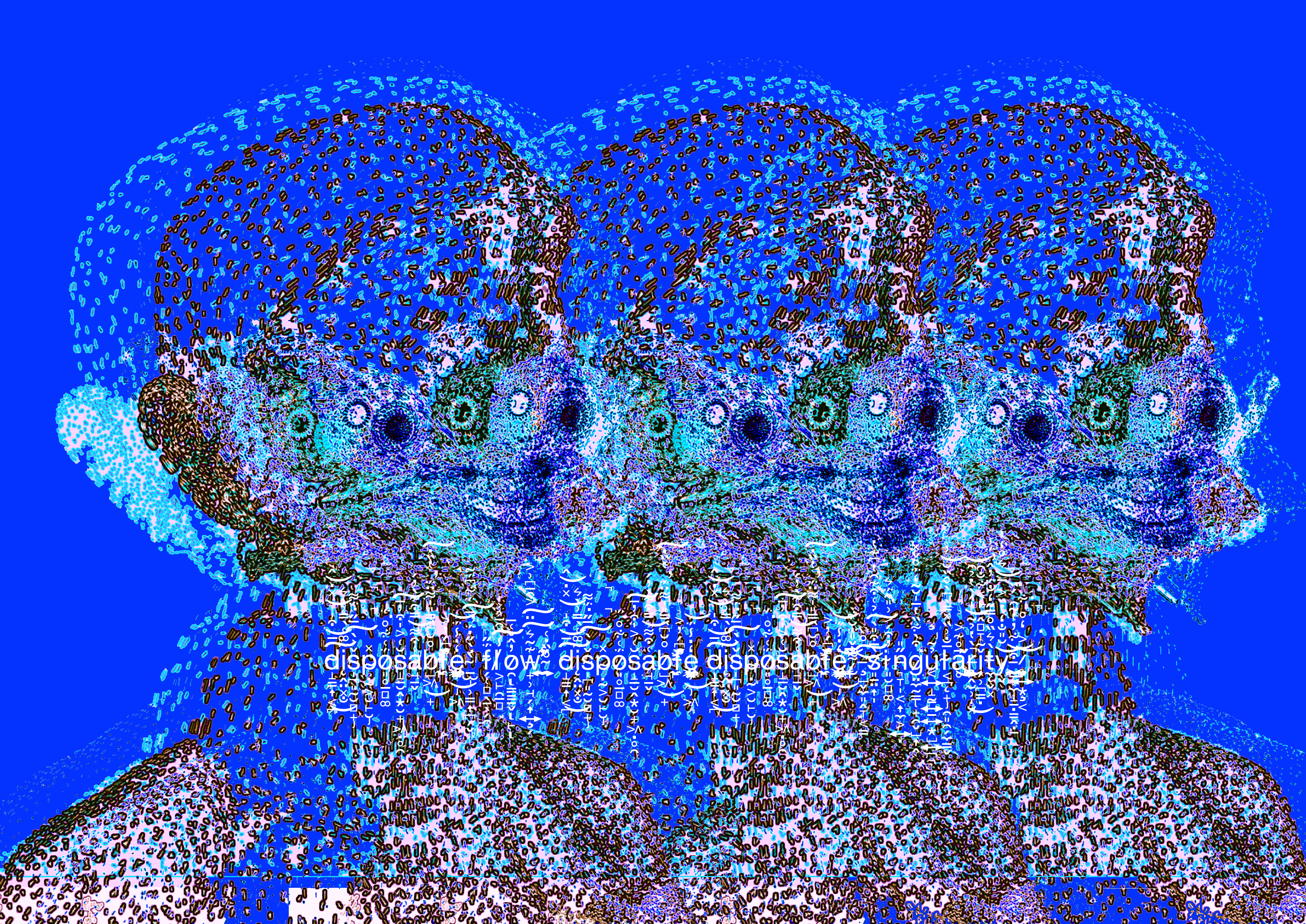


BUT NO!



THIS WAS YOUR LIFE NOW



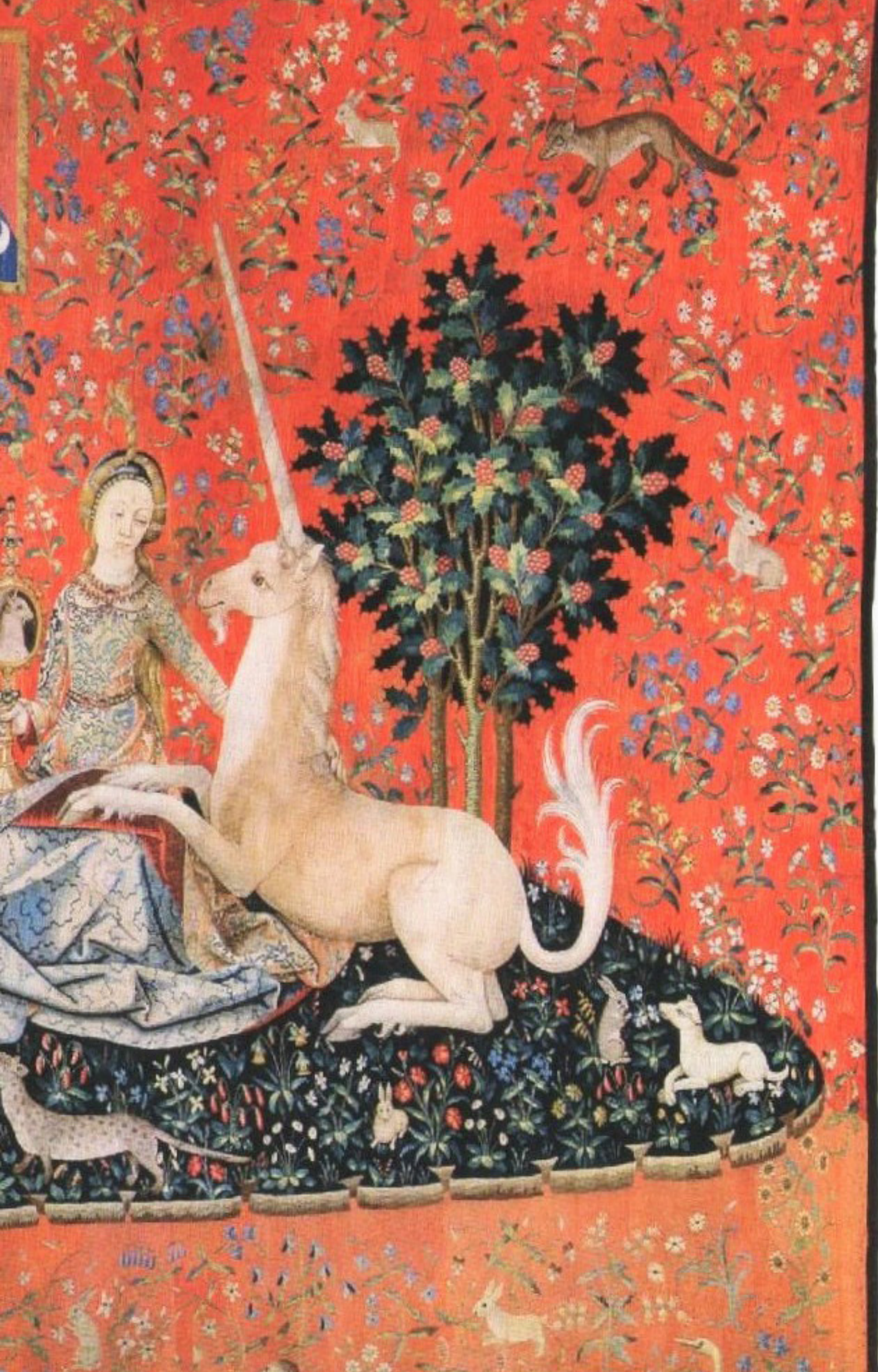


disposable flow

disposable

disposable

singularity





Famous Views of Edo, 1856 • Color woodblock print • Cincinnati







2020