

## Exhibition text

**Brockley Holistic, 2012. 300 x 190 cm, acrylic silkscreen on canvas:** *Example of integration, regulated physiotherapy, synthesized homeopathy. Cheerful natives on negotiated pay scales, dressed up as themselves. Massage rooms, essential oils, therapy. A museum, a mummified revolution. Elephant eyelids drooping as he falls asleep. Dreaming of hyperlinks, banners, slogans.*

**Free Loft Insulation, 2012. 300 x 190 cm, acrylic silkscreen on canvas:** *Elephant alights from SUV, followed by the trading-screen trade commission. Music: Anything by Paul Simon. Export of loft insulation to Africa, theses on the market economy and a shared moral order. Elephant lays out unique URLs for a belt of floating signification across Europe. Applause, passed unanimously. Michael Bloomberg shakes his trunk. Elephant trumpets. He adopts a new coat of arms with a golden square. Motto: O Lord Direct Us. History is a virus which must be exterminated.*

**Brockley Action Group, 2012. 300 x 190 cm, acrylic silkscreen on canvas:** *Holistic Happenings. Riot in the heavens. This is a woman. This is a man. Here is a garden. Curators move round in small circles to the sound of a dead transistor radio. They now maintain the planting beds and each year watch their creation grow and thrive. A woman breaks away from the ring. She lifts Elephant to her breast, whilst he grows smaller and smaller. She carries him away, singing. Something by The Fall. His shadow remains on the grass.*

**Brockley Bottle Bank, 2012. 300 x 190 cm, acrylic silkscreen on canvas:** *Whispering into the air, children's voices: Where is the fortune that was lost? Where is the fortune that was lost? Bottles smash, a glass cemetery as large as the world. Echo soundings. An invisible Elephant, somewhere else. But they keep his shadow here. A large collective womb. A placard with the text: In reality this is reality. A picture composed with the blind spots of all eyes. The sound of one hand clapping, broken mirrors. Blindness.*

**Browns of Brockley, 2012. 300 x 190 cm, acrylic silkscreen on canvas:** *Stink of coffee and old memories. In a corner Elephant lies dying, covered by exhibition texts. Artist pours cold coffee into his blood through a retractable garden hose, intravenously. Wheeling in various kinds of vintage computer equipment, he fastens electrodes, over the whole of his head. Low electrical buzzing. Long rolls of recycled paper from the machine, status updates. Give us this day our daily self. Darkness, hot, heavy clouds of steam. Flowers drawn into foam. The machine begins to burn. Winds sweep through the shop. The papers are whirled away. Elephant carries on dying.*

**Other, 2012. 300 x 190 cm, acrylic silkscreen on canvas:** *The Stock Exchange in London, a low pressure approaching from the south east. Men in white shirts climbing over one another, mounting one another. Car crashes, soundlessness. Ejaculation. A pack of curators with unlimited access to contemporary art. A refugee camp in Africa with no supplies of anything at all. Songs of orphaned elephants in his brain. The universe / canvases roll up from both sides simultaneously. A stammering deferral. Distorted signals, coded messages. The exhibition press release comes to an end, a word at a time.*