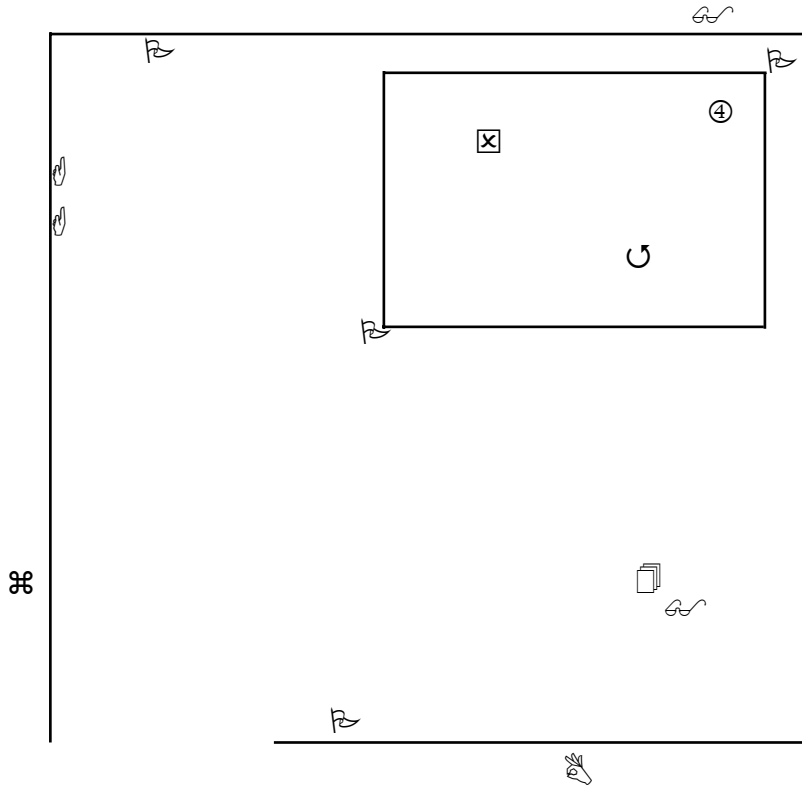


STATUSSIGNAL



Jordan Pilling

☺ RUN INTO THE DARK OF THE NIGHT, 6 male models present at exhibition opening event, custom printed underwear

☞ He Just Does His Own Thing!, pencil drawing and stickers, acrylic frame and rotated MDF wall

☞ Untitled, slip cast stoneware

Jordan Munro

☒ Gargoyle, Powder coated Aluminium, cast object sourced from Knapdale forest, Argyll

☞ Bodysnatchers, coloured sand in Screen printed Polypropylene bags, sanded MDF

Hamish Chapman

⌘ Statu(e)s, Digital image, TV

☞ Platinum lustre body, ceramic

☞ Ombré, digitally printed towel

④ Chain Face, 18k gold dipped sterling silver fine diamond cut curb chain, 22 inches. Blue millefiori glass

☞ Brad and Bradley and David and David and George, Mirror-etched

☞ Healthy, Mirror-etched

stag night in the embassy with Genie

and just like that the men
woke up on the wrong side
of history: it was an unfamiliar
feeling that at first they
mistook for a hangover,
in the sick morning
light of a breakfast bar
of a chain hotel
of average and ubiquitous luxury:
contemplating their actions
of the night before, moving under-baked
knobs of almond croissants
around on their plates
with incremental crumbs of
mirth.
what none of them could recall
was how they'd ended the night
in a crate of flags
in the embassy's basement,
where they'd woken whimpering
top-and-tail
that morning.
the flags had seemed plain
enough the night before,
but now each of the men's cheeks
were creased
with the nondescript weft of
nylon, whose symbols of unknown nations
showed no signs of
fading
with time. the faces of the men
bore puffy
sheepish witness
to a commonwealth of newfound
loyalties, formed in the
overnight scapes
of neutrality with slow
and steady aqueous
agencies, by Genie who had lured them
to the crate in the first place,
(the slut!) which was also a front for the club she ran called Limbo

what we need is a story, they murmur, passing a small pot of jam between them.
the men continue to murmur and pass the jam, the jar becoming thinner and thinner as their hands wear
away the glass that turns back into sand (centuries!)

Which the men continue to pass as tight fistfuls of land
Which also slip through their fingers and make filigree around their feet
That stack into deposits
That grow into columns of increasing precarity and tower above the men
Who fail to look up as the towers collapse and brecciate their lungs
Which comes to be known as the Rapture of Alluvium