

Rumpelstiltskin is delighted to present *Social Media*, a two person exhibition featuring an installation by Joshua Boulos and a week-long series of screenings by Bruce McClure. Screenings will take place daily from 12pm to 6pm from Saturday June 1st through Saturday June 8th. Last summer Bruce took the entire contents of his studio to the dump for disposal. The screenings will feature hours of High-8 tapes that remain from his mostly destroyed archive. Surrounding Bruce's displaced living room setup, Joshua has crafted an installation that features an elaborate photo-mural as well as a series of paintings and light sculptures.

The printed word was, is, and will be the most powerful plow to break some of those golden plains both now and all futures too. Gardens of little plaids, hedges of Hollywood, blither from the parent ribbons of development (taped High-8 analog magnetic landscapes), bridging and leaping (from camera aspects 480 x 720 px) into radio lumen lines (scanned at 60-120-240 Hz whichever), distorted images aloof on plateaus (plasma screens 2160 x 3840 px) whereon makes hobby hodge its hole. Weathering, mixed metaphors from noon till six without even a luncheonette interval, television demands its turn, and our eyes make their demands in return. The devil makes a blue streak over all

let'em blaze if only some chances of every turn or hum refaced in its glow. possibly in a field and flavored with a drop my grace and of laws. Shake it workers, sweet inside; burst them plain on the /crinkum - crinkum prance so jauntily salvation watched and what becoming whirling your crazy against predictable quality equivalents so-called talis uncountable work Adorn surface and flow — might

I thought about sight is touch. Is my.. relationship to, you know, art and music.. inherently sensual, like aspirational about kindling a relationship that transcends the family dynamic that I grew in. Music kind of is an obscurity within that because it deals with like the realm of social abstraction in which the family dynamic is reduced to Hertz Watts and triangle square waves (listen, I went to a really good art school). But the thing is, so we have four different aspects right now: two different sets of four variables, right? I know it sounds difficult. We have truth and honesty. We have beauty and unity. Truth and Honesty. It's very different, because honesty usually starts with "I.. I want.. I am.. I think that.. I'm worried about.. I mean truly I like.. I.." it starts with that. The truth usually starts with something else like, uh, "Hey, uh.. mm.. uh.. I think.. I'm sorry.. dude I think I take up too much space.." Beauty and unity. I think it has something to do with that.. Let me just leave everyone with one thing. It's about redemption. I'm just trying to be truthful and I think that, have some forgiveness for beauty and unity, have some beauty and unity for the forgiveness of unity and beauty, with the forgiveness of unity and unity and unity and unity. I believe in everybody. I am egalitarian. I only eat vegetables. This is beauty and unity. Joshua Boulos, 2024.

the hours and we may stand warming to what would like to show Steal its thunder, faintly gleaming smile. I'll also curtsy in his house up, do, do! Minutia nothings, caught pretty pictures crankum - crinkum thoughts not alone, this side of by wanting what is may be. Whistle elegies nest-egg rainy days. Equate with older excellent ergons of a creature. effluviums — flow seem like garments

of laundry reposing close at hand, sweeping along like gliders, earth flivvers, and breath vociferating. It's a pinch of scribble, nothing more than clerical scribbles, horrors, and omnibus, for all to enter foreign as second-class matter. Hang together all animals; no end is known, and rambles celebrate home sweets. I claim my good grief and am the big goofer among us. We may soon recoup ourselves; now and then, time on time again as per periodicity high and by curtains up still whistling after the curtain's down. The first explorer made his ablations in these parts, intending that his lucky mortal monster trial showed no first day out, executed the amen pattern, and minder paradigmatic long-suffering. Why do we say that? You may query me. Guess. Think and think and think, I urge you. Only a bone moving into place. To the unseen blusher, the obscene street sigh dweller, in a town about where the voice only of the dead may come old news of the great big landscaper. Ha-ha! Fear, look at the twitches. Contending with mystery by implicating personal interests in a refined chess of all shades at the same time wagging antonym meanings of being rude like a boor. Scarlet Pimpernel, the counter-revolutionary (fop-ass rapier dandy) of EROS credits, is/was/is just a man, please. My hate, not for the have-nots, share the wealth and spare the rod suffering trumpets, tomorrow cut where ancient feud's first murders were wanted to take root by singing historical... Bruce McClure 2024.

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