

Vision 1:

On a beach looking out to sea visible on the horizon are pick and mix boxes, like the ones you find at the cinema. They are not stacked but instead a single layer extends outwards left to right. In each is not a different candy treat but 'values'. In each box a different 'value' that is hybridised, combined and re-organised. This is bureaucracy.

Vision 2:

I cut a hole through my studio wall to access the gallery next door; I re-stretched my paintings on the other side, squatted the gallery and proclaimed myself the Prometheus of Paint, albeit protected by irony. Three years later I returned as the P.o.P. this time only needing a wry smile. Today I am glad it no longer needs to be spoken.

Vision 3:

Before the door opened to The Coquette Bar, fun was punctured by the words spoken by my friend, "Do not worry, it may not look it but it is a very nice place"; it was not. Later the peanut that wears a top hat and monocle turned up just as an unwanted second beer was ordered.

Vision 4:

What Josephine photographed was not 'Alastair Mackinven Hallucinating on a Sofa' but instead my attempt at re-enacting the sleep paralysis I suffered from for many years. "I awoke after fighting the paralysis, I walked towards the door where I could hear my family on the other side, opening it a crack, light filled my bedroom and I looked back to see myself in bed motionless. It was at this moment I re-joined my body." Click.

Vision 5:

I have driven around the circumference of America ten times as a member of a cult band. The first tour was my favourite; I enjoyed leaving each city the day after the gig, accruing no history. I would practice remote viewing during the long drives, arriving at the city before my band mates, returning while still in transit with drawings of what they were about to see. Each day I would leave the present to arrive early, only to drive away the following day erasing what had happened.

Vision 6:

A map is drawn on a body by placing longitude and latitude lines that traverse the skin. No matter where you start placing the initial city, for example Kinshasa below the left nipple or Lausanne on the tip of the nose, London always ends up being located next to a deep dark bottomless hole and pendulous eggs. London always maps on the perineum.

Vision 7:

The Chinese money ship is moored correctly with its masthead facing inwards, but across the Atlantic I was told to take care of my affairs.

This is Alastair MacKinven's (*1971) debut exhibition in New York. Previous solo shows include *not liver again said the eagle to Prometheus* (at an unnamed space in London, 2016), *When the Schtick Hits the Fan* at Salon 4/London (2014), *Alastair Mackinven's New Chinese Art* at Curtat Tunnel/Lausanne (2013), and *New Wave of British Heavy Painting* at City of London Art/London (2012). He is also known as a member of the band The Country Teasers and as a co-founder of NANG Gallery (with Ben Wallers and Merlin Carpenter). Mackinven is currently based in London, where he teaches at Slade School of Fine Art.

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