



**Miru  
Miru  
Mega  
Yokunaru**

**your eyesight gets better and better in a short rate of time**

**Ian Dawson**



# Miru Miru Mega Yokunaru

your eyesight gets better and better in a short rate of time

27.02.2014 - 25.03.2014

C&C Gallery, London

















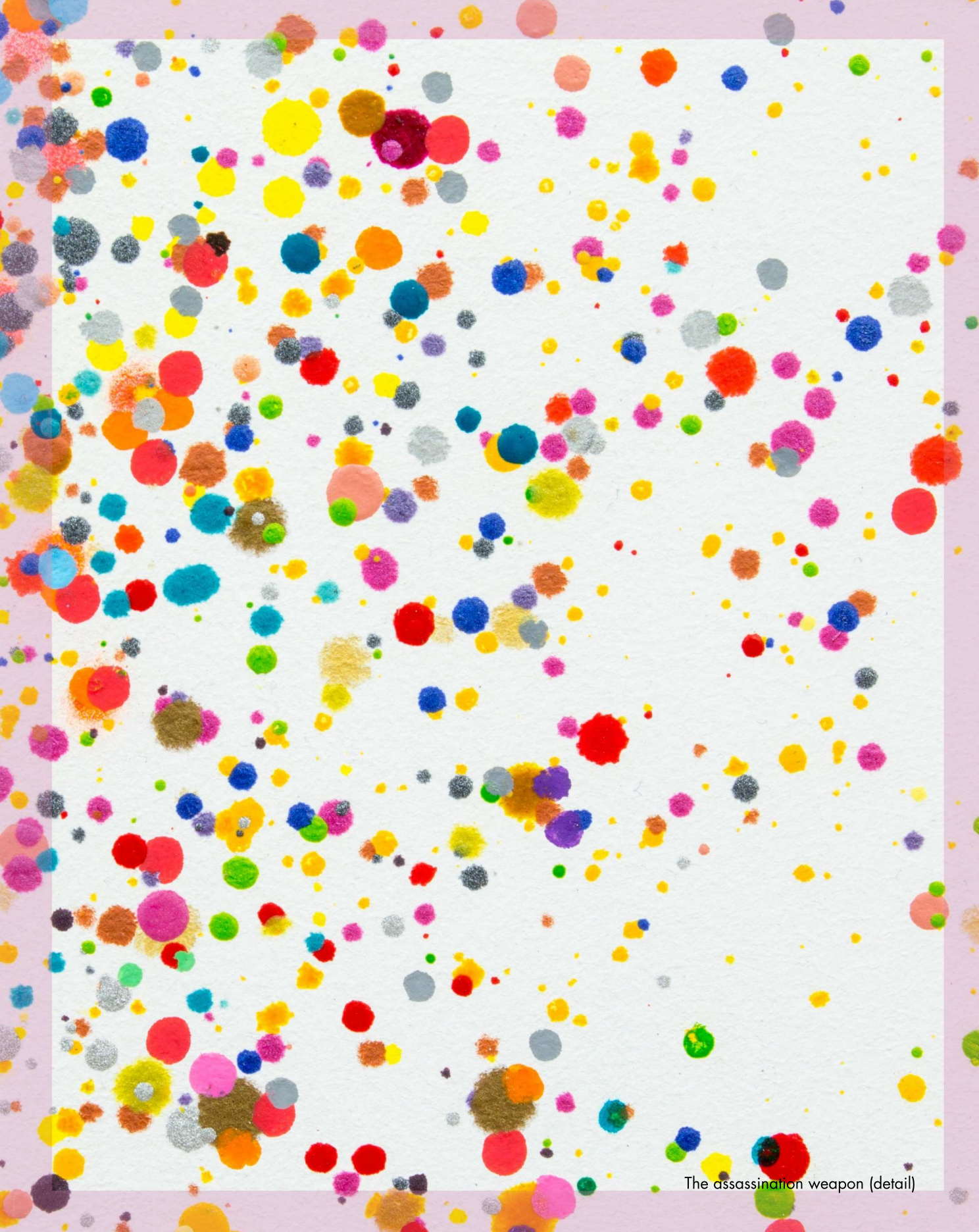






Fixed Point (detail)





The assassination weapon (detail)





Fixed Point (detail)





The assassination weapon (detail)





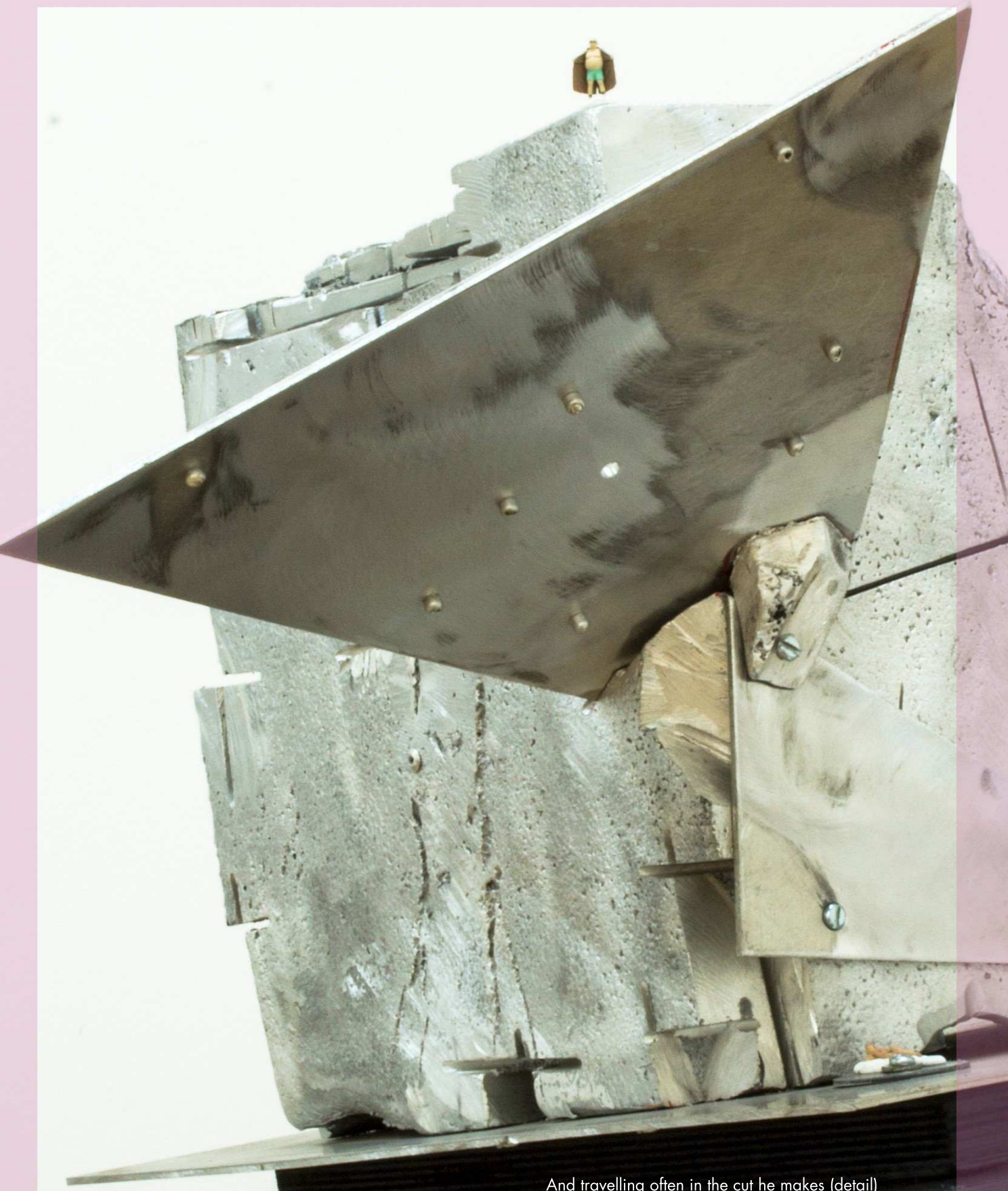
Fixed Point





The assassination weapon (detail)





And travelling often in the cut he makes (detail)







And travelling often in the cut he makes (detail)





MKS (detail)





And travelling often in the cut he makes (detail)









And travelling often in the cut he makes



There once was a king who had three daughters. He was going off on his travels and asked them what they would like as presents. The oldest one asked for a beautiful dress, the middle one for beautiful jewellery and the youngest one said, 'Can you bring me back a box of salt?' And the king said, 'Of course'. But the two older sisters collared the king and said, 'You had better be careful of the younger one, you know what she is going to do with the salt. She is going to pickle you!' The king couldn't believe this, that his most beautiful daughter would want to do this to him. So he cast her out of his kingdom with only a nursemaid and a small bag of coins. She wandered the country to see where she could go and live, she was really beautiful and people were wolf-whistling her, propositioning her, she said to the nursemaid, 'What am I going to do, how am I to stop all this unwanted attention?' They were just passing a cemetery and the nursemaid saw that someone was being buried, and had an idea. She went up to the gravedigger and with the daughter looking on from afar, watching the conversation between the nursemaid and the gravedigger in agony over the grave. Eventually, the coffin was opened and the body was hauled out, it was an old woman, older than you could possibly imagine, she had almost as many wrinkles as cells in her body. The girl from afar saw the gravedigger get out a knife and THWACK, start to peel back the skin, THWACK, lifting out the corpse before putting it back into the grave and stretching the skin out flat. The nursemaid gave the gravedigger some money and continued scraping the skin out, rubbing it down, putting some material inside it, she took it back to the girl and said, 'Here you are put this on!' And the girl put it on. The skin was sewn up the back, the fingernails on top of her fingers, the teeth in her mouth and the eyes on top of her own eyes. And indeed she didn't get any more unwanted attention after that, walking along in this old woman's hide. Then one day a horse crossed their path, on it was a king, a young king, he looked down and said, 'What are you doing here?' They had a conversation and there was something strange about this old woman, she was very spritely, she was very chatty, she had a young voice and a beautiful clear laugh for such an old woman. The king was intrigued and said, 'Why don't you come back to my castle, you are such a good sport', so she did. Back at the castle, the king was very much enjoying the company of this old woman and said, 'How come you have such a spritely step and beautiful voice, what can we do? How can we make this work?' The girl said, 'Give me something to spin, I will weave you the finest cloth' and she went away and wove a piece of cloth, and it was extraordinary and beautiful. How could someone with such old faded eyes, such an old grisly woman create something so beautiful? And he sent something else in to be woven, but this time the young king peered through and saw the girl pulling off the old woman's hide, standing there naked as the day she was born. The king could not believe his eyes, he burst through the door and swept her off her stool and it wasn't too long before he found out that she was a princess from another land. There was a massive feast; everyone was invited including her parents, the king who had cast her out, the queen and her sisters. She gave instructions to the kitchen, she said, 'And make sure for my father that there is no salt in any of his courses, except the roast'. The first course came and it was soup and everyone was tucking in, yet her father's soup tasted awful. The next course came, it was meat and it also tasted awful, and the next course, fish, and again everyone tucked in, yet his tasted awful and he couldn't understand it. Everyone else was enjoying the food and then the roast came and he ate it, and it tasted delicious, he had seconds, thirds, fourths, fifth helpings and he couldn't understand it, and she came up to him and said, 'Why weren't you eating the previous courses?' He said, 'Truly young lady I don't know' and she said, 'I can tell you, the other courses didn't have any salt, and the roast dinner did and that is why father I asked you for a box of salt.' There were tears in his eyes as he suddenly saw his daughter and they lived in their separate kingdoms happily ever after.





Ground Truthers









Ground Truthers (detail)









Ground Truthers (detail)







"Thersilochos, Mydon, Mnesos, Thrasios, Ainos, **Lycaon**  
Keep your eye on **Lycaon**. You know, all of you know

The **war** came to **Troy**.

All of you know how the wheat fields were trampled down to become battle sites,  
Trampled over by men covered in **bronze and gold**.

All of you know how the **boundary stones** of fields became **weapons**, hefted into the air to break the [...]

You know this. You know how the **elms, the willows**

Along the banks of the river became **thick** with broken spear-shafts and swords.

**How** the landscape **changed**

As men roamed across it. **Killing. Dying.**

Across **that** landscape **Achilles** raged.

**Achilles' fury** was brighter than the **SUN**, was hotter than fire, **his heart** was full of grief.

And he drove the **Trojan armies** across the plain to the river. **And**

**Into the river** they went one by one hoping to save **their lives**.

**Men encased** in gleaming metal

**Glinting like fish** as they **broke** the surface of the water and sank there. **And**

**Some of them rose up again** and **some of them didn't**.

**Lycaon**, he was one of the **lucky ones**

In the water he shed his **armour**, he shed his **second skin**, and

**Broke the surface**, naked, soft, gleaming in his young **flesh**. **Beautiful**.

**Lycaon** was beautiful as the **sun** glinted off him **OVER** his back.

But to **Achilles' eyes**, he was **not**.

To **Achilles' eyes** he was the **target**,

He was the **aim** of his **glinting** spearhead.

**Lycaon** knelt there **unarmed, naked, helpless**,

**Without hope** Almost without hope, but not quite.

He fell to his **knees** and reached out his hands in the act of supplication and **called out**

"**Achilles! Achilles! Look at me. No! Look properly!**

**You know me Achilles** we have met before, **do you not remember Achilles**,

**The fig tree, I was the boy in the fig tree,**

**Pruning the branches with [..]**, do you not remember? **Our eyes met then,**

**And you were merciful,** **And you were kind,**

**It's me. It's the same Lycaon.**

**Look Achilles! Look at me. You must remember me,**

**I am the same!"**

But the **Achilles** who looked at him was not the same

**For Achilles' friend** was **dead**,

**And Achilles eyes** were **darkened**.



And Lycaon fell back on his heels and spread his arms wide and  
His blood painted a picture on the sand

And Achilles picked up that corpse by the heel and slung it over his head  
And splash went the body into the river

Down into the depths, into water that was once crystal clear and flowing and cool  
Now red with blood

And more and more men came to the river  
Glinting, glistening, glorious and strong  
And one by one into the river they went  
With a cry and a shriek and a prayer.

So many bodies in that river,  
So many glittering warriors, so much gold,  
There was no room for the fish, for the eels, for the creatures  
Whose home was made in its depths.  
It was as if the river was home to some new kind of creature,  
To the swimming dead.  
As if some reckless fisherman threw his whole haul back  
Into the water.

But at last even the river,  
Even the great cool streams couldn't take anymore  
And the river himself rose up and called out to Achilles.

**"Stop it! I can take no more!**  
My channel through the earth has been dammed with all this dead,  
I cannot find my way to the sea."

Achilles didn't listen. Achilles kept on killing.  
And so the river rose up with all that weight of flesh and metal, that was in his depths,  
He rose up in a great wave and sent that metal crashing down on Achilles

And lifted him high into the air,  
Cutting the earth out from under his feet.      Carrying him almost to the heavens.

And the gods saw.

The gods looked down and saw the very river fighting back against this war,  
And the gods sent fire flashing down across the plains.  
To set alight the elms and the willows that edged the river,  
To set alight the mound of corpses that littered the plain. River fought against fire,  
Earth fought against war,

The whole of the plain was convulsed with fury, with death,  
With men made metal.

And Achilles watched all this and nothing that he saw seemed strange to him,  
Because his friend was dead."













Mount Gox (detail)





Hello World! (detail)





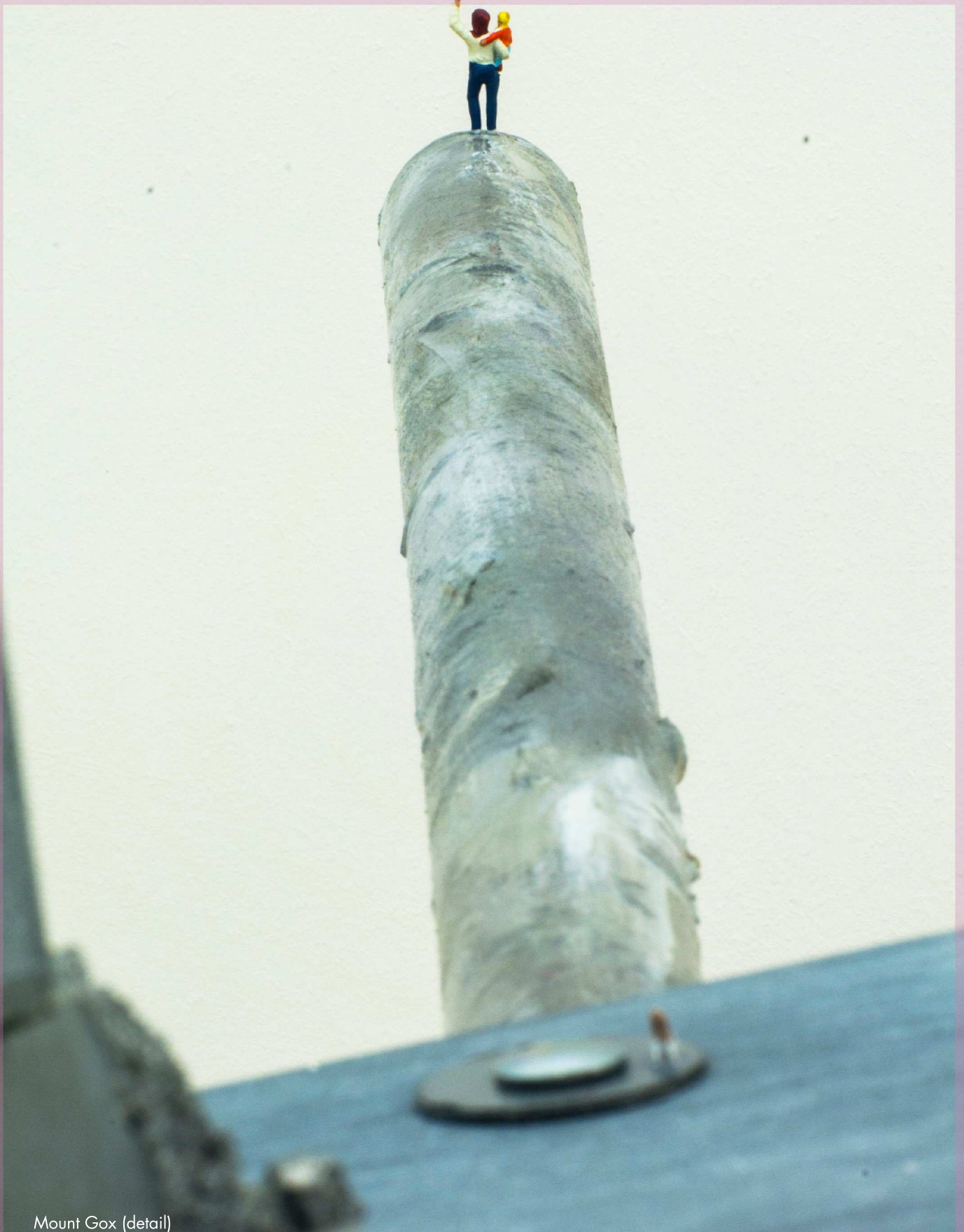
Mount Gox (detail)





Hello World! (detail)





Mount Gox (detail)









Grandpa's Knob.



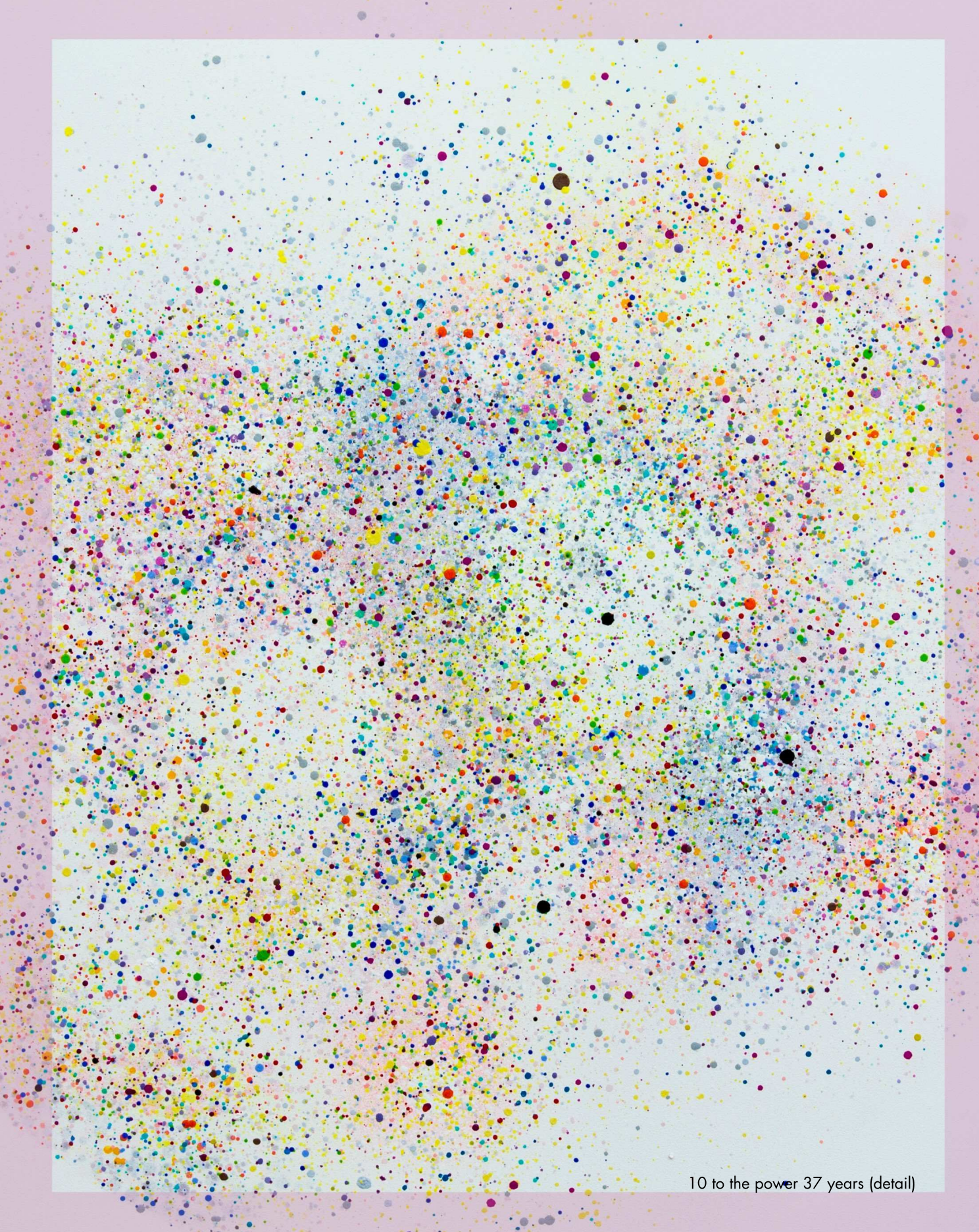




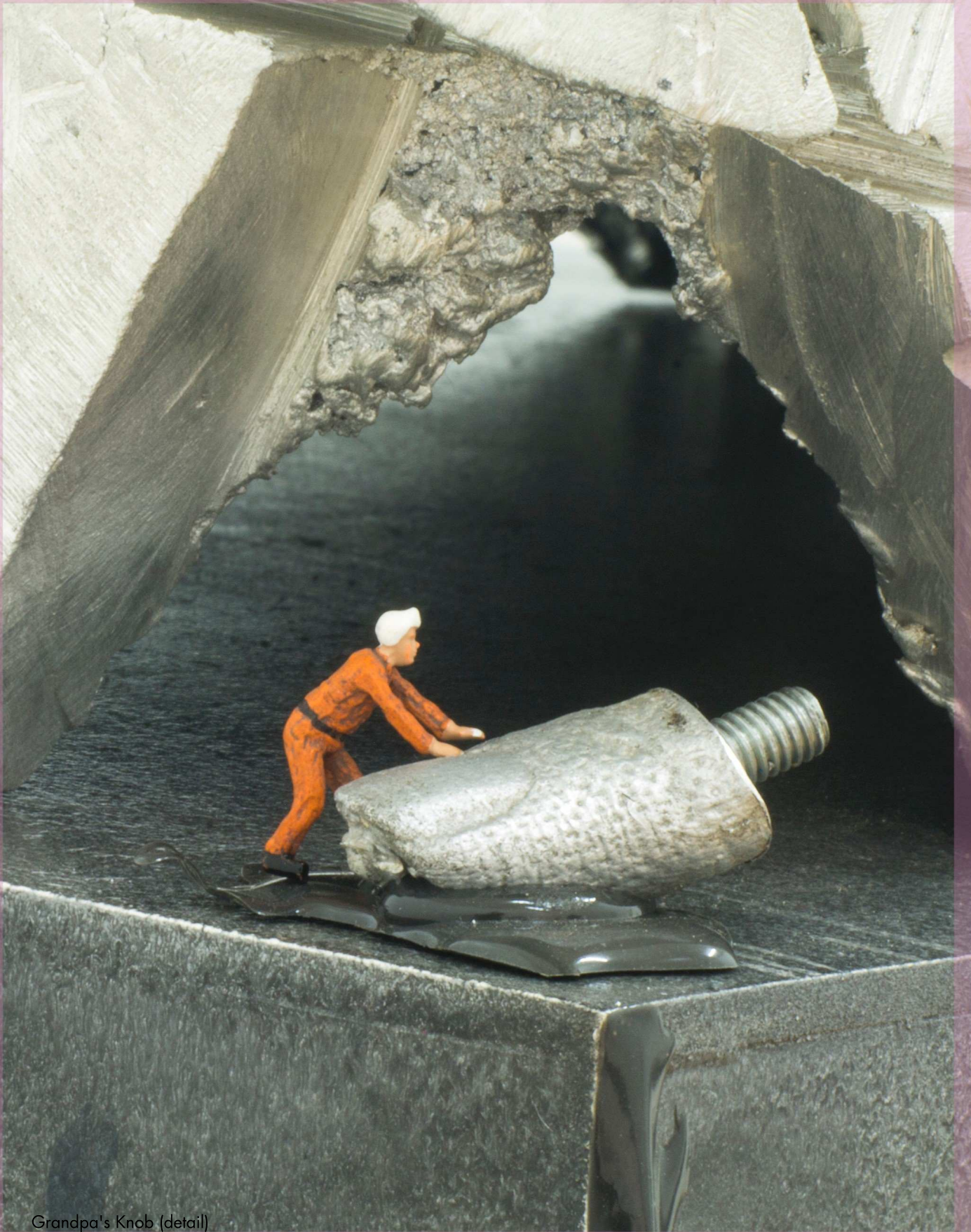


Grandpa's Knob (detail)









Grandpa's Knob (detail)





10 to the power 37 years (detail)













Skylon (detail)









Skylon (detail)







"There was a girl, she was so beautiful, she was just the sort of girl that any man would want to marry. She was fat; with fat little fingers, blubbery and gorgeous. Her hair was also beautiful, when she would wind it on top of her head into a large bun; she was just gorgeous with flowing black hair. But, she did nothing! She thought she was too good for all the village boys and all she did was sit on a rock every day, combing her hair while her father hunted seals, dragging them back for her. There was nothing she liked better to eat than seal blubber. So the time came when her father, quite frankly, would quite like her to get married, so he wouldn't have to keep dragging seals day after day to feed his beautiful daughter. And one day while he was out hunting and she was sitting on the rock in the sunshine combing her hair, when who should pass, but a fulmar, a little sea bird, with red eyes, nothing much to look at, but he took one look at her, asked her to marry him, she took one look at him and said: 'You are a fulmar. No!' The Fulmar was heartbroken, so away he went and transformed himself into a man, it seemed the best thing to do, with some nice seal skin trousers, a nice bear skin jacket and tunic, a pair of good boots and a pair of sunglasses to hide his fulmar eyes. He put them on and came back, she was pretty impressed and she agreed to marry him and they flew away to the land beyond the end of the world where they lived in a hut and everyday he came to her with another seal and fed her the blubber and at night they made sweet, sweet love. And he sang to her because what she liked most of all was to be sung to while he made love to her. What a life! A perfect marriage, but after a while she got bored, well it was only a little hut and she was expecting this man in beautiful clothes to live in a palace, with furs everywhere and art on the walls, and this was not what it was like so she would stand at the shore while he was out hunting and she would call her fathers name and hope it would reach across the ocean, carrying on the currents and the wind and strangely enough he did hear it, working away skinning seals on the shore he heard his daughters voice and he knew he had to follow it, he jumped into his kayak and paddled. He paddled night and day, night and day, night and day, until he got to a round shore and a small hut there was a girl standing on the shore. He ran and embraced her, and she told him she couldn't live with her husband anymore because he was a fulmar. They got into the kayak and started to make their way home. The fulmar came back to the hut expecting his wife to be there and when she wasn't he was furious. He flew and scanned the sea until he saw a kayak with two people in it and he flew down and said: 'Give me back my wife!' And she said 'I'm not going back with you'. He said 'I wont tell you again come back with me now!' And she said, 'I will never go back with you.' And they kept paddling, then the fulmar beat his wings THWACK, THWACK, and as he beat his wings the waves rose, the wind rose and a storm came to be, it crashed down and smashed the kayak. The father was so scared and said, 'You must go back you must go back or we will drown here!' And the daughter said, 'Father I won't go back, we must go home!' And the father threw her over board. Gasping in the icy cold water she came to the surface, grasping onto the side of the kayak and her father took hold of her hand and THWACK cut her fingertips off at her first knuckle and they fell into the sea, and the strange thing was that her fingertips started to move and turn and become seals and swam off into the depths. She grabbed hold of the kayak again and THWACK her father cut her fingers off at the second joint and the bits of fingers fell off into the sea and swam and became Sea lions. Losing blood and losing colour she grabbed hold with the stumps of her hands and THWACK, this time right the way down to the base of her fingers, they flopped into the sea and they became whales and down they swam. And down she sank to the bottom of the sea into the dark and her hair floated all around her like an oil slick, like a beautiful inky dark mass. Years passed and she was now a skeleton, the fish swam in and out of her eyes and between her ribs. There were fish and there were seals and there were sea lions and there were walrus, there was everything needed to eat because she had become Sedna, the food bowl and the goddess of the deep. And that is why wise people swim down from time to time and comb her hair to keep her sweet."





"In the far, far icy north where it is quite hard to live, there was a grandfather who was left behind with his grandson; everyone else had gone away on a hunt. And the grandfather said, 'Boy, do not go to the mountain and play near the hole! Stay away from the hole in the mountain, whatever you do stay away from it! Or something bad will happen!' So sure enough the boy went to the hole in the mountain. There it was, a hole, going down into the earth, and it stank, it was weird, it stank so badly that the boy thought that he was going to die from the stink. Worse still, it was getting larger and smaller. It expanded and then shrank, expanded and then shrank, this extraordinary stinking expanding and shrinking hole. And from this hole in the earth came rocks tumbling down the mountain periodically, avalanches spewing forth, surely this was the bad thing that was going to happen; the boy was going to die in a stinky avalanche. Well the boy being the boy threw rocks into the hole, because if there are rocks and a hole then one needs to go into the other! So he filled the stinking hole up, right up to the brim with the rocks that had tumbled down, and the stink abated, and there was nothing more for the boy to do, and he went back home. His grandfather was at home, dead, because it turned out that that hole in the mountain was his grandfather's asshole and the boy had blocked it up."





Skylon (detail)





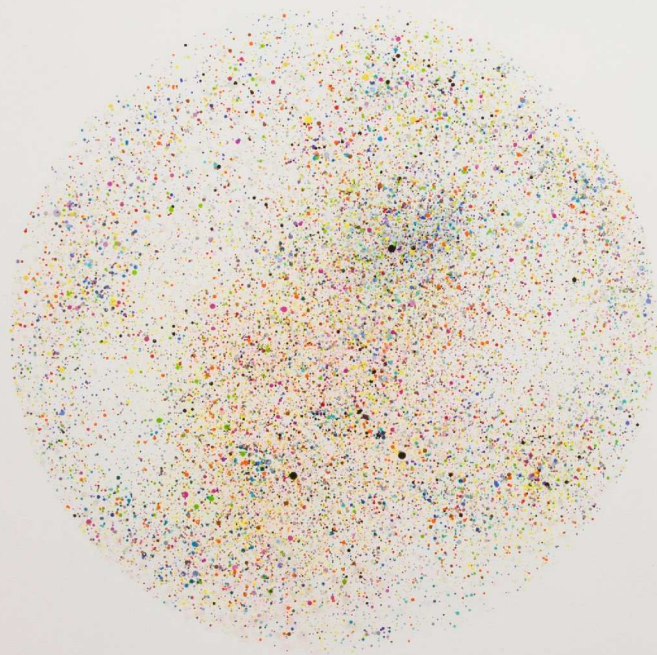
Ingress (detail)





The tropical emigration society









The tropical emigration society (detail)





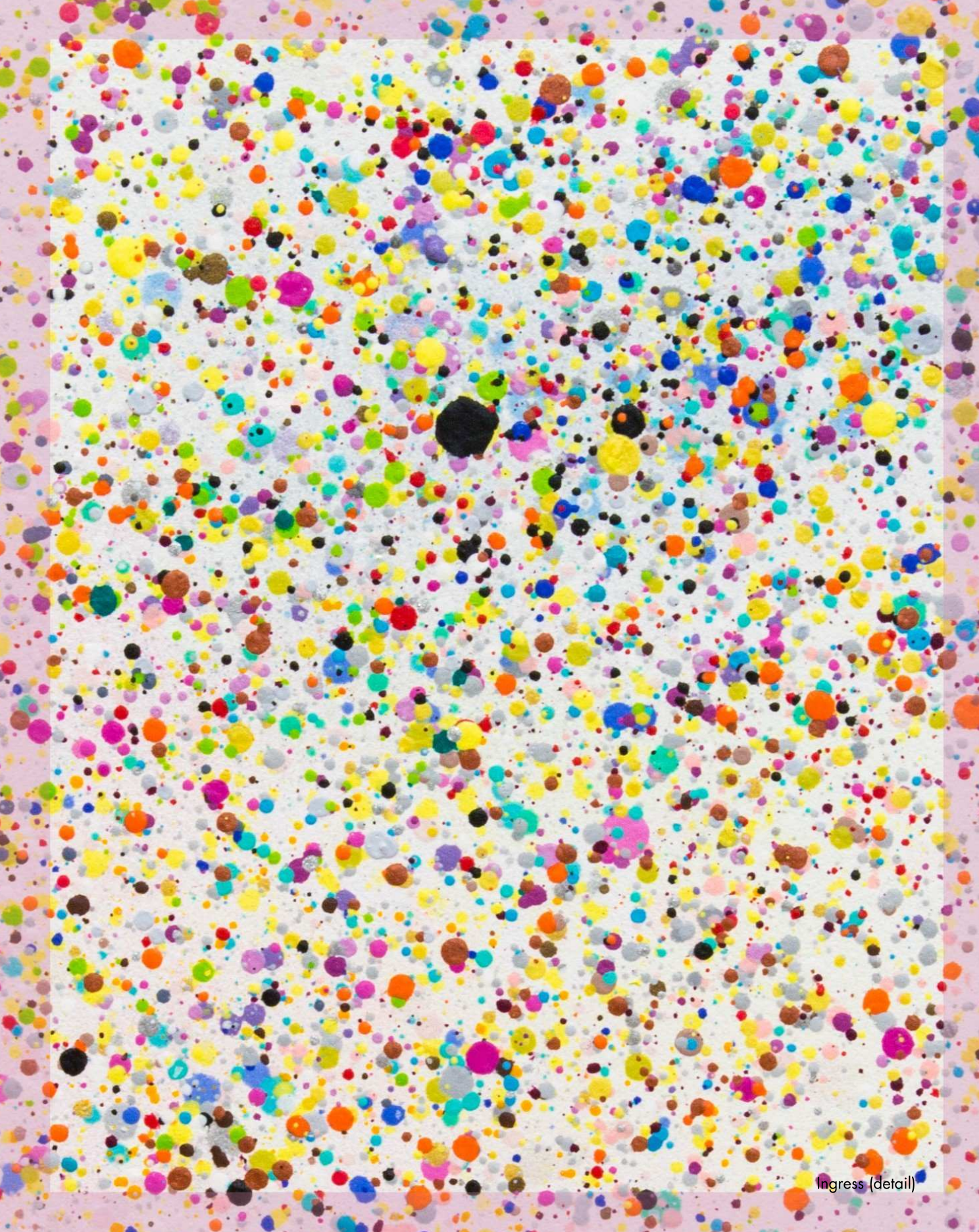
Ingress (detail)





The tropical emigration society (detail)







## List of Works:

Title: And travelling often in the cut he makes.

Date:2014.

Material: aluminium, steel, wood, model figures, paint.

Dimensions:157cm x 57cm x 60cm

Title: Fixed point

Date:2014

Material: aluminium, steel, wood, model figures, paint.

Dimensions: 163cm x 75cm x 40cm

Title: Granpas Knob

Date:2013

Material: aluminium, steel, wood, model figures, paint.

Dimensions: 160cm x 60cm x 60cm

Title: Ground Truthers

Date: 2014

Material: aluminium, steel, wood, model figures, paint.

Dimensions:168cm x 130cm x60cm.

Title: Mount Gox.

Date:2014

Material: aluminium, steel, wood, model figures, paint.

Dimensions:145cm x 150cm x 50 cm

Title:Skylon

Date:2014

Material: aluminium, steel, wood, model figures, paint.

Dimensions:180cm x 60cm x 80cm.

Title: The tropical emigration society

Date:2014

Material: aluminium, steel, wood, model figures, paint.

Dimensions: 186cm x 75cm 60cm

Title: 10 to the power 37 years

Date: 2014

Material: Oil on Gesso on Aluminium

Dimension 120cm x 90cm

Title:The assassination weapon

Date: 2014

Material: Oil on Gesso on Aluminium

Dimension: 120cm x 90cm

Title: CDO

Date: 2014

Material: Oil on Gesso on Aluminium

Dimension 120cm x 90cm

Title: Hello World!

Date: 2014

Material: Oil on Gesso on Aluminium

Dimension 120cm x 90cm

Title: Hutton.

Date: 2014.

Material: Oil on Gesso on Aluminium.

Dimension 120cm x 90cm

Title: Ingress

Date: 2014

Material: Oil on Gesso on Aluminium

Dimension 120cm x 90cm

Title: MKS

Date: 2014

Material: Oil on Gesso on Aluminium

Dimension 120cm x 90cm





The tropical emigration society (detail)



Born 1969, Darlington, Co Durham, U.K. Lives and works in London

### Solo Exhibitions:

- 2014** MiruMiruMegaYokuna, C&C gallery London    **2013** Armada, Five Years, London  
**2005** Napoleon Gardens, Holland Park, London    **2004** Gallerie Xippas, Paris  
**2003** YDOR Archimede Staffolini Gallery, Nicosia  
Tilt Truck & Free Fliers James Cohan Gallery, New York & Grand Arts, Kansas City, MO.  
**2002** Modern Art- Stuart Shave, London, Galerie Griedervonputtkamer, Berlin  
**2000** Art+Public, Geneva, James Cohan Gallery, New York, Habitat, Kings road, London  
**1999** Modern Art- Stuart Shave, London    **1998** Hales Gallery, London    **1995** London Artforms, London

### Selected Group Exhibitions

- 2014** 'Interstice', C&C gallery, London Art Fair  
**2013** 'With Torch and Spear', curated by Ian Dawson Winchester Gallery, UK  
'Masquerade Be Another', Stephen Lawrence Gallery, London  
**2012** 'The Perfect Nude', Phoenix Centre Exeter & Wimbledon Art Space & Charlie Smith Gallery, London  
**2011** 'Two and a half dimensions' Pangolin London, 'The Perfect Crime', No.4A Gallery, Malvern UK  
**2010** 'Against Grids', RIBA, Liverpool UK  
**2009** 'Collage London/New York', FRED London  
'Exquisite Trove', The New Art Gallery, Walsall  
'Cool and Collected', Weatherspoon Art Gallery, North Carolina  
'Eat Me Drink', Me Goss Michael Foundation, Dallas, Texas  
**2008** 'End Game' Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas  
'Nature is a workshop' Turner Contemporary, Margate  
Palimpseste un bon pre-texte, Galerie Xippas Paris    **2007** Light, Winchester Cathedral  
**2006** Metropolis Rise: New Art from London, CQL Design Centre, Shanghai & DIAF 2006, 789 Space, Beijing  
'Cold Climates', Living Art Museum, Reykjavik, Iceland  
**2005** 'The Law of Large Numbers', Cell Projects London  
'Nice to meet you', Mark Moore Gallery, Los Angeles  
Dessins D'Artistes a L'Ecole, Le musee d'art contemporain Val-de-Marne/Vitry, et Soutenu par le Centre & National de l'Estampe et des Arts Imprimees et la D.R.A.C. Ile-de-France  
**2004** 'Material Faith', Kontainer, Los Angeles, Shapeshifters', Galerie M-Project, Paris  
**2003** 'On', Galerie Xippas, Athens, Greece  
'Urban Baroque', Plane-Space, New York  
'One word-Plastic', Weatherspoon Gallery, North Carolina  
'POP thru Out', Arario Gallery, Cheonan, S. Korea  
'Rendered', Sara Meltzer Gallery, New York  
**2002** 'The Nature of the Beast', Caren Golden Fine Arts, New York  
'Per Saldo', Het Noordbrabants Museum, s-Hertogenbosch, Netherlands.  
Sculpture By The Sea, Sydney, Australia  
**2001** 'Giardino', Centro Culturale di Sassuolo, Modena, Galleria del Arte Contemporanea, Bergamo & Studio D'Arte Raffaelli, Trento, Italy.  
'Lets Get To Work', Susquehana Art Museum, Harrisburg, Rosenwald Wolf Gallery & Basekamp, University of the Arts, Philadelphia, US  
**2000** 'Full Serve', 547 W27th St. New York  
'De Museum Nacht', Beurs van Berlage, Amsterdam  
'Lets Get To Work' Marcel Sitcoske Gallery, San Francisco  
'Abstract Art', Delfina Gallery, London    **1999** 'Y2K', Archimede Staffolini Gallery, Nicosia, Cyprus  
'Drawings', Nicole Klagsbrun, New York  
'Holding Court', Entwisle, London  
**1998** 'London Now', Saks, Fifth Avenue, New York  
'Paradigms of Oneirology', One in the Other, London  
'The Status of the Object', Ormeau Baths Gallery, Belfast  
**1997** 'Low Maintenance, High Precision', Hales Gallery, London, 'Victoria', Laurent Delaye Gallery, London  
**1996** 'The Death of the Death of', curated by Kenny Schachter, 480 Broome St., New York



## selected performances and events

- 2011** 'Trans-mutational material workshop' House of Fairy Tales, Whitechapel Gallery  
'Radioactivity' House of Fairy Tales, Camp Bestival, Dorset  
'Collage' The Great Endangered Fish Race, House of Fairy Tales, Selfridges, London  
The Art Car Boot Fair, Truman Brewery London  
'Glitter' Applecourt Festival, Victoria Park, London
- 2010** 'Spiro-Gyro' House of Fairy Tales, Port Eliot Festival and Camp Bestival, Dorset  
'The art of the oil spill' House of Fairy Tales, Thames Festival, London  
'The Art Car Boot Fair', Truman Brewery London
- 2009** 'Paradise within the reach of all men...' House of Fairy Tales, Tate Modern, London  
'Paradise within the reach of all men...' House of Fairy Tales, Port Eliot Festival and Clumber Park  
'Collage annihilator' House of Fairy Tales, Barbican Centre, London  
'The Art Car Boot Fair', Truman Brewery London

## Selected publications and bibliography

- 2013** Armada, Five years, essay by Oliver Peterson Gilbert and Hazel Atasharoo
- 2012** Making Contemporary Sculpture, Ian Dawson, Crowood Press ISBN 978-1847974303
- 2011** Two an a half Dimensions, Pangolin London- Essay Marcus Harvey  
Ian Dawson by Gavin Turk Frieze September edition, Independent Newspaper 2nd September
- 2010** Against Grids, Brandon Taylor, ISBN: 978-0-947608-30-9
- 2009** Blind Handshake, David Humphrey, ISBN: 9781-1-934772-32-4  
Winchester Research Anthology, The Winchester Gallery Press ISBN978-1-873452-61-8  
Brixton Breakers, Gordon Burn, in Sex and Violence, Death and Silence: encounters with recent Art, Faber and Faber ISBN 978-0-571-22929-1
- 2008** Collage, assembling contemporary art, Black Dog Publishing ISBN: 9781906155391  
Nature is a Workshop/Selected works from the Arts Council Collection, Turner Contemporary  
End Game, Museum of Fine Art, Houston – Essay Richard Cork
- 2007** Light, Winchester Cathedral
- 2006** Metropolis Rise: New Art From London, Anthony Gross and Jen Wu, Arts Council England  
Artists and Alchemists, Sherbourne House  
Lack, J. Profile Ian Dawson, ID Magazine, no 262 Jan 06
- 2004** Contemporary British Sculpture' Guy Portelli, Schiffer Publishing, ISBN: 0764321110
- 2001** 'New Labour', The Saatchi Collection
- 1999** Young British Art: The Saatchi Decade', Booth-Clibborn
- 1998** New Neurotic Realism', The Saatchi Gallery
- 1994** 'An American Passion', Glasgow Museum Press

Works in public and private collections worldwide, Weatherspoon Gallery, University of North Carolina Arario Gallery/ Mr Kim, Mickey and Janice Cartin Collection The Saatchi Collection, London ABN Amro Collection, Amsterdam SEI Collection, USA & UKTI Group, London Skadden, Arps, Meager & Flom, New York West Collection Chaney Family Collection Goss Michael Collection Keith Tyson Collection V22 Collection British Airways, Robert. D and Susan Kasen Summer Collection



All text taken from *Vision Adventure*, a live, improvised storytelling evening held to coincide with Miru Miru Mega Yokunaru at C&C Gallery on 19.03.2014.

Notes on the contributors:

Steph Harrop is a modern storyteller inspired by ancient oral traditions. Steph creates one-off re-tellings of Greek myths, British fairy tales and Anglo-Scottish ballads in performances across the UK. She also works at The Royal Central School of Speech and Drama, Rose Bruford College of Theatre and Performance, and Goldsmiths College (University of London), where her teaching and research focus on ancient Greek tragedy and contemporary storytelling.

The writer, actor and storyteller Alys Torrance is one half of comedy duo Faultless and Torrance. Alys writes for the stage, TV, and the radio and regularly collaborates with the storytelling collective, Lip Thumb & Toe.

Cat Gerrard, is both a storyteller and puppeteer based in London. With a love of physicality and experiment, Cat blends traditional narrative with other artforms, including percussion, shadow puppetry and juggling. Cat is also founder and Artistic Director of Tailspin, an ensemble of storytellers and musicians dedicated to creating a supportive space for experimental storytelling.

Grateful thanks to: Joanna and Emily Gore, Helen Hayward, Alice Fernback, Steph Harrop, Alys Torrance, Cat Gerrard, Serena Zacheo, everyone a C&C Gallery, Paul Rushworth and Chris Hawtin.

For Ava and Nancy









