



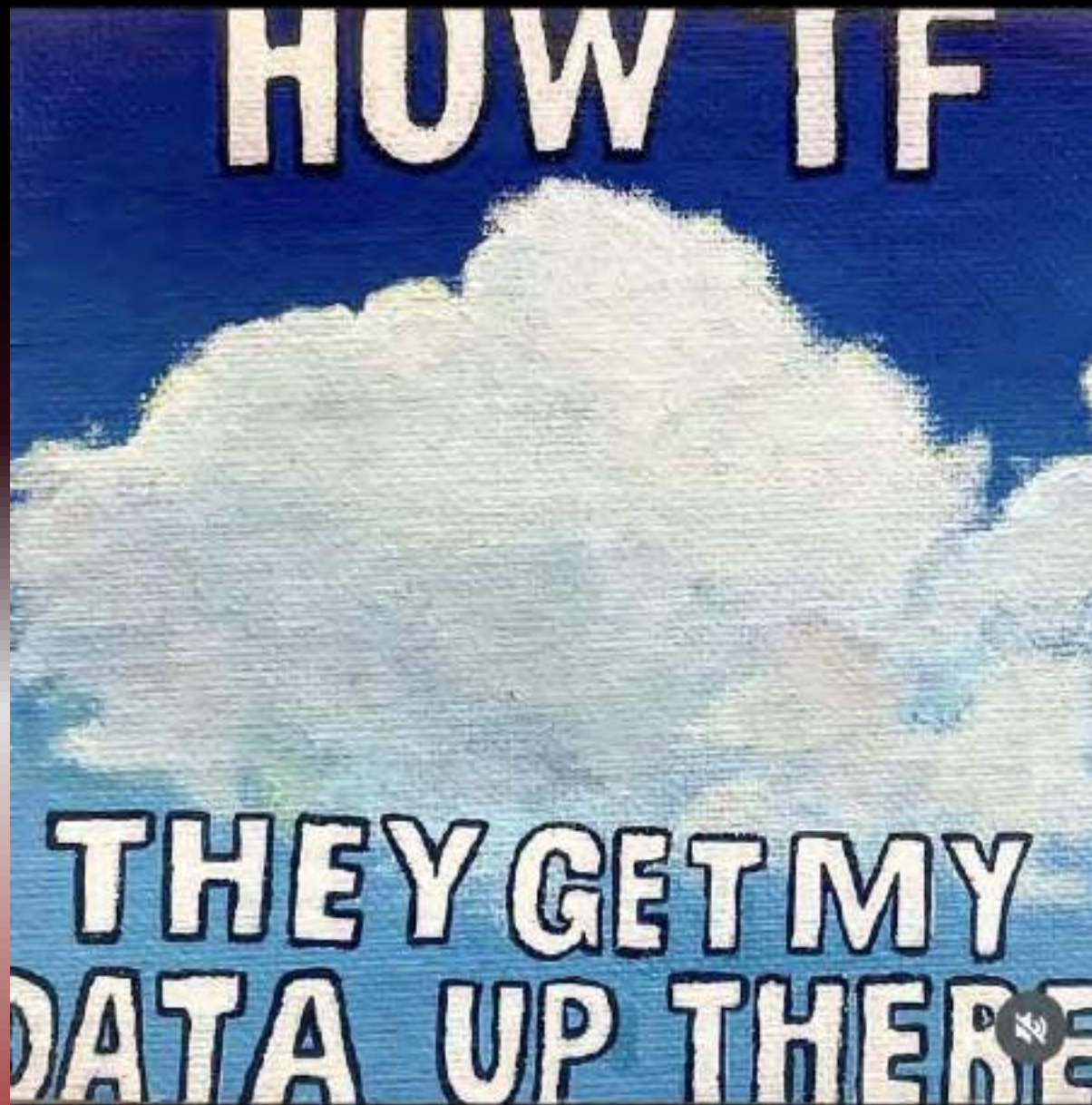
artist talk
Beck Dawson
(ASMR and 1.5x
Speed)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_UvY7yWQwZE

ASMR stands for Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response



Portfolio
Beck Dawson



'how tf they get my data up there', acrylic on canvas paper, 15x15cm 2024



moo deng and platform captivity, acrylic on paper, 14x15cm 2024



'you the are symptom here / i actually love',
fingerpainting acrylic on wall, 60x65cm, 2024



(Miku corner)
(*NEW*)

(Edging edge)

Greed will
be the
end of him

(Goon Corner)
(This is a safe space)

(LeBron edit corner)
(*NEW Highly
requested*)

(Feet corner)

'goon tournaments by @perktunes on Instagram' oil on reused canvas painting, 2025



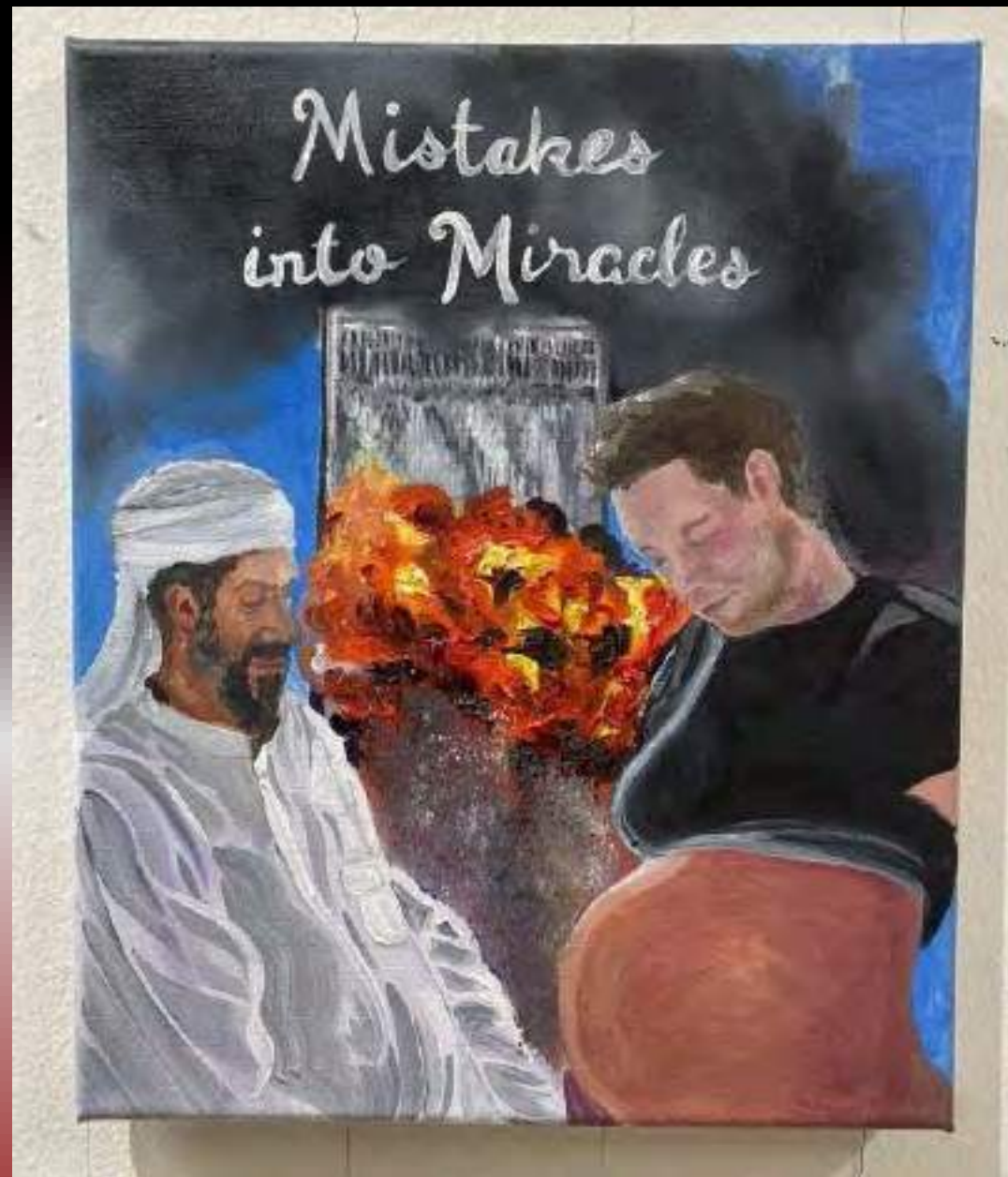
'caught in 3K's', oil on cutting mat, 2025



'it's never ogre' oil on found wood, 2025



'POV' acrylic fingerpainting on reused oil painting, 2025



'mistakes into miracles', oil on canvas, 2025

Please let me use

the CERN large
hadron collider



I am normal and can
be trusted with

a demonic technology unlike anything
the world has ever seen

The solar anus, oil on canvas, 2025



'event horizon', watercolour on canvas paper > digital edit > curtain fabrication, 2025



'i3luigimangione' digital edit of acrylic fingerpainting on paper, 2025

ME BEING EXECUTED
IN 2030 FOR NOT
BUYING SABRA HUMMUS



'i\$rahell', oil on canvas, 2025



'incel tears', oil on canvas, 2025



Turkey 2025, oil on canvas, 2025



'👊us🔥', oil on found wood, 2025



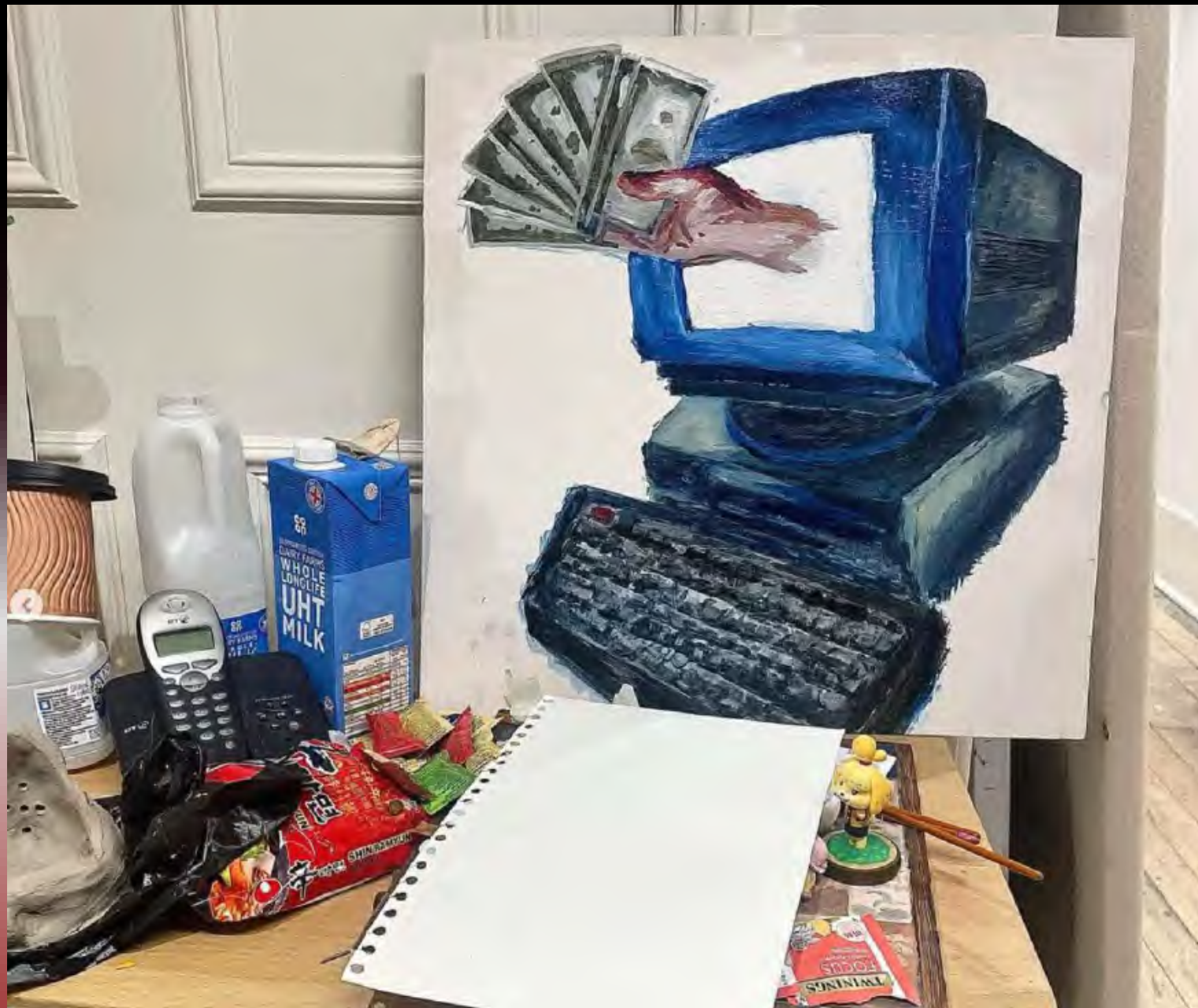
'do you condemn hamas?' image transfer and oil on canvas, 2025



'cloudy bois' ongoing work, acrylic paintings and printed images on wood and greyboard, 2025



'does anyone know if we have tomorrow' acrylic fingerpainting and chalkboard paint on canvas paper, 2025



'Bite the hand', oil on found wood, 2025



'69 genders', acrylic fingerpainting on collaged cardstock, 2025



Troll Cave:
Bedrotting in the
Age of Gooncore
exhibition proposal
Beck Dawson



Third version of this meme, I accidentally dropped it on the studio floor after sealing it so it's got a collection of debris stuck to it, after a proactive crit I thought more about combining textiles with memetic tactility and thus began the rot room.



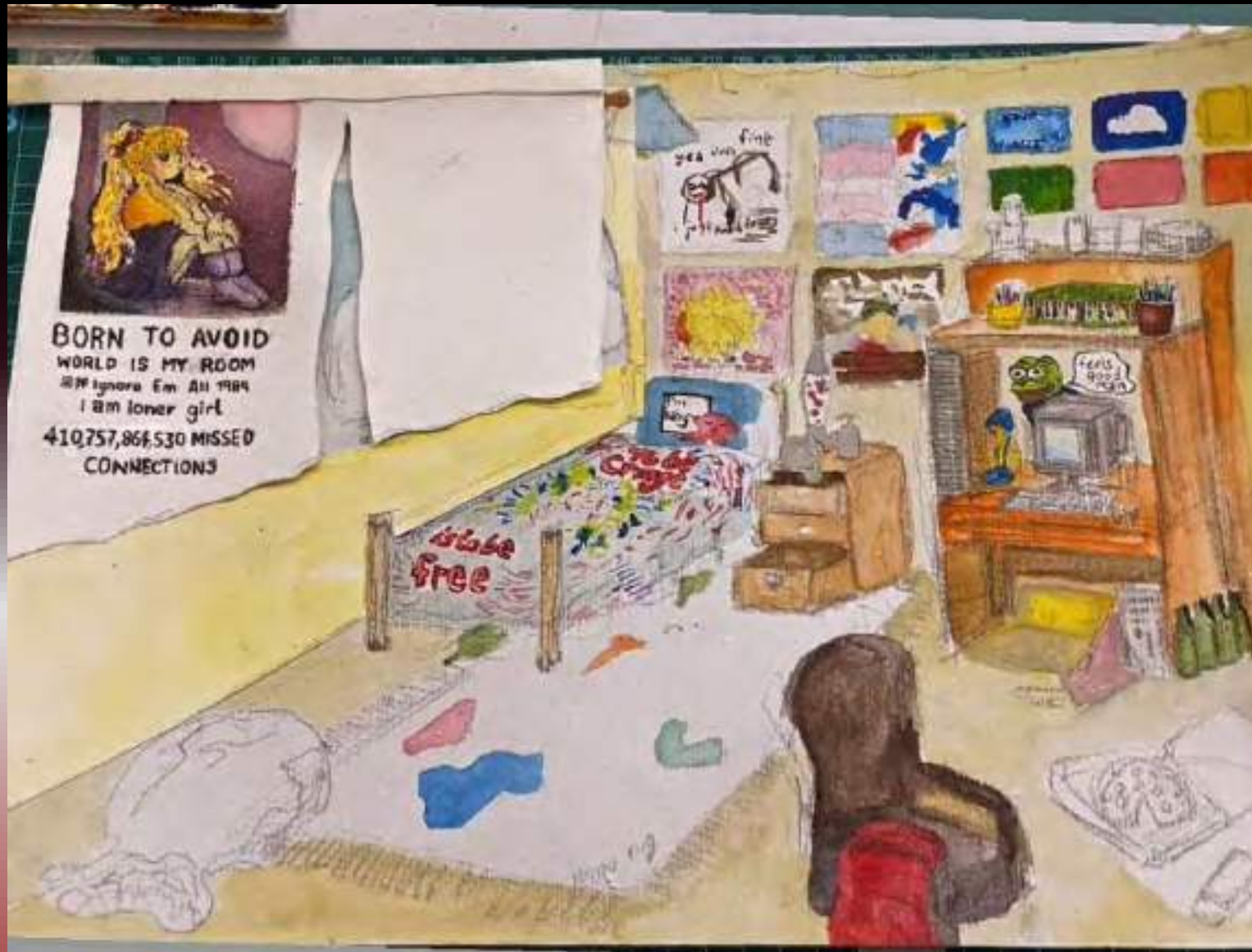
A meme my friend @m.em.a0000 made last year about how it feels sometimes



Tracey Emin's 'my bed, 1998'



the vibe I am curating for the exhibition



Video of some moveable/interactive features of the rot room



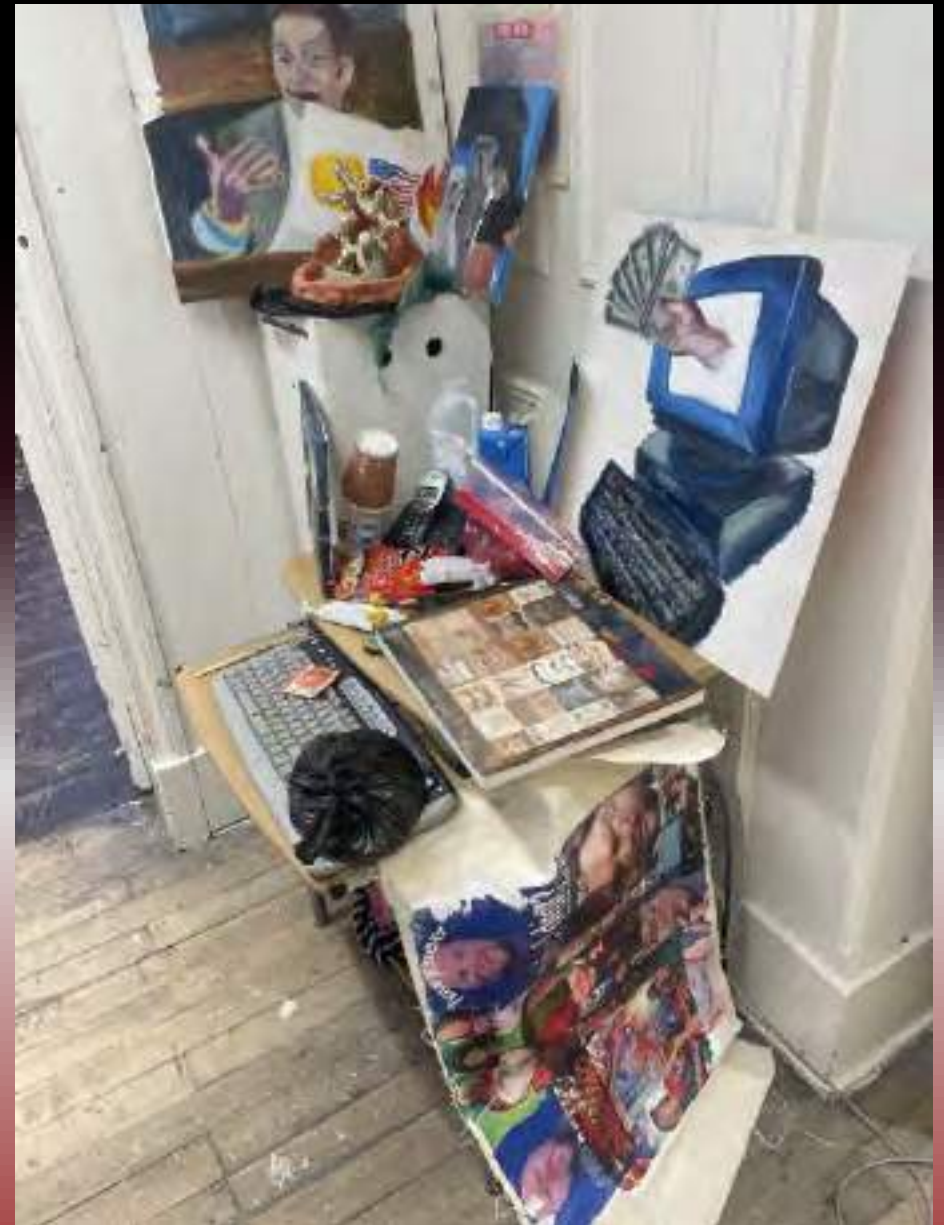
Sketch and watercolour drawing of proposed vision

Requirements:
2.5m x 2.45m x 3m (DxHxW)
Access to electricity for 4 plug sockets

Artist brings:
Furniture
20+ paintings
200+ memes
???+ waste
Heart, soul and a slightly cursed spirit



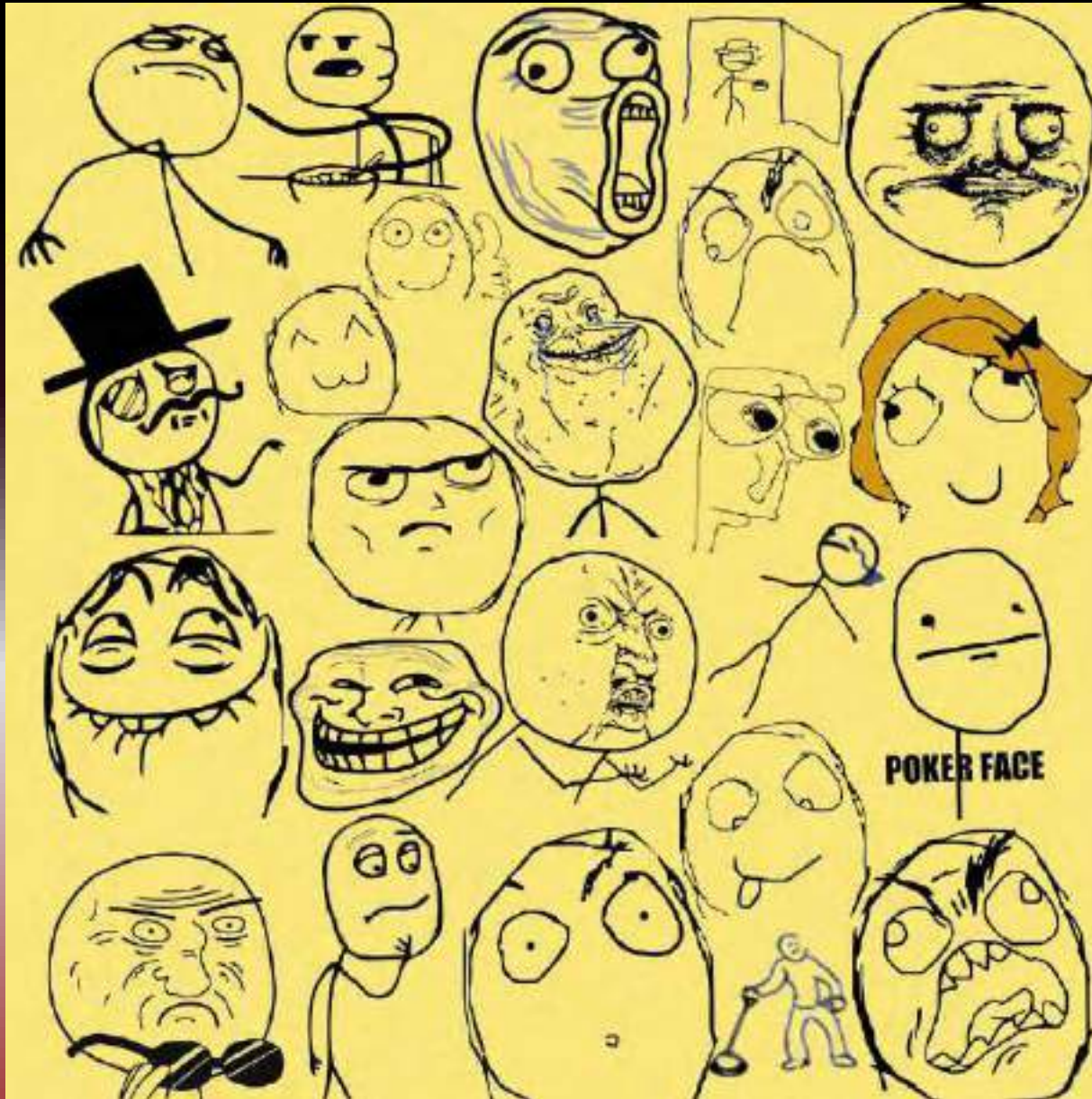
Scattering of memes surplus as trash/waste/excess



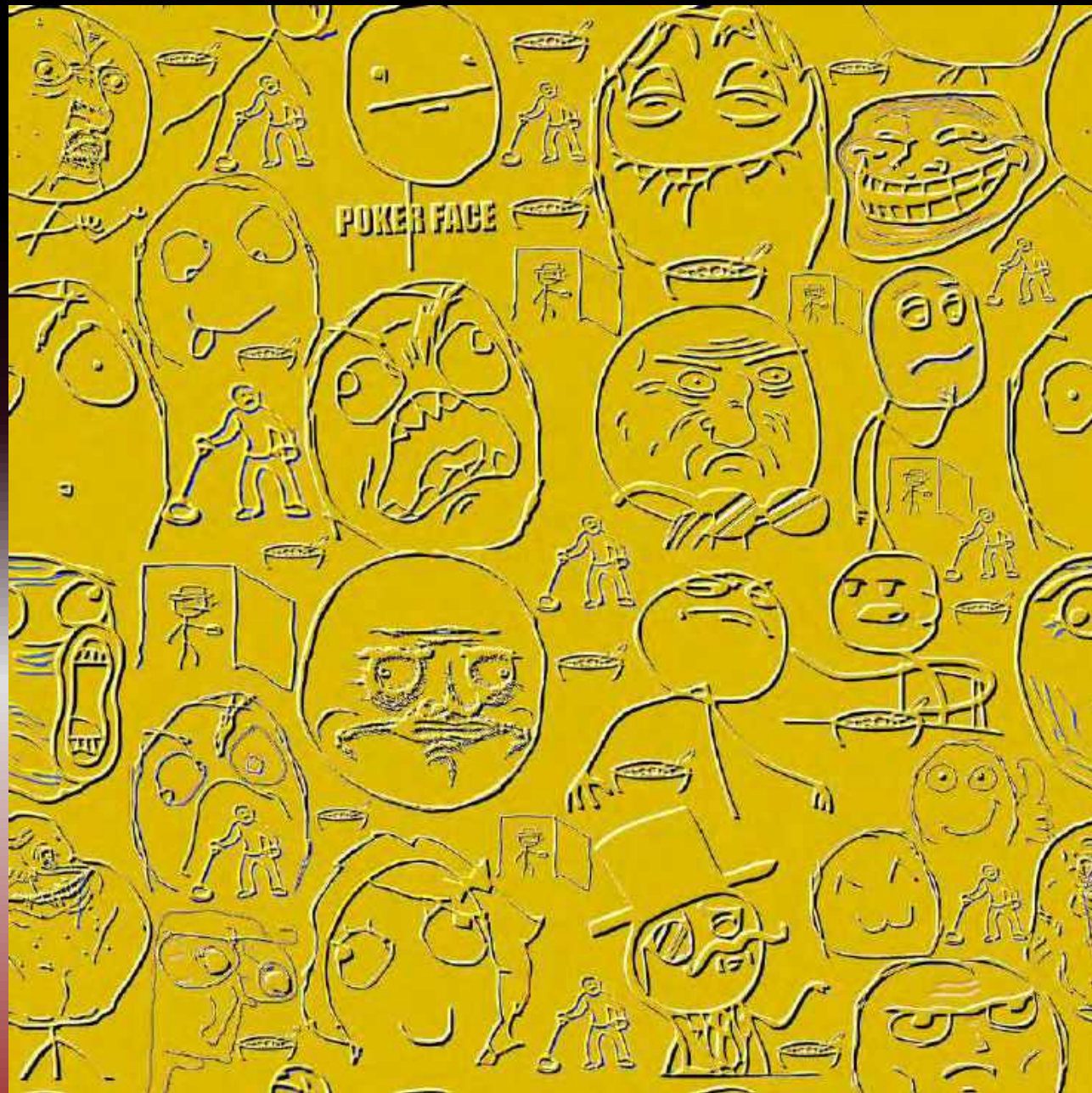
Configurations of paintings or images as meanings behind technology



Allow the exhibition space to be explored from inside out



Bespoke wallpaper designs for exhibition space
Pre-repeat pattern



Embossed repeat pattern designed for exhibition space



1st attempt at
materialising a
(fever) dream into a
reality

How it feel / how it be(real)



6th attempt and wishing I proposed showing a painting or 2 instead of this shit



Troll Cave: Bedrotting in the Age of Gooncore

An exhibition proposal by Beck Dawson

Welcome to the Troll Cave: a decomposing bedroom, a meme engine, a psychic landfill. This is not Tracey Emin's bed, it's her Zillennial femcel, burned-out and deep fried descendant, chain-smoking the vaporous collective unconscious until the walls drip Lorecore. Here, personal landscapes are shaped not only by heartbreak but by brainrot, by the symptoms, by the feed. This is beyond depression. It's the physical manifestation of our terminal scroll, a site where meme formats outpace language, where the individual id is fragmented and buried under comment sections.

The exhibition starts with a meme I remade three times: Lisa Simpson screaming, Lacan's Borromean knot tangled with Corecore detritus, captions confessing that we would be normal if it weren't for the symptoms. I remix, rewrite, and reconstruct the mess left by previous generations, digital folklore turned sinister, collapsing narratives that trap us in manufactured isolation.

Inside Troll Cave, the walls collapse. Paintings pulse with fever-dream symbology: Pepe faces beside OnlyFans icons, fluffy clouds bleeding genocide next to a crying billionaire. Meme printouts rot beside critical theory texts and cheetos packaging, forming a sediment of survival under late capitalism. This isn't content. It's compulsion. It's the hyperreal bed rotting in real time, a spectacle of spacetime singularity where trauma, irony, and crisis collapse into one recursive feed.

Visitors don't view. They endure. They loop through illness memes, trauma dumps, dopamine crashes, touching Duchamp's fountain and skibidi toilets. War and pop culture metabolized together. Class struggle leaks through snack wrappers and unfinished antipsychotics. This is the last space left to make art: not a studio, but a fallout shelter for the dispossessed.

Troll Cave stages not catharsis, but confrontation. It's crisis as medium, collapse as form, detritus as declaration. An archive of the endless now.

Extra readings and links:

<https://knowyourmeme.com/memes/im-baby>

<https://stillpointmag.org/articles/the-hours-have-lost-their-clock-grafton-tanner/>

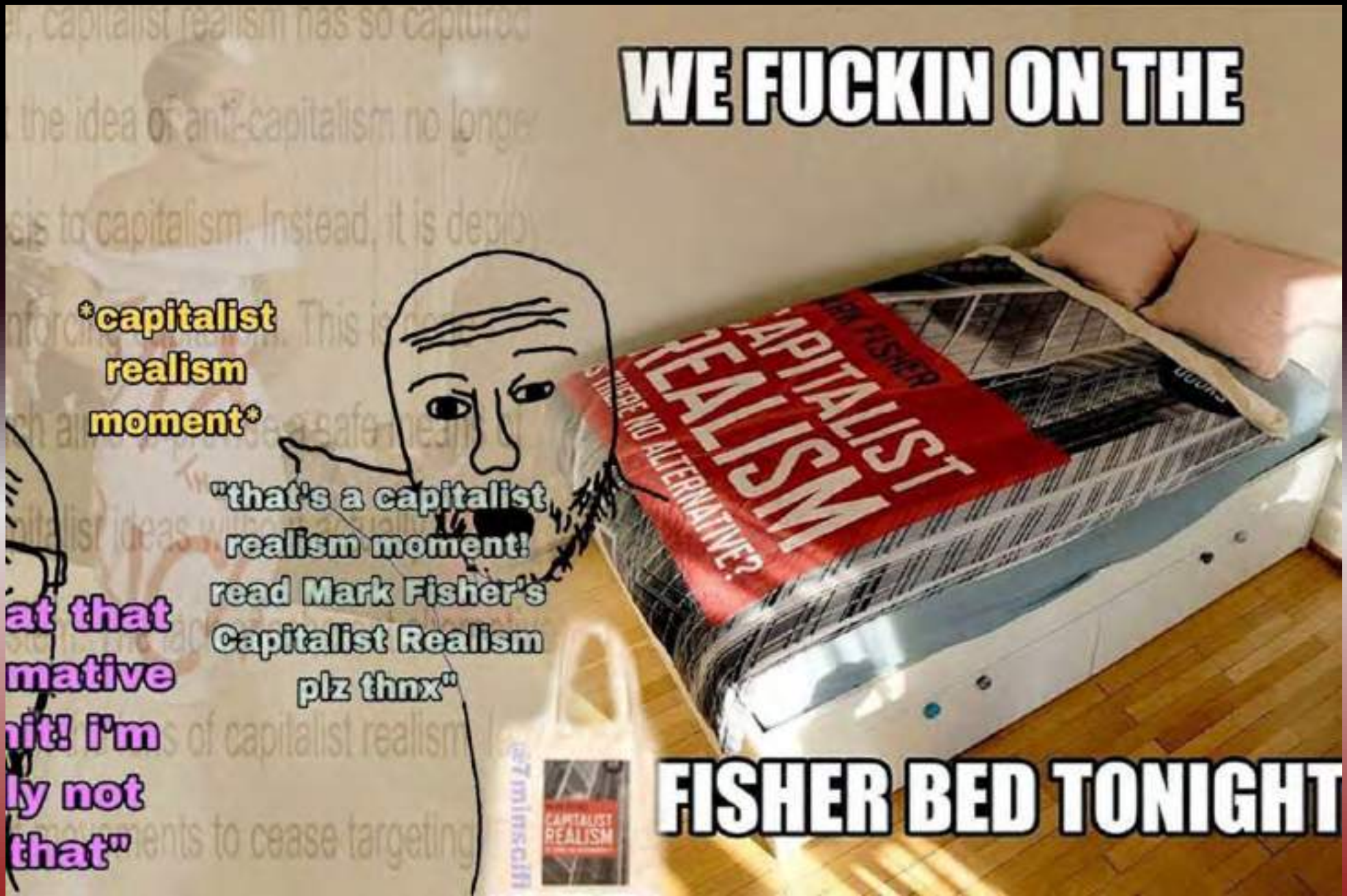
<https://www.collectiveinkbooks.com/blogs/zer0/event-horizon/>

<https://www.britannica.com/topic/event-horizon-black-hole>

https://www.nosubject.com/Borromean_knot

<https://thedangerousmaybe.medium.com/lacans-borromean-knot-and-the-object-cause-of-desire-3fd580df80b>

Bonus meme for enduring the horrors



WE FUCKIN ON THE

***capitalist
realism
moment***

**"that's a capitalist
realism moment!
read Mark Fisher's
Capitalist Realism
plz thnx"**

**at that
mative
nit! i'm
ly not
that"**

FISHER BED TONIGHT