A scene in sand, is it from another planet? Or is this the lost archaeological remains of Atlantis, finally found on the bottom of the sea? It is all shrouded in darkness, but there are beams of light from headlights and the lighthouse. In this beams marvellous objects and artefacts appear out of the shadows.

A museum in a museum.

  As always, Tilda Lovell, creates a dreamy landscape, an amazing theatre fluctuating between beauty and the cruel. And here she appears with her eyes closed, like seeress and Queen. Her head, overgrown with shells, sea poppies and corals, as in the midst of a surreal metamorphosis.

  I have associated Tilda Lovell's former landscape as sprung out of the Arctic or out of the dark, northern forests found in the Grimm tales.

In *The Queen Conch* she approaches an ocean, perhaps the Mediterranean sea.

But it is not the classical white antiquity of Winckelmann (who never put his foot in greek soil) rather it is the surreal; wild, violent and primitive mythology.

The oracle as a treacherous sea god, a demiurg and creator; on a throne at a distance, his poem looking beyond evil and good. Fragments of a mysterious nightly game. God as a treacherous child playing in the sand.

  And behind that, in the animated projection, the genealogy of the objects appears in an ongoing mythical creation; growing out of wet and dry, out of the stone and the water and giving birth to the world and becoming: an animal, fading figures of sand, the forest, a resting siren, skeletons, skin, a hairy seal…

  I saw Tilda Lovell’s work for the first time when she was a student at Mejan, she had, for a while noted the dreams of the night on the wall next to her bed. That source seems to be her constant companion, feelings of pleasure and fear, here incarnated in the figures of The Queen Conch’s poetic shadow world.

 Peter Cornell