

THE
GENTLE ART OF
MAKING ENEMIES

Verdict for plaintiff.

Damages one farthing.



Notes

R.S.V.P. INVITATION BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU

Notes

The
GENTLE ART OF
MARTIN ECKHART

Notes



Why do you think that you were nominated for this project?

.....

.....

Who are you nominating and why?

1.

.....

2.

.....

3.

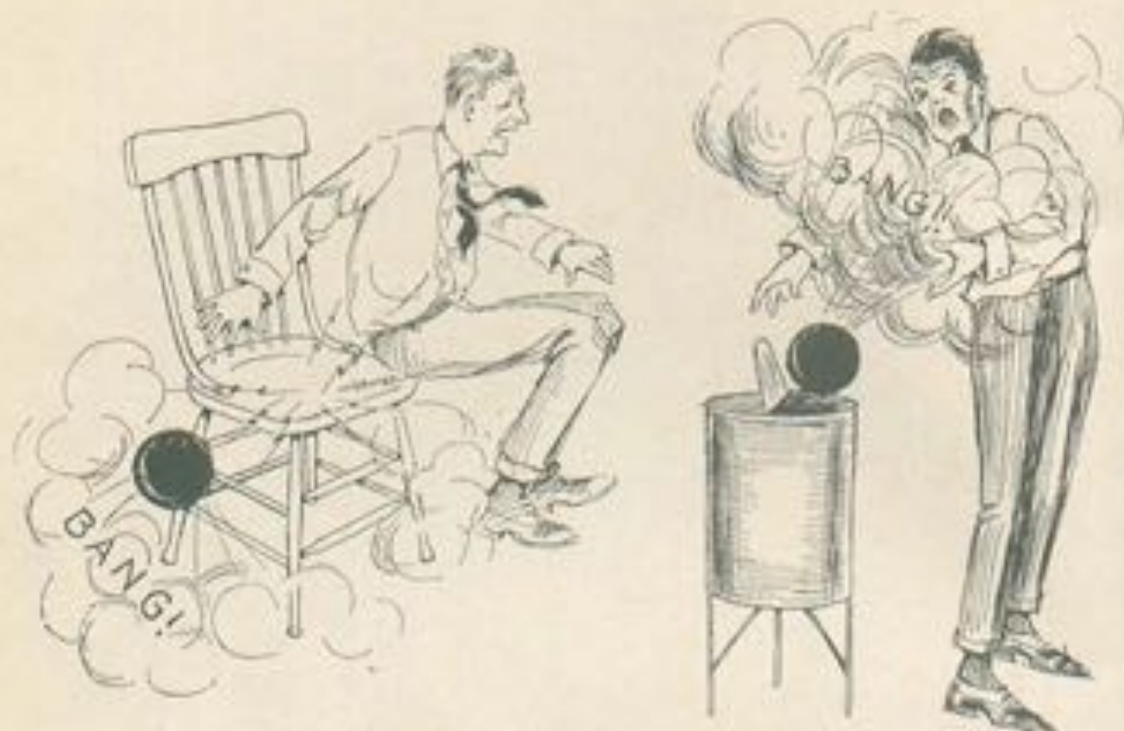
.....

Andrew
108a Standon Park
Forest Hill
London
SE23 1JS

Hattie
7 Gorton Lane
Emsly
Surrey
CR8 5BA



BOMB STUNT



This harmless though highly exciting ceremony will not encourage the bolshevik spirit or the bomb-throwing habit. On the contrary, it will teach the candidate not to fool with bombs and infernal machines.

This stunt consists of a chair, fake bomb and garbage can. The chair is arranged to fire a blank cartridge and turn on electric current at the same time, any jump spark battery being used. The bomb is an iron ball with a fuse which does a good deal of sputtering when lighted but throws off no sparks. The can is made with a firing device on the inside which explodes a blank cartridge.

Candidate is seated on the chair and the lighted bomb is handed him by a bolshevik or attendant, or candidate might be compelled to light the bomb himself. Of course, he expects the infernal machine to go off and he can be made to believe it has, any time the attendant sees fit to shoot on the juice and fire the cartridge. The attendant then suggests that he throw the bomb into the garbage can, and this strikes the candidate as being a good way out of his precarious situation. As he raises the lid and is in the act of throwing in the bomb, the explosion in the can occurs, and candidate thanks his stars that he got rid of the bomb just in time to escape being blown into atoms.

D405—Bomb Stunt Outfit Complete, consisting of Chair, Fake Bomb and Garbage Can, including extra fuses and box of blank cartridges, (battery not included)\$30.50

D406—Chair 10.50
(battery not included)

Building Personal Relationships

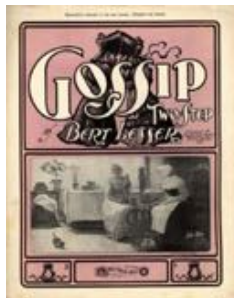
- * Never criticize, condemn or complain.
 - o Self-criticism is extremely rare. Your criticism won't be welcome.
 - o Criticism makes others defensive and resentful.
 - o Positive Reinforcement works better.
- * Become genuinely interested in other people.
 - o People are most interested in themselves.
 - o Remember people's birthdays and other important details.
- * Talk in terms of the other person's interests.
 - o Find the things that interest others and talk about those things.
 - o If you know nothing of their interests, ask intelligent questions.
- * Be a good listener.
 - o Give your exclusive attention to others.
 - o Encourage others to talk about themselves. Ask pointed questions.
- * Make the other person feel important.
 - o People deeply desire feeling important and appreciated.
 - o Praise others' strengths and they'll strive to reinforce your opinion.
- * Use Names whenever possible.
- * Smile.
 - o Greet others with smiles, enthusiasm and animation.
 - o Smiling comes through even when on the phone.

Selling your Ideas: Establish a Space for Cooperation

- * Avoid arguments: you can only lose.
 - o Arguers will defend and embrace their previous positions.
 - o Even "winning" will hurt the loser's pride and build resentment.
 - o A Guide to avoiding arguments:
 1. Welcome the disagreement. Be thankful for a new opinion.
 2. Keep calm.
 3. Listen first. Hear your opponents out.
 4. Look for areas of agreement.
 5. Admitting errors will make it easier for others to admit theirs.
 6. If no resolution is found, postpone action and promise to explore

the opposing perspective.

- * Begin in a friendly way.
 - o Open conversation with sincere praise, appreciation and sympathy.
 - o A friendly tone will allow others to broach discussions more openly.
- * Let the other person do a great deal of the talking.
 - o Eagerly listen to concerns to diffuse tension and build relationships.
 - o Others need to finish spilling their ideas before listening to you.
- * Be sympathetic.
 - o Most people hunger for sympathy.
 - o Tell them: "I'd feel the same way under those circumstances."
- * Respect others' opinions. Never say, "You're wrong."
 - o People don't like to admit they're wrong and may take it personally.
- * If you are wrong, admit it quickly and emphatically.
 - o Demonstrate your willingness to rationally examine the facts.
 - o If another is about to criticize you, don't let them start!
 - o A harsh self-rebuke may prompt the others to soften their critiques.
 - o Admitting errors clears guilt and allows quicker resolutions.
- * Try honestly to see things from the other person's point of view.
 - o Another's perspective and motivation is the key to understanding their decisions, agenda and personality.
- * Frame requests in terms of what motivates others.
 - o Ask yourself: "Why should someone want to do as I ask?"



Behind the Tangled Network With Hattie and Andrew

Hattie Spires

to me

More options 8/10/05

Hey Mr! Having a nice day? I may be about to ruin it with my incessant questions...

thanks for these emails. Is Bea an artist too? Shall I invite her?

Just wondering if you know any leads I can follow up with the following... or... if your friends know their email addresses:

DAVID FALCONER - you assisted him right? Do you have an email for him or the studio or a contact number of someone really friendly who'll give me his details?

ALEXIS HARDING - does Henry have Alexis' email / is Henry inviting Alexis anyway?

EMMA HOLDEN - a friend of yours and Becky's? Do you have her email address to hand?

JAMIE SHOVLIN - does Fleur have his email address? (Or, indeed, do you know if that's who she's inviting anyway?)

LOUISE CLARKE - did you say you had a number or email address for her? RCA printmaking - was that what she studied?

LINSDAY SEERS - your old tutor at college right? Do you have an email address knocking around for her somewhere?

No worries if you don't have any more info on these guys. Just thought I'd ask and see as you seemed to have a few links with them when we spoke of them before. I'll call galleries and stuff and see what I can get out of them and failing that, send them invitation letters c/o their galleries.

I think I'm going to send an invitation email out to all I've got so far as other names on the list may end up getting invited as part of the process... as that is the nature of the beast!

Andrew Collard
to Hattie

More options 8/10/05

I don't have Emma's email(I can probably get it), but she knows about it. Forget Louise, Lynsey, Dave Falconer (I don't have any up to date info). Henry might be able to get in touch with Alexis- but he's not that forthcoming Fleur is inviting Jamie Shovlin

Hattie Spires
to me

More options 8/11/05

Cool thanks for this Andeeeee. I've got to go in to work today and we're putting on an event in the evening so I'll be back in action tomorrow. (Although I'm tempted to cancel some stuff... and get back early.)

It's occured to me that the website might need tweaking - in the 'brief' section - only because it has the more detailed version of the project and it might seem like we're promising bookmarks and exhibitions with name badges and a level of added detail that's not necessarily happening though would be nice. What do you reckon? Don't know if you're around today or ripping out walls and if you want to tweak it. I can do it late this evening and send you the tweaked version to upload.

Sorry about this. I think our deadlines in my head are 'week beginning 7 Aug' rather than the day itself... this way it allows for my peculiar and unexpected work hours. Does this sound crap?

Oooh- just shifted something so will hopefully be home a little earlier today and back in action later!

Andrew Collard
to Hattie

More options 8/II/05

A new brief bit sounds great, hit me up when you get it.
I'm going on holiday tommorow so I'll try and do it tonight- although
I might be a bit pissed (studio meeting)

Don't worry too much about the deadlines lets just get this fucker done!

Andééééééééééééééx

Hattie Spires
to me

More options 8/II/05

Hey hope you're nicely pissed!
OK - this isn't a new brief, just a slightly tweaked one that covers our ass (urg, so anal am I...) so copy n paste it in I guess, you geek!

Anyhoo, thanks for this. Where are you off to for your hols? When are you back? Have a cool time!! xx

Andrew Collard
to Hattie

More options 8/11/05

word, I am pissed: I've already been told off by Becky and U can't find my glasses. Consider it done,

Peace out,
- Hide quoted text -

1877

DON'T GET WEARY:

OR,

"JOHNNY, YOU'VE BEEN
A BAD BOY."

BY

J. M. TURNER.

Song, for Piano, - - 40	Military Band, - - 75
March, for Piano, - 40	Small Orchestra, - 75
Galop, for Piano, - - 40	Large Orchestra, - 1.50

NEW YORK:

Published by *Frederick Blume*, 861 Broadway,

Two Doors above Seventeenth Street.

Copyright, 1877, by FREDERICK BLUME.
U. S. PATENT OFFICE, New York.

ANDREW
COLLARD

HATTIE
SPIRES

1991 Met at
school. didn't
know much about
art

STUFF HAPPENS

2005
ANDREW IS
AN ARTIST &
HATTIE
IS A CURATOR

01.01.05
Andrew is musing
over
his lack of
success
in the artworld...

..HE TEXTS HATTIE
WITH AN IDEA
THAT WILL CHANGE
BOTH THEIR LIVES
FOREVER!!!

THE GENTLE ART
OF MAKING
ENEMIES

Hattie says the idea is brilliant. She
then changes it into something amazing.

LOTS OF TEXTING. PHONE
CALLS AND EMAILS.

'WHAT'S THE TITLE?'
'G.A.M.E'

'What is it about?'
'NETWORKING & BACK STABING'

A MEETING

this is brilliant
the ARTS COUNCIL
will love it

FUCK
THE ARTS
COUNCIL

EXHIBITION

BOOK
DELUXE

Self published
maquette

INVITATIONS

ARTISTS

CRITICS

CURATORS

THERESE
STOWELL

ANDREW

HATTIE

REBECCA
HARRINGTON
because nepotism
is an essential part of
networking

BEN WOODCOCK

JASON WELLING
because he gives me his
Paintings for the Price of a
blank canvas

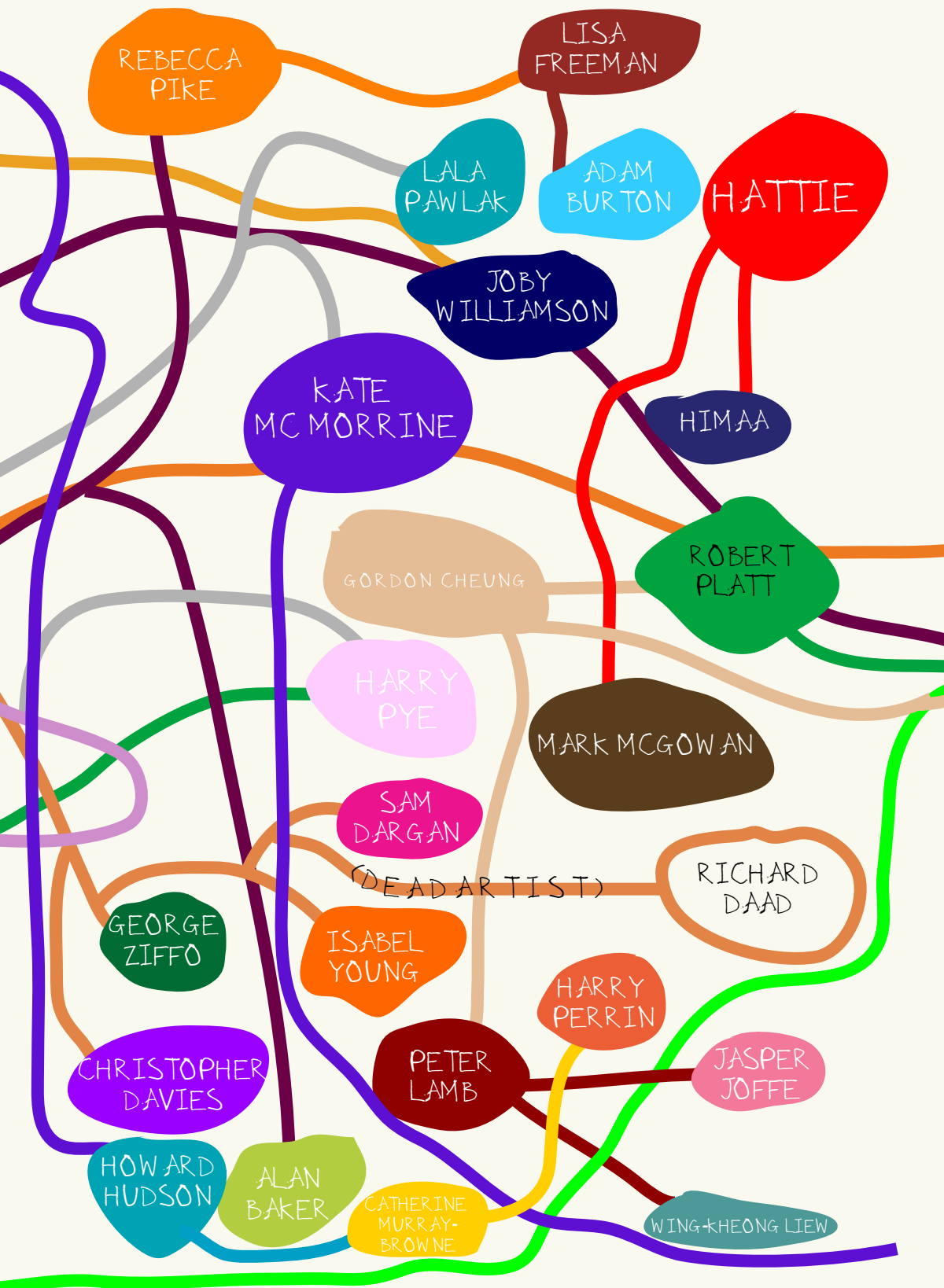
BEA
DENTON
she's Positive!

GORDON CHEUNG
because I'm jealous
of his studio space

PETER SUCHIN
His work was once compared to
Columbo (and I thought jealously
that sounds really
cool!)











'It Hurts To Know You - But It Doesn't Do Me Any Harm'.

PAUL O'KANE
September 2005

This is hard to write, without making various kinds of trouble for myself. It's also an essay that I've written in one way or another throughout my adult life in gasps and gusts, in prose, poetry, painting, polemic and song as well as the occasional expletive. Despite all these it yet remains unsaid, unsung, unseen as must the very core or origin of anything or of anyone.

The success we often speak of is only that particular success which, like all bourgeois values, likes to think of itself as unchallenged'. I resort to the term 'Bourgeois' repeatedly here as a 'spectre' of Marxism which allows me a position from which to critique perceived norms. Admittedly, this is a necessary construct which denies my own complicity with bourgeoisness, but without it I would suicidally surrender to a hopeless milieu of vacuous consensus. Beyond the horizons of the bourgeois weltanschauung all is ironised out of existence by way of a potent wit and a complacent grin. Bourgeois success is the success of profile, visibility, profession, position and esteem, but it is not the success of art.

The kind of art world that thinks it is the only one, one that is militarily defended by ironic grins and sneers, is only an art world, one among many, and furthermore one among money, i.e. it is — predictably — the art world of the 'successful', the art world of those for whom art is success, is profession, is profile etc.

Despite all the predictable sneering ripostes about 'romance' and 'anachronism' which the following suggestion is bound to call forth, I insist that success in art may be achieved via the maintenance of obscurity and the endurance of pains. For some artists and some art, isolation and even the maintenance of loneliness and grief may be essential. In the Korean classic film 'Seopyeonje' the Pansori artist's (traditional story singers) father goes so far as to blind his daughter in order to deepen her commitment to singing and bring her closer to the grief necessary for achieving excellence.

My slightly gnarled, would-be hardcore heart has long believed and, I believe, still does believe, that succeeding via friends, connections, networks, communications and profiles is really a namby pamby, bourgeois pussyfoot up a socially enabled ladder, while anyone succeeding without a friend in the world must have produced some truly great work.

I I resort to the term 'Bourgeois' repeatedly here as a 'spectre' of Marxism which allows me a position from which to critique perceived norms. Admittedly, this is a necessary construct which denies my own complicity with bourgeoisness, but without it I would suicidally surrender to a hopeless milieu of vacuous consensus.

This at least has been my private excuse for one or two lonely decades punctuated by painful and irreparably broken relationships. Old-fashioned as this too may sound, isn't it ultimately work and its potential posterity which must really guide the artist and audience? and perhaps even more-so in these days of gossip-length careers and snack-sized identity cults.

Of course, the very notion of a work of great or lasting value, or of any value at all for that matter is immediately haunted by wastelands of media-friendly, sound-bite, vaguely hip, 'high art lite' that today aimlessly cruises a deluge of art journals, flyers, biennales and lecture halls, never benefiting-from, nor suffering any form of convincing, constructive critical evaluation whatever².

'High Art Lite' title of an overview of Brit Art by Julian Stallabrass.. Driven to occasionally concede to Fukuyama's reactionary vision of a 'capitalist paradise' at 'the end of history' we might discern within it lie certain quarters wherein e.g. black America celebrates its 'Gangsta's Paradise' and where what I describe above revels in the 'bourgeois paradise' i.e. a worldwide society of cool backslapping chums, sampling an endless dinner party of tasty events. For these, everything is unthinkingly 'fantastic' or 'amazing', and nothing is ever less than 'Interesting'.

The name 'Henry Darger' comes to mind whenever this issue of success is raised. Darger provides us with a recent figure of an artist who renewed the possibilities of art, of painting and of the image of the artist. Few would argue that Darger was not a success as an artist and yet perhaps his greatest achievement was avoiding any publicity at all for himself and his works -which were not discovered until after his death. (He 'achieved' this at a time when the East Coast American critical hub was embracing, or calling-for a 'Real' art of difference and abjection.) But only far, far, from the hungry spotlights of fame and claim it seems, could an artist live through the increasingly self-conscious 70s, 80s and 90s in New York and attain a truly idiosyncratic – to the point of perverse – contribution to current ways and means of making art.

At a recent party given by a colleague (the kind of event that I have always avoided if possible) myself and my partner (a fellow soft-boiled misanthropist) almost in unison asked our host 'but why do people have parties?' The host's somewhat pedestrian reply was 'It's a way of seeing all your friends in one place at one time'. However, anyone motivated by a slightly blacker heart, or who found their assimilation into bourgeois norms more challenged, might have been forced to explore as far as Marcel Mauss and Georges Bataille, and, as a result, might be suspicious of the potential Potlach effects of such purportedly innocent and generous bourgeois events and this kind of matter-of-fact justification.

In fact, isn't this insurmountable, unchallengeable 'purported innocence' the very trademark of the entire bourgeois edifice, the 'innocent' crime that has tradition-

ally hidden or 'overlooked' the great criminal denizens that lie beyond the bourgeois's simplistic, 'common' sensical, pragmatic, gregariously downshifting and even cheekily 'mockney' facade? The bourgeois is the endearingly playful king of an irresponsible world whose wars and exploits it keeps just out of sight while littering history with catastrophic 'mistakes' made in its name but never to be punished.

My main reluctance to attend parties is not fear of coercion into bad drunken dancing, nor is it conversations springing from those whom alcohol has tricked into imagining they are waxing lyrical or polemical, nor even is it the sight of people in the small hours simultaneously forgetting both table manners and potty training, no, what really makes me hesitate when choosing my shirt and shoes to go out is the crushing effect of exposing myself to the grand display of someone else's wealth, security, accommodation, trinkets, space, and social support network – in a word their bourgeois 'success'.

It was, incidentally, also here, at the house party described above that I learned, via several shifty, strategic exchanges, much important information about the future of my job and workplace and thus realised that my non-attendance at such events for the past several years may well have contributed to my continual lack of income, respect and reward.

An invitation to a party therefore means that I prepare to have my face rubbed in the dirt of my own failings, the failings of my otherwise privately cherished difference, which turns from positive to negative once judged by a self-righteous host backed by an all too visible consensus.

But my 'failings' are only comparable if I allow myself to be dragged out onto that bourgeois 'table' of equivalents which Foucault strategically satirised and destabilised in his 'The Order of Things'. I am filled with trepidation, as I might be if led, against my will, away from a surface on which I am happy to walk, and out onto some ice by one who feels at home there. The apparent necessity that I be dragged out of my hopeful, special, speculative universe (hopeful precisely because it is special and speculative) onto the abhorrent shared surface of consenting bourgeois valuation is an ultimately totalitarian motive lying behind every host's coercive insistence that I 'must attend'.

The above passages hopefully illustrate my point that obscurity is a necessary means of survival for many a sensitive and fragile artist tentatively evolving the peculiar strength and power of their own practices in the shadowy margins of incestuous bourgeois 'success' without being dragged, forcefully, prematurely, by minds operating according to the logic of a playground gang, into the harsh, destructive light of an ultimately exclusive and prescribed table of equivalences.

This bourgeois table is insular, and, despite its self-loving, delusory sense of chic, despite its apparent tolerance and liberalism in breaking off a piece of every other

culture to enhance its own, it is in fact parochial, village-like and blanks-out any real possibility of otherness, driving the other to extremes, living within a protective citadel into which no other table of values and equivalences can be admitted.

Hence, the biennale model constitutes little more than a new cultural colonialism, a new 'Expo' to ensure every cultural outpost falls into line with dominant and long established ways, means and values of bourgeois-centric art. And all this is crystal-clearly anathema to the much trumpeted notion of art as something challenging, risk-taking, innovative, redemptive, transformative or political in the liberative sense.

Many years ago, a TV special on the American writer Truman Capote confirmed some innate latent prejudice within me regarding the theme of success. The programme's inevitably over-mythologising 'angle' and laconic televisual compression forced home into my open mind the idea that the writer's loyalty to a certain literary veracity (a 'loyalty' that it was also easy to see as deep-rooted in a certain disaffection and discomfort) meant that the books Capote wrote after his volcanic rise to success were too-thinly disguised caricatures of his newly discovered bourgeois milieu and brimmed with damning 'warts and all' sketches of the successful, conceited and cold-hearted achievers with whom he now rubbed shoulders. This way of writing – no matter how true and valuable the writer felt it to be – soon lost Capote all support within the stellar realm to which he had recently gravitated. As a result, the rest of his time in the spotlight consisted of a painful-to-watch but all-too-visible fall of this once great and promising young writer as he was systematically destroyed by the long arms of a high society backlash.

The best art and artist is not necessarily successful. Jeff Koons, Damien Hirst, and more recently Hayley Newman have all, in their own ways, trodden an increasingly depressing path toward an ice cool identity of the artist for whom profile triumphs over practice. Beuys could be accused of something similar, but even a brief reflection leaves us with the deeply etched aura of his acts and his objects outshining all his personal showmanship – but this cannot be said of the three culprits named above.

The systematic dissolving of the mystery, value and power of art itself is greatly aided by diverting interest to the more easily consumed and understood value of the artist's own image, personality, cleverness, and celebrity. This is the immature response of a generation so infantilised by increasingly shallow, ultimately totalitarian consumerist culture that they have readily and rapidly surrendered the true struggle and true challenge to make great art and to make art great, while offering themselves instead as fodder, as sacrifices easily enlarged to Bollywood proportions by market and media vampires thirsty for quick thrills with which to maintain lucrative rubbernecking audiences.

Perhaps this is all fine, perhaps it is a kind of democracy in which we can all be equal and share, where there is no mystery and everything is suitable for dinner party conversation. It is perhaps terribly un-Warholian (and therefore uncool) to oppose and probably even 'undemocratic' (a new crime it seems). But where does it really get us or art today in these times of moral bankruptcy and barely concealed cultural desperation. Isn't democracy itself fast becoming a grubby, if not dirty word. Very dodgy, very dirty wars and occupations are fought in its name while its own procedures, in nations where it is established, appear corrupt or unworkable, and become yet more mirrors of the market as much-vaunted electoral 'choice' becomes a dead-heat of indecision, amid much mud-slinging and cults of personality that the people are still expected to swallow like a new breakfast bar. Perhaps an alterocracy is called-for, some far more bottom-up play of differences.

But to return to the point, summarise and conclude, the best artist is not necessarily recognisable or known. As for 'knives in backs', the most successful artists that I have worked closely with have always – I confess – caused me constant and extreme pain. I always seemed to be taking the same path but by a different 'vehicle' until it becomes apparent that their paths have destinations while mine have no such luxury but instead perpetuate a familiar disorientation. The pains of such relationships have always pierced me St. Sebastian-like, not merely in the back but from all directions.

However, I once sketched a chorus for an as yet unwritten song which runs: 'It Hurts To Know You But It Doesn't Do Me Any Harm'. The sentiment within the lyrical play is that, as an artist myself it seems almost a duty to undergo such pains to discover and maintain any idiosyncratic position of my own, however, by undergoing such pains I seem to enable – perhaps in the manner of a Bataillean sacrifice or Frazer-ian scapegoat – the very power and success of others.

See Georges Bataille 'The Accursed Share' and James Frazer 'The Golden Bough'. The song's chorus takes the trouble to communicate that such an interpretation is not a proud and pious one as I also suspect that, despite this painful power-draining, there is nevertheless some long-term, equally mysterious benefit to myself, as there is in all things from which we suspect we are learning valuable or profound lessons.

To be a successful artist requires neither knives nor profile, what it does demand is the discovery and subsequent pursuit, nurturing and exploitation of one's own germ of difference allied to some equally personal germ of craft or technique, all pursued bravely, idiosyncratically and as persistently as one's material circumstances and responsibilities will allow.

At best, this vocation is pursued without bitterness, no matter what the consequences, difficulties or sacrifice. True vocation, if it can be revealed, will surely be its own teacher and will always correct us in the harshest ways once we have commit-

ted ourselves to its way³.

'The novel has its own wisdom?' Behind any 'successful' facade may lie a scaffold assembled from the bones, blood and guts of a thousand faceless failures, a mountain of misery may hide behind Versailles but equally behind any small slice of movie magic as anyone will know who has worked on a film-set.

Despite our own hardships, art should not provoke or increase suffering in others. To place one's talent and burgeoning powers in the service of the alleviation of pain and the promotion of all kinds of 'health' in the world may be a far more fitting vocation than the inconsiderate and careless charge after a hollow 'success' for its own sake, or art for its own sake.

A good artist will also be a good human being, friend, cook, nurse, whatever is needed amid the basic arts of living in which everyone must engage.

Finally, 'success' is often anathema or antithetical to art. Koons, Hirst and Newman may all have been better artists had their careers not been so accelerated by the market-eering machinery that whisked up their practices. Had they tamed the average artist's capacity for ego-pleasing and avarice, and had they more modestly taken their chances with the rest and matured steadily, concentrating not on their own profile but on their works' qualities they might have achieved and maintained more meaningful critical value instead of becoming fly-by-night – in the case of Newman – or vacuous and ultimately gross darlings of the market in the case of Koons and Hirst.

THERESE STOWELL

Hi,


I've just stumbled across your work and you would be PERFECT for the book we've doing. I've attached mock up of a "map" that I think bears a passing similarity to your work (no offence intended) and I'd love to see what you could contribute to the project.

Andrew

hi Andrew,

thanks for the invitation. where did you see my work? the book project sounds interesting coincidentally, I made the attached piece last year when I was thinking about artworld success.

I nominate Kirsten Lyle



Every time
a friend of mine
succeeds,
a small part
of me
dies.

BEA DENTON

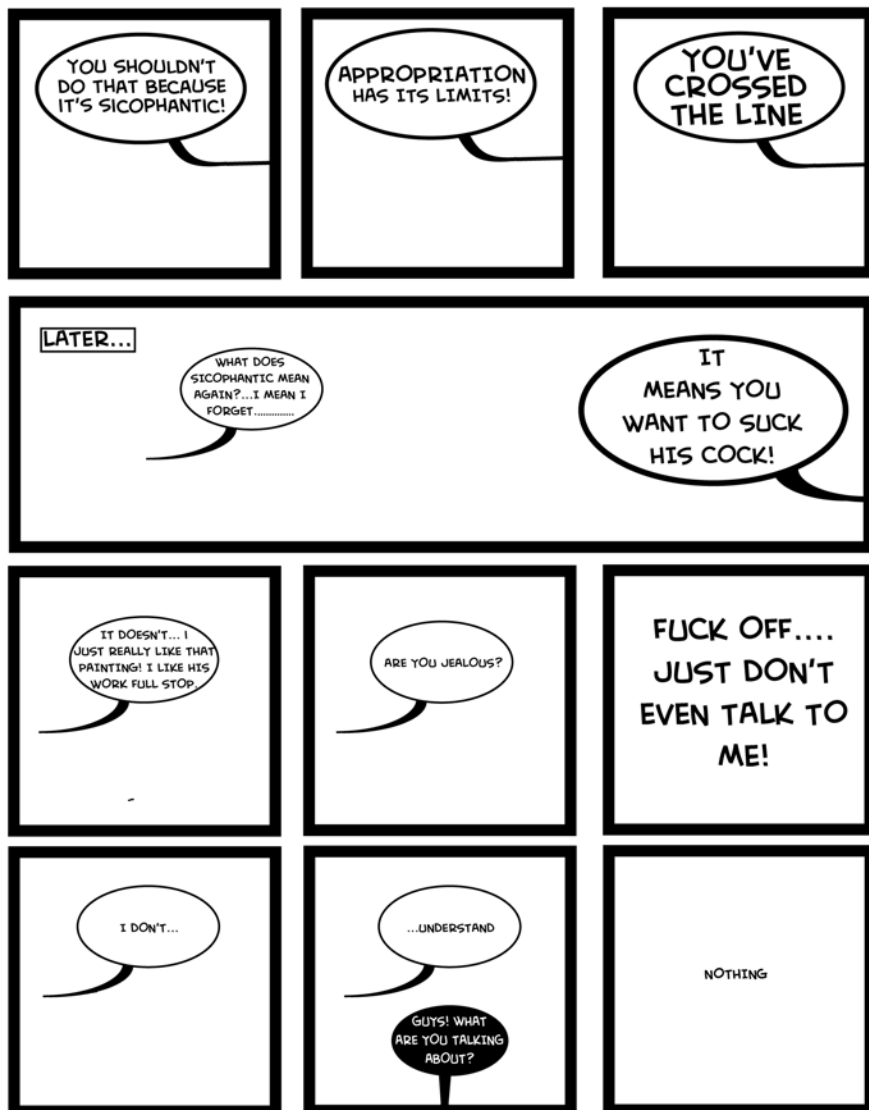
Hi Hattie

Here is my piece of work. I hope pdf format is ok?
Please size it proportionally to fit within the page with a small margin on all sides, and do not include the crop marks if at all possible. I know the text is small, but it's still readable at this size, and I quite like the idea of the reader having to really look hard to get the information. This newssheet formed part of a body of work that I made last year called Where is Heaven?. I have attached a statement about the work, if you're interested to know more about it, but basically, this work is a collection of responses to the question Where is Heaven? from adverts placed in various publications, so it fits in fairly neatly with the networking theme. I hope this is ok?

Bea Denton

ANDREW COLLARD

SYCOPHANT



Spartacus>
Oil on Canvas
2005



MARK PAWSON

On 9/9/05, Hattie Spires <hattiespires@gmail.com> wrote:

> Yo check this out! Is he on board or not? Is he angry or not?
Jeez!=20

> Actually, I think this is his contribution! What do you make of
it? Does=

=20

> this mean that Mark Pawson has just submitted us some text?
Cool... ? xx

Delivered-To: andeecollard@gmail.com

-----=_Part_7074_30548565.1126307576772

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=ISO-8859-1

Content-Transfer-Encoding: quoted-printable

Content-Disposition: inline

Hey Hattie

yeah

> nominate an artist/some artists of your
> choice to contribute a work to the project.
>
me

> The loose theme of this
> project questions whether you can get ahead in
the artworld without
>
> networking, friend-making or a bit of back
stabbing.
>

lone wolf, no club,
network everyday but would be happier if I'd
never heard of it as a
buisness term.
friends yeah I want more and more and more,
friends are people that I would allow into my
house and would feed,
i always know if someone is a friend, ac-
quaintance, someone i know or
know of/about,
aint no back stabbing going on here, now or
ever,
that's a shitty question/thought- how were you
brought up??
fuck your own friends over not mine... OK

x MP

send my free copies of the book
to
POBox 664 London E3 4QR

HIMAA

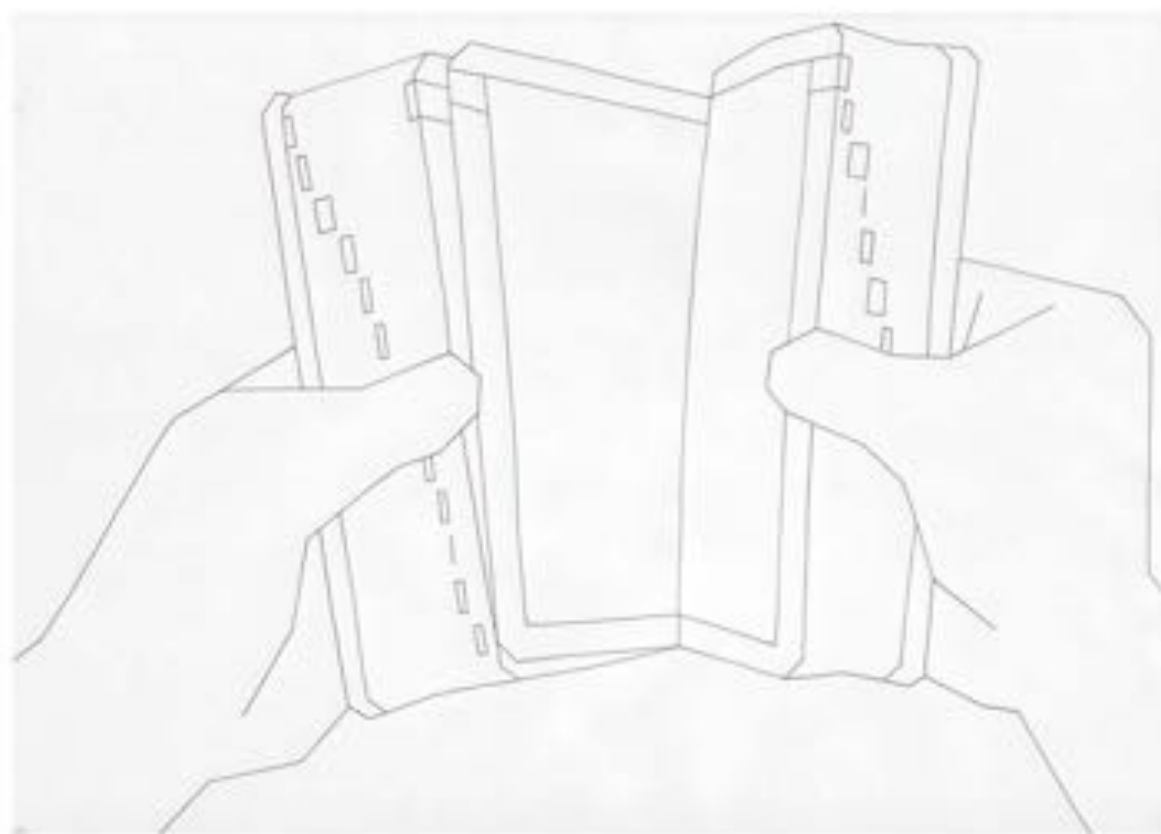
Dear Himaa

my friend Mioko Fujisaki introduced me to your work and I really love it! I am currently working on a book project with a friend and we would love it if you would be part of it.

Below is the invitation.

Very best wishes and I hope to hear from you soon.

Hattie Spires



DARYL WALLER

Hi Hattie,

Count me in for the project, sounds interesting... even though I have a suspicion that the project is different to what you describe... I fool people in my artwork, so could be fooled myself, I know how easy it can be, and fun too.

TODAYS



TASK

YOU MUST ~~SQUEEZE~~ SQUEEZE YOUR
FIST SO HARD THAT YOUR
FINGERS COME THROUGH
THE BACK ~~OF~~ OF YOUR
HAND.

only ~~then~~ then can you be my girlfriend

ROBERT PLATT

1. (Top image) "Collision"

33 x 40 cm Oil on Board, 2005

2. (Bottom image) "Dual (detail)"

185 x 275 cm, Oil on Board, 2004/5

Nominations;

1) Andrew Ekins; became increasingly aware of this person working in my proximity at rca, hoarding and collecting infinite amounts of something in his studio, and still today I view him and his work with awe.

2) Nakao Yabe; having just arrived in Japan from London ,I was snooping around the studios and was immensely struck by these odd, sensual ,grotesque, beautiful depictions of vaguely recognizable things, landscape,, food, etc and at the same time (secretly at first) the beautiful quiet girl painting them.

3) Takeshi Masada met this guy who was for all intentions and purposes is Toshiro Mifune (Kurasawa's seven samurai hero) reincarnate, say no more..(Good painter too)

4) Nobuhiro Nakanishi met nobu five years ago on a brief trip to Japan and since then we have been involved in many international/cross-cultural enterprises, but most significantly we are bound by a mutual desire for drinking in bars on an international scale, with his work this maverick always surprises



MARK MCGOWAN

Mark McGowan '05



A CANTERBURY TALE

PAULA ROUSH

Hi hattie

As promised here goes an image for the gentle art of...

imgs: cc kisss project

title: beheading



JASPER JOFFE

Hi,

Pete Lamb nominated me for your project. Sounds good. Here is my image... Which is an A4 drawing in coloured pen, title "Mad Dogs"

Don't know if I am meant to nominate someone too?

Best wishes

Jasper Joffe



ERIC DOERINGER

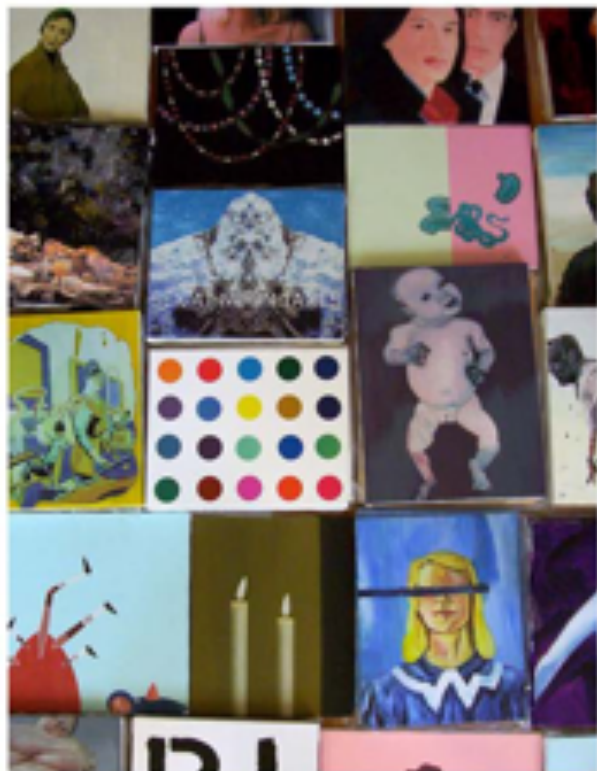
Here is the info on the people I nominated for The Gentle Art of Making Enemies:

Marta Edmisten - My wife. She'd probably be pissed if I didn't invite her, and she's a good artist.

Andrew Andrew - These guys put me in my first show in New York a few years ago. I like the way they work in art, fashion, music, curatorial, and business endeavors; plus their lives are an ongoing performance piece where they always wear the same clothes, eat the same foods, read the same books, etc.

Trong Nguyen - Trong also works as both an artist and curator. He's put me in a few shows, so I thought I'd return the favor.

Filip Notredame - Filip is the director of the semi-fictitious Homeless Museum, which he operates out of his apartment in Brooklyn and various other locations. I met Filip when I was selling my Bootlegs outside of the Armory Show and feel he is in many ways a kindred spirit. We discussed collaborating on a project at one point, but weren't quite able to reconcile it with our individual practices.



ERIC DOERINGER'S BOOTLEGS ARE COPIES OF ART BY WELL-KNOWN CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS. LIKE THE VENDORS OF BOOTLEG DVDs AND DESIGNER HANDBAGS, DOERINGER SELLS HIS BOOTLEGS ON THE STREET AT PRICES FAR BELOW THOSE CHARGED FOR THE REAL THING. DOERINGER HAS COPIED NEARLY 100 WORKS OF ART INCLUDING PAINTING, SCULPTURE, VIDEO, DRAWING, AND PHOTOGRAPHY.



REBECCA HARRINGTON



PETER LAMB

hi andrew

i trust you are well.

i would like to nominate wing-kheong liew for the book project. he will email you this week i believe.

best

peter lamb

Hi Andrew

if its ok can i nominate one more artist called Andy Eikens for the book project?

all the best

peter lamb



TOXIC SCRAMBLE 2005



ANGELO PETSAS

This piece of work is part of an ongoing set of performances. This particular piece was made at Euro Disney Land, Paris on April 1st, 2005. The work was instigated to be documented by the automatic cameras on the ride itself. The photo was displayed at the exit of the ride and was purchased by myself as a souvenir. The series of performances all relate to a interest of intercepting/intervening existing systems and disrupt/re-inform their use.



LUCY PAWLAK

Hi,

I am Lucy Pawlak (Ed Dimsdale's nominee). I would like to nominate the following people:

Martin Dukes (artist)

Harry Pye(artist, curator, writer)

Lala Pawlak

Kate Mc Morrine (artist and illustrator)

I will post you my chosen image and also the chosen image of Lala as she has no internet access.

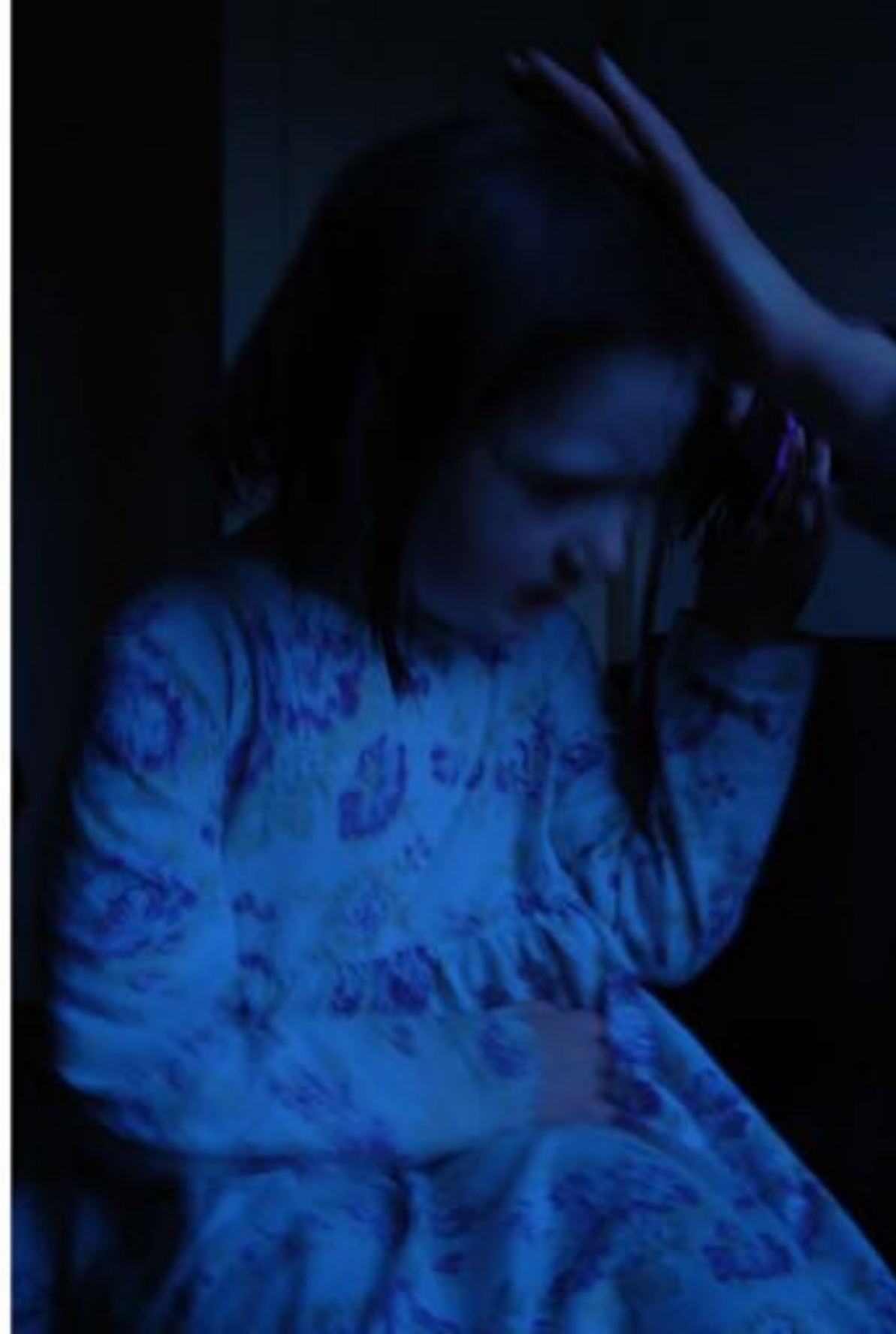
Hope it all goes well,

Lucy Pawlak



JAMIE MACDONALD

Isla Blue
Photograph



GORDON CHEUNG

Terror!!

Financial Times, Ink, Oil, Acrylic Gel and Spray on canvas

61 x 72" / 153 x 183cm

May 2005



MARTIN CLARK

Hello

Thank you for the invite, but I see we are running out of time. I enclose my own work and some people to invite, this could go on forever.....

Kate Atkin. Met at RCA, I fancied her, but alas blew it.

Per Simonsen. A giant Dane who I met at Glasgow school of Art and travelled the wild west with him in a van (Also known as Jeff).

Robert Niven. A giant Scotsman who was also in the van and now resides in Canada.

Trinemarie Jensen. Another Dane who I met in Glasgow, she loves to make enemies and regret it.

The work is 5.5 inches wide and 4.5 in height and should be placed at the top of the page.



FILIP NOTERDAEME





ALEX HAMILTON

Dear Hattie,

Could you please delete the email addresses of my 4 nominees as i have not asked them yet if its alright to give their email addresses to you (or if they want to be nominated before thay have seen your web site). I will get back to you once I have asked them. It is important to me not to abuse the trust of my friends.

Thankyou for your understanding,

cheers,

Alex Hamilton



ANDY HARPER

Hi,

I'm nominating you for this project because my old tutor at college (Lynsey Seers) told me to look at your work, and four years later I've finally seen some!

Very best wishes
Andrew Collard



Andy Harper

untitled (15th August 2005 ii)
Oil paint on board

My nominations
Abigail Reynolds - because she's on the telly!
Anna Cosgrave - old friend or not, Anna was the most
promising
student on my foundation.

HENRY WARD

Guston, 2005
10"x14"



MARTIN DUKES



EDWARD DIMSDALE

Hattie,

I received an invitation to participate in your project – nominated by Jason Welling – and I would be delighted to take up the offer. I will endeavour to send you all you require by the appropriate deadlines. Below are my own nominations. By and large they know what to expect, so they should be able to reply swiftly once you've got in touch with them. Let me know if you need anything else.

James Yarker

Lucy Pawlak

Peter Fletcher

Robin Broadbent

Many thanks,

Edward Dimsdale



WING-KHEONG LIEW

hello andrew,

here are my nominations, ethnicity, and my picture again.

first of all i would like to nominate Tim Norris norristim@hotmail.com i met tim working for an arts charity 'arts express' and have since worked with and for him on many occasions.

secondly id like to nominate Alice Hesketh little_hesketh@hotmail.com i met Alice during college. We were introduced by mutual friend one night at a jazz club. after about a year of her giving me fake telephone numbers and turning me down we finally got together and have been lovers ever since

id also will nominate Oana Camilleri oanaca@hotmail.com and Sarah Stangner zora_de@yahoo.de . i met both of them at college but did not really know them well, only had a couple of pissed conversations in the college bar. Then earlier this year i was minding my own business drinking a pint of 'shrimpers' in 'the hermits cave' when the two approached me and asked if i was interested to go to berlin and exhibit with them. of course i said yes and in Septmber had two and a half weeks of 'art' and booze.

the piece of work in the attached picture is of no name. it is made from flyers and staples. i have made the image to the 6x9in dimentions but if you think the page will look better with a white boarder or something, by all means.

My ethnic origin is that my mother is from yorkshire and my farther is chinese from malaysia (hence the funny name).

hope that is everything, if not dont hesitate to ask.

regards,

wing.



TAKESHI MASADA

My name is Takeshi Masada. I am listed as a contributor in your project and was nominated by Robert Platt.

However, as of yet I have not received any e-mails so I thought I would contact you directly with my information.

Untitled
115x80cm
Acrylic on vinyl



ELBA GOODEY

these are all mixed media/photography, 2006, copyright Elba Goodey. they are called Birthday and Why Me, i have sent two versions of why me, you can use whichever you prefer.

about mark mcgowan: working with mark mcgowan is edifying because he knows the value of everything and the cost of nothing. his work is a kick in the eye and a long tooth in the back.

about paul o'kane: he's older than you think, you'd never know, i think he's on juice



FLEUR PATRICK



"This is your one opportunity to do something that no one has ever done before!"

DANIEL RAPLEY



JASON WELLING

Jacks Plane
2005
Oil on canvas



SAM ELY AND LYNN HARRIS

Lighting Rig

Concept:

We're building an amateur lighting rig by gathering lighting components which when organised into a unit, will act as a single and flexible system for use. We would like to share out this object to be manipulated and utilised on a short term let.

Through documentation, we'll create an ongoing narrative of it's use value, one that reflects the motives of the people and groups involved. Simultaneously, through our research to gather information about lighting components, we'll build an archive of relevant information ranging from lighting tools to shops to labour that we will share with each exhibitor for their own future purposes. We'll build a website to document each event where the rig was used.

We envisage the lighting rig being used personally and publicly for various types of events and contexts such as a museum, dinner party, mobile theatre, gig, party, in a tree, night walk, dance, book reading, play, karaoke night, talent contest, design exhibition, cooking performance, work of art.

Philosophy:

The lighting rig is a useful prop, but more importantly it is a carrier of meaning, a tool that, through it's shared use, acts as a metaphor of it's own engagement. It acts as a conduit for an uncertain social contract between us and (exhibitor) to work generously and socially together through this flexible system that, when used in good faith, will benefit everyone involved, creating a dynamic and accumulated production that was built through need and collaboration. And through this constructed model of shared use, documentation and accumulated history the object gains social and philosophical meaning.

Without this particular context, the object means much less, operating as a more aesthetic tool. Perspective and attached meaning take the object beyond it's physicality to a place where a light can stand for anything, standing in this case for the process and progress of collaborative production. The resource archive represents another use value, one that allows the viewer/participant to empower themselves through the acquisition of useful knowledge, creating the potential for their own future production.

Actualisation:

We're going to track the rig's life through a website, building a narrative that, through documentation and story telling, will make the overall project's structure and life visible. We'll use whatever means are appropriate or interesting to document each event, whether it's journalistic fact telling, personal retelling, interviewing, quoting, imagery, allowing for each event/person involved our recognition of participation.

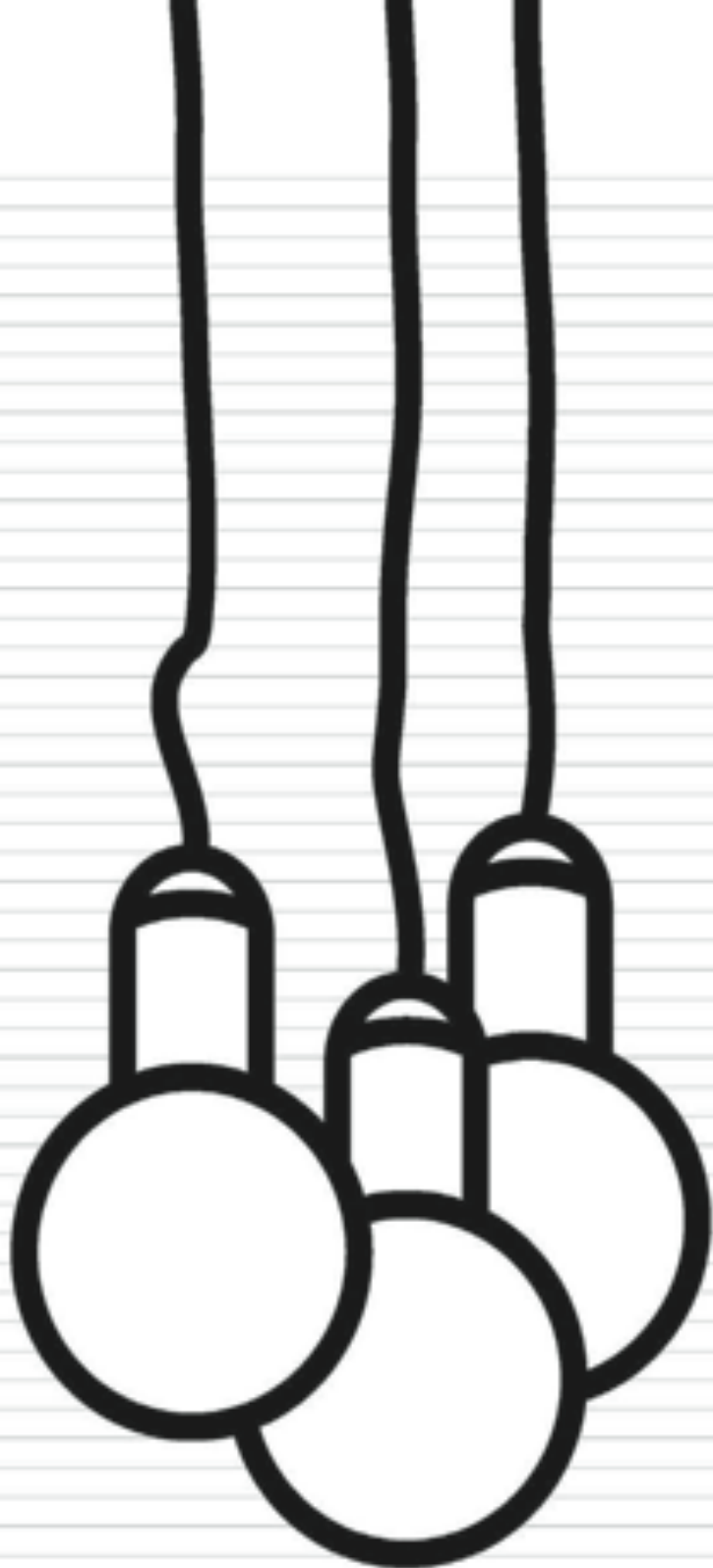
This story telling being the moment when the context of the project becomes apparent.

If you choose to participate, the physical production of the object will be negotiated and created through your actual and realistic needs in this context. We will procure/design/assemble the object and it's first life will begin, the process will begin.

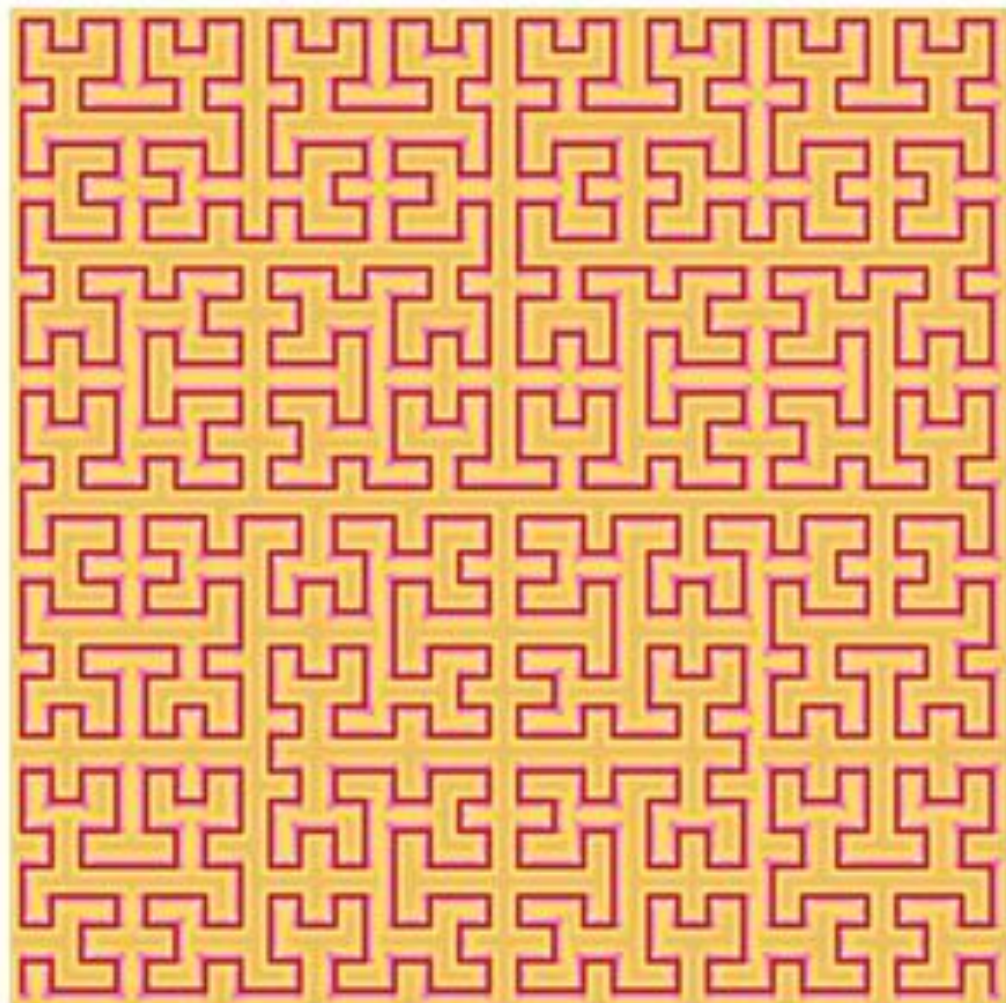
We're funding the entire project and aim to create a lighting rig that is within a reasonable budget.

Sam Ely and Lynn Harris





DÆDALUS



Thouprearestatablebeforemeinthepresenceofmineen
emiesthouanoointestmyheadwithoilmycuprunnethover

Daedalus 2005

"Believe that you will succeed, and you will."
Dale Carnegie

Maxim from the 1936 personality development book
How to Win Friends and Influence People
which has sold over 10 million copies worldwide.

ANDREW EKINS

My nominations all posses one or more of
the following qualities:
insight, dedication, truth, inspiration,
skill, intelligence, wonder,
curiosity, beauty.

Top: Cumulus (detail), oil on cushion. 2004
Bottom: Leopard (detail), oil, acrylic, collage, varnish on pillow. 2004



HUGH MENDES

Dear Andrew and Hattie,
attached is my image. Its not that recent, but it
seems appropriate to the brief.

Details as follows:

Obituary: John Edwards

2003 oil on linen

actual size: 8 x 12"

I have a web site: hughmendes.com

I would like to nominate two people:

Alex Gene Morrison (alex@therockwellproject.co.uk)

Reece Jones (reece@macjonesholmes.co.uk)

They are both founder members of 'rockwell' gallery and studios
where I have

my studio. They are both dedicated and serious artists, though ex-
tremely

different. Alex works in oils, high key colours. Reece works in char-
coal,

black and white. They both exhibit widely and teach where I teach at
City

and Guilds Art School...Between them they have a massive network
of other

artists, gallerists, etc...

Do let me know if there is anything else and good luck with the
project. I am very glad to be part of it....Hugh Mendes

OBITUARIES

Music

John Edwards, 68, died of cancer at his home in New York City. He was a composer and pianist, and was best known for his work on the Broadway musical "The Sound of Music." He was born in New York City and studied at the Juilliard School. He was married to Frances Edwards, who died in 1985. He is survived by two daughters, one son, and one grandchild.



John Edwards, 68, died of cancer at his home in New York City.

John Edwards

Companion and heir of Francis Bacon

John Edwards, 68, died of cancer at his home in New York City. He was a composer and pianist, and was best known for his work on the Broadway musical "The Sound of Music." He was born in New York City and studied at the Juilliard School. He was married to Frances Edwards, who died in 1985. He is survived by two daughters, one son, and one grandchild.

ROBIN FAHY



MICHAEL HAMPTON

Dear Hattie & Andrew,

as I've been nominated to take part in your project by Peter Suchin whom I've known as an acquaintance and associate for about 10 years through the London art scene/circuit, and am similarly entitled to name other contributors, I'd like to propose AILSA FERRIER, a 2nd year Fine Art Student at Chelsea School of Art, and likewise a chum met through TIEZ shows, and Secondly the activist and collaborator 'Daedalus', [yes that's a diphthong in the alias]. E-mail of the nominees:

Sincerely,

Michael Hampton.

P.S. Reasons for nomination:

1. AILSA is extremely talented and thinks outside the academic box
2. DAE DALUS is always in motion, and his projects generate new projects.

A painting of an elderly man with glasses, wearing a white nightgown and a white cap, reclining on a bed or sofa in a cluttered room. He is holding a book or paper and gesturing with his right hand. The room has a wooden ceiling with exposed beams, a wooden floor, and various objects scattered around, including a bowl, a bottle, and a stack of books. The overall tone is warm and somewhat somber.

"AMBITION IS A CURSE"

Michael Hampton

ALAN BAKER

Hello Andrew and Hattie

Here is an image for your book, it is-
'Animal head soldiers'

2005

Oil on linen

I nominate Adam Whitaker, he may not be very happy at being nominated, (he is very busy and is having his home wrecked by 'professional' builders),

but I have chosen him because he likes to rattle cages and may send you parsnips.



JACOB CARTWRIGHT

‘Welkom’ for you if you wish to use it.



LESLEY HALLIWELL

20 Assorted Coloured Inks
(detail)

Biro on paper
600 x 240 cms
2004



EMMA HOLDEN

Hi Anna,

here's my mixes please choose one - or live with me!

2 slightly different mixes of 'Life Model' (ongoing)

polythene & ethanol tape

1 + mix of 'wight wiggly'

plastic enamel on self tape

My choice - @ George Ziff gziff@hotmail.com

'I have total respect for his stage of hand and his artistic integrity

- @ Christopher Dorset cdorset2004@yahoo.co.uk

for his endless imagination always fuels my thought process

- @ Isabel Young isabelyoung2004@yahoo.co.uk

more - @ Sam Dargatzidis - will text you his email

'two people whose work always hits the spot for me'

• just (+) - (visual artist) Richard Dodd

'for the elaborate and obsessive nature of his paintings and the places they take me in my head'



NICK JORDAN



A LIST OF THE FORTY-ONE ADVENTURES OF NICK JORDAN - Marabout Junior Books - © 1996-1998 by Editions G&E, ARD et Cie, Namur (Belgium)

1. Cerveaux à Vendre (Brains for Sale)
2. Nick Jordan voit rouge (Nick Jordan Goes Red)
3. Virus H-84
4. Nick Jordan sur le Gril (Nick Jordan on a Roast)
5. Pleins Feux sur Nick Jordan (Spotlight on Nick Jordan)
6. Nick Jordan Prend la Mouche (Nick Jordan Gets a Bee in his Bonnet)
7. Mais Nick Jordan Troubla la Fête (But Nick Jordan Crashed the Party)
8. Pas de Visa pour Nick Jordan (No Visa for Nick Jordan)
9. Envoyez Nick Jordan (Send Nick Jordan)
10. Nick Jordan se casse la Tête (Mind Bender for Nick Jordan)
11. Nick Jordan Rit Jaune (Nick Jordan Laughs Last)
12. Jours de Deuil pour Nick Jordan (Mourning Days for Nick Jordan)
13. Sans Nouvelles de Nick Jordan (No News from Nick Jordan)
14. L'Heure H de Nick Jordan (Nick Jordan Hour H)
15. La Mer à Boire pour Nick Jordan (Nick Jordan Swallows a Lot)
16. Nick Jordan Hurlé avec les Loups (Nick Jordan Screams with the Wolves)
17. Nick Jordan contre GX 17 (Nick Jordan vs. GX 17)
18. Carte Blanche à Nick Jordan (Carte Blanche for Nick Jordan)
19. Nick Jordan au Pied du Mur (Nick Jordan on the Starting Line)
20. Signé Nick Jordan (Signed Nick Jordan)
21. Nick Jordan Jette du Leat (Nick Jordan Throws Some Dead Weight)
22. Nick Jordan, Incognito
23. La Longue Nuit de Nick Jordan (Nick Jordan's Long Night)
24. Nick Jordan contre Aramis (Nick Jordan vs Aramis)
25. S.O.S. à Nick Jordan (SOS Nick Jordan)
26. Nick Jordan Met le Feu aux Poudres (Nick Jordan Starts a Fight)
27. Bien le Bonjour de Nick Jordan (From Nick Jordan With Love)
28. La Bête Noire de Nick Jordan (Nick Jordan Arch-Enemy)
29. Nick Jordan Relève le Défi (Nick Jordan Takes Up the Challenge)
30. A la Santé de Nick Jordan (To Nick Jordan's Good Health)
31. Nick Jordan Mène la Danse (Nick Jordan Leads the Dance)
32. Nick Jordan Tourne Casaque (Nick Jordan Turncoat)
33. Nick Jordan Perd le Nord (Nick Jordan Loses his Direction)
34. Nick Jordan aux Enfers (Nick Jordan in Hell)
35. Nick Jordan Mène le Deuil (Nick Jordan Leads the Wake)
36. La Sarabande des Hyènes (The Dance of the Hyenas)
37. Lâchez les Chiens! (Unleash the Dogs!)
38. Le Coup du Charai (The Jackal's Trick)
39. Corde Raide (Tight Rope)
40. La Faute du Mort (Dead Man's Fault)
41. Négatif P-224 (Negative P-224)



PUBLISHING HISTORY In 1951, Belgian publisher Marabout launched a new young adult imprint, entitled "Marabout Junior", which released a steady flow of adventure novels. By far the most popular series of "Marabout Junior" adventures featured Nick Jordan, an espionage hero created by André Franquin and Bob Moineux.

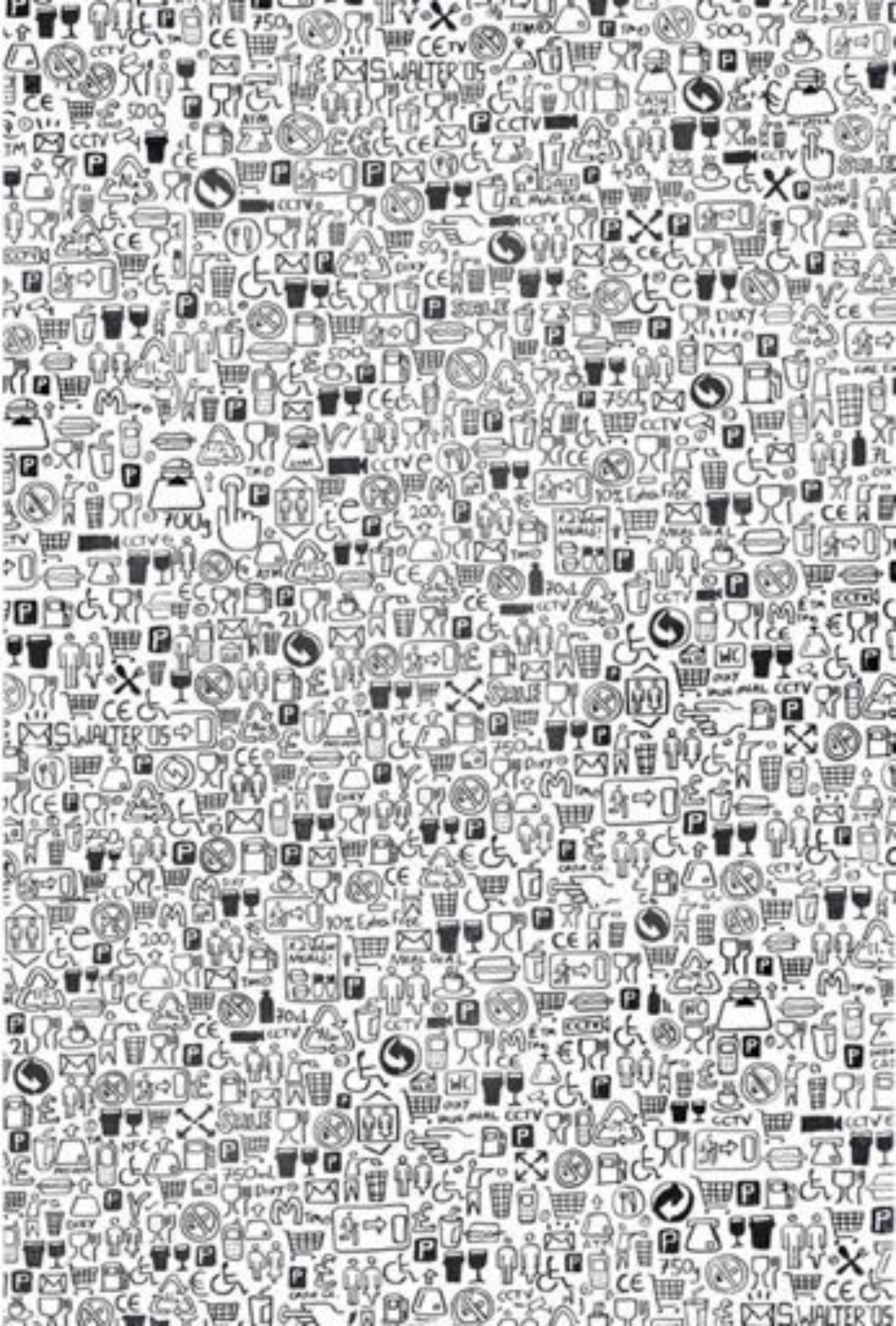
Nick Jordan is one of the top agents of the French intelligence service that used to called the Directorate Trésors. Nick became the M.O.D. in the 1960s, and later the C.I.D. His agency is a central-spying office called "Le Vieux" ("The Old Man", the name translates) given to the head of French Espionage - the "M" or "Y" agent in England.

Since the books were written for a young audience, they are full of wit. However, they are remarkably complex, describe non-political situations, and contain more than their share of mystery and suspense - although no action violence. The atmosphere of the old war that was conducted by some anti-Franco Jordan.

Writer André Franquin was previously one of the editors of the weekly "Tintin" comic magazine, from 1946 to 1950. For Tintin, he also wrote a spy story featuring CIA agent Henry Jones, entitled "Disputed Cash-Again" (The Ashbrook Ten-Clips). The story was drawn by Brian and Dave Williams, who was the first artist to illustrate Bob Moineux.

STEPHEN WALTER

Enjoy More,
2005



HELEN BARRON

Hi Hattie and Andrew,

I have attached an image for the book, it is to be from edge to edge on the paper. The image should be 6"x9" and 320 dpi but I'm not always the best at sending things in email the right size so if its not good enough quality let me know.

Title - 'Blue Eyed Mask', fabric, thread, felt tip, Oct 2005

With regards to my connection and choice of nominating Lotte, isn't too interesting sorry!

I met Lotte in 2000. She had been studying at art school Amsterdam and had come over to Glasgow School of Art painting department on exchange for a term. It seems she grew fond of rainy Glasgow and continued her degree over here. Post art school she is now my neighbor in Mount Florida, an area of Glasgow sounding far more exotic then it really is. I nominated her as I think her work will translate well into book format.

Ethnicity - white. And I'm English, something I've only been made to consider and have been reminded of (not always in a polite way) since living in Scotland!

Hope this info is enough, If you need anything posting rather than email or the image on a disk let me know.

Hope everything's going really well.

Helen x



Nico Dockx

‘Organizing this collaborative creative corps, we are not so much concerned to sketch in advance how it should look like, but on the contrary, we try to break with such continuities in order to confront us with its different processes of complexity -of becoming something ‘other’. I guess, the work intends to trigger an unfinishable visual and intellectual discussion in order to go off-beat at certain moments and to give us a freedom to see. So, the idea is... to organize a group of people, really working together and considering together our interior complexities of ‘what we can do,... what we cannot do... and how?’ -perhaps just trying to work seriously and ending all these ridiculous situations of saturated aesthetics and socially designed processes, which are not at all contributing to the circulation of reflective appearances. I think, that the making of these ‘constructions’, emanating from absence, became a matter of architecture, always changing shapes according to its lines of exchange and leakage. ‘But, what does it mean... to take part within visual culture?’ I believe, the work... for most of the time, functions as a sort of network of different personal perspectives and performative suggestions, somewhere in between activism and ambiguity, in order to generate particular energies and transformative possibilities within our communication process. And, we sometimes have to shift our gaze away from the object, as such, towards a participation within another space... hoping to find other modes of relation and visibility, and more complicated senses of time. A point of departure is our dissatisfaction with existing structures of production and distribution, demanding new languages of active perception and critical evaluation, rather than following stereotypical demands and taste. The crystalline structures of this temporary laboratory try to reflect a non-hierarchical perception and translation of different zones of productive conflict, flexible intertextuality, playful dialogue, and permanent instability -... in order to meet an audience receptive towards unexpected formats of slowness and curiosity. I believe, it is time that we stop reducing reality to fixed dialectical oppositions, and start to accept multi-dimensionality as the matrix for more radical, personally engaged thoughts and creative modes of resistance, stating the limits of our own discourse and position. And, perhaps, we try to find ourselves another perspective that leads us away from the conception of the artist as the brilliant and enlightened creator and towards experiences in which the public and the political are determining factors.

(Nico Dockx, Antwerpen, 2001)

PETER FLETCHER

Hello Hattie, I hope the project is going well.

It seems that I have used the maximum amount of time to get back to you with my contribution, due to all the usual forces of inertia, indecision, and a certain amount of salary-generating activity. Sorry about that.

I have attached some files image. carpark is a screenshot of one of the pages on my website which I think best represents the combination of humour and mediocre urban existence that is what I do. It may well be that it is entirely ill-suited to the task, for example it is not 300 dpi, or it is oddly dimensioned, or whatever. The original text is from 1998, but the page design is more recent, and the screenshot was taken today, so its date is something like 1998-2005. bookmark is a gif, also taken from the website, deliberately grainy to suggest an antique document, based on ironic text used to support an exhibition called "The Esoteric Charm of Disappearance" by myself and Jurgis Lugas in 1993. It is also low resolution, intentionally so, though for this reason may not be appropriate. The third file, "extract", is an extract from a larger text about mediocre urban existence, about a page worth. Its date is 2005. Of the three I think carpark is most appropriate for this project, in terms of its content, but it might not fit in other ways (like literally, on the page), and so the other two are there as reserves.

I have two nominees, so late in the day:

Jurgis Lugas, artist, provocateur, home-improver, I met in a small office above and off-licence in Moseley, where I was working for a small magazine in the early nineties. We got talking about art and went on to produce some stuff together. I recently helped him to prune the trees in his garden, and received a Newtonian black eye from an apple shaken loose by his energetic sawing. His work is unpredictable, to say the least.

Catherine O'Flynn, writer, I met in a small office above an off-licence in Moseley where I was working for a small magazine in the early nineties. Finding me something of an annoyance, she tried to persuade the owner to sack me. She failed in this, and we have been together ever since. Her work is funny and moving.

Is there time to contact them now? It has to end somewhere...

I am a white English man, by the way.

Let me know if there's anything else / missing / what next. Thanks

Peter

THE RULES FOR THE USE OF A BOOKMARK

The philosopher, pedalling through the rain, muses upon the pleasures of a tea-bag which will greet him on his return. The bag will eventually be used to brew his favourite beverage, but not until it has first guided him to the page at which he ceased reading. For it is not the narrow definition imparted to the Object by the conditions of its manufacture which define its meaning, but the limits of our imagination. We are every day surrounded by works of the utmost beauty, and yet in their frequency they pass for the banal. Our task is to identify these artifacts and release the latent aesthetic, opening forever a benign Pandora's Box of delights.

It is the compression of reality, already a cliché of all studies cultural, which has liberated the prosaic from its workaday existence. The Theorists of our condition have summoned into existence a Hyperreal landscape of signs, in which practically everything - computers, bombs, yoghurt - ceases to be the concrete item of previous eras, and becomes *Text*, awaiting our consumption. No longer the rubber glove or kitty-litter we once knew, but a free-radical, bursting with aesthetic potential. Captured for eternity from the ephemeral world of TV output, images which lingered for an instant on our screens may stand beside those of yesterday's heroes: Raphael, Leonardo *et al* are smiling now at this new, glistening, Renaissance.

Where the academy has charted a course, so it is our responsibility, and privilege, to follow. Not as subservient automatons blandly accepting their superiority, but as bright-eyed pioneers of an exciting and unknown landscape. It is the population as a whole who may now claim the cultural high ground as we watch television, stir a cup of tea, and do the washing up. Before long, autogenic art will begin to appear in shop windows and railside cafeterias up and down the land. By taking up the challenge laid down by our culture, we may exploit the semiotic fecundity of our existence, and become the agents of a truly popular aesthetics. The possibilities are as fascinating as the perforations which administer our sustenance, and as countless as the raindrops with which we began.

JAMES PORTER

msb • Hotmail®

From : Andrew Fanning <afanning@msb.com>
Reply-To : afanning@msb.com
Sent : 05 September 2005 17:44:24
To : jimporter@msb.com
Subject: book project invite

Hi Jim, have been nominating you for the book project.

You are obviously well known in the book world. You have edited The Granta Review, a book project, and you are a well known networking friend. The book project is a chance to reflect upon a culture and is a great opportunity for new and established writers to be bound together with more established writers in a new democratic format.

And so I would also like to invite you to contribute up to 4 articles to the project. The network that is being the course of the project will be mapped within the book. The contributors will be able to see and hear and be part of the connections.

All of the details regarding deadlines and specifications can be found at www.msbs.com.

Best regards,

Andrew Fanning

afanning@msb.com

Printed: 25 October 2005 11:16:24

following p

this
about
it will
in
and
etc

...of your
...
...
...

NICKY FIELD



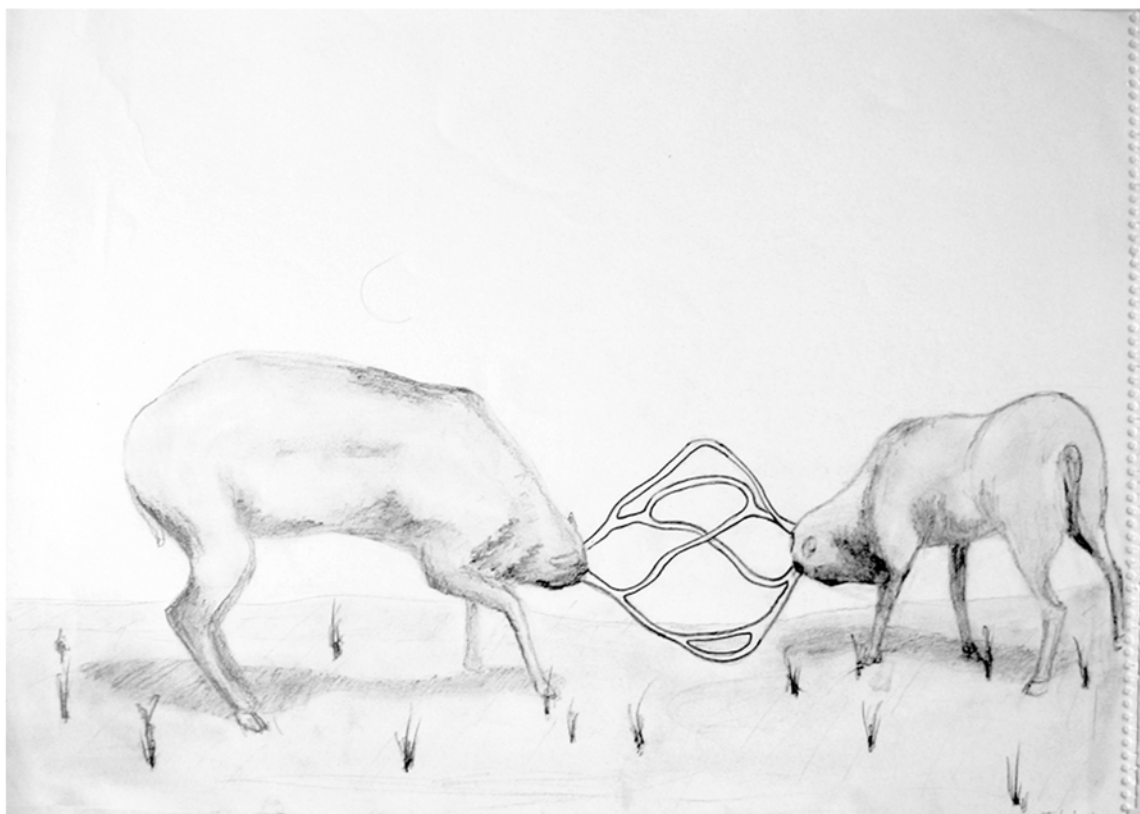
A list of things I don't like about my four nominations, written over the top of itself so as to fit on a single piece of paper.

ELIZABETH AYLOTT

Suitcases
2005



SAMON TAKAHASHI



given that : • = unit (point or intersection) and _ = line (vector, connection, trajectory), and given that :

○ = 1 unity : closed circuit.
the • is the _.
the _ is a indivisible loop.

| = 2 2 is the impossibility of 1 to close
the loop, 2 is an open 1, it is a
rupture not a multiplication.

○○ = 2 error
this is in fact 1+1 unable to join in
a common identity

└ = 3 the external • [E•] are connected by
a central • [E•].
the identity of 3 lies on this con-
nection.
this is a sequential relation [SR].
note : all following relations can be
equally transposed unless they are a
SR transcription.

△ = 3 this example shows an other possi-
ble occurrence of 3 where each • is
connected to another •, following a
given order
this figure is named a group [G].
if we name the 3 • a, b, and c,
the interaction between the 3 • is
perfect, direct and indirect
such as: a > b = direct
a > c = direct
a > c > b = indirect
a > b > c = indirect

⊙ = 3 2 breaks the unity of 1 to make
3. 1 is not anymore the _ but the
intersection that connects the 2 • of
2 together. As for └ the E• and
I• use an intermediary [i]. in most
cases of 3 (except △) 3 = 2 + i.
but ○ ≠ └ as the intersection • is
mobile. also there is a E• to 1 and a
I• to 1. 1 is the connection from I to
E and/or from E to I.

⊥ = 4 to write 4 we use a 2 that goes from
the intersection of 3 (2 + 3 = 4);
the 2 • meeting transform into 1 •.
here also ai• is created commonly
to the 3 E•. they are connected only
through this •.

□ = 4 as for └ each • has a direct
connection with one or two other •.
to evaluate it needs a _ to make the
connection (└ > □ > △).

∨ = 4 this shows the SR occurrence of 4.
it is chronologically organised and
therefore ≠ to □ which is a G.

⋈ = 4 a) if ∨ follows ∨
it is the creation process of a G.
b) if ∨ follows △
it is an integration process [IP].
an E• is connected to an existing •.
this existing • becomes ai•.
E• is connected to G via i•.

⋈ = 4 this follows ∨ and completes
the G process.
the E• finding a second i is inte-
grated to G.
note : if we name the • of 4 as :
a b
c d b and c show a
direct connection, so :
⋈ ≠ □

+ = 5 the 4 E• are connected by a cen-
tral i. within time and depending
of each one's ability to socialise,
the figure could evolve toward
⋈ until it becomes a G.
this operation will be named the
smoothing process [SP].
the figure ⋈ keeps the genera-
tive • as a center but it is not the
unique • anymore.
however, it stands as the only
one to be directly connected to
the others.

NOTES ON THE SMOOTHING PROCESS [SP]

within time and quality of the relations, angles tend
to swell.

the SP is the coherence of a G.

It becomes 1 ○
ex = △ > ⊙ ○

note : a G exists only as a closed circuit, if no E•
occurs. therefore, G is subsequent to △.
nevertheless, G could include floating units as a
figure toward a IP or a SP

ex : △ = 4 or : □ = 6

nota : consider the following figures :

⊙ = 4 and △ = 6

this figure shows an occurrence of 15
directly connected members :
6 > 1 and 9 > 4



, consider the above figure and find the most accurate
transcription of these 2 deer's relation.

HOWARD HUDSON

Hi - if i have made it in time, i was hoping that i could change my original image to be included to this one. I feel it represents my work more fully. I hope this is ok and do please get back to me if there are any problems.

Thanks for your time,

Howard



HARRY PERRIN

Achrome

This won't last.
The ink will rot.
The words like medieval paint
will peel and fall
in flecks from the page.
Tweezers and the fussy tools
of the art restorer's case
can only stave off decay.

Frozen, but flavourless
as bread rolls dipped
in china clay.

KAREN D'AMICO

hi

here is my image contribution along with the relevant text...

Title: Luck of the Draw

Accompanying text:

A comment on the implications of one's geographical location in terms of where a person lands on the planet when he or she is born. and how we perceive definitions of success and wellbeing in terms of geographical origin.

Medium: Playing cards, map fragments

Date: 2005



DANIELE LATINI

MY POINT IS... THAT
HONESTY*

[*AS THE QUALITY OF BEING
HONEST]

HAS BEEN
REPLACED
FROM SOMEBODY WITH GREAT
TACT AND
SKILLS IN DIPLOMACY*

[*THE ART] OF
PRACTICE
OF CONDUCTING
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS
IF YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND
DIPLOMACY

AS IN NEGOTIATING ALLIANCES,
TREATIES, AND AGREEMENTS]

→ WITH **HONESTY****

[** AS SOME SOUTHEASTERN EUROPEAN
PLANT CULTIVATED FOR ITS
FRAGRANT PURPLISH FLOWERS
AND ROUND, FLAT, PAPERY, SILVER
WHITE SEEDPOTS. ALSO CALLED
MONEY PLANT OR
SILVER DOLLAR]



DAVID PALAZÓN





THE LITTLE ARTISTS

Hi Hattie

Here is the contribution from The Little Artists to your book.
Its a print quality pdf. CMYK 300dpi. All fonts outlined.

It is basically our invite to the Pictionary exhibition we have just arranged - making loads of friends along the way.

It opens at the Agency Gallery on Charlotte Road on Tuesday
night 6-9pm
if you want to come along.

Let us know if you need anything else.

Have fun & good luck!

The Little Artists

The Little Artists present
'Contemporary Artists play Pictionary®'

Tuesday 1 to Saturday 5 November 2005
Silent auction in aid of The National Autistic Society
Private view
Tuesday 1 November 6-9 pm by invitation only
RSVP hobby@theagencygallery.co.uk
Open daily 12-6 pm

The Agency Contemporary
18 Charlotte Road, London EC2A 3PB
0207 729 6249
www.theagencygallery.co.uk

Contemporary artists joined The Little Artists in playing Pictionary. Works created will be on display and auctioned off to raise funds for The National Autistic Society.

Darren Almond • Richard Bartle • David Begbie • Sir Peter Blake • Matt Bryans
Gordon Cheung • Billy Childish • Darren Coffield • Hannah Collins • Grenville Davey
David Downes • Tracey Emin • Lee Foster • Sheila Gaffney • David Hancock
Matthew Houlding • Tom Hunter • Vincent James • Reece Jones • Callum F Kerr
Abigail Lane • The Little Artists • Peter Liversidge • Miranda Lopatkin
David Mackintosh • Chad McCall • Mark McGowan • Peter Neighbour • Paul Noble
Marc Quinn • Ian Rawlinson • Paul Rooney • Eva Rothschild • Robert Ryan
Conrad Shawcross • Frank Sidebottom • Gary Simmonds • DJ Simpson • Richard Slee
Georgina Starr • Charles Thompson • John Timberlake • Gavin Turk • Donald Urquhart
Mark Wallinger • Stephen Walter • Wayne Warren • John Wood/Paul Harrison
Simon Woolham • Hannah Woolt • Gary Wragg • Vicky Wright



THE LITTLE ARTISTS

PRESENT

CONTEMPORARY

ARTISTS

PLAY

PICTIONARY®



ALEX KLEIN



Modern Art from the Museum Pinboards series

ANNE CRAUSAZ

Hi,

I have been nominated by Nicole Udry like an illustrator.

Kind regards

Anne Crausaz



JAMIE SHOVLIN

HEY KINDER

16.2.79

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HANS T STERNUDD

HOW TO MAKE ENEMIES

... IN THE ART WORLD

claim that you're striving for catharsis • be influenced by German expressionism • be romantic • regard your art as addressing universal and essential questions • do not contextualize • talk about divine inspiration • don't visit exhibition openings • write reviews • tell people that you like art that's felt in the stomach rather than understood by the intellect • make friends with unsuccessful artist rather than famous • yawn when you hear about conceptual and social interactive art



JONATHAN HARES

Hello,

This my contribution to a something I know very little about: I asked to by Frauke and she's nice so I did it. I didn't ask anyone else as it was as the deadline was close:

SANS
You

JULIA GOUIN



Upcoming : put one whole tube of cream on one's hand in a shopping center. Rub it into the skin until the cream has been completely absorbed.
Expected duration : two hours.

CALUM F. KERR

Hello Andrew,

Here is the submission for the gentle art... really like the idea, received (twice as original email was lost) from somebody (who I now know the identity of) quite late on. Attached is the image (text) for the book/exhibition, have formatted it 6 x 9, hope that is ok. This piece is based on 'ideally' who I would have liked to have forwarded them onto, as a kind of pass it on through scientific web-links, not that they are contactable (or even) alive. As my work is generally performance based and I have a large collection of 'identity' or 'access' badges if you do have a launch I would like to be considered for a performance on the opening night, can give any extra details regarding this nearer the time.

Who I'd actually have sent it to in the art world / world if further deadlines / mapping from this point are the following:

- 1) Joanna Callaghan
Involvement in several recent projects (so giving some back).
- 2) Dion Laurant - Artist who I met at an American arts festival (a Texan who has family from Thorpe-on-the-Hill, Lincolnshire, near my family).
- 3) Lennie Lee - More extremity needed.
- 4) Bill Allen - This Australian artist knows everyone in the world so would be fun.

Best wishes and look forward to hearing from you,
Calum F. Kerr

Ford

Ulysses

Cassini

K.dick

Yedioth

O'Reilly

Uriel

CONSTANTINOS TALIOTIS

(run) down the line, as the line runs, hereby I align with those nominated on my behalf;

1. Sanni Priha, (quoting H            ) " 'mylove' listen [;] when I write my love it does not mean, my love, that you are mine but that I am yours" (Stigmata, escaping texts, 1998, pg.141)
2. Demetris Taliotis, the name names the line, "voila, my likeness, my brother" (cite, cite, cite, side)

a parachute for a net: in advance, advancing toward the doorsill step, cast in net wide weight and concrete wet at work, to work towards working too, having lost the thread of the working ones, pickup pickup pickup; on the door-still sillframe, before sealed nets, a gentle introduction, of oneself and one's text, is under pursuing; interrogated and in the light of a fading epiphany she says 'one, your right, on your left and the holy spirit', and thus to that she replies 'nice to meet who' in another introductory announcement by the act of breaking the ice. But the long hand gently awaited long beforehand, alters to a series of backstabbings, ones with the same knife used for breaking the ice. One assumes one says, assuming, to call to arms and call them so, call for war and baptize it though 'in the name of the one, and the left and the holy spirit' (once more, three too) in fact, a name – the arm and the war - to infect the teeth, those kicked in (left to assume), and off and cut and in, to them, in fact, to boot. 'Nice to meet the one', the one that is here, and is there to say so, says, once again, for a second time and for a second assuming the first was not heard. But the war is not called against the seals, or nets without ceiling; the name of the enemy (gently), is in the battlefield of the utterance, where the voice is given and raised, and the arms, and the teeth, and the arms to the teeth raised against those giving; in short (without ceilings), the holy spirit, in the light of one's baptism glowing (where it sticks, and stuck by), and the odor of holy myrrh, in even shorter, perhaps without floor this time round, without net, and fence, and hence here is one, in the introduction of oneself where the net is stretched by the block next, and yet she jumps, and yet she says 'nice to..' (splash), and yet without arms, and yet without legs, and yet the net is clean and the road bloody, but the teeth complete

Fall o five, on the head, now, at the exit.

Constantinos Taliotis

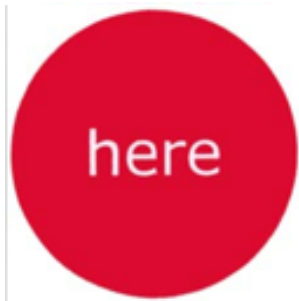
RIKKE HANSEN

Lisbeth Tarri

I met Lisbeth Tarri in Denmark approximately ten years ago. Her work fascinates me because of the way it “activates” its physical surroundings without ever falling into the (increasingly problematic) category of “site-specific art”. Instead it might be described as a slight, spatial irritation.

Karl Baker

All learning and thinking tends to roll backwards and forwards at the same time. You read a book or encounter an idea which somehow shines light upon something you have previously read, seen or heard, changing it, pushing your “use” of it. It is a strange process. Karl Baker is a writer and an artist. He ran a Critical Studies seminar on the Fine Art programme where I did my undergraduate degree. Even now, several years later, I continue to return to the questions he raised.

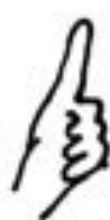


here is a minimal map - "a laying down of first coordinates" - designed to make people question their own situatedness in space. **here** is also an imaginary map, never reducible to "one thing", but constantly evolving despite its minimal nature: a map created collectively without spatial or temporal borders. The map consists of an edition of round, red stickers with the word "here" imprinted on them, made available for people to use as they see fit. By excluding the words "you are", the word "here" is turned into a shifter, which changes meaning according to where it is placed: on the forgotten sites within a city (calling attention to the overlooked); in the back of a drawer or behind a wardrobe (to be found again years later); on other maps (parasitical mapping); in one's pocket or on one's own body (the point from which one relates to other points in space)...

The **here** stickers were sent into circulation as part of "A Festival of Mapping" in London, 2005. The festival comprised several events, from open lectures and seminars to a variety of art projects, and was organised by the 56A Infoshop.

here, edition of 1000 stickers, Rikke Hansen, 2005

NICOLE UDRY

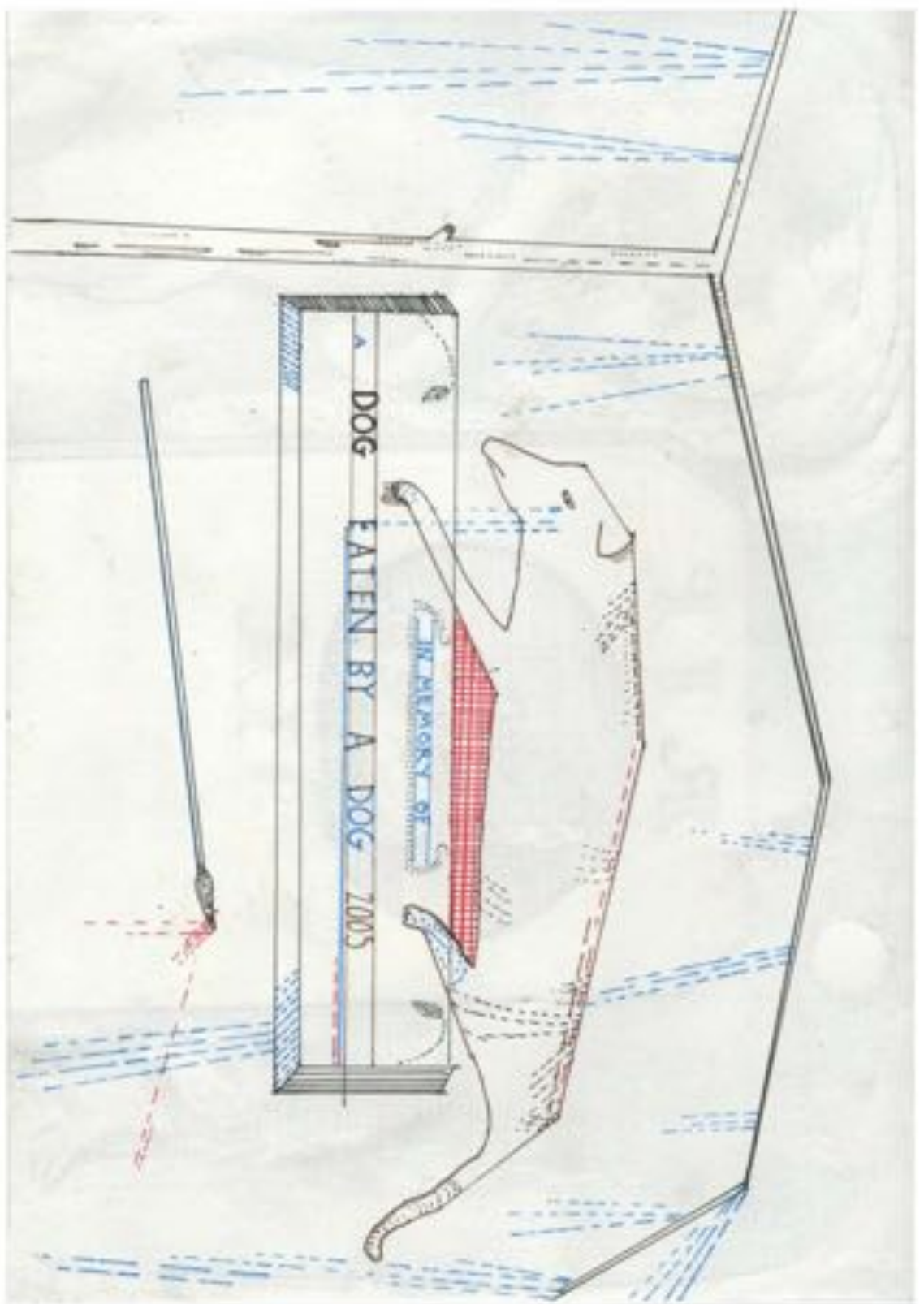


PETER SUCHIN



The True Cross in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction.
Acrylic on board (detail- complete painting 76x127cm)
1987

ROSIE DE BORMAN



JÜRGEN THOMANN



Gebelirrt, aber Ostian

Die Gefühle

Die Cocktails

SANDRINE PELLETIER

ABCDEF
GHIJKL
MNOPQR
STUVWX
YZ
MISANTHROPY

NATILEE HARREN & MICHAEL POWELL

Natilee Harren and Michael Powell

Title: Renewal no. 100-337396

Date: 2005

Media: The United States Freedom of Information Act (5 U.S.C § 552), computer

Natilee Harren is a doctoral student in modern and contemporary art history at the University of California Los Angeles, and Michael Powell is a doctoral candidate in cultural anthropology at Rice University. (both caucasian)

Daedalus nominated me (Natilee Harren) to participate in the project. Daedalus first contacted me to contribute audio material to my Trans-Siberian Radio Project (2005). He then invited me to curate the international side of Head Cleaner, his ongoing audio cassette recording project, which I completed during the course of the Trans-Siberian broadcast.

Natilee Harren nominated the following:

1. Peter Petralia, Artistic Director, Proto-type Theater, Inc., New York.

Peter is a theater director from New York whom I met in September 2005 during the Capturing the Moving Mind conference, which took place on the Trans-Siberian train. His project was to meet local artists at different train stops in Russia, Mongolia and China. I nominated Peter because his project was one of the most exciting of the conference, since he used the journey to facilitate artistic exchange with communities outside of the train, similar to the way in which the Trans-Siberian train is normally used for economic exchange and the transportation of commercial goods. Though not considering himself a visual artist, Peter was doing more interesting work than many of the artists on board.

2. Adam Carr, Independent Curator, London.

I met Adam in Minnesota at his Post Notes show at Midway Gallery, during the opening week-end of the new Walker Art Center building. We were both interested in the idea of challenging conventional exhibition formats, so we collaborated to produce an exhibition for the Trans-Siberian train entitled En Route: Via Another Route, which Adam curated and I installed and oversaw on the train. I nominated Adam because he likes to break any and all rules.

3. Alex Klein, Artist/Photographer, Los Angeles.

Alex and I met through our connection to the University of California Los Angeles, where she is an MFA student in photography. I nominated Alex because I know she has a lot of meaty stories from which to take inspiration.

4. Elly Clarke, Artist/Photographer, London.

Elly is an artist I met on the Trans-Siberian train, where we were both doing artistic projects for an academic conference on organizational theory. I nominated her because she is thoroughly engaged in bridging the gap between arts institutions and the public by creating projects that make art production meaningful and accessible to all. By this I mean to say that she hasn't sold her soul to any devil.

I think that is all the pertinent information. Our entry is a pdf document scaled to 6 x 9, so it should be easy to deal with (I hope). Please let me know if you need anything else.

All my best,
Natilee

DAVID MACKINTOSH

How to make shit art, (1 to 112)

1. Make a life size model for the new utopian meeting place.
2. Find amateur paintings and re construct them.
3. Work with a deprived sector of the community on a project.
4. Work with another artist; use the two surnames one after the other.
5. Make a fragmented mixed media installation about something that happened to you.
6. Get other artists/people to make work for you.
7. Make work that exposes the banalities of uneducated people's interaction with the internet.
8. Make pornography.
9. Use technology to collaborate with artists from other countries.
10. Curate shows; say its part of your practice.
11. Make work which self-consciously positions itself within history.
12. Make work that satirizes global economic systems.
13. Make sophisticated wordy text pieces for billboards.
14. Work under an assumed identity.
15. Have no physical product to your actions, mythologize.
16. Remake moments from popular cultural history in a cheap, tatty temporary way.
17. Put your body through a rigorous program of self abuse.
18. Embrace the tragic and the cult of failure.
19. Declare your entire existence as your art.
20. Cook a big pan of stuff and give it away at openings.
21. Form an art band.
22. Make a temporary monumental gesture.
23. Go for long walks making quiet interactions.
24. Bastardize an iconic artwork.
25. Make sculpture with dead animals in it.
26. Drink a lot of alcohol; behave badly, document and show.
27. Make work using your own bodily fluids.
28. Make grand architectural interventions.
29. Contrive a naïf painting style with popular cultural narratives.
30. Make lists.
31. Make pop art, pretend its contemporary.
32. Construct objects painstakingly detailed that take ages to make.
33. Be an operator, refer to artists you respect as players.
34. Have stuff made by workers in factories, give it an art spin.
35. Compile banal archives of forgotten histories.
36. Pick a moment in working class folk law, rein act it with actors, invite pop stars.
37. Write ream upon ream of impenetrable piffle.
38. Get a load of old shit from a skip, invent fake histories for it.
39. Draw like a child.
40. Make a work that challenges other people's religious faiths.
41. Do scientific experiments, pretend its art.
42. Remake 70's album covers in a knowing way.
43. Make work about your national identity.
44. Make work about traveling to different parts of the world to make work about traveling.
45. Make a mock homage fanzine, give it away.
46. Make work using the elements.
47. Make work out of rice and other dried food staples.
48. Make light of weighty philosophical statements.
49. Hate everyone and everything, make it your work.
50. Revisit 60's British sculpture, pretend it's new.
51. become a transvestite; make drawings about your experiences and adventures.
52. Point a camera at yourself and show off.
53. Masturbate, film it and show.
54. Tear pages out of old novels and show them.

55. Invite disabled people to your studio, photograph them and make work.
56. Write incoherently; pretend it's your true inner voice.
57. Be a slag.
58. Be aristocratic, dress like a tramp; make work about pet dogs and cats.
59. Restrict your movement and sensory awareness, draw.
60. Ingest stuff, regurgitate, and sculpt.
61. Cut yourself and film it.
62. Consider post industrial society and make huge metal structures.
63. Crap on about ritual.
64. Make work like the past 30 years never happened.
65. Buy loads of cheap shit and arrange it in a room.
66. Print some T shirts.
67. Go to counseling, make a film.
68. Learn a new skill, make a film.
69. Film the terminally ill, show it in a gallery.
70. Pretend your working class and crap on about it.
71. Insert a camera into you anal tract.
72. Get a grant to visit a foreign city twinned with your own, organize a project.
73. Make a light installation that describes a new building.
74. Patronize whole sections of a community.
75. Invite the public to compete against you in some kind of physical combat.
76. Use new media to stream your forum to the third world.
77. Perform a futile act in an urban space for a month.
78. Draw your own money, spend it.
79. Make impermanent public art.
80. Make urban art in a rural location.
81. Get a disease; document the deterioration of your body.
82. Form a collective, dress like the spiders from mars whilst brandishing home made weaponry
83. Fain persistent romantic notions.
84. Get a residency at the new Grisdale.
85. Make a photograph; attach it to an interesting anecdote.
86. Make shows that aren't intended to be gallery shows, put them in a gallery.
87. Make loads of work that Dom Jolly has already made.
88. Research Inca culture, crap on about it.
89. Do a show that is more about developing infrastructural links than the work.
90. Try to influence people with patter.
91. Pitch your tent on the fringe of mainstream culture.
92. Get a grant to walk up a fell and fuck the peat.
93. Finance your own trip to New York, take a stupid costume, walk around in it.
94. Be your own gimp.
95. Go on a pilgrimage to the death sites of gangster rappers
96. Take a photograph of yourself in a mask
97. Put some stuff inside a shed; put the shed in a gallery
98. Make a 16mm film of flora and or fauna
99. Take a very out of focus photograph, title it 'passage'
100. Make squiggly pseudo fashion illustrations on any old scrap of paper.
101. Be concerned with media conventions and manipulations.
102. Have a long standing preoccupation with the Second World War.
103. Find a load of scally's convince them you are one of them, document your activity together.
104. Make a shit collage out of a Sunday supplement magazine then make a life size super realist painting of it in egg tempera.
105. Even if you're Scottish, pretend you're Polish
106. Remake early developmental Victorian photography with you in it.
107. Trace images of natural disasters out of newspapers.
108. Make some boulders out of waste cardboard.
109. Do networking and facilitating as your art.
110. Take the piss out of a load of old women about to be evicted from their homes, video it.
111. Make Chad McCail's work, pretend it's yours.
112. Make one of Erwin Wurm's lesser known works, pretend it's yours.

LOTTE GERTZ

Title: Living room

Medium: coloured woodcut print



D-L ALVAREZ

dear GAoME,

below is the text for my submission. my gallerist, derek eller, will be sending the image. the image is a diptych and should go above the text on the page. there should be some white space between the image and the edge of the page, as well as some space between each panel of the diptych and between the image and the text. but really, work it however it looks best. thank you. yours,

D-L Alvarez

I Don't Care About Your Baby

1. One day I came home and found the lock to my apartment door filled with a hard strong glue, neatly sanded so that the surface of the glue was level with the metal plate of the lock. At the foot of the door was a ball of yarn. It was not surprising, since a couple of days before I received a threatening SMS: Your life is going to get difficult. The person who sent the message, and followed up on his promise, was my ex-boyfriend, a carpenter named Charles. When we were together, he told me what a bastard his first boyfriend had been after they broke up. But when his second boyfriend turned out to be Satan, war number one was temporarily forgotten. It became clear in the course of our relationship (his third), that one day I could top Satan in Charles' Book of The Most Hated. The lock-gluing felt like getting off easy. As to the yarn, it was the unraveled material of a sweater I gave him.

2. In a recent exhibition I included an abstract drawing of a young woman being led to trial by a taller and older deputy (Follow Through, 2005). The woman, Susan, was accused of, and confessed to, stabbing an actress and her unborn child to death with a cheap knife. She showed no mercy when the actress pleaded with her to at least cut out the baby and save its life. Susan already had a long history of petty-crimes and rebellious acts when she hooked up with Charley Manson and his Family of drug-fed campers. Charley hand-picked the Tate-Polanski residence, knowing neither Sharon nor Roman. All he knew was that the person who used to live there neglected to give Charley his big break into the music industry.

Some argue that had he been given that break, the infamous murders that took place on August ninth and tenth of 1969 could have been avoided. My guess is they would have only been postponed. Charley had a way of finding enemies even, and perhaps more so, among people who tried to help him. Dennis Wilson, for example, took one of Charley's songs and had the Beach Boys record it, only to later receive death threats from Charley over a lyric alteration (they changed Cease to Exist to Cease to Resist). Charley had a childhood full of hate and has been in and out of prisons his whole life. To say Dennis made an enemy of Charley would be like accusing your ankle of upsetting a rattlesnake. Charley was coiled and ready to spring. He didn't care who got bit.

You can't make an enemy the way you can make a sweater. The enemy exists before you start to knit, died in the wool of a lousy childhood, he or she is just waiting to unravel.



D-L Alvarez
Follow Through, 2005
graphite on paper (in two
parts)
27.75 x 24 inches (left
drawing)
27.75 x 25.1875 inches (right
drawing)

PIERS SECUNDA

Hi Andee.

Thanks for letting me put this image in(attached). The title is "Vertical Collage" industrial floor paint on MDF.

I think I will bow out of recommending three other artists if this is ok, as I'm not too sure who, and they'll never get back quick enough, I feel that I've been responsible for a delay as it is. I apologise!

Please do call me if you need anything else, or if I can help in any way further.

Regards,

Piers

>
> Hi Piers,
> Sorry I think you've slipped through the net! We've actually passed the
> deadline for nominations so all I need from you now is your image-
however,
> as I'm a nice guy and if you recon you can get your 4 peoples work
to me
> A.S.A.P. we will accept them (just let me know their details.)
>
> Many thanks
> Andrew
>
> On 11/8/05, Piers Secunda <piers@pierssecunda.com> wrote:
> >
> > Hi Andee
> > we talked a little while ago about Gordon Cheung putting me
forwards for
> > the book project. Please let me know when you need an image of my
work,
> > and how many people did you want me to recommend? was it 4?
> > Regards,
> > Piers Secunda



CHRIS MCCORMACK

Hello there, this is Chris,

Friend of Daniel Rapley – I'm considering this as a potential for the book – it's a bit defamatory perhaps, but follows the themes you are perhaps interested in. I hope it's useable in this form – basically, drop on the page either single (if it'll fit) or double column, and I like the backward format – so keep that.

I may change my mind – let me know what you think, and whether this is a career suicide for me. I just think it's hysterically funny,

Chris.

THANK YOU

RONNIE

Le 28 sept. 05, à 11:23

?

Sorry Ronald,

I've been away for the past few days, and I'm apologetic for any distress from my comments. I've not mentioned any details regarding her private life, and apologise once more for any distress. My comments were and are well intentioned.

Best Wishes,
Chris

Dear Chris

I think there was a big mistake yesterday.

Let me know how i can reach you.

Best
Ronnie

Les films du Camelia
(+33) 1 45 44 20 04

Dear Chris

Can you please give me your phone number where I can reach you.

Thank you

Ronnie

Le 25 sept. 05, à 15:14

All what you said about her work is O.K. and thank you for her about your feelings about her work. But please? don't mention never, that we are partner.

Thank you very much

best

R.

Le 25 sept. 05, à 19:07,

PLEASE ,NEVER MENTION ANY PERSONAL WHATEVER.

I AM NOT HER PARTNER!!!!!!

THAT NOT INTEREST NOBODY.

THANK YOU FOR NOT MENTIONNING PRIVATE STORIES.

For the professionals thoughts i agree with you.

please answer me very soon that you understand what i mean.

best

R.

Le 25 sept. 05, à 19:07, christopher mccormack a écrit :

Many thanks Ronnie for this information, it is greatly appreciated. I would also like to add - as you are (I believe) Isabelle Huppert's partner - that I think she is an amazing actress. Her role in The Piano Teacher, is unforgettable. Truly a rare film. And I loathe to miss her performance in Sarah Kane's 4.48 Psychosis in NY - although a good friend of mine will be there to see it. I hope this isn't out of place to mention these thoughts, but I and others highly regard her work.

I will mention the film retrospective, but I doubt whether I need an itinery of the showcase for this instance.

I also look forward to the London preview of the show.

Best,

Chris

TRINE MARIE JENSEN

No title, pencil on paper, ethnicity: the whitest. Hope it is not too late!



ÅBÄKE

Thank You

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**You know
who you are**

(;

