



onestar press ryan gander loose associations and other lectures

LOOSE ASSOCIATIONS AND OTHER LECTURES

RYAN GANDER



for the Red Lion

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INTRODUCTION

By Francesca Grassi

‘Hello, I’m Ryan. Erm ... all these things are linked somehow, but at times the associations may be a bit loose.’

These words of Ryan Gander introducing Loose Associations at the Rijksakademie, Amsterdam in 2002, accompany the first transcription, or printed version, of the live event published in *Appendix* (2003).

I spent the last two years living in Arnhem (while attending a Masters in Graphic Design at the Werkplaats Typografie) where any sort of exposure to outside events usually came about quite randomly, and most typically in some form of printed matter. I came across Loose Associations in a library and was first taken by the idea of a performed live event being given a graphic form, which usually assumes a lasting presence. It makes sense for me to write a brief text introducing Loose Associations (not that there is any need to introduce this purposely straightforward work) in relation to its existence as printed matter, and make my way through those times this work has been printed so far.

Some might know that Loose Associations is presented by the artist in person and that it continues to stand undefined somewhere between a presentation, a performance and a lecture. And even though I have yet to attend what has now become a travelling event, just from looking through and reading it in print I can see why it defies definition as any of the above.

More immediately it seems easiest to connect Loose Associations to a presentation since visually it plainly consists of a collection of images with captions placed in sequence. However, the term ‘presentation’ sounds a little too formal for something that reads more like a ‘conversation amongst friends around a table in a pub’ (this seems to be the most commonly found description of Loose Associations). The talk appears

entirely open, both in its informal presentation and its seemingly trivial content, and it lends itself perfectly to a general public rather than a specific audience. Perhaps it's here that we see its closer connection to the model of an open lecture. What instead brings this work closest to the ambit of a performance is Ryan Gander's act of wittingly presenting himself as the artist, an openly humourist speaker and his thoughts directly to the public.

It is Gander's presence, the voice that is so clearly recognisable throughout, which brings the printed version of *Loose Associations* close to something of a living book. The reader is left without the option of simply looking and taking in the images as it goes. Gander narrates how the images should be read, and he describes those elements that are needed in order to understand the related anecdotes. His way needs to be followed. He represents the link, or in this case the 'association', to what comes next. Gander's voice, whether it is live or printed, is your connector from one component to the next.

This already quite graphic presentation was first given a printed life in *Appendix* (2003) with Stuart Bailey. Shortly after, that same year, this printed visual translation of *Loose Associations* re-emerged in issue 6 of *Dot Dot Dot* magazine, where it had grown and a second installment: *Loose Associations 2.1* was added after Gander presented it at *Tourettes II*, a series of performances curated by Will Holder and Stuart Bailey at W139 in Amsterdam.

When the French magazine *Trouble* (co-edited by Emilie Renard) published another printed version of *Loose Associations* in issue 4 (2004), both installments of 1.1 and 2.1 were translated into French for the first time. The translator Alain Smizi is actually a 'frenchified' version of the collective pseudonym Alan Smithee, used by Hollywood directors who wanted to be dissociated from their motion picture (a little nudge towards this being one of the narratives found in *Loose Associations*.) A separate photocopied circular, designed by Sara De Bondt *à la Stuart Bailey* was also published in English and distributed on the occasion of *Trouble Live* at the Centre Pompidou in Paris.

What *Loose Associations* seems to leave is the impression of a familiar methodology in dealing with a certain type of material. Generally referred to as 'found', this material might

actually be quite familiar to any other incessant thinker out there who is busy constructing new forms, also through the sum of other constituents. It shows a recognisable digressional approach that creates a series of happy encounters rather than a simple discovery. In this case Ryan Gander's digressions brought him to the discovery that is *Loose Associations*.

In this onestar press publication three versions are printed: 1.1, 2.1 and 2.4 which accompany three of Gander's other lectures. This on-demand standardised book designed by Mia Frostner, Robert Sollis, Paul Tisdell and Rasmus Troelsen, offers itself as a reference in Gander's voice for any future digressions.

THIS WAY RYAN

By Emilie Renard

Translated by Sheila Malovany-Chevallier

The Narrative Structure

Some tyrannical links to Loose Associations as seen through the common idea that thoughts follow a pathway. What if a chain of thoughts maps a solo ping-pong game?

The route of a ball during a half-hour ping-pong game is about the time it takes to read Loose Associations. The match is played by only one person on a half-table facing a wall, and the player is not a professional, so the ball bounces on, as much as off, the table. This helps to imagine how this ball draws a figure with a complex geometry in space, a figure made up of an irregular series of trajectories that deviates with each hit. The impact is both a junction and a factor of derivation that makes the development of the figure unpredictable and its pattern random. Ryan Gander calls this constructive principle based on the addition of divergent elements ‘loose association’, and applies it to a method of writing by a chain of ideas. In principle, this geometric construction is infinite, but it is composed, for versions 1.1 and 2.1 of Loose Associations, of a set of forty-eight pings and forty-eight pongs, that is ninety-six short stories, with one paragraph per story. Between them, each transition changes the direction with each bounce: one ping leads to one pong and so on. In principle again, as these trips are hinged to each other, it should be possible to follow them one after another, starting by either end of the figure. Thus, Loose Associations should be able to be read either from its beginning or its end.

Straight lines versus concentric circles. Strangely, at each end of Loose Associations, two geometric figures are set against each other. Far from a peaceful ‘loose association’ they push each other away, with the text making a loop in an arbitrary relation between two architectural designs: ‘desire lines’ and the

Panopticon, the straight line and the concentric circle, two uses of territory, two images of a relation to knowledge. The desire lines are emblematic of Gander's shortcuts and how he goes right to the source, cutting through delimited zones of knowledge by segments, originalities, disjunctions and incompatibilities.

On the other side, the panoptic circle is a figure of centralisation, knowledge by compartmentalisation until total imprisonment. This geometric figure – the origin of much architecture of the 19th Century, joins power, control and knowledge in libraries, prisons, and panoramas – also has a precedent: the encyclopaedia, literally 'the circle of knowledge.' Diderot's and d'Alembert's project, spelled out in the 17th Century, is 'to select what is dispersed' and expresses a will for omniscient power over the world. The encyclopaedia cuts knowledge up into a finite series of circumscribed areas, aligning closed circles of disciplines. Within these circles, transmission goes from one scholar alone to an ignorant multitude, in the form of a one-way redistribution of knowledge.

A lecture is a situation of transmission of knowledge from a specialist to an audience, in agreement with this tradition of dominant reason. Loose Associations fulfils these conditions: most often presented in lecture halls by Gander himself, the author displays reliable research and gives out information he has verified, validated and compiled, in an effort of simplicity and journalistic honesty. The agreement stops there, because the knowledge dispensed is not that of a specialist but of an amateur who gives the subjective and relative part of knowledge acquired by experience. Associating objects that are foreign to each other, separated geographically or historically, mixing personal and collective anecdotes (that connect, for example, his Auntie Deva and the Barbican Centre, the village of Llandudno and Amsterdam), Ryan Gander is the only source in this network of disparate information. This selective form of information gathering, essentially based on observation, dispenses an empiric, multiple, familiar and non-authoritarian knowledge. Unlike the classic lecture that conforms to the development of dialectical thinking in a three-fold rhythm (affirmation/negation/negation of the negation), Gander links anecdotes two by two, starting from the single and adding it to a practically identical second. The fragmentary structure of this discourse is repeated in the short cycle of each paragraph.

Here, the assemblage of stories counts as much as the stories themselves. This discourse is thus dual: it recounts while forming a narrative principle. The logical junctions of this text work in successive shifts, from the main object towards its secondary features, fixing the transition on contingencies and details or proceeding by formal analogies. This is not a demonstration but a form of drift in the flow of information. So reasoning by 'loose association' signals a dysfunction in the reign of rationality. It is the sign of a thinking that, falling under the mass of information, would take a turn and leave the road of classic dialectics, characteristic of thinking that progresses from level to level towards an ultimate and synthesised aim. Opposed to it is a fragmentary, spontaneous, inconclusive logic, based on loose joints, that is on intuitive or sensitive marks. Ping-pong, for Gander, who is the only player of this match, is a way of moving in the flow of information and constructing his own correspondences.

From one end of the text to the other, two types of information, constitution and transmission are set against each other, one is empirical and the other theoretical; one is open, mobile, unpredictable and adapts to a use, and the other is authoritarian, it encloses, demands an effort of demonstration; one, a figure of our contemporaneity, considering everything as raw information to be dealt with in variable ways, and the other, typical of the modern period and triumphant reason, submits to the control of one alone. Between these two extremities, the system of Loose Associations resembles a specific and unique panoptic, Ryan Gander's, criss-crossed by shortcuts carved in straight lines and that diverge from one bounce to the other. Two versions, one optimistic and the other pessimistic, of the mind's ability to invent its own ways of knowledge.

The Narrative

A taste for tyrannical links has led me to see Loose Associations as a Debordian 'dérive' extending from the city to a collection of historically and socially significant objects.

From structure to narration, it is all about playing ping-pong loosely. Ryan Gander is interested in how history emerges at the surface of objects. He examines them as the witnesses of the projects that presided over their conception and deals with them in their present material state, observing their occurrences

and secondary characteristics. The familiar, the singular, local events, and vernacular languages are the raw materials of this mental construction. His approach is materialistic and pragmatic, attached to facts, current situations, physical supports, and visible manifestations. Loose Associations works like a time machine; instead of going from the past towards the present, from theory to experience, from the living room to the field, Gander changes both the chronological and logical orders and moves from the present towards the past, from the effect towards the cause, from form towards intention, from the singular towards the identical, from one to two, and so on. He goes directly from one piece of information to another through their secondary, potential, fictional or variable effects, then emphasises the historical and sociological phenomena that run through them, such as the intervention of chance (an Eames invention), types of hybridisation of public and private space, of the personal and collective (the privatisation of the Trellick Tower façade), the tangible remains of fiction in reality (the plaque on Sherlock Holmes' house), the resurgences of history (the 19th Century English archers' V sign of pride), the discrepancies between the radicalism of intention and corruptibility of form (the forgotten chess set of Bauhaus' Josef Hartwig) and the dispersion of utopias during the 20th Century (the social project of the paternalist factory owner of Port Sunlight). The intersections of these places and these people make up contemporary society's generic characteristics revisited by Gander.

Other effects of this time machine: Loose Associations is a reminder of the *Theory of Dérive* that Guy Debord defined in 1956 as the 'technique of the hasty passage across varied urban ambiances', or in other words a means of moving by transition. Debord advocates urban wandering as a means of discovery of a city as a narrative network. The *dérive* is an experience of defamiliarisation of a known space by the intervention of chance, a search without methodology, without aim, deconcentrated. I imagine the loose steps of someone drifting, drawing traces of his own psychogeography behind him. Secondarily, in the very structure of the city, the *dérive* is also a method of elucidation of the tools of psychological control in play on its inhabitants. A form of poetic field sociology that takes into account both lived experience, the emotional side of

representations and the side of ideology imprinted on an urban plan. Loose Associations stretches this narrative network to the scale of contemporary culture, a field on which Gander, as participant-observer, takes note of minor signs.

In spite of the manifest bifurcation of the order of dialectical reason and the decentralisation from the object towards superficial links, Loose Associations does not wander. Discourse never follows the flux of combinations and dislocations of an indecisive, imaginative or contradictory thinking. On the contrary, the text accumulates and capitalises on anecdotes and remains fixed on the surface of objects, a constant faced within that diversity. While the theory of the *dérive* is organised around a paranoid thinking focused on the idea of collective and massive control, Loose Associations reintegrate, in a methodical process, the reign of control adapted beforehand to the dimensions of rigorous, conscientious thinking, faithful to its rule. It celebrates interdependence as a way of organising chaos around oneself and makes a personal paranogeographical map: how to link everything, how is everything linked together?

How to keep going?

Loose Associations is your solution. Lucid about the ambivalence of the object he produces, a monologue under self-control, Gander acts not only as observer and user but also as producer of cultural signs. He inserts works of art into the generalised circulation of objects. The proof is that Loose Associations has become a hit; a lecture tour and a relative editorial success (this edition is the seventh). Another example is a pack of double-fronted cards entitled *Parallel Cards* (2007), that provides parallel situations of double-entry games: one, conscious, in control; the other, out of the sight of the player, without apparent rules, out of control. 2000 games are presently in circulation, each one offering 4000 parallel potential games. This two-faced object could take its place among that of Loose Associations, as a double-identity object; both standard and mysterious.

In the famous quotation from the *Chants de Maldoror* (1869) by the Count of Lautréamont '... above all beautiful like the chance encounter of a sewing machine and an umbrella on a dissecting table!' What is beautiful is neither the machine nor the umbrella but their meeting, it is the surprise of an accidental relation. At the end of the 19th Century, Lautréamont,

parallel to the practice of 'free association' introduced by Freud, becomes the precursor of a practice of collage and assemblage that spans all 20th Century art. Loose Associations is a contemporary version of a culture of assemblage, marked by associative reflexes, a practice of sampling and cut and paste. It is a typically contemporary model of information constitution and transmission that favours a relation of usage to knowledge and formulates its own construction method.

Loose Associations uses cultural references as also a form of appropriation through name-dropping. The long list of historical characters, of close relatives and of anonymous people – architects, designers, actresses, sex symbols, visionary industrials, mythical rock groups, amateur cartographers and scientists among them: Christine Keeler, Auntie Deva, Allen Ginsberg, Arne Jacobsen, Alan Smithee, Prince, Paulina Olowaska, Homer Simpson, Charles and Ray Eames, Marcel Duchamp, Alfred Hitchcock, Joy Division, Peter Saville, the artist's grandfather, Bob Dylan, Gillian Wearing, Kate Bush, Kraftwerk and Inspector Morse, sets up the casting of a personal, perfectly balanced pantheon, a hall of fame totally demythologised, without hierarchies, mixing low and high and perfect transdisciplinarity. Gander selects and organises his cultural family around him, indexing it according to his needs, like the main sections of a panoptical library. Faced with these extras, it could be thought that Ryan Gander is like a young designer in charge of modernising the Johnston typeface, as he describes it in the lecture: 'I just like the idea of some young designer sitting behind his computer attempting to contribute to one of the most recognisable and respected typefaces known.' Contrary to what Gander concludes, the result here, is not disappointing, it is totally delightful.

Loose Associations is both an instrument of relations among characters, places and facts that have all become objects of knowledge, and an instrument of normalisation of these relations, taken in the solipsistic path of the one who utters them, without alterity. It is dual: optimistic and familiar when it links the audience to the continuum of information in a community spirit; pessimistic and nostalgic because constant, protective and conservative of a system of thinking that it itself initiated. In both versions, Gander plays a great match of solo ping-pong.

LECTURES

LOOSE ASSOCIATIONS 1.1

*A transcription from the lecture
given at Open Ateliers at The Rijksakademie
van beeldende kunsten in Amsterdam,
The Netherlands, December 2002.*

Hello, I'm Ryan. Erm ... all these things are linked somehow, but at times the associations may be a bit loose.



These are called desire lines. At least, that's what spatial designers and town planners call them. This first photo was taken in Kassel in Germany ... I'm talking about the lines on the ground here. When spatial designers plan pavements, there are always bits of waste ground left between them and when they don't design them properly you get these desire lines that have been worn away by people who cut across the middle. They're always on the most direct route people want to take, which is why they're called desire lines.



This is another one, taken in Poland. It's Paulina Olowska's photograph, so I have to thank her for letting me use it. It's a particularly beautiful example because it's a really badly designed space. You can see that there are actually two lines which cross each other in the middle of this pre-planned square.

There's a university in Buffalo, in New York State. The campus there was relocated twenty years ago, so the architect could completely redesign it. He built the entire site but didn't

Loose Associations 1.1

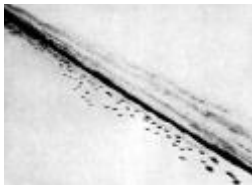
put any paths in ... he just left it as gravel. There's very heavy snowfall in New York State in winter,



and as the campus began to be used students began to navigate around the campus, leaving paths in the snow,



so if there were a lot of people walking on the path, it would end up very wide, and the ones that weren't used so much were narrower. The architect then sent a helicopter up to make an aerial photograph of the campus, then plotted all these desire lines on a map and built the paths in the same positions with the same widths as the desire lines.



It's an example of perfect planning of public space.

This is the Royal Northern General Hospital in Sheffield.



About fifteen years ago almost every hospital in Britain had these lines.



They're called trauma lines, found particularly in accident and emergency

Loose Associations 1.1

clinics. The reason they're called trauma lines is because when people are under a lot of stress – say if your son has been in a car accident or something – you can't remember directions very well, but you CAN remember a colour to follow,



so if you had to go to x-ray you'd follow yellow. This is one of only a few hospitals left in Britain with the system. Most have been phased out and replaced by overhead sign systems.



This leafy jungle vine line is to direct the public to the children's' casualty unit.

That's the Barbican Centre in north London, made by Chamberlain, Powell and Bon.



Building was started on it in, I think, 1955, and it took thirty years to complete. It covers a massive thirty-five acre site.



The site was completely flattened during the bombings of World War Two. Because it was built over such a long period of time, it wasn't planned and built as a whole but in separate staggered phases. It contains a theatre, an arts centre, shops, a library, schools – in fact, if you were to live there, there's actually no reason to ever leave. You might have heard of the

Barbican because of the fact that it was supposed to be a very civically-minded modernist utopian sort of housing project. Due to the fact that it was built in phases, though, it became a bit like a maze, being very difficult to find your way around.

This is a picture of my Auntie Deva.



Her name is spelt D-E-V-A, which is the Roman name for Chester, a city in the north-west of England which was one of three major roman fortifications. Chester was called Deva, York was called Yorvic and London was called Londinium. Auntie Deva has a saying about the Barbican: 'Once seen entering never seen again'. There's a sort of link there because the word 'Barbican' etymologically comes from the word barricade and, in turn, fortress, and, in turn, fortification or a similar sort of defensive structure, which is quite a contradiction to the initial modernist principles on which the Barbican was supposedly based.

These are navigation lines,



similar to those

trauma lines in the hospital, which help the public find their way around the Barbican.



They don't work in terms of colour coding, as all the lines are yellow, but every so often signs are painted along the line.



This sign is for the Barbican arts centre, and this one for St Paul's underground station.



This is a passivity line.



It's not so easy to distinguish, but it's here ... you see, it runs horizontally at waist height around the walls of the room. They're usually found in police interview rooms, because sometimes people get restless or violent when they're being interviewed.



The line has been designed by psychologists and employed by the police. If there is a horizontal line running around a room, psychologically we feel that we should be below it or at the same height as it, which means we are less likely to wander around and more likely to sit down and stay seated, to remain passive.

I'm fascinated by these types of spaces ... interview rooms and conference rooms,



like the one we're in here today. This lecture theatre shares the same generic identity.

We could easily be in any other conference space in the world. This is mostly to do with the furniture, of course. It's always utilitarian, always easily stackable, moveable, storable, and easily cleaned. There are two classics for the masses that I want to acknowledge here. In Britain, at least, one of these two can be found in every village hall, community centre, school or library.



This chair is the Robin Day Polypropylene from 1962 and the other is the Arne Jacobsen Series 7 model 3107, from about 1955.



I took this picture at the London Design Museum where they exhibit them side by side. There have been 14 million of these Robin Days made, and that's excluding all the fakes of which I imagine there could easily be twice as many.

This is at the V&A – the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.



In the exhibition it was pointed out that this chair was a copy. The text next to it explains its faults – that the plywood is too thick, that the waist is too narrow, that the original didn't have a handle cut in the back and that the fittings are not the same. It seems that the V&A are very good at buying or acquiring fakes of things because they have dedicated a room to all the bad decisions they've made over the years. Room 46 is devoted to their fakes and forgeries.



That's Homer Simpson sitting on a chair backwards in what is known as the Classic Pose, which can be traced back to the Arne Jacobsen Series 7 model 3107, because it has a narrow waistline that accommodates the sitter's legs on either side. This association, then, has shifted from the form of a piece of furniture to the form of a human body. This is Christine Keeler who was a model and sex symbol of the sixties and seventies.



This photograph was taken for the publicity for a film that was about to be made, but, in the end, never completed. The story I heard was that the film company gave her a contract which she signed without reading properly, which had a clause in it stating she had to be naked for the photo shoot. The very generous and understanding photographer employed the Classic Pose, so that she would still be naked, fulfilling the contract without showing her bits. You might also remember Leroy from *Fame* or the girl in *Flashdance* – both sat on chairs back to front on stage and danced around them.



That's Alan Ginsberg in the background, and someone yesterday said that the other guy is Andy Warhol in disguise but I'm not sure about that. Anyway, it's Bob Dylan from 1965, holding up the text from his list-song *Subterranean Homesick Blues*. It's one of the earliest examples of a

music video, and the reason it seems more like an MTV clip than other examples of music with visuals made around that time is probably due to the fact that it was actually the title sequence for a documentary called *Don't Look Back* by D. A. Pennebaker, who followed Bob Dylan on a UK Tour.

The form of articulation of someone holding a sign must come from political demonstration or activism.



As the voice has limited volume, holding a sign of what you want to say can speak effectively louder and clearer. This is a work by the British artist Gillian Wearing from 1995 called *Signs that Say What You Want Them to Say, Not What Other People Want Them to Say*.



Basically, it's a series of photographs of people holding signs of their innermost fears, secrets or desires. And this is ... well, I can't show you the video of it because its impossible to get hold of, a television commercial that was made for Volkswagen a short while after Gillian Wearing first exhibited her 'Signs'.

This is a still from the commercial that involved these two guys holding signs of their desires and thoughts.



I believe Gillian Wearing made attempts to take legal action against the makers of the advert for copyright infringement, which was unsuccessful because there were so many other examples of this form of articulation through history.

Overdubbing children's voices onto films of adults is another overused device. These videos are another work of art made by Gillian Wearing called *Ten to Sixteen* from 1997.



The art collector Charles Saatchi bought the work, shortly after which this television advert for Sky Digital appeared on the British TV stations ITV and Channel 4.



It turns out that the advertising agency responsible for the Sky Digital advert was none other than Saatchi & Saatchi advertising. I understand Gillian Wearing went about taking legal action again, and failed again. She should probably just learn to share.

The next thing is also related to sharing or appropriating ideas. This is the NatWest Tower



– or Tower 42 as it is often known – in Central London, just north of the river. It's the headquarters for NatWest Bank and after it was built in 1980 it was the tallest building in London for ten years. This is a plan of it, and this is the bank's logo



– I don't think I need to point out the resemblance.

This is an email I wrote to the guy who manages the building.



It seems incredible to me that an architect can build a building from a simple logo that was made by a graphic designer eight years earlier. Buildings are quite complicated things, right? You have to fit lifts in and ventilation tunnels and make the best use of space; it's not an easy task, so he must have really liked that logo.

This is an aerial photograph of the area



– that's the NatWest Tower there on the middle left. It's not the only example of something that can be distinguished from a bird's eye view.

Churches and cathedrals throughout time have been built on the form of the crucifix.



You can imagine God looking down from above, to see where all his followers are.

These are from an atlas of Belgium. On the opposite page to the regular schematic maps are aerial photographs of the same areas,



the main difference being these large green blank areas on the aerial versions.

This one covers a military base, and this one covers the Royal Palace in Brussels



– it's censorship on a grand scale. I wonder if the airspace is restricted as well and I also wonder if it would be possible to request a green blotch over your own house, which could also be considered private property.

From a tool that diverts attention, to a tool that directs attention ...



British blue plaques. They're all over the country, but mostly in London, put up by the National Tourist Board on the front of significant historical figures' places of residence to keep the tourists happy. For example, there's one on a semi-detached house on a dual carriageway on the way into Liverpool, which is where John Lennon grew up. This is the plaque for a Serbian Historian,



which was allegedly taken down after it was discovered that he hadn't lived in London for the required amount of years to qualify for one. This seems a little strange considering that here on Baker Street there's a plaque for Sherlock Holmes,



who wasn't a real person,

merely a fictional character of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, so by rights he shouldn't have a plaque either. This is the house on Baker Street where he lived, or rather, where he didn't live.

Here's another Great British detective, called Inspector Morse.



That's Inspector Morse and that's John Thaw the actor, who died recently.



You can tell them apart by their different suits. The series was written by Colin Dexter and went on for years with a huge following – it became a British institution. Morse code is mixed into the music just before the opening titles scroll down.



The composer of the theme, Barrington Pheloung, actually weaves the names of each programme's killer into the theme tune of each episode. There are plenty of examples of Morse code weaved into music, from Kate Bush to Kraftwerk, but this example seems particularly notable as the music has to be adapted for every new episode.

This is my Grandfather.



During the war he was in the RAF as a radio operator on a Blenheim bomber, so he's fluent in Morse code. He's not so keen on

Inspector Morse, but my Grandmother is a big fan, so he insists on telling her at the beginning of every episode who the killer is. The Morse code is still in his blood, so he has an amateur radio set in the small spare box room of his house which he uses to communicate with people all over the world. One of his objectives is to communicate with people in places he has never been able to reach before – also the main principle of a competition called *The Worked All Britain Awards*. This is based on official Ordnance Survey map grid squares. Each OS grid is split into ten sub-grids and each of these is given a number. When he makes contact with a new person he logs their call sign and coordinates in a special book



and colours in the square on his map. The communicating couple also send each other what is called a QSL card,



which is a receipt confirming the contact. The irony here is that it's possible for him to talk to anyone anywhere in the world for free, but then has to pay the postage of a card to confirm it. I don't know what QSL stands for, but there are codes like '73s', which I believe means 'Love to the wife'. It's one of the standard number abbreviations used in Morse code. Most QSL cards are home-made by the radio operators themselves, so of course, they're extremely beautiful.



This guy has two identities, so he just ticks a box when he decides who he wants to be. And this one's

been made on a typewriter, creating a primitive ascii typeface.



Anyway, the point is to collect all the squares then send off your QSL cards to a governing body to receive a certificate or reward of some kind. It's incredibly difficult to collect all the squares, because some are on top of mountains, in water, or on marshland. The real fanatics make battery-powered mobile radio sets and mount them on boats or the backs of bikes to enable their friends to work the certain squares they're missing.

This place on the same map is called Llandudno, a small seaside town on the north coast of North Wales.



The bay and pier are positioned between two large rocks that jut out into the sea. The one to the east is called the Little Orme and the one to the west is called the Great Orme. There's a cable car from the town to the Great Orme which goes over the top of a small fossil quarry. Up there a small phenomenon is taking place



– a sort of geological graffiti made with rocks. Not many people actually go right up there, but you can see the messages really well from the cable car.



This one says 'Sarah marry me? Karl'.

Here's another graffiti.



This is all over Amsterdam ... you've probably seen it around. I'm interested in it because it's the epitome of a 'complete concept'. It justifies itself every time I see it, and also distinguishes itself from all the other graffiti tags in the city. No other can compete with this. I liked it so much I hunted out the guy that did it by putting adverts in the search column of newspapers so that I could work on a project with him. You see the tag again,



and again



and again



and the word always directs you to the next time you'll see it.

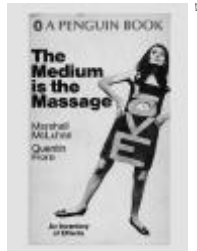
This one's from Scotland, on the street in Glasgow.



It's another self-referential graffiti tag, and again a kind of full circle concept. It's also spelt wrong. There are some words that do that to your brain – when spelt wrong they seem camouflaged. With some words I just read over the mistakes, like 'desert' and 'dessert'.

Loose Associations 1.1

This is a book by Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore, *The Medium is the Message*.



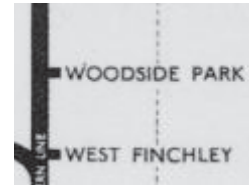
Well, that's how you'd all probably say it if you didn't know better, and that's how I've only ever heard it referred to. The real title is *The Medium is the MASage*. If you search for it on internet bookshops, those shops that haven't imported the information of their stock using barcodes or ISBN numbers, but have manually typed in the information about the stock, almost always call this book 'The Medium is the MESSage'. It's as if it now has two names. This is the fourth time I've done this lecture this week, and every day I've told a different story as to why this book has two names and every night I've had my head bitten off by people telling me that the information I gave was untrue. I'll just say that it's possible that it was a typesetting error by the printers in Luton on the cover of the first British edition, but it's also plausible that it was a deliberate play on the idea that the title would be mistaken for an already-existing saying, or that the title refers to the massaging effect of television culture – seemingly rich while actually dulling the senses.

This is Edward Johnston's Underground Railway Sans typeface from 1918,

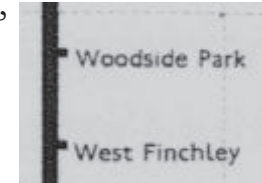


made specifically for the London underground tube map radically redesigned by Harry Beck. In 1962, the London underground railway company controversially decommissioned Beck, and a company manager who was not trained as a designer decided he could do a better job. The result was basically Harry Beck's map with less bendy bits, but the other significant difference between the two was the shift from the station names being in capitals

Loose Associations 1.1



to lower case,



with capitals retained only for significant junctions where lines crossed. Around the same time there was a general shift from capitals to mixed case in Britain: motorway signs changed in 1959, London bus blinds in 1961, and British Rail station signs in 1962.

And this is now – the websites from 'purple' magazine



and the 'jan van eyck academie' in maastricht without any capital letters.



The Jan van Eyck has a design department with an impressive reputation, so it's odd that they can't be bothered to hold down the shift key. Apart from general laziness, the origin of this trend has to be the internet.



The internet is not case-specific, so you can type in a domain name in capitals or lower case and it makes no difference ... you still end up at the same website.

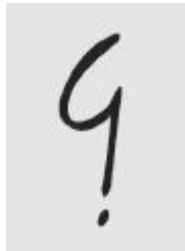


There's Prince, with a microphone shaped like a gun.



And that's Prince as well. He changed his name to, erm, this ... which, well, which you can't actually pronounce. And he sent the media this symbol as a character to be incorporated into the most commonly used typefaces so that the press would still write about him. Obviously nobody could be bothered with the trouble of installing the character, so they ended up just writing 'The Artist Formerly Known as Prince', and it was all a bit pointless in the end. Serves him right.

This is the 'point d'ironie',



made by the French writer and theorist Alcanter de Brahm at the end of the nineteenth century; its purpose being, when placed at the front of a sentence, to warn the reader that the following passage is about to be ironic, or, if at the end of a sentence, that the previous passage was ironic. It's a bit like Spanish, where an upside-down question mark is used at the beginning of a sentence as well as the right way round at the end. Of course, it makes a lot of difference where you put a punctuation, question or exclamation mark. In the case of the point d'ironie, it was never recorded exactly how it was to be used, so we just

have to guess.



And that's the American verbal version of the point d'ironie in *Wayne's World* ... Not! It's perhaps significant that in America irony needs to be so clearly flagged in speech. As there's no obvious written equivalent of 'Not!', it seems there might be a need for the point d'ironie after all, but it's a bit of a paradox: if the word 'Not!' is used after an ironical passage then the passage is no longer really ironical anyway.



I don't really know anything about this sign, except that I guess it's another Americanism, something to do with heavy metal, and maybe a sign for the devil.

Everyone knows this one however.



The history of shaking hands when meeting someone is a gesture to show that you come in peace. It is from the days when gentlemen with qualms would duel with either fencing swords or small hand-held muskets. Offering your right hand is to show that you don't hold or conceal a weapon.

There's another proud gesture.



The 'V' sign originated during the battles between England and France in the seventeenth century. The French used crossbows – a mechanical form of the bow and arrow which were pulled,

loaded, locked and then fired with a trigger, whilst the English



used very powerful manual longbows which had to be fired with their forefingers.



The French were very intimidated by the power of the longbow archers, because the arrows could be fired from a greater distance away. If they captured an English archer, rather than kill him they would just cut off the two forefingers on his right hand and release him, knowing that he wouldn't be able to fire any more arrows. So at the beginning of a battle the English archers would come from their position in the line up behind the men at arms, around the flanks and would taunt the French with a 'V' sign, showing their two fingers were still intact and that they were able to fire arrows and kill them.

The link here is maybe not the clearest but it's to do with the word 'archer'. I'll come to it in a moment. This is the Centre for Knowledge on the Caledonian Road in Islington, North London.



It's a society for students of *The Knowledge*, where apprentices gather to learn the geography of London whilst studying and taking exams to be a Hackney Carriage taxi driver. These mopeds here in front belong to people studying *The Knowledge*. They spend three years riding around the city on these with maps and test books on a perspex clipboard, learning how to navigate. It's just like a degree course. Every few weeks they have to go to a police station to be tested on a route between two points. They're probably the most knowledgeable taxi drivers in the world.

This is from a video of an interview I made a few months ago at this place, with some of the students reading out directions.



The police issue reference points for the taxi drivers to learn, like a route from one place to another.

This is Jeffrey Archer,



who was both a Conservative member of parliament and a bad novelist. He was sent to prison for lying under oath about an incident involving a prostitute and a brown paper envelope containing £2000. This is ironic because he wrote a book that I think was also made as a play, called *The Accused*, the storyline of which was almost identical to this particular part of his life, so it didn't take a Holmes or Morse to work out what had been going on. The police set a new point for the apprentices of *The Knowledge* to learn the day Jeffrey Archer was sent down for perjury, from the Red Lion on Archer Street



to Belmarsh Prison.



Kids was probably one of the most controversial films of the nineties. It was made by Larry Clark and Harmony Korine. Apparently, Larry Clark came across Harmony Korine asleep on a bench in Central Park with a script in his hand, so he took it and started reading it and ... err, yeah, anyway, I don't know if

Loose Associations 1.1

that's true. It doesn't matter, but the two significant things about the clip are firstly the vernacular language,



which was quite incomprehensible, and the low-slung trousers.



The history of wearing low-slung trousers can be traced back to American gang culture. It works as a signifier of respect to other gang members in prison. When you go to prison you have the belt from your trousers and the laces from your shoes taken away so that you can't use them to hang yourself, meaning that your pants fall down and the tongues in your trainers stick out.



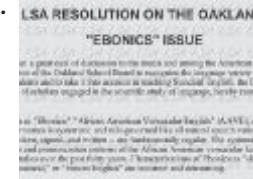
An association could also maybe be formed between the baggy clothing and the one-size-fits-all clothing that prisoners are given.



And that clip was from *Boyz 'n' the Hood* from the eighties. The subcultural vernacular speech or slang heard in *Kids* is even more extreme here, to the point at which it is considered an independent language, 'Ebonics': 'Ebony' as in black and 'Phonics' as in sound. There are schools in California now where children can study and be examined in Ebonics, so it has officially been recognised as a language in America. I'm not sure, but I think the reason it is considered a language rather than a dialect is because the difference is

Loose Associations 1.1

not only in terms of vocabulary but also in terms of sentence structure. I would say 'I am', in French it would be 'Je suis', and in Ebonics 'I be'.

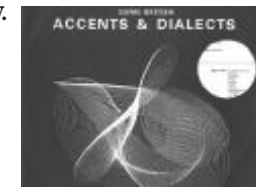


Cockney rhyming slang is, however, definitely a dialect rather than a language.

| | |
|------------------|---------------|
| Andy Cain | Rain |
| Arnieka Rice | Ice |
| Apple Core | Score |
| Apple Crumble | Rumble |
| Apple Fritter | Bitter |
| Apple Tart | Fart |
| Apples and Pears | Stairs |
| Archer | 2000 |
| Are you George? | Are you sure? |
| Aris | Arse |
| Aristotle | Bottle |

To be a true cockney you have to have been born within the sound of the Bow Bells from a Church in the East End of London. The system is formulated mostly on the idea of rhyming, although there are a few exceptions that are formulated on the idea of loose associations. 'Archer' now means 'two thousand', for example, because of the incident I mentioned before involving the money, the brown paper bag and the prostitute. You see 'Aris', here ... that means 'Arse', because 'Aris' is short for 'Aristotle', which is rhymes with bottle, which is short for "bottle and glass", which is rhyming slang for 'ass'. I told you the associations were loose ...

This is a record produced by the BBC in the seventies as a teaching aid to help children identify accents and dialects from different regions of the country.



These things are also used by actors as tools to help mimic accents. The Cockney example on it is particularly interesting because it's not only a documentation of the dialect, but also of social change – the kinds of words that were being used. It's a real time capsule. The origins of Cockney come from the barrow boys on the East End markets of London, so in a sense it's English codified for a particular profession, used so that market traders could communicate with each other in private, without

Loose Associations 1.1

the customers understanding what they were talking about.

Elvish is the language of the elves, of course ... both spoken and written, with a selection of typefaces. It comes from J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, and looks incredibly similar to forms of shorthand or speedwriting.



She's an elf, and she's speaking Elvish, which sounds a bit like Welsh really.

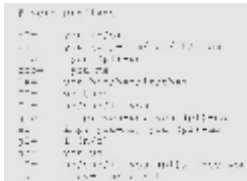


That's elvish writing. Tolkien

studied at Oxford University – I think it was St John's College. In Oxford and Cambridge there are weird societies and fraternities that you can join, which always seem a little sinister – clever rich people sitting around in a castle drinking wine. Anyway, at Oxford there's an Elvish Society, where the members sit around, eat dinner together and speak Elvish, discussing the works of Tolkien.

I find it fascinating that every year so many languages pass into extinction – like native Australian aboriginal languages from settling tribes – that have never been recorded, while people make so much effort to keep alive languages rooted in fiction.

This is Klingon, devised by the American linguist Dr Marc Okrand in 1992 for Paramount pictures. Klingons are those people with the ripples on their forehead in *Star Trek*. This is the alphabet then,



and this is part of the dictionary. Apparently, Klingon is the fastest growing language in the universe.

Thank you, and good afternoon.

LOOSE ASSOCIATIONS 2.1

A transcription from the lecture given at the Foksal Gallery in Warsaw, Poland, March 2004.

I find it fascinating that every year so many languages pass into extinction – like native Australian aboriginal languages from settling tribes – that have never been recorded, while people make so much effort to keep alive languages rooted in fiction. One example of this is Klingon, devised by the American linguist Dr Marc Okrand in 1992 for Paramount pictures. Klingons are those people with the ripples on their forehead in *Star Trek*. This is the alphabet then,



and this is part of the dictionary.

Apparently, Klingon is the fastest growing language in the universe.

These are zombies.



They're not too dissimilar from Klingons in that they are not completely human. There's a new zombie film out called *28 Days Later* by Danny Boyle and Alex Garland.



This still shows London deserted after an evacuation. It's just so alien for us to see London so empty, particularly since the rise of club culture over the last twenty years or so. There seems to be an increasing number of people on the streets throughout the night and early morning, and this was one of the obstacles that made this sequence so difficult to shoot. During filming, the London Metropolitan police, who had the responsibility of emptying the streets of pedestrians and holding back the traffic, put a restriction of a one-minute duration on most scenes because of the sheer amount of congestion closing a road in central London causes. It is shot on digital video as opposed to film, which meant the same sequence could be shot on fifty different cameras from fifty different angles and then pieced together afterwards, to ensure there would be enough footage to edit. If you watch carefully you might be able to see the same moments repeated but from different angles.



This is *Night of the Living Dead* by George Romero and John Russo from 1968 – the heritage of *28 Days Later*.



And this is the colour remake of it by Russ Streiner from 1990. 'They're coming to get you Barbara!' I saw this scene



about four years ago in Antwerp. It looks like a zombie movie, but it isn't. It's a fraternity initiation ceremony which consisted of students digging a network of trenches in this beautiful park and then forcing the new students – or 'freshers' as they are supposed to be called – to crawl through them wearing white laboratory jackets whilst having beer poured over them.

This is another clip from *28 Days Later*.



It shows a building called Trellick Tower which is situated in West London near Notting Hill. Trellick was built in 1973 by this man,



Ernö Goldfinger.

And this is Balfon Tower, which is really Trellick's little sister. Balfon was a kind of tryout in the East End of London, before the Corporation of London would let Goldfinger build a taller version in the West End where land was more expensive and where, if it had looked ridiculous, the local people were more likely to notice.



This is a picture of Trellick from the high street. It's quite imposing when you first see it, because of its scale and brutality in comparison to the Victorian terraced houses that surround it.

The thin tower that runs up the left side is a utility tower containing the electric's, plumbing, sewage, staircases and lifts. It is joined to the main body of the building by bridges on every third floor. Most of the flats inside have two floors and an internal staircase of their own. The flats in the building are vertically

staggered, which means that in some flats the entry level is on the floor of the bedrooms and in others the entry level is on the floor of the reception rooms, so there should never be a reception room in one flat next to a bedroom in another flat, which reduces noise from neighbours. These coloured glass bricks are in the foyer on the ground floor, and as you step out of the lifts each floor has different coloured ceramic tiles opposite the doors with the idea that you'll instantly recognise your own floor



... so you get the gist

of how well thought out it was.

As with so many modernist or utopian projects, however, that was not enough. With the introduction of a human element – the tenants – the idealistic principles on which the tower was built fell apart. Trellick encountered huge troubles. A man fell to his death as his parachute failed while attempting to propose marriage to his girlfriend by jumping from the roof, there were a number of very violent attacks in the building, and even a few suicide attempts by residents. One Christmas Eve a hooligan tampered with a fire hydrant, filling the lift shafts with water, which resulted in half the block being without electricity on Christmas Day. It was around this time that tower blocks in Britain stopped being built, as the public opinion of social housing was really low. National newspapers ran headlines like 'The Tower of Terror' and 'Colditz in the Sky'. I went to the newspaper library to find examples, but it wasn't open that day, so I asked Sara De Bondt to draw a picture of what it might have looked like if I had found them.



I can't draw.

This is Ernö Goldfinger with his wife Ursula Blackwell.



Many people say that he died very unhappy and never quite came to terms with the reality of Trellick's fall from grace. His wife Ursula Blackwell was a painter from quite a wealthy family. They owned the Crosse & Blackwell empire that produced Branston Pickle



and other of sorts of chutneys and things. This is a house where they lived – number two, Willow Road.



It's situated on the top of Hampstead Heath. Willow Road was Goldfinger's first real architectural commission, mostly funded by Ursula's family. The couple lived in the middle one – the one with the blue Volkswagen Beetle outside it, although I doubt that was his. The National Trust now owns the house and runs it as a small museum. When the house was built it was considered to be a radical piece of architecture, especially since it was sited on top of Hampstead Heath, surrounded only by greenery.



That's Ian Fleming who wrote all the 007

James Bond films. Fleming also lived in a house on Hampstead Heath not far from Willow Road and, as his neighbour, took a strong dislike to Goldfinger and his work. Fleming named the main villain in the 007 film *Goldfinger* after him, just to make clear how much he detested him.



So that's

Goldfinger too, but they're different people.

Like Ernő and Ursula Goldfinger, here's another creative couple: Charles and Ray Eames.



It sounds like a game show or something, *Creative Couples*, though there are quite a lot of them. Peter and Alison Smithson,



and there's another, Robin and Lucienne Day.

Anyway, around 1940 Charles Eames left a piece of plywood on a windowsill above a radiator, but below a window covered in condensation. Every day, without him realising it, the plywood got damp and then dried out by the heat from the radiator during the course of the morning. This resulted in the plywood bending itself to the shape of the windowsill ledge.

I love these tiny incidents that end up as huge blips on the map of history. The Eames's built a machine called *Kazam* – after the saying 'Ala Kazam' because their moulding process

was supposedly like magic – in the spare room of their apartment to mould plywood using steam and within two years they were mass-producing plywood splints for broken limbs for the US Navy.



The splints led onto them making horrible sculptures,



which I guess were made only because they could make use of the same material. Then after that came really nice chairs.



It's amazing that these things, which surround us everyday, stemmed from one incident from a piece of plywood on the windowsill.



This is a plan of the façade of Trellick I was given by an architect friend of mine who's working on a viability study for a refurbishment of the building. This diagram shows all the privatised parts of the exterior of the building. The local council has sold off parts of the façade of the building to different telecommunication companies. The circles represent satellite dishes or aerials and the stripes show mast antennas for mobile phone networks. It's as if the whole building is one massive antenna and although internally it remains a collection

of private units, the exterior seems to have been sold off. Strangely, last time I visited Trellick I saw a balcony on which someone had built a shed to house homing pigeons. It took up the whole area like an extension or an extra room added on to his flat, as if the owner was trying to reclaim some land.

Sunlight, another strange public/private hybrid.



Port Sunlight is a town just south of Liverpool which was built around 1870 by a factory owner called William Hesketh Lever.



Most of it consisted of workers' housing and a factory in which the workers were employed making *Sunlight Soap*.



Lord Lever was the first factory owner to introduce the eight hour working day and the five day working week. He is also known for organising extravagant holidays to Brighton and even France for all his workers, as well as being the first factory owner to supply electricity to workers' dwellings. He was a factory owner with civic ideals, but with the condition that all his workers lived in his own little utopian empire built around the factory. Port Sunlight has its own bank, church, theatre, railway station, art gallery and pubs.



These are some of the houses. Outside the central confines of Port Sunlight there is a massive estate of very basic social housing and the area suffers from high unemployment. Driving in, it's really strange to be surrounded by tower blocks, then to enter this walled-off idyllic village. And although it looks beautiful it also feels incredibly sinister and uncomfortable. Even now, the residents that live there are only permitted to plant flowers and shrubs in the front gardens from a specific list prepared by Lord Lever Hulme almost a hundred years ago, to provide a matching garden colour scheme throughout the town. It's very pretty but also a bit like a Playmobil world.



There's another rule that all the front lawns of the houses must be cut by a team of gardeners at the same time to ensure that the grass is the same height in each garden, avoiding unsightly divisions in front of different people's houses. In fact, the only bit of outdoor space that tenants were really allowed to privatise was a three-yard plot at the rear of the house hidden away within a sort of enclave out of public sight. If you managed to find a way into the rear of the housing islands you'd most likely find laundry hung up everywhere, broken dishwashers in the gardens and vegetable patches and allotments – the real evidence of life.



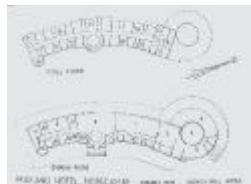
This is The Midland Hotel; it's in a seaside town called Morecambe Bay on the north west coast of England, built in 1933 by Oliver Hill. It's probably Britain's most important piece of Art Deco architecture, but has

unfortunately been derelict for about 10 years and is in a terrible state of disrepair. It's got quite an interesting history; I did a bit of research on it in the local records office and found a lot of newspaper articles about it.



The reason it has not been bought and renovated is because it's a grade II listed building, which means if it was redeveloped it would have to be rebuilt to its original state, and because it was originally so luxurious, that would probably not be a financially viable prospect. It's had many in between stages, from being a luxurious hotel to being derelict. For a long while it was the most popular British holiday spot for gay people, much to the upset of the locals, and shortly after that it was turned into a DSS Hostel, which is a hostel that the government pay minimal money to maintain somewhere for families with severe housing problems to go and stay. This was really the last resort.

I heard a rumour recently that it is destined to go the way of most other beautiful derelict buildings in Britain – to be turned into 'urban living' apartments for young idiots with too much money. The Midland Hotel has a ball motif, repeated continuously around the building in all sorts of situations, and quite typical from this period of Art Deco. You can see it in the architectural plans, here

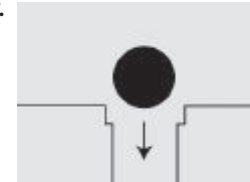


as the form of the rotunda café, here on the top of the hotel sign here on the front,



and also in the row of seven spherical lights that line the pavement between the seafront and the hotel. Amongst all the furniture and fittings that Oliver Hill designed specifically for this hotel – he apparently even designed the hotel staff's uniforms, including different versions for summer and winter – he also developed a very idiosyncratic bath plug.

I have to admit that I've heard this story from quite a few people but can't actually find any physical proof that ever that existed. The plug was a perfect sphere manufactured out of black Indian rubber. This is a drawing I made of it on the computer.



The idea being that you could just throw the ball into the bath and because the plughole is always at the lowest point to allow the water to drain away, the ball would always find its way by rolling down the bottom to block the hole. The other ingenious thing about it is that one size would fit all plugholes because it's a perfect sphere. Fantastic. So where did they go? That's the question. They were probably most likely stolen along with all the towels and bathrobes as souvenirs of a night in the hotel. But what's the fundamental design flaw that meant they have never been reproduced? Why aren't they being sold in Habitat? I'm having some made at the moment to find out.



This is Edward Johnston's sans serif typeface for the London Underground, made in 1918. It's interesting because it doesn't incorporate spots, balls or dots like other sans typefaces; it uses diamonds instead. These are

two things I found in the London Transport Museum where the typeface is used in the museum's signage system.



They are logos that have recently been produced to fit in with the Johnston typeface. I just like the idea of some young designer sitting behind his computer attempting to contribute to one of the most recognisable and respected typefaces known. The results are, of course, disappointing: a coat hanger symbol made from a rehashed question mark, and a disabled toilet symbol appearing as a person in a wheelchair with a diamond shaped head.

Here's another diamond. This is Josef Hartwig's Bauhaus chess set, which he made in 1924.



It's fantastic because it's so simple. It looks like a set of children's building blocks, yet it has its own complete logic: every piece denotes the kind of move it represents.



Just before the start of the Second World War, the Bauhaus was closed down by the Nazi's, which meant the chess set was never put into mass production. Imagine if the Bauhaus hadn't have been closed down and the set had been mass-produced; maybe today every chess set would have evolved from this one. There wouldn't be horses, knights or bishops, just these geometric shapes – but decorative versions as well. There could have been Conrad and Stark versions, and my mother could have had a blue glass version with gold leaf edging. Marcel Duchamp loved playing chess. In 1919 he moved from New York to Buenos Aires because he was a bit distressed with the art world.

Whilst he was there he built two chess sets. This is the first one



– he made all the pieces by hand except for the Bishop, which was made for him by a local craftsman. Maybe the slit on the top was too hard for him. I think that's great ... he'd made every other piece but couldn't work out how to do that one. I haven't got a photo of the second set he made so you'll have to imagine it. It was a pocket chess set housed in a small leather wallet that held miniature rubber stamps and a small inepad. He used the stamps on chessboard diagrams printed on postcards. The idea being that he could still play numerous games via the post with friends he left behind in New York.



And that's Hitchcock. Doesn't he look like a bishop from a chess set in profile? That's the weakest link here. I have a collection of his cameo appearances – he appeared a lot with dogs and musical instrument cases.



Here's *Vertigo*, and there's the trumpet. He actually only started doing it because he was short of extras at the beginning of his career, but as he continued appearing he began to realise that viewers were more concerned with trying to spot his cameo than following the film. In a lot of his later films the cameo is within the first four or five minutes, to get it out of the way. This is a really good cameo: the film is called *Rope* and it's set at a party in a flat with only eight characters – so you can imagine that doing a cameo is quite hard, as you couldn't just walk into

the set discreetly. Can you see the flashing orange light in the background of the set outside the window?



There. That's the cameo. The neon is a caricature profile of his face.

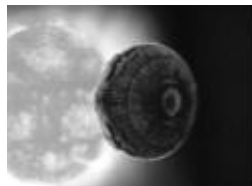


Ingenious. There's another great one in the film *Lifeboat*. The same sort of conditions applied, as there were only six characters and the whole film was set on one boat.



This time it came camouflaged by an advert in a newspaper for a slimming pill called *Reducto* showing a fat and a thin version of himself.

This is *Solar Crisis*,



the worst film in the world. You can probably tell why just from the still. It was directed by a man called Alan Smithee who also made two other films I saw – *The Coroner* and *The Dilemma* – both of which are also shit. In fact he's directed loads of films – this is a list of some of them,



probably more than you could imagine possible. It turns out that in American Directors Guild, Alan Smithee is the only allowed pseudonym for a director's name, meaning that all those directors that didn't want their name associated with the films they were embarrassed about, so attributed them to Alan Smithee. If you ever see a film directed by Alan Smithee in the video shop, you should probably leave it on the shelf.

This is the painting *The Death of Marat* by David in 1793.



Marat was a French Revolutionary, who I think was murdered in the bath by an assassin posing as a prostitute. This is the first painting I can think of that has the artist's signature inset into the image rather than on the surface of the painting. I like that ambiguous state – somewhere between the obituary and the self-referential. Mark Tansey, an American painter from the eighties, did a similar thing.



It's called the *Myth of Depth* – a painting of Jackson Pollock walking on water, with a key underneath. You can see that all the other people in the boat are artists or art writers. It's like the David signature because Jackson Pollock is walking across the water to demonstrate that he won't sink; the water has no depth because it's only rendered in paint! He's playing with that same depth thing. I also like the fact that Pollock could also be confused with Jesus.

This is a British television commercial for fish food products.



The old chap with the beard is called Captain Birdseye. I've noticed during the last three years or so that there have been three different versions of him. There is the real him – I mean the actor – then there is also a sort of pencil illustration of him on the food packaging



and more recently a computer-animated cartoon version. I heard that this might be because nearly all the adverts depict the captain stuck on a boat or stranded on an island with lots of children around him. You can imagine that in marketing terms this is dangerously close to the stereotype of a paedophile. Maybe in a panic they changed his appearance to an illustrated character, then more drastically to a cuddly cartoon character, thinking it would sell more frozen fish products? I would like to know more.

The other day I found myself in a supermarket surrounded by food products associated with characters' identities. Did Mr Kipling really make this cake?



No. It's obviously just a marketing ploy – if the consumer thinks someone's handcrafted it in his or her own kitchen then they're more likely to buy it.

Aunt Bessie's Yorkshire Puddings. Look at her face;



I wouldn't eat anything she'd prepared. John West the fisherman battling against the elements to bring you tuna. Sarah Lee. Quaker Oats probably originates from the religion and the idea that you'd always get a fair amount of oats off a Quaker. Bernard Matthews: I can't understand him. He's a man who has to mould reformed meat and fish into an idealised version of its original shape so the consumer can tell what they're eating. That's hardly a strong selling point. Linda McCartney, Scott's Oats. Wall's Sausages, Jacob's Crackers ... I could go on and on. A character, usually fictional, validates everything.

The other thing is that the names of the characters are nearly always used as a logo in a handwritten typeface,



as if all the products have been signed by the fictional character who has cooked them, to confirm their authenticity.

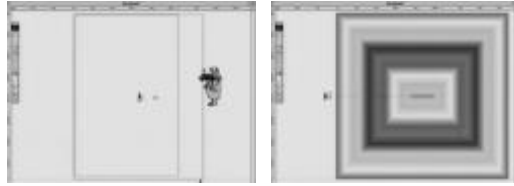
This is a computer programme called QuarkXPress used for designing books.



Within the programme there are a number of short cuts, where you can hold down a combination of keys that will activate a function, rather than scrolling through the time-consuming menu bars with your mouse.

Here's a box that I drew to type text into, then used a secret shortcut to delete the text box – it was something like the Apple-key, and the Alt-key and the Shift-key and the K-key all at once

that made this happen.



Obviously a little martian walking out into the screen and exterminating a text box into a rainbow of colours has great novelty value if you're bored, but it's actually completely useless when designing a book. In a similar way as the food products before, this gesture is simply another manifestation of someone's signature – most likely the programmer that worked on producing the application in the first place. It's almost like a graffiti-tag, an illicit signature. As if that's not enough, if you make the martian come out ten times, a bigger creature like this comes out and blows up the little Martian with a torpedo. When you consider it, it's actually a strange way of getting credit, but nevertheless I'm glad it's in the world.

This is a Swiss Graphic designer called Ernst Bettler.



In 1954, when Bettler was twenty-nine, he took on an advertising campaign for a company in Berlin called P+H Pharmaceuticals. It transpired that the pharmaceutical company were funding a far-rightwing political party with their profits, which resulted in Bettler's dilemma of whether or not to do the campaign: money versus morals. His solution was to do both. Bettler produced a series of four posters to go up on street hoardings. The poster you see here is the second in the series.



It shows a girl seemingly in pain holding her head with the word 'headache?' overlaid across the front,

but from a distance it is also immediately recognisable as the character A. During meetings with his commissioners Bettler showed them the posters individually on a tabletop, but when they were pasted up around the city, he made arrangements for the posters to be positioned in a specific order in groups of four. From a distance the first poster loosely represented the character N, the third a Z and the fourth a letter I.

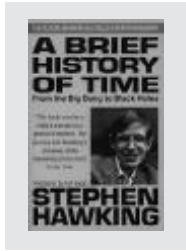
I have a collection of hundreds of drawings of Albert Einstein taken from the internet. It's interesting that he's always depicted as a crazy looking guy who, it seems, can't take care of himself.



His head is far too big because there's so much information in it, and his hair is almost like an aerial or antenna linked to all the knowledge in the world. People must love drawing him like this, but in reality Einstein looked like this,



which is nothing like the caricatures. When you remember Einstein you remember his caricature, but in fact he was just a smart man who wore a suit and had well-kept hair. I think people visualising him as his caricature has something to do with them rationalising the scientific explanations of the world associated with him, which they don't really understand. Stereotyping is always a good method of dealing with the unknown.



That's Stephen Hawking, who is allegedly another great scientist of our time. Stephen Hawking is the guy in the electric wheelchair who talks like a robot because he uses a voice synthesiser. This cover of his book *A Brief History of Time* – the first edition published in Britain – shows a simple photo of him as the author. Then the Second British edition shows that he was a scientist in a wheelchair.



Then finally, this is an American version which shows him flying through outer space in his wheelchair. I love the way they get progressively more ridiculous and more blatantly concerned with selling as many copies as possible. The interesting thing is that Stephen Hawking could quite easily be a very poor scientist, but accompanied by the idea that he's in this wheelchair and that he has to speak through technology makes him almost half robot, along with the notion that his body is crippled yet his mind immaculate, makes him an amazing caricature of a scientist.

This is a sculpture by Jake and Dinos Chapman from 1991 depicting Stephen Hawking teetering in his wheelchair on the edge of a cliff as if about to fall off.



The title of the work is *Übermensch*, which was Hitler's term used to describe a 'supreme human being'.

This is a record cover for the band Joy Division from Manchester.



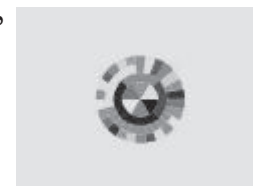
The term 'Joy Division' during the Second World War was used within concentration camps by the Nazis to describe the act of splitting up families; 'the division of joy'. The green shape on this cover is a character from Wim Crouwel's typeface, called the *New Alphabet* from 1967. I can't read it at all – it's illegible, though maybe that's the point of devising a 'new alphabet', I don't know. Although the cover incorporates the Crouwel typeface, in fact it was designed by Peter Saville.



He made many record covers during the eighties, including nearly all of the Joy Division and New Order ones. For those, Saville developed an alphabet of his own which featured from one sleeve to the next. Here's an example: *Power, Corruption and Lies*, from 1983.



The alphabet was made from coloured blocks which appear on the top left hand corner of the cover, spelling out the name of the band and the title of the record in code. Inside, on the vinyl's paper disc, a circular key of twenty-six coloured segments,



each of which

represents a letter, can be rotated to decrypt the title. A similar method is used on resistors and capacitors in electronics, but the colours represent numerical values instead of letters.

1834 was an amazing year for alphabets. Firstly, that was the year that Louis Braille invented Braille,



which consists of sixty-four possible combinations of six dots – so it’s incredibly economical.

A second language composed of dots was developed the same year thousands of miles away in America: Morse code, by Samuel Morse.

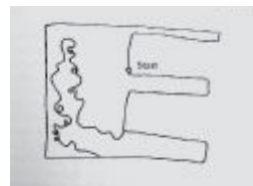
| | | | |
|---------|---|----------|---|
| Alpha | A | Mike | M |
| Bromo | B | November | N |
| Charlie | C | Oscar | O |
| Delta | D | Papa | P |
| Echo | E | Quebec | Q |
| Foxtrot | F | Romeo | R |
| Golf | G | Sierra | S |
| Hotel | H | Tango | T |
| India | I | Uniform | U |
| Juliet | J | Victor | V |
| Kilo | K | Whiskey | W |
| Lima | L | X-ray | X |

So an audible alphabet and a tactile one, both made in 1834, both using dots. I thought that was remarkable. I spent ages trying to find a third but there wasn’t one.

This is *The New York Trilogy*, a novel by the writer Paul Auster.



Embedded within the text are a series of diagrams that show the routes a homeless character in the story follows around Manhattan.



As the story unfolds it’s revealed that he’s actually forming typographical characters in the city – blocks that spell out

messages. And this is my favourite map.



It depicts Manchester, and was produced by a man named Andrew Taylor, who’s actually a biomedical scientist; cartography is only a hobby. They’re self-published and distributed to small bookshops in the area, usually sold to tourists. Their beauty lies in the way that they’re made. In a similar fashion to the map-making in Auster’s story, these maps are made by walking the city with a ballpoint pen, ruler and clipboard, drawing while walking.

These three are detailed sections taken from the 1995, 1998



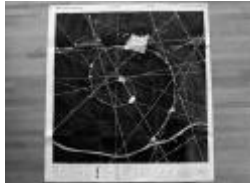
and 2001



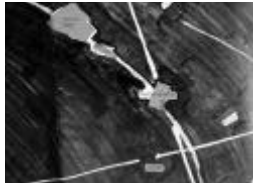
editions.

You can see how the quality and the techniques have developed. Recently the maps have begun to look more professional and mass-produced. When I first bought this map. I did so because I liked the idea that a hobbyist had made it and that you could see how it had been produced. It conjured up so many images in my mind of this elusive figure walking the city in the rain, stopping to write down shop and pub names, then going home and filling in parts of his master map on the dining room table. In the first edition it’s quite obvious that it’s been coloured in with felt tip pens and drawn in ballpoint, but the most recent edition has clearly been made with a computer. I got in touch with the guy who made them and he sent me some original sketches that he did whilst walking. They’re the most amazing drawings, of course, and should really be made into the definitive printed version.

This is Jim Medway's work.



He's an artist from Manchester. You might have seen Jim's work before – he's known for drawing cats, but he also writes and makes lots of other stuff. Last time I saw him he showed me something that he was working on which appropriated the Andrew Taylor map of Manchester. Jim hunted out all the sinister words on the map, like 'Hooded' – quite scary, the 'National Computing Centre' – that's terrifying; 'Hanging' ... 'Ditch' ... 'Blood' ... all the negative areas.



Then he coloured in the rest of the area of the map with black permanent marker and drew lay-lines between all the negative words. From this he found a spiral which linked them all together, circling through all the horrific places like the Arndale shopping centre, Brannigan's night club and finishing right in the heart of the town hall. I think the work is called *Manchester's Spiral of Descent*.

There's a fantastic animal in the zoo here in Amsterdam, called a *Panthera Pardus* or 'The Black Leopard'.



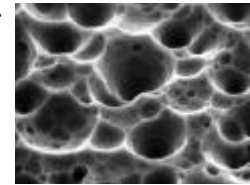
It's quite rare because of the unusual pigmentation of its coat. You can go to see it later, after the lecture has finished. Photographs don't really do it justice, of course. Its spots – or rather 'rosettes', as they should be called – are black like all leopards' spots, but so is the rest of its coat, meaning that it's a completely black animal. The hair of the spots is slightly shorter and thicker, so although its markings are invisible, when its coat happens to catch the sunlight at

a particular angle, it transforms in front of you, revealing its hidden pattern.

Here's something else that's really black.



This is the National Physics Laboratory in Teddington, and they've just made this. Not the white frame – that's just there to help you imagine the idea – but what's in the white square: the black. It's the world's blackest black, blacker than any other black ever made. It's a Super-Black. It comes as a phosphorous paint, but costs about five hundred quid for a covering of five square centimetres, because it's produced using a very lengthy chemical process. This is how it looks like under a microscope.



It must work in a similar way to acoustic panels, absorbing light instead of sound. It was originally developed for space exploration to be painted onto the interior of the Hubble telescope.

This is the only thing I have ever stolen in my life.



I took it from a book-shelf in a youth hostel in Basel. I felt so bad afterwards I had to send them a different book back in return. The book is called *The Clans and Tartans of Scotland*. It wasn't merely the fact that it was an amazing book that drove me to steal it; what I really wanted was the last page – the tartan of the 'Blackwatch', the nickname of the 42nd Royal Highland regiment, whose job it was to police the much-troubled barbaric highlands of Scotland.



Because they patrolled perimeters of a lot of mansions and castles at night it was decided that they needed a more subdued tartan, almost like a camouflage. Their kilts were produced partly from black wool and partly from black silk, which had a similar effect as the leopard's coat, part shiny and part matt – the tartan patterning was only visible as it caught the moonlight.

This is Blackheath,



a small village in South London that sits on a mound, meaning that it's raised higher than the rest of the city. The reason it's so high is because it was used as a mass burial ground during the Plague. By the time the Bubonic Plague of 1665 had hit its peak, it was estimated that a third of the population of London had been wiped out. In the first seven months of that year alone sixty-five thousand people died. At the time there were burial pits all over London, but when it was discovered that the disease spread because people were living in such close vicinity to the dead, many bodies were moved to Blackheath, which at the time was quite a distance from London. Once you're aware that you're standing on a big pile of bodies it's becomes incredibly spooky up there. You probably think I'm exaggerating but the other strange thing is that the soil is really dark and there are also a lot of crows flying around everywhere.



I haven't used Photoshop. This is what it really looks like. It's horrible.

This is the albino bird collection housed in the Natural History Museum in London,



and this is a magpie that's a quarter albino.



There's also an albino duck, an albino pheasant, an albino owl and an albino crow, or maybe that's a blackbird. A white blackbird? And there's a Robin Redbreast without a red breast.

This is a computer game called The Sims.



The idea is that you control characters in a virtual world. I'm told a single game can last years. I guess it's for people who are sick of the normal world. As if that's not ludicrous enough, there are people who actually go about making their own little virtual characters to download and place into the game. I found a man who has made a website where people can download semi-clad albino women that he made to play with. This is how they look when they're inflated, so to speak.



If you download only the skin – as it's called – which is basically just an image that should be wrapped over a wire frame model, this is what you get.



Not so attractive. Mount Everest in the Himalayas is also rather white.



There's an extraordinary part of Everest, which is the area above eight thousand meters, known as 'The Death Zone'. It's called that because it's not uncommon when climbing Everest to find a frozen corpse at that level. In the last eighty or so years a hundred and sixty-two people have died up there, and as it's so cold, the corpses rarely have a chance to degrade. There is also an unwritten rule amongst the mountaineers who tackle Everest, that from 'The Death Zone' point onwards, each person adopts the mentality of 'every man for himself'. Any safety ropes that attach the mountaineers together are released and any shared equipment or supplies are left where they stand. That's human spirit for you. I really like the aesthetics of mountaineering; the idea of equipping yourself for a hostile territory.



I see a similar aesthetic in cycle couriers.



They have a subculture of their own which is not so obvious to the untrained eye. I started doing a bit of research on the cycle courier world, which turned out to be amazing.

I sat outside bike shops trying to start conversations with

strangers, and began drinking at a pub called The Duke of York on Grays Inn Road in London, where they all gather for a pint after a hard day on the saddle. One of the interesting things I found out about the courier world is that there's quite a gung-ho attitude between them when it comes to the bikes they use. Most couriers use track bikes; the type used for cycle racing in velodromes.



These bikes have a fixed wheel and no brakes.



The big cog at the front that you see on this bike is directly attached to the small cog at the back, meaning that the driving force between the wheel and the pedal is direct. If you were to stop pedalling your legs would keep going round and round regardless. You can also see that they don't have any brakes. It seems that the more stripped down the bike and the more dangerous it is to ride, the more respect the rider receives within the courier circle. You can only really stop this type of bike by attempting to cycle slower, meaning a lot of cycle couriers suffer from broken and dislocated knees. If a taxi were to pull out in front of you, for example, your instinct would be to just try to stop cycling, and in that situation it is possible that a knee joint could be pushed back on itself. The only advantage I can find of a fixed wheel bike is that if you pedal backwards the bike goes backwards as well, so you can reverse in traffic.

This is Dexter.



He's a cycle courier from

New York with only one leg. You can see he has his chain-set on the opposite side of the bike than normal, and he's just got one pedal. An extra-curricular activity of the cycle courier is 'alley cat racing'.



It's similar to orienteering, though set in huge metropolitan cities and performed on bikes. These races usually happen in the middle of the night and can be very dangerous, as the quickest path across a city is not usually the most legal or safe. The participants race each other from point to point, through parks, under pedestrian subways and over roundabouts.

This is a game for the Playstation 2 called *Getaway*.



My girlfriend doesn't usually let me play on the computer, but this was Research. *Getaway* is similar to an American game called *Grand Theft Auto* which looks like this.



Although *Grand Theft Auto* is set in a generic American city, *Getaway* is ingeniously set in London. In fact, in a complete six square mile model of London. The game's narrative is based on the idea that you are an East End mafia-type, driving and running around the city with missions to follow, but actually it's incredible enough just to wander around and look at things. This is a grab of me driving around Big Ben.



I couldn't turn the indicator off so it looks like I'm about to turn right. The game was produced by Team Soho in Tokyo but most of the work was done in London by cycle couriers. A group of six cycle couriers spent half a year collecting digital images of façades of buildings of the entirety of London, which were then emailed to Tokyo where they were wrapped on to wire frame models to produce the city. In an attempt to reverse this scenario I photographed some places in the game's virtual London to compare them to the real one. This is Tate Modern



Tate Modern.

and this is the real



I hope you appreciate this, because it took days to put together. This is the BBC building.



I wanted to go there because I'd never seen it before, but unfortunately it actually looked like this, covered in scaffolding.



Obviously the game isn't endless. When you reach the end of the map the road is either

simply closed or a huge nondescript building or otherwise a really vague billboard blocks your path.



It would be nice to see an extension for it – something that would allow you to drive to Manchester, but then you'd have to drive for six hours and get stuck in traffic for two hours on the M6. I like the contradiction of public and private – a private conversation in a private booth, publicly owned in public space. Changing rooms in public swimming baths have a similar quality.

Since the beginning of the eighties there have been two types of phone boxes in Britain: the old traditional red ones



and the new glass version.



The original idea was to replace all the red phone boxes with glass ones until there was a public outcry and tourists didn't recognise they were in London anymore. All the red ones that are left are grade II listed buildings now.



The red ones were replaced under the pretence that the new glass variety are easier for wheelchair users to get inside, which is not true at all. I think the real reason is that the new variety has a gap of about six inches between the ground and the bottom of the booth meaning that it is impossible for

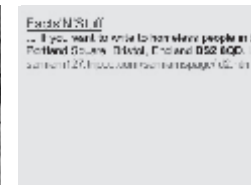
homeless people to sleep in them because of rain and wind. They are being de-privatised, so to speak.

This man lives in public space as well.



His name is Josef Stavinoga and he's an eighty-year-old Polish man who has lived on a roundabout for the last thirty years on the ring road around Wolverhampton. There's a Sikh woman that visits him every day to bring him food, and the locals in the area care about him so much they arranged for the territorial army to erect a tent over his hut to ensure the rain doesn't come in.

And here's yet another public private conundrum. It's a park bench situated in Portland Square in Bristol, but it has a private postcode.



This is

actually an ingenious idea invented by the local council to reduce homelessness in the town. In Britain it's impossible to claim benefits unless you have an address. Without some sort of income, however, it's impossible to find somewhere to live. This bench acts as a simple loophole in that vicious circle, as people who find themselves homeless are able to just wait by the bench for the postman to bring them their mail in the morning. When I typed this postcode into the search engine Google, this was one of the articles it trawled up. 'If you want to write to homeless people in England you can write to ...'. Somebody somewhere is missing the point.

And this is a Google mirror site.



Mirror sites usually work by mimicking an original website but at a different domain address, meaning that if the original site is overloaded with traffic its mirror can still be accessed. Two young guys named Benjamin Stein and Antoni Chan from New York City made this. Their idea was to produce a fully functioning mirror site for the world's most popular search engine, but also in reverse, back to front – the idea being a nice novelty, but apparently totally futile.

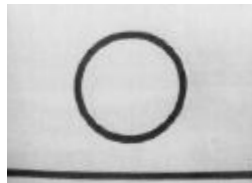


In September 2002, quite unexpectedly, the Google mirror site was receiving more than one million hits a day.

Due to government censorship in China the internet is heavily controlled by a giant national firewall – the Great Firewall of China. internet access is very restricted, making it impossible to access search engines like Google. It transpired that the relevant authorities hadn't realised that the mirror was fully functioning, they had mistaken it for a joke and had not made arrangements for it to be censored. I have an image in my mind of someone in China sitting in front of a mirror with a computer monitor behind them.



This is the most viewed page on the internet.



The generics. That's the first television test screen from 1934, made five years before the first television was introduced.

And that's the Sony test screen.



This one's my favourite because it offers all its possibilities – every colour that could be created in its most pure form, but no content. So it gives you everything and nothing at the same time.

This is blue-wall Fly-Posting paper produced for billboards and outdoor street hoardings.

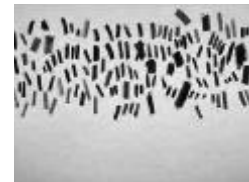


The back of the paper is sprayed with a blue ink wash to ensure that when it posted on top of another older poster the image beneath doesn't show through. I'm interested in it because of the way each poster negates the poster and, in turn, the event beneath it. Sometimes in London I see a wall of posters glued on top of one another almost an inch thick.



They're like a chronology of the city; a history of urban narratives.

This is a work by Liam Gillick called *Inside now*,



we walked into a room with Coca-Cola coloured walls from 1998. It's taken from a passage from his book *Big Conference Centre*. The daubs are where he attempted to recreate the colour of Coca-Cola. **Gillick Brown.**

And this is Bill Drummond's *International Grey*.



There's a different grey in each tin. This is evidence of the British window tax of 1697.



Other obscure taxes that year included whitewash used to paint the exterior of houses, almanacs, dice, wigs, hair powder and gloves. The result was obviously that people who didn't want to pay a tax for the amount of windows they had would brick them up. The tax was abolished only about ten years later when it was realised that the lack of daylight and fresh air was having detrimental effects on the health of those living in working class slums.

This is one of those buildings that you just pass by every day, never knowing its purpose.



Windowless buildings are the most ambiguous and intriguing. It's called the Eisenhower Centre. It's an entrance to a disused part of the London Underground's Northern Line, built in the 1930s. During the Second World War it was used as General Eisenhower's personal headquarters, out of reach of the bombing that took place on the streets above. It has since been turned into the national data storage archive, meaning everyone's personal health records, criminal records and bank details et cetera, all live on a giant hard disk fifty metres below this building.

And this building in the centre of Manchester is called the Guardian Telephone Exchange.



It was actually built in total secrecy as a nuclear bunker thirty-four metres below the ground, during the Cold War. Although it was designed to withstand a 22-kiloton bomb – which was about the size of the one used in Hiroshima. By the time it was finished it had been rendered obsolete due to the speed at which nuclear weapons were being developed.

There's another one in Birmingham called Anchor



and another in London called Kingsway,



all of which were built secretly as communication centres in the event of a nuclear attack. I heard that there were alternative outlet tunnels that ran miles underground in case the main shaft collapsed and the exit couldn't have been opened. With the help of a description from the Subterranea Britannica Society I went in search of these alternative escape hatches. This is one comes out in Salford, two miles west of the main bunker and the other about three miles away in the opposite direction. The bunker is now used by British Telecom as a massive server for the telephone network for the Northwest of England and North Wales.

Loose Associations 2.1

My Parents live in North Wales. These are pages from their telephone book.



The majority of the phone book is taken up with a handful of the same surnames, names like Roberts, Evans and Jones. In total it makes up about seventy percent of the book. The reason for this is that during the time that the first census was taken in Wales – which was in either 1811 or 1801, I can't remember – it was being written by incompetent English soldiers. As the Welsh would give their name and the name of the village in which they lived the English, the soldiers who were unable to understand or write down names like Bedwyr Llewellyn Clacwydd, just replaced English Christian names as surnames. Jones comes from John, Roberts from Robert, Williams from William and Davies from David. Another common history of Welsh surnames is the prefix of 'Ap', meaning 'son of' – 'Mac' in Scottish Gaelic means the same – Macbeth, meaning 'son of Beth'. The Welsh version of this results in names like Prichard coming from son of Richard and Bowen – with the P hardened to a B – coming from the Christian name Owen. There's another big blip on the map of history.

This is the condemned suite in Holloway Prison,



built in 1852 – the cell in which prisoners would await execution. You can see from the plan that the gallows where the inmate would eventually be hung was situated behind a false door in the back of the wardrobe in the prisoner's own cell. Imagine spending months in this cell waiting for the fateful day, only to find that all that time you'd been living right next to the gallows from which you would die?

Loose Associations 2.1

This is another prison: Jeremy Bentham's *Panopticon*.



It's based on the idea of the all-seeing eye, where the distribution of knowledge equates with power. All the prison cells are situated around the outside of the rotunda whilst one guard sits on a turret in the centre. Because all the cells are lit from behind, the guard can see the silhouette of any given inmate at all times, yet the inmates can see neither the guard, nor each other. It therefore requires only one guard to watch over hundreds of prisoners.

There must be some strange link between the idea of knowledge and the rotunda. A direct translation of it can be seen in the architecture of many libraries.



And like Bentham's *Panopticon*, the records from the book classification system and the librarians are also nearly always at the centre. The same can be said of the Panoramas of the 1800s. This is the Panorama in Den Haag.



Although an early form of entertainment, they were also an early kind of tourism: panoramic paintings would be sent from one panorama to another, revealing amazing views of faraway distant lands, redistributing views, redistributing knowledge. It all goes round in circles doesn't it?

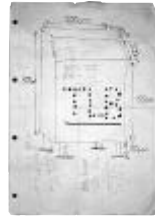
LOOSE ASSOCIATIONS 2.4

*A dual 35mm slide projector installation, first exhibited
in the exhibition 'Romantic Detachment' at PS1
in New York, USA, October 2004*

A sheet of paper on which text that has been written with a thick black marker pen. The text appears to be an empty and abandoned list entitled *Ways of Starting*.

An initial sketch, as a plan of how to best annotate this work.

The backside of a sample sheet of Edelweiss 115 gram paper, blue backed, front licked, available in packs of 125 sheets, sized 106.5 cm x 157.5 cm. This sample, sent to me through the post by James McNaughton paper merchants measures 21 cm x 29.7 cm.



The front side of a sample sheet of Edelweiss 115 gram paper, blue backed, front licked, available in packs of 125 sheets sized 106.5 cm x 157.5 cm. This sample, sent to me through the post by James McNaughton paper merchants measures 21 cm x 29.7 cm.

A standard sheet of carbon paper purchased from the British stationers W H Smiths, used once to trace a name and a postcode. Shown here carbon side up.

The remaining strip of paper from a depleted heat-sensitive fax roll. The red stripe of ink indicates that the roll of paper is about to run out.

A sketch and measurements for an existing sculpture that it became necessary to reproduce, made during a telephone conversation with the owner of the original sculpture.

A standard sheet of carbon paper purchased from the British stationers W H Smiths, used once to trace a name and a postcode. Shown here carbon side down. A small sachet of salt. Acquired from a packet of Walkers *Salt n' Shake* crisps.

A small sachet of salt. Source unknown.

An article from Time Out, London on the 14th of July 2004, written by the musician Bob Stanley from the band Saint Etienne, about the rapid disappearance of the historical British institution of the London Caff. *

A photograph of my mother eating Spaghetti Bolognese, taken by my father before I was born in their apartment in Flint, Michigan, USA, circa 1970.

An enlarged section from a black and white photograph entitled *Portrait of Marie Aurore*, 1972. The original photograph measures 20 cm x 35 cm.



A photograph of Bryan Davis holding up a notice showing self-determined exchange rates of currencies for twelve fictional countries, during an experimental economics workshop at the Unidee (The University of Ideas), Biella, Italy.

A photograph taken in The Victoria and Albert Museum, London, UK, showing a stuffed male specimen of Lawes' six-plumed bird of paradise.

A photograph of Alexia Walter holding her cat, its name escapes me.

A colour inkjet print of the silhouette of Marc Bauer in the apartment of Alexia Walter in Geneva, Switzerland.

A colour inkjet print of Marc Bauer smoking a cigarette in the apartment of Alexia Walter in Geneva, Switzerland.

An article taken from The Sunday Times on the 15th of August 2004, regarding a missing person who was found to be living in the public spaces of an airport.

A postcard showing The Shivering Sand Army Fort group of Maunsell Sea Forts used to protect the Thames Estuary in England during the Second World War.

The construction was used through-out the 1960's as a safe haven for the pirate radio stations, including Radio City, as it was far enough from the UK shores to be deemed exempt from licensing laws.

Pages printed from the BBC website of a news feature regarding a man that opened an offshore off-license on a yacht moored 13 miles off Hartlepool in the UK, to avoid payment of duty and EU taxes.

A page torn from a notebook containing a website address.

Article appearing in The Times newspaper on the 20th of July, regarding a Murder on the remote island of Norfolk situated somewhere between Australia and New Zealand. The population of the island is 1841 and at the time the newspaper was going to print, the murderer had not been found.

A text regarding the first name of the fictional television detective Columbo, found on the internet using the key words Columbo, real and name with the search engine Google. The text printed on A4 paper using a domestic printer and is rendered in the default typeface of an average home PC, Sans-Comic MS.



www.great
dreams.com/
Simp's.htm



A sheet of white A4 paper containing text printed in Times New Roman, Arial and Verdana typefaces, taken directly from an internet trivia website. The passage tells the story of an obituary for the fictional detective Poirot, which appeared on the front page of The New York Times newspaper on the 6th of August 1975.

The Front page of The Guardian newspaper from the 29th of May 2004, given to me by Patrick Ward. The article is regarding a 14-year-old boy from Manchester who organised his own murder through the use of an internet chatroom and with the invention of six fictional characters.

A colour laser copy enlargement of a photograph of a photographic test card taped to the exterior of the window of the International 3 Gallery in Manchester. The photograph was taken by Martin Vincent following a telephone conversation regarding a book cover.

A photograph of death notices on the side of a Catholic Church in Brugge, Belgium.

Death announcement Fly-Poster's pasted to the side of a Roman Catholic Church in Milan, Italy.

A completely black image, usually used within compositions of numerous photographs as a pause within the narrative read between images, the work is by the artist Christiane Thalmann.

A photographic test card for focus and colour/monochrome separation.

A colour laser copy enlargement of a photograph of a photographic test card taped to the exterior of the window of the International 3 Gallery in Manchester, UK. Taken by Martin Vincent, following a telephone conversation regarding a book cover.

A colour inkjet print of a photograph showing a pile of bin bags and cardboard boxes on the pavement. I have forgotten the location, although it is most likely to be somewhere around the East End of London.

The cover of album *On The Beach* by Neil Young, the pattern seen on the underside of the umbrella shown within the front image, can also be found printed at a 1:1 scale on the interior of the outer record sleeve.



Gen. 300
No. 1144
No. 3008
No. 1111
No. 101



NBAA



A note drawn with a complimentary IKEA pencil that had been left on the kitchen table and subsequently found, used and represented in this drawing by Gemma Holt.

A small image of an elderly gentleman reading The Sun newspaper, appearing in The Independent newspaper on the 18th of January 2004.

A small piece of card listing five colours and a series of corresponding numbers. Given to me by Ian, a rub-down transfer printer in Bethnal Green, London, UK.

A blank white card mass-produced for a index card filing system.

The business card of a neighbourhood street warden in Shoreditch, London, UK, named Paul.

A blank business card with rounded corners and gold edging, given to me by an art student.

A QSL card used by radio operators to acknowledge contact for competition purposes. Lent by my grandfather and selected from a collection by my father.

✱

A photograph of a fraternity initiation ceremony, which involved the newcomers acting like donkeys in the centre of the Place des Terreaux, Lyon, F.

A print of a fraternity initiation ceremony in a park on Vlaamse Kaai, Antwerp, B, that involved newcomers crawling through trenches dug in the park grounds.

An inkjet print of a photograph taken without looking through the viewfinder, and through a glass window into the restoration room of the Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten, Antwerp, B.

A colour laser print of a photograph of the view from a window in a room of Hilton Hotel in Toronto, CAN. The intensity of exterior light is such that I am constantly deceived into thinking that the view from the window is a projected or a flat back-lit image.

A newspaper cutting of an image of a young girl wearing a life jacket and holding a fishing rod, that could be mistaken for a young girl wearing a bulletproof jacket and holding a rifle. Source unknown.

A small photograph of a shop front on Holloway Road, London, UK. The shop is called Fettered Pleasures but due to the Plexiglas sign being broken, it seems to read Fet Red Pleasures.

A photograph of a domestically printed sticky label found on the door of a locker in the Fine Art department corridor at Sheffield Hallam University, UK. Writing has been added to the sticker to change its meaning.

A project by Abäke entitled *What time is love?* consisting of an unused orange day-glow sticker that has the potential of producing any single digit character or numeral.

A playing card showing the character 'u'.

A playing card showing the character 'i'.

Proof for the work *Me, Me, Me. This World Was Made For Men But Not Me*, 2004. A single colour rub-down transfer, every dot of every letter 'i' from *The Modern as Ideal – The Theory and Organisation of the Bauhaus* by Walter Gropius as typeset in pages 338–343 of *Art in Theory 1900–1990, An Anthology of Changing Ideas*, Edited by Charles Harrison and Paul Wood.

A photocopy of pages 338–343 of *Art in Theory 1900–1990, An Anthology of Changing Ideas*, Edited by Charles Harrison and Paul Wood, which constitutes the entire essay *The Modern as Ideal – The Theory and Organisation of the Bauhaus* by Walter Gropius

(1883–1969), however the text is unreadable as the centre page has been crushed.

A photograph of the cover of the book *Bauhaus Kolloquium* produced by the Bauhaus in 1979.

A diagram drawn in an attempt to create an architectural model for The Glass Art School.

A torn piece of card on which a diagram of the divisions and realms of space in Jeremy Bentham's *Panopticon Prison* is printed.

A sheet of paper containing notes for an art school made from glass. The main idea of which is loosely based on a reversal of public and private domains as encountered in the model for Jeremy Bentham's *Panopticon Prison*.

An A4 piece of yellow paper showing mixed notes that include a method of transferring an image of a landscape on to a panoramic canvas, using a candle and a large glass ring. This process was used for the purpose of painting Panorama's throughout the 1800's.

A postcard showing the view from the top of the pyramid that marks the point where victory was gained by the British, Dutch and Prussian allied army during The Battle of Waterloo, the view shows the building that houses the panorama painting of The Battle of Waterloo.

A line

drawing of the Forton motorway service station on the M6 motorway near Lancaster. The rotunda café that is visible, built in 1965 is now disused due to its poor ability for quick evacuation in the case of an emergency.

An interior

shot of the family home designed by Ernö Goldfinger, at number 2, Willow Road on Hampstead Heath, London, UK. The picture shows a framed screen that was a device used by the surrealists to display a changing collection of associative images and texts, adopted by Goldfinger for his living room.

An inkjet print of the work *The Four of Cups Outside Boris Pasternak's House*, 2003 by the artist Jesse Ash.

A Newspaper cutting from The Times newspaper, dated the 5th of April 2004, showing two figures standing in front of a board of notices written in a combination of English, Polish and Croatian.

CURATING THE LIBRARY

*A transcription from a lecture,
as part of the ongoing monthly lecture series 'Curating the Library',
initiated by Moritz Küng, at the international arts centre deSingel
in Antwerp, Belgium, December 2006.*

Is it rolling? It's very nice to be here, although I feel a bit like Madonna with this microphone wrapped around my head, so if I start singing you'll understand why. I don't really have a thematic of any kind – I just picked some books. I was in Los Angeles the last few weeks, so I had to buy these books on the internet through Amazon whilst I was there, but they were delivered to London. I only really looked at them last night so forgive me if I seem ill prepared. There are links between the things that I've prepared, but not through all of them. It's a bit like a chain; one should lead onto the next.



I'm not going to read from these books, just try to relate their historical connection to my life, and the first is significant because it's the first book I read when I went to art school. It's *The Grey Area* by Will Self, a collection of short stories that since reading, whenever I teach, if there's a student I really like I buy it for them. But don't tell the others in case I get accused of favouritism. I'm going to break the spine of the book; this is what you do with new books to let the soul out. The story I'm particularly interested in is called *Scale*, in which Will Self uses every possible meaning of the word 'scale'. So as he begins, driving down the motorway, the signs appear further apart than usual, a perversion of his physical sense of scale... then his perception of his house changes as it is built next to a

model village... weighing scales... the scales on a lizard, and so on and so on. It's a great narrative device that I've stolen many times. 'Appropriated' I should say, not stolen. So that's going in the library. There's a programme in England on the television called *Room 101*. Do you know it? A celebrity chooses some things that they dislike and then the audience vote which goes into *Room 101* or not. *Room 101* is meant to represent the hell for objects and ideas. So we could do that if you want? You could all vote on whether the books I am pulling out go into the library or not. Well I'm going to put it in because I'm in charge.

Actually, I'm realising as I'm speaking that I've already done two really bad things in preparation for this; first, I've included books that I've made myself, which is a definite mistake. I just looked at some of the other videos of previous lectures in the foyer archive, and it seems that only graphic designers ever included their own books in their selection ... and it's not as if I've even just picked one, but three. As my head gets larger, the Madonna microphone is going to get tighter around my neck. And the other thing is that I've also brought some DVDs. I'll persevere anyway.



So this is my favourite film, it's called *Back to the Future* and it is a trilogy. On Amazon, if you buy *Back to the Future: Part 1* it's the same price as buying the set of all three films. I think there was an offer on, so there are three DVDs for the price of one, but you can just throw the others away and just watch Part 1, as that's the one that I wanted to put into the library. In a moment of panic last night in my studio, when I realised the lecture was called was 'Curating the Library' as opposed to 'Curating the Video Library', I decided to print out some stills of scenes to illustrate the film. It cost me quite a bit in inkjet paper; I hope you realise. Has anyone seen this film? It's a significant cultural contribution of the '80s. I consider it a very important work. The top image is Michael J. Fox, an actor whose character Marty McFly is a time traveller. The bottom

image shows the console panel in his time-machine car. These are two images that are very significant. They're significant to me because of my practice. This is a moment in the film where there's a division in time, a split. Marty makes a decision in the present that affects a possible future. I'm really interested in that idea. A lot of the things I do are associated with parallel time paths. This is a picture showing Marty's hand appearing and disappearing, in front of his eyes. He is witnessing a scene from the past, where his mother and father, standing on the dance floor in front of him, are deciding whether they will kiss for the very first time or not. The consequence of that action is jeopardising whether Marty will disappear, ceasing to exist or not. I can't see through my hand... I don't know why I am holding it up in front of my face expecting it to become transparent, I'm trying, but I can't do it... but as you can see in the pictures, he can. You can see from this still that he has a photograph of his family stuck to the end of the guitar as he plays it, and as he watches his parents decide his future destiny, in the photograph his brother and sister appear and disappear too. I'm going to give you the stills for the library to go with the DVD. I know it is quite generous, but because there's no DVD player in the library to watch it on, I think the still images might be necessary. Actually there is a DVD player in the library isn't there? But it will be showing the DVD of this moment right now... me giving the lecture. It's like an internal loop, which naturally brings me on to the next book, that I must admit I haven't read. I don't read books that often so this has been a difficult process for me. I read a lot of catalogues, mail order catalogues, but I am not that into books.



The next is from 1759, and this is where it gets complicated with the spatial dynamic of the table, there doesn't seem to be enough space here. The next book is Laurence Sterne's *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*. I've dipped in and out of this but haven't read it all. I'm putting it in the library

chiefly because of Michael Winterbottom's film version from 2005, which I think is a great translation. I'm interested in the book and film together as parallels, brother and sister objects, and the same goes for the next one, too:



John Fowles' 1963 novel *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and the 1981 film version directed by Karel Reisz.



I've also brought this: a television script I'm in the middle of making with my friend Stuart Bailey. It's a draft, as you can see. If he knew I'd brought this and was giving it to the library he'd kill me. So in order not to get killed, I've written 'draft' on the cover, and last night I put a red mark over every page with a big pen. It's interesting in relation to these films though. It's called *Appendix Appendix* and is a twelve-part television series, which is partly about audio-visual devices and conventions, and at the same time a follow-up to this book *Appendix*, which we also made together in 2002. The first book was about the translation of an artist's practice into book form. For the second, we had the idea of translating into a different form again. The first chapter, or episode, or programme, is called 'Pilot Or Is That If We See' and is about ways of starting a television series, or any piece of work. It really consists of twelve beginnings. It's also about the history of the screen, so you've

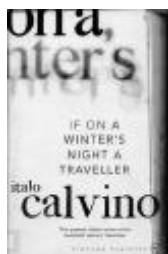
got *Ways of Seeing* by John Berger, with the first moment where the camera zooms out so the viewer sees behind and beyond itself – a significant moment in television history. Episode two is on the uses of colour in television: the blue screen, chroma-key, the history of TV test screens, the zero point of all television. Anyway, I'm not going to go through the whole thing. You can look at it, but it's full of spelling mistakes, it hasn't been edited and we haven't finished the last chapter yet, but the page numbers are there along with the potential to fill them. I didn't just bring a ream of white paper with me.

The last episode of *Appendix Appendix*, number twelve, is to be screened on Boxing Day, because there's a tradition of certain television programmes being shown on Boxing Day, which is the day after Christmas in England, when everyone goes boxing. And it has to be shown at eleven thirty in the evening; there are certain criteria involved in showing it. We don't necessarily expect it to be televised, though we have every intention of trying. At the moment though, it's more of a monumental and slightly unhinged exercise rather than a practical reality. In fact, while we were in Los Angeles we pitched it to a TV producer from Santa Monica who came in his sports car with his sunglasses. We started then his phone rang, it was his wife, and he said, 'I'm in the middle of a very bad pitch'. So maybe it'll happen, maybe it won't, but the idea is that it examines this translation between written words and a history of devices used in television. The transcription of the recording of that pitch will also appear somewhere within the script itself.

Which brings me back to Laurence Sterne's book, which is famously self-referential. The character, Tristram Shandy, is watching his own life as a kind of ghost, and the film *A Cock and Bull Story*, is an adaptation of *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, but done very cleverly. It begins with him walking away from his house, as the character in the novel, and then later it changes into a film crew filming the film of the novel. So there are two stories, in a way. At one point you see the cast in a screening room watching the rushes of the first part, so it's always eating itself, a complete concept, a snake eating its own tail. There's a bit I particularly want to point to here involving Tony Wilson, the guy from Factory Records in Manchester in the late '70s/early '80s who produced the Happy Mondays, Joy Division, New Order, and so on. He was also a TV personality,

and in *A Cock and Bull Story* he interviews Steve Coogan who's playing the main character in this film, but if you know another Winterbottom film about the history of Factory Records, *Twenty-Four Hour Party People*, you'll remember that Steve Coogan played Tony Wilson. So the self-reflexivity leaves the screen and jumps into history, into the world and into a series of different films, keeping that circular motion going.

The French Lieutenant's Woman completely fooled me when I first saw it. I hadn't read the book before, though I read a bit of it last night to check some things out in case there was a John Fowles' expert in the audience. I rented it from the video shop when I was about twelve, maybe fifteen, and I thought; 'Oh, it's a period drama, my mum will really like it because she likes *Pride and Prejudice* and all that.' If you look at the cover you can see immediately that it's a period drama, Jeremy Irons and Meryl Streep are in it for a start. So it begins with a lady dressed in a black cloak, walking along a promenade in a seascape, and it seems like it's set in the early 1800s, I guess. It's a very long drawn-out walk, all period, and it goes on and on and on. Then it gets to the point where she's at the end of the jetty into the sea when suddenly a clapperboard claps in front of the camera – they didn't have clapperboards in the 1800s – and a makeup lady comes into the shot and does Meryl Streep's makeup. The next scene shows the two main characters from the period drama in bed, but they're in bed in 1981, so you realise that they're the actors playing in the period drama, then the next scene is back to the period drama again. Chapter by chapter, the film is staggered between these two worlds. That surprise of the clapperboard was a really significant thing for me. I think about it a lot.



Which brings us to Italo Calvino's *If On A Winter's Night A Traveller*, which is also concerned with cross-narratives or meta-narratives. In the contents page, chapter one starts on page three. Chapter one is called 'One', and then the second chapter starts on page ten and is called 'If On a Winter's

Night a Traveller'. Chapter three is called 'Two' and starts on page twenty-five. Chapter four is called 'Outside the Town of Malbork' and it starts on page thirty-four, and so on. Every odd chapter is a number and every even chapter has a title because, again, it is actually two books in one, and actually more. I think I'll read a bit, like *Jackanory*. In England, when I was a kid there was a popular children's TV programme called *Jackanory* which involved someone, more or less famous, sitting down in an armchair with a pipe and reading stories to children. So,

You're about to begin reading Italo Calvino's new novel *If On A Winters Night A Traveller* ... Relax, concentrate, dispel every other thought, let the world around you fade. It's best to close the door. The TV is always on in the next room. Tell the others right away: 'No I don't want to watch TV!' Raise your voice; 'I'm reading! I don't want to be disturbed!'

...you get the idea. Then the beginning of chapter two starts:

The novel begins in railway station. A locomotive puffs steam from piston. A cloud of smoke. In the odour of the station there is a passing whiff of the station café. There is someone looking through a befogged glass. He opens the glass door of the bar. Everything inside is misty.

To cut a long, complex story short, the protagonist—which is essentially you, the reader—is continuously thwarted in his attempt to continue reading the previous chapter.



What's next? I've lost my route. Oh... my next book is *Tales from 1001 Nights*, which as you probably all know is based on the recursive narrative of a lady who is taken to the king to entertain him and be executed in the morning, then discovers she's a good storyteller and if she can tell the king an interesting enough story every day he'll want to keep her

one more night with him so he can hear another... So the story continues and continues and continues, and is therefore actually a book of lots of short stories, narrated and linked together by a story of a king with a prostitute. The stories are okay, but the narrative instrument is far more interesting, to me, anyway.



Jumping to 1967, here's *The Third Policeman* by Flann O'Brien. This is a bit like *Alice in Wonderland*, if it had been written by an Irish guy with a long beard who lived in the middle of nowhere taking a lot of LSD. It's full of those magical moments that are great when they first happen, but when you read or hear about them again, the magic is all gone. The first part I want to relate is where the third policeman steals a bicycle and he rides it so much that he becomes part of it. He merges into the bicycle and the way it's described is absolutely wondrous. I watched Cerith Wyn Evans' 'Curating the Library' video this afternoon and he used the word 'wondrous' about six times so I was trying to sneak it in. Then there's another favourite bit of mine where the third policeman is being given a spear by someone who explains it has been sharpened so much that the end has become invisible. The sharper it gets, the longer it gets and the more invisible it becomes. Then he holds his hand up, the person who's giving him the spear is about two meters away, and when he presses it forward a small droplet of blood appears on his hand. Wondrous. One more thing: it has footnotes, and I love footnotes, as you might imagine. At the beginning there are just a few references, then they get increasingly longer the further you get until the footnotes become the book, they take it over.



I think I've gone out of order now. This is a book I really didn't want to give to the library because it was very expensive and it's exactly the same copy I had when I was six years old. It's the first edition from 1965 of *The Adventures of the Black Hand Gang*, a series of detective adventure books. Each part or chapter is a double spread, half the spread is always a picture or illustration, the other half is always text, and the text leads the reader to a question at the end of the page. This first page, chapter one, is called 'The Mysterious House, a Sure Sign'. I'm not going to read it, but the question at the end is 'How did she guess there was someone in the mysterious house?' Then there's a nice illustration of a haunted house all boarded up and padlocked, but there's smoke coming out of the chimney. So in each of the images there's some sort of visual clue that relates to the question: 'Where is the secret entrance?'... 'How did Frank recognise Isabella the pigeon?'... and this is a small hut full of white pigeons, there's one black pigeon and if you read the text you find out that Isabella the pigeon, had climbed up the chimney. I made a film, a CGI animation, about three years ago, of a car in a field of snow, which used the same idea. I didn't realise until I'd found this book again that I'd stolen it. The idea was to depict an impossible situation. So the car is in a field of snow and the camera zooms down onto the car, so you can see both that the windows are frozen and exhaust fumes are coming from the engine. I can now correlate the smoke from the chimney in that book to the exhaust fumes coming from my animated car.



This is a similar series, *Choose Your Own Adventure*, which I like for the fact that they're like forty books

in one. The idea is that you start on page one, you read it, and at the bottom it says ‘Turn to page 2’. You turn to page two and at the bottom of page it says ‘If you decide to explore the ledge where the seeker has come to rest, turn to page 6, or if you decide to cut loose from the Moray and dive to the seeker in the canyon on the ocean floor, turn to page 4.’ At that point the narrative divides, a bit like *Back to the Future*. So let’s choose page six. Whenever I read these they only last about ten pages because I always make the wrong decisions. At the end of that one you can ‘Stay hidden close to the seeker, turn to page ten, or, if you try to escape in the hope that rescuers will see you, turn to page 12.’ Page 12: ‘If you choose to fire the special repulsion charge to get to the surface, turn to page twenty. If you decide to wait quietly, hoping the shark will go away, turn to page 22.’ You’re not getting any of the story... Oh, there you go: ‘The End.’ Only this time I’m really glad I made that decision because now I don’t have to read every page to you. So it’s like a tree. I once ripped up one of these books, photocopied the pages and laid it out on the studio floor to work out how they work. It was like a large Christmas tree. There are a lot more endings than beginnings, like a family tree. I love *Choose Your Own Adventure* books. It’s like 40 books in one. Magic.



This is another of my books I have written, called *The Boy Who Always Looked Up*. It’s a children’s book, illustrated by Sara De Bondt. It says ‘For Neil’. Neil is my brother. The main character is Tom, a child who lives in the shadow of Trellick Tower, which is a large modernist social housing block in Notting Hill, in North London, designed by the architect Ernő Goldfinger. At some point, when people start to move into the new building and things start to go wrong with Ernő’s dream, it turns from a children’s book into an adult’s book, but I won’t spoil the story here. Instead I’ll quickly show you an agenda for 2030 made by a good friend of mine, an artist called Aurélien Froment who I collaborate with a lot.



He just sent me this out of nowhere two years ago and I didn’t know who it was from. It’s what it says it is—an empty agenda for the year 2030, which fits quite well with the theme of aspiration which is really what *The Boy Who Always Looked Up* is about.

I am going to read the final chapter, it’s a really quick one, don’t worry. And it’s the only book I’ll read from promise. The chapter is called ‘Up on the Roof’.

The following day, back at home, Tom was woken up by the noise of people talking. Still half-asleep in his pyjamas, he made his way downstairs to the front room and was shocked to find Ernő’s wife Ursula Goldfinger sitting with his mum on the sofa, drinking tea.

‘Good morning Tom,’ said his mother, being unusually nice. Tom instantly knew that something was wrong. ‘Come over here and say hello to Mrs. Goldfinger.’

‘Hello Tom,’ said Ursula. Although she was smiling, her eyes were red and her face looked very sad. ‘I have some bad news. Sit down here next to me and listen carefully. It might be a bit of a shock for you. I wanted to tell you in person because I know what such good friends you and Ernő were.’ Were? Wasn’t Ernő his friend anymore? ‘Now, you know that Ernő has been very troubled lately, what with all those terrible goings-on inside the tower. Oh Tom, how can I say this...? Ernő is dead.’ Tom looked up at Ursula and frowned. ‘He died late last night in his sleep,’ she continued.

‘No!’ blurted Tom. ‘He’s in the tower! He’s inside the model! He went through the grey door because on the other side everything’s how he thought it should be! He wants to stay inside the model, that’s all!’

Ursula burst into tears, then got up, turned to Tom’s mum and wailed ‘Oh God, the poor child!’ At which point it occurred to Tom that the things he was saying must have made him sound a bit loopy. There was no

possibility of a grown-up ever understanding or believing his story, it seemed so far-fetched. There was only one thing for it, Tom thought to himself. He spun around on one leg, flung open the front door and ran down the street towards the tower as fast as his legs would carry him.

Upon reaching the tower he barged through the residents waiting in the foyer, past the lifts, slammed through the doors to the stairwell and leapt down three steps at a time into the darkness of the basement. Barely stopping to catch his breath, he felt his way along the damp concrete walls to the grey door at the far end of the room, opened it, and passed through into the model. Then he made his way up through the model to the roof where he knew Ernö was bound to be in his favourite spot, looking out over London. Sure enough, there he was, and he listened patiently as Tom tried to explain everything; how his family on the other side of the door thought he was dead, and how sad Ursula was without him. But no matter how hard Tom pleaded, Ernö wouldn't budge. There was no way of dragging him back downstairs.

They both sat there on the roof looking out in silence. It wasn't an uncomfortable silence; they were just quiet and thoughtful, enjoying the view over London. And just then, when Tom least expected it, Ernö asked a question Tom had known he would ask one day. A question that nobody had ever asked him before, and one which he knew would be difficult to answer.

'Why do you look up, Tom?' he asked, pushing his small round spectacles, back up his nose. Tom's heart sank, and there was a long silence before either of them spoke again. But this wasn't a silence like before. This time it was a silence waiting to be broken. Tom felt like crying. He wanted to give an answer but he didn't know what to say. Ernö sat and waited patiently. When he finally did speak, Tom's words came out in a funny squeaky voice, and he had to blink his eyes quickly a few times to stop the tears falling out.

'I think it's because it seems better up here than down there,' he said, wiping his nose on the sleeve of his jumper. 'Because it's empty up here in the sky and when I look up I feel like I can do anything, like anything's possible.' Ernö smiled back at him.

'Now, don't be sad Tom. Do you know what grown-ups call that?' he said.

'No,' said Tom, shaking his head wildly and wiping the tears from his cheeks, which were now streaming from his eyes.

'Aspiration,' he replied.

THE END.



There's not many left. It's like the presents at Christmas. Big one, little one. I'm going to leave that one till last. That's the big present. That's the Scalextric car racing set you always wanted for Christmas. Next is a script for a stage play called *A Cream Cracker Under The Settee*, which was then made into a screenplay for the BBC as part of the *Talking Heads* series, by Alan Bennett, a famous English writer from Yorkshire, which is in the North East of England. Very industrial, poor, grey, miserable – it's near where I'm from, a really horrible place. Anyway, the book is significant here because it's a monologue, and definitely the only monologue I've seen a stage version of where the character doesn't move at all, and doesn't even move her mouth, because the whole text is thought rather than spoken. It's about an old lady who lives in a council housing block and has home help who come everyday to bring her food and make sure she's okay. At the start of the play she falls over next to the sofa and finds she can't move at all, so she lies on her side looking under the sofa and ends up staring at an old cream cracker for forty minutes with a voiceover of her thoughts. It's beautiful. Wondrous. Sorry.



This is a book my friend Stuart gave me when we started making that first book *Appendix*. It's called *The Medium is the Message*, by Marshall McLuhan, which I used to have when I was in art school. I was told to have a look by one of my tutors, so I went to the librarian and asked, 'Have you got *The Medium is the Message*?' and the librarian looked on the computer and said, 'No, we don't have that book in stock, I'm afraid.' and I said, 'Well my tutor said it's there.' I went back to my tutor who said 'It's there! Go and get it.' Of course, as you probably know, it turned out that it's really called *The Medium is the Massage*, but everyone calls it the 'Message' anyway, and if you type it into the internet you get as many hits for it as the 'Message' as the 'Massage'. It's one of those words like dessert and desert. It's just a single or double S, but it makes a world of difference. Imagine eating sand. So when we made *Appendix* we stole a lot of devices from McLuhan's book, whatever it's called. As it says in the subtitle, it's 'An Inventory of Effects', so we borrowed freely from the inventory. Here are some thumbs we stole, for example, holding a page within a page. There are many other wondrous examples. See the images of thumbs here? An image on the page, of a thumb holding open the image of another page? If these two thumbs are real, my thumbs, who do these two printed ones belong to? I've got to find the equivalent to that device in our book *Appendix*. Where is it? See all this messing around; I've lost my page. Aha... this is where we stole the thumbs in our book.

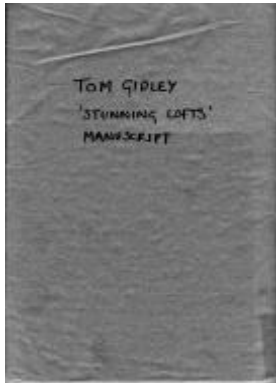
Another thing that we stole was—this is a really good device—this picture of noses, and then on the other side of that page is a text that is linked to the image of the nose with a small picture of a nose. I like it because usually when you read a book it's just a linear thing, you see the two pages as a spread, but in this book you see a page as an object, a sheet with a front and a back. You could tear them out and they become like self-sufficient sheets of information.

I'm going to do that now. Should I? Or is it really bad to tear it out? [Tears page from book] See it's self sufficient, all on it's

own. And this one as well... [Tears page from book] And the job... [Tears page from book] I didn't intend to destroy this book, but they can be taped back in, it's fine. Now they are all like playing cards or something. Brilliant.



The Dewey Decimal Classification number – the form still used in British libraries – starts with numbers from zero to one thousand, and then adds a point and two digits as the categories get increasingly specific. There are also four letters after the number, which are usually the start of the author's name. So if you go along the branching system you reach the point where, for example, 720 to 740 is designated for Art, then Sculpture, then Wood... then the next one is something like Art, then Sculpture, then Fibreglass. Then, I don't know, 320 would be Cookery, Eggs, Meringue, or something like that. Anyway, we got hold of the list and noticed there was a gap in the art section, so we used a number with no subject yet attributed to it. Usually when you get a book like this, you give it to the library, the librarian goes; 'Ooh, what is it? Sculpture? Wood?' Then they stick on a label with '744.268 GAND'. So we thought we'd try to mess with the librarians and put a number on it for them already. When they get the book the number is already printed on the spine... then they realise it belongs on a shelf that doesn't exist. 'Woodwork' is here and 'Advanced Mathematics' is here, and there's fifty places between them, so it's there somewhere at the end of 'Art'. We had this romantic notion that we'd go into the British Library and the book would be like that, you know, just on its own. In reality, of course, you find the librarian has stuck a different number over ours and then just shoved it in a place where noone ever goes.



The last two things are anomalies.

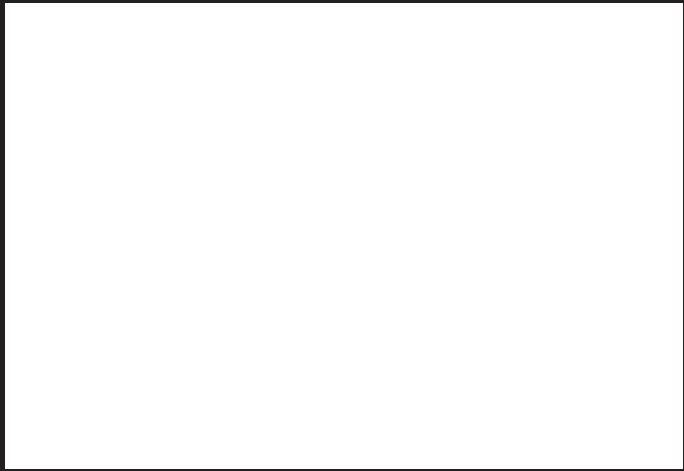
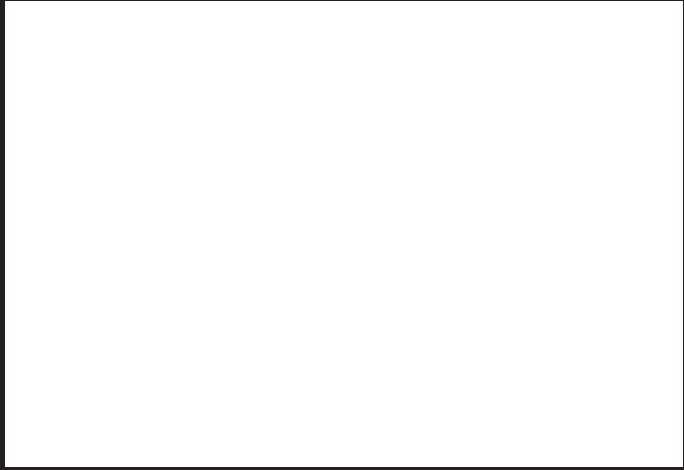
This is me exorcising my ghosts of guilt. First is a manuscript for a novel called *Stunning Lofts* by a really good friend called Tom Gidley, who's an artist from London. He wrote it about five years ago and it was published recently by a French publishing house. He gave it to me the day it came back from the printers and I still haven't read it. I've even had the manuscript for about five years and still not read it, so just to clear my conscience I've decided never to read it; instead I'm going to leave it in the library here, a much better place for it than on my shelf.



And then the last one. This is an unrealised, or unrealisable, project, mainly because I can't draw. It's a sketchbook I bought a few years ago when I had the intention of filling it with drawings. I also bought a pen, a kind of double-ended ink pen, and my idea was that I would go to large art galleries and draw. You know how you always get art students in art galleries and they sit and they draw the paintings with a sketchbook? Well, they're looking at the painting, but the painting isn't an object, it's flat, so you can actually do that at home with a book containing a reproduction of the same

painting. I realised they don't really go because they need to be there to draw a painting; they go there to absorb the aura of art. I always think it's amazing to see hundreds of teenagers all drawing away... it seems like church. Anyway, I bought the book and the pen with the intention of going to these institutions to draw the teenagers drawing a painting with teenagers in it, and I did one which I'm not going to show, because it's so terrible, but I'm going to give you the empty book instead. That's it. That's my contribution to the library.







Travelogue Lecture (with missing content)

ON HONESTY

*A transcription of the lecture, first delivered
as part of the exhibition 'How to Improve the World
- 60 Years of British Art' at The Hayward Gallery
in London, UK, October 2006.*



ON HONESTY

The idea is that I'm going to be try to be honest about my work. I thought that would be challenging because I get to talk about my work at colleges and places a lot, but when I do I generally tell lies and exaggerate to make the work sound better than it is. So the plan is to show some terrible works I made that I didn't let out of the studio, which I've admittedly bracketed between works that I think are alright – just so I don't look too stupid. Actually it's not only about work, but I'll come to that later.

First, this is a song I really like by Owada, which is the artist Martin Creed's band.



It's a song I listen to when I get scared about making work. He just goes on and on in a circle, and that's what I like about it. It reminds me that copying is okay sometimes ... everyone copies things from the world ... and the art world is within the actual world, so there's no need to get uptight about copying.

I was with a student about two weeks ago who said, 'Oh, you're Ryan ... you're the one who makes all the notice boards'. I didn't know what they meant and then as I was putting this together the other day, I went through some works that I'd made

and I noticed that I am actually the person who makes the notice boards. This was a work I made when I was doing a degree in Manchester a long time ago which has got two notice boards on it.



And then this is another notice board,



and another,



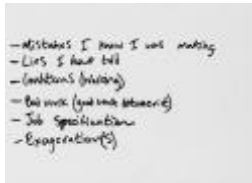
another.



and

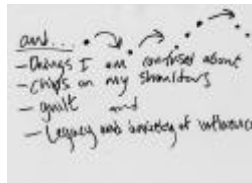
So it's a bit of an obsession of mine. They're all different things ... they all mean different things, but they're all notice boards.

Ok, so I'm going to attempt to deal with the things on this list.



I think I've spelt 'exaggerations'

wrong, but you can still read it.



Those dots

are like karaoke balls ... I actually had the idea that we could all read them out together, but I'm not going to do that now as it's embarrassing. Too much like school.

Moving on, this is a photograph of my family before me.



That's my dad and my mum and my brother before I was born. I found it in a photo album, and it struck a chord with me because it made me realise how obsessed I am with changing the past or the future. And then the other night *Back to the Future* was on,



and I realised what a good film it was and how it fits very well with what I do.

I found this envelope



in Brighton stuck to the front of a bank, and I wanted to see if there was anything in the envelope but I didn't have a look because I was scared that Elly would miss it if I ripped it off. It's one of those things that I really wished I'd have done now. There was a path and I made a decision and now I think it was a really bad decision. I only have the photograph of the envelope and don't know what was in it.

This is a work I actually think is okay.



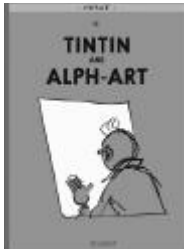
It's a design for a chess set by Joseph Hartwig made for the Bauhaus. It was meant to go into mass production but the Nazis closed the Bauhaus down before it reached fruition. The idea of it is that it's a bit like chess for beginners – key stage one basic early learning chess – so the form of each piece represents the

move that it can make. Some of them have crosses on top and some of them have L's. Most chess sets are decorative and this one is kind of self-fulfilling, but I remade this set in the world's most endangered wood, Zebra wood, which is blacklisted.



If I need to send it to an exhibition outside England I have to say it's Pine otherwise it gets stopped at customs. I like to imagine that if it had gone into mass production there would have been lots of different versions of it, so that would become the chess set everyone knew. There would be an Ikea one in Pine, maybe a plastic Starck version, and I know my mum would like a blue glass one with a gold trim around the top. So the chess set could have had this life of its own, but instead it fell flat on its face....

This is called *Hergé's Realisation that Alph-Art Was Conceptually Flawed*



and it works on the same principle of dividing a moment in time and following the different paths that lead off from it. As you all know, when someone gets hit in the head in *Tintin*, you can't actually hear it because it's a comic, so Hergé – whose real name is Georges Remi – uses those typical star marks, which here look a bit like a bunch of flowers.



In the film of the comic it sounds something like 🌸*!?!*🌸. These particular marks come from Hergé's last book, which was called *Tintin and Alph-Art* and is about art-forgers. He died on page 37 and so he never finished

it. The plot is about a conceptual art form based on letters of the alphabet made in different materials ... so you get a big plexi-glass sculpture of the letter H, paintings of the letter D, and so on. The last bit that he sketched before he keeled over depicted Tintin and a bad guy – an art forger – with a gun in Tintin's back, walking down the corridor, although no one ever gets shot in Tintin, they just get hit over the head. I thought maybe I could finish the next frame, or attempt to, with the idea in mind that no one ever gets to kill Tintin, so I made a multiple hit mark: one for Tintin, and one for Hergé, and one for Georges Remi.

This is my studio where I try to make art.



The kid in the picture is called Fred, and he made this sculpture that you see on the floor. This is something that I'm going to confess to that I probably shouldn't, but this sculpture is in an edition of ten.



Those chairs are Rietveld chairs, made from crates disassembled from Surinam, which was a Dutch colony. The idea was that you'd make a chair out of the crates that the wood would already be cut the right size and you'd reassemble and make chairs. So I had ten of the chairs made, then had them disassembled, then gave them to a bunch of kids who were allowed to make whatever they wanted, with the idea that they probably never seen the original chair before. I wanted to make something that looked like a pastiche of modernism, and had the idea that a kid would be perfect for the job because they'd do it automatically. Eight of them did it, and one of them actually made a Rietveld chair, which was quite remarkable, although he was Dutch so it might be hereditary. The tenth one was made at a gallery, though I'm not going to

say where. I turned up at the exhibition where the wood had been delivered. The gallery had arranged to get a child to make the work but he or she didn't turn up, so I made the sculpture myself. And I want to apologise to the person that bought it. It looked terrible, of course.



That's Bridget Riley. When I went to see her show at the Tate a couple of years ago, there were more people just outside it and in the bookshop where they had pictures of her studio on the wall, than in the exhibition itself. For me – and obviously a lot of other people – her studio is much more interesting than the actual work. I think studios are important places. This is another corner of my studio,



and there's a tent in it where I lived for a little while. Now, there are two different words – **and I thought** there were two different meanings – **for the word practice, spelt** alternately with a 'c' and with an 's'.



I thought one was the business of a professional the other was to do something repeatedly in order to improve, but it's not true. I looked it up yesterday and it turns out that one is the English spelling and the other an Americanism. There ARE two meanings, but you don't spell them differently. Personally, I much prefer to have a practice, which is the business of the professional, rather than do something repeatedly to improve, because I hate repeating myself. I like doing different things

– not in the sense of being wacky, but different to the last thing I did. And finally, on the subject of studios and practising, this is a bit complicated, but the image of the two men you see is in the right hand frame within the photograph,



and the other image is in the left hand frame within the photograph. I usually say that Aurélien – **the guy in the glasses** – and I were working on something together which took 24 hours, and that I took these photographs at the beginning and the end. But it was a lie – **I really just asked them to get changed** and exposed some more light in the window, because otherwise I would have had to leave the camera there. I don't know if it's so bad to fake things sometimes if the final product is believable. This is suicide, isn't it? Let's look at someone else's work, a very short video by a friend I met at Manchester Polytechnic.



Hi, my name's Matt Lloyd. I'm a ... err ... fucking London based artist. Err ... I'm originally from up North, originally from Stoke but, um, I moved down to London because it's got that buzz, hasn't it? It's got that buzz. It's got more of a buzz than the North ... and, um, there's more money down here as well for art. I moved down here in 1987 and I've been here ever since. I work in a café during the day. Tell you a bit about me work ... err ... I light matches and throw them into post boxes.

The big thing I learnt in Manchester is that having one chip on your shoulder is bad, but if you have two you even yourself out. I don't mind bitterness to be honest – I think it's kind of a healthy thing. I sent some e-mails to some writers about three months ago asking if they had any texts on bitterness because I

thought they would make a really good publication, photocopied, easy to make, available in bookshops around London, with just 'On Bitterness' on the cover, as a handbook for students. But all the emails got back said things like 'No, why?' They were very paranoid writers, and thought I was implying they were bitter.

This is a quote from John Russell,



I don't know if his name's got two L's. It doesn't really matter ... he's not here. And I thought that was really apt, because you wouldn't be a yachtsman and live in Birmingham, either. It's a good philosophy.

This is a work that I made when I was very young, and it looks a bit shit.



Those sticks look like they're part of the work – and in a way they were, because the wall kept popping out, so I left them there. And these are some works that I made at college which I'm not very happy with.



They're all made out of the same bits because I couldn't decide which were any good ... so I just kept changing them around. That's some kind of stage for a pillar, that's a beach hut, and this is a sunbed for a dog. It wasn't meant to be a sunbed for a dog but I went to Abakan, which is a material shop in Manchester, and I said to the lady, 'I want to make a mattress about this big', and she said, 'What's it for?' 'It doesn't matter what it's for, I just want to make a mattress this big, this thick – I need some calico and some wadding or something.' She said 'If you tell me what it's for I'd be able to advise you better.' And I didn't want to say I'm an art

student because then you get some horrible 'Ah, you're an art student' voice ... So I thought about saying that 'I work for this artist, he's an idiot'. Then they go, 'Oh yeah, I know what you mean'. Many friends of mine use this technique but in the end I just said 'It's for my dog' because I thought it was kind of dog-sized. Then when I got back to the studio and put it under this wooden thing I realised she was right: it was a sunbed for a dog.

This was made for a service station entrance foyer but I never put it there because I was too lazy, which is something I really regret.



I told people that I put it there but it's a lie. When I bought the wood they got my name wrong, and wrote 'Ryan Gardener' on that strut, so I left it as a signature. And that's my friend Ben,



who also went to Manchester, then to a college called the Jan van Eyck Academie, so I went there as well. I followed him, he did all the groundwork, looking around all the colleges, and obviously he was going to go to the best one. Here's the foyer.



Recognise those chairs?



This is a bum bag I made for the motorcycle police force in Maastricht. It looks bad, but ... I could be showing you the Barbies with their hair

cut off and stuck between their legs. You should be grateful. Basically, I had this idea that I'd accessorise the police force, so I made this bag for them. This was especially stupid because I called them up and told them I was a Product Design student and could get a photograph of it on a policeman, but they got all excited and invited the local news team down to take a photo. I didn't tell them what was in the bag, which was even worse than the bag itself. I'd made a net with orange balls on each corner. At one point the policeman opened it and pulled out this net as if to catch a criminal, then told everyone to please stop photographing and go home. Pointless, and it took ages too, all that sewing.



That's a picture of him

opening it, pre-net-realisation.

Actually, this is bad too. This is when I went to the Rijksakademie after the Jan van Eyck and made a group show consisting of me and four fictional artists.



I spent a whole year making work supposedly by five artists, each of which was supposed to look different from others ...



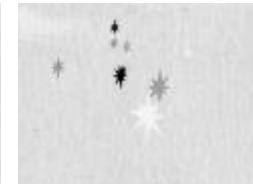
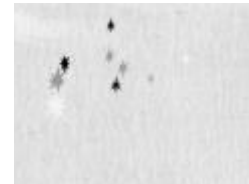
and at the end they simply didn't. I mean, the whole idea was that each character's work would look different from the others, and at the end it just looked like I'd made an exhibition trying to be five people trying to make the work look different.

Play excerpt from *Is This Guilt In You Too* (Cinema Verso 2005). Thea Slotover voiceover:

Yeah. I'm I meant to answer this? I do know. Its going to be shown in an art fair in Basel. They're very big and they're full of lots and lots of ... of lots of galleries. There's lots of people working around them and you know when people say there's the art world, well it's, like, kind of all the galleries are there and there's, like, the streets and it is like the art world because it's a big world of people walking around.

That's Thea, who's nine years old. I asked what an art fair was like - she'd been to one before. That's her behind the glass. I sat here in this room and asked questions and she sat in that room and answered, then took my voice out as I don't like the sound of it.

This is the quickest work that I ever made.



It took about six hours to realise. It's an animation taken from the World Fair logo.



So Charles and Ray Eames made a film for that World Fair, commissioned by IBM, about how the computer worked, and what you can hear is the film's soundtrack by Bernstein. So I just took the world taken away from the original film. It explains itself, I guess. Next is another work that could have been really good, but I never ended up making anything with it. Its one of those things where you think, that'll be amazing. You don't spend the three days thinking about it properly, just rush in, get a camera man and a sound engineer, rush there, make a film, come back and think, that's rubbish. That doesn't mean anything at all. This happened at the Centre for Knowledge on Caledonian Road, where taxi drivers learn

about how to navigate London. I was particularly interested in the way they do this three year degree and learn a 28-mile circuit radius of London, so I went there to video them. So this never became a work, but I thought I'd show it because it's still kind of interesting ... one of those things that went in the box next to the desk. Not in the bin, which is just beyond the box.



I'd leave it on the right in Baker Street, go forward into Portland Square, forward into Orchard Street, forward into North Ordley Street, comply by Grosvenor Square, leave by Carlos Place, left Mount Street, right David Street, comply by Alton Square, leave by Bartly Street, left into Piccadilly, right into Dukes Street Saint James's, left into Kings Street, comply Saint James Square, leave by right Pall Mall, left Marlborough Gate, forward Marlborough Road, that's right at the Mall, comply at Queen Victoria Memorial, leave by Spur Road, leave by Birdcage Walk, forward and left Buckingham Gate, left Petite France, forward Title Street, right Broadway and it's on the left ... I still stuttered on that, didn't I?

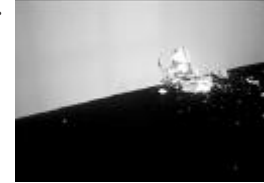
This is a book I made about two years ago with a friend, Stuart, called *Appendix*. We couldn't decide what the title should be so we gave it ten titles, and there are therefore ten title pages.



Each title page was supposed to have a different border style, but there's a mistake which is a kind of graphic typo, because when we first had the idea we changed the first five borders and then forgot, or were distracted by something else, so after page five

they're all the same. Then there was this other thing we did after an argument with the publisher. You see it says 'Artimo 2003' ... I'm going to get in trouble for this ... they were the publishers. One of the titles we had was 'Die by the Sword', but instead of having Artimo's name at the bottom we left the dummy text as 'Publisher 2003' because it was like a ... I don't know ... a forewarning. They went bankrupt a year later, and that's the truth this time.

This is an installation in a very large room, except it never actually existed in a very large room.



The work consists of these two components, two photographs, and it's actually made in the same place on a single square metre of black carpet.



Whenever I've shown it, however, I've always told people that it's a vast expanse of black carpet, with these two small things at different locations. It isn't.

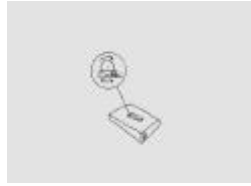
This is one of three drawings I originally made as a child.



I don't remember drawing them, but my father told me about each of them whilst redrawing them for me and telling me back my childhood descriptions of what each one represented, one night in the pub. The following day I re-drew them. This first one I apparently described as my birth,

On Honesty

the second one as the world,



and this final

one as my death.



Quite profound for a 4

year old. I'm not quite sure what to make of them.

I once did a lecture called Loose Associations in which each new item I was talking about was supposedly linked to the last by a more or less trivial connection. When I'd almost finished it I realised I didn't have a link between this graffiti



– which is circular because it says again and every time you see it speaks of the next time you'll see it – and this book,



McLuhan's *The Medium is the*

Massage, that people refer to as 'The Medium is the Message' – so it's a spelling mistake which isn't really a mistake. Anyway, in my studio and I sprayed 'wet piant'



the idea that it would link those two things because it's a graffiti

On Honesty

spelling mistake, and whenever I did the lecture I told the audience that I'd found it on a wall in Glasgow. I didn't find it in Glasgow, I made it up. Apologies to any Scottish people in the audience. I'm sure you can spell.

This is a crossword I made.



For seventeen

across I wrote the clue, 'A mythical word which refers to itself'. The answer is actually a fictional word which I invented and isn't in common use. The word is 'mitim', M-I-T-I-M



so apologies to anyone who couldn't complete the crossword.

Finally, back to my family before me.



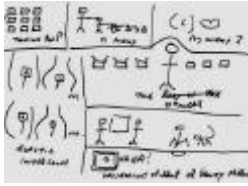
That was my dad when he was a hippy,



and that's him now. My dad's retired and he's thinking about starting an art foundation course, which is quite exciting. This is a drawing he sent me by email about the work he's

On Honesty

intending to make.



I like this one at the

bottom ... 'Ha ha – laughing mirror or vanity mirror'. He's worked it out with a sensor, so that when you walk past a mirror your reflection laughs at you. And that's the end of it. Thanks very much.



LOOSE ASSOCIATIONS
AND OTHER LECTURES

RYAN GANDER

First edition limited to 250 numbered copies.
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