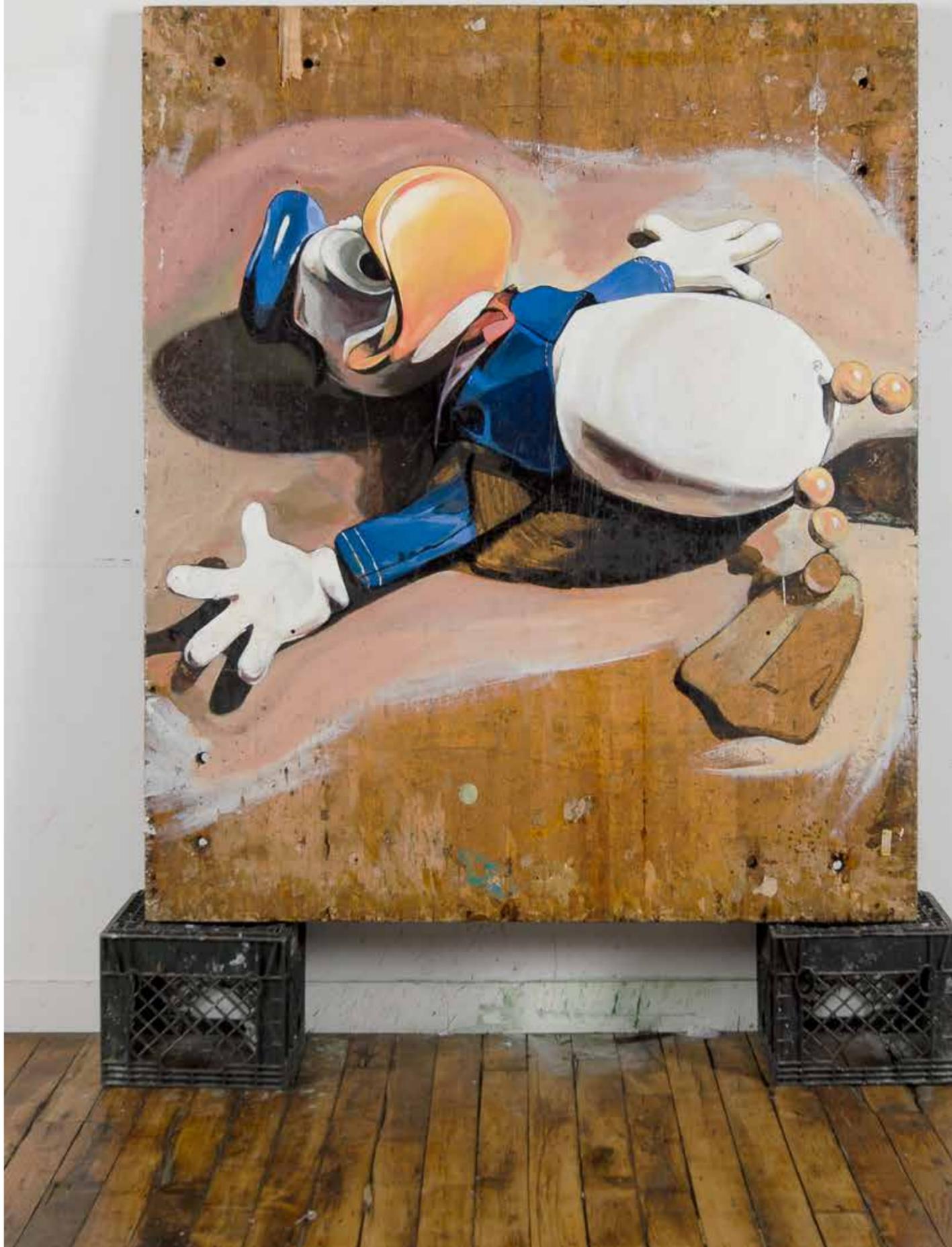




OLIVER CLEGG

Anomie





OLIVER CLEGG

INTRODUCTION

Matt Price

Oliver Clegg vs. the Superego

Interdisciplinary artistic practice has been a key critical concern of the past twenty years, with some of the leading names in contemporary art establishing their reputations specifically for developing practices across mediums, artforms and fields. Piotr Uklanski, Ugo Rondinone, Urs Fischer, Dominique Gonzalez-Torres, Philippe Parreno, Pierre Huyghe, Gabriel Orozco and Liam Gillick are just some of the names that come to mind, several of whom were featured in Nicholas Bourriaud's seminal 1996 exhibition *Traffic* at the CAPC Bordeaux, which first proposed the term 'relational aesthetics' to the international critical arena. This generation of artists, who were primarily born in the 1960s and emerged in the 1990s, were, of course, not the first artists to work across various media, being part of a long and broad lineage that includes figures as divergent as John Baldessari, Robert Rauschenberg, Jenny Holzer and Martin Kippenberger, but it is a generation that has heavily influenced the subsequent, still-emergent generation of artists, not least as their critical preoccupations have covered vast, open-ended terrain from modernism to globalisation, semiotics to semantics, film and literature to digital media. It is a generation for whom the method of communication is often as important as the message being communicated, and the means of its reception as important as its communication.

New York-based British artist Oliver Clegg has in many ways emerged as a fitting heir to this eclectic tradition of interdisciplinary practice, producing paintings, screen-prints, mixed-media works, photography, found objects, sculpture, installation, text-based works, participatory projects and more besides. His materials and methods have involved everything from glass, wood and steel to neon, resin and concrete, weaving and casting to engraving and industrial manufacture. There are oblique nods to Rauschenberg's combines in his paintings on old wooden furniture panels, to Kippenberger's hotel drawings in his laser-cut birth certificates, to Holzer's billboards and neon works in his Joshua Tree desert signage, to Gillick's multi-coloured modernist constructions in his mobile furniture installation at Brooklyn Museum, or to Ed Ruscha's text-on-image works in his paintings and screen-print hybrids. These references – or perhaps strategies learnt from – senior figures known for working across mediums, are absorbed into Clegg's own practice both effortlessly and with great aplomb.

Indeed, Clegg's transatlantic oeuvre might be read as a coming-to-terms with the multidisciplinary practices of the generations that precede him. As an artist trained in traditional media such as painting, drawing and printmaking, his heart would probably side more with the practices of Baldessari, Ruscha and Kippenberger, though it is clear that the conceptual, architectural, minimalist and post-modernist strategies of more recent generations have likewise played a significant role in shaping his practice and thinking. Perhaps Clegg's work might be said to be grappling with the dialogue between different interdisciplinary approaches – at the interface between traditional artistic disciplines and the languages, processes and methods of making art to have emerged that eschew such traditional mediums. It is in some ways a post-medium exploration of the artist-made and the outsourced.

But beyond the impressive range of mediums and methods that Clegg employs, one finds in his practice a dense web of ideas and critical concerns that are equally polyphonic and multivalent. One might even go as far as to say that they are growing, as his practice evolves, into something really rather profound – a complex, sometimes amusing and playful yet often sincere and heartfelt exploration of ontological and existential notions of objecthood and matter, images and signs, language and communication, thought and action, creation and being.

As will become clearer in the course of this, Clegg's first monograph, not only through the illuminating essay by Martin Herbert and the engaging interview with Sina Najafi, but also by means of the beautiful photographic documentation of selected works by the artist, one of the most enjoyable and rewarding challenges of Clegg's practice is mapping out his critical terrain. It's only from the overview that a monograph or survey exhibition can offer that the depth and brilliance of the connections and chains of thought begin to reveal themselves, and, in the light of these connections, that one becomes equipped to better understand the ambitions and achievements of the individual works that constitute his wider practice.

It is also clear that Clegg is one of those rare kinds of artist that has many guises, and that he himself is inextricably bound up in his art – he is an artist who is also a joker, a jester, a game-player, an entertainer, an actor, a poet, a philosopher, a shaman, a shadowbearer, a visionary, an

agent-provocateur, a commentator, an interpreter, a translator, a craftsman, an explorer, an experimenter, an impresario, and more. It could be argued that it is the very interaction between these assorted personae that is at the heart of his work, a discussion – sometimes a battle – between Clegg's id, ego and superego, between his nature and nurture, conscious and subconscious, the various impulses, desires, instincts, emotions, moods, reasoning, morality and values within him. Just as we humans are complex creatures of competing urges, thoughts, feelings and behaviours, so is Clegg's artistic practice a similar melting pot – one that in many ways corresponds to Freudian notions of the human psyche.

A brief introduction does not afford sufficient opportunity to unravel all of these strands, or discussion of how they are played out through the work, but reflecting on Clegg's practice perhaps reveals a chain of thinking, an interrelated web of factors and themes, that offers a guide of sorts to accompany the reader as they make their way through the publication:

Light, creation, matter, life, birth, growth, childhood, feeling, emotion, sentiment, experience, present, past, memory, sincerity, nostalgia, culture, copy, caricature, cliché, cartoon, comedy, fun, enjoy, play, games, interact, collaborate, learn, share, engage, make, use, reuse, adapt, function, purpose, meaning, understanding, communicate, express, signs, messages, images, objects, language, thought, belief, psychology, self, other, family, friends, community, society, love, happiness, sorrow, pain, desire, money, sex, time, age, health, death, destruction/decay, darkness. And then, of course, it starts again...

FOR TWO OR MORE PLAYERS

Martin Herbert

I.

On March 3, 2014, if you happened to be in the vicinity of Gowanus, Brooklyn, you could visit the offices of *Cabinet* magazine, eat shepherd's pie and drink Brooklyn Brewery beer, and—for the first thirty-two people to sign up—participate in 'Triathlon', billed as 'a knockout competition hosted by Oliver Clegg, in which you can test your skills in backgammon, chess, and foosball against some of the best in our fair country'. The foosball tables, designed by Clegg, featured players modelled on himself and his wife, Natasha Chambers, both unashamedly nude (with Clegg's **goalkeeper** also openly erect, like a tribal figurine; **this** avatar, in gold, also topped the winner's trophy). The pieces in the finalists' chess set were derived from bricks and floorboards salvaged from the artist's former studio in London, which had been demolished. The pamphlet given to competitors was imprinted, on its verso, with an essay concerning the uses of play in psychoanalysis. Was 'Triathlon' play, then, or was it serious? Was it about the artist, or was it about the players? It was, as so often in Clegg's work, all of these at once.

Ludic references, biographically loaded materials, and processes of dismantling, reconstruction and/or reuse have governed Clegg's art from the outset. What has evolved, in sync with the vagaries of the artist's own life and with larger cultural shifts, is the meaning of their intersection, with results that are both critical and affecting. If you clasped the handles of that foosball table in Brooklyn, you were connected—to whatever degree—with the currency of human interaction in the digital age, the usefulness of self-designed systems for those without faith, the functions of structural ambiguity, and more. But we're getting ahead of ourselves already.

Clegg's early paintings, made on his MFA in London after he'd studied History of Art and Italian, loop us back to gameplay, a theme that would filter in and out of his art over the ensuing years. Here we also begin, pointedly, with material things that have gone out of action; that have been replaced, if not always improved upon. In *Goofy* (2006), the 'canvas' is a used art school drawing board, bearing all the scars of its lifespan: quick doodles, smears of old paint, scraps of masking tape, ghostly white tides where a previous student has gone off the edges of the paper they'd worked on. 'Drawing studio' is written on it (upside down, since the board's been inverted) and the fragment of imagery here also, in a way, depicts a world turned upside-down. For near the centre is a painting of a toy figure

of Disney's Goofy—it looks like a bendy rubber figurine, it looks old—which lies prone, arms out, strongly shadowed, tossed aside. Goofy might be dead. Or he might, if used, come back to life.

What connects drawing board, toy figure and oil paint, in the early twenty-first century, is an air of melancholy redundancy, of anachronism. Oil, a medium that will do whatever you want with it once you engage, is less likely to be the art student's choice of technology today than, say, Final Cut Pro or even a social media network itself. Children, meanwhile, don't want figures to invest with life; they want iPads to swipe at. They want, or they're being encouraged to want, something already formatted and constricting, not something that scales up to an imagination that grows as you go. And so something formative established over centuries—the role-play that comes with physical toys, not a limitation but a freeing to explore and expand one's own mental capacity—is being lost, trashed. Just as something is likely lost if, as is the case at most art schools, students don't learn to draw anymore, don't engage with the real, non-screen world through the act of limning it. (An anecdote: a fine art lecturer friend of mine recently encountered a student who was drawing trees based on jpegs. He suggested the student go out and look at some actual trees. The student pointed at the screen. 'That is a tree,' he said.) To quote the title of a 2008 oil-on-drawing-board work by Clegg, featuring a halted, upside-down toy truck with its string trailing off like a noose, *All Change is Not Growth, All Movement is Not Forward*.

However, this isn't the full import of this morphing series of work. If technology is the atheist's religion *du jour*, old religion is not gone either. It's hard to avoid the fact that we live in increasingly fundamentalist times, and arguably both religious dogma and an increasingly monocultural online realm serve as ways to block thought and stifle the imagination. Given that Clegg was making work just as the Internet began to dominate the secular realm, and given that he had been educated in a strongly religious school, going to church every day, was confirmed at sixteen, and then had studied Italian art history, it's not surprising these twin imperatives came to haunt his work; not surprising, either, that he twinned them, increasingly explicitly. After a couple of years working on drawing boards, Clegg expanded his repertoire of repurposed supports to include dismantled church pews, church donation boxes, church doors and prayer desks, as well as taken-apart liquor and beer crates, and school desks, and his figures began to move from Donald Duck, hand puppets etc al to stringed puppets of Noddy,

Goofy (again), Pierrot, and the occasional human skeleton—plus a malevolent-looking Jack-in-the-box and a beatific Madonna—and the puppeteer's apparatus, crossed sheets of wood connected to the string, here clearly resembles a cross.

This body of work, then, arrays itself against a continuum of dubious, domineering faith. The very fabric of it is drawn from sites of inculcation and indoctrination (or, on occasion, escape from worldly pressure into unholy spirits), and the toys are downed but charged with potential reuse, if a hand will reach out for them. Resurrection, if you like. Here, though, we broach the ambivalence that frequently powers Clegg's work. On the one hand, he laments the loss of certain traditions that foster skill, like drawing. On the other, he bucks against being told what to do. A church is most useful, for him, as something to paint on once it's been smashed up; ditto—and, of course, not unrelatedly in his case—a school, unless it's a school that allows for drawing. How to square this circle?

Perhaps by saying that independent thinking includes the freedom to appreciate certain kinds of tutelage, if not necessarily all, and certainly not those which serve to cramp the mind. And by saying, furthermore, that even a broken desk is a physical thing, something that carries life and history within it, and that encounters with the material world, and with those emotive traces, can be highly articulate, complex and open-ended, since you may well feel differently about schools, religion, life drawing and outmoded-looking toys, or have not examined your feelings about them. In the counterpoint, the disjuncture, between image and object, a breathing space opens up. This space is valuable for the artist who wants their work to be alive, open to fresh interpretation even for the maker, but is also a gift—an exit from the doctrinaire, from the editorialised—for the viewer. You can play in its darkness, however seriously.

II.

Outside of their specific resonances, Clegg opted for found supports in order to see if he could wrest the beautiful from the unpromisingly discarded, from what might seem strongly resistant to beautification. (His art is also embedded in awareness of art history, his formal decision here collapsing together the oil-on-wood tradition of classical altarpieces with the postmodern stylistic flights of Sigmar Polke and his acolytes.) Clegg's deci-

sion to *augment* his range of supports from the original drawing boards, which he did for three years until 2012, was also driven by pragmatism. He wanted to make larger paintings, but he didn't want to work on canvas and the drawing boards he'd been using only came in two standard sizes. This is relevant because it reminds us that art, as much as the biography-ditching New Criticism would have had it otherwise, is shaped by contingency and real-life change as much as by anything else.

Clegg's father died in 2009, a fact that might usually be incidental to a reading of an artist's work, except that the artist in this case increasingly thinks it has been decisive, and it does seem to reflect and reroute the thematic of dismantling and reusing that underwrites Clegg's work. However much weight you place on personal events, it's clear that there's a hinge of sorts in his work, in which changes happen within the paintings and then, subsequently, the practice expands to take in an increasing range of media and formats. Breaking down, at this point, segues into its opposite—perhaps not unrelated to the likelihood that losing one's father will, for the son, refocus questions of what one wants to achieve in life (the clock ticks more audibly after) and what one stands for. These are questions that can be explored, with varying degrees of self-consciousness, through an art practice that expands them beyond the personal.

In 2010, at the outset of this development, Clegg painted *S.O.S.*, a three-part work on drawing boards. In these, as in a comic-strip sequence, a double-thickness wall of coloured blocks stands, then is knocked over, and then is annihilated further, to the point that some of the blocks are reduced to mere sketchy outlines. Destruction is voiced, pointedly, in the language of games—the kind of games, unlike modern Lego, where you're encouraged to build new shapes, any shape you want—and meets the possibility of reconstruction. For *Zugzwang* (2010), an anxious and chiaroscuro-heavy self-portrait made a few months after his father's death (a period in which Clegg became strongly atheist), he painted on a tessellation of fourteen chessboards. Being in 'zugzwang', in the argot of chess, means being forced to move, while knowing that the move will weaken your position. Again, parental death unmoors you, but you have to move into the black: mourn, face up, remake yourself.

What you architect afterwards is not the same. The pieces may be identical, or some may have vaporised, but the molecular structure is irradiated and switched about by loss. You're what you were before, but different. Think of games this way: as something that passes through the mirror

and, in the looking-glass world on the other side, is different. In Clegg's early work, play is a counterpoint within a kind of lament for the haptic, the hands-on. The toys and games don't get played with; they're not real, they can't be touched. Later, as in 'Triathlon', that won't be the case and they'll become something else: a microcosm of a social world structured neither by religion or technology.

Of course, the above is a *reading*, strained through biography. It's quite possible to read Clegg's work another, less explicitly personal way. To say that, throughout, his work is ghosted by constraints upon the imagination that have to be analysed, worked through and broken down; that those constraints can take the form of an authority figure or a digital interface; and that human interaction, perhaps of the sort that comes across a chessboard, might counter it. Chess, indeed, which recurs in this narrative up to the present, had manifested in Clegg's art several years earlier, during a project for London's Freud Museum, in a sculptural chess set featuring resin replicas of Freud's cherished **antiquities**, *Everytime I Think I Have Discovered Something I Realise A Poet Has Been There Before Me* (2008). This is fitting since Freud's work is nothing if not an attempt to understand the formation of the human psyche, and Freud's text 'Creative Writers and the Daydream'—**which was Clegg's starting point for his exhibition**—finds Freud comparing the role-playing of children to conformist adults enmeshed in trivial routines, and surmising that it is artists and writers who continue to pursue the freedom of role-play.

Some play more explicitly than others, of course. Marcel Duchamp famously, if only outwardly, gave up art for chess. One might see both as allowing a great deal of lassitude within a codified structure (and certainly one might see Duchamp's works as chess moves within the genteel world of modern art, slyly pointing up its conservatism). In Clegg's hands, as gameplay moves to the fore of his work—culminating, thus far, in actual games between actual people, a fully social art—one might see both art and game collapsing together under the sign of the systemic. His art is nothing if not aware of the art that's come before, making moves in relation to it. A 2013 photograph exists, for example, of the artist and his partner playing naked on their bespoke foosball table, a clear echo of the famous photograph of Duchamp playing chess with a nude woman; the finalists' chess set in 'Triathlon', meanwhile, was modelled on Duchamp's Buenos Aires set, which he designed himself and had made with local Argentinian craftsmen.

More than this, though, the conversation Clegg's art takes up with the past—with classical painting and with modernist and postmodernist art, from Duchamp to his neon works to his Warhol-echoing self-portraits on US money bags—might be seen to constitute, itself, an alternative, self-designed system to live through, the artworld as a place where one might be relatively free yet work within limitations that give your moves meaning and contingent value. 'I must create a system or be enslaved by another man's,' William Blake famously wrote. One might create that system in a relativistic manner, aware that a system is all it is, a scaffold to get through life, not a set of truths. That system might, in part, simply define itself in the negative. In place of the hang-ups about nudity that legendarily derive from Adam and Eve, picture yourself and your partner naked. In place of a culture that invites people to communicate only through screens and fake identities, bring them together.

III.

Another arc has structured Clegg's work thus far: a progressive expansion from the wall—paintings—to the open space of the gallery—sculptures—to the open space of the world—social events. When he moved to New York, he began working increasingly in three dimensions, beginning with *The Owl Is Not What It Seemed* (2013), an open birdcage, dangling from an angled metal pole, fashioned from disassembled chairs sourced from Norwich State Asylum, Connecticut, which had been demolished sixteen years before, accompanied by a silkscreen print of a downed owl. The title adapts a famously elliptical line from *Twin Peaks*, which, in David Lynch's beloved TV series, is never clarified; here the owl, like one of Clegg's puppets or toys, could be dead or just waiting. How you parse that, in relation to the owl as a symbol of wisdom, and to the asylum as a constraining institution, is up to you. As is whether you bring *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* into it. (If you fleetingly see Jack Nicholson here, he recurs in *All Work and All Play* (2013), which features both Norwich furniture and mutates the famous phrase that Nicholson's character writes, over and over, in the default asylum that is the Overlook Hotel in *The Shining*. Clegg is, by his own admission, obsessed with cinema.)

Brick dust and wood from the Norwich asylum served as the materials for another transmutation: *All good ideas arrive by chance – said Max*

(2013), a set of chess pieces on a handmade board (the wooden pieces made from an asylum door, the board from a window, suggesting possible escape), its title quoting Max Ernst and its form mirroring the chess set Ernst made in 1944. A parallel work, made from brick dust and wood from Clegg's destroyed London studio (and the aforementioned finalists' board used in Brooklyn), was titled *All chess players are artists – said Marcel* (2013). Evidence suggests that the first move into real-world activity came when Clegg played chess—'for money'—in Union Square, New York, using the Ernst board, shadowing Duchamp's own public chess activities and nesting, if you like, his system of living within Duchamp's own. The movement into games, in turn, came when Clegg arrived in America after living in an isolated manner in Cornwall for several years and saw how deeply the Internet, and social media particularly, was isolating people, replacing one-to-one encounters with low-stakes negotiations between avatars.

So here he is, out in the park, no avatar, with his chessboard. Chess is life in microcosm: strategy, planning ahead, knowing when to sacrifice now something for long-term interests. It's living within an external set of rules, but ones that don't have the damaging force of, say, religious injunctions—a set of rules you might choose to live by once you've rejected the idea that life has a transcendent meaning. Chess is also, of course, *social*. What could be realer, in the digital era, than playing a game with a stranger? (One thing that could be realer, Clegg's art suggests, is playing a game fabricated from materials redolent of a controlling institution, bringing not just present-ness but history into the mix. Call it redemption. What we have here is not an embodied argument but a poetics of intersecting aspects: real-world communal experience versus solitary digital remove, breaking things down and remaking them, and a background condition of constraint and confinement. You can move among those aspects and recombine them as you like, like moving opposing pieces around a board—this is part of the freedom of Clegg's work.

What else recurs, recombines, gives this practice a securing internal structure of its own? Language, the Word, shows up at the outset—the scribbled 'Drawing Studio' on the boards—but not until a few years later, in works like *Don't Even Ask* (2010), do engraved phrases begin to appear on Clegg's wooden frames, looking not unlike the texts on hymnal boards (indeed, one of them, *Logos, Ethos*, actually is a hymnal board) but with rather different resonances. They bifurcate meaning. *Don't Even Ask* offers both a refusal and a sigh, *Honest to God* (2011) has a couple of readings,

and by the time of *Fuck the World / For the Win* (2013)—rendered as the popular hashtag ‘FTW’, which can signify either, and carved into a paint-splattered studio chair—the text marks Clegg’s full engagement with social media and its privations. *Reverse Psychology*, from 2012, implicitly reflects the artist’s education, staging a conflict between image and object: it featuring the Freudian triumvirate of ‘Ego’, ‘Id’ and ‘Superego’ carved backwards into the surfaces of an Edwardian school desk.

In Clegg’s neons, which he began to make partly as a response to being in America, where neon perpetually serves the cause of advertising, words twist plaintive. They refuse to sell. They become gnomic messages in bottles, sent out from a seeming isolation while turning language electric, even nostalgic given the medium and the physicality of the words: see *It was the Abyss of Human Emotion* (2013) or *ARTIFICIAL* (2013), each letter spelled out individually on a glass bulb within a glass, a marooning within a marooning. Words, enriched with ambivalence, also matter here because social media is a culture that both dematerialises language and puts it first—Twitter alone piling up, according to 2013 statistics, over a quarter of a million messages per minute—and diminishes it while it also diminishes experience. Its conventions and memes throttle unique thought. See *Think B 4 U Write* (2012), carved into that supreme melancholy anachronism, the letter rack; or the scything *Eating>Thinking* (2013) engraved in what looks like a copper church collection plate. Attenuated language, necessitated by the constraint that is a 140-character count, reduces complex feelings to hashtags, friendship to ‘likes’ and followers, and experience to posting images—again, with hashtags—of where you’ve been. What matters is not that you were there, but that you Instagrammed it: see Clegg’s sardonic, blaring neon in the Joshua Tree desert, *#IWASTHERE* (2013).

The phrase that he’s deployed the most is, perhaps, his most purposefully ambiguous: *THE END*. In *I Hope We Never Die, So Do I, Do You Think There Is Any Chance of It?*—the title from dialogue at the end of *The Lion in Winter*—Clegg took eighty-one birth certificates and, productively destructive once more, cut out from each the letters ‘The End’, spelled out in an end-title from a film made in the year of the **individual’s** birth, fronting the array with tiers of old cinema seats. It’s evident here that he aims to crack open a widescreen, potentially emotive, humanly connecting space between text and ground. Subjectivity encouraged—thought encouraged—you’re invited to imagine that person’s life as a film, to enter into the space between. The death-and-taxes realities of life, compressed here, couldn’t

be further from the escapism of online existence and the idea that we’re all going to achieve immortality by commenting on, or otherwise documenting, our every minor moment and uploading it to the cloud.

Couldn’t be further unless, of course, you’re engaged in the lives of others while they’re actually there. In 2014, at the Brooklyn Museum, for the dinner of the annual Brooklyn Artists Ball, Clegg installed *Until the Cows Come Home*, a circular table-and-chairs setup in bright Mondrian colours, in which the outer seats spin around so that the social environment is constantly mobile. Here, the attention-deficit, Chatroulette-shaped mind-set of a younger generation is seemingly catered for in the real world, and anomie—ideally—goes into reverse.

After comparing such a work to, say, the paintings that Clegg continues to make, one might see him as emblematically post-medium. Few are the artists, however (in fact, he’s the only one I can think of) who are reflexive about the twenty-first-century artist’s expanded tariff of formal options in the way that Clegg is. Stylistic freedom feeds directly back into his art’s theoretic architecture, where it reveals itself as not necessarily freedom at all but, rather, another question, another ambivalence. Choice, though Clegg makes the most of it, can be paralysing: the average citizen of the west today, we know, has the potential to navigate not only hundreds of television and cable channels and hundreds of millions of websites (themselves exploding, as with say Spotify or Netflix or YouTube, into innumerable sub-choices), but also a glittering myriad of ethical positions and prêt-à-porter lifestyle options. The artist’s ‘freedom’ might capsule all of that and wrap it in explicit, neo-existential anxiety. But then, because Clegg’s art always has the possibility to go two ways, a choose-your-own-interpretative-adventure for the viewer, it turns into a meal, or a game, or a burst of aesthetic pleasure; you’ll probably see lights and colours, and you could win a prize, and you just might find a real friend.

THE INTERVIEW GAME

Oliver Clegg and Sina Najafi

When Olly asked me if I would be interested in conducting an interview for this monograph, I responded with an idea that felt aligned with Oliver's own artistic practice. Given Olly's interest in games and in chance, it seemed that a traditional interview should be eschewed in favor of an interview game of sorts, one that could happily incorporate chance. But I'd also seen—for example, in the all-day games "Triathlon" that he had organized for Cabinet magazine's event space in Brooklyn—how sociality itself is an artistic material in much of Olly's work. It seemed fitting, therefore, that the questions should also be an occasion for sociality, and not just consist of whatever came to one person's mind.

With all these criteria in mind, I proposed that we ask a large number of Olly's friends to send me three questions each, to which I would also add my own. All these questions would then be placed inside a hat or raffle drum (or tombola, as the British call it) and pulled out randomly during the interview. Games become games, of course, in part through the pressure of time, and so it also seemed crucial to formalize the interview game by limiting the time that Olly would have for his responses.

When all the questions had arrived, it became clear that one could, more or less, divide them into questions that needed longer responses and those that should be answered very quickly if they were to have their intended impact. With that in mind, I divided them into two piles, and suggested to Olly that we divide the interview game itself into two halves.

So it was that one early Sunday afternoon last summer, Olly arrived at Cabinet's event space, armed with a beer and his brand-new tombola, to face his friends' randomly selected questions. I was just finishing my lunch, for which I had bought, for good luck, a dried sausage made by the Brooklyn-based Olli company. The below is a very lightly edited transcript of that afternoon's discussion.

—Sina Najafi

The Interview Game: First Half

SN: I am wondering if questions in the first section should have a three-minute max response time. What do you think? Three minutes is like a pop song. Maybe that's nice.

OC: I feel maybe shorter?

SN: Two minutes? There are a lot of questions.

OC: I feel ... *(chewing on a piece of Olli dried sausage)*.

SN: Or I could give you an hour for all of them and you could decide how to divide the time. You could blow your hour answering one question if you want.

OC: I think that is a better way.

SN: Right, let's do one hour.

OC: I feel both are good challenges because if you did the two-minute version, then I would be trying to get it all into two minutes, and with the one-hour version, I might be able to answer all of the questions with the first one.

Laughter.

SN: And the game will turn into an exam.

OC: OK, so how are we going to do this? Spin and record?

SN: So, the first thing I want to put on tape is a confession: I have already fortified myself with Olli

salami before you arrived, so I am going to be at an advantage here compared to you.

OC: And I have a Sankaty light lager from Nantucket.

SN: The light Nantucket Lager won't be of much help to you either.

OC: Yes, it tastes like it comes from Nantuttet. Nantucket?

SN: Nantucket? If you are going to become an American, you will need to know where Nantucket is. Alright, Olly, why do you think we're doing this interview like this?

OC: I think there are a couple of reasons why we decided on this format. The idea for doing the interview this way was really your decision—based on our previous experiences working together and my first meeting with your wife Nina at the Brooklyn Museum. Interestingly, you have never been to my studio!

SN: I've read some interviews, so I know how you talk about your painting.

Laughter.

OC: Very badly, ha ha. I feel that the two contexts in which you understand my work are through the games "Triathlon" I organized at Cabinet, and through the spinning table I made as a commission for the Brooklyn Museum gala. Nina, who I had at that point never met, was also asked to make a table for the gala and she came up to me and said, "You must be Olly; Sina told me to look out for you." And I was like, 'How on earth did you know it was



me?” And she said that when she explained to you what the different artists were doing, you said “That sounds like something Oliver Clegg would do,” which is funny because some of my practice has become so ... I’m not really answering the fucking question!

SN: You’re not blowing your hour yet. Let’s say this is the preamble.

OC: So I feel that your understanding of me is through this notion of games and play.

SN: Yes, and a lot of your work is about sociality and the attention you pay to all the details—which I saw in the games “Triathlon” event—shows a real sense of generosity. I think hospitality and friendship are very important to you, which is why I wanted to get your friends involved.

OC: That is a key point; to make people realize that you can still enjoy yourself socially without having to be constrained by certain digital platforms. That Instagram, Facebook, or email are not the only ways you can enjoy yourself (*burps*).

SN: is that a sausage burp or a beer burp?

Laughter.

SN: Luckily we are sitting far away from each other here. Let the games begin.

OC: Who picks, you or me?

SN: I’m going to pick and just like a game, you have an hour to play. And if you want to pass on a question, you can do that by saying “next.”

OC: I’ll say “pass.”

SN: OK, you say “pass” but the questions you pass on, I’ll put back into the tombola so that if we run out of questions, you can’t get away from them. Can I get the key to the tombola?

OC: I’ll wait for an hour and then give you the keys.

SN: This is not going so well.

Tombola is spun and Sina opens its plastic door with a small key.

SN: Alright. Are you ready, Olly?

OC: I’m ready!

SN: Let’s start.

Sina’s phone buzzes; he has received an email.

SN: Who’s Matt Price?

OC: Has he just sent something through?

SN: Yes, but too late. Let’s leave it like this.

OC: But he’s the editor of the publishing house that is publishing the book.

SN: Oh, really. Shall I check? Nah, fuck him. It’s long past the deadline.

OC: Just see what it says anyway.

SN: (*with the tone of a schoolmaster*) We’ll never get through this, Olly.

OC: Yeah, I know, I just ... he would be so devastated if he didn't get ...

SN: Ok, I see what he's written. He is just thanking me for including the questions he'd sent.

OC: OK, great.

SN: Do you want to cut out the bit where I said, "fuck him," or shall we leave it in?

Both laugh.

OC: Yeah, exactly. Thanks for publishing this interview but fuck it. No, no, he's a ...

SN: Ok, alright, ready?

OC: Oh wait, you weren't recording?

SN: What?

Sina is playing around with the timer on his cell phone.

OC: You weren't recording.

SN: I'm keeping time. You're doing the recording.

The tombola is spun again and almost falls off its stand.

OC: Let's try and not break the tombola.

SN: Here's the first question. It's in the third person: "His father's passing had a big impact on him & subsequently his work. Olly seemed to dive inward at this moment, producing self-portraiture, etc. that

often uses his life experiences as a subject. How does his new role as a father affect the work?"

OC: Sounds like a question from my wife.

SN: Do you want to pass on this one?

OC: No, no, I can answer it. I would say that the impact of being a father has had a more profound effect on my life-philosophy—as opposed to my work—and this is because our child is only six months old, and also because I haven't been able to do very much work!

OC: When I told Nina there were a lot of questions about fatherhood, she said, "Well, he probably hasn't made any work since becoming a father!"

Laughter.

OC: Well, I think it is kind of yes and no. Suddenly there is this obligation to support more people and of course there is this greater responsibility, so I suppose there is this sense of sorting out the wheat from the chaff: Am I doing stuff that has integrity or not? Or am I going to actually make work with less integrity in order to try and make more money in order to support the family? I definitely spend more productive time in the studio during the time that I am in the studio because I have only certain amounts of time that I can see my daughter. I'll arrive at the studio at a certain time and by 5 o'clock, because I know that she is going to bed at 7 o'clock, I've got to get home because I want to spend my second hour with her.

SN: Do you focus more?

OC: I feel there is more focus, but I don't know whether designing the process in order to make it more efficient is necessarily a good thing. You may have actually spent five days not doing anything, then have your best idea at home in the shower. Next!

SN: Time is a great editor, for sure!

OC: *(bad Irish accent)* For sure, for sure.

SN: Here is another one that is sort of about your background. "Has the fact of moving from London to New York made you look at the art world and its evolution differently? Which are the main differences between being an artist in Europe and in the US?"

OC: How do I answer this without upsetting someone? I feel that Europe and America are very different beasts and there are so many possible responses I could give to this question. I suppose that for me the general optimistic attitude of Americans, and maybe New Yorkers, with their supportive and open network, has been an easier thing to deal with than in Europe, where everything feels more established, traditional, and closed. In America, everything is new—it is all very trend-based. So I feel that the people in New York are seemingly less concerned with their relationship to historical precedence and more concerned about the immediate present and their relationship with future and progress. Optimism is something that drives future prospects, whereas pessimism is something that comes from perspective and past experience.

SN: I like pessimism.

OC: Well then, you should move to England!

SN: Next question. "Which period within history would you most liked to have lived in as a working artist and why?"

OC: *(Sighs.)* Well...

SN: You can't say the present.

OC: I feel ... umm. I mean, I suppose this kind of changes... *(hesitates and struggles to answer)*. I feel like I am getting quite hot actually. Can I get up?

SN: It's a very steamy room.

OC: I was sprinting at the beginning...

SN: It's a little bit like the English TV show *Mastermind*, no? You're in the hot seat. Do you want me to turn off these lights?

OC: Are they making us hot?

SN: Yes, it would be cooler without them.

OC: You can turn off all the lights, actually.

Sina turns off the lights in the room.

SN: Better?

OC: Yes, that's actually way cooler already. I feel like we are in a Vermeer painting, with the light just coming into the room from the side door.

SN: Just so the reader knows, we're now sitting in pitch black here. We can't see each other.

Laughter.

OC: Exactly, I'm going to sneak out now. What period in history would I most like to have been an artist in? I feel that it would definitely be the twentieth century. I feel that pre-twentieth-century artists were always serving a purpose, either for the church or for royal or aristocratic patronage—confined to making portraiture, or history or religious paintings. I am interested in when artists began to liberate themselves from the subservient bonds of patronage towards a freer conceptual...

SN: autonomy?

OC: exactly.

SN: Do you want to pick one moment? Impressionism?

OC: Well, I don't think it would be impressionism, although I do like the romanticism of impressionists sitting in bars and drinking absinthe.

SN: You do have that light beer in front of you.

OC: I have a Nantucket lager. Maybe it's surrealism—the idea of being part of a group that was deliberately revolting against the rationality that fundamentally created World War I. I like the idea of art rebelling against civil logic with the idea of bringing about change. I also like the fact that these anarchists still wore suits and were acting to some extent in a civilized and proper manner. Formal anarchy.

SN: The avant-garde that wears suits is usually more interesting than the avant-garde that...

OC: ...has tattoos.

SN: In my opinion. Ready for the next one? "Where do you get your content from? In particular, I'm curious about the characters, like Mickey Mouse. Why do they enter the work?"

OC: With these toys, I was ultimately interested in two things: in the conceptual decision to paint these subjects, but also in painting objects that would be both fun and interesting to paint. My training as a portrait painter in a very specific style lacked any consideration of concept. I was shown a way of making form interesting via contour and a sense of various rhythms, of paint, of light and dark, and of line via convex or concave movement. When Disney characters started appearing as subject matter in my work, they also had an immediate resonance with people. There would be situations when an onlooker would say, "I used to have that toy; it makes me think of this part of my childhood." That was also an incentive in painting these subjects, if they were able to make people think about their own past or about the past in general.

So with Mickey Mouse, it became a subject that a lot of people knew and understood. There wasn't a specific moment when I said, "I am going to paint Disney toys," but I think Disney also had a personal resonance for me in the same way that it resonates with our generation. Mickey is an icon for our generation beyond just being the toy or cartoon that everyone had.

These physical toys and objects still exist in the same way, the image of the icons prevail—and they point to the idea that you can move on from things but do they ever go away? Not just physically but

also in terms of ideas and philosophy. As we move into a digital era that has overcome everyone, does it mean that religion is no longer important? Does it mean that spirituality is no longer relevant? Should we still even be superstitious or not? Just because we don't think about these things in the same way does not mean they are not important anymore. In the same way that a child grows up and leaves behind his toy, which then gets put into a box. What would normally happen is that the box is opened by another generation: "This is my grandfather's toy," etc. These days I feel that we are handing less and less down to the next generation as so many things are just getting lost in a transient digital abyss.

SN: There are a couple of questions in here about psychoanalysis—maybe they will come up....

OC: Let's hope.

SN: I recently saw a great show about Chuck Jones. Do you know him?

OC: Yeah (*he says with uncertainty*).

SN: There was a lot of stuff in the show about the form and stance of Bugs Bunny's feet...

OC: Oh, yeah (*he says more confidently*).

SN: which he stole from Degas's ballerina paintings.

OC: What, the guy who drew Bugs Bunny? (*suddenly piecing together what Sina is talking about*).

SN: Yes. Next one: "How do you employ humor in your recent work?"

OC: I suppose I have a problem with art that takes itself too seriously and I think one of the big changes in my work over the last few years has been to try and allow more people into the ... I'll try to explain it differently: The foosball tables, chess sets, spinning tables, were all ways of creating artworks that were immediately more accessible. With the games day at Cabinet, it was a case of, "Let's do a games triathlon that anyone can come along to." I might make some allusions to what the larger context is by getting someone like Jamieson Webster to write the text for the accompanying brochure. Whether people read it or not, I don't really care; it's kind of irrelevant. They had the option, though. I didn't want to say, "If you don't give a shit about the concept, then you are not invited." No, you can come and participate, and if five years down the line, you get interested in what this was all about, then that is fine too. I feel that humor similarly offers options; it suggests that you can find something funny, on the one hand, but that maybe there is also a more serious side. I feel that the toy paintings were always about balances: light and dark, past and present, accidental marks and deliberate marks, and there was humor versus melancholia.

Humor is great because it exists in this kind of bifarious way—in a situation with two people approaching the same joke, one person may find it funny and the other may find it offensive. I think the riskiness of using humor as a medium is part of the attraction in employing it; there is a thin line between appropriateness and inappropriateness, funny and unfunny. To me, humor is one of our faculties as human beings. I felt that much of the work before my father's death six years ago and following it was deeply melancholic. I feel that coming to America was...

Interruption. Someone enters the Cabinet space through the side entrance.

SN: Sorry; we are not open.

The visitor gives a friendly nod and leaves.

OC: So I feel ... Hi.

A second visitor walks in.

SN: We are not open now.

Sina walks over and locks the door.

OC: Can we leave it open?

SN: Sure?

OC: Yeah, I don't mind, I kind of like it. They aren't being rude.

Sina unlocks the door and sits back down at the table.

OC: I have always had a strong sense of humor but it just wasn't coming out in the work.

SN: So has America lightened you up?

OC: I think it just made me realize that I don't need to take myself so seriously and there are a lot of things in American culture that are simply not very serious. But I also don't think I use humor just for the sake of making a senseless joke. I often use puns in my text pieces and I think their possibility of multiple interpretations—sometimes conflicting—is a good way of understanding what attracts

me to them.

SN: Next?

OC: Yeah.

SN: Alright. "Schoolroom relics seem to populate your work. How telling is the choice of these found objects and how formative do you think this period was for you?"

OC: I am going to try and answer these questions much quicker now. My feeling was that the school stuff is something that from the outset.... Let's just go "Next" on that, I don't think we really need that one.

SN: OK.

OC: It will probably come up again. We can edit out me saying "next," can't we?

SN: This one is funny, very precise. Give me a quick answer to this: "What is the percentage split between serious and fun in your work?"

OC: 50–50.

SN: Excellent. This is a multipart question: "Has American culture been creeping into your work since you've been working here? Or is it more an Internet-driven thing, like many artists working today. Can you say, for example, that you're a British artist?"

OC: I think when you are go anywhere, you arrive weighed down by your previous attitudes, and then as you slowly fall in love with a place, you change in

order to become a team member and your attitude begins to adapt for practical reasons as well. I am definitely in the second phase now, having started to say "waaahder" instead of "wohter" and "sub-way" rather than "tube." I feel that I am an individual who is responsive to environment. When I was living in London, I was making a certain type of work. When my father died and we moved to Cornwall, we were living isolated in a remote part of England and I made a very specific type of work that related to that—very personal and related also to the fact that I was working in the small dining room of the house that we lived in. Then moving to New York, we moved to a bigger space and I started conceiving work in three dimensions. There was also a lot of advertising, neon signs, and all these things that slowly began to inform the way that I would make decisions in order to express my sentiments about who was Oliver Clegg the artist (British or not) living in 2012/2013. In response to the question as to whether I feel that I am still a British artist, yes 100 percent, although I haven't been back to England at this point for three years.

SN: Next one. "Is it ethical for the interviewer to ask the interviewee to solicit question from his friends?" That's a hard-hitting question!

Laughter.

OC: If it hadn't been a mutual decision, it could have been problematic but we agreed on this idea together, so I am sure that it's ok.

SN: "When did you first become interested in art?"

OC: At school, it was the subject that I enjoyed because there would always be a double class, and

there was pretty much no homework.

SN: What kind of art was it? Drawing?

OC: We made a variety of different stuff; there was always painting, and sculpture often constituted of just making stuff out of clay. There was clearly an early interest in these art classes; I was terrible at the sciences and good at art. But an interest in conceptual art was a much later thing for me.

SN: "Do you believe that being an artist is a choice, or is it something involuntary such as breathing?"

Olly hesitates.

SN: Do you think you could do something else?

OC: I don't know, I think that I am too far down the road at this point. Not only am I completely unemployed now, but I do know that when I made the decision at the age of twenty-six to commit fully to a career as an artist, it was because nothing else that I tried really satisfied my creative side. Whether it is an absolute necessity for me, it is hard to tell because I can't think of myself doing anything else.

SN: "Would it be fair to say that your work is quite an honest reflection of your own personality?"

OC: I would hope it would be, but I am also not going to deny the fact that it is easy to be influenced by the myriad forces that the new digital media place on you. Constantly showing you what other artists are making all the time—an incessant barrage of images and information. I think the challenge these days is to make sure your feet are locked firmly on the ground and that you focus. And this relates to

the “Are you still British?” question. I am always going to be British, I’m patriotically British, but it’s hard not to be overwhelmed by what is in front of you in both the physical and digital realms.

SN: I have a question. Do you think that artists who don’t put any of themselves in their work, who don’t show any of their subjectivity, can be brilliant?

OC: I think that is an impossibility; the fact that you are doing something individually means it’s a subjective pursuit, wouldn’t you say?

SN: I phrased it badly. So you think you know, for example, Duchamp’s subjectivity from his readymades?

OC: Yes, although that’s perhaps because I’ve also read a lot of Duchamp’s writings and interviews.

• SN: Next question. “Do you ever think of art in relation to work? Does the phrase ‘work ethic’ have a place in artistic practice?”

OC: Yes. I feel that one of the hardest things about making work or living day to day as an artist is keeping a routine and I think that a work ethic is primarily bound to having a studio space—that is already a commitment. You create a place of work and a place where you are comfortable working and where you want to go every day because effectively if you are working to a deadline and you are working for galleries and exhibitions, then you have to subscribe to their demands and schedules, so then it automatically becomes a work ethic. I think it is harder when you are just working on your own and trying to navigate through your own ideas. I know artists who only work at night playing really loud

music. I try and keep myself within a normal working day, and even more so now that I have a child.

SN: There is a quote I love from Chuck Close: “Inspiration is for amateurs; the rest of us show up at the studio every day.”

OC: Yeah, exactly.

SN: “Some works demand an audience and some work is happy to not be looked at or considered? Do you think you make both kinds of work?”

OC: Via our generation’s obsessions with social media, it seems that everyone is craving an audience these days. I’ve intentionally made pieces that I felt negated the importance of what the audience thought—the #Iwasthere sign installed in Joshua Tree for one afternoon, and the wooden “END” sign that I burned with some friends on a lake in the Catskills. I deliberately made those pieces to be experiential, unsellable. We would go to different locations and there would be maybe five or ten of us, and I would cook dinner and we would talk about whatever. We would then get up early and burn a piece of art or put a sign in the desert. There would be this very functional two hours when we would be doing this project, although the sign burning was completely unsuccessful—it didn’t burn properly! We were meant to burn it at five in the morning, and at two in the afternoon, there was me still trying to light the firework fuses.

SN: That’s very funny. Destroying art is harder than it looks.

OC: And these young directors from New York wanted to document the project and ended up making a

film basically about how not to burn a sign in a lake.

Laughter.

OC: To a certain extent, I tried to force myself to think less about the audience and more about the experience and this led the way to making pieces or doing things like the Cabinet games night, which were effectively...

SN: It was a games *day*, by the way.

Laughter.

OC: Well, it was night by the time it ended. Yeah, it made me think differently about the kind of work that I wanted to make, which would be for an audience but a specific audience *within* the experience. You wouldn’t have wanted to watch the games triathlon—most people wanted to play, and even if they came thinking they were going to be a viewer, they ended up becoming a participant. It is the same with the spinning table. The table seats thirty people and is similarly contained. You’d watch it once and think it looked fun, but actually the real enjoyment is in the participation. So there are different types of work for different kinds of contexts.

SN: Another one. “Why did you decide to save the interviewer from working by asking your friends to do his/her job?”

Laughter.

SN: Your friends are very upset that I am shirking my work!

OC: I feel that your work has been in selecting which

questions should be put in the tombola or not.

SN: Perhaps I should have been more selective? Ha.

OC: Ha, exactly, Maybe that one should not have made the grade.

SN: Sorry, whatever your friend’s name is; we’ll put in the name later.

OC: The name will not be put in. I feel that is an annoying question, so let’s move on.

SN: “How do you know when an artwork is finished?”

OC: This is a question that people often ask artists. I feel that it is kind of a strange question if you understand that the goal of the artist is an ultimately pointless personal journey. And I feel that there’s always going to be something wrong in everything you do, especially as your aspirational goalposts are always moving and changing. So the definition of work being finished is hopefully something defined by external constraints, like deadlines or boredom or something else.

SN: You think that boredom is an external constraint?

OC: Yeah, maybe. It depends what the work is. But what I am trying to say is that the defining finality for an artwork is near impossible because it may be complete to you but incomplete to someone else. For me, it is often a case of time to move on. It’s not to say that I am not happy with certain pieces.

SN: The risk is that you end up like the painter in

the Balzac short story about the unfinished masterpiece. The artist has been working forever on one painting, and finally somebody sees it, and the painting is.... I won't spoil it for you.

OC: I'm going to have to read that. I have done that this year; I've painted over the same painting so many times that by the end I didn't really know what I was trying to achieve. I think maybe it is easier to simplify your process by making a ton of sketches to just see what comes out of these very brief statements, as opposed to spending so much time on one thing that by the end you have lost interest in your initial intention.

SN: "Where does your fascination, if not fetishism, with toys and games come from?"

OC: I didn't realize my mother had put in any questions! I am sure all of these could have been asked by my mother!

SN: I reached out to your family; I didn't tell you about this.

Laughter.

SN: Fetishism; do you think you have some fetishism lurking in there somewhere!?

OC: I don't think so; I think we've answered that question.

SN: Yeah. Next. "What is your relationship to language, toys, and figures like Donald Duck? Are they related?"

OC: I feel that we have talked about the pun and

blah blah blah.

SN: "Is your art practice in any sense autobiographical?" I think you've sort of answered that too. Let's try this: "You were involved in a project with the Freud Museum. How important is psychoanalytic theory to your practice?" Now you can go back to the fetishism question.

OC: With the Freud museum, I was more interested in the space and not necessarily interested in Freud per se at the time. I thought I was just going to make paintings of children's toys. Anna Freud, who was the only one of Freud's children to carry on the mantle of psychoanalysis, lived in the house until the early 1980s. She was specifically focused on child psychoanalysis, so it seemed to be a no-brainer. But when I arrived at the museum, I was given an interrogation by the directors, who were also Freudian academics. We would sit in the tea room and they would ask, "Well, what are you going to make?" And I had come up with this idea to make a chess set, which we ended up making, but they categorically said, "Well, Freud didn't play chess, he played tarock." And so I thought, "Oh shit, I might actually have to do some proper research," and that ended with me in fact finding essays where Freud had described the mapping of memory in the mind as being like the way the knight moves in an L-shape, which means it can touch every square on the chess board once and create a zigzag pattern. So I sent the essays to the director but he said that my chess idea had lots of problems before it was even made—I had wanted to make a piece that was Freud versus the patient, but he said, "The thing about chess is that both players start at the same starting point, whereas in psychoanalysis, the doctor has the advantage of knowledge." So I ended

up suggesting that we make a chess piece using Freud's collection of antiquities instead: a game of chess with Freud against himself. At this point, there was a shift and the director sent me an essay by Freud where he compares psychoanalysis to a game of chess. The essay said that psychoanalysis was like a game of chess in the way that you can learn the beginning and end moves whereas the central section is more spontaneous. So my interest evolved out of the necessity to actually make work. I'm not sure if the kind of interrogation I got would have happened with artists such Sophie Calle, Sarah Lucas, and so on, who had previously exhibited at the museum in James Putnam-curated shows; they would probably have had a clearer idea. *(Laughs).*

I suppose my interest in Freud is therefore surprisingly accidental. I spent a year going through the Standard Edition and spent more and more time at Freud's house in order to get a sense of what I wanted to make and how it would fit into the context of the museum. The show was the first time that I had made three-dimensional work outside of the traditional gallery space and I subsequently made a body of work that was influenced by Freud and psychoanalytic theory just through the impression that the environment of the Freud museum made on me. Whether it something that has continued to influence my work is not certain, but in that context for sure.

SN: So now you're ready for this question. "Please explain the symbolism of 'la petite mort' and 'memento mori' in your work."

OC: Oh, God, what does *la petite mort* mean?

SN: Orgasm. The little death, not the big death.

OC: Oh god, I don't even know if there is any symbolism. *Memento mori* meaning the memoirs of death?

SN: A memento of death itself, a reminder of your mortality.

OC: So the question is, How does my work relate to mortality?

SN: Well, sex and death.

OC: Umm ... I feel...

SN: You can pass if you like.

OC: *(Repeats question under his breath.)* What is the symbolism of sex and death?

OC: I don't know. I suppose if you make a self-portrait of yourself with an erection, then ... I don't know. I feel I should pass on that question.

SN: Let's cater to American clichés and say you can't answer that one because you are British.

OC: I mean, what would you say? Would you say there is any symbolism?

SN: Not in the work that I know, but I don't know all your work.

Sina looks at the phone's timer.

OC: Are we done?

SN: No, eleven minutes to go. Shall I stop it? Do you

want to refresh yourself with a little Olli sausage, Olly?

OC: Yeah, let's do it.

SN: Let's stop for one minute.

Timer is switched off for one minute.

OC: There is going to have to be a lot of editing in this.

SN: I don't think so.

OC: Don't you think?

SN: No.

OC: No? OK!

SN: Ok, let's restart. "Do you feel bad about having emotional reactions to culture?"

OC: That's my wife. I know that.

SN: You will be surprised at who wrote what. I can tell you that that is not your wife, in case it will change the response.

OC: I promise you that's my wife, which is maybe why I don't understand it. *(Laughs.)* I am very opinionated and sometimes if I am asked a very straightforward question, I don't want to just give a straightforward answer, so I get into a situation where I give a very long answer that ultimately becomes negative because that is perhaps my frustration with the state of culture in the twenty-first century. So I feel ... sorry, what was the question

again, I can't remember!

SN: *(Laughs)*. Wait a minute I don't remember either. Was it about *la petite mort*? Oh no.

OC: I get emotional about...

SN: Oh, right. Do you feel bad that you get emotional about popular culture?

OC: No, it would be pretty depressing if I didn't care. I think that's my answer.

SN: Do you cry in movies?

OC: Yes, of course, but maybe the wrong ones.

SN: "What work do you see yourself making in thirty years?"

OC: That's a good question. Is it more a question of what I would like to be making, or what I see myself making? Because what I would like to be making is feature films.

SN: Oh.

OC: I would like to be working in cinema.

SN: So this entire monograph is a platform to get you out of art?

OC: No, I don't think that the two can't coexist.

SN: Are there any great artists who are also great feature filmmakers?

OC: Yeah.

SN: Who?

OC: Steve McQueen won the Oscar last year for *12 Years a Slave*. McQueen is a great artist.

SN: True. Name one more.

OC: And then you look at films like *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*.

SN: I like that film but he's not a good artist.

OC: Who, Schnabel? I actually think he's a very interesting artist—there is 100 percent integrity in his work. I feel there are lots of artists who have played around with the genre—Pierre Bismuth won best screenplay for *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*. Sometime I feel that maybe I would be a better filmmaker than artist. So I suppose that is what I would like to do, but what will I be doing? Hopefully I will still be able to just be making work, because who knows what the state of everything will be in thirty years.

SN: "You're a very social person. What, for you, are the relative virtues and limitations of visual vs. verbal communication?"

OC: That's a quite good question, actually.

SN: It came in very late today.

OC: The last one?

SN: No, but it came in very late.

OC: Well, there is a definite merit to both. Works

such as the spinning table, the foosball tables, the game day were about both. There was a sense of activity and communication, communication through the objects and the actions, but also in terms of the sociability of the experience. What I enjoyed was watching people come to the games day—particularly some of my less social friends—and then seeing them enjoying themselves, befriending people they had never met before and would maybe never see again. They had this shared experience where they communicated through the challenge and communicated through the pleasure of spending time doing this activity. I love that book *More than You Wanted to Know about John Baldessari*, which is just a few hundred ideas for pieces, where each page describes an idea for a piece of art. It is communication through words. Take, for example, a tombola placed on a table in the middle of the room, with two people talking about questions that come out of the tombola; that would be one page. Then it goes on to the next one, with pages and pages of ideas. There is this importance of imagination in understanding the...

Final-minute buzzer rings.

SN: Whoa!

OC: Maybe we should just extend it?

SN: I don't think so.

OC: I think so.

SN: That is changing the rules of the game afterwards.

OC: We're going to edit it, anyways.

SN: No, we said an hour. Rules are rules.

OC: OK, OK, OK, fine.

SN: You're wasting your...

OC: Move! Next, next.

SN: "Your work reflects some kind of longing for childhood and mirrors memories from the past.

Has there been any change in your work since you became a father?"

OC: Next, we've done that.

SN: "Your name is often associated with artists like the Chapman Brothers, Damien Hirst, etc. through group exhibitions, articles, etc. Does it make you feel..."

OC: Next.

Laughter.

SN: "How important is your family in your work?"

OC: Very important. Next.

SN: "I understand you are color-blind. How is it that your work nonetheless..."

Buzzer rings indicating the end of the hour.

SN: We've run out of time but you may answer the question.

OC: Am I allowed to answer this question?

SN: It is like *Mastermind*. Yes, I've started...

OC: So I'll finish. The answer to that is that sometimes I do get it very wrong. Obviously, the work that gets "seen" has passed the color test, which is normally decided by my wife.

SN: Is there a stash of the ones that didn't work out?

OC: Yeah, people with green faces. When I was studying painting, I was taught to paint using primary colors, so you would have yellow, blue, and red, and a black, but we were taught to use alizarin, which is very dark red. When you add your primaries together, you get grey and if you add the darkest primaries like yellow ochre, ultramarine, and alizarin, you get a colored black. When I was making very traditional landscape paintings, we were told never to use black in the landscape. You make your black through a deepening of color. I would set up my palette in a very simple way so that I knew where my colors were and if I mixed everything together, then I was going to get a grey and it was then just going to be a case of pulling the greys in different directions, making it redder, making it bluer, so ...

SN: Did you have to have someone there to tell you?

OC: Yes, my wife is often around and she is the one who says, "Are you aware that the little boy's face is green?" (*Laughter.*) My internal reassurance has always been that Turner was color-blind.

SN: Is that right?

OC: Yes, he was. But the point is that I feel that the limitation of one skill encourages the develop-

ment of another, which is perhaps why definition of form through light and tone seems a key aspect to my paintings. But with color, you can always ask someone, even though quite often you want them to confirm something that you have already decided for yourself.

SN: Alright. That's the end of part one.

OC: Do you think we've got some good ones out of there?

SN: I think so.

OC: Do you think so?

SN: Yeah, although I think that it will be a very long interview once it is typed up.

OC: Yeah, I also feel that things can be changed afterwards, can't they?

SN: Maybe.

OC: I feel that the flow is going now.

The Interview Game: Second Half

SN: Alright, let's move on to the next part. And these are going to be rapid-fire.

OC: How long have we got? Half an hour? You were so militant.

SN: Games have rules; you can't just bend them halfway through. You know that.

OC: Yeah. Give the tombola a good spin. I think you need one of these for Cabinet. All kind of decision making could just be delegated to it. I could leave this for you. Or maybe you don't need it?

SN: I don't know. No, you should take it; the moment it doesn't give me the right answer, I'd smash it. How expensive are these things?

OC: That was like eighty bucks.

SN: Wow.

OC: You can get them much cheaper, though. Do you think that's expensive?

SN: I'm a little surprised. But it has a very nice action.

OC: Yes, it does.

SN: Alright, back to it. I think that for this part, each answer should have a limit of ... what do you think?

OC: Umm, I think we go for ...

The street outside has become increasingly noisy, with people leaving an educational center next door and constantly poking their heads curiously into the Cabinet event space.

SN: I'm going to shut this door now.

OC: I was in someone's apartment the other day, and they said, "Oh, I loooove *Cabinet*" and I noticed they had the *Cabinet* compendium on their shelves, but it hadn't been removed from the shelf because it was bleached almost white along the spine.

SN: They hadn't actually read it!

OC: "I love *Cabinet* but..."

SN: OK! You've hurt me enough! I think thirty seconds per question gives us, well, there are thirty-two questions in here. So you can have up to a minute but I think that's too much because a lot of these are yes/no questions. Thirty seconds each?

OC: Let's just go, quick.

SN: Thirty seconds each?

OC: Yeah. Are we going to splice these together? Or are there going to be two sections to the interview game?

SN: I think there should be a break, because there are very different kinds of questions here.

OC: Ok, let's go.

SN: "Tell us something about you we don't already know."

OC: I can speak Italian.

SN: Ok. "Shark attack or bear attack?"

OC: Huh.

SN: "Consider your family."

OC: Is that what it says?

SN: Yes.

OC: Umm, shark attack.

SN: "If you worked on the cruise ship called *Life*, what role would you have?"

OC: House band.

SN: One-person house band?

OC: No, I would be the guitarist ... jazz.

SN: "What's with the beard?"

OC: Ha, ha. It's covering my double chin.

SN: "Which bar in New York is best for enjoying a drink during a summer thunderstorm?"

OC: The Ear Inn.

SN: "Do you give money to charity?"

OC: Yes, but unwittingly. I just can't work out how to cancel my standing orders. Actually, you definitely can't print that. Do I give money to charity? Yes, I do!

SN: "Would you rather see in black and white or one color? i.e., everything is red."

OC: Black and white.

SN: Red would suck.

OC: Yes.

SN: "What do you fear most in your life?"

OC: Dying without achieving.

SN: "If you lived on a desert island and could eat only one thing, what would it be?"

OC: Peanut butter.

SN: Aggh, you missed your opportunity to get some sponsorship money here.

OC: Oh?

SN: What would you eat on a desert island, Olly?!

OC: Olli's salami!

Laughter.

OC: From Brooklyn.

SN: "Do people in general understand your thick English accent?"

OC: Depends where I am in the world.

SN: "If I could be locked in any museum for a night, it would have to be dot dot dot because dot dot dot."

OC: The Met because there is so much to see.

SN: This is a big one. “You have strong feelings about the church ...”

OC: Do I?

SN: That’s what it says. “You have strong feelings about the church. But what are your feelings about faith and spirituality?”

OC: That should have been in the other pile. I mean that’s hard because it’s really about my work as well.

SN: Your thirty seconds is counting down.

OC: What are my feelings about faith and spirituality? I feel that it is important to have some belief system in your life, whether it is faith in playing games or faith in reading books, or faith in the mountains or faith in the sea—I don’t know. I just feel that often the dogma of religion can be...

Sina makes a loud buzzer sound to signal the end of thirty seconds.

SN: “If you could have been magically hyper-gifted in any other fields in your life, what would have been your top three picks?”

OC: Jazz pianist, painting (*laughter*), and magic tricks.

SN: “You love music. If your art fails, will you become a DJ?”

Laughter.

OC: No.

SN: “What gives life meaning?”

OC: My daughter.

SN: “How would you best describe yourself in one sentence?”

OC: I am complicated but generous. I don’t know, that’s hard!

SN: You can’t edit this section. We are doing very well time-wise, by the way. “If you could create one giant fifty-foot-tall papier maché fictional character and live inside it, who would it be and why?”

OC: A fictional character?

SN: I don’t know if they are saying you should make one up or take an existing fictional character.

OC: I’ve always loved the story of the musicians of Bremen, so it would be kind of funny to make a huge musicians of Bremen and live inside maybe the cockerel at the top.

SN: “What would you like most to be: dumb and rich, or smart and poor?”

OC: Smart and poor.

SN: “What’s the difference between surfing and making a painting?”

OC: One I can do, and one I can’t.

Laughter.

SN: W won’t ask you about that. “Would you prefer inner peace or fame?” Say fame.

OC: Inner fame.

Laughter.

SN: This is like the beard one. “Why do u wear an earring?” You is spelt “u”!

OC: Because otherwise my head would tilt to one side. It’s actually a weight.

SN: “Would you rather be an OCD germaphobe stuck in a third world country, or in a submarine with unlimited resources stuck at the bottom of the ocean for the rest of your life?”

OC: I think I would prefer to be stuck in the submarine, although neither of those options is very appealing.

SN: But you have to pick one.

OC: The submarine.

SN: Really? Ok. “What is the most surreal moment you can remember from childhood?”

OC: My problem is that since having our daughter, I keep thinking that I have experienced things that she has been experiencing in this period where you are apparently not able to remember anything—age zero to three years old. So I have actually convinced myself that I remember being born.

SN: Samuel Beckett claims he remembers that moment.

OC: I also remember being incredibly annoyed that I wasn’t given a pillow in my cot but wasn’t able to do anything about it.

SN: This goes to the next question. “Are you a grownup trapped in a child’s mind?”

OC: Yes.

Laughter.

SN: “Have you ever hunted?”

OC: No.

SN: This is an easy one. “Spaghetti Bolognese or shepherd’s pie?”

OC: I know why you say it’s easy, it’s because I have cooked shepherd’s pie for you and fifty other people, but actually I think it really depends on my mood as I love both almost equally.

SN: Do you know the story of Buridan’s ass?

OC: No.

SN: It’s about an ass that is very, very thirsty and very, very hungry.

OC: Oh, a donkey.

SN: And it has a huge vat of water over here and a huge bail of hay over there, but because he is so hungry and thirsty he can’t choose.

OC: And dies.

SN: And dies.

OC: So are you saying that if I had the option of spaghetti Bolognese and shepherd's pie, I would probably die?

Laughter.

SN: Maybe. "What is the best piece of advice you have gotten?" What was that lovely thing that your dad told you?

OC: "Time spent in reconnaissance is never wasted."

SN: Yes.

OC: I suppose those are two phrases that have always stuck with me. That, and "Speculate to accumulate."

SN: Both from your father?

OC: Both from my father.

SN: "Art or friends?"

OC: Friends.

SN: "Do you ever fantasize about your daughter being a famous artist?"

Laughter.

SN: Have you had that fantasy?

OC: Huh. Yes. Maybe. Maybe a famous musician. I would have loved to have been a musician but was never really talented or committed enough. So I may

try and force her to be one.

SN: "What's your favorite meal of the day?"

OC: My favorite meal of the day is dinner.

SN: "When thinking of sky, sea, and land, do you tend to find yourself drawn to one more than the other?" You already said the submarine at the bottom of the ocean is fine with you.

OC: I love the sea but wouldn't want to spend all my time there. I have vertigo so I don't think it would be the sky. It would just be land; a good middle ground.

SN: That's where I would be too. So we could meet each other on that land. Alright, that was our final question.

OC: Good!

SN: This was easy.

OC: Well played.

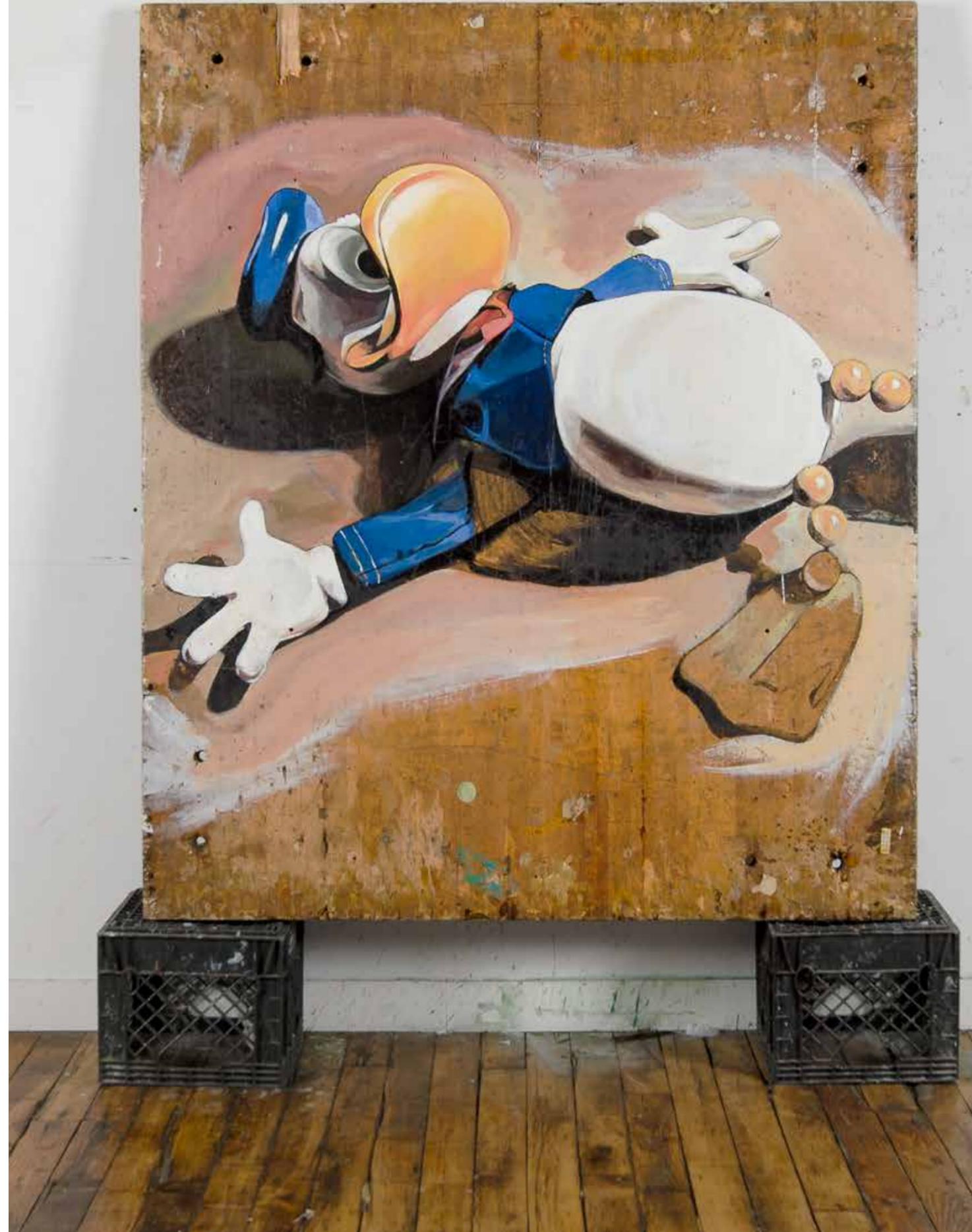
Laughter.

SN: Who won?

OC: I think I won the second round and you won the first round.

DONALD DUCK

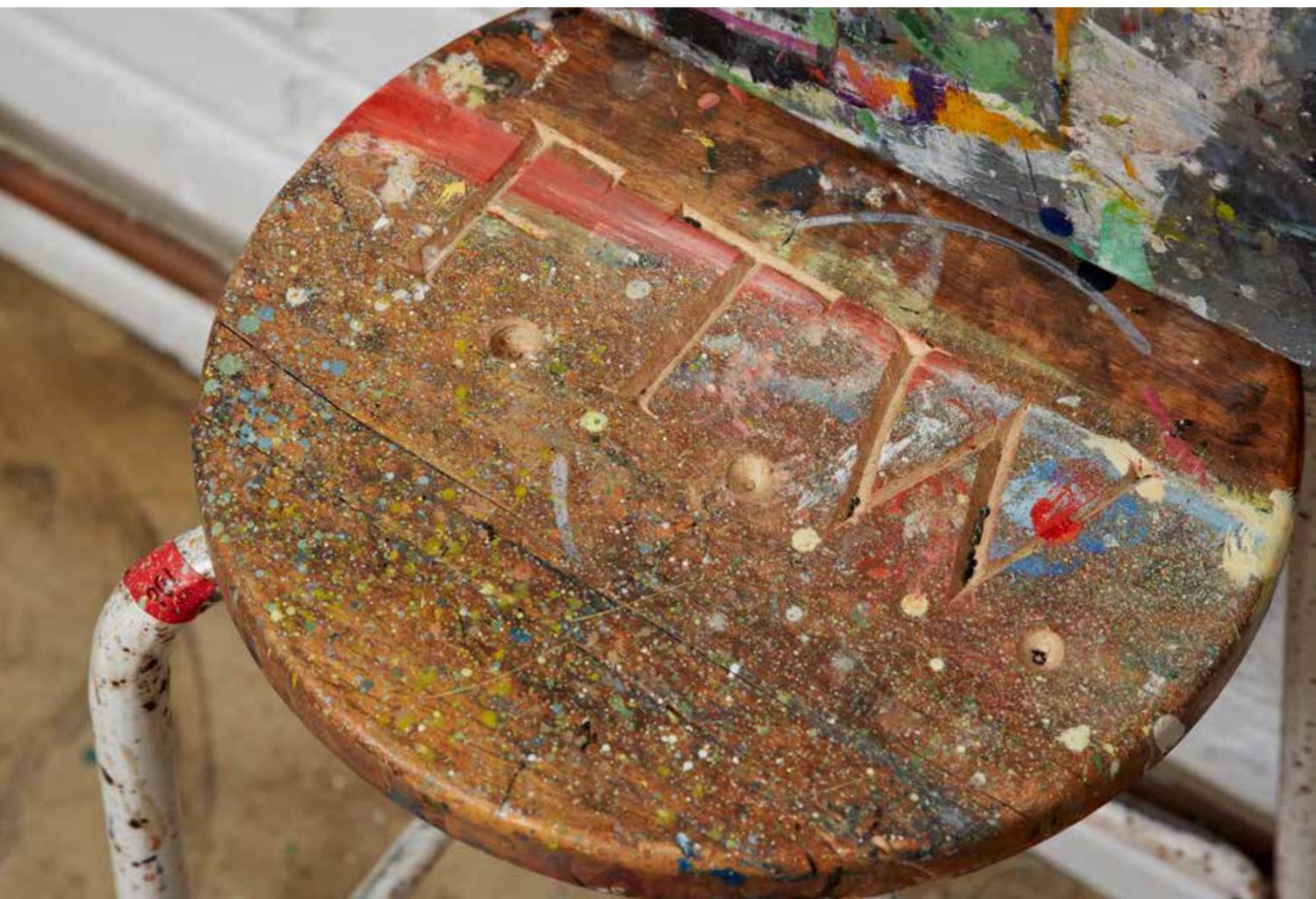
Oil on used butchers blocks / two beer crates
47¼ x 47¼ in. (120 x 120 cm)
2013



GOOFY

Oil on used drawing board
47¼ x 35½ in. (120 x 90 cm)
2006





**FUCK THE WORLD / FOR THE WIN
DETAIL**

Carving on stool
11½ x 24 in. (29.2 x 60.9 cm)
2013

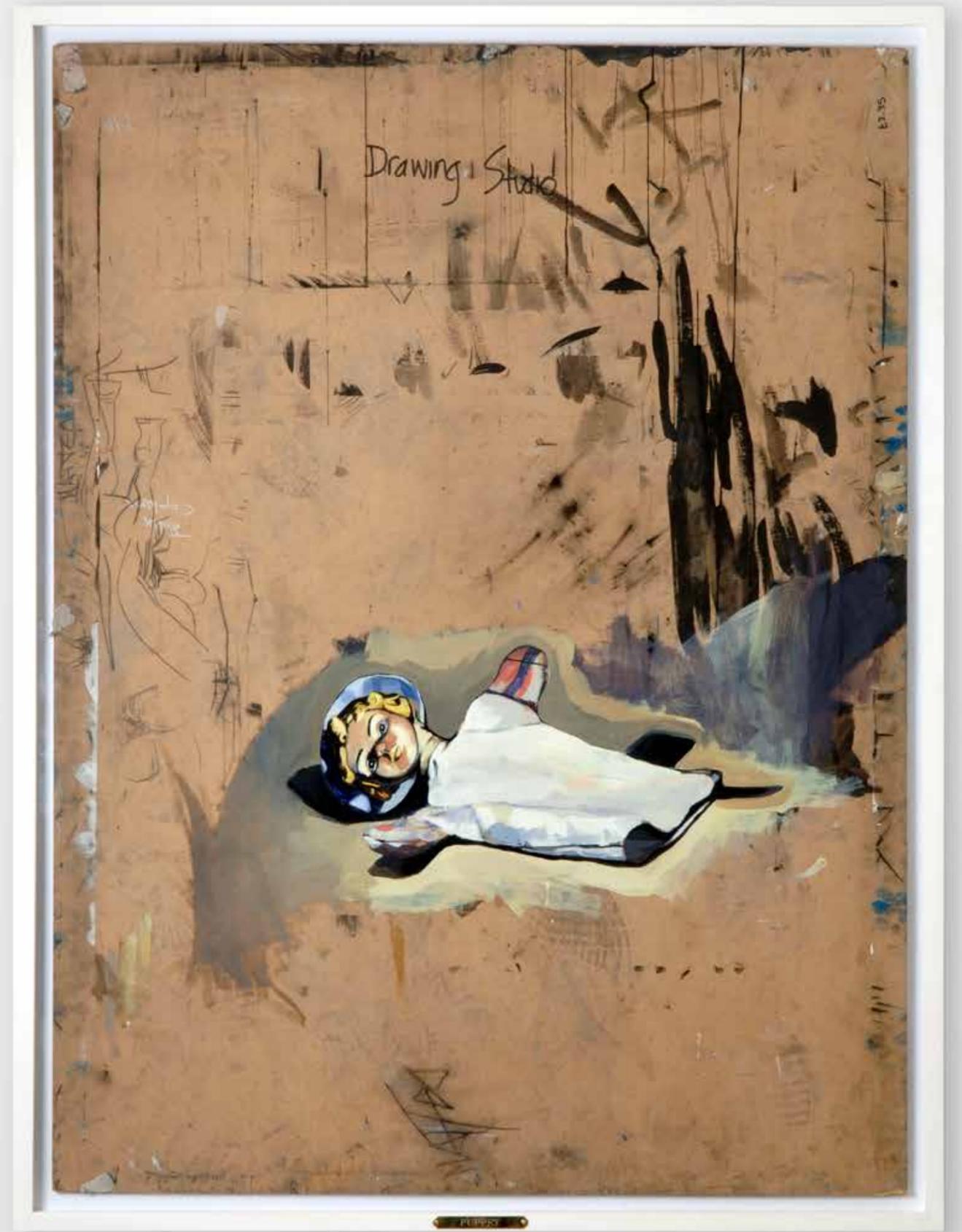


FUCK THE WORLD / FOR THE WIN

Oil on table-tops
71¾ x 48 in. (182.2 x 121.9 cm)
2013

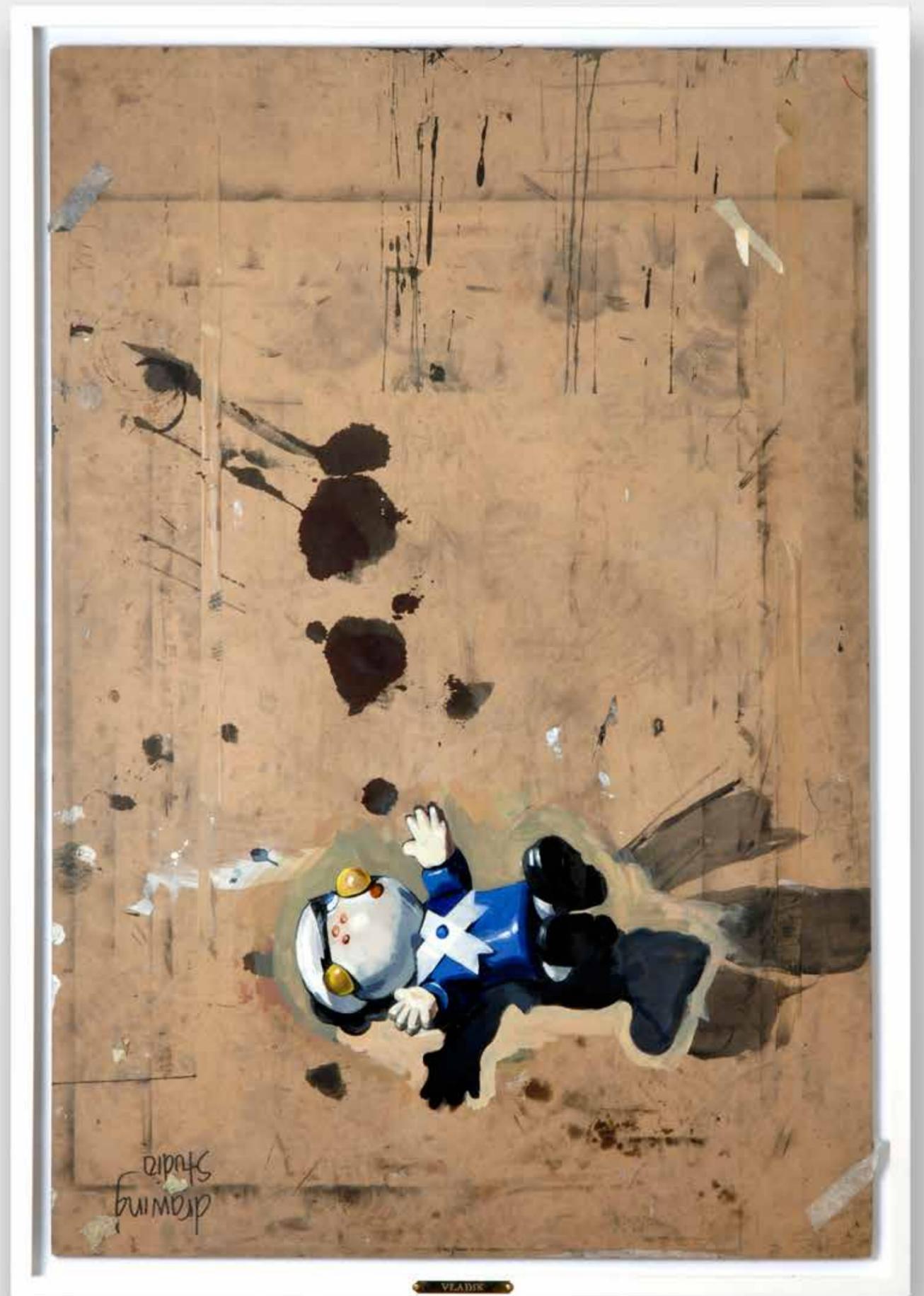
PUPPET

Oil on used drawing board
47¼ x 35½ in. (120 x 108 cm)
2006



VLADIK

Oil on used drawing board
47¼ x 35½ in. (120 x 98 cm)
2006





Pages 54–55:

**INTELLIGENCE WITHOUT AMBITION IS
LIKE A BIRD WITHOUT WINGS**

Oil on used drawing board
35½ x 23¾ in. (90 x 60 cm)
2008

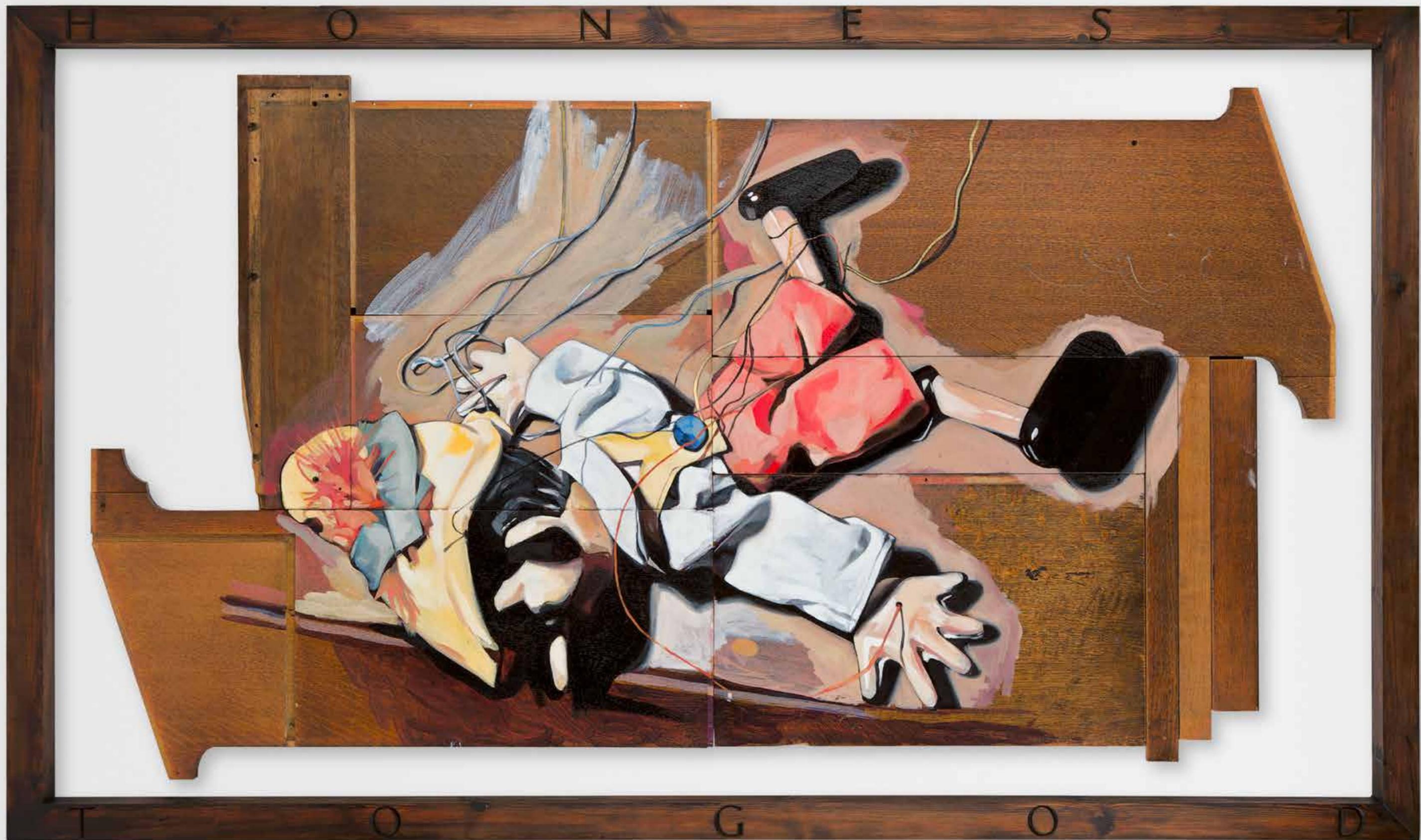
**ALL CHANGE IS NOT GROWTH, ALL
MOVEMENT IS NOT FORWARD**

Oil on used drawing board
35½ x 23¾ in. (90 x 60 cm)
2008

**THE BIRD A NEST, THE SPIDER A
NEST, THE HUMAN FRIENDSHIP**

Oil on used drawing board
35½ x 23¾ in. (90 x 60 cm)
2007





Pages 57–58:

HONEST TO GOD

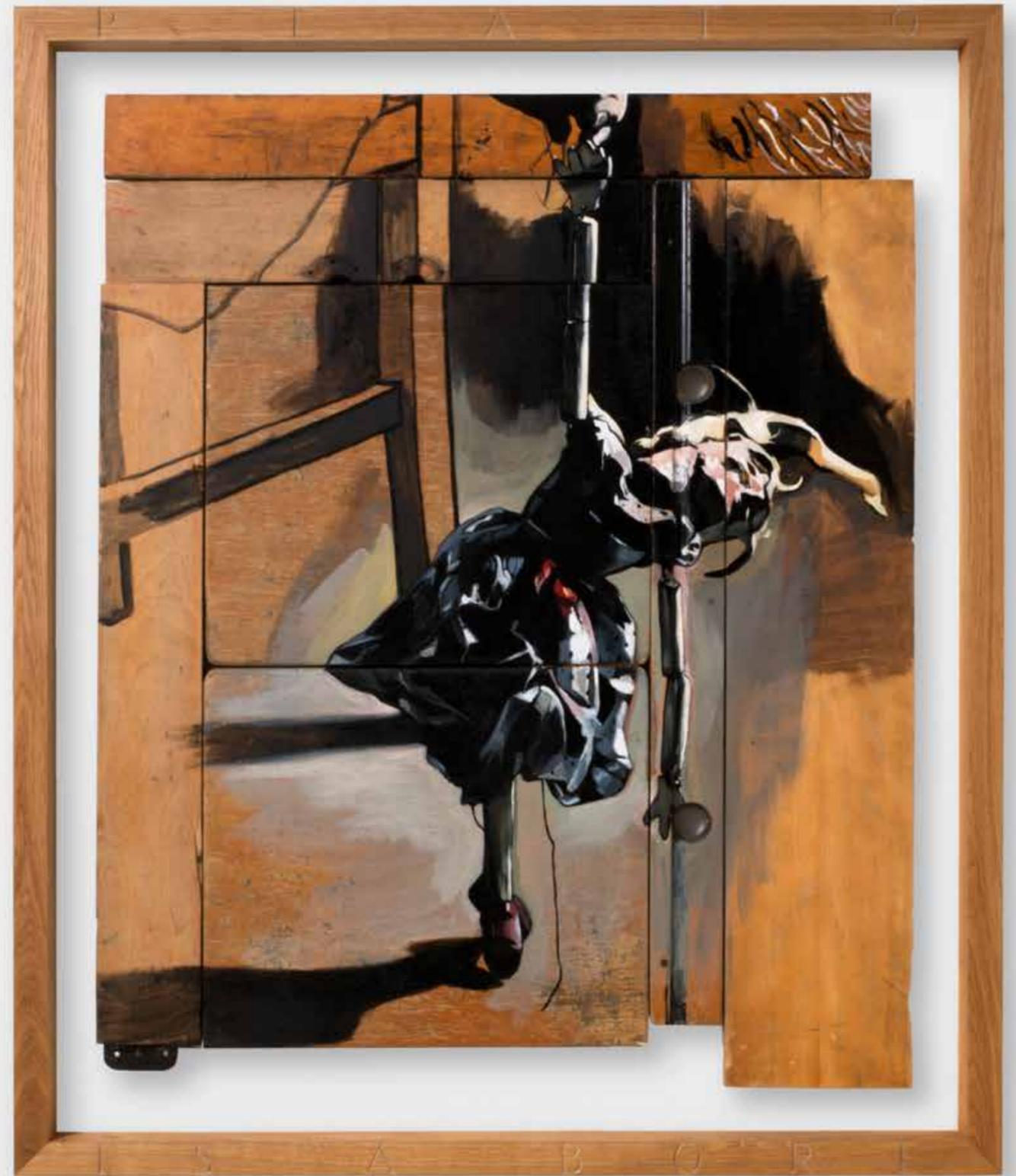
Oil on dismantled prayer desk
35½ x 51 in. (90 x 130 cm)
2011

DON'T EVEN ASK

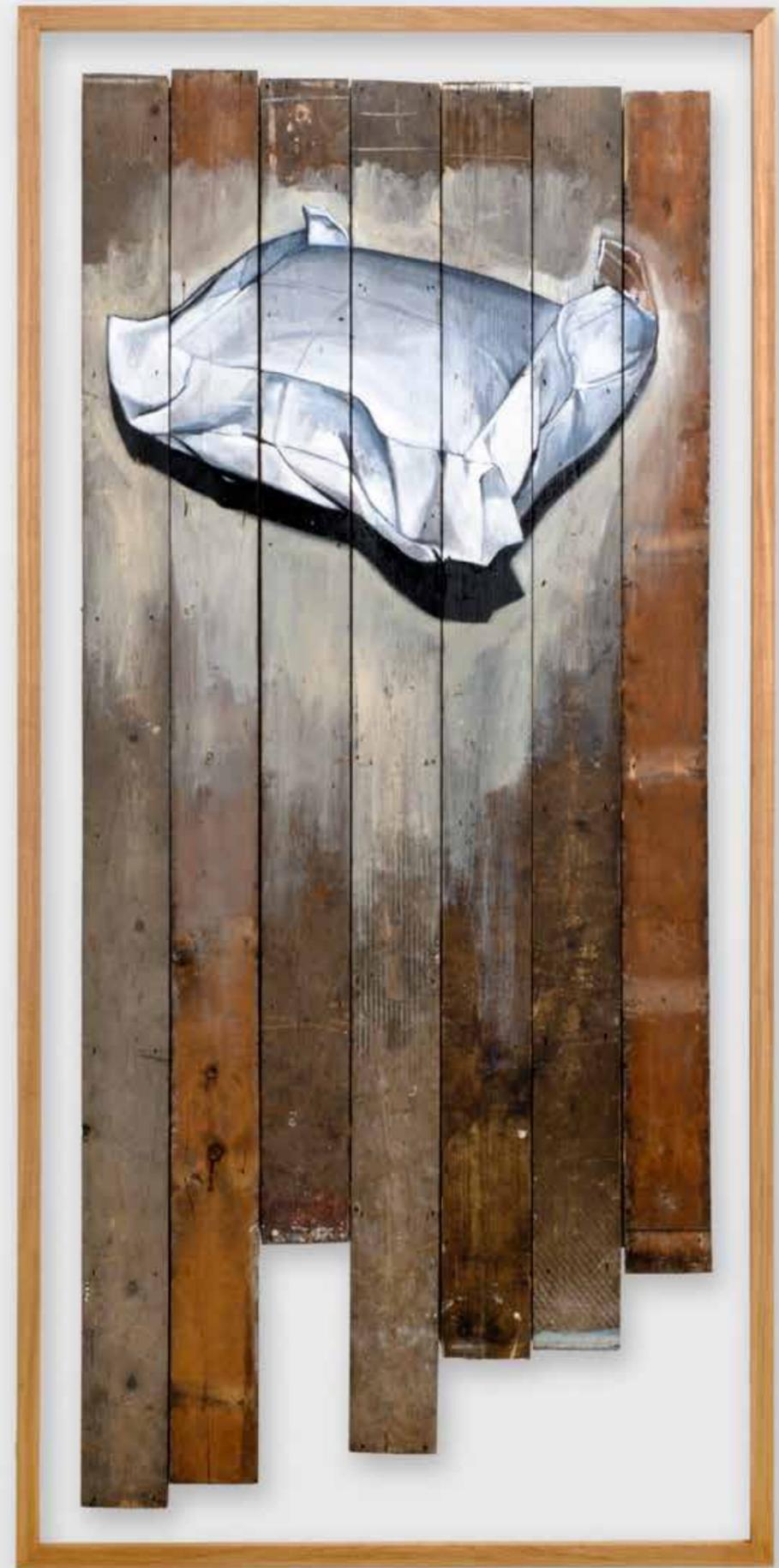
Oil on dismantled church donation box
15¾ x 15¾ in. (40 x 40 cm)
2010



PLATO IS A BORE
Oil on dismantled school desk
55 x 46½ in. (140 x 118 cm)
2011



I
Oil on floorboard from demolished church
115¼ x 56¼ in. (293 x 143 cm)
2010





Pages 66–67:

IN WORDS DROWN I

Oil on dismantled blanket chest and
artist's frame
80½ x 111½ in. (204.7 x 283 cm)
2010

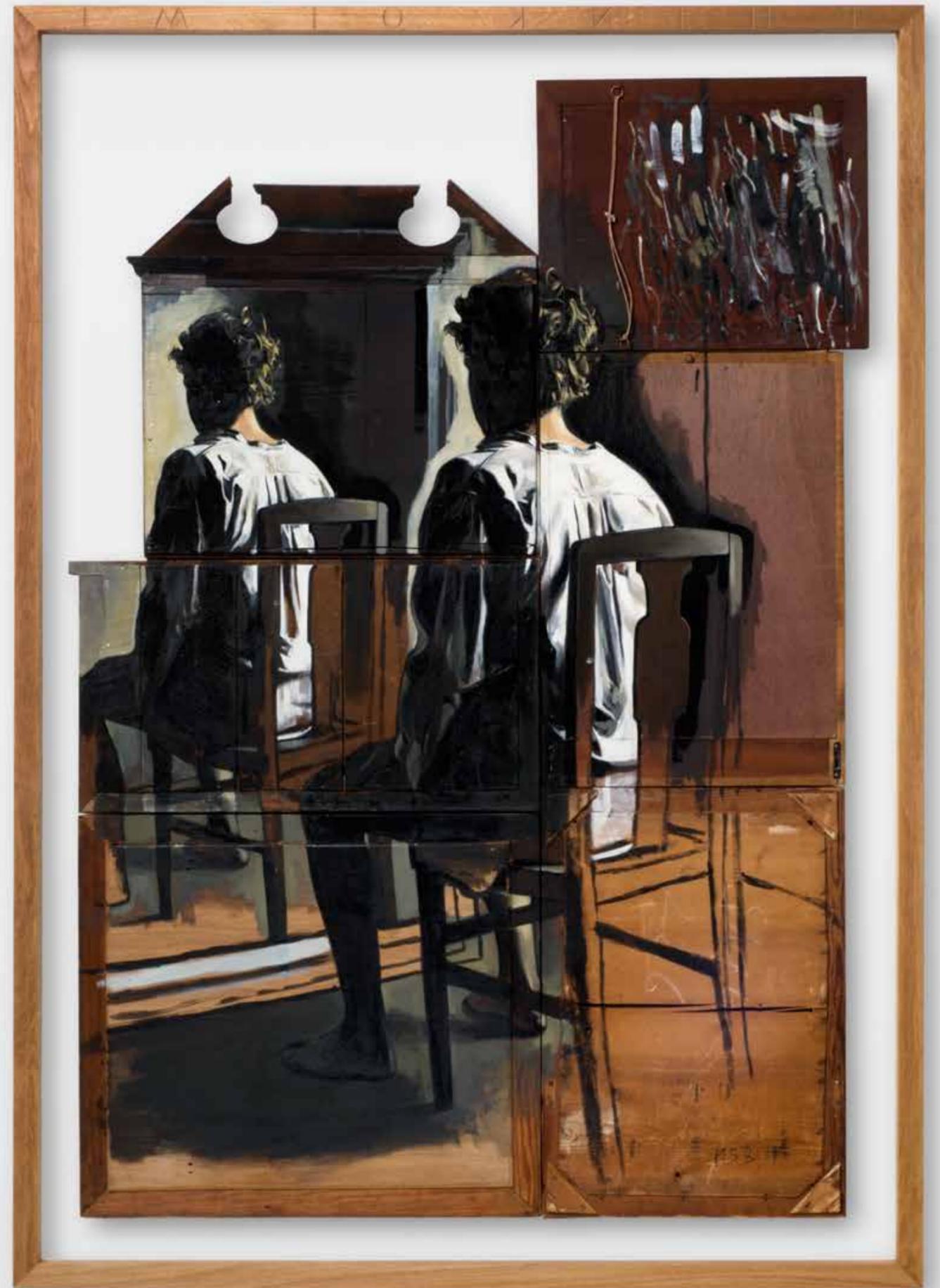
I

Oil on floorboard from demolished church
115¼ x 56 1½ in. (293.3 x 143 cm)
2010

Installation view from Berceuse at Galerie
Nolan Judin, Berlin

THINK OF ME

Oil on the backs of 6 intact mirrors
84½ x 60½ in. (215 x 153 cm)
2010





Pages 70–71:

THINK OF ME

Oil on the back of 6 intact mirrors
84½ x 60¼ in. (215 x 153 cm)
2010

II

Oil on floorboard from demolished church
94 x 62½ in. (239 x 159 cm)
2010

Installation view from Berceuse at Galerie Nolan Judin, Berlin

I SAY ME

Oil on 3 school desktops
70½ x 60 in. (178 x 152 cm)
2010



N-E-V-E-R-O-D-D-O-R-E-V-E-N

Oil on dismantled blanket chest
71½ x 61 in. (182 x 155 cm)
2009



POP GOES THE WEASLE

Oil on dismantled church pews / wooden stand
51 x 49¼ in. (130 x 125 cm)
2012





PUPPET

Oil on dismantled toy-box / office stool
33½ x 43¼ in. (85 x 110 cm)
2012

Page 81:

A BIRD IN THE HAND

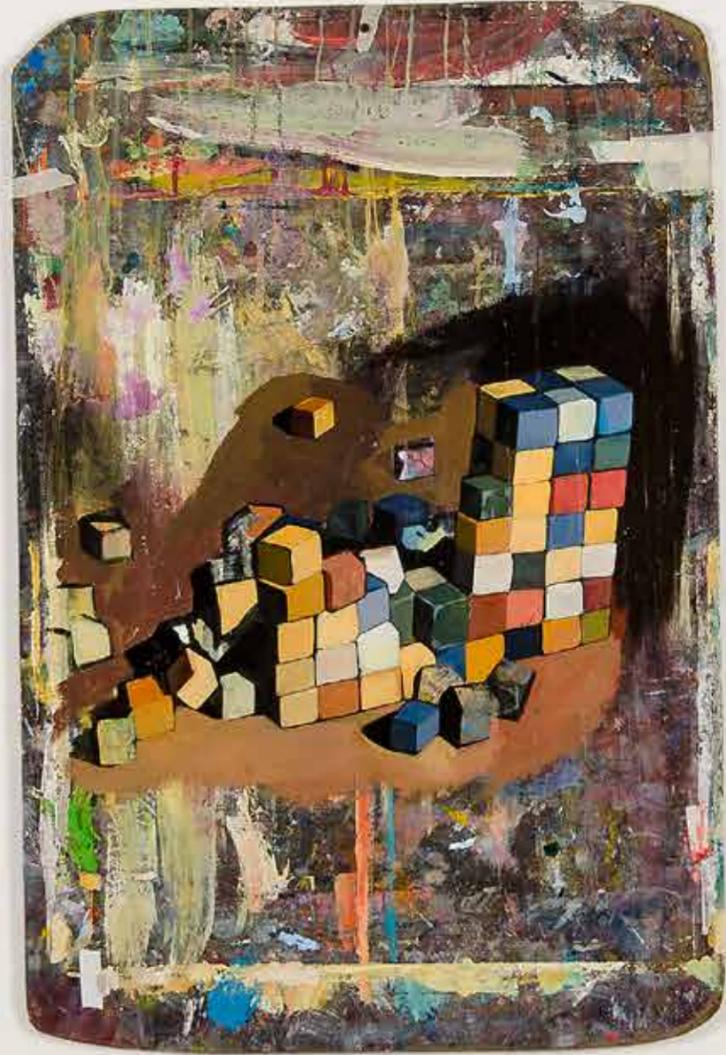
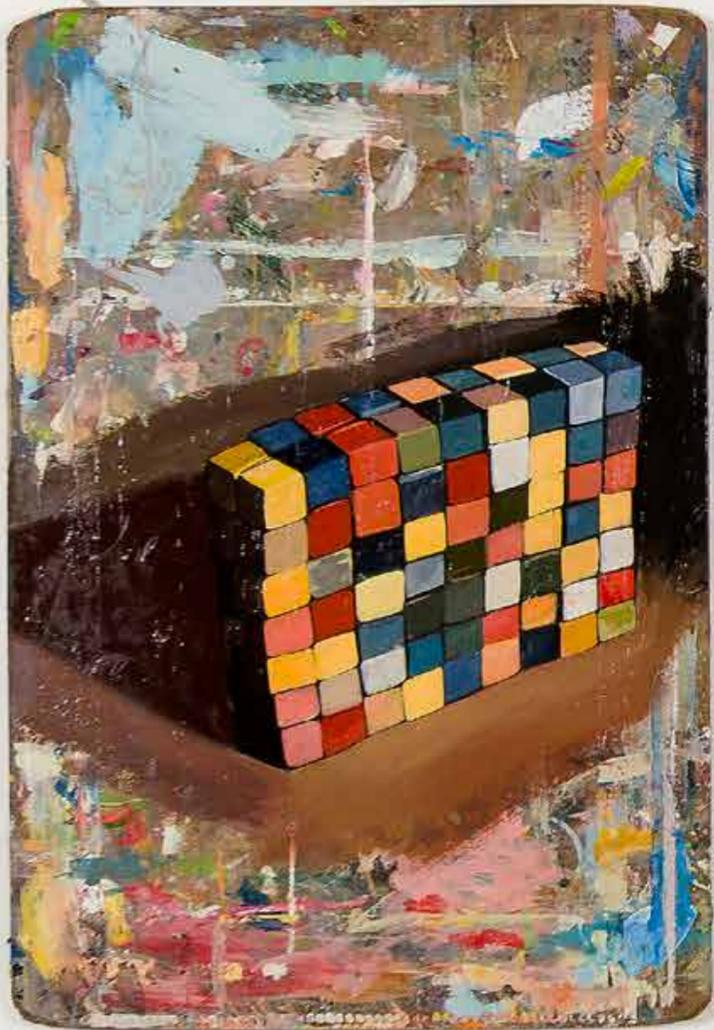
Oil on the steps of 7 dismantled wooden step
ladders / metal laboratory stool
50.3 x 61½ in. (128 x 156 cm)
2012

Page 82–83:

S.O.S.

Oil on drawing board
Each painting 23½ x 35½ in. (60 x 90 cm)
2013





I'M A DEEPLY SUPERFICIAL PERSON

Oil paint and silkscreen medium on gesso
primed dismantled united states money bags
43¾ x 35¾ in. (111.1 x 90.8 cm)
2013



EVERYBODY MUST HAVE A FANTASY

Oil paint and silkscreen medium on gesso
primed dismantled united states money bags
43¾ x 35¾ in. (111.1 x 90.8 cm)
2013



**IN FIFTEEN MINUTES EVERYONE WILL
BE FAMOUS**

Oil paint and silkscreen medium on gesso
primed dismantled united states money bags
43¾ x 35¾ in. (111.1 x 90.8 cm)
2013



KISS ME WITH YOUR EYES

Oil paint and silkscreen medium on gesso
primed dismantled united states money bags
43¾ x 35¾ in. (111.1 x 90.8 cm)
2013



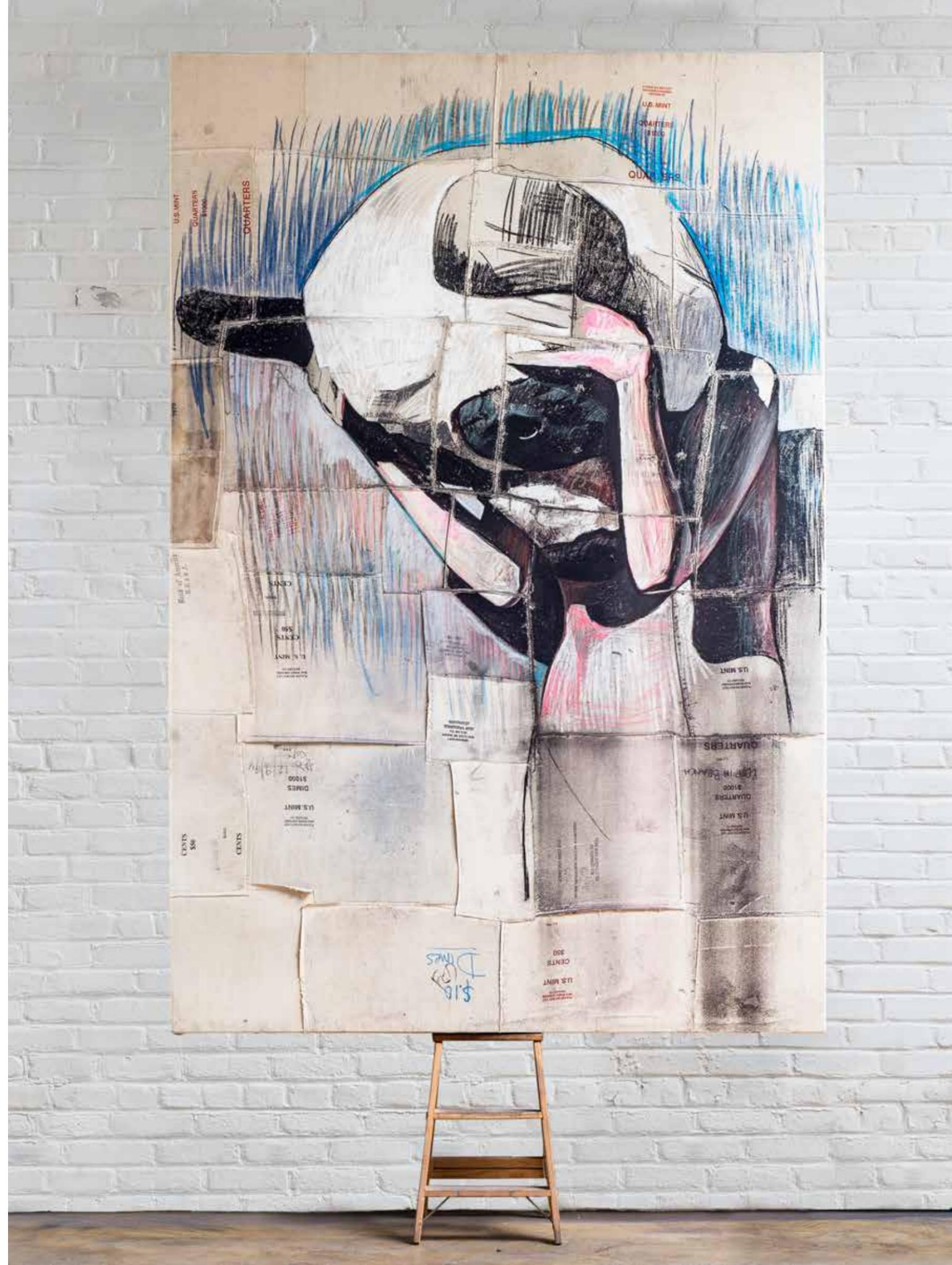
OWL

Oil pastel on dismantled united states money bags
110. 1/4 x 59 3/4 in. (280 x 152 cm)
2013



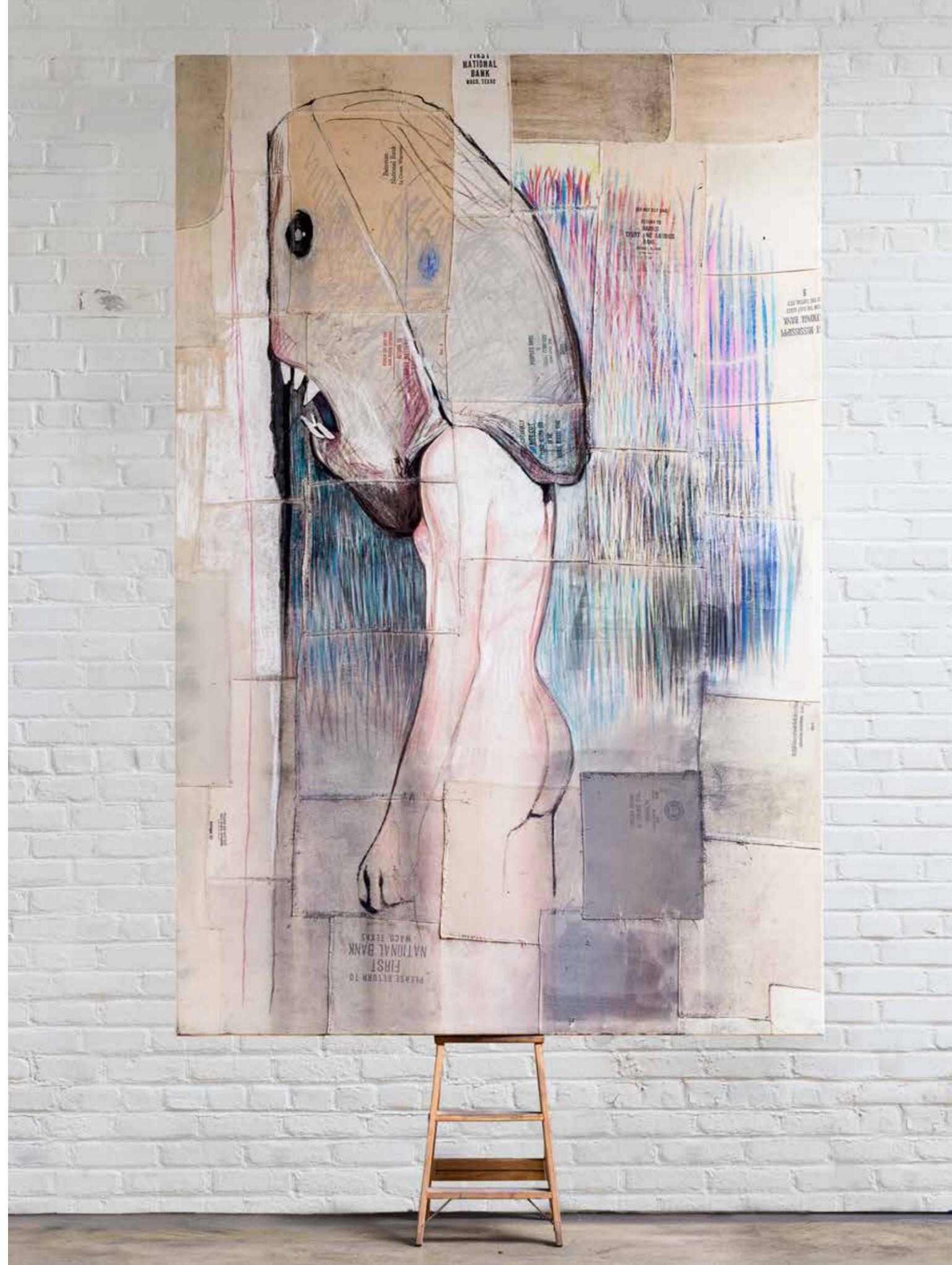
PANDA

Oil pastel on dismantled united states money bags
110.2 x 59.8 in. (280 x 152 cm)
2013



SHARK #1

Oil pastel on dismantled united states money bags
110.2 x 59.8 in. (280 x 152 cm)
2013



FLAMINGO

Oil pastel on dismantled united states money bags
110.2 x 59.8 in. (280 x 152 cm)
2013



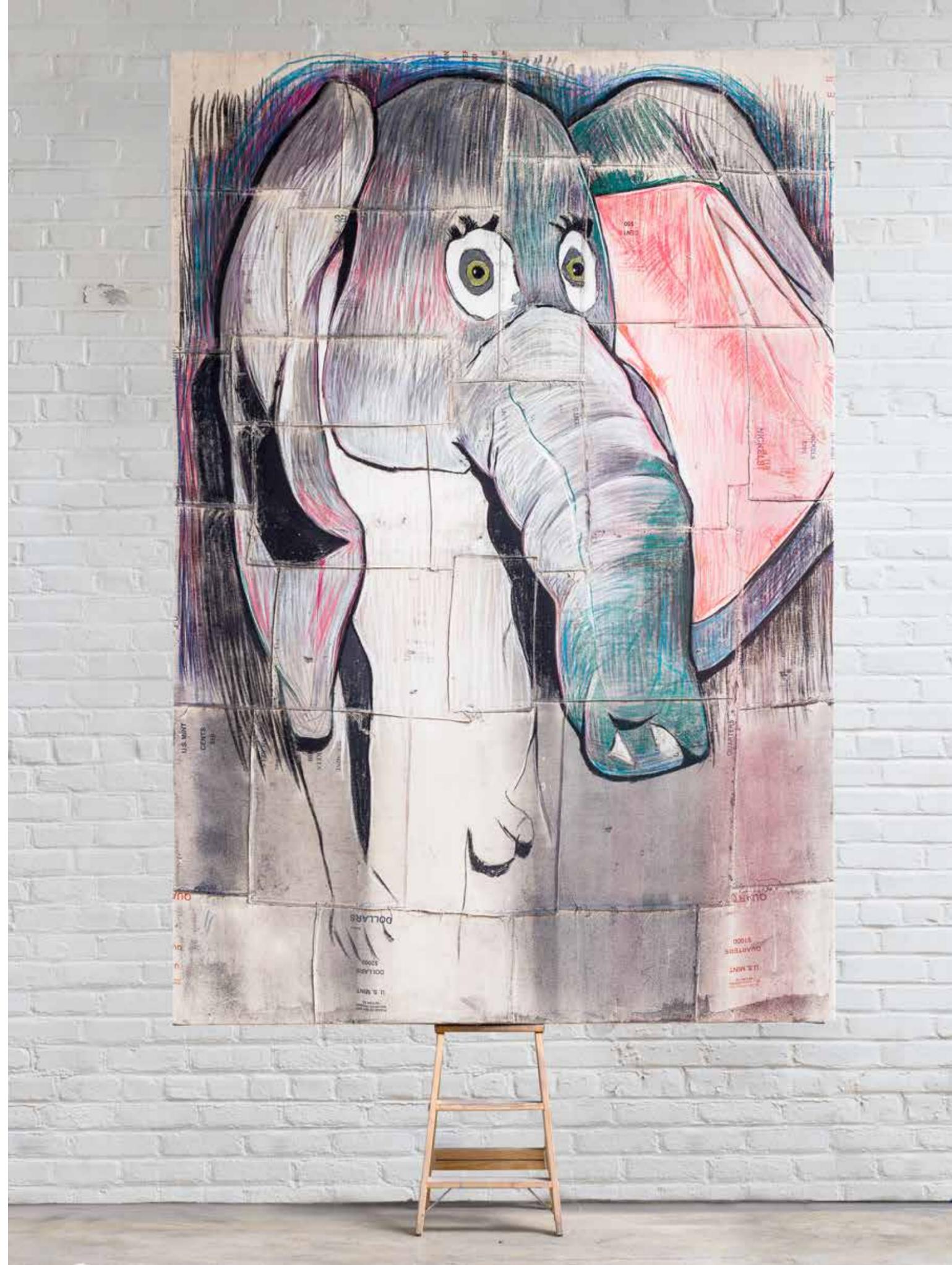
SHARK #2

Oil pastel on dismantled united states money bags
110.2 x 59.8 in. (280 x 152 cm)
2013



ELEPHANT

Oil pastel on dismantled united states money bags
110.2 x 59.8 in. (280 x 152 cm)
2013





ES

\$50
CENTS

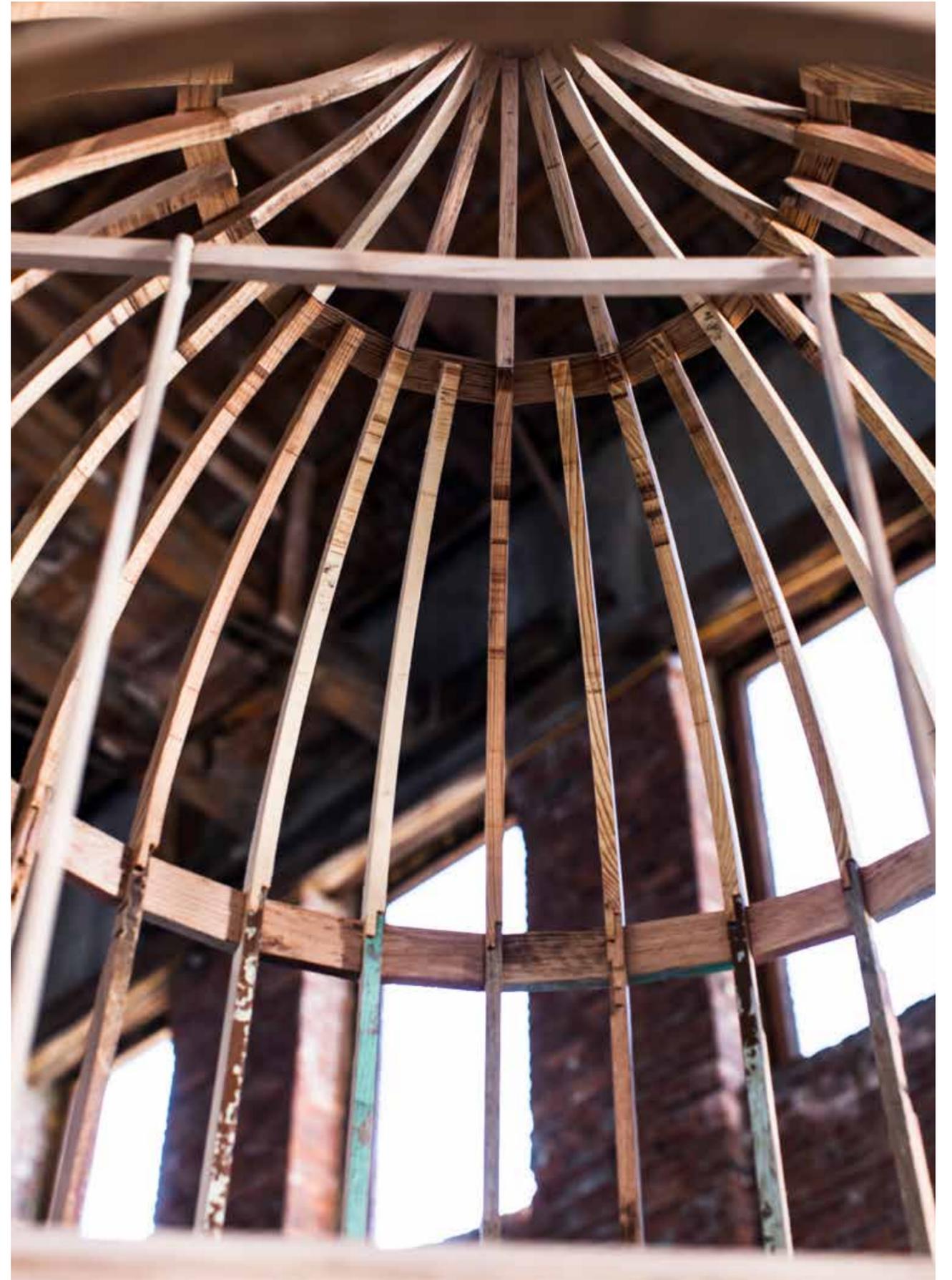
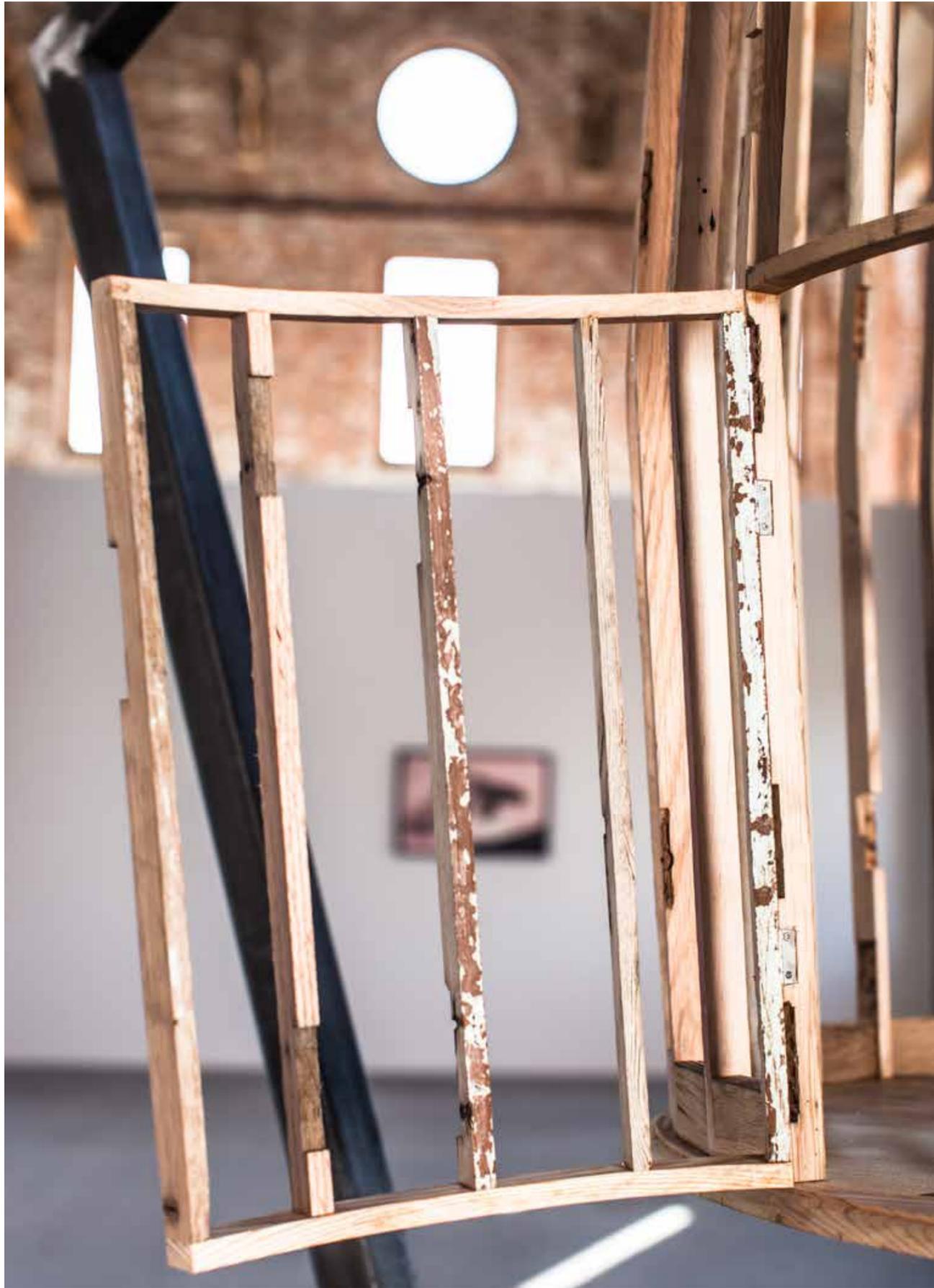
W. W. W. W.
P. B. R. E. A. T. I. O. N.
P. O. B. O. X. 1000
P. O. B. O. X. 1000

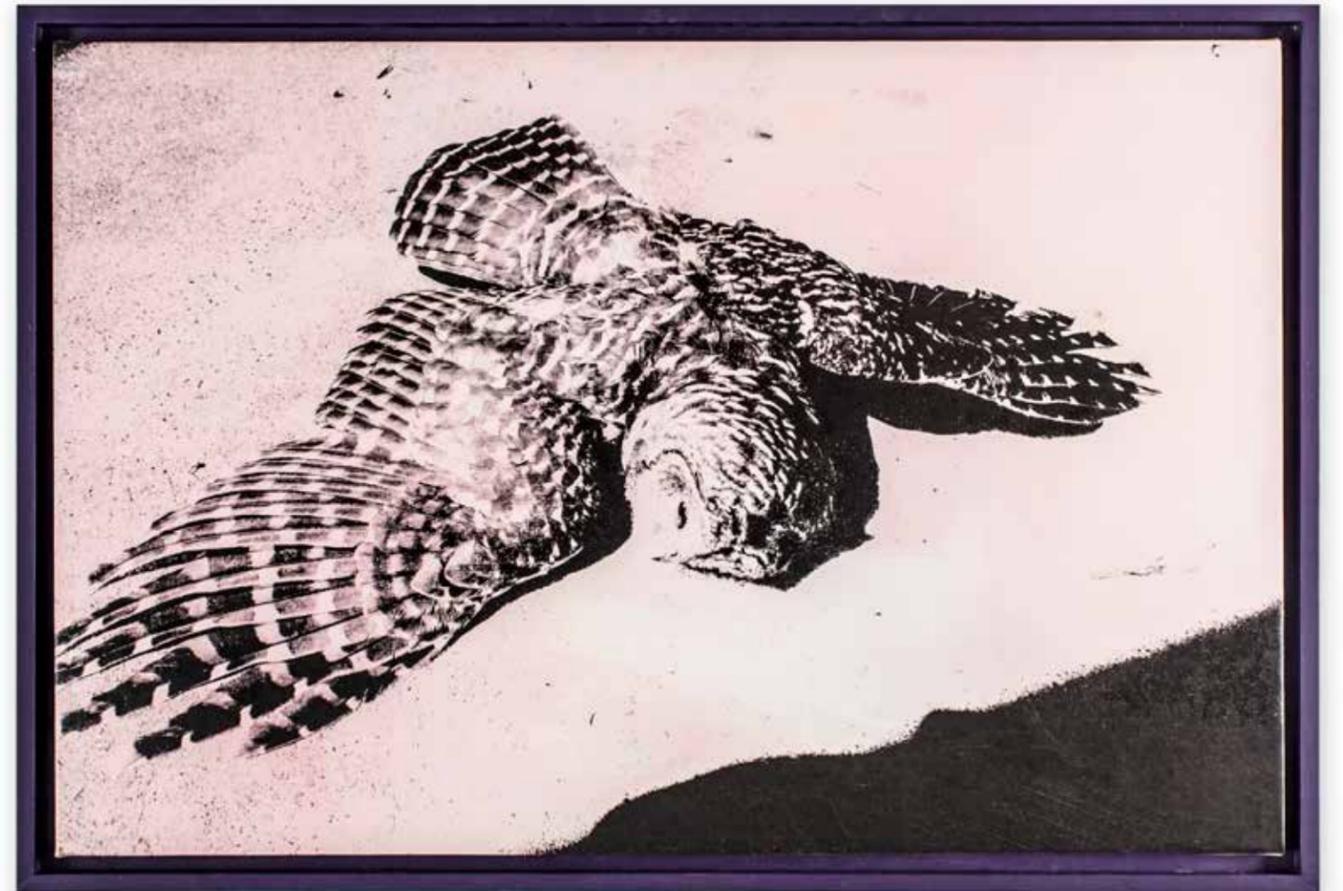
PL. SEDU. C. U. T.
P. L. SEDU. C. U. T.
P. L. SEDU. C. U. T.

W. W. W. W.

ENT'S







THE OWL IS NOT WHAT IT SEEMED

Silkscreen on canvas
35½ x 47¼ in. (90 x 120 cm)
2013

pages 112–115 and 119:

**THE OWLS ARE NOT WHAT THEY
SEEM**

Disassembled chairs from the Norwich State

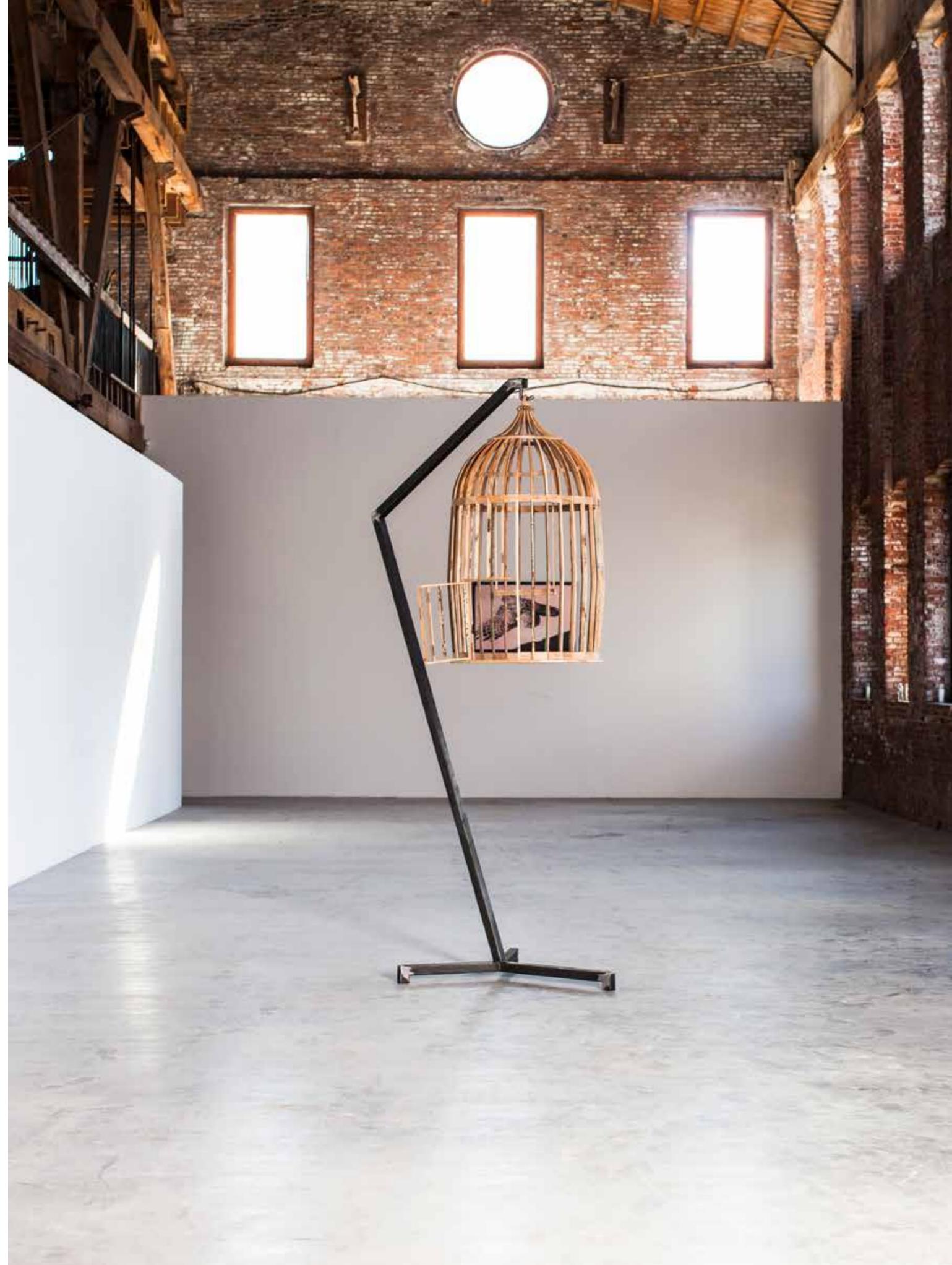
Asylum, square steel piping

Cage: 60 x 24 in. (152.4 x 60.2 cm)

Stand: 144 x 36 in. (365.7 x 91.4 cm)

2013

Installed at Pioneer Works, Brooklyn NYC





Chairs being removed from one of the thirteen remaining buildings of the Norwich State Asylum, Preston Connecticut in 2013

**All good ideas arrive by chance –
said Max**

Brick dust and wood taken from
demolished buildings of Norwich Asylum, CT
Smallest: 1 3/4 x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)
Tallest: 5 x 2 in. (12.7 x 5 cm)
2014



QUEEN

(All good ideas arrive by chance – said Max)

Wood from a single door of the asylum (left) /
brick dust from demolished buildings from
the Norwich Asylum (right)
5 x 2¼ in. (12.7 x 5.7 cm)
2014



ROOK

**(All good ideas arrive by chance –
said Max)**

Wood from a single door of the asylum (left) /
brick dust from demolished buildings from
the Norwich Asylum (right)

2½ x 2¼ in. (6.35 x 5.7 cm)

2014



PAWN (All good ideas arrive by chance – said Max)

Wood from a single door of the asylum (left) /

brick dust from demolished buildings from

the Norwich Asylum (right)

1¾ x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)

2014





All good ideas arrive by chance – said Max

Pieces: Brick dust and wood taken from demolished buildings of Norwich Asylum, CT

Board: machine engraved window from the Norwich Asylum

Smallest: 1 3/4 x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)

Tallest: 5 x 2 1/4 in. (12.7 x 5.7 cm)

2014

Number 2 Stamp Place, the artists former studio in London, England.
Before demolition



All chess players are artists – said Marcel

Brick dust from the artists former London studio (Number 2 Stamp Place) and wood from multiple floorboards from the artists former London studio (Number 2 Stamp Place)
Smallest: 1¾ x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)
Tallest: 5 x 2¼ in. (12 x 5.7 cm)
2014



QUEEN (All chess players are artists – said Marcel)

Wood from the floorboards of the artists former London studio (Number 2 Stamp Place) and brick dust from the artists former London studio (Number 2 Stamp Place)

1¾ x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)

2014



ROOK (All chess players are artists – said Marcel)

Wood from the floorboards of the artists former London studio (Number 2 Stamp Place) and brick dust from the artists former London studio (Number 2 Stamp Place)
1 3/4 x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)
2014



PAWN (All chess players are artists – said Marcel)

Wood from the floorboards of the artists former London studio
(Number 2 Stamp Place) and brick dust from the artists former
London studio (Number 2 Stamp Place)

1¾ x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)

2014





Playing chess for money with **All good ideas arrive by chance** – said Max in Union Square NYC



Pages 148–150:

**EVERYTIME I THINK I HAVE DISCOVERED SOMETHING I REALISE
A POET HAS BEEN THERE BEFORE ME**

Wood, leather, resin, paint, felt, glasses, caliper rulers and magnifying glass
32 Chess pieces: Tallest: 11½ in. (29 cm), smallest 25¼ in. (66 cm),
desk 31 x 31½ x 62½ in. (79 x 80 x 159 cm),
chair: 39¾ x 29½ x 31½ in. (100 x 75 x 80 cm)
2008
Installed in Sigmund Freud's bedroom at the Freud Museum, London in 2008.

Pages 152–153:

KING – BABOON OF THOTH

Resin and oil paint
9¾ x 4¾ in. (25 x 12 cm)
2008

Pages 154–155:

BISHOP – HEAD OF OSIRIS

Resin and oil paint
10½ x 5 in. (27 x 13 cm)
2008

Pages 156–157:

PAWN - Etruscan cane handle

Resin and oil paint
5¾ x 4¾ in. (15 x 12 cm)
2008



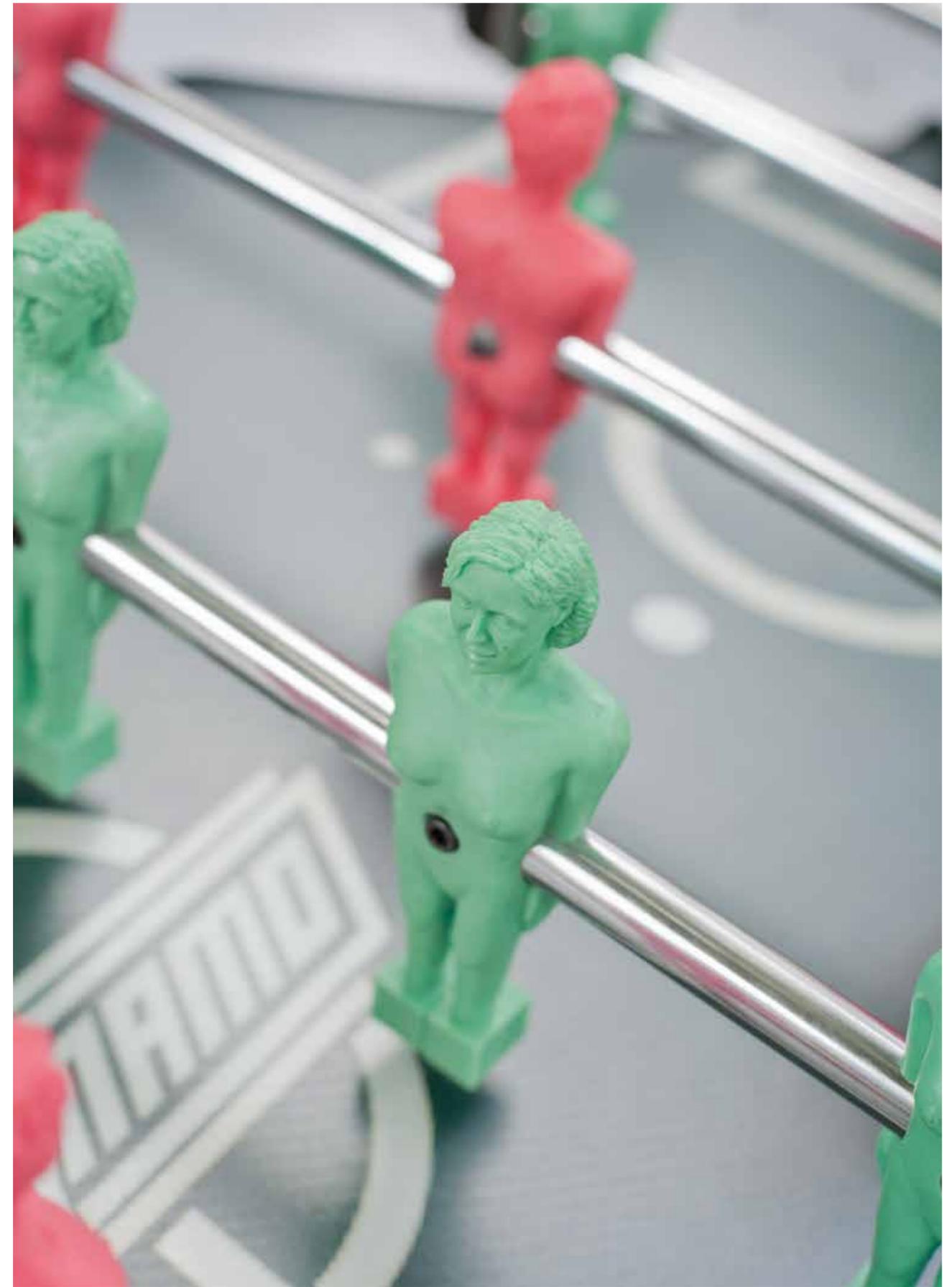














Pages 160–167:

Self portrait with my wife (as foosball players)

Resin players / used dynamo foosball table

Players: 5½ x 1¼ in. (13.9 x 3.1 cm)

Table: 56 x 30 x 36 in. (142.2 x 76.2 x 91.4 cm)

2013

Pages 171–175:

UNTIL THE COWS COME HOME

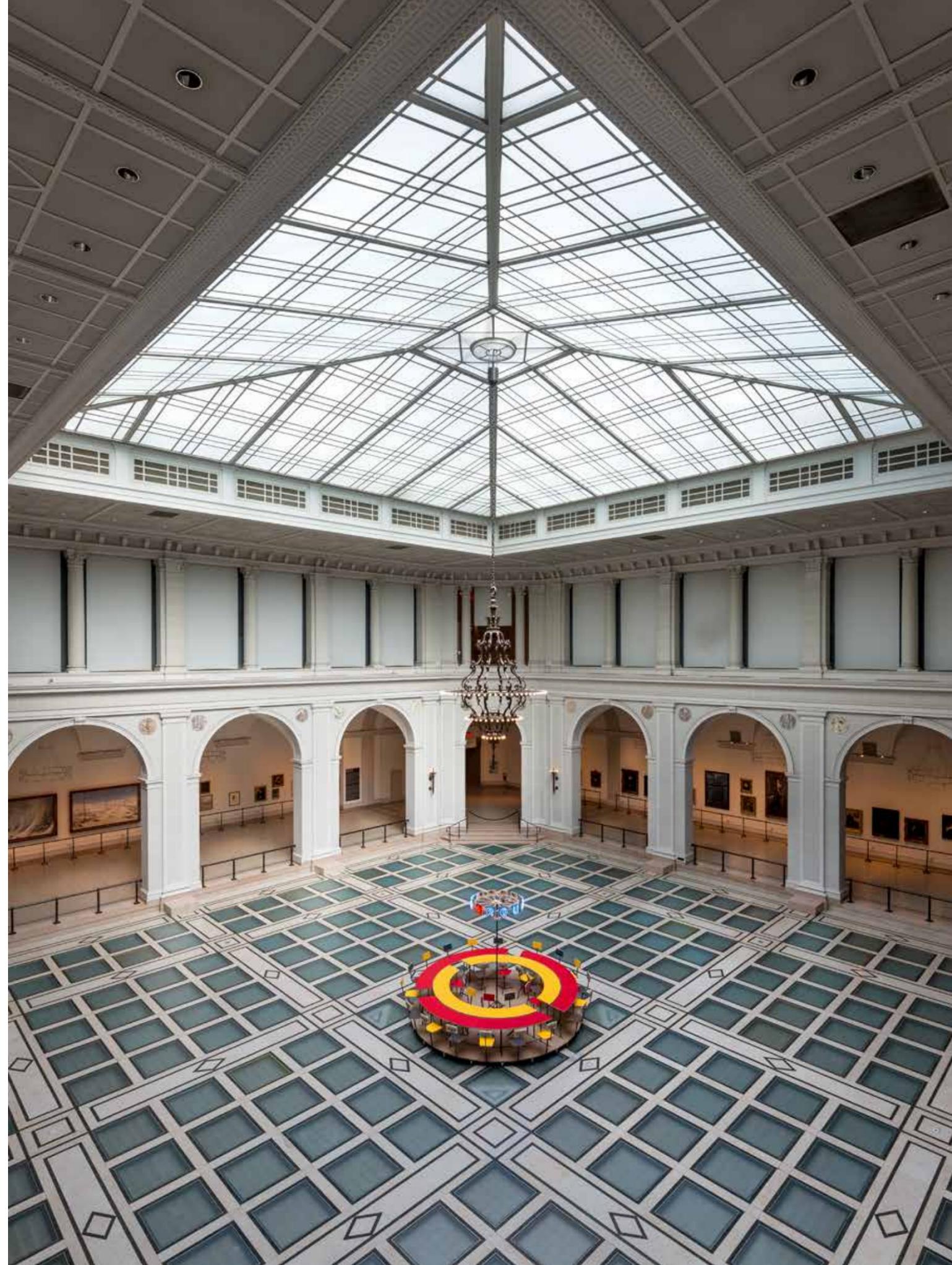
Steel, neon, laminated mdf, pine.

Table: 60 x 168 in. (152.4 x 426.7 cm)

Neon: 24 x 60 in. (60.96 x 512.4 cm)

2014

Installed at the Brooklyn Museum, New York in 2014

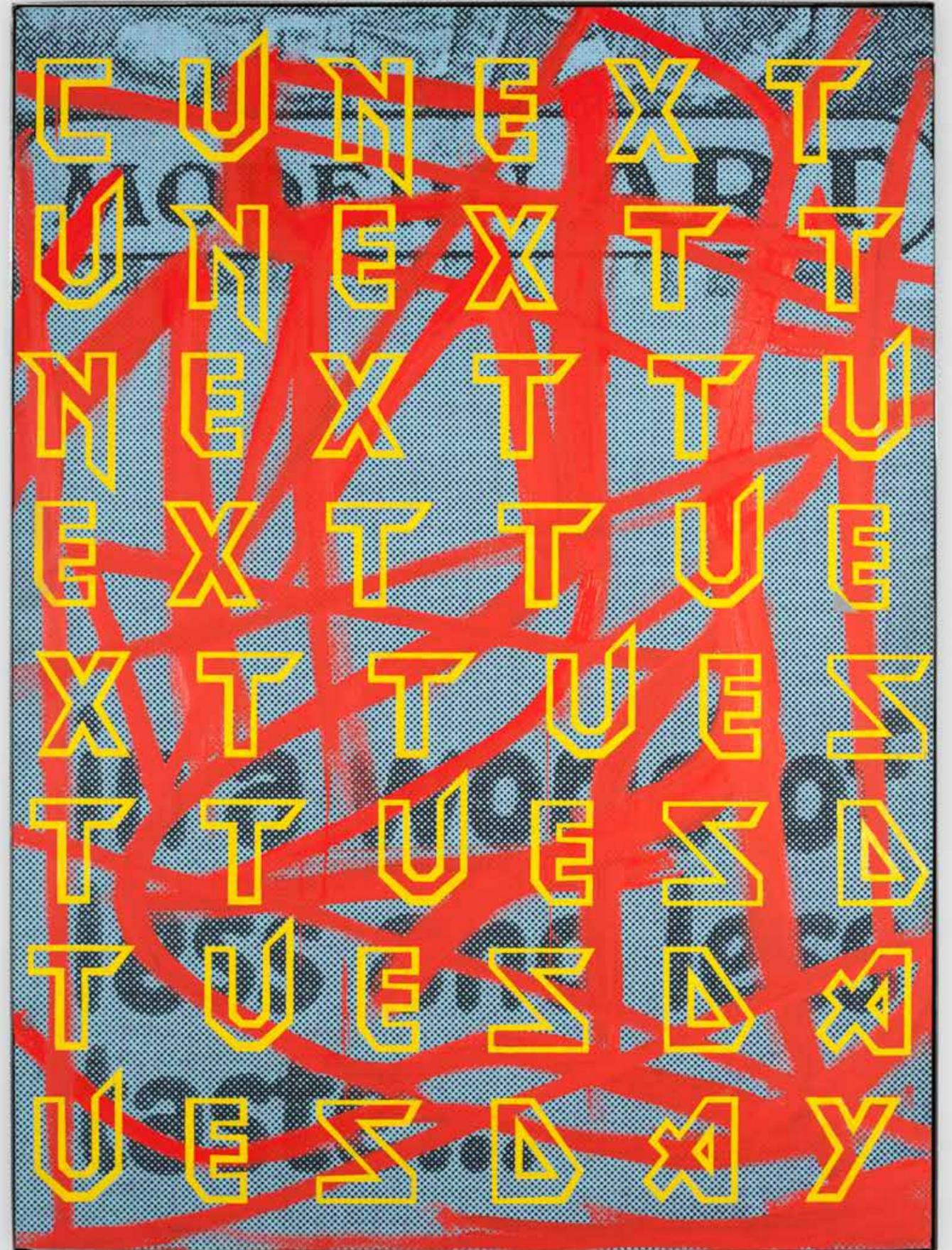






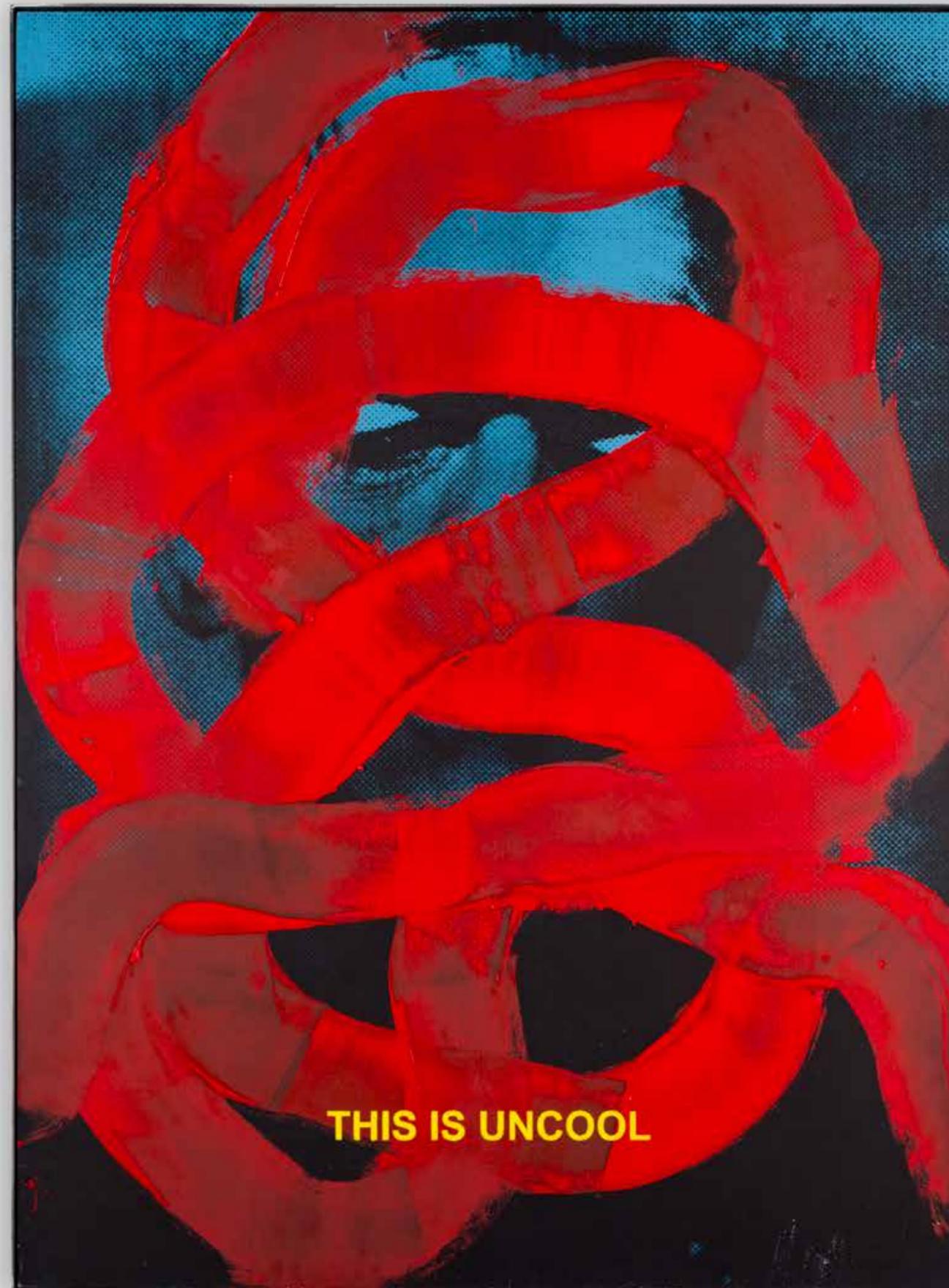
MODERN ART IN A WORLD OF LESS AND LESS
TASTE (C U NEXT TUESDAY)

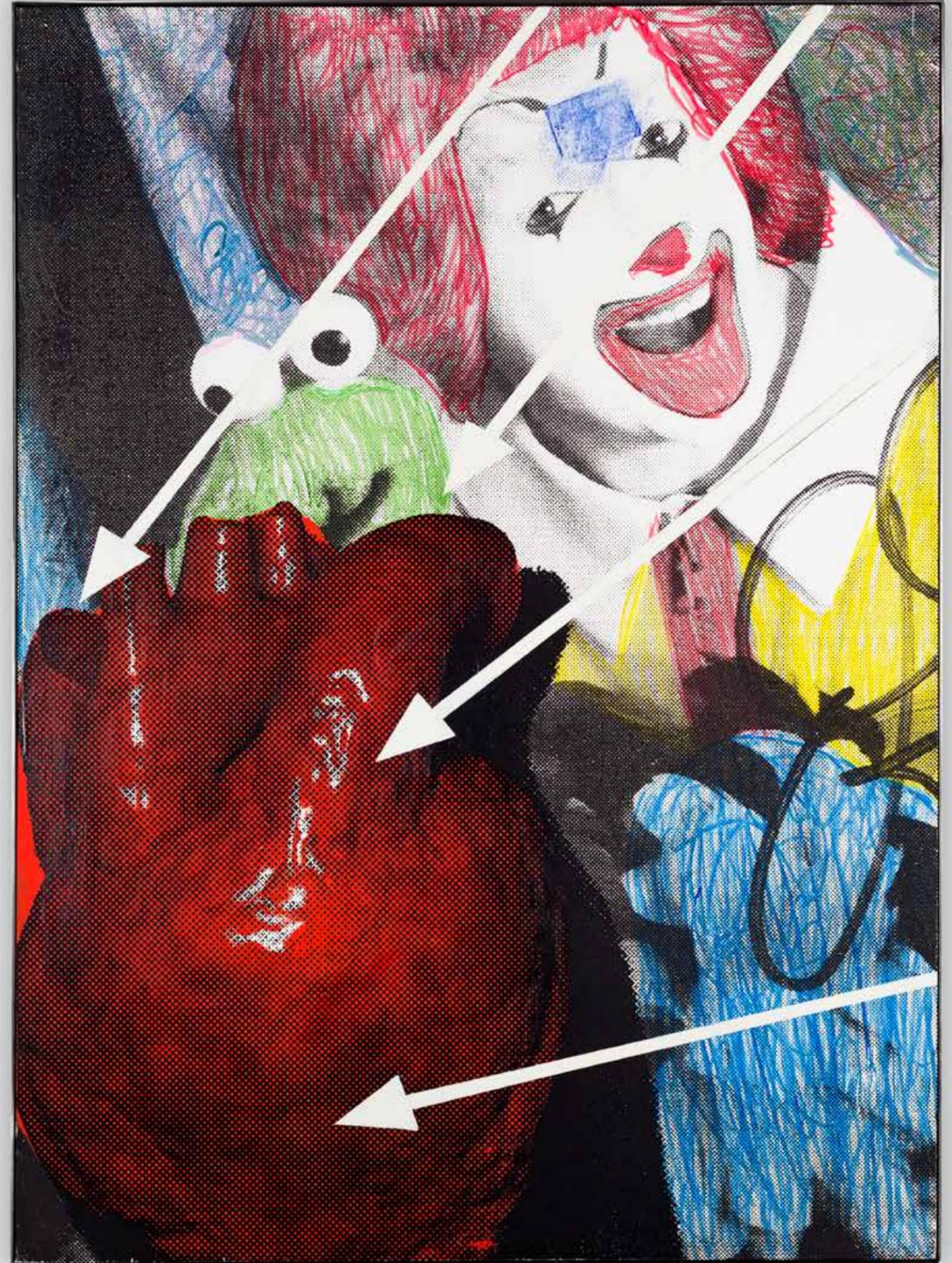
Oil, emulsion and acrylic on board
50 x 44 in. (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015



THIS IS UNCOOL

Oil, emulsion and acrylic on board
50 x 44 in. (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015





I'M LOVIN' IT

Oil, emulsion and acrylic on board
50 x 44 in. (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015

SPAM JUICE

Oil, emulsion and acrylic on board
50 x 44 in. (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015



EGG HEAD

Oil, emulsion and acrylic on board
50 x 44 in. (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015



POTATO HEAD

POTATO HEAD

Oil, emulsion and acrylic on board
50 x 44 in. (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015

GIDDY UP

Oil, emulsion and acrylic on board
50 x 44 in. (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015



ARTIFICIAL – detail “R”

Glass, neon, wood.

Bottle: 12 x 6 in. (30.5 x 15.1 cm)

Bulb: 4¾ x 2 in. (12 x 5 cm)

2013



ARTIFICIAL – detail “T”

Glass, neon, wood.

Bottle: 12 x 6 in. (30.5 x 15.1 cm)

Bulb: 4¾ x 2 in. (12 x 5 cm)

2013

Pages 198–199:

ARTIFICIAL

Glass, neon, wood.

Bottles: 12 x 6 in. (30.5 x 15.1 cm)

Bulbs: 4¾ x 2 in. (12 x 5 cm)

Shelf: 10 x 5 x 96 in. (25.4 x 12.7 x 243.8 cm)

2013







Pages 201–203:

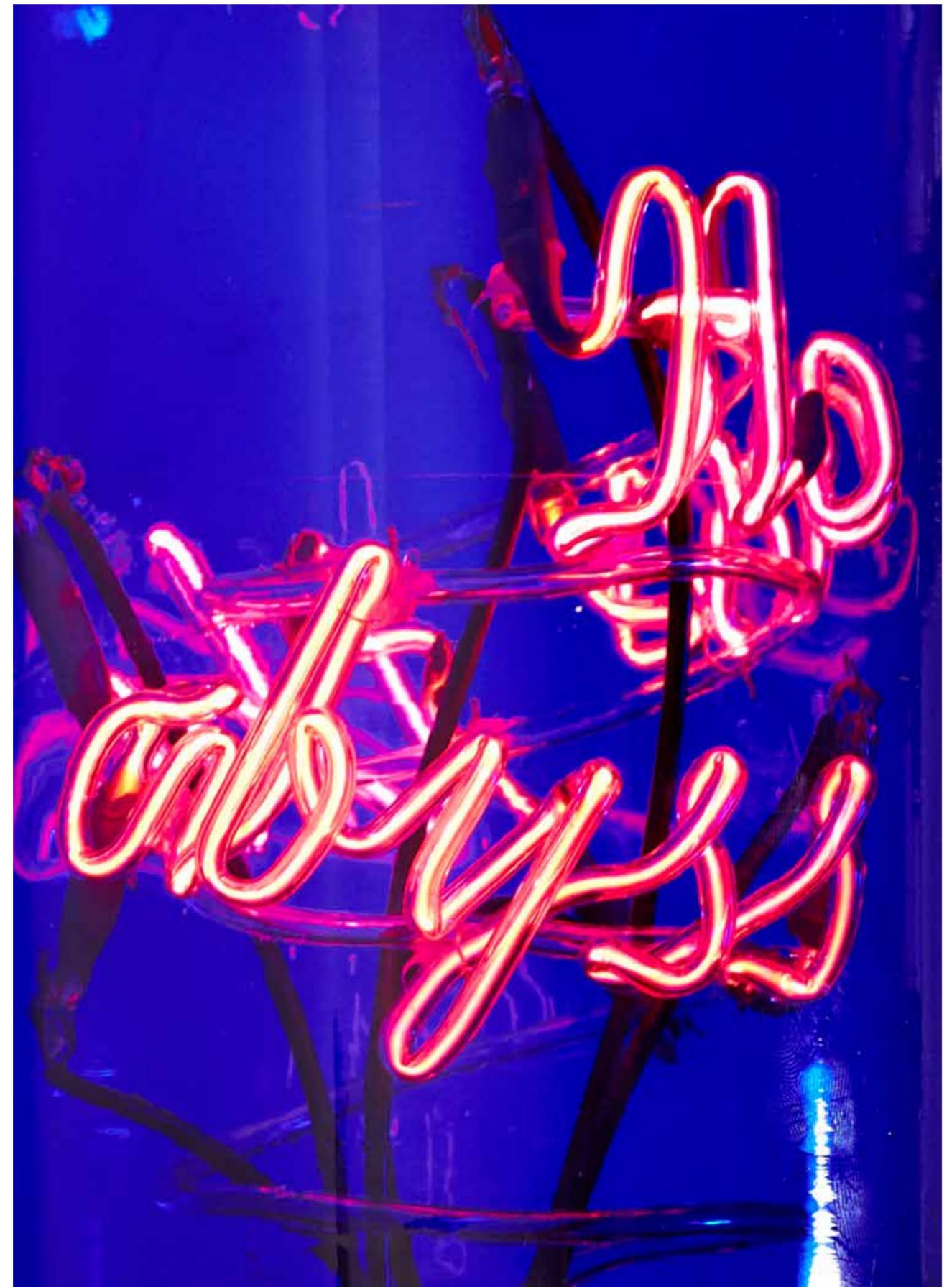
IT WAS THE ABYSS OF HUMAN EMOTION

Glass, neon , wood, cork

Bottle: 14 x 8 in. (35.5 x 20.3 cm)

Plinth: 14 x 14 in. (35.5 x 35.5 cm)

2013



Pages 205–209:

**WORDS ARE LIKE LEAVES; AND WHERE THEY MOST ABOUND,
MUCH FRUIT OF SENSE BENEATH IS RARLEY FOUND**

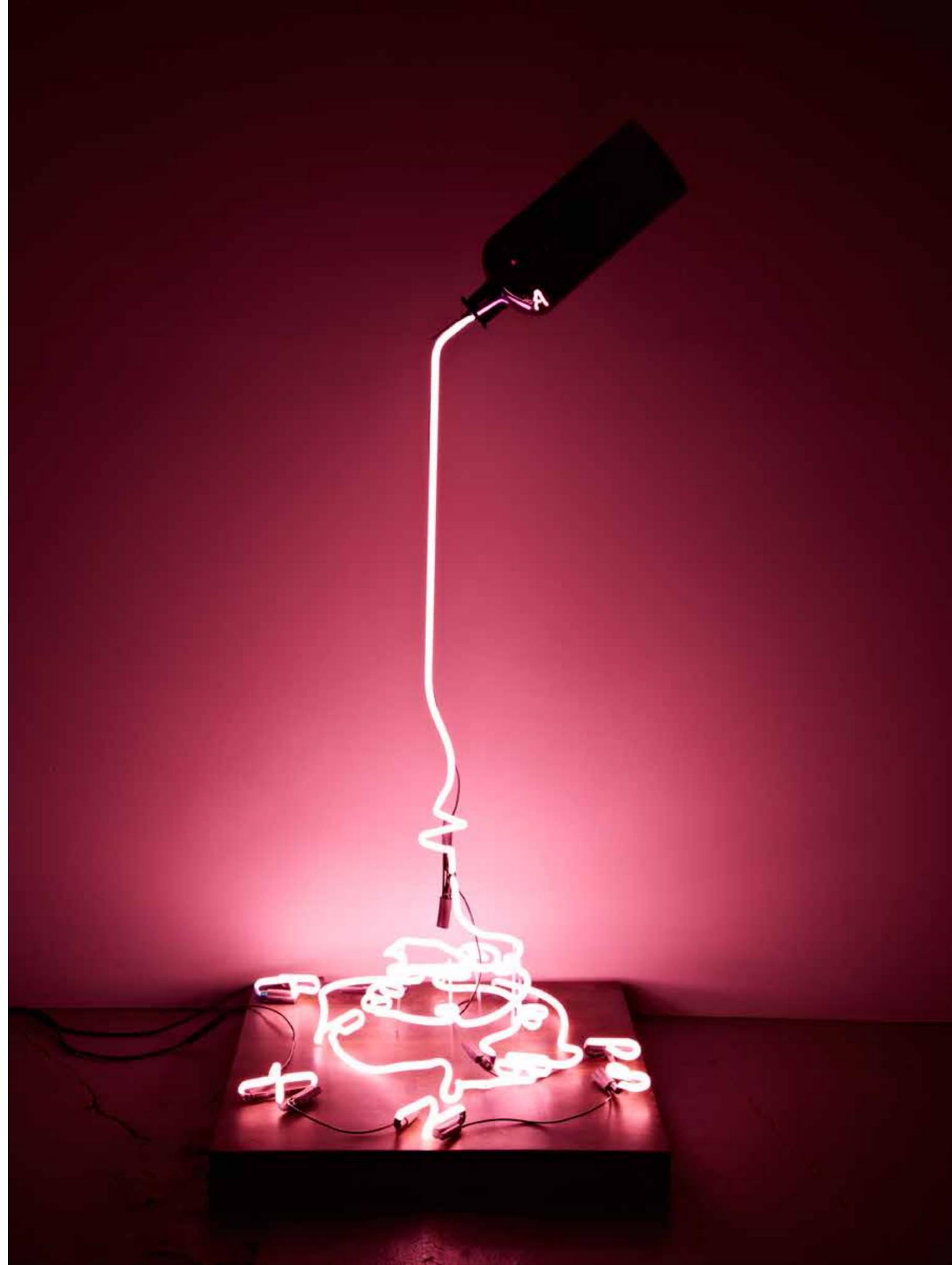
Glass, neon, wood.

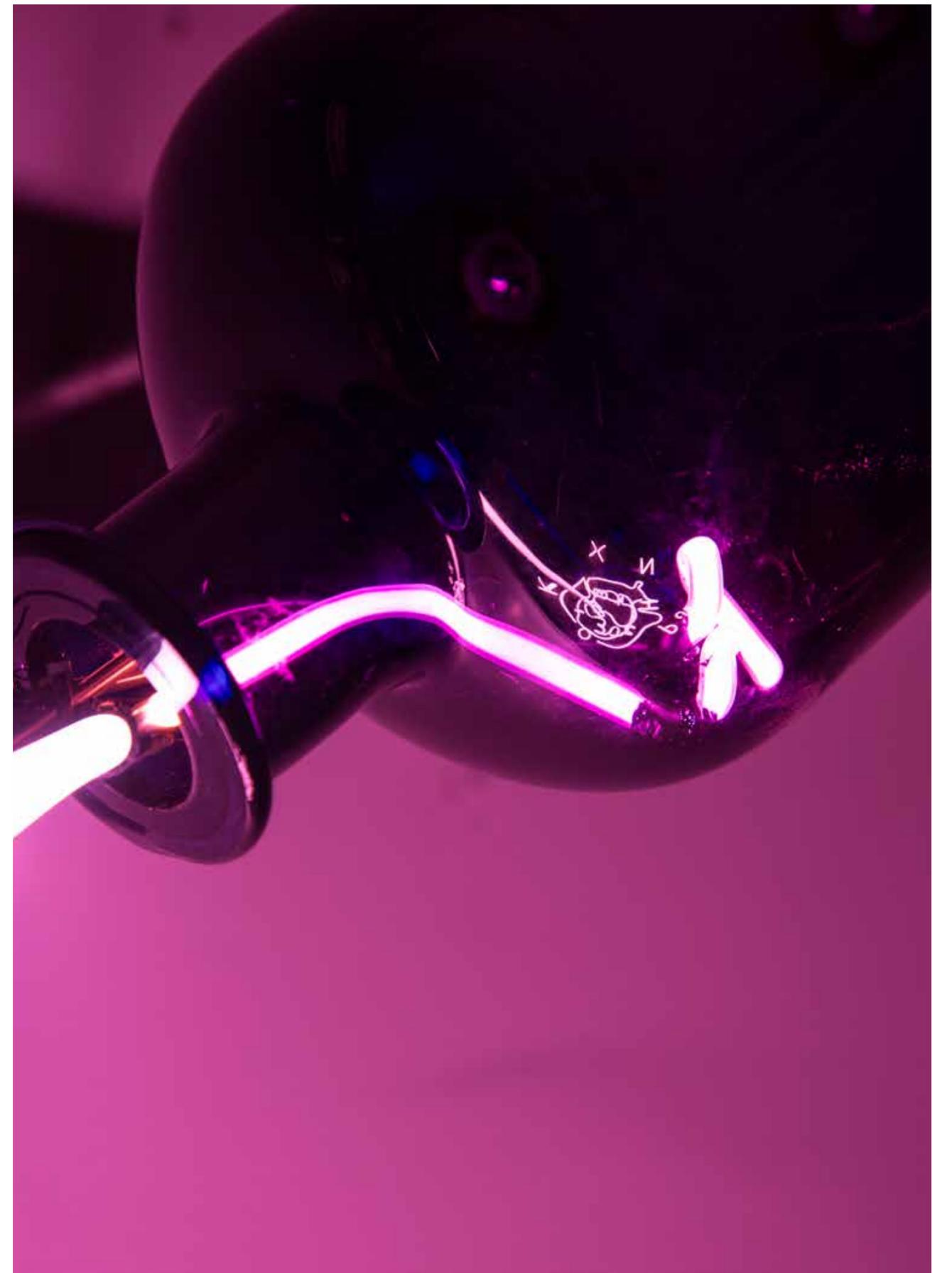
Bottle: 14 x 8 in. (35.5 x 20.3 cm)

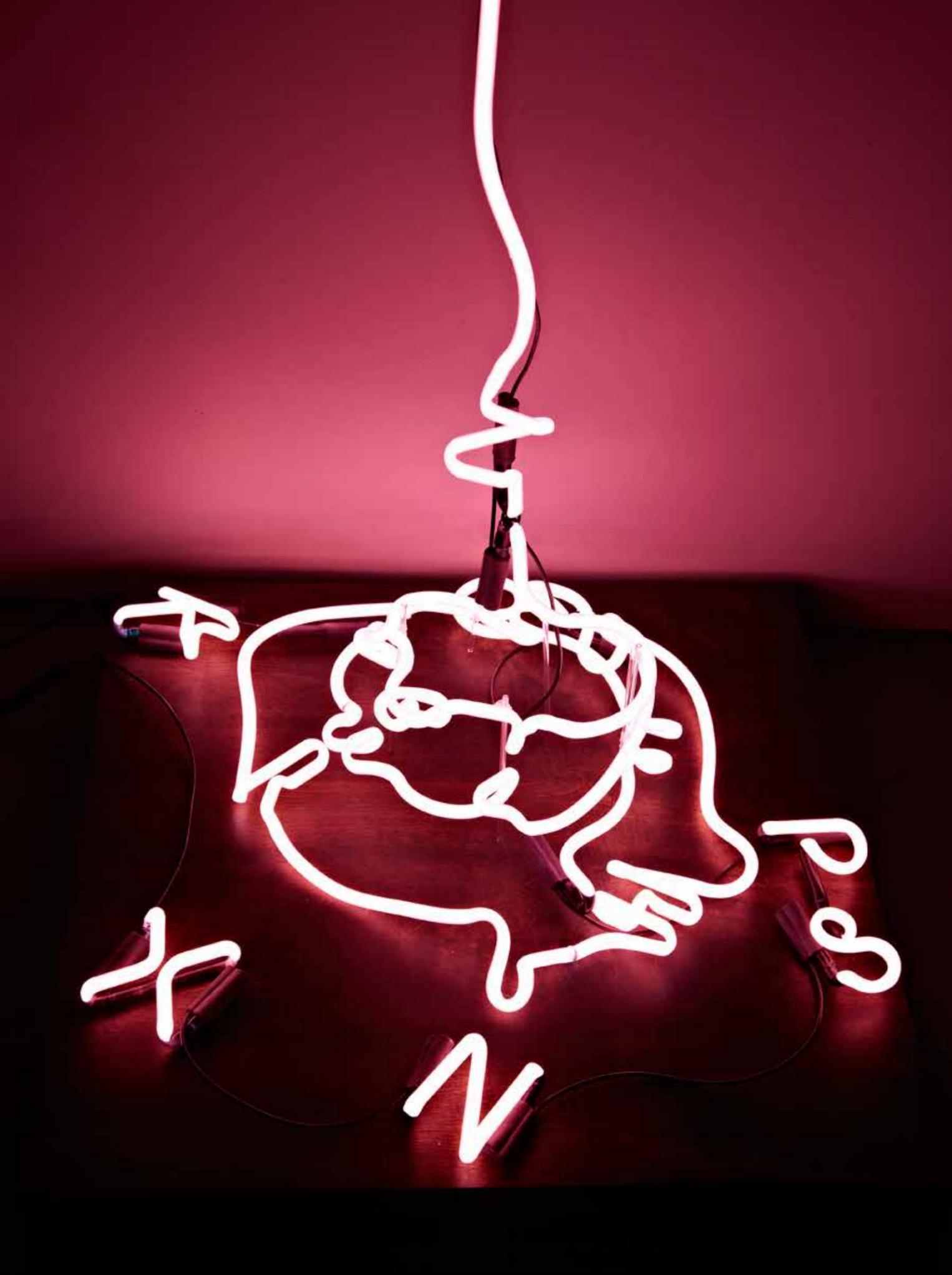
Neon: 66 x 30 in. (167.6 x 76.2 cm)

Wooden plinth: 4 x 30 x 30 in. (10.1 x 76.2 cm)

2014







Pages 211–217:

MARS NEEDS WOMEN

Neon,rylic board, animator

Board: 42 x 37 in. (106.7 x 93.9 cm)

Lettering - largest: 6 x 5 in. (15.2 x 12.7 cm) / smallest: 3.5 x 3 in. (8.8 x 7.6 cm)

2015



MARS

NEEDS

WOMEN

MARS

NEEDS

WOMEN

WARS

WEEDS

WOMEN



Pages 219–221:

FINE

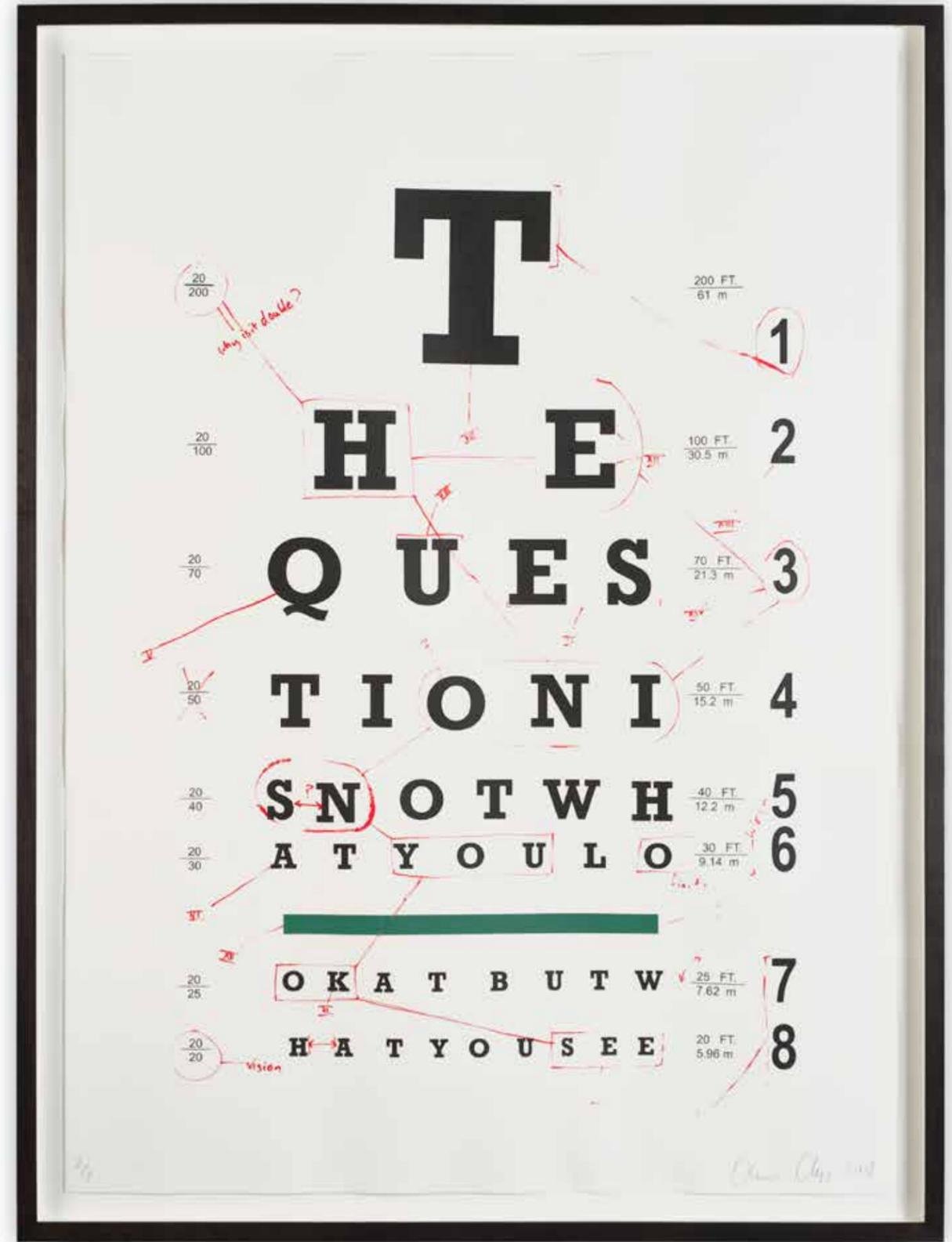
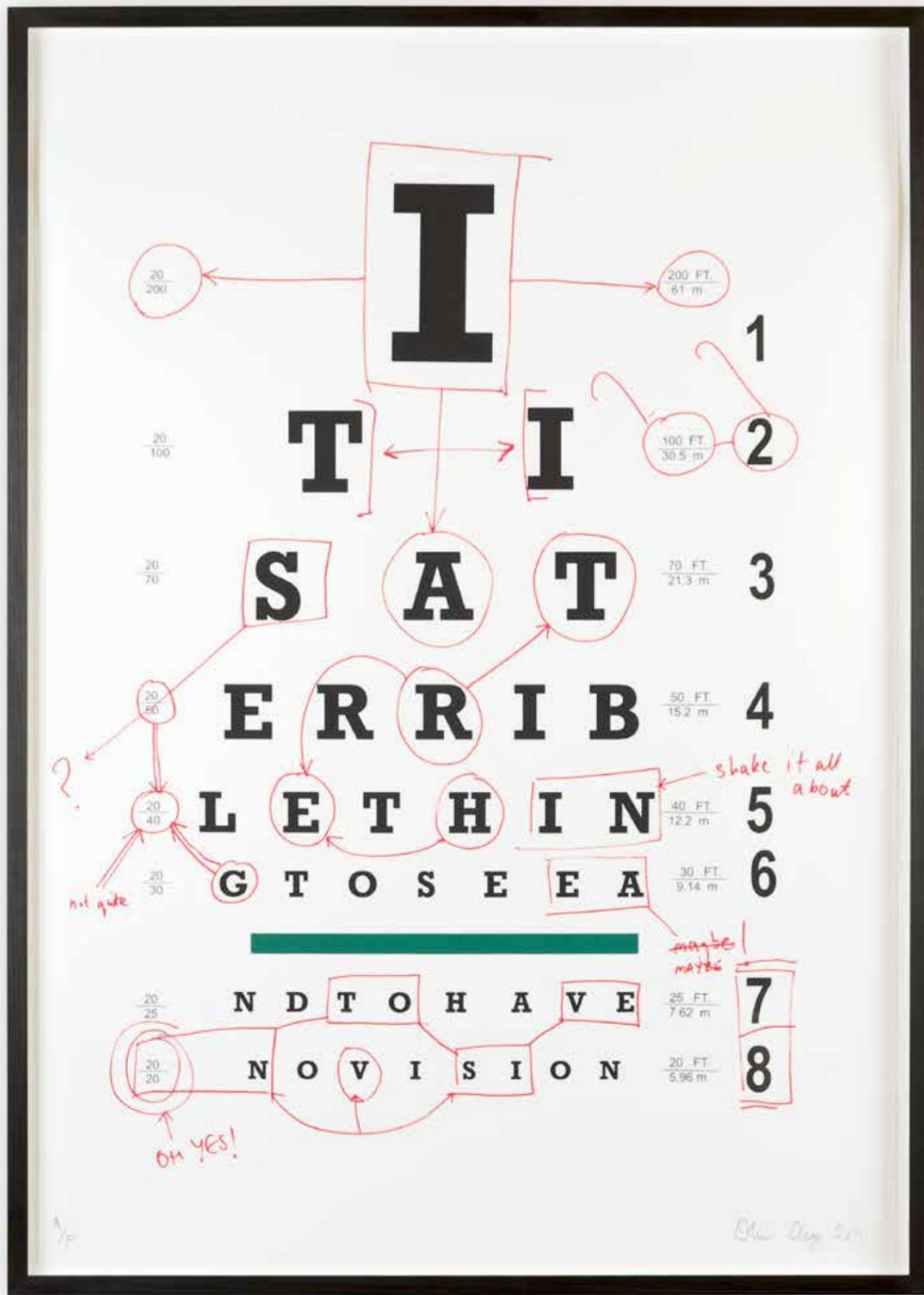
Neon, aluminium, steel.

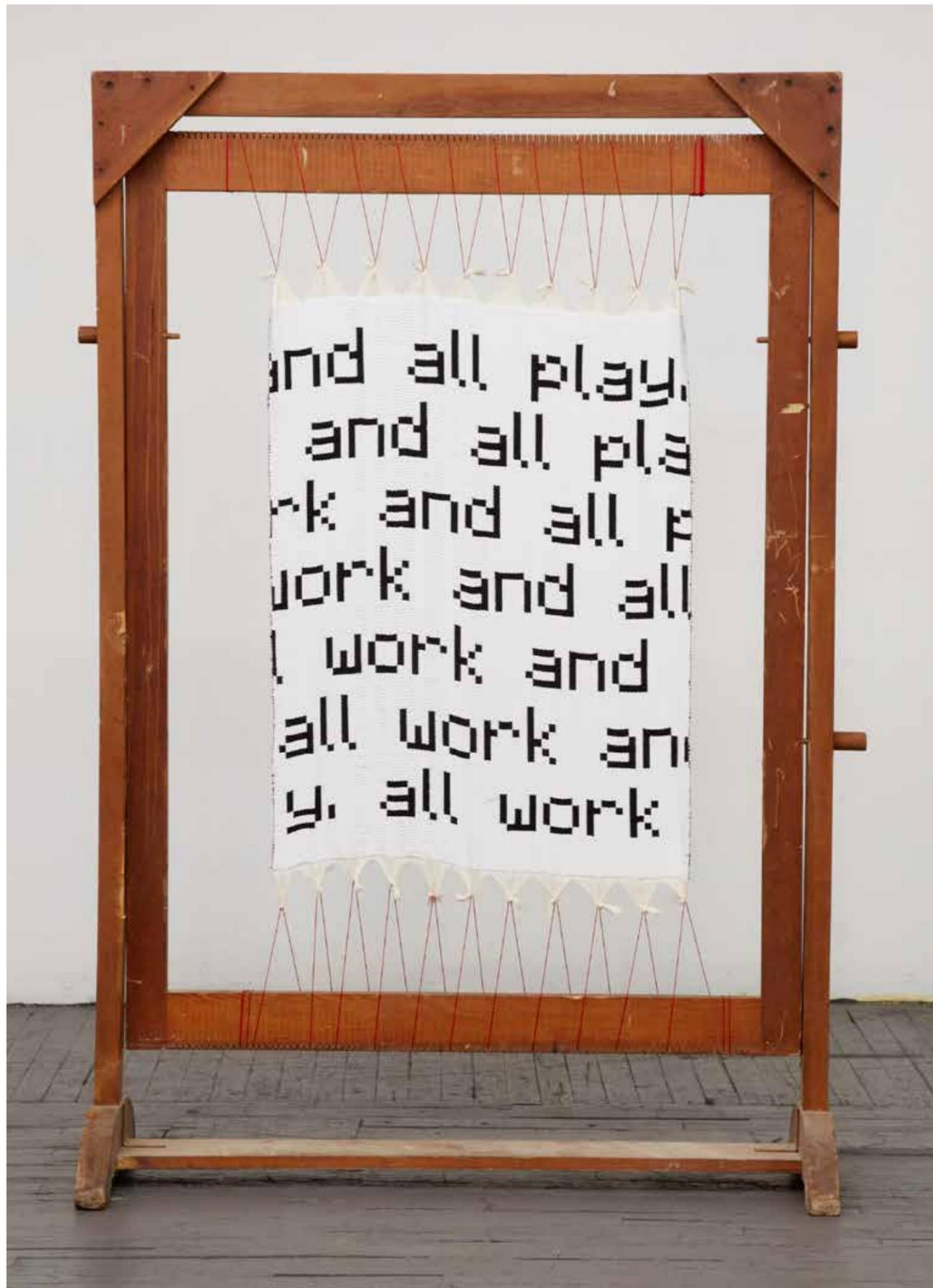
Aluminium lettering: F - , I - , N - , E -

Steel frame: 27¼ x 89¼ in. (69.2 x 226.6 cm)

2014







Page 224:

IT'S A TERRIBLE THING TO SEE AND TO HAVE NO VISION

Silkscreen

47¼ x 35½ in. (120 x 90 cm)

2011

Page 225:

THE QUESTION IS NOT WHAT YOU LOOK AT BUT WHAT YOU SEE

Silkscreen print

47¼ x 35½ in. (120 x 90 cm)

2012

Pages 226–227:

ALL WORK AND ALL PLAY

Tapestry, wooden frame from Norwich Hospital, Connecticut.

Tapestry: 29 x 47 in. (119.3 x 73.7 cm)

Wooden frame: 72 x 60 in. (182.88 x 152.4 cm)

2013

EMPTY

Letter carving on used wooden step ladder

35 x 15 x 3 in. (90 x 40 x 7.6 cm)

2012

Pages 230–231:

REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY

Letter carving on wooden Edwardian schooldesk

24 x 33½ x 33 in. (61 x 85.1 x 83.8 cm)

2009







Pages 232–233:

WRITE / WRONG

Letter carving on used wooden letter rack
6 x 4.7 x 11. 3/4 in. (15.2 x 11.9 x 29.9 cm)
2010

BEGIN

Letter carving onto used wooden cradle
19 x 31 3/4 x 10 3/4 in. (48.5 x 81 x 27.5 cm)
2012



EATING > THINKING



Pages 236–239:

EATING > THINKING

Letter engraving onto copper plate
7 in. diameter (17.8 cm)
2013

S [H] I T

Letter carving onto used school chair
24 x 14 in. (60.9 x 35.6 cm)
2013



YES / NO

Letter carving onto used wooden children's ark

7 x 13 in. (13 x 18 cm)

2011



YES / NO

Letter carving onto used wooden children's ark

9 x 21½ x 13 in. (22.8 x 54.6 x 33 cm)

2011



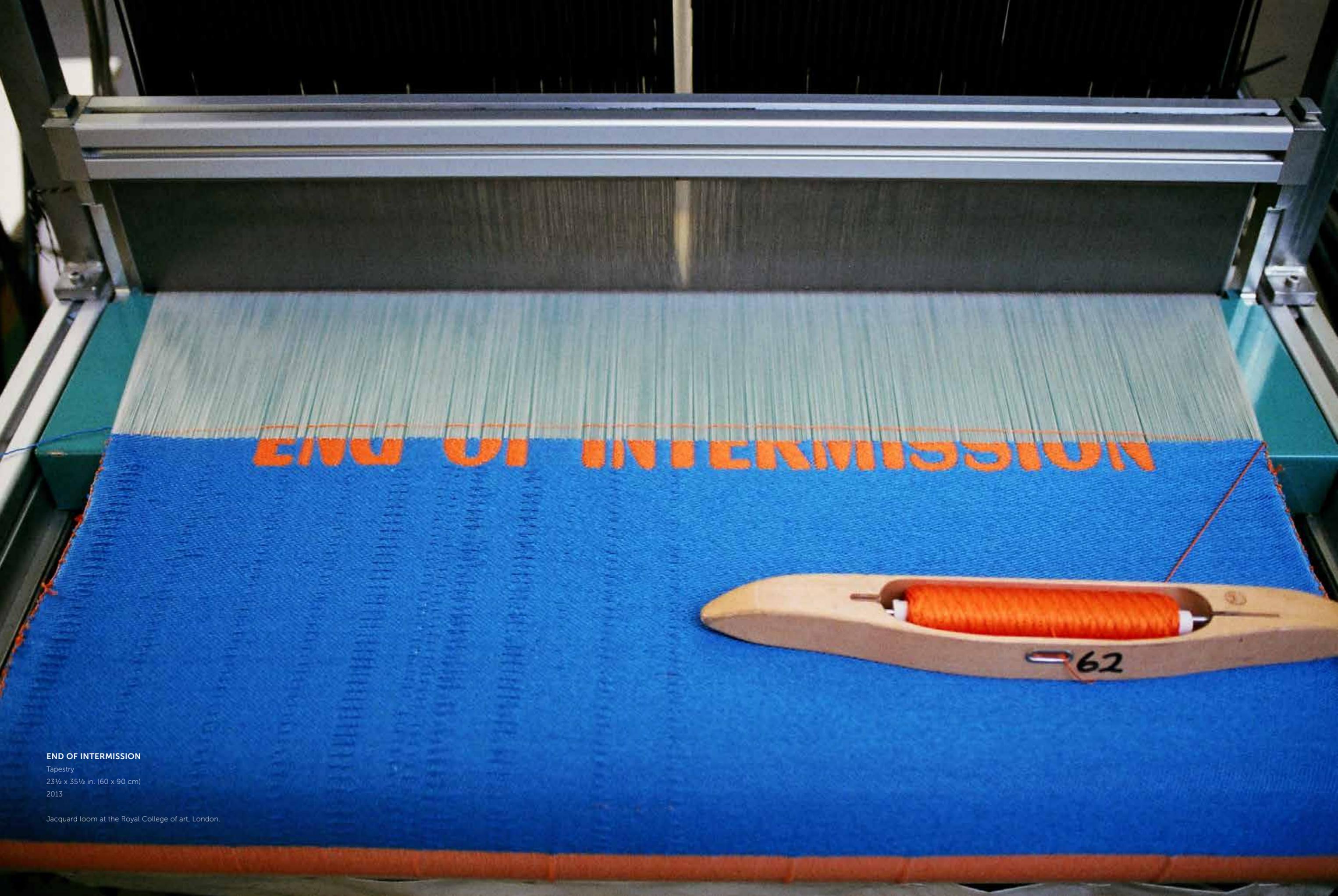


Pages 274–249:

YES / NO

Letter carving onto used wooden children's ark
10 x 17x 5 in. (25.4 x 43.1 x 12.7 cm)
2011

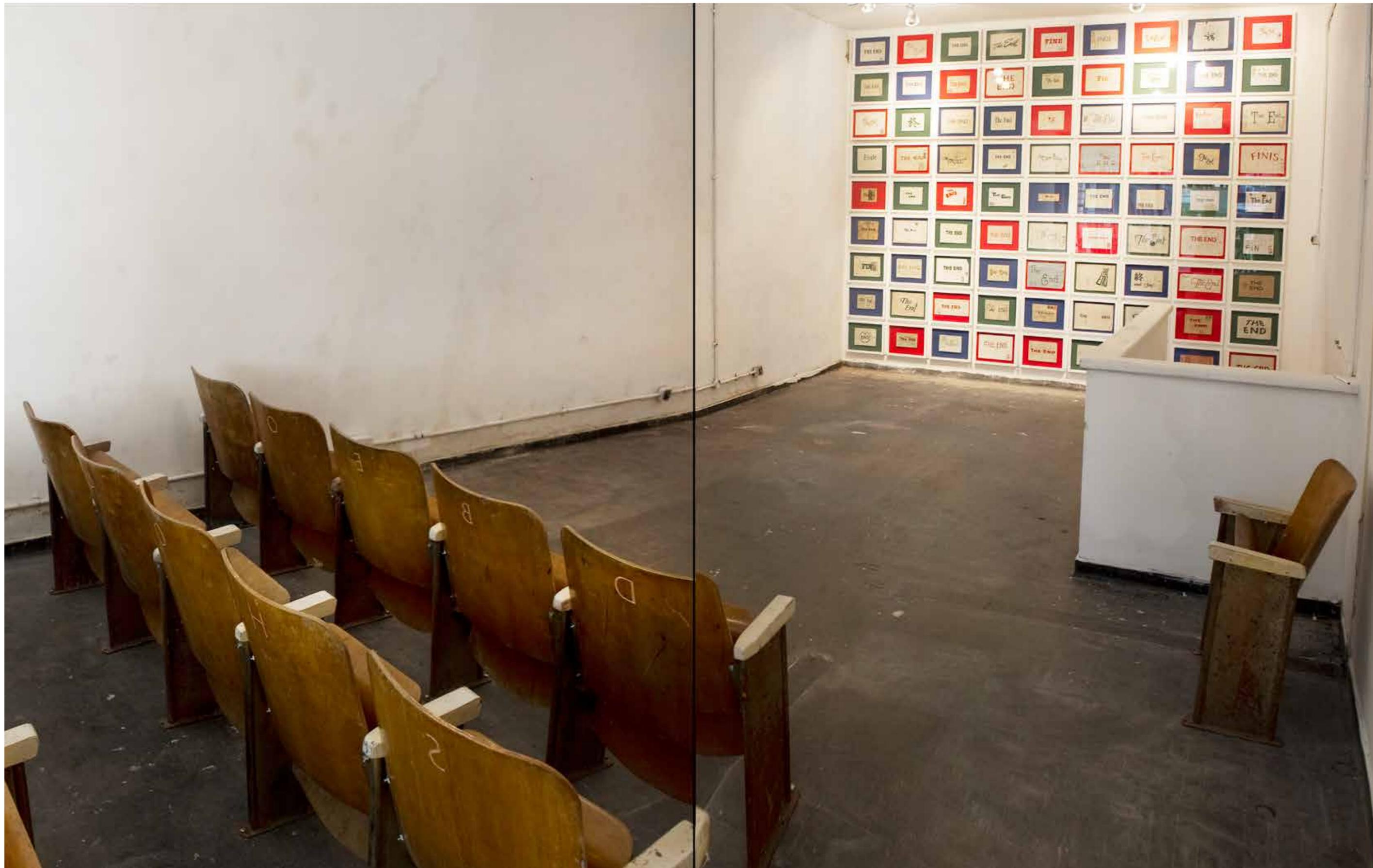


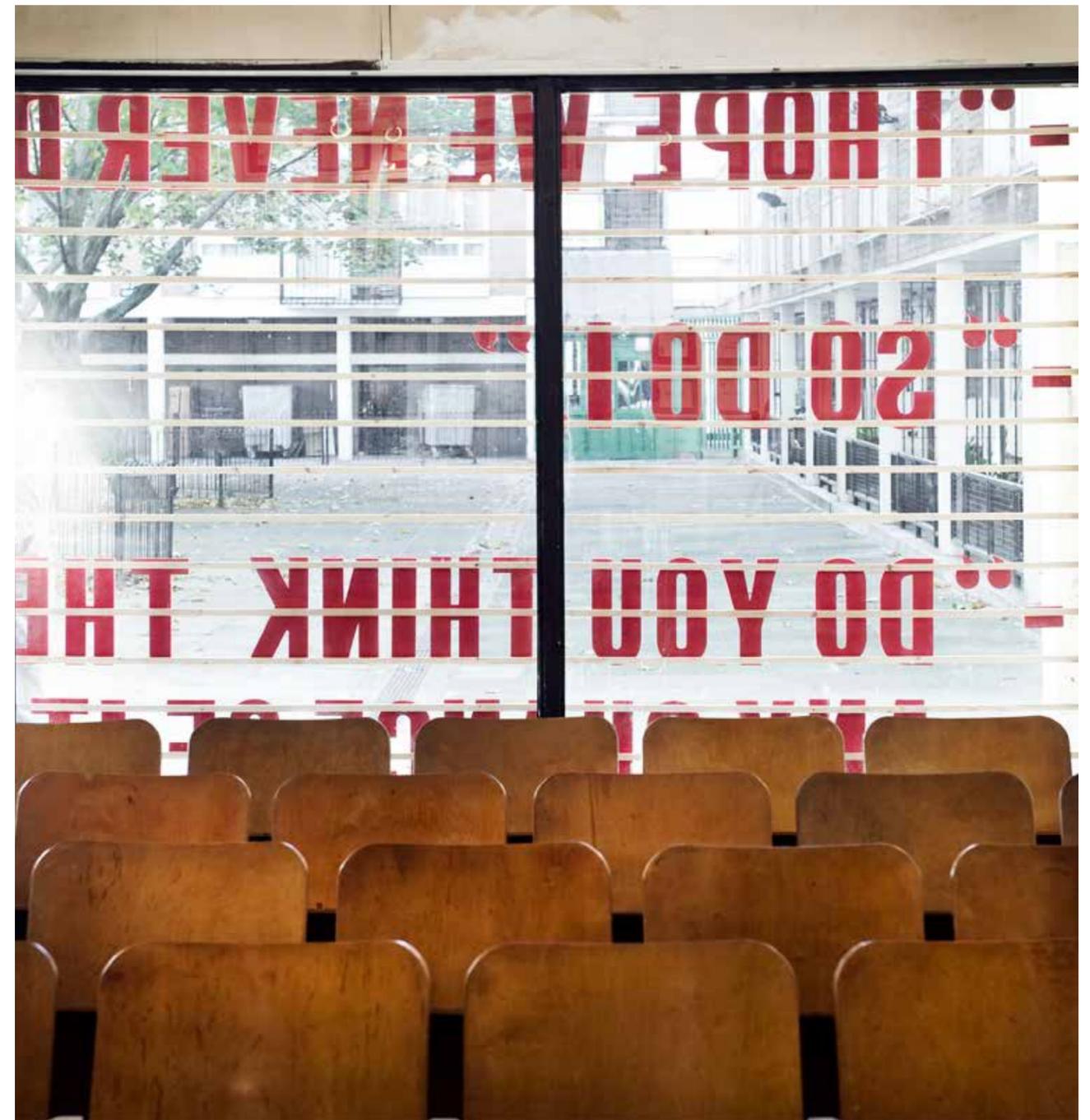
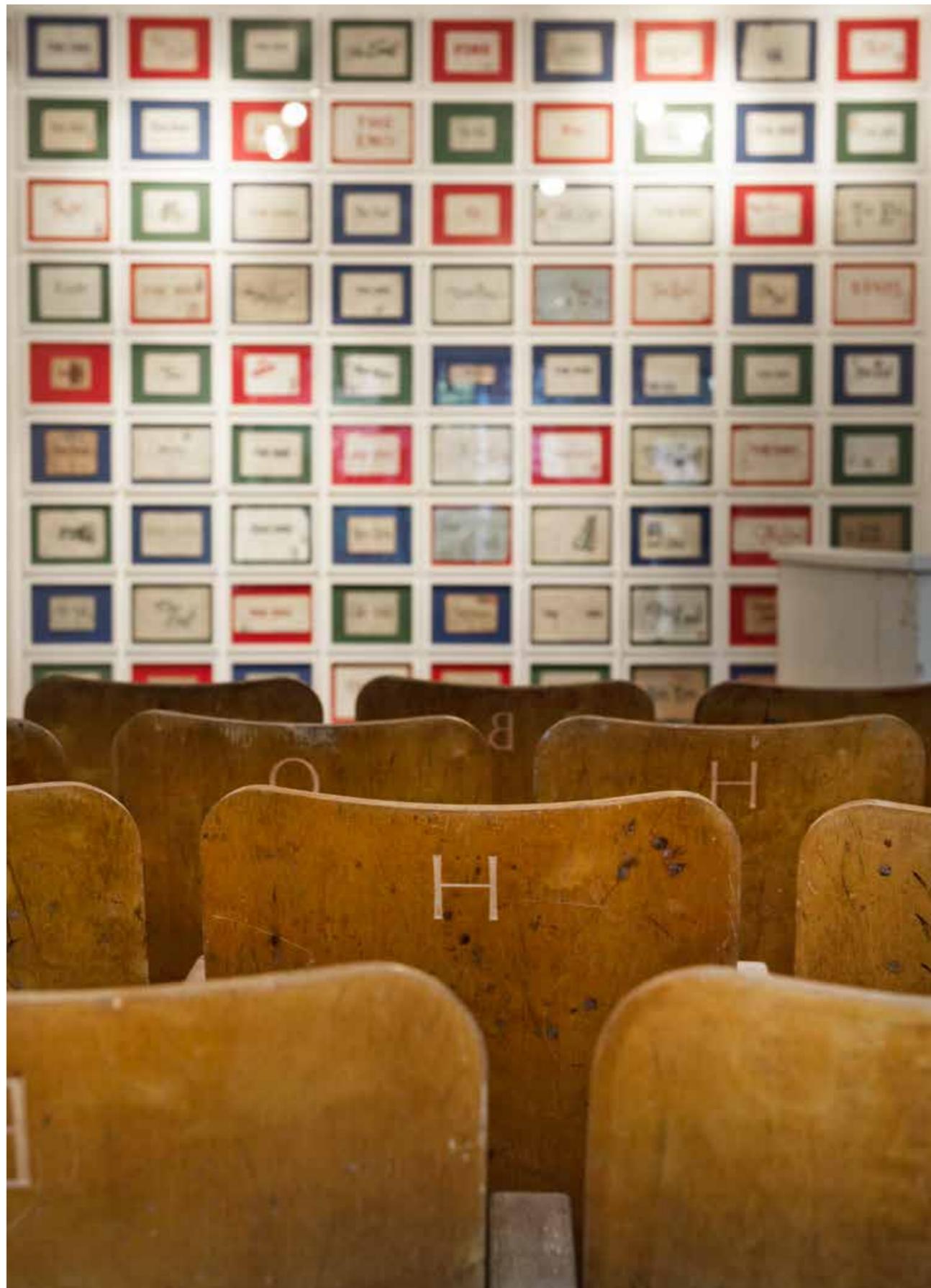


END OF INTERMISSION

Tapestry
23½ x 35½ in. (60 x 90 cm)
2013

Jacquard loom at the Royal College of art, London.





I HOPE WE NEVER DIE, SO DO I, DO YOU THINK THERE IS ANY CHANCE OF IT?

Wooden lettering writing the end lines of the film "The Lion in Winter".

Each letter: 17 x 9¾ in. (45 x 24.8 cm)

Wooden frame: 140 x 282 in. (355.6 x 462.2 cm)

2012

Installed at 43 Compton Close, Camden NW1 in 2012



- "I HOPE WE NEVER DIE."

- "SO DO I."

- "DO YOU THINK THERE'S
ANY CHANCE OF IT?"



Pages 264–267:

THE END

Wooden frame, disused raft
180 x 120 in. (457.2 x 304.8 cm)
2014
Installed on Kenoza Lake, NY in 2014

Pages 286–273:

#IWASTHERE

Neon, wood, generator
Neon: 12 x 48 in. (30.4 x 121.9 cm)
Wood: 120 x 36 in. (304.8 x 91.4 cm)
2014
Installed in the Joshua Tree National park, California in 2014









Pages 275–277:

**IN THE END ITS NOT THE YEARS IN YOUR LIFE
THAT COUNT BUT THE LIFE IN YOUR YEARS**

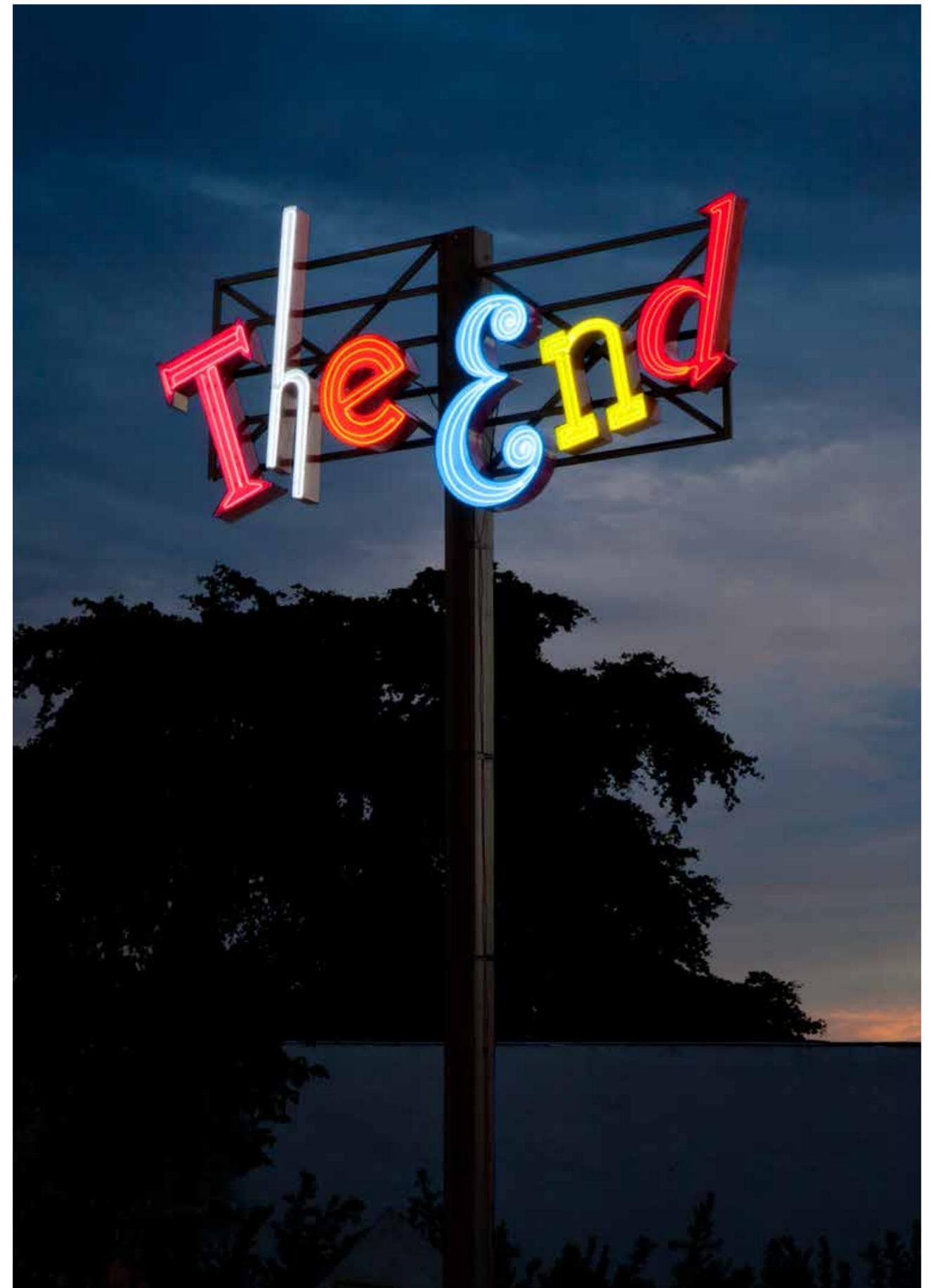
Neon, steel

Neon: 108 x 60 inches (274.3 x 152.4 cm)

Steel frame: 36 x 108 inches (91.4 x 274.3 cm)

Pole: 300 x 5 x 5 inches (762 x 12.7 x 12.7 cm)

2013



The End



LIST OF WORKS

#IWASTHERE

Neon, wood, generator
Neon: 12 x 48 in. (30.4 x 121.9 cm)
Wood: 120 x 36 inches (304.8 x 91.4 cm)
2013
Installed in the Joshua Tree National park,
California

A BIRD IN THE HAND

Oil on the steps of 7 dismantled wooden step
ladders / metal laboratory stool
50.3 x 61.4 in. (128 x 156 cm)
2012

ALL CHANGE IS NOT GROWTH, ALL MOVEMENT IS NOT FORWARD

Oil on used drawing board
35½ x 23¾ in. (90 x 60cm)
2008

All chess players are artists – said Marcel

Brick dust from the artists former London
studio (Number 2 Stamp Place) and wood from
multiple floorboards from the artists former
London studio (Number 2 Stamp Place)
Smallest: 1¾ x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)
Tallest: 5 x 2¼ in. (12 x 5.7 cm)
2014

All good ideas arrive by chance – said Max

Brick dust from demolished buildings from the
Norwich Asylum and wood from two doors
from the Norwich Asylum
Smallest: 1¾ x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)
Tallest: 5 x 2 in. (12.7 x 5 cm)

ALL WORK AND ALL PLAY (reverse)

Tapestry, wooden frame from Norwich
Hospital, Connecticut.
tapestry: 29 x 47 in. (119.3 cm x 73.66 cm)
wooden frame: 72 x 60 in. (182.88 x 152.4 cm)
2013

ARTIFICIAL

Glass, neon, wood.
Bottle: 12 x 6 in. (30.48 x 15.12 cm)
Bulb: 4.7 x 1.9 in. (12 x 5 cm)
Shelve: 10 x 5 x 96 in. (25.4 x 12.7 x 243.8 cm)
2013
Private Collection

ARTIFICIAL – detail “R”

Glass, neon, wood.
Bottle: 12 x 6 in. (30.48 x 15.12 cm)
Bulb: 4.7 x 1.9 in. (12 x 5 cm)
2013

ARTIFICIAL – detail “T”

Glass, neon, wood.
Bottle: 12 x 6 in. (30.48 x 15.12 cm)
Bulb: 4.7 x 1.9 in. (12 x 5 cm)
2013

KING – BABOON OF THOTH

Resin and oil paint
9¾ x 4¾ in. (25 x 12 cm)
2008

BEGIN

Letter carving onto used wooden cradle
19 x 31¾ x 10¾ in. (48.5 x 81 x 27.5 cm)
2012

BISHOP – HEAD OF OSIRIS

Resin and oil paint
10½ x 5 in. (27 x 13 cm)
2008

BLOODY MARY

Oil, emulsion and acrylice on board
50 x 44 in. (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015
Private Collection

DONALD DUCK

Oil on used butchers blocks / two beer crates
47¼ x 47¼ in. (120 x 120 cm)
2013

DON'T EVEN ASK

Oil on dismantled church donation box
15¾ x 15¾ inches (40 x 40cm)
2010

EATING > THINKING

Letter engraving onto copper plate
7 in. diameter (17.8 cm)
2013

EGG HEAD

Oil, emulsion and acrylice on board
50 x 44 in. (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015

ELEPHANT

Oil paint and silkscreen medium on gesso
primed dismantled united states money bags
110.2 x 59.8 in. (280 x 152 cm)
2013

EMPTY

Letter carving on used wooden step ladder
35 x 15 x 3 in. (90 x 40 x 7.6 cm)
2012

END OF INTERMISSION

Tapestry
23½ x 35½ in. (60 x 90 cm)
2013

EVERYBODY MUST HAVE A FANTASY

Oil paint and silkscreen medium on gesso
primed dismantled united states money bags
43¾ x 35¾ in. (111.1 x 90.8 cm)
2013

EVERYTIME I THINK I HAVE DISCOVERED SOMETHING I REALISE A POET HAS BEEN THERE BEFORE ME

Wood, leather, resin, paint, felt, glasses, caliper
rulers and magnifying glass
32 Chess pieces: Tallest: 11½ inches (29cm),
smallest 25¾ inches (66cm), desk 31 x 31½ x
62½ inches (79 x 80 x 159cm), chair: 39¼ x
29½ x 31½ (100 x 75 x 80cm)
2008
Private Collection

FINE

Neon, aluminium, steel.
Aluminium lettering: F - , l -, N- , E-
Steel frame: 27¼ x 89¼ in. (69.2 x 226.6 cm)
2014
Private Collection

FLAMINGO

Oil paint and silkscreen medium on gesso
primed dismantled united states money bags
110.2 x 59.8 inches (280 x 152 cm)
2013
Private Collection

FUCK THE WORLD / FOR THE WIN

Carving on stool
11½ x 24 in. (29.2 x 60.9 cm)
2013

FUCK THE WORLD / FOR THE WIN

Oil on table-tops
71¾ x 48 in. (182.2 x 121.9 cm)
2013

GIDDY UP

Oil, emulsion and acrylice on board
50 x 44 in. (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015

GOOFY

Oil on used drawing board
47¼ x 35½ in. (120 x 90 cm)
2006

HONEST TO GOD

Oil on dismantled prayer desk
35½ x 51 in. (90 x 130 cm)
2011

I HOPE WE NEVER DIE, SO DO I, DO YOU THINK THERE IS ANY CHANCE OF IT?

Wooden mdf lettering writing the end lines of
the film “The Lion in Winter”.
Each letter: 17 in. x 9¾ in. (45 x 24.7 cm)
Wooden frame: 140 x 282 in. (355.6 x 462.2 cm)
2012
Installed at 43 Compton Close, Camden NW1

IM A DEEPLY SUPERFICIAL PERSON

Oil paint and silkscreen medium on gesso
primed dismantled united states money bags
43¾ x 35¾ in. (111.1 x 90.8 cm)
2013

IN FIFTEEN MINUTES EVERYONE WILL BE FAMOUS

Oil paint and silkscreen medium on gesso
primed dismantled united states money bags
43¾ x 35¾ in. (111.1 x 90.8 cm)
2013

INTELLIGENCE WITHOUT AMBITION IS LIKE A BIRD WITHOUT WINGS

Oil on used drawing board
35½ x 23¾ in. (90 x 60 cm)
2008

IN WORDS DROWN I

Oil on dismantled blanket chest and artist’s
frame
80½ x 111½ in. (204.7 x 283 cm)
2010

I SAY ME

Oil on school desk
70½ x 60 in. (178 x 152 cm)
2010

IT’S A TERRIBLE THING TO SEE AND TO HAVE NO VISION

Silkscreen print
47¼ x 35½ in. (120 x 90 cm)
2011

IT WAS THE ABYSS OF HUMAN EMOTION

Glass, neon , wood, cork
Bottle: 14 x 8 in. (35.5 x 20.3 cm)
Plinth:14 x 14 in. (35.5 x 35.5cm)
2013

KISS ME WITH YOUR EYES

Oil paint and silkscreen medium on gesso
primed dismantled united states money bags
43¾ x 35¾ in. (111.1 x 90.8 cm)
2013

MODERN ART IN A WORLD OF LESS AND LESS TASTE (C U NEXT TUESDAY)

oil, emulsion and acrylice on board
50 x 44 inches (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015

N-E-V-E-R-O-D-D-O-R-E-V-E-N

Oil on dismantled blanket chest
71½ x 61 in. (182 x 155 cm)
2009

OWL

Oil pastel on dismantled united states money bags
110. ¼ x 59¾ in. (280 x 152 cm)
2013

PANDA

Oil pastel on dismantled united states money bags
110.2 x 59.8 inches (280 x 152 cm)
2013

PAWN - Etruscan cane handle

Resin and oil paint
5¾ x 4¾ in. (15 x 12 cm)
2008

PAWN (All chess players are artists – said Marcel)

Wood from the floorboards of the artists former
London studio (Number 2 Stamp Place) and
brick dust from the artists former London
studio (Number 2 Stamp Place)
1¾ x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)
2014

PAWN (All good ideas arrive by chance – said Max)

Wood from a single door of the asylum (left) /
brick dust from demolished buildings from
the Norwich Asylum (right)
1¾ x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)
2014

PLATO IS A BORE

Oil on dismantled school desk
55 x 46½ in. (140 x 118 cm)
2011

POP GOES THE WEASLE

Oil on dismantled church pews / wooden stand
51 x 49¼ in. (130 x 125 cm)
2012

PUPPET

Oil on dismantled toy-box / office stool
33½ x 43¼ in. (85 x 110 cm)
2012

PUPPET

Oil on used drawing board
47¼ x 35½ in. (120 x 108 cm)
2006

QUEEN (All chess players are artists – said Marcel)

Wood from the floorboards of the artists former
London studio (Number 2 Stamp Place) and
brick dust from the artists former London
studio (Number 2 Stamp Place)
1¾ x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)
2014

QUEEN

(All good ideas arrive by chance – said Max)

Wood from a single door of the asylum (left) / brick dust from demolished buildings from the Norwich Asylum (right)
5 x 2¼ in. (12.7 x 5.7 cm)
2014

REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY

Letter carving on wooden Edwardian schooldesk
24 x 33½ x 33 in. (61 cm x 85.1 x 83.8 cm)
2009

ROOK (All chess players are artists – said Marcel)

Wood from the floorboards of the artists former London studio (Number 2 Stamp Place) and brick dust from the artists former London studio (Number 2 Stamp Place)
1¾ x 2 in. (4.4 x 5 cm)
2014

ROOK

(All good ideas arrive by chance – said Max)

Wood from a single door of the asylum (left) / brick dust from demolished buildings from the Norwich Asylum (right)
2½ x 2¼ in. (6.35 x 5.7 cm)
2014

Self portrait with my wife (as foosball players)

Resin players / used dynamo foosball table
Players: 5½ x 1¼ in. (13.9 x 3.1 cm)
Table: 56 x 30 x 36 in. (142.2 x 76.2 x 91.4 cm)
2013

SHARK #1

Oil on dismantled united states money bags
110.2 x 59.8 in. (280 x 152 cm)
2013

SHARK #2

Oil on dismantled united states money bags
110.2 x 59.8 in. (280 x 152 cm)
2013

S.O.S.

Oil on drawing board
each painting 23½ x 35½ in. (60 x 90 cm)
2013

SPAM JUICE

Oil, emulsion and acrylic on board
50 x 44 inches (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015

THE BIRD A NEST, THE SPIDER A NEST, THE HUMAN FRIENDSHIP

Oil on used drawing board
35½ x 23¾ in. (90 x 60cm)
2007

THE END

Wooden frame, disused raft
180 x 120 in. (457.2 x 304.8 cm)
Installed on Kenoz Lake, NY

THE OWL IS NOT WHAT IT SEEMED

Silkscreen print on canvas
35½ X 47¼ in. (90 x 120 cm)
2013

THE OWLS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

Disassembled chairs from the Norwich State Asylum, square steel piping
Cage: 60 x 24 in. (152.4 x 60.2 cm)
Stand: 144 x 36 in. (365.7 x 91.4 cm)
2013
Installed at Pioneer Works, Brooklyn NYC

THE QUESTION IS NOT WHAT YOU LOOK AT BUT WHAT YOU SEE

Silkscreen print
47¼ x 35½ in. (120 x 90 cm)
2012

THINK OF ME

Oil on the back of 6 intact mirrors
84½ x 60½ in. (215. x 153 cm)
2010

THIS IS UNCOOL

Oil, emulsion and acrylic on board
50 x 44 inches (127 x 111.7 cm)
2015

UNTIL THE COWS COME HOME (FOR CYNTIA)

Steel, neon, laminated mdf, pine.
table: 60 x 168 in. (152.4 x 426.7 cm)
neon: 24 x 60 in. (60.96 x 512.4 cm)
2014
Installed at the Brooklyn Museum, New York

VLADIK

Oil on used drawing board
47¼ x 35½ in. (120 x 98cm)
2006

WORDS ARE LIKE LEAVES; AND WHERE THEY MOST ABOUND, MUCH FRUIT OF SENSE BENEATH IS RARLEY FOUND

Glass, neon, wood.
Bottle: 14 x 8 in. (35.5 x 20.3 cm)
Neon: 66 x 30 in. (167.6 x 76.2 cm)
Wooden plinth: 4 x 30 x 30 in. (10.1 x 76.2 cm)
2014

WRITE / WRONG

Letter carving on used wooden letter rack
6 x 4.7 x 11. ¾ in. (15.2 x 11.9 x 29.9 cm)
2010

YES / NO

Letter carving onto used wooden children's ark
7 x 13 in. (13 x 18 cm)
2011

YES / NO

Letter carving onto used wooden children's ark
9 x 21½ x 13 in. (22.8 x 54.6 x 33 cm)
2011

YES / NO

Letter carving onto used wooden children's ark
10 x 17x 5 in. (25.4 x 43.1 x 12.7 cm)
2011

I

Oil on floorboard fro demolished church
115¼ x 56¼ in. (293 x 143 cm)
2010

II

Oil on floorboard from demolished church
94 x 62½ in. (239 x 159 cm)
2010
installation view from Berceuse at Galerie No-lan Judin, Berlin

IN THE END ITS NOT THE YEARS IN YOUR LIFE THAT COUNT BUT THE LIFE IN YOUR YEARS

Neon, steel
Neon: 108 x 60 in. (274.3 x 152.4 cm)
Steel: frame: 36 x 108 in. (91.4 x 274.3 cm)
pole: 300 x 5 x 5 in. (762 x 12.7 x 12.7 cm)
2013

BIOGRAPHY

Born 1980 in Guildford
Lives and works in New York

Solo Exhibitions

2016

“Life is a gasssss”

Erin Cluley Gallery, Dallas
07/04/2016

2014

“Games Triathlon”

Cabinet, Gowanus, NYC
02/06/14

2013

“In the end its not the years in your life that count but the life in your years”

Kowal - Odermatt Projects
12/10/13 – 03/30/13

2012

“I hope that we never die...so do I”

Old Compton Close, London
10/01/2011

2011

“Berceuse”

Galerie Nolan Judin, Berlin
01/15/11 - 02/19/14

2010

“SHIFT”

Uno Su Nove, Rome
04/14/10 – 05/15/10

2008

“Nights move”

Freud Museum, London
10/10/08 – 12/10/08

Group Exhibitions

2015

Animal Farm

S2 Gallery London 01/06/2016

Whats up

Soho, London 01/03/2016

2015

Whispers

Ronchini, London 10/12/2015

Gotika

Palazzo Franchetti, 54th Venice Biennale
09/05/2015

Drawings | Fridges

Greene Exhibitions, Los Angeles 13/06/2015

Hashtag Abstract

Ronchini, London 02/07/2015

Re-define

Goss-Michael Foundation, Dallas
20/04/2015

2014

“What marcel taught me”

Fine Art Society, London 10/10/2014

“The Future Can wait”

Victoria House, London 10/10/2014

2013

“British Cut”

Cat Street gallery, Hong Kong
05/01/2013

“White Light/White Heat”

55th Venice Biennale, Venice
DATE
curated by James Putnam

2012

“Nightfall”

Modem Museum, Hungary
09/01/2012

“Art of Chess”

Saatchi Gallery, London
09/01/2012

“Summer Exhibition”

The Royal Academy, London
06/01/2012
honorary submission.

“The British Cut”

Cat St Gallery, Hong Kong
05/01/2012
presented by the British Council for Art HK

“Point of Entry”

Ana Cristea Gallery, New York
01/01/2012

2011

“The Future Can Wait”

Truman Brewery, London
10/01/2011

“Some domestic incidents”

The Mac, Birmingham
09/01/2011

“Some domestic incidents”

Prague Biennale, Czech Republic
05/01/2011

“Polemically Small”

The Torrance Art Museum, Los Angeles
05/01/2011

“Brussels Art Fair”

Nolan Judin Gallery, Berlin
04/01/2011

“The Art of Chess”

Bendigo Art Gallery, Melbourne Australia
03/01/2011

2010

“Vanitas,”

Frieze Art Fair, London
10/01/2010

“The Art of Chess”

University of Queensland Art Museum,
Australia
10/01/2010

“The Busan Biennale,”

Busan, South Korea
09/01/2010

“Wonderland”

Assab One, Milan
03/01/2010
curated by James Putnam,

“The Art of Chess”

Dox Centre for Contemporary Art,
Prague
03/01/2010

“Peeping Tom”

Vegas Gallery, London
02/01/2010

“Library of Babel”

Project 176, London
02/01/2010

“The House of Fairytales”

Millenium Gallery, St Ives
02/01/2010

“The Art of Display”

Courthauld Institute, London
01/01/2010 – 08/01/2010

2009

“The Horn of Plenty”

Viktor Wynd Fine art, London
12/01/2009

“Distortion part one”

53rd Venice Biennale, The Arts Council,
England
12/01/2009

“Paper View,”

John Jones Project Space, London
06/01/2009

“On the Line”

Crimes Town, Stoke Newington, London
06/01/2009

“The Art of Chess”

The Reykjavik Museum of Modern Art,
Iceland
01/01/2009

2008

“In Drawing”

Purdy Hicks Gallery, London
11/01/2008

“Artissima”

Turin UnoSuNove, London
11/01/2008

“Don't Stop Me Now”

Trolley Gallery, London
07/01/2008

“Something More, Something Less”

David Roberts Collection, 111 Great Titchfield St,

“Art Brussels”

UnoSuNove, Rome
04/01/2008

2007

“Zoo Art Fair”

T1+2, Burlington Gardens, London

11/01/2007

“Basel Art Fair”

Michael Janssen Gallery
Berlin: 06/01/2007

“Waste and the Lost World: Memento Mori with Alastair Mackie, Polly Morgan, Oliver Clegg”

The Gallery, Charing Cross Road, London
04/01/2007

“Salon 2007”

New British Painting and Works on Paper,
London
03/01/2007
curated by Flora Fairbairn

“Augury: New Works by Alastair Mackie and Oliver Clegg”

Tara Bryan gallery, London
06/01/2007

Thank you to

Natasha

my family

Adam Bailey, Adam Cohen, Adam Laurence,
Adeline de Monseignat, Akron Costumes,
Alastair Mackie, Alex Dalessio,
Alexander Eagleton, Alexander Gilkes,
Alistair Hicks, Amanda Shulman,
Amirah kassem, Andie Tham, Andrew Cox
Andrew Kenny, Anna Parker, Anthony Hines
Aric Gauke, Arthur Fournier, Ash NYC, Ben Clotten
Charles Riva, Dan Fox, Daniel Crockett
Darren Bader, David Birkin,
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