

Nathan Witt Writing/ Text Pieces 2003-2011

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Motives/ values/ history and effort.

THIS IS A DUMP OF SORTS. An ideas dump, a part deterrent for the actual manifestation of ideas and a number of substitutes for all of the images that each page would have made. It has arisen out of a combination between the objection of visual language and also out of a sense of obligation, not to make too much matter that would have had less meaning, where my energies would have been invested in the material.

I want to concentrate on the idea-centric, as I don't want to alter the notion by making endless representations of hypotheses, which for this exercise, maybe un-economical. That is not to say I do not want to not realize any of the ideas and hypotheses in these text pieces. Instead, it is a space for exploration, rest and for venting spleen, for sharing certain strange things in life and through history. Certain ideas recur, mimetically, and often are encouraged. I assume they are linked to my motives and to a variety of values; some societal, some personal, some related to the subject matter, some that surround the subject. There is no pattern, just an aimless wandering from one thing to another, an internal flanerier, weighing things up, testing things, prodding and poking...

I made this work because I don't want to be an ideas racist- I try to encourage even the most banal idea until values reveal themselves, which is both a boon and hindrance but I feel safe in the knowledge that I am reflecting my role as a citizen (a self-imposed democracy/ indiscrimination). There are numerous things that inhibit artists when they approach and work with subject matter: time, popularity, history, reliability and those phenomena associated with value- inside and out. Hopefully, that indiscrimination [is it post-modern/ pluralistic/ heterogeneous? I hope so] reflects the utter enormity of overly conscious thought, the madness and mania that accompanies the struggle to maintain consciousness and coherence with ideas. It is a quagmire for some; it is a personal subjective enquiry, like everything, for all of us, which I think inhibits us when it comes to certain types of thoughts. Epistemology appeals greatly, in that: *everything is appealing*. I think society often forgets that we live in a heterogeneous, multifarious world, it is complex, too complex for our tiny minds, yet we ask so much of ourselves, we are so demanding of things outside of ourselves and I seriously don't know how demanding we are of others. I like pluralistic art, both physically and ideologically. I hate familiarity and complacency and predictability and laziness, I like playfulness, contrariness; people making an effort and people trying to work beyond their subjective interpretation of truth, which, to me, is like a noose. Like the ideal of utopia people used to get fed by governments until they couldn't be bothered to argue against it anymore. This work is a token of my indifference towards society and my impending resignation of having to conform, or consolidate myself with numerous hypocrisies- of which I am tempted...

People's motives, their moods, change like the weather depending on lots of things and their motives, in turn, affect their actions. We are inconsistent, emotionally, and it is not possible to make art in a stable emotional state; *artists try to* and that is one of the struggles but it seems so pointless and a betrayal to the self, restricting potential and a form of self denial. It may be a disciplined approach but is it a real approach? I like to know why artists do stuff and where they are coming from, whether I can trust them or whether what they are saying is worth my while. I don't people should feel particularly apologetic about the numerous judgements people make towards artists, which I don't think they do but I think there is a large amount of artists who are pretty judgemental towards their peers/ friends, myself included. Art is a judgemental exercise but it doesn't talk about how judgemental it is. It is a place that allegedly supports criticism but I don't see any real criticism going on, not like you would on the street or in the pub. What is offered is usually diluted, polite, and deferential. As an artist I feel pretty embarrassed about my work, which I think is good because it means I am making rubbish work that is probably rubbish because of my own maladjusted sense of subjective truth. Delusion.

Really, I just want to make my own Book of Hours. I want to have a singular focus on the work and have to force the idea into the form at times, hopefully not all the time but it doesn't really matter. I want to pay no heed to the outside world except in that it informs the work- in the sense that the work can accommodate all of those ideas. I know it is as an art form; rather flat and one-dimensional. Sooner or later though, one has to make a choice as to what form the work will assume and, for me, at times it can be quite arbitrary. I'm not very good with materials; it doesn't feel right. I can't remember making pieces of work and I just look at the things in confusion, wondering how and why these things come out of me. Art is truly perplexing and a lot of the time pointless. Subjectivity and that deferential judgementalism that we all possess, while we measure the value of the work, often can point to the better notion that some work can be better said or described than in actuality. History has proven that through fable and narratives and art has accompanied/ enriched (?) it through representation. The issue, now, is the current social value towards representation, whether it is enough. Representation works in many ways but I cannot see myself committing myself to it, I think there are more pressing failings on my behalf and arts behalf than to work within such a stable manner, or at least putting it last if you can't convince yourself it is absent. I don't want to make images; I am, at many times, a conscientious objector to the tyranny of the visual world. I don't want to abuse my privileged position of being in a position of understanding and waste it on endlessly working about "self" first and representation. This book is an exercise to get out, get things out, or to look at things outside; of course everything gets reigned in by the subjective subject, that's inevitable but it can be delayed, in the same way that you can convince yourself that you are delaying death just by thinking about it.

Stuff that goes on in the world today

A star being measured from Earth

A satellite that has been
travelling for 30 years

A light splitting telescope
on top of a volcano

LASERS

A PUDDLE OF OIL
DNA seed bank

Particle accelerators

my own personal maze

ICE CUBE TELESCOPES BURIED
2 MILES INTO THE PACK ICE

SYSTEMS:

- Satellite (orbit)
- Oil (boring)
- Maze (getting lost)
- Telescope (observation/ knowledge)
- DNA (prudence)
- Lasers (energy)

“The law of the excluded middle” is the demand imposed upon statements to be true or false, it is the exclusion of the ambiguous filler, the middle, the bulk- the thing that leads to the thing. The poor thing is often outside of the finite conclusion made by whatever reason in whatever fashion as a result of verificationism and the desire for meaning. The size of the middle is potentially vast and infinite, although that rests upon the finiteness of language. Intuitively, though, the middle is everything and incomprehensible, it is the part representation of something gargantuan and overwhelming in comparison to ourselves. The dichotomy is the easy bit, is the finite phenomena and in this instance a utility for determining- and demanding- some kind of result or, rather, a utility that is analogous to a situation of demands that are ultimately our responsibility in accepting or rejecting.

What seems evident is our willingness to try and attempt some kind of ontological epistemology, to become luminous beings and to, either in rationalism or intuition, submit as much of ourselves to the question and absorb as much of the question into ourselves. Defining the point where/ when this occurs seems a trivial thing in comparison to the potential or suspected bulk of the phenomena and the nobility and braveness required for people to participate in this difficult and ambiguous situation. The middle is potentially vast; I suspect it is and I feel it is but I cannot prove or realistically comprehend as to what its actual size or value is. Asking questions is difficult; getting answers is rewarding but in a [perverse] temporal/ suspended way. The pessimist in me would say I have received no answers when actually I answered questions to lead to this statement, I suppose awareness, in this case, is a reflection of the person, whether they are gracious in gratitude or not. Unfortunately there is the level of emotional consistency that is not inherent in any of us that prevents the consistency of the gratitude analogy, which inhibits both the awareness and the goodness of the being and their results.

The Cultural Infatuation with Craft/ What is the Value of Effort?

What are the values we- as a society- place on aesthetics, craft and concepts of effort and labour that are invested into making art- and its interpretation?

Is there a disparity between the *effort* and the *actual* outcome of the artwork? [Commercially, socially and also internally- from the artist's perspective.]

Is craft a marginalised phenomena?

Low-fi art has gained acceptance in mainstream culture; minimalism and conceptualism are now canonised and established forms- and periods- of art. Is there a similarity to the reactionary nature of the Arts and Crafts' position to Modernism- or the just the modernization of society? Is craft reactionary? How does low-fi art, low art, differ from that of the ready-made and conceptual art? Isn't the reading always the same?

What do we see when we look at art? How do we go about valuing it? And how does that differ from the intentions of artists? What are the intentions of artists and how are they relevant? What diminishes them and convolutes the reading of art besides money? Why are we seduced by *labour* and *effort*- or are we becoming less so?

Value/ Crap Value

The financial value of the artwork impedes its reading and creates a drifting narrative separate to the artwork, often it can create a separate level of intention from the artist and also become the focus of the art itself. This seems to be the most basic interpretation of value and of trying to find a value for the work that doesn't require any other type of reading and ultimately threatens other types of values in artworks.

Socially, values are phenomena that culture (and beyond) is dependant on as a means to sustain itself and to try and understand other phenomena in a wider sense. I want to continue exploring the notion of the lack of morality *actually in* artworks but as a phenomena attached to it- superfluously. Is it in the work through reading or is it something projected onto it? This, to me, is something both curious and fascinating. It is linked to abjection and the "lower" aspects of culture but requires the same amount of reading.

A world obsessed with sheen, veneer, money and more recently ethics and information- but still immersed in a reflection of sorts. This is the value I am trying to describe.

- Why make artwork?
- What is there to be gained?
- Commerce as a principle distraction for everybody
- Society as a foreign body to artists
- Language as a source of confusion, again, for everybody
- Escape as a primary goal, again, for everybody (artists and art goers)
- Finishing as a point of irrelevance
- Craft as energy spent on language (see above)
- Effort and reward being disparate and unrelated
- Reward being sought by artists
- Morality as an absent phenomena in the artwork
- As an attachment- a vital emotional form of energy tax?

Platonic Idealism

“The real world will be that of words while the world of sense will be condemned as illusory.”

Knowledge versus intuition. Knowledge versus meaning. Russell versus Wittgenstein.

A sentence that has now been disseminated and means something more fragmentary.

“Epistemology concerns itself with the ordering of propositions that is distinguishable both from their logical and psychological orders. If we were to arrange propositions in their logical order, we would begin with those from which the others could be logically derived. If we arrange propositions in their psychological order, we would begin with those that we believed first. But if we arranged propositions in their epistemological order, we would begin with those that provide the basic foundations of our knowledge. Basic propositions.”

Logic[al epistemology] being the ally of knowledge and psychological epistemology as the index of being. Neither, logic is knowledge or psychological epistemology: *being* but both seem to be inexorably linked and anciently established and I think 99% of the world would not contest that. The interesting thing for me is the issue of size, extraneous to the self and interior to the self. The size of epistemic knowledge, or how it appears psychologically, is gargantuan. It has to be to be epistemic, it has to be because it has to contain all the unknown elements which undoubtedly, logically, would overshadow what the lone individual intuits to know. Known knowledge must be like a rare mineral, exotic, valuable and rare

I do not know if it is inversely proportionate to the interior psyche

The intervention of time into space and the period when this occurs, resignedly termed: “space time” makes it seem hardly worth all the effort of all those men debating whether or not the world was inside their heads or extraneous to each individual’s understanding of knowledge. What is more worthwhile is what we have done with the notion in as much *real practice* as one can believe. I do want to go into space and I suppose we are past the point of our moral duty not to encroach too far from our diseased cell for fear of contaminating the rest of the universe. That moment has passed; not only did it pass from the moment we went into space but, more worryingly, when the first person *paid* to go into space.

Moral consciousness, morality, contemporary version of morality in art, its absence.

Where is morality? Does it exist? Is it useful? How?

Do people avoid morality? Is it practical? How can it be applied?

What on earth is morality? How is it possible to talk about morality without sounding preachy or sanctimonious? Where is it present and where is it absent?

In art, its presence is almost undetectable and I am certain that morality was never present in art in the first place. Art never had an obligation to teach or to impart knowledge, instead certain things were evident and transcribed into art and some people were able to extrude and decipher them. Things that were in other things that were taken by people to *mean* x. Well, that's *meaning* but art is also about *representation* so: *things that were in things that were taken to represent* y and so on. What is evident is a plurality of ambiguous phenomena, which doesn't make things any easier a) because of the volume and b) because of their ambiguity.

Understanding anything is a struggle; there is the intuitive type of understanding where the being is able to comprehend the thing, the recipient. The phenomenon.

A gravestone.

What has it done?

Reluctant to write about this stone as I don't want to demean its capacity to quieten me but its face is something I have never seen before on a tombstone. The face of the stone has the appearance of having acid poured onto it. Possibly the strangest most abstract gravestone that I've seen; it is like a marbling effect, or similar to when you squint your eyes and look at a pile of skulls stacked up in a catacomb. Or pan out. It doesn't look like weathering; it looks malevolent and mysterious, like the stone is melting; that the inhabitant had- and maybe still has- a curse on it. Maybe some unique kind of corpulescent chemical attrition gave way to this effect, such as the comings and goings of its ghost inhabitant or another visitor, like a grave robber. Or a surgeon whose grave robber had called in sick- or died. It is very unsettling and there are a number of other unsettling things about Brockley Rise Cemetery, such as the statue of the infant praying towards heaven; the woman who's grave it was having being brutally murdered whilst pregnant by the baby's father. When she was found, in the Nineteenth Century, her face was unrecognisable after having been beaten with a hammer and her eye was hanging out of its socket. Both the infant's statue and the story are shocking.

Then there are the up heaved trunks of two huge cedars planted too close to two families grave stones giving way to the idea that the inhabitants were pitting their trees against each family. The trees almost belch from the ground, looking like they've been spat out by the dead.

I think I will start with George Alfred Walker, then the catacombs and their policing by the cataflics and the underground parties they have in Paris; French Goths, Necrophiles and Strays, not that one stumbles around the catacombs of Paris looking for parties. "Ah! Maybe on the off-chance!" Well they do actually...

Then I'll have the mausoleum, the basilica and the beautiful rambling cemetery of Brockley Rise and me never finding that statue of a praying baby to pay tribute to that poor pregnant girl who was beaten with a hammer. The space reminded me of something between the jungle of Vietnam and the swamps of Southern America, like Mississippi or Florida; or what I have seen of these places through the lense anyway because I haven't been there. I think. The tombstones pop their heads out of the brambles like badly camouflaged soldiers and I my feet sink into the mulch of sodden post autumnal leaves, concealing numerous amounts of dog shit. Walking the dog in a cemetery? It's a start, I suppose. They're just like me but with a dog. Both of us are probably curious and reflexive- and possibly the dog too, however the dog doesn't not posses the same amount of reverence for the dead as I do, typified by their habit of shitting on the mattresses of dead folk's beds, the grassy knoll that mounts their chests.

It is the way of nature. Winter is the time for cemeteries, preferably when the sky is at its clearest. Winter light is so much more detailed, no smog or humidity to obfuscate your sight- no brown- no orange, no yellow. Summer light is a shimmering old plastic filter, where the plastic has aged and clouded over, scratched, burnt and opaque; maybe the atmosphere is scorched. Winter? Winter does not possess the same scorched atmosphere. It seems brighter, more celebratory; spaces seems bigger which is a bonus for our tiny little island as you get a sense for the miniaturised version of the epic. Go to high points on clear winter days and cemeteries and their environs are theoretically ideal places, the high ground being the place to bury the dead. Hampstead Heath, Kensal Rise, Brockley Rise, West Norwood. London's not high but high enough (is there a mountain of the dead?).

All this talk of the deaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaadddddddd.....

Everyone's at it. Dead before you die, that seems to be the case. Obsessed with death. Necrophiles, necromancers, necrophiliacs. Necro necro necro. It's a strange pre-occupation and for me one born out of genuflection and sitting around too much thinking about the wrong things. The mind, I suppose, if it were mapped convincingly would possess a path to such a place and it would be interesting to see where the places were that led to it. The weight of the words, the disposition of the host, their demeanour, suggest a natural leading to such a place when fixed in some maudlin state. Contrary to that I suppose you have phenomena like hysteria and all the manias. I might draw it later on. Mental maps.

Is the past a dead weight, a chimera? Or is it an anchor, a fixed point of reference? I have no idea and I have given both sides a considerable amount of devotion for a creature of so few years. It is good to use both arguments accordingly, I tell myself. It is good to know what it is that I am considering when in this death realm and to contextualize accordingly. But context has become such an ugly and exhausted phenomena.... It is good to know the position. That position is dependant, for me, on whim and

emotion. How I am feeling. As absurd as it may sound, the difference between having a dead weight around your neck and an anchor to brace yourself surely is an emotional position, they are matters of perspective as much as they are visual metaphors.

Visual metaphors.... The thing that you flee becomes the thing that grabs you. Horror. You were fleeing the metaphor of the anchor but you drowned. You couldn't break your shackles and rid yourself of the chimera and so lay exhausted and dead, by the side of the road. Those things, those situations. This is one of those situations: In the graveyard. Although it is pursued, not necessarily contrived, though, but encouraged I suppose. It is not surprising, the outcome, is it? I think that is why I dislike Damien Hirst's work so much because it shows no understanding whatsoever about the mental or emotional state of death. It is more an assumption (and not many assumptions are evident in his work, either, as I am pretty certain not much thought goes into it) about things peripheral to it and wrapped up. The less is more sentiment and saying nothing strategy fails Hirst's work regularly, I think. He's probably made about two or three good pieces and the rest of it lets him down. I quite like the idea of your artwork betraying you...

I would like to go to Saint Denis, to the Basilica and I would like to tour the catacombs of Paris and Rome, I would like to go to Pompeii and to the Tholos' of Greece and I would like to go to Mexico.

Probably at a subconscious end-point too.

Some motives

To escape reality/ to confirm and look for the good things in reality

To explore the unconscious, to escape subjective aspects of conscious thought that are detrimental.

And keep them in mind to be explored when that time arises.

What has been seen lately, what the individual has been exposed to. Visually, nothing else.

The various guises of war and the extension of fighting for power, violence, disease, sex, self-indulgent greed, more corruption, betrayal, natural disaster after natural disaster, and other spectacularly disappointing events.

On a personal level an awareness of the pandering and the perpetuation of the notion (or notions) associated to being famous or the constant insecurity of being insignificant. The latter being associated with the fear that the work is redundant. On a conscious level, I am grossly aware that the work is redundant. On a primeval level, superstitiously, I am equally aware that the work has certain powers. Consciously, paradoxically though, I would prefer to leave those ideas there.

Violence is always there. Real pain is always absent, although one is always getting shot or things cut off or falling. Kind of clichéd, I know.

Dreams are just a conglomeration of the most recent images and feelings, thrown in together but what they suggest is important to a degree, psychologically, but at the detriment of REAL life and its practicalities, no matter how unsavoury or tedious they may be.

Artists indulge the superstitious side of the persona and they indulge it from the conceptualization to the realization of the work, it affords a respite from the tediousness of real life. They indulge it culturally and participate in- and perpetuate- its mythologies, one of them being semiotics. It can be construed as a fictive account but then so can everything but it has its own unique phoney vernacular and its rituals which all serve to enhance its uniqueness.

What I see in everyday life, is relatively similar to everyone else's experience; I am no different, I am exposed to the same things through the same media which is controlled to a certain extent. Culturally, though, I feel as if we've pretty much homogenized everything to the point of exhaustion and it's got to a point where I feel as if we look incredibly desperate to continually try to find new experiences. It consumes people and I don't know what to make of it. On one hand it can look desperate and needy and on the other it is liberating and indicative of who we are: (as westerners) industrious. Actually, the latter is quite depressing too and is conveniently symptomatic of a culture run on materialism- paradoxically with no plastic matter as currency. Money is referred to as plastic as a testament to it's past more so than what it's actually made of, as if it doesn't need any more currency. Oh, and to continue its legacy.

I'm supposed to be doing a project about Modernist buildings that look better on paper than they do in real life and I have not even begun to start dreaming about it- and I can't see it happening either. So, is that project failing? Of course not, it just has characteristics that are representative or indicative of something else.

Dreams and art both fall into the same category of representation and are just mimetic extensions of ideas. When they are attempted confirmations of phenomena that are subconscious, that is all that they are- an attempt. When they are attempted confirmations of phenomena that are conscious, they are also just an attempt- just less interesting to the point where you start to look at them with different agendas. For example: to look at something anthropologically, culturally, socially etc, they are accepted ways of looking at conscious post modern, pop, hyper, blah work. A thing taken not from the sub-conscious, does not have that value.

This is all spurious nonsense though and too straight edge. Drugs can make you dream of washing powder boxes but there's only so many drugs a person can take. It's thinking that kills the subconscious work and it's not thinking that neglects the other type of work. I'm not going to go on about striking a balance because that is not always true. People who have used drugs have made fucking good art, fucking good music and damn interesting reading- it is culturally widespread and an ancient tradition. I've done a lot of drugs though and all I got was mild amnesia, which I swear is getting worse...

FUCK ONTOLOGY

The story.

Mad scientist/ philanthropist clones himself.

He clones himself so that [Nathaniel] 000, the first prototype, can be an astronaut.

Clone number. Specialization. Reason for Specialization. Method of training.

e.g. Number: 000/ Specialization: astronaut/ Reason: to get off this filthy planet. Method of training: Yet to be arranged

The reason was more than to get off this filthy planet, his creator had always wanted to see space and to feel it. Strict private schooling, one on one tutoring. Seeming as he was not immortal he had to send his clones off to the best schools with a pre-arranged emphasis towards their specialized discipline by their tutors and by external mentoring. Just like children who are forced into their careers by pushy parents, who excel at an early age and develop an aptitude very early in their specialized fields, each prototype would be educated this way. To the creator it seemed more humane and empathetic than duplicating “[Nathaniel Mentors” (which will probably happen later on down the line by a more deranged faulty (although who knows because he may be right?) clone. The [Nathaniel’s] would get together on their birthdays, which would be like their Christmas too, they would toast their existence and the good fortune and love and benevolence that brought them into the world.

The model is a model of semi-free thought rooted in the belief that each clone had a destiny to fulfil and an obligation, not only to their creator, but to themselves to fulfil that destiny. It may be perceived as an analogy of Christianity and the Western model of enterprise, which I hope no-one attempts to waste our time with. I don’t particularly care about all that, though. All want to do is to force my agenda down the world’s throat like every other fucking artist does.

Teenage JOB DESCRIPTION

- 000: astronaut
- 001: a better artist than his father
- 002: international rugby player, flanker. 100 caps (make a full team?).
- 004: a better writer than his father
- 005: a traveller
- 006: physicist, working on time travel
- 007: a spy- of course!
- 008: a historian, working with 004
- 009: a philosopher
- 010: a merciless killer/ assassin
- 011: architect
- 012: monk, ascetic
- 013: porn actor
- 014: banker
- 015: naturalist
- 016: linguist
- 017: musician/ drummer
- 018: film maker
- 019: photographer
- 020: waster (might make an army of them)

The list is homage to the notion of specialization and towards my own idiosyncratic ontological set of beliefs. Note that there are no judges, police types, politicians or people who have influential power to change certain destinies. I want to work within the given social framework that has evolved through time and pay respect to the framework that spawned me.

The private lives of monsters

They have their routines and their habits, the regular haunts, favourite foods and different desires. They may eat or rape or murder people and their children, they may burn down cities and develop weapons of unspeakable horror that barely scratches the surface of a “respectable” “well-adjusted” mortal. They may live in shit, in squalid filth since their birth, or conception...they may rule over numerous countries in league with all their other twisted half breeds. When power corrupts a monster- or a monster in the making- its results are spectacular, beyond terrifying, to the distant semi- perverse voyeuristic observers that we are.

What made the monster? What other extraneous thing? Or set of circumstances arose to permit the monster’s characteristics development, it’s rancid inception, it’s rancid journey. Was there a patron-beyond Rupert Murdoch?

This is not a Scorsese homage, or an ode to Godzilla. They would be welcome in my gallery, as well as the Rancour Beast from Return of the Jedi and especially Boba Fett- or any Titan- because the moment of cloning of a human is approaching, Frankenstein’s relevance and power as a fable grows and becomes more real. The threat of the crazy instils fear in the rational and irrational mind and likewise excitement in both minds. I don’t know what else to say about it. We’re obviously all aware of how fucking mad the world is and it seems now these maniacs are demanding to us that it is our responsibility to be normal and stable. More easy to manage, more easy to commodify, to track and monitor in case we owe them money or may display potentially sociopathological behaviour that disrupts a whole host of other more unknown systems. Paranoia paranoia.

Father,

This is what I am reading about at the moment, the facts are hazy as my notes are in a mess and it is old work. I have been going to the cemetery quite a bit lately. I hope you are well.

Lots of love

Nathan

P.S. this is a recovered document, hence the fragmentation.

Hubert Robert: The Violation of the Tombs of the Kings in the basilica of Saint Denis (1793)

George Alfred Walker: Gatherings from graveyards

Carl Jung: Night Sea Journey

A painter, a psychologist and a necrophiliac:

I was originally thinking about the French and the dead, or how they treated the dead and what it meant, whether it differed from the Victorians in the nineteenth century. Robert's painting was produced after the "Cemetery of the Innocents" was closed in 1784 and in 1785 the parliament took a stand against "abuses of internment." In 1790 small towns and villages were ordered to bury their dead away from their homes, on high ground, and six feet beneath the surface not to protect them from tomb raiders or vandals but for the first time; for hygiene reasons. The dead were a problem in the nineteenth century, much in the same way that the living are a problem in the twenty first century.

Robert's painting was made during the revolution, a year after Louis XVI was executed and in September 1792, and Robert having aristocratic or feudal ties was imprisoned. He was lucky to escape death after someone thought to be him was executed at the guillotine, much like the rest of the French aristocracy, who were decimated along with anyone who worked with them or associated with them. The basilica was looted and most of the remains of the dead were scattered to the wind, or made a mockery of with the exception of a few "favourite" royals.

God (screaming out to the deaf world):

“YOU’RE ALL CUNTS!”

He adjusts the length of the strings of each ugly little puppet, a few he cuts off nonchalantly. Beside him is a box of used puppets, prototypes and artefacts of bye-gone eras; all are in a state of disarray and it is hard to tell if they are to be discarded, restored or being stored as antiques, increasing in value- in fact they are probably limitless in value which is ironic considering the makers ambivalence to them. I never thought of God having tourettes but it is not surprising given that he’s had an eternity for it to manifest.

When asked what keeps him going, God answers: “Hatred and contempt and utter frustration towards the phenomena called humanity.”

“And a warm hearted welcome for my beloved cockroaches.”

The Original Notion (a)

I wanted to make a 1 million-piece jigsaw puzzle. It was a whimsical piece of work, most likely to be manufactured and outsourced and a modest piece of work.

Now I Google the stupid idea before I make it because when I did research the idea, the results were better than my thoughts- a 600 million piece puzzle with a multitude of layers of social meaning that doesn't need an artist.

I like this humility, it's not good for me personally nor does it bode well for artists.

The Better Idea (b)

Reassembling a puzzle with 600 million pieces

Published On Sun Jan 20 2008

Brett Popplewell Staff Reporter

Nineteen years ago, as the Berlin Wall crumbled and democracy swept through communist East Germany, STASI agents – members of the secret police – worked feverishly to destroy millions of top-secret documents in an effort to keep them from Western eyes. Attempting to shred some 45 million items as quickly as possible, the agents fed page after page into shredding machines. The equipment quickly jammed, leaving the agents to tear up the materials by hand and throw them into garbage bags meant to be incinerated. But with East Germany quickly falling into the hands of the west, the agents were stopped before they could burn the shreds. Some 600 million pieces in 16,000 bags became the property of the current German government. They have remained, for the most part, in that state.

Then, in May 2007, the German government revealed the world's most sophisticated pattern-recognition machine, the \$8.5 million dollar (U.S.) E-Puzzler, which can digitally put back together even the most finely shredded papers. Developed in Berlin by the Fraunhofer Institute of Production Facilities and Construction Technology, the E-puzzler is a computerized conveyor belt that runs shards of shredded and torn paper through a digital scanner. Scanning up to 10,000 shreds at once, the machine links them together by their colour, typeface, outline, shape and texture – not unlike how the average human might try to piece together a puzzle. The machine then displays a digital image of the original document on a computer screen.

"The task to automatically reconstruct 16,250 bags full of torn documents using a technical system . . . presents an enormous technological challenge," says Bertram Nickolay, the lead inventor of the machine.

During the Cold War, East Germany's Ministry for State Security – STASI – was regarded as one of the most formidable secret police forces of its day. Using a vast network of civilian informants, the STASI kept files on up to 6 million of East Germany's 16 million citizens through an estimated 400,000 informants from all walks of life. For decades, neighbours spied on neighbours, priests spied on their flocks, husbands spied on their wives and even children spied on their parents. They reported their discoveries to the 90,000 STASI agents keeping tabs on the population.

Prior to the creation of the E-puzzler, a team of 15 Germans had laboriously been putting the pieces together by hand. But they managed to rebuild only 10,000 documents from 300 bags during 12 years. The German government estimated it would take a further 600 to 800 years to finish the job. But having uncovered heartbreaking stories of espionage – like that of Vera Lengsfeld, a 54-year old German politician who was shocked to learn she had been spied on by her husband for 11 years – the German public demanded the files be put together more quickly. An estimated 3.4 million Germans have officially requested to see the information the STASI gathered on them. With the E-puzzler, Nickolay says the government will be able to un-shred the remaining documents by 2013. Nickolay acknowledges his machine's importance in helping millions of Germans to piece together their former lives. But says his machine is even more significant to the rest of the world.

In addition to piecing together shreds of paper, the machine has been used by Chinese archaeologists to reconstruct smashed Terracotta warriors found in the tomb of Emperor Qin. And the equipment has deciphered barely-legible lists of Nazi concentration camp victims. There is only one E-puzzler in operation, but Nickolay's team has received interest from other former Eastern Bloc countries looking for a way to get at their own state secrets of the past.

"It's no longer safe to shred a document," Nickolay says. "The only safe way to destroy something is by burning it."

Agitator seeks refuge

“I ain’t gonna give it too much thought”

The continual compromising of oneself combined with the amount of incessant, self-referentiality required to be an artist has left the protagonist ambivalent about paradoxes and contradicting himself. Accompanied by an amnesia brought on by too much LSD and ecstasy, amongst other things, has left the “proto-agoniste”, the first actor (in agony) feeling, well, bereft, tired and jaded. There’s no hope, there’s hope, there’s no hope, there’s hope. “He died when he was old”, “he started when he was old”, “he did well after he died”, “he died young”, “he died thereabouts”, “no one got him” etc etc. Heresay/ heresy (which is what it used to be).

Some good artists start then, some after, some don’t start, some get told they have started, some are shit. Most are shit but I should just concentrate on the good stuff, the stuff that makes me happy, the stuff that arrests me, the stuff that makes me forget, which is strange because amnesia approaches us all, just like death, but still people goad it and provoke it with drugs and booze and crazy behaviour. Happiness is a strange thing to work with though, especially when the individual...

Desire is governed by desire

The subject is frequently at the mercy of desire

Its potency is measured by how well an individual can withstand certain elements of desire

Or desire in its whole entirety

Desire governs the whims of people

When something is desired, its sum value is estimated and thus an approximation is desired

Therefore one must be aware (at some stage) of the value of the thing of desire and when, and if, it emerges to satisfy the whims of people then the individual will consciously- or subconsciously- start to try and ascertain its value. What is left is a trace, possibly an entropic one, of the value of the thing. Everything is left at the hands of the subjective but the essences and the values of the things are all subject to a similar kind of approximation like maths, or numeration. Uncertainty, lack of trust or curiosity

The future:

1 extra razor blade per year from Wilkinson sword

I predict that in 20 years time razors will have 25 blades, all oscillating and self-lubricating

That's the level of advancement we're making

Everything else will have stayed the same.

“Almost all thinking that purports to be philosophical or logical consists in attributing to the world the properties of language.”

The study of language would not produce any *positive* philosophical results, but: ‘by studying the principles of symbolism we can learn not to be unconsciously influenced by language, and in this way can escape a host of erroneous notions.’

“Mistaking the properties of words for the properties of things.”

Reduction of the symbolism of time, the reduction of the symbolism of history and a rejection of the symbolism of electronic media. The latter being the most difficult as it is an ocular phenomena. They cannot all exist in this format, they can only exist and be carried out in life, in the way we live our lives. Too much has been written already, too much has been said, too much strain has been put on language and there has been much promising.

Ambivalence. It's kind of dumb trying to describe it, ever so hypocritical and paradoxical and contradictory and usually ends up in some sort of humiliating scene, where the describer usually ends up where they started. To describe ambivalence is not being ambivalent at all, it is somewhere probably closer to another word -and not necessarily apathetic either but they are close aren't they? That what would occur, I think- in fact *I know* because I have seen it- is churlish. To make childish work and to try and elucidate it is the equivalent of hari- kari, it is following the same paths of certain contemporary painters, post 70's, who are solely dependant of context, who- as artists- would be as inconsequential as the work they produce.

Let's face it; a lot of art is fucking boring. Some galleries are like graveyards- and graveyards that they think are fucking shrines! Where the object or the image is sanctified in its sanctuary; revered and continually presented to you in such an austere and conservative way that it makes you think: what is the average time spent in a gallery? Do not galleries think that duration is a reflection on something quite striking? E.g. the work? The artist?

Ambivalence is a wariness of all the wank that accompanies art, all the wank that embodies and typifies it. From its systems to its philosophies and worse- its personalities. As a genotype the system is utilitarian and that is to be applauded but you would think that such a generous deity such as art would be a little more creative in its appearance wouldn't you? Anyway, I fucking hate sheen and I hate the vacuity that follows it, tagging along like a kiddie groupie. Examine the disparity between the language of the private view espoused by the gallery goers and that of the actual artist and that from the gallery with their agenda; it all amounts to fraudulence, the disparity being so convoluted and archaic that everyone seems to revel in- or accept- its ridiculousness. As long as the individual is accepted, then the system and its idiosyncrasies can kiss my arse. Life's too short, yeah? Life is short but it is also a fucking headache accompanied by a lot of bureaucratic nonsense and one of the greyest set of ethics imaginable- you just couldn't script it! Art just reflects that moral ambiguity and why it depresses me so much is because it does nothing, practically, to redeem social issues instead opting to discuss and identify. Art is either too critical or just plain critically absent- or in other words: stupid. It is analogous to a liberal councillor who gets nothing achieved barring a lengthy dialogue, time wasted, money spent, money wasted and more questions. They are self-perpetuating systems that are fully aware of their parameters and limits and the things that threaten their existence and so are set up to diametrically oppose them.

Art really opposes functional social systems that are not exclusive to art first. All of these things are ambivalence inducing; *things to avoid*. The language, is for me, the most painful thing to feel ambivalent towards because I feel more reliant on that than anything. But I am sick and tired of these end games, the word play, the knowingness, the in-jokes, the *Informe* and all the other things that I readily employ and equally despise. Is there such a thing as Augustinian misanthropy? Where you hate yourself- or the things that you do- equally as much as you hate others? What is it about the guilt that accompanies certain enquiries in art? Everything is loaded, all the words have a weight and are equally as whimsical and destructive as their protagonists. Ambivalence is acknowledging this type of dead weight of which there are loads more, all equally unpredictable, and ambivalence seems to be that not- letting-yourself-do-anything about rectifying the situation.

America's not interested in historical metaphors anymore. It's got its own natural disasters, catastrophes and political tragedies- enough to fuel the world alone, unaccompanied by any other society, until the next superpower accrues and eclipses Americas. The BRIC economies? Brazil, Russia, India and China. All together or are they racing each other? Anyway, you know the disasters; you know the tragedies and the increasing and evermore frequent events that continually lead to the pointless deaths of too many people. People are too scared to leave the house because of certain mediatised mythologies that have permeated into the national subconscious. The war on terror, gang culture, knife crime, the weather!

The past is a bitch to get rid of, though. It comes armed with stories that incite fear and is accompanied by ancient images that usually serve to heighten the fear. History affirms that the motives of humans never change, that our behaviour never changes, that we cannot help but be what we are. History has proof and endless examples to back up these arguments, in fact it has proof of every conscious thing that has ever existed (a ridiculous tautology that Erasmus would have certainly loved); this is why I am trying to be an amnesiac. Unconsciousness is the opposite of the dead weight of history.

He started to put images on text as a diversion

Even though the production that went into the image was one of the things the author was initially wary about. He didn't like the language, the politics and the scene that was associated with image production, more importantly he didn't like the people. He thought most of them took their language for granted; acting like dumb [sentient] production lines. Happy in their sequestered lives, content in the knowledge that the thing will come to them. Really they are *trappers* of phenomena but the strange thing is that not all of the phenomena are local, indigenous and didn't need to be there; did they convince them otherwise? Of course they did, why else would someone trap phenomena if they weren't valuable? The more the merrier. He saw them as ignorant, even if they weren't he was contemptuous of them.

He knew he was no better than the other trappers, which crushed the efforts of his enquiries. He felt he was wasting his time, he didn't want localized phenomena, he didn't want exotic phenomena and he didn't want to catch phenomena in their natural environs. He came to the conclusion that he just wanted to study phenomena in the natural environs, then go home to his study and then think about the phenomena some more. I don't think he was obsessed with Heidegger or Hegel, in fact he clearly wasn't, if anything the extent of his argument was based solely on the premise that the thing or phenomena was about as articulate as he was. He couldn't speak Greek or Latin or French or German and he didn't really know what gnosis was.

Instead, one of his few luxuries was stealing and re-appropriating art images, he didn't bother trying to make an image from scratch, he felt like the whole world was an art image, a sequence of them, and even though certain images had not been made he felt he knew, instantly, what image would be there in its place. He liked his canons. He liked his hierarchies and all that Cartesian mapping because he knew that he needed some kind of structure no matter how arbitrary or superfluous, some people had their religion, but he just had hypotheses, which sufficed sufficiently. I think it was when he started looking at objects- as objects- as art images when things became like he didn't need to make an authentic image, whatever that was. He demanded less authenticity from images, that was it, he hated the personalities, he hated the post-modernity of it all- the knowing inversion, like everyone was some kind of submarine pilot (or a crocodile); it was the pretence of knowing, the pretence was like some kind of standardised, authenticated mechanism- a ploy. A big fat ugly ploy used by spastics for another grey fashionable cause.

I couldn't give you an example of any images that he prevented himself from making but I can try to allude to the why he avoided them; it is such a hard feeling to describe why not to make an image, it's like knowing when not to do something- that reaction informed by the gut and by the head and when the unison is attained between the two it is solid. And it was solid to him. I won't make anymore of it than that.

In retrospect, though, it is a mistake to deter one's self from making an image because another "thing" out there performs a similar role. It is obvious that all images are unique, he knew that, and to an extent it repulsed him because it encourages so many individuals to revel in their uniqueness, which, frankly, can get pretty disgusting. Imagine if everyone made their own take on everything in the world, exhaustively using up every resource available until the world would either collapse under the weight of the subjective waste or implode. I prefer the latter- it's cleaner and more romantic.

The fault lay clearly within the history lesson he was continually giving himself and constantly revising, he knew he was obsessed with context and I think he came to realise that he needed to just put it gently to one side, on stand by, not to abscond from it permanently but to rest it. Everything had become too rigid, too cold, less real in the sensory sense. What was real, externally and internally, had become without a soul. It was flawed all right but in the wrong way.

So he started taking the text off the image. Absurdly, this took him years to come to this conclusion but he came to it nonetheless and he was glad of it.

The best and the worst

The Compact Version of the Oxford English Dictionary

(The one with the magnifying glass with it because the text is so small because it is so packed with facts: two vols)

The Oxford Dictionary of Superstitions

The Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs

The Oxford Dictionary of Etymology

The Oxford Dictionary of Historical Principles

Brewers Phrase and Fable

Wikipedi

Google

Sitting with your head in fixed resolution blocks

Notion

A video, quite a bland one with a starched out white background, like a science instructional video. Shot in centre frame, a human skull with its teeth being systematically ground down with a Dremel by a blue latex gloved hand. The ground-down surface, where the teeth meet the jaw, are to be polished (with a different Dremel head) and the emphasis is to create a smooth polished undulating ivory like topography. The Dremel is to mic'd up quite loud to accentuate the teeth grinding like violence. X minutes long.

MANIFESTO FOR A SELFISH TWAT

Solely pre-occupied with ideas of the self, ideas around the self, the self, the self's ideas, the self and all stuff around, local to, endemic to, and of, THE SELF.

“A Proper Artist.”

They didn't come out of the [their] self much

Rooted to the spot, in front of the fucking mirror, preening their ego and pandering their whims. To their credit, they didn't discriminate any of their ego-matter (or *soon-to-be-matter* manifest). Not *ideas racists, blah, blah, blah*. As long as it came from them it was ok by them. It's quite an efficient method of indiscrimination, an automatic positivity. It's just the origin that is questionable, like when my friend turned around to me and said: “You hate your own kind.” It's called misanthropy, or ambivalence, or exhaustion, or distrust, or loss of faith, or disgust at the amount of nobs there are in this stinking shit hole. Like people are in denial about what a bunch of petty minded, judgemental and nasty fuckers we really are.

The above is perfectly acceptable, is common and unsurprising in the “industry” and worlds of art, music, literature and other stuff. It's a source for motivation, I suppose. Like when a curator turned around to me and said: “Well, unlike you, I guess I don't want to try and destroy the art-world.” I don't either, I just want to try and remove people like you from it, you flakey prick.

So what is wrong with the place? Besides the personalities?

I have no idea. The key lies in the way the personality is wired and how they became like that. Because not everyone is a selfish, egomaniacal twat and thinks that their shit don't stink, some people are humble, some people have nothing and will die with nothing. Some of us aren't artists and are shit at what we do, some of us don't care, don't make work to be admired or to be understood. Some of us stuff just happens to us and we don't feel compelled to intellectualize it and ram it down the throats of the world as some insipid, diluted, pretentious commodity. These people are allowed to exist because the art-world is a middle class toilet, like a farmers market on the weekend. They exist because we are so fucking deferential when it comes to trying to explain something difficult, or saying that you are having problems with a difficult idea. Usually, you can get away with anything because everything goes unchallenged all the way to the market. Some cunt with plans will take you and see what he can get out you. Anyway I just want to fucking analyse stuff and make sense of it, it's just that I don't want to be pigeon holed with these people. These pretentious over privileged deluded offensive pricks (me). Maybe I'm going to have to try and destroy them, or find somewhere else to go or just baton down the hatches and grin and bear it. Maybe it's not as bad as I think it is. Maybe I can do all three...

The X factor

An X flying through space at a million miles per second and plonking itself right onto planet earth like a firebrand leaving an aftershock and a mushroom cloud pluming out of the stratosphere. All the connotations are referred to the inter-galactic nature of the X factor, how the contestants are “out of this Earth” and how we aspire to find out extra-terrestrial aspects of ourselves. How deep can we dig into our souls to reveal the X factor? “That X! Speeding through space, I can’t get it out of my head!” I would like to shake the hand of the person who conceived that idea and also shake the hands of the team who made it, I’m not going to go as far as saying: “It’s genius” because I made a promise to myself not throw that G word around and leave that to the rest of society, who throw it around like a bum-sucked rolly. That X! It’s out there in space and we all have it in us to reach out, dig deep.

It’s a moot point, I suppose, and nothing to do with PD Ouspensky’s The Fourth Way with his essay: Mr X.

Still I like the whole aspirational aspect to it all, even if the show is dumb, plastic, manufactured as fuck and pretty offensive. The arts have had it, they really have, and this is the bottom of the barrel. The barrel being aimed at kids... Blam! Jonathan Swift would have loved it- the Irish child eater.

I like the idea that some people know the spaces better than the person who made the space.

Historical fear is not what it used to be.

The painful relationship with craft is perpetuated when confronted with great old physical mastery. Mastery of the object. Mastery of the subject. Mastery of the emotions.

I'm a sucker for the latter- the latter sucker.

Emotions are a funny thing really. Today time is the monster, the demanding baby or the cuckoo in the nest. Time is at a premium for some artists whose commercial value is at its peak and they scramble to eke out every facet of the work to attain what is probably an entirely different objective. Their perception of time is completely alien to me, I am distanced from their motives and their real objectives and its result is less sympathy on my behalf.

I sometimes feel that I am hurrying to my grave and my time is being squandered but what else would I do with my time other than sit about and mull about the nature of what I am dealing with? My sense of guilt prompts me to pursue something humanitarian or environmental- and rightly so, unless art can operate on the same level then artists should feel fucking guilty.

But some ideas are so devious and mysterious! They ensnare and drag people in!

And some are not...

Labour though, and time, are the issue. Labour today is a blur and manpower is becoming more surplus to requirement: it's limited outside of the office and it's limited inside the office. When I watch a building going up- a steel, bolts and glass affair in the city- I'm amazed about how few men are on site. I know its England we're talking about and everyone is on a permanent tea break, except the Polish but you can build a building with a crane driver and a couple of riggers with a socket set each; each component slotting into its compartmentalized module. The riggers all safely harnessed in and spending their day ratcheting and slotting (breakfast at 10, lunch at 12.30, home or pub at 3.30, hopefully avoiding the schoolchildren). The work is in the ground, on the foundations, on a few trucks and diggers. Soil survey, dig and clear, rods, concrete shuttering, pouring and setting. More rods, more concrete, more shuttering; all interlinked and calced up by clever engineers and architects. Everyone loves the modular, its cheap and quick. Everyone loves the cheap and quick- and clever. Everyone especially likes the clever.

What I miss is the fear that was present in the Mediaeval, when everyone thought they were sinners. Now Christianity has passed on so has the exoticism of its culture of fear, which kept us company us for hundreds of years. Science superseded Christianity and extinguished its Hell bound flames and left us with bland and boring brands of fear: Science Fiction, Psychology and Cinema. Maybe they're exotic, all right, in the same way as a Baldung or a Cranach or an effigy or carving and it's that they're just in their cultural infancy and yet to be canonised or established as such. Maybe it's just that I like old stuff and I associate, naively, the assumption that old fear equals genuine fear but I know that not to be true. I know it because I don't believe in Greek Gods or practice Zoroastrianism. Historical fear is not what it used to be because science cannot perpetuate the same level of fear that the church did- maybe. Discuss.

Assuming that NASA was the modern day equivalent of the Church or BP- or some other oil company; is the inverse amount of effort and time that they ascribe to their research and labours actually going to manifest itself into a truly terrifying vision of innate psychological fear? We now know we are going to colonize planets in the future, we know that we will exhaust our resources here and will probably end up synthesizing a large proportion of the way we live. Not only will we be artificial but so will be our surroundings. I don't think the future comes as a surprise, much I suppose, as the exoticism of the fear of the past. Maybe it's just the reflection of the diversity that ties them in; where Sci-fi and those old Danish grotesques co-habit.

A shadow is a shadow, is typically opposite to a reflection. A shadow consumes light and conceals. Glass and mirrors reflect light and reveal. Maybe it is a sign that we are trying to eradicate fear from culture, which is not a bad thing but utterly useless and will cost us dearly when we get invaded by aliens

ITINERARY FOR TODAY:

French 20th Century philosophers/ writers under **B**

Violence, filth, distrust, disgust, nihilism, the end of things, the shitness of things. Sloppy, slaving, ugly, nasty shit. The shitness of the world and the shitness of what the world has become. The betrayal of ourselves by our intellects and its language. The betrayal of ourselves by our communal desires, commercially but not sexually, where the sexual exists in another realm, way beyond its relationship with the spoken social order of shit, like philosophy. Sex and philosophy are a million miles apart and I am grateful for that; they don't go, they don't mix and I reckon they probably don't like each other either. What is understandable about ourselves is what we want beyond eating and fucking, which is not much; the eating and the fucking are what it is about and what is left after that is very little, microscopic probably, and because we have so much fucking time we can afford to have a look, the only thing is, along the way, some wanker realised we are all looking at the same thing and if he stamped his mark first then he could accumulate a lot more food and blankets and weapons for hunting and more and more. Imagine the first caveman entrepreneur, the first caveman collector, the first caveman designer. Imagine the caveman equivalent to Aladdin's cave, packed with prototype spears, gourds, flints, knives, rope and the finest clothes.

The onus that I put on these micro phenomena has gone past desperation, even if we are still desperate and certain implosions in language and philosophy are supposed to have happened, where language has folded in on itself and someone announced that language was redundant and impossible and too complicated and untrustworthy and we realised, exhaustingly, that we were more untrustworthy and complicated. And basically, all the writers gave up and rightly so.

Space is man's desire to explore. All the while he is accompanied by the history of his inability of doing it responsibly, as a spectre or as a chimera- a huge burden that he has to carry. Previously it was a different kind of ethics that was absent; that of slavery, exploitation, murder, theft and colonisation. Today it is the environment and social inequality. Whether it is the litter of objects left behind by space exploration, the litter of satellites orbiting the earth- probably creating an unhealthy force field and disturbing the old frequencies- or the morals and cultural habits of affluent countries (and now, wealthy philanthropists) shaping the way space is being interpreted.

Just decided that I do not want to become a “successful” artist.

Why is it that as soon as something becomes popular it becomes shit; I mean the product, the scene around the product and the makers’ attitude towards the product. It all turns into some shiny, shallow charade where accessibility suddenly becomes a priority. Why do not artists, when they are in the throes of obscurity, ask themselves what their relation is to the invisible and fictitious audience? If the audience is not there then: why care? People are funny, when they so desperately want to be liked by everyone, it really does bemuse me and I know artists waste a hell of a lot of time thinking about rubbish like this. I don’t know what makes it worse though, when everything goes past that turning point and it becomes such an intolerable ordeal, just having a sincere conversation or even daring to criticize them. The whole area assumes, as I said, an air of intolerability and it really is, most of the time, totally un-necessary. The whole notion of: “it’s all about the art” gets twisted and misconstrued and turned into the pop object which is so fucking ironic as I swear it used to be the other way around. There are no artists any more, just manufacturers and door-to-door salesmen, peddling their wares. The whole scene is utterly depressing and generally avoidable. People turn into cunts, their work turns to piss, their brains turn to piddle.

A saving grace of galleries, though, is that it allows you to distance yourself from these people as you stare in disbelief at the fruit of their loins and wonder about how they got to such a position, how do they miss the point so grandly. Fuck, I’m a judgemental miserable cunt. Lets all make what we believe to be ‘good work’ like some pompous prick living in obscurity and not show it to anyone until it suffocates the space you live in and you cant move about your home without being reminded of the absurd decisions you have made. But imagine the benefits! Like all the energy you have saved by chasing up people for shows or making PDF after PDF which never get replied, energy that you know you have spent wisely on the thing that mattered- your shitty art. I’ll chase up galleries next year or maybe when I reach forty.

Some things have the capacity to arrest you and it is a feeling I appreciate immensely, I cannot overstate its importance. It leaves the recipient dumbstruck or helpless; it is an experience in humility being at the mercy of something completely unknown and it is something that, if I can, I like to either draw out or maintain as much conscious awareness as I can. It's like inert invisible wrestling and it is something that I think is nurtured in the gallery in a more gentle and domesticated environment, where everything is safe and the parameters secure, not the work, but our minds. Art is never safe from the public... Kempton Bunton.

A gallery is the most exotic and retarded kind of zoo that you'll find, where nobody knows who's in the cage. Artists, then, are explorers making work for perverts. Nosey voyeurs that we are, narrow minded gossips with limited faculties, judgemental, presumptuous, impatient, inconsistent and weak. That is what we are, that is why I don't want to make work for other people. I'm bad enough but everyone else? Take a chance with redemption? Er, not today. Maybe when things are a bit better.

NATHAN.

NOTE TO SELF:

REPLACE "EGO" WITH "AMBITION" AND "DESIRE TO SUCCEED AND TEACH."

PLEASE.

Solid melancholia

(nervous melancholia)

- Fibres become rigid
- Blood flow ceases
- What starts of as a subtle state of agitation becomes inertia
- Blocked up

Liquid melancholia

- The humours become impregnated with black bile
- They become clogged up
- The organs of the central nervous system are compressed
- The blood thickens and stagnates

The flakiness of contemporary culture. Networking. Being positive. The culture of *No Reply* and being committed to only half of the argument- but in a spurious, vague, pretentious and self indulgent manner. A manner that is youth based, innately regressive, image conscious and weak.

It is part linked to the gendification of today; the post feminine, where the power of early feminism has been eroded and a more modern, bland version has established itself. It has affected the behaviour of men but not to the extent where they feel compelled to enquire about the gender personalities and traits of their work but who obviously practice gender based activities- or practice in a *gender based* manner. What would be interesting if it lead to a more interesting manifestation of homogenization. But it doesn't and I suspect that is due to the fact that the practice of examining the traits of both sexes is uninteresting to analyse but also probably due to the essential appearance of the exercise is so ambiguous and a little bit terrifying for the flakes to analyse.

Ultimately what the viewer should be confronted with is a sexless representation of something, whether it is in an activity or something physically manifest. The representation represents (besides the tautology) the attitude of the protagonist- the gender avoider or the gender ambivalent.

The flake is not exclusively endemic to feminism anyway, which is an insult but certain forms of masculine behaviour have been eroded for some reason or another.

It is a sexless entity with no features, is bland, boring and condemned to sitting on the fence, observing and pathetically trying to avoid judging what is generally agreed as *real* phenomena. It is generally unhelpful and unfruitful and if there were any ethics in art then one may possibly argue that it is not just bad for the environment but it is also bad for society- one produces litter, the other, facile thought.

What goes on in society is nothing really, the predominant behaviour prevails and society gets away with what it can. It is not a shock,

The press release is a source of amusement and a source of immense irritation. In it exists a series of assumptions, pre-suppositions and an abandonment of endless open ended generalizations. The parlance is part fin de siècle and part spiel, the rhetoric loops and is designed in a kind of watertight and light manner where little is said and much is implied, where the artists voice is absent. There is also an absence of weight, of credibility and an air of haste about the whole thing, which is why the cyclical ambiguous jargon is employed, it is the first safety measure. I do wish sometimes that people would spice them up!

“Bruce Nauman’s work is about [] who are [] and from [],
they demand money for their kind and their intention is to take over our art world with an equivalent- or thereabouts. [

].
Bruce Nauman studied at [] and never graduated. He has shown in [] and
during his Kibbutz year in Israel.

Unfortunately there is the realization that my relationship to this piece of paper and the textual content of it is a painterly relationship, I think. I cannot help but think of the A4 as a painting, in a sense which is one of the main reasons the work is so resistant to the book form- because it's format is predetermined and I'm not keen on predictability. Although I don't want to go into a bookshop and buy a folder of loose-leaf sheets, they'll get lost...

If you have nothing

And an idea starts at nothing

Then it is worth more than nothing

The impressionable man.

Power of suggestion; the. What is suggested is only powerful depending on the recipient, some are immune to suggestion and sometimes suggestion doesn't have to try very hard before it sees its own reflection. I said something, I can never predict accurately its effect or effectiveness beyond a certain point. I can provoke a certain reaction with certain words but that is different, that is not suggestion, firstly it's provocation and secondly it is contrived. What I mean is when the power of the word is instantaneous, where the fortunate recipient knows all that they need to know about the thing for it to be desirable, for want of a better word. The word that sucked me in was "labyrinth"; it is not a word that particularly attracts me for its etymology but what it is, what it represents, what it means to me, what I understand its phenomenological essence is- in its entirety. There is no other way of putting it. It is a moment of instant unconditional acceptance- a simple and very powerful yes that goes to the body and to the soul and to the mind- all alike, all simultaneously and all united in agreement that they are willing to invest the varying properties and strengths of their varying characteristics in whatever cause/ exercise the recipient deems necessary. Maybe the last sentence ends up sounding flippant and that the outcome after the realization is whimsical, maybe that is part true but that is not what I mean.

Stuff

Minimalism

“I don’t do much with stuff because I don’t usually have much stuff.”

Conceptualism:

Anyway, I don’t have to do much with stuff because:

- a) I don’t know the *real* value of “stuff”
- b) There’s already too much “stuff” around
- c) I’ve read some stuff that has convinced me that expecting *things* from *stuff* is a [linguistically] precarious affair, in the phenomenological sense, ontologically.

I WANT TO SEE MORE NEGATIVITY IN THE CRITIQUING OF ART. I want to see art being critiqued more vigorously. I want to see art being pulled apart and I particularly want to see artists justifying their positions to us and to the world. It's such a lazy place! Are we really trying? If we are supposed to be the beacon of the civilized world then what message are we saying? "INDULGE YOURSELF FOR A WHILE! For a very fucking long while: a lifetime, generations. If art is so benevolent then maybe some gratitude is required. Artists saying "THANK YOU" wouldn't hurt but won't happen; although I think there are a lot of people who feel as if they should. BUT ARTISTS OWE NOTHING TO NO-ONE! (Plato-ish) If art is such a global phenomena- and every fucker is making art- then that means there are a lot of ungrateful, spoilt artists in the world. Everyone wants to have good time and make dollar, it's fun and jazzy! "We're all poor but having a GREAT time!" "WE ARE SO FUCKING CREATIVE!" Said the over-privileged working class hero, farmers-market eco-warrior, Trust Fund, private schooled hyphenated- or soon to be- idiots. Nepotistic, idealistic retards, obsessed with maintaining the pretence of living the ideal. I would to at least like to try and make some people feel a twinge of gratitude for the career they have or a twinge of guilt for the bit of effort they withhold just so they can make dollar (see Diary). I would hope that artists were all intelligent but I know that not to be true and a condescending judgement on my behalf. Making art is a judgemental activity (see Diary) and it can have negative impacts on society; the Sunday painter *may* feel persecuted, left out, and there is a tradition of hermeticism and iconoclasm, outsiders, disinterested people engaged with other stuff. Society on stand-by: YOU CAN FUCKING WAIT. The process of acceptance is linked to that judgemental mindset. So take, for example, the Man-Hating Timon; who doesn't make Work for society, or for other people, but only makes for himself so he can understand things. The man hater has to be deferential about his contempt of ambivalence towards humanity because it is so ugly and possibly pathetic in the face of everyone having a great time. His contempt is analogous to the ingratitude, though, of happy ignorant artists. They are similar- both ungrateful, one in Dionysian revelry and the other in maudlin reflection. This work is at odds with the world but would be wiser if it were to be MORE CONCERNED WITH LEARNING. THE ARTWORLD IS A SAFE, STERILE, CAPITAL BASED HAVEN and there's nothing wrong with that if it can at least attempt to admit it, which I wonder why artists never posit their works in this context more often when discussing their work. Is it too embarrassing or too irrelevant? Where the rest of society is at ease with working within an ethical, environmentally friendly and conscientious fashion; the art-world thinks it is still blazing ahead setting the pace. Well we all know that that to be a lie, when, sociologically it doesn't have the same impact as the media or the Internet, which the art-world sycophantically idolises. Art is a global phenomena and politically it has shown itself through history to be a very powerful commentator and even though it still plays that part today in the SAME OLD SAME OLD ruinous fashion, it seems largely ignorant of the fact that it could say more, be more explicit, more dynamic and politically active- or reformative. Most artists seem content with depiction and metaphor and maybe Art's practical functions- as Zizek says- are limited and not particularly flexible in their applicability. ART IS NOT CONCERNED WITH MORALITY OR ETHICS AND IT HAS SHOWED THE WORLD WHAT TRULY VILE AND USELESS LIMITED CREATURES WE ARE CAPABLE OF BEING. Art needs to be a morally neutral zone for it perform its ethereal activities, it can be moral but in a morally grey area, it can be ethical (which as I said it rarely does) but in a morally grey area. But how can you withhold from saying these things without sounding a preachy, sanctimonious arsehole? The artist is typically over privileged and spoilt, so it is natural that they will be defensive when their vocation is being challenged. I want to see the arts as a more full on model of questioning that at least makes an effort to compete with other forms of media. Is art not violent because Hollywood films are? Of course not and, anyway, it does an equally rigorous job of discussing the violence and reaching out to a wide audience, although I would say more people go to the cinema than to galleries. IF ANYTHING ART IS NOT VIOLENT ENOUGH, IT IS THE REALM OF PUSSIES FUCKING AROUND, TALKING HYPERBOLE/ AND AROUND SUBJECTS BUT NEVER HAVING THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO MARK ALONG THE WAY OF THEIR HYPOTHESES, floaty and gropey (two characters from an art cartoon). When perspective or clarity is called for, the verbal struggle commences, ambiguity emerges and the creature's weaknesses are exposed, which, admittedly, is how I think most people would want it, in so far that a type of honesty is evident. You cannot realistically demand people to be more intelligent, more articulate, push their ideas further, even if you wanted to; you run the risk of being a fascist. Many times I have thought of this type of aggravation as merely an end point; the limits of where my thoughts lie (in both senses of the word) and merely an infantile, basic understanding of politics, of which I am unqualified- another amateur excursion, of which artists excel at. I ALWAYS LOOKED UP TO TRACEY EMIN because I admired her honesty and acknowledgement that you need a subjective history and emotional truthfulness as a starting point for making work- unless lying or fiction is your business... I could list a list as long as my arm of proposals that I want to do that try to de-bunk the way we look at art from numerous exhausting conceptual experiments- and the many exhausting conceptual experiments within them- to the raw emotional FUCK YOU types of projects where I simply take a jack hammer to the polished self levelling concrete screed floor and pull out the plumbing, the electrics and set the gallery on fire. No fucking silly drawing to depict it happening, just have the fire brigade on standby. I'd sit in the burnt out ruins and make art in the rubble. What you see here (see/ hear) are just musings and a huge failure on my behalf to be more politically active. Hopefully it is a start to a more ruinous conclusion, which, to me, seems inevitable as these things only go so far, or end in tears... This diatribe is

aimed at the youth of today and YBA generation to present; the allegations to that prior can be applicable to their predecessors but not as much. There maybe a compounding of the issue that is more prevalent today but I cannot say that with any authority, I maybe mad, biased or ill-informed.

Seer, prophet, soothsayer.

I like soothsayer because it is an old English word that basically translates as "truth sayer": one who claims to foretell the future and they sound similar. The word truth and history are also closely linked in Old English, as in "One who claims to tell the truth." It is a claim though. Soothe is also Old Norse (Sanna) meaning to assert, to prove, so there is an natural ancient linguistic association with truth and history. There is also a mantis called the soothsayer.

I think soothsaying is more interesting than prophecy, for example, because firstly its primary goal is "truth"; its interest is not in the divine or the mystical or the speculative or supernatural. It is ancient and true and outside of religion, if anything it is more socially and morally conscious. It is strange because in my Dictionary of Historic Principles on the same page is Sophia which is ascribed as "Divine Wisdom personified" and straight after that is Sophist which means fallacious argument, learned wisdom, secret process etc. just those two additions in such close proximity are enough to put you off mysticism. Mysticism is phoney, in the same way Joseph Beuys thought himself being a shaman was a big joke; there is nothing concrete or benevolent about them instead representing the interests of someone like Loki Skywalker from Norse mythology. The Trickster.

The seer, to me, is someone like Odin one eye (also known as Woden), Loki's cousin, I think, and Thor's brother. He had two ravens Hugin and Munnin, Thought and Memory, who were his eyes and may have some link to the Ark, I once heard. He says little and despite being blind can see everything; he is anti-ocular but not an anti-oracle, he is like Councillor Krespel but more serious. I like religion when it is lore passed on verbally, or the notion of religion- just not the real thing...

Tiresias is one of the most famous blind soothsayers, who was supposed to have lived seven generations as both a male and a female (he got turned into a woman because he interfered with two snakes mating and years later he intervened in the same way and was turned back into a man). Because he had lived as a male and a female Zeus and Hera asked him about who experienced the greater pleasure in love making and Tiresias said that if it was divided up into ten parts the woman would possess nine and the man one. This pissed off Hera because he sold away, cheaply, womanhood's greatest secret so she blinded him but Zeus out of compassion gave him the gift of prophecy. Words costed a lot in those days.

Tiresias was consulted at Thebes after Oedipus' indiscretions and advised Creon to banish Oedipus. Oedipus then went to live in a cave and blinded himself. I suppose Oedipus did become slightly wiser after the event but deliberately blinding yourself and living in a cave- a mystic does not make you. Ask St Anthony.

He also had a grandson called Mopsus who competed with Calchas in the founding of the city of Colophon, I think they were both Lapiths who fought against the centaurs, depicted by Di Cosimo in the National Gallery.

Calchas was also another well known soothsayer and really was a bit more special than Tiresias; he was the grandson of Apollo and he could interpret the meaning of the flight of birds which was extremely valuable, especially eagles which were the emblem of Zeus. Calchas was a Mycenaean, like Achilles, and he foresaw that Troy could not be taken without him, he was supposed to have known the past, the present and the future and I know that you could say, well we know the past and the present so maybe that is not so much a big deal.

RELIGION™: IT'S ALL ABOUT WHEN YOU'RE PREPARED TO GIVE UP.

Some things have the capacity to arrest you and it is a feeling I appreciate immensely, I cannot overstate its importance. It leaves the recipient dumbstruck or helpless; it is an experience in humility being at the mercy of something completely unknown and it is something that, if I can, I like to either draw out (drag it on) or maintain as much awareness as I can. It's like inert invisible wrestling and it is something that I think is nurtured in the gallery in a more gentle and domesticated environment where everything is safe and the parameters secure- the work and our minds. A gallery is the most exotic and retarded kind of zoo that you'll find, where no one claims to know who is in the cage. Artists, then, are explorers- amongst the many other things they'll tell you- and they collect specimens in their minds, bringing their findings back to these cosy little nests where they can be preserved, scrutinized but not played with. Only the artist can do that because they have trained in playing with these animals but fuck all that facetious bollocks what about the arresting? I think that is why I like to on my own in a gallery, or why I don't like it when people stand in front of you when you are looking at something or when they sidle up to you failing to notice that you are in the raptures of an arrest. There is very little etiquette in the gallery and I am glad in a way that art can be so elitist because it minimalises the amount of undesirable aspects of gallery going. The craziest thing I saw is a child nearly getting run over after coming out in a daze from the Tony Oursler installation in Soho Square; the child's parent was in a daze also and it served as a reminder of the power of his work over children and adults alike.

To do

- 1) Homogenise my oeuvre
- 2) Narrow down my repertoire
- 3) Sell it
- 4) Do the above until dead

Although being free in this space with my limited design, my evolutionary moment- because I am not at the pinnacle of my evolution and I have not failed in any way. I am simply existing in an evolutionary moment. Because I am free and not being nihilistic I will simply revel for a moment taking into consideration my optimism. Having a conscious belief from scratch is a powerful feeling every now and then.

Criteria:

- The successful developed land with the proven trace recording of the intellectual criticism, which must measure back at least 5 centuries, mainly the medieval.
- The candidate must have owned in this stage, have settled in or have fought and - have lost the abandonment of a cultural impression - several lands worldwide everywhere since those 5 centuries, this can at home and outwards z. B other people interprets, they have tried - or - are followed on to settle in your land, while your land was trying occupied to settle in elsewhere (I believe, does the term take your eye of the ball, how Napoleon?).
- The candidate, by the abovementioned, must have accumulated enough income to have acquired numerous high-class artifacts of her new cultures. This is called Hylozoic anthropology where thing is the affirming spring - a lot relatedly to the nuclear schools of Greece. The material must have become outdated really and already while still alive from possibly - further back better.
- The candidate must have developed numerously and to encourage different types of equipment to house artifacts and further the acquisition of more artifacts. It is imperious that this is accompanied, academic research supporting. The research must the cultural ocular candy in different equivocal socio historical connections z. B by the unterpropos-languages of the philosophy, psychology, cultural studies and, of course, history and sociology insure
- The candidate must have combined a big offer of religions, including the agnosticism and atheism
- Most importantly the candidate must have accumulated gigantic amounts of the wealth to the stage where the income of the host country out of proportion in addition massively, it is to be developed colonies, thus a) a wish creative, from the colony and to leave hopefully the nest (independence) and b) a situation where is impossible for the colony, by the lack of means, massive indifference, cultural difference or simply by the negligence of the colony to depart (dependence).
- This is this if abovementioned vital the division in two parts of the dependence / independence it seems by the history that it is also documented by so many disciplines, mentioned on top as possible. This is the cultural inquiry for the certificate, and the elective candidate will be able ...

A.D.D.

THE TOWN PLANNERS FORUM, THE MINIMALISTS AND CONCEPTUALISTS, PT1.

PROPOSAL FOR GAFF

Everyday is existential. I keep saying it to myself like a mantra and I am compelled to remind myself to remind myself continually because a: I know I am fallible and prone to lapses and b: because I am definitely convinced that phenomena outside of me is also fallible. The phenomena in this instance is society and as they say on *Bad Moon Rising*, "Society is a hole", in which we all dwell- much like Plato's cave. Mike Kelley being the link to Plato's cave and Sonic Youth (tenuous I know but culturally and ideologically really interesting and rich and, to me, extremely valuable).

But what I cannot get beyond is this fucking transgression from the petty bureaucracy of the everyday into the sublime. I just cannot reach the sublime! The ridiculous is perfectly attainable because I just have to stay in the realm of the bureaucrats who dictate how much money I give them and where my money goes on things I don't necessarily agree with- their phoney wars and phoney laws. For me, things started to go bad when the Conservatives started taxing books. After that it's as if they realised they could get away with taxing what they pleased and do it to such a large and complex extent that people were/ still are so dejected and apathetic that they couldn't see what was being done with their hard earned money (by *they* I mean, first, the Conservatives then New Labour). I'm still young and dumb so I don't know any better. It's a generalisation and insulting to say that all people couldn't see where their money went; some couldn't care and a large portion simply did not/ do not have the energy to get involved. Why does it have to be so complicated? Why, today, is complexity and, thereafter, what seems to be an exercise in sifting through shit a standard procedure? What is so rewarding about deconstructing the banal? What: "Because I learned something"? What have we learned? That we're exhausted? That it's not worth it? That we'll come out of it worse off? That knowledge is attainable but then there's the matter of quantifying it and what do you use as a measuring stick to ascertain the value of an ambiguous social thing/ phenomenon after you've expending a mass of energy in deconstructing the other thing that it manifests itself? Deconstruction today is just a habit or a tool used either to obfuscate or to irritate because nobody really knows the true intuitive value of things and if they say they do, they're a deluded liar. Why no re-construction? Why no re-constructivism?

Now people are getting into taxonomy as some sort of substitute.

If this sounds convoluted, it's because it is. "Society is a hole." Society is a mess. A big dump that we're constantly trying to organise and tidy whilst some other prick makes a mess somewhere else; dropping litter etc. And all the while we're tidying after ourselves- and everybody else- we're also asking ourselves these difficult questions only to find out that your goals- that are born out of your innate nature to organise and try to understand- are a joke. An impossibly dense, convoluted, futile, ambiguous shifting mass of no discernable value where the only real discernable outcome is that energy is going to be expended for an indeterminate unfulfilling end.

That is existentialism; it is walking uphill and getting butt-fucked and it's like that because as a ideological premise it is naïve and a joke; its protagonists: what is the value *in them*?

**NOT
MAINTAINING A
PROFESSIONAL
STUDIO BUT
MAINTAINING A
PROFESSIONAL
BEDROOM**

It's like we all want to escape, which I think is massively prevalent in this outside realm called society. All I see is dissatisfaction- or dissatisfaction outweighing the good things that exist.

Is it because we are inherently good and in our goodness continually trying to change things for the better or is it because society is rotten, beaten up, broken, fucked over, inside and out?

That existentialism; what was it born out of? What was different about it back then? How could it work today, if at all? What aspect of what were they reacting to and what was the level of their emotional input/ output? Were they as angry and confused as me? Of course they were

Someone once complained that we live in a Gestapo toilet and all I can think of now is that liberalism has gone mad and we now live in a fascist hippies compost heap helping to fertilise HER free range, organic, subsidised food that nobody can afford. I'm sick of giving my 25% to a: that fat fucking tax obsessed shady cuntbastard Brown and b: to that useless monarch who does nothing but "seem" to do things but in reality whose sole aim now is to continue to attract tourists and look after her "estate". She looks a mess, she's done fuck all and Diogenes- if he saw her- would kick her in the cunt; like when he met Alexander the Great.

I am well and truly sick to death of how wet and effeminated we have become, where empathy is the bee all and end all, where excuses are perfectly valid for being inefficient and useless and having no common sense or being totally incapable of providing even the most rudimentary of amenities, like a clean street, or a place that doesn't stink of shit, or a place that isn't littered with shit. Because no one has any money any more and we have the Gross National Debt of a third world country, companies have no choice now but to try and be understanding and compassionate as it's the only way they can get what little money people have. It's absolutely hilarious, equally farcical and fucking scary, in fact I think just for the fuck of it every English person should declare themselves bankrupt and we'll take it from there.

Take the phenomenon of the adolescent pre-occupation with lo-fi culture and how it is a ruse for concealing what actually is a wealth of quality of skills and ideas but who seem to adopt the posture of abjection because it doesn't commit them to any argument and so enables them to change their colours- like fair-weather mother fuckers who are scared of committing to an argument or an idea because it compromises how they are perceived because that is the one of the holiest of holy grails. How do I look?

Fucking occulartards; the retardism of occularity and the pre-occupation with fame (and media and vanity) and the sheer desperation of breaking out of this administrative toilet to become something else. It's the saddest thing watching Pop Idol, especially American Idol, and looking at all those sad desperate cunts stuck in whatever pit of mediocrity they have the misfortune of inhabiting and going through the most gruesome humiliation and- more oft than not- failing.

To start with, I said that I am fallible and I am. Unfortunately I am also one of those sad desperate cunts trying to get out; constantly thinking about how my practice is fucking over-indulgent and childish and grotesquely over-privileged in comparison to the vast majority of the world who have fuck all.

I am a pathetic bourgeois piece of scum and I, like so many others, are spoilt and ungrateful and should not be making art. I should be helping someone.

Councillor Krespel, the rich ex-lawyer who decided to sod his job and build a house at the bottom of his garden, except that the house contravened every single architectural principle since Brunelleschi (cant remember any Greek, Persian or Egyptian architects and am *not* going to Wikipedia). ANTI-OCCULAR architecture. He said "Just build four walls until I tell you to stop" to the builders. He smelled where he wanted the door, he shouted where he wanted the windows, he said "Put a roof on it!", the builders loved him, they thought he was crazy but his wife didn't like him as much as his money- so he threw her out of a window. She was ok though and they had a child. Not so much sci-fi but plain odd-ball. Buildings for the future though!

SRL survival research laboratories (www.srl.org). Mr Marc Pauline- the self styled cyborg- who got his hand blown off whilst holding some high explosives, probably depleted uranium core (DUC) of which the US makes its bullets out of. He said in an interview that he wasn't feeling that well that day. Hangover? He also said: "Of course I am prepared for the future, I built and designed the weapons!" Do not mess.

Stelarc. The mad, crazy Aussie. The ultimate Herman Nitsche of the cybernetic community. The man who likes people on the internet to control where his endoscope is going, the man who likes people on the internet to determine which nerve endings are going to be activated creating a spasmodic twitching naked hairy man standing on a podium rigged up to a basic electroshock therapy kit. On an internet thing, Marc Pauline liked to get remote controlled "drones"- controlled by surfers- to go around San Francisco setting off remote explosive devices. On an explosive thing he also liked to make point and shoot exoskeletal prosthetic arms, so you wore the suit pointed at the object you wanted to shoot and BLAM! Gone.

I think that should be combined with the suit made out of reflective fibres that mimics/ absorbs the light of its environs so that the wearer is near invisible- like the Predator (want some candy?). The wearer would be one of the baddest assassins around! The Point and Suit.

Stelarc also liked to map his body in a grid and put fishing hooks into each corner of his flesh and wire up the hooks to a big fucking crane and fly around starkers. One such performance got halted by the police who had the brilliance of asking a naked man, covered with about a thousand fish-hooks, for ID. "Er, yeah, mate. It's in the car, hold on a minute."

Then there is the Sandman. A 19th Century story of a young boy falling in love with an early version of an android. A boy who killed himself because he thought his prosthetic love object took her life. A boy scared by his dad's robot (they were called *automatons* in those days) making friend who really wanted marbles when he used to scare young Nathaniel by screaming: "The eyes! The eyes! I need more eyes!" Poor Nathaniel, children are so impressionable when confronted with a hunched- back lunatic walking around the streets with a bag of what *must be* the eyes of children. I'd fall in love with a robot, no problems. In fact I'd fall in love with anything, me.

SCIENCE

I know nothing of science except that it is complex. I like Slavoj Zizek when he says that in the future there will be no humanities because their practical value will expire and have little importance to the actual running and defence of the planet. Art is not going to save us from a disease/ epidemic or an alien invasion is it? It's pointless! No practical value! No applicable value! And today, even more so than ever because we all live in a "Global community", we are all responsible for the maintenance and care of the planet (except the government) and we can all make a difference. And we're all artists anyway! So we are told...

Zizek is right; science should be beneficial and applicable and where there is a malady science should fix it. With the planet, the problem is more pressing- so fuck the arts! Faggoty poseurs and pretenders.

Science that is important today is stuff concerned with the following:

- Space and it's disciplines
- Genetics
- Cloning
- Saving the planet
- Warfare
- Disease prevention
- Domestic engineering (computers, structural eng, mechanics etc.)
- Preservation of species

I like the idea of the seed bank in Iceland, in a mountain accessible by a door in the side of the mountain that really is like some Modernist ice portico, did I tell you the idea that I have had since a student about living in an underground maze with no right angles in it, where the corridors go on for miles and miles and the kids would get about by bike or skateboard- or whatever the hell kids are going to be riding in the future. The natural light would be obtained by massive punctums in the surface which are like massive shafts hundreds of feet deep letting in light from the surface- kinda like an atrium or clerestory. You would walk- or skate or ride- for miles or so before reaching this punctum which would be like a sacred place and a place where it would *impossible* not to contemplate- unless you were some kind of savant. This is a simile combining the minotaur maze and the principle of religion/ human worthlessness- but also combining Modernist ideals too.

Ignominy is the path to greatness.

It is difficult to explain why these images exist, at first they were constructed out of a hypocritical boredom, to see what was on the other side of the coin. You see, there is a part of me that has always been at odds with the image, I have found to find many aspects of images distrustful: how a story goes astray, how the intention of the artist is secondary to the image although you are told *it is* the image. Or how the things that the artist actually really does value are often the most difficult thing to find. It is a system that complicates issues and it is epistemologically representative- a grand title it is attributed because of a vague system of signifiers and metaphors and artistic statements. That alone is enough to put me off as it is a pompous and privileged claim and totally at odds with the actual thing (the work) itself and that disparity, to me, is a reminder of a lack in the world; an ineptitude that is so human. I know there is a faction that argues art aids the transference of subjective and collective values and I agree **but it is so uneconomical! "There's no trust in art!"** People cry.

Images tire me, in every aspect, linguistically, mentally, culturally and physically. Politically I like the image because you know what you are getting- politics... Diffuse, that's what images are and inevitably convoluted. It's up to the poor masochist who values certain things in the world to sift through these phenomena to perform the thankless task of making sense of shit.

I made these images in the knowledge that, structurally and logically, I am failing on many levels, I made them out of the desire to immerse myself in an entropic exercise: "what I do not know" and at least happy to be in a realm that is not so rigid. I immersed myself in that particular exercise in the knowledge that it will say something, at least. It's a sad exercise

Christmas Wish List to the Head Honcho

Dear God,

I wish we could measure reality because then I would be able to tell how real things are in the world. At the moment I am not sure if I can do this or not.

I wish we could also measure trust because that would help me make sure that the results were going to be true or not.

I wish I could measure myself (not in that way, silly!) so I could make sure it doesn't happen again.

Enquiries:

- Death> Robert's ruins> George Alfred Walker> Jung
- Jung> the animus> cell transitions> phenomenology> depression> inertia> black holes

Everyday is existential. I keep saying it to myself like a mantra and I am compelled to remind myself to remind myself continually because a: I know I am fallible and prone to lapses and b: because I am definitely convinced that phenomena outside of me is also fallible. The phenomena in this instance is society and as they say on Bad Moon Rising, "Society is a hole", in which we all dwell- much like Plato's cave. Mike Kelley being the link to Plato's cave and Sonic Youth (tenuous I know but culturally and ideologically really interesting and rich and, to me, extremely valuable).

Doceticism:

2nd Century heretical movement that believed Christ's body was a semblance, ethereal or Celestine substance (the Docetae)

Docetic after Dokesis which is Greek for phantom. Dokein: to seem.

And I am not sure about this quote:

"We are switching from the extensive time of history [Hegel] to the intensive time of momentariness- without history"

History seems ever present to me, even if the "momentariness" appears to be more abundant maybe there is a collective type of social amnesia that needs to be addressed. Maybe it is the thing that the momentariness represents that we want to forget- or is it because it is such a stealthy phenomena? Really, I don't actually know what this is so it is hard to get too concerned about whatever the hell it is. The momentariness of society? Sure, it is present and in a lot of cases it is welcome as irresponsible as that sounds. We're economic creatures and there is only so much capacity to cogify all the phenomena, I tell myself that my enquiry is as epistemic as I can muster so I hope people appreciate the effort (no matter how tiny or lame the attempt). It's all an effort and you can do is try.

Liquid Melancholia: The humours become impregnated with black bile, they become clogged up; the organs of the central nervous system are compressed. The blood thickens and stagnates.

Solid Melancholia: Or Nervous Melancholia. Fibres become rigid, blood flow ceases, what starts of as a subtle state of agitation turns to acute inertia. Blocked up.

Proper work will start tomorrow without you.

Ontology

“It’ll sort itself out”

It said to itself

Stripping off the meat from a dead birds neck that has been shoved in a hot oven. A big fat dirty gluttonous carnivore standing over the pan, making gravy with the bones of the dead soon before straining the fat out of the admixture.

Conscious of the similarity of the smell of bowels and the odour at the base of the teeth; it smells of rotting flesh- like a komodo dragon’s mouth. Like shit in the mouth, if you would permit such an atrocity. Passing on gangrene with a rancid kiss.

On the TV is something equally as perplexing; in a lab a chisel is being hammered into the head of a dead racoon, the head is opened like a coconut and makes a similar crunching sound, as the skull is prised apart. The people are looking for anomalies and aberrations of the brain, signs of disease, genetic disorder and many other things.

It is strange how fat cultivated in a certain temperature, pressure, bio-chemical environment can produce thoughts, it is strange how fat is the seat of the soul but that is today and where we’re at.

INNER TRUTH What you fear inside

PROCEDURAL TRUTH What is implemented to prevent/ control it.

Superstition: “Immeasurable... field o’ obscure ideas”
Kant

Objective Reality: [The Everyday]

Today’s popular choice is the Everyday and I think we try and look subconsciously at the Everyday as a means of analytical introspection, which has the concrete dialogue of its history. This dialogue is more concrete than the language of today, which uses ambiguity as a starting point, so the preference is based upon the trust of history (or a particular history) and the acceptance that language obviously works up to a certain point. Today’s language does not work because today’s experience is not real enough- or “too real” as we complain, there is a constant disjuncture that is constantly in your face, we’ve been moaning about this since the seventies. Basically we have a problem with reality and we don’t trust language. The Everyday is something that we automatically associate with some kind of endemic ambiguity, especially politically- it’s what drives it, as if to say your only option is to measure the ambiguity and take a leap of faith towards your subjective preference. Trust. Equally, on the politicians side is the hope that they are right and their trust is imbued into the whole of the public, until the point where a faction is set against them but that is something else.

Problems with authority, the analysis of an author and a page that says nothing about nothing.

- A: The person who questions everything
B: The person who determines everything
C: The space which they co-habit
D: The space in between A and B (x)

What happens in x:

A to B:

“What are you doing?”

“Why are you doing this?”

“Are you actually doing anything at all?”

“Do I trust you?”

“Is this real?”

“Is what you are saying real?”

This is one person in x and there are many.

The collective inhabitants of x

Minus the people who agree with what B determines

Represent the dissent

Who do what?

They dissent.

Dissent= Diminishment of B's authority and the diminishment of D, thus enhancing A. In fact there are two versions of D, there is Di, which we shall say represents the space from A's perspective and Dii, which represents the space from B's perspective. So the dissent enhances the strength/ power/ appearance (whatever) of Di.

Dissent:

The area of dissent, atypical of A, is also representative of a shadow of A's mind or a subconscious aspect of some description. What this space does, whilst affirming the ascension of a particular aspect of A also confirms another overtly metaphysical space belonging to A. The space is a confirmation of A's power and A really doesn't know where it has come from and thus scares the shit out of A and fascinates A at the same time. The reality is that A does not know what it is capable of. B has gone through with this already and this is a facet of B's power. The space is formless and I suppose local to A, and to myself, can be interpreted as a pure phenomena in that it appears common (endemic to C and D).

Explain the ongoing homogenization of the world.

“Different place, same problems.”

[A broad overview of the general situation: global concerns.]

Inside of that statement, a point- somewhere:

“Different place, different problems.”

The emphasis being placed on the sociological and anthropological and the evolutionary, although that is linked to the anthropological. History plays its part but what sets it apart, is x culture’s interpretation of the “same problem”- or similar enough for the person to compare and analyse, or for a distinction to be made. Vernacular: endemic language as a reflection of culture, which has been used as a measuring stick for ascertaining the value/s of those global concerns- the same problem.

What are those problems? Why look at the world sociologically, anthropologically or through art in such an empirical way? Generally it is either a starting point or it remains in the general. This is not such a bad thing, in that it gives a mean understanding of something and that a context is usually available to either back it up or take the argument further. A view can be relaxed or abandoned, consciously and subconsciously, to test it further. All this is ambiguous and emotionally exhausting as a process and it is not surprising that a person- or people- remain in the same state of interpretation and reading. We are constantly aware of our fallibilities, the limitations of our faculties: language, amnesia, mania, emotional instability, the impossibility of consistency, change, indifference, prejudice etc. and so more conscious effort is required. This is one aspect of the superhuman and the drawing of the will to perform an act, which like us, is also vulnerable.

What is evident is that we have a wider array of concerns, a wider perception of the world, a wider and faster means of acquiring knowledge, a widening system of governance and a wider (possibly narrowing though) sense of obligation or responsibility.

The Equalities Act 2010.
(or the Post Modern Inquisition)

Working out an equation for proportionate representation.

Sexuality:	Straight	(%)
	Bi-sexual	(%)
	Gay	(%)
	Lesbian	(%)
	Transgender	(%)
	Eunuchs/Androgynes	(%)
Ethnicity:	“Particular” ethnicity	(%)
	Every single Country in the world	
Age:	“Particular” age?	(%)
	Define specifically, numerically?	
Race/ Colour:	Would this create a breach in the act by trying to define “colour”?	(%)
	(will people start defending their perception of the world as part of their rights?)	
Religion:	Judaism	(%)
	Islam	(%)
	Hindu	(%)
	Christian	(%)
	Catholic	(%)
	Scientology	(%)
	Agnostic	(%)
	Atheist	(%)
Disability:	Also exhaustive. Maximum number of disabilities in the world? Could also breach the act by interpretation of lesser known disabilities.	(%)

Proportionate representation is not required in the sense that historically a large group of genotypes have monopolised the arts e.g. white, middle class men. The good thing about heterogeneity is that it will find a way of appearing homogenous, say, by looking from a farther perspective. Maybe that's a better thing about perspective. Essentially the outcome will be the perpetuation of the middle class- or the bourgeoisie, whatever one calls it in one culture. More artists; whose position has been worked for and granted by people they think they owe nothing to. Maybe people should start thanking people in power. Plato said that society produces artists involuntarily and it is natural that they that they feel they owe their existence to no one, therefore lacking in gratitude. Today, artists are self-perpetuating insects who have been granted a place in society by a, generally, untrustworthy and ambiguous phenomena called: a Government. It hardly seems worthwhile critiquing or trying to analyse it barring the necessity of trying to understand shit, it's just fucking depressing. There is no difference, in this context, in making propaganda art for a communist government.

The act could be read into as an act of governance over the arts. Also the world will need a disclaimer on more "stuff"; more packaging, therefore, more categorization of type and... another self-contradictory phenomena will have revealed itself to the world. As expression, the act is vital- as *end-product* it will be ugly, unsavoury and I cannot see the world of marginalized de-marginalized products being a great place to live because it's not already. Products are going to expand in the shifty, shifty world.

Signed

Nathan Witt

(White, middle class, English/ British/ UK, Bi-sexual, mid thirties, manic-depressive with a back problem, agnostic/ atheist)

[Private prejudice will prevail.]

D H Lawrence versus Bertrand Russell

Lawrence:

“Man is great and illimitable, while the individual is small and fragmentary. Therefore the individual must sink himself into the great whole [hole] of mankind.”

Russell”

“If dogs were intellectual they would fight to promote the right kind of smell (Kultur) on one hand and on the other to uphold the inherent canine right of running on the pavement (Democracy).”

Lawrence wanted Russell to prove that the existing state was a prison not that *all* possible states were a prison- or prisons. What did he expect?

Russell:

“Why is man moral?”

“Because actions against the desires of others makes him disliked, which is disagreeable to him.”

Lawrence responds with: “NO! NO! NO!”

And TS Eliot* on WW1

“Eliot didn't mind who was being killed or why as long as they were being killed.”

Read more Spinoza

*Anagram of toilets

It's an emotional enquiry.

The dangers of dealing with philology, philosophy, epistemology, ontology, omniscience, theology, and any other all encompassing ideology:

You expect too much

I think fear of judgement is a fairly accurate motive for artists to not want to live the lives they actually want to and instead consolidate themselves to a life of sterile capital based conformity where they have to give talks, jump through their galleries hoops, invest for their sterile future and their sterile off-spring. Fear of judgement as the look of the gallerist's face looks at you with either bewilderment or suspicion, or maybe a resigned-ness as if to say: "this is what I have to deal with to make a living." "The poor creatures.

Fuck people's judgement and fuck the stupid expressions on their stupid faces that accompany the hideous notion. I don't want to change the way I live my life, as I know it is indexed to the work that I want to make. It's a shit life so I don't mind fucking it up- or carrying on as normal; I just want certain people to remember what side their bread is buttered on and if they don't like it they can fucking change their vocation. I'm not moving.

Guilt is a fucking carcinogen and contagious. It's the most vile and pathetic and useless phenomena to grace the gullible chambers of our minds. It creates ridiculous rituals and social behaviour that no-one realistically wants to participate in and perpetuates a rancour that history has shown us has incited murder, suicide, infidelity and all of those other nice things we look at in fear.

Fear of judgement is impotence, is weakness, is a failing of the individuals mind and character, is a betrayal of their selves, is a wrong turn, is the world gone wrong, is all of us gone wrong at the same point.

Why? Why have we come to this? Why do we instigate these end points? Why do we always have to create a ridiculous and horrific ultimatum? Why do we leave ourselves hanging on a precipice all the fucking time, so predictably? Is it masochism or stupidity- or both? Why are we so stupid? [my girlfriend just brought to my attention Deleuze's dislike of questions...]

We obviously are not always, because we are aware of such a thing- because guilt definitely requires a certain amount of consciousness. So is it a betrayal of that consciousness to pander to the guilt? Well it has to be to abandon a noble notion such as self awareness. To know oneself is to know a thing which is worth clinging onto as I cannot think of many other things that I can know of with such certainty as myself. Air and water and food and early morning erections are the things that follow with a re-assuring earnestness that I personally find re-assuring and I know to abandon them would result in my death, so is the abandoning of the self a desire to lighten to load, to see what you can get rid of and to test your fortitude? Well I think it is and I think we do it all the time but can we not see the damage that the activity does to people? The hierarchy would go: 1) Self 2) Air 3) Food 4) Water 5) Sex and then everything thereafter would be superfluous without sounding ungrateful.

Jungian Negative Singularity

- a) MALADY (e.g. depression) >
- b) THE KICK UP THE ARSE/ DETERMINISM (e.g. an action or “cure”) >
- c) STATIC THING >
- d) ANIMATED THING >
- e) THE CONSCIOUS UNCERTAINTY AS TO WHETHER ANIMATED THING GOES TO AREA WHERE MALADY EXISTS OR SOMEWHERE ELSE (e.g. fear)

“What had formerly been the city of Pompeii assumed an entirely changed appearance, but not a living one; it now appeared rather to become completely petrified in dead immobility. Yet out of it stirred a feeling that death was beginning to talk.”

Gradiva by Wilhelm Jensen

Hubert Robert. The violation of the tombs of the Kings in the Basilica of St Denis (1793)

George Alfred Walker. Gatherings from Graveyards (C19th)

Piranesi's carceri etchings.

Robert's painting comes after the Cemetery of the Innocents was closed in 1784

In 1790 the dead were to be buried away from the centre of the town, on high ground and at a depth of six feet under.

Louis XVI was killed in the same year as Roberts painting.

In the fourth canto of his *L'Imagination* Delille celebrated Robert's miraculous escape when lost in the catacombs; later in life, when imprisoned during the Terror and marked for the guillotine by a fatal accident another person died in his place and Robert lived. (Wikipedia)

In September 1792 there were calls for the destruction of the Royal Sepulchres. The citizens didn't want their dead Kings, especially Louis XVI. Catacombs were deemed unsafe and toxic- all 186 miles of it.

14 Centuries of history gone.

Anthropological unit (Original English version)

Criteria:

- Successful developed country with proven track record of intellectual critique that must span back at least 5 Centuries, preferably the Mediaeval.
- The candidate must have at one stage owned, colonised or fought and lost- leaving a cultural imprint- a number of countries world wide throughout for those 5 Centuries, this can be interpreted at home and abroad e.g. other people having tried- or succeeded- to colonise your country whilst your country was busy trying to colonise elsewhere (I believe the term is *taking your eye of the ball*, eh Napoleon?).
- The candidate, through the above, must have accrued enough revenue to have *acquired* numerous quality artefacts from their new cultures. This is called Hylozoic anthropology, where matter is the affirmative source- much akin to the Atomic schools of Greece. The material must be genuine and dated as far back as possible- the further back the better.
- The candidate must have developed numerous and various types of institutions to house artefacts and to further encourage the acquisition of more artefacts. It is imperative that this is accompanied by supporting academic research. The research must affirm the cultural eye candy in various ambiguous socio-historical contexts e.g. through the supporting languages of philosophy, psychology, cultural studies and, of course, history and sociology.
- The candidate must have incorporated a wide variety of religions, including agnosticism and atheism.
- Most importantly the candidate must have accrued vast amounts of wealth to the stage where the revenue of the host country is massively disproportionate to it's colonies, thus creating a) A desire to develop from within the colony and hopefully leave the nest (Independence) and b) A situation where it is impossible for the colony to leave through lack of resources, massive apathy, cultural disparity or simply through the negligence of the colony (Dependence).
- It is vital that when the above dichotomy of Dependence/ Independence occurs through history that it is also documented through as many disciplines, mentioned above, as possible. This is the cultural demand for authentication and the chosen candidate will be competent...

Cute women painted by Gainsborough

Mrs Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1785-7)

The Hon Mrs Graham Penelope, Viscountess Ligonier (1771)

Mrs Elisha Matthew (1777)

Mrs William Hallet (1785)

Miss Catherine Tatton (1786)

Mrs Siddons

Mary, Countess Howe (1763-4)

The Linley Sisters (1772)

BAD PRODUCTS/ MAD PRODUCT or:

Alice in la-la land: The ease of domestic violence

Nitromors paint stripper

“Knock-out!” Sulphur Dioxide drain un-blocker

Expandable foam

Butane gas burner

Cement

Bleach

Plaster of Paris

Cans of compressed air

Car batteries

The list goes on and on before I have thought about addressing proper the drinks cupboard, or my tools, kitchen utensils and how I can use them for making MORE BAD ART- OR SCARING BAD ART PEOPLE. After that follows, I suppose, the re-animating of innocuous objects found around the house and re-contextualizing them: toothpaste, toilet paper, light bulbs, headphones, a mirror, the cap on a body lotion bottle, a train ticket. All able to be mentally twisted in the most morally reprehensible and shocking manner, no matter how small; in fact, even if you couldn't hurt someone with the thing then it is likely that someone has been hurt- or could have been hurt- in the production and consumption of the thing. The train ticket is responsible for the death and persecution of y. And then when there is nothing available, or left over, one has to use hand-to-hand combat and confront another person's belief system, judgement, intolerance, cruelty and hatred bearing down upon you. I don't want to go to any of those places too much (maybe the air compressor or boiling water with a current in it) as this is not Patrick Bateman talking- or a scary movie. This is one person talking about a few potentially nasty products and a few pieces of art that he likes. Maybe the Mike Kelley Charles Manson piece or Chris Burden shooting at planes at Los Angeles Airport. This is a domesticated, lame, arty ideal, where death and pain is always present and a real threat, in the work, in the head and outside of it. Whilst our governments try to protect us from terrorist threats, terrorists use many innocuous household items in psychopathically different ways. There is an innate creative process involved with pain I am not trying to judge or pay homage, or try to elevate certain practices, as I don't think art can do that as effectively as other media. Art is not impotent but it's a laughable cultural assault to many other cultures, not all of whom are terrorists- or have an agenda towards the West- but all capable of mania. Our awareness of the readymade, or the mass produced object has enabled us to do what socially? Beyond appreciation? To talk about it's possible uses and functions, mainly quite spuriously.

As I use these products I am continually mindful of their misapplication and the idea that after a type of mania has set in, then that mis-application could be... well, you know, abused. Instead, I want to abuse them as far as I can without being imprisoned or committed to a different institution- just a type of notional abuse. The type that is endemic to Literature/ Art/ Philosophy [!]/ Sociology/ Crap Psychology and maybe other stuff that I am unable to yet identify (You argue that it is also endemic to epistemology but then, so is everything).

As you make stuff and do stuff, you become aware of things. You are aware of yourself, for a start, and also various possibilities of the thing that you are currently pre-occupied with, whether it is a physical activity or a thought based activity. Placing something out of context is easy, placing something out of context emotionally is also easy; applying and animating those items, psychologically, is also easy. Ascribing what one's motives may be for doing so may be easy in some stages and increasingly difficult and traumatic in others. A person's relation to things is constantly changing and having a memory, here, is useful as it enables us to constantly re-adjust our motives so we can be satisfied that a) they are correct and b) we haven't got a false impression of the thing we will be judging later- or at that moment. I think accuracy of judgement and the continual questioning of our motives is innate in us and linked to a type of altruism, as well as self-respect and a desire to be good. If one were inclined to bring religion in here, you could argue that we don't need a doctrine to reminds us how to do it. Religion makes the assumption that not everyone is good and that we are not perfect, different, amnesiacs. It's not a terrible- or untrue- assumption, even if it can be interpreted (at this basic level) as a condescending judgement.

Then there is the accident... Imagine Fischli and Weiss's Chain Reaction with these products, or Scorcese, or Godzilla. The private lives of monsters, as the go about their business casually applying bleach to their scrotum each morning to fragrance it, or spreading paint stripper on their concrete toast for breakfast. Always trying out new moralities! Just with no religion!

“One day, a week before my last tripos, I ran out of tobacco while I was working, so I went out to get some. As I was coming back with a tin, I suddenly seemed to see the truth in the ontological argument. I threw the tin in the air and exclaimed out loud: “Great God in boots, the ontological argument is sound!” (I can’t remember the reason for such an oath.) So I became a Hegelian.”

Filide Melandroni

Martha and Mary	(1598)
Catherine	(1598)
Judith and Holofernes	(1599)
Portrait of Filide	(1598-99)

Dionysus was referred to as the eater of raw flesh on the island of Lesbos. Ironically this was to be Orpheus' home after he was savaged leaving no flesh, no body; except his head.

Oenopion: Dionysus and Ariadne's son, pouring wine into his father's throat.

Mainomenos: The maddened God

The mother city (metropolis) being Thebes (home of the Bacchants as well as Dionysus) where professional 'maenads' were imported to go tell it to the mountain. The mountain in question being Mount Parnassus.

Omophagia: eating raw flesh (Omophagy)

The dark side of Dionysus: madness, violence, murder, bloodshed, flight, persecution, gender hostility...

And strangers called Carians

Hades and Dionysus being the same according to Heraclitus

And then Bergson: "The worst perfidy of a nascent passion is that it counterfeits duty."

(The Two Sources of Morality and Religion)

Amoenus: Roman word used to describe the charms of the countryside

I draw from the canon of art history because the everyday subject matter doesn't hold any interest. People and their shit is what I am escaping from, as well as my own thoroughly uninteresting and banal existence. Why canonize the banal? Or why offer the banal for canonization? Well, it's probably because my opinion is so fucking important and my eyes are so fucking unique. "Hey! Let's get all the eyes together in the world and see what they see!" Ridiculous. Lets record the whole of our existence. Social epistemology. Extreme democracy.

The realm of the ahistoric holds no particular relevance either, it's just a place that I have by circumstance come to call home. I don't know anything about these places and like everything and everyone they seem to invite a semi-interested bemusement that is apathetic and I have yet found something better to do. You see; the redeeming facets of this exercise are that I have convinced myself I have learned something and I have delayed death. This piece of shit that you see before you is no longer my responsibility- it's autonomous! It will now move about the place encumbered with its own irrelevant sense of destiny and I am glad to have washed my hands of it.

“The first condition of life is a reason for congratulation, the second for sympathy, though if one wants to laugh at it one can do so with less absurdity than at the mind that has descended from the daylight of the upper world.”

“You put it very reasonably.”

Republic Book VII (518b)

And artists?

“...for society produces them quite involuntarily and unintentionally, and it is only just that anything that grows up on its own should feel it has nothing to repay for an upbringing it owes to no-one.”

Nitromors- plus a bottle of Vodka and a person in a happy mood and a Circular Saw

Nitromors- plus a bottle of Vodka and a person in an ambivalent mood and a Circular Saw

Nitromors- plus a bottle of Vodka and a person in a shitty mood and a Circular Saw

Cant stop drawing without writing a fucking commentary all over it or some stupid accompanying footnote, there must be some sort of desperation to communicate or to be understood or to get something off the old chest. I'm quite happy to visualise this piece of paper as an image and leave the words alone and let them do their own thing but when the tables are turned and the drawing is the centrepiece then I just want to scrawl all over the thing to try and explain what the fucking thing is doing. There is a genuine fear of being misunderstood because everywhere I go I see people misunderstanding stuff or not making an effort and I'm not making out I am exempt from that situation because I am the first to admit that I am also lazy and stupid. Or maybe that is just the acceptable cultural thing to say but if that is the case then I think really, realistically, it is just a [sub?] conscious mediatised pre-empted statement e.g. what you foolishly believe is going to enter the mediatised realm and is going to make you kind of notorious I suppose in some sort of childish, infantile, adolescent fantasy like wanting to be famous. A famous bad boy. The drawing is where the insecurity is recorded and my whole oeuvre documents it and records it further, doing whatever it does. Without the drawing I can conceal it and with the writing I willingly admit it, the drawing is just an aside.

A few things...

In the mediaeval the insane were often mistook for pilgrims

St Jerome sat in his study slumped over his desk staring into space sticking his finger into the cranium of a vanitas, he thought of the expression "The head that will become a skull is already empty." It was probably never full. Full of what? This didn't give him the impetus the study any further, which is hardly surprising; instead he just sunk further into himself and felt his eyes greying over.

He was eternally condemned as the bored man of history, or that was at least what he thought his fate was- and everyone else agreed. He looked at home in that space, he had no other home to mention and had no desire to engage in society and popular culture. "Popular culture can kiss my arse" he said. Every stupid fucker knows what popular culture is and how to get inside it.

Popular culture can kiss my arse too, making art is antisocial unless social stuff is your oeuvre like getting everyone together for one big fucking jamboree and pretending everything is great. I don't make art to meet people, I make art to understand shit and I get no fucking answers. This pisses me off and when people meet me I am miserable as shit and so I high tail it back to my studio to re-engage asking questions that I know I am not qualified to answer.

The bookshelf and the spell check

Dictionary of Proverbs/ Baudrillard's Ecstasy of Communication/ Dictionary of Superstition/ Deleuze and Guattari: 1000 Plateaus/ The Two Sources of Morality and Religion/ The Architectural Uncanny/ Being and Time/ Situationist International/ Anti-Oedipus (aunt Oedipus)/ The Social Contract/ The Nose/ Lights Out for the Territory/ Of Grammatology/ Clytemnestra/ Oedipus/ Electra/ Alcestis/ Medea/ ETA Hoffmann/ Orestes/ Lysistrata/ The Eumenides/ The Theban Plays/ Baudelaire's The Generous Gambler/ The Napoleon of Notting Hill/ Melmoth the Wanderer/ Barthes' The Eiffel Tower/ Rousseau's Confessions/ Steppenwolfe/ Little Arthur Rimbaud and Paul Verlaine/ Will to Power/ Grossmith's Diary of a Nobody/ What is Literature?/ Blanchot/ The Arcades Project/ The Stones of Venice/ Kristeva/ Nausea/ Juvenal's Satires/ Anais Nin/ The Anatomy of Melancholia/ Beyond Good and Evil/ Suite Ventienne/ The Prince/ Henry Miller/ The Return of the Real/ The Robert Crumb Handbook/ Madness and Civilization/ World View/ Fathers and Sons/ The Russian Criminal Tattoo Encyclopaedia/ Mark Twain/ Ovid/ Aesop/ Ray Johnson's a Laugh/ The Man who was Thursday/ Doge and Dogaressa/ Richard Prince/ Sigmar Polke/ Pories and Abbeys of England/ Romanesque/ Ruscha's Leave Any Information at the Signal/ Modern Man in Search of a Soul/ Why Do Women Write More Letters Than They Send?/ Barthes' A Lovers Discourse/ Straw Dogs/ Herodotus The Histories/ The R Crumb Handbook/ Francis Wheen's Karl Marx/ Manners and Morals/ The Moment of Self Portraiture in German Renaissance Art/ John Julius Norwich's A History of Venice/ Venice and the Renaissance/ Piranesi/ Gustave Dore/ Debord's The Theory of the Derive/ The Parisien Prowler/ Post-Humous Papers of a Living Author/ The Species of Spaces/ Down and Out in Paris and London/ Lord Jim/ Madness and Civilization/ The Object Stares Back/ Ray Monk's Bertrand Russell Vol 1/ Ray Monk's Bertrand Russell The Ghost of Madness 1921-70/ CT Onion's Oxford Dictionary of Etymology/ The Compact Oxford Dictionary/ The Oxford Dictionary of Art/ The Hutton Report/ Chris Burden's When Robots Rule and The Two Minute Airplane Factory/ Jamie Shovlin on Naomi Jellish/ Jeff Wall/ Raymond Pettibon/ Bruce Nauman/ Mike Kelley/ Wells Cathedral/ Caravaggio/ From Constable to Delacroix/ Moliere Three Plays/ Candide/ Mythologies/ A Lovers Discourse/ Life A Users Manual/ The Man Without Qualities/ Zazie on the Metro/ L'exercices du Style/ The Lives of the Artists/ Myth of Sisyphus/ The System of Dr Tarr and Professor Fether/ Dave Hickey/ Augustine's Confessions/ The Critique of Pure Reason/ Erasmus' In the Praise of Folly/ Helene Cixous/ The Aenid/ Lyotard's The Post Modern Condition/ Lyotard's Confessions/ Poetics of Space/ Aristophanes' Birds, his Wasps, his Frogs and his Clouds/ The Secret Heresy of Hieronymous Bosch/ Prometheus Bound/ Gogol/ The Prisoner of Venice/ Rabelais/ Camus' Fall, his Plague, his Rebel and his Outsider/ Faust/ Faust/ Faust/ Arrian's Campaigns of Alexander/ Writing and Difference/ Blanchot's Friendship/ Derrida's On Friendship/ Betty Radice/ Michael Wood/ The Confidence Man/ Geoffrey Chaucer/ Being and Nothingness/ Bataille/ Johannes Itten/ Catholic Tastes/ Breakdown/ Plato/ John Ruskin's Sesames and Lilies/ Harrison and Wood/ Revenge of the Crystal/ PD Ouspensky/ CG Gurdjieff/ Lucretius' De Rerum Natura/ JK Huysmans' Against Nature/ Paradisio/ Purgatorio/ Inferno

Folly after folly after folly after folly

Artists are people who comment upon culture

Not true- artists are people who depict representations of culture. It can be anything.

Artists are people who are incapable of participating within society/ culture

True- because they are incapable of reserving judgement

Artists are people not qualified to comment upon culture

True- because they have no qualifications. They are consummate amateurs.

An artist is a person who produces “things” as a result of “things”

True. Although, it’s not difficult.

What an artist produces has a social function

Fuck knows, it’s a self-serving function- or it has become one.

What an artist produces has no real function

This should be a common goal, analysing this. It’s optional.

What an artist produces has a special value

Pointless speculation.

What an artist produces is mimetic, is contrived, is diluted, is a pathetic attempt to try and understand phenomena

True

What an artist does congeals singular meanings and undermines others

True

Artists produce unnecessary false hierarchies

True

Democracy panders to the whims of artists

So does language

So does society

And so do other artists

“For society produces them (artists and philosophers) quite involuntarily, and it is only just that anything that grows up on its own should feel it has nothing to repay for an upbringing it owes to no-one.”

“But I draw from the canon of art history because the everyday subject matter doesn’t hold any interest!” People and their shit is what I am escaping from, as well as my own thoroughly uninteresting and banal existence. Why canonize the banal? Or why offer the banal for canonization? It’s fucking childish, lazy and symptomatic behaviour of idiots.

That is not to say that this realm of the ahistoric holds any particular relevance either, it’s just a place that I have by circumstance come to call home. I don’t know anything about these places and like everything and everyone they seem to invite a semi-interested bemusement that is apathy and I have yet found something better to do. You see the redeeming facts of this exercise are that I have convinced myself I have learned something and I have delayed death. This piece of shit that you see before you is no longer my responsibility- it’s autonomous! It will now move about the place encumbered with its own irrelevant (and I hope irreverent, too) sense of destiny and I am glad to have washed my hands of it.

I draw from the canon of art history because real life is boring.

The “everyday” subject matter is dull; just the everyday in itself is dull.

I know there can always be hope, or a hope, but certain things compel people to abscond from it.

Like the contradiction, or paradox, that there is no genuine fear in art but then the author starts prattling on about the prevalence of unseen phenomena either in his deluded head or in his hypothetical world and how the uncertainty of such phenomena fuels his fears. Realistically those fears represent the author’s insecurities and are directly analogous to how stupid he is. I think it is a mild concern though because when you look at the by-products of such neuroses and their sociological footprint the effects are minimal, they are the things that give hope, or solace or a respite from the world.

Mania. Neuromania, it’s a new word, as is Psychoneuromania

1. It wasn't a deliberate choice to make anti-craft my oeuvre, if anything I have despised the phenomena of the oeuvre, ever since it became apparent to me how lazy artists appropriate it to make a living and to understand other things in the world- things generally a million miles apart from their adopted offspring- the bastard oeuvre that pays their bills. How quickly they shaft it. Hopefully anti-craft is not my oeuvre, hopefully nothing is my oeuvre, hopefully the sum total of the value sits in a place outside of anything to do with value but that is not necessarily true or what I want. I am only interested in anti-craft up to a point, I cannot see myself discarding it though, either; it has a truthfulness to me but that doesn't mean I am going to be nice or faithful to it. This is the world and, besides, why would I want to be nice or faithful to a phenomena that is, by its nature, negative, abrasive, aggressive, bombastic and patronising? The work is a reflection, I don't like admitting it either but at least it enables me to deal with the stuff in the same way that I operate- like a shit. I'll switch frequency some other day.

2. I have made these images because I am an ignorant hypocrite. I like them but I tell myself I am not supposed to like them, I tell myself that because I think they are dumb; I know they're dumb. They are laboured, deliberately, as some preconceived strategy that I have told myself is a reaction to sheen and craft- of which I have learned to despise. Anyway, I only like them because I made them; if someone else made them I would be massively ambivalent about them and I would probably dismiss them- although I don't know under what pretext. Not that I fucking need one. I did this because I was bored and poor and angry. I stole the images closest to me, I paid little attention to the craft, except to remind myself constantly to negate it and twist it. In the end it was meaningless; I look at them now and am mildly bemused. I can barely remember making them or what they are supposed to do, if anything. At that point, at least, artists can console themselves in the fact that the work approaches an autonomy and an identity so they don't have to be near the thing so much.

3. I made these images because I am totally oblivious to craft and process, they mean nothing. I want the story, the why of the artist, why they did it, what compelled them, what circumstance fell upon them. Life is more interesting than using marks to represent shit and I do know how those marks work, I do know how those marks induce that sentient like empathy, and I know them to be factual, not truths or lies. It's just the emotional side of shit that I'm caught up in, grabbing that pen and saying fuck it, fuck off, fuck off you useless cunt and that includes all of you others too. I'm not saying I don't care because I wouldn't have made this shit, would I? It's just that I don't have to justify myself to you.

L A S H

OUT AND

R E A C H

S O M E

B O D Y

“Almost all thinking that purports to be philosophical or logical consists in attributing to the world the properties of language.”

The study of language would not produce any *positive* philosophical results, but: ‘by studying the principles of symbolism we can learn not to be unconsciously influenced by language, and in this way can escape a host of erroneous notions.’

“Mistaking the properties of words for the properties of things.”

Reduction of the symbolism of time, the reduction of the symbolism of history and a rejection of the symbolism of electronic media. The latter being the most difficult as it is an ocular phenomena. They cannot all exist in this format, they can only exist and be carried out in life, in the way we live our lives. Too much has been written already, too much has been said, too much strain has been put on language and there has been much promising.

I am not an artist, I am not an artist , I am not an artist, I am not an artist, I am not an artist, I am not an

I am not an artist. The work I make is not art, it is just stuff that comes out of me. I fucking hate artists; all my mates who are artists, they've been conned into speaking like twats and behaving like cunts. My girlfriend should either keep what she is doing quiet or denounce her practice and her existence. I'm going to tell her later on. The guys I like, who are my proper mates, they understand cos they fucking hate their own kind too. The ones who I like but who's work I don't, I have to embark on various strategies, such as telling the truth or lying, to maintain the friendship. We all don't talk about how judgemental we are though.

I should have just denounced this whole fucking charade years ago; it's not going to change a fucking thing except my attitude which, up until now, has been of a cocksucking subservient parasite- a bottom feeder. Fuck apologising and fuck explaining; fuck the humble, fuck the stupid and fuck the ignorant. Fuck them all and let them fucking rot in the stinking wanky art world with its ridiculous behaviour and pathetic unspoken rules. The music industry is shit too but you know one good thing about *established* musicians? When they've either made it or are canonised as such, they support the upcoming artists underneath them.

Artists? They emerge from the shit on their own after numerous forgettable group shows with people they hate and as soon as they get the chance they fuck off on their own and turn their back on everyone except their dealer and their family. This is a great system if you can get in but if everyone thinks you're work is shit then you've got no chance but to hang out with the cunts. It's that fucking benevolent.

Of course I'm fucking angry. How much time have I wasted? Of all the dumb lifestyle choices... fuck it, it's only life and I'm going to be dead soon but I'm not going to waste anymore of my time on these pathetic cunts. The posturing, the knowledge, the informé, what is in, what is out, who is selling, who's work is worth what, who is showing with who, who is fucking who. It becomes a question. Who is fucking who? Well I sure got fucked with these ten years.

I'm not an artist and I'm not a salesman, I'm not a publicity guru, I'm not an authority on anything I comment about, I'm not some dumb craftsman and I'm not a fucking intellectual, whatever the hell that is. I am just a fucking useless cunt who does what the fuck he likes. I'm stuck with this shitty hand and my shitty mind on this shitty planet with all of you shitty cunts. Soon all of this will be over, this mood, this period. I used to think art was a gift, when a person who had nothing could at least leave his legacy to the world through his art (matriarchal feminist's: fuck you, I use the masculine in the past tense because there were fuck all decent women artists from the Mediaeval to [when?]. Keep your Artemesia Gentileschi and Plath and Bronte and your fringe obscurantist shit if you're going to try and defend them) then I realised the world was full of cunts and none of you are worthy of my love. Not a single one of you. I fucking hate and despise the fucking lot of you and I'll happily take my work, my ideas, my effort to the grave, to ashes or to landfill. Not out of spite or bitterness but out of contempt and lack of faith in humanity. And pure hatred. This is the well of my rage. My love is the only exception, is the only redeeming faculty that has any chance of silencing this infantile rant. It is the only thing that I cling onto, it's the only real and tangible thing, the thing that can make a difference, that can turn people around from petty spiteful haters into something else. Waiting/ living turns from torture to apathy, to amnesia. Back and forth, randomly until something else happens. Energy is torture.

Computer aided euthanasia

9 months to be born without a choice

9 days to die voluntarily

30 seconds to change your mind

The Bob Dent – Philip Nitschke affair (Virilio: Information Bomb).

Absolving human guilt from suicide. A massive advertising sign advertising human guilt, lit up in neon in 300 foot text. Five times the size of the limp Hollywood sign.

The buck-passing machine

I don't want to assault the work but I certainly want to push the questioning of the work's integrity, especially when it is at my own expense. Inevitably there is the probable threat, the suspicion, the fear, the knowing, that nothing will happen and the work will remain this hovering thing trapped or lost in a void. A big black blob in space. That, to me, is the most luxurious metaphor I can afford and, for as long as I can remember, the most appropriate. I have a rough idea about the manifestation of the work, how it appears physically and its descriptive values but I have no idea of the value of the work outside of myself and I never will. A lot of artists attempt this and it's a combination of vanity, insecurity but more seriously an attempt to prove that they are not alone, that the value has common grounds and that they can share and exchange ideas around the value. This is a difficult thing to try and identify and measure- the *artists motives*: both real and intuited. Firstly, it is not always the case that the artists are aware of their motives which is both hilarious and deeply tragic. Personally speaking, I am aware of my motives but I am also aware that my motives are ambiguous, frustrating, deceptive and not consistent so it is not necessarily a good thing to be aware of one's own motives even if it is supposed to be a moral or virtuous thing to be. That is the tragic side; that all the work- being good- is for no clear end and for no clear benefit to others.

The hilarious aspect is sadistic. It is the mockery of the effort made and the effort lost when the *effort made* could have been put to a more concrete beneficial end- with the same intention. Actually, that is also equally tragic when you consider that that effort could have been re-directed towards helping the needy and the lesser fortunate. The tragedy, again, is accentuated and made more disgusting when no effort is made on the artists behalf to take any responsibility for their arguments, who are in ignorance of their motives, who don't value their motives and therefore don't value their work or themselves. Really a harmony should be sought with the motive...

Wittgenstein:

“If a person tells me he has been to the worst places I have no right to judge him, but if he tells me it was his superior wisdom that enabled him to go there then I know he is a fraud.”

Destroy, not deconstruct! Sociopath.

Tony Blair, Wayne Rooney, Alan Sugar, Peter's Story, Katy's Story, Del's Story, Phil's story, Sandra's story MY STORY, fucking toy story, "My Way"/ your way. Fuck me, I walk past a bookshop window- from badly designed cookery books that look like they've been designed by a child to the autobiographies. Big picture, big title, [big] story. Cheap production, cheap concept, high price. The hilariousness of the cheap dust jacket, feebly clinging on to this ghost written, tatty bank note. Protecting it from what? These things need to be fucking iron clad after what I've got in store [no pun] for them.

There's no way to treat these books, besides not buying them, which doesn't seem enough. I don't want to make films about burning them, of which I'd have to buy them, I don't want to do performances of defacing them or burning them either, or destroying them, putting them through a shredder. I don't want to help these things in any way or shape or form. The Biography should be respectfully confined to the dead and I would be very happy to see quite a lot of the subjects in that state.

These days: of performance art; I'd rather go to the theatre. Of text art (mine included): I'd rather read a book. Of video art: I just don't have the time anymore (except Tony Oursler or Matthew Barney or Nicolas Provost). Everybody has got their limits and it's pretty shitty. Really, for me, personally, the piece would involve financing- and police consent- for me to cordon off the shop and blow up the fucking place leaving the whole miserable display in tatters. I don't want to do performances of burning books, I want to do real life re-enactments (of when they occurred in my head and not as performance) of the occurrence. BLAM!

What's worse: when you have sociopathological urges to destroy stupid areas of your culture or when you get indignant about a religious lunatic doing it? The answer is obvious but I've got to stop, my conscience is calling me.

Emotional integrity

It's case.

It basically boils down to truth and the importance of truth to the work. Truth is not always a pre-requisite and is not exclusively endemic to art *per se* but only a part of it. There are truths, part truths and various sizes of absences in art; linked in a variety of ways and separated likewise. It's a free-for-all.

The case for truth boils down to the requirements of makers and readers and how good they are at measuring stuff, how good their memory is and how much they care about their subject and their self.

I'm kind of past caring about the moral concerns of others and what- and what not- they are good at doing. I am not particularly concerned about truth either. What this is, this exercise- and much of art- is idealism. It is a privileged idealism and what it gives back to society is more difficult to analyse than it is to appreciate. That privilege isn't always acknowledged- let alone repaid- and ingratitude is rife in the art-world.

This is a dead end. Cynicism...

America's Got something, Britain's Got Talent, Britain's got something, France Got Talent, Madagascar's Got Talent, Australia's Got Talent. The World's Got Smaller, Cowell has got a contract and Murdoch has got rights and press coverage. Soon everything will have dried up; the talent will have disappeared, the world will have homogenised itself and proven itself incapable of understanding what talent is, what constitutes a good idea or anything remotely of any interest. America's Got Nothing. A game show based on pity and a pathetic call for charity and generosity. "It don't even have its pride". Whatever.

America's Got Natural Disasters. America's Got Tragedy. America doesn't need historical metaphors or references for its tragedies anymore, as it's gone past that point- beyond its youth. America Loves Tragedy. Seems to- seems to have had its share; from the day the aliens invaded it. America don't need Europe, it didn't in the 20th Century either. It only needs our language and our trade.

A friend of mine says he doesn't go into a gallery to read and I kind of know what he means. There are these things called books and they enable people to read at their own leisure and digest the idea at their own leisure. Maybe this proof is one of the reasons for the books success as it is sympathetic to the unfolding idea, however artists want to be more specific nowadays with their motives and a direct, comprehensive explanation is a more effective vehicle for measuring the truth than just visual phenomena alone.

There is an aspect of art that is new to the idea. Of course there have always been ideas *in* art but art hasn't always been ideological- or ideocentric, which is the case today. It has been present but not a priori. Artist's are continually called up to explain themselves, to precisely position a variety of phenomena to themselves, to the art, to society, to the world, space etc etc. and a large portion of artists are particularly conscious at the time of conception- when their art was born. Whether they are willing to talk about these things is relevant up to a point, which is dependant on the values and integrity of the artist but what you can guess with a degree of accuracy, is that they think about ideas in private.

Really, what is needed are 24/7 galleries, as well as galleries for the home and some kind of de-marginalization of social space. Any type of hierarchy amongst themselves should be resisted; people stay in, they go out and they do it when they have to and when they feel like it- amongst other things. The Internet is well enough but can only accommodate a certain type of art or present art in a particular way, which may- or may not- prove to be sufficient.

Generic platforms or materials (ongoing)

- Maps
- Globes
Anything that represents the global, or global interests
- CAD drawings
- Shit with speakers
- Shit that's on an audio loop
- National Geographic magazines
- A4 paper grids in big frames
- Scattering your pieces of paper all around the room
- Work presented as anthropological

Possible alternatives

- Placing the work at the top of the wall, right at the fucking top. Provide a library ladder if you give a shit
- Make double sided work, don't frame it but pay proper respect to the fact that a piece of paper is also 3 dimensional
- Crank up audio work, really loud. Assault the audience and remind the intern who they are working for and it's not for relaxing.
- Make more galleries that are non-rectilinear
- Smells! Fart gas in the Tate Modern- but not in the National Gallery. Also at gigs. Carry a mask.
- Ask artists to be more specific

“There’s an absence of moral authority in your tone because I know you’re a FUCKING LIAR”

PERSECUTE TOWN PLANNERS.

Why can't a woman get planning permission for her house to be duplicated? This woman wanted a replica/ mimesis of her house to be built floating above her existing house. She wanted to think more than just in the notional sense but in the concrete sense. She wanted a real, applicable theory and was continually thwarted by Planners. She didn't want to continue working with these ideas on the backs of napkins, or on newspapers. Paper's a disappearing commodity! She wanted the next step of reality: the realization of the thought.

To make matters worse, she lived in a rural suburb populated by post-war vernacular houses, which were now listed. Her first planning application was to tear down the house and put a Cotswold stone cottage in a vitrine on the plot. She wanted to pay homage to another type of vernacular and promote its virtues in a different environment but the planners weren't so open-minded. They didn't fancy the idea of learning through buildings from different places. Her cottage would be functionless in the sense that she wouldn't occupy it; she has thought about entering the vitrine via an underground passage but she would, essentially, be entering a green house. She preferred the idea of her house as a totem or a sculpture anyway. When faced with a seemingly functionless object, you kind of start thinking about its other potentialities, which you then start to substitute with the normal absent functions. By that, I don't mean substituting notions of vernacular with a tap that works, or a tap that is used everyday. But I do think there is some kind of substitution that occurs, maybe as a method of keeping both the new object and replaced object/ ideology on a par, so that they are, for the time being, equal. I think there is an element of truth in that, possibly with the exception that most people are prone to forget accurately what preceded what they are now looking at and also maybe they fail to take into account their state of mind when they were looking at the new object/ thinking about the new idea. Newness can be persuasive as well as depressing, it can be a lot of things. So psycho-somania shouldn't be treated lightly.

The woman ended up buying a digger. She was fortunate enough that the soil that she had was of an extremely high quality and worth quite a bit of money to a certain developer, who liked to use it. Most people wouldn't think of doing a soil survey, so she was quite canny on that front (I had a friend from Greenwich who did that in the seventies- and made a packet- and I think she must have heard about him). She was also fortunate in that she had large spruces and ferns surrounding her house, which was set back from the road, which meant that her neighbours were none the wiser about the comings and goings every now and then of an aggregate lorry.

Vernacular. Find locations

I'm not going to ransack the archive of every culture's architectural and object based vernacular, from a mud hut to a long house, to a pyramid, to a Gothic Church, to an Ionic Temple, to a Georgian terrace, to a floating reed community that is now underwater. Or space stations...

The obsession with ethnographic culture resulting in a library of architectural models illustrating the architectural histories of every world culture, detailing each of their nuances.

Some houses are so beautiful they should be enshrined and not inhabited, which is a fallacious thing to say to a culture that has a deep attachment to the everyday, to functionality and use applicability- where ideas become concrete and work in front of your eyes. The list below is a list of quietness, where function is not required and where I would like to sit in silent contemplation of a particular culture or ideology that has resulted in a style, which in itself is a powerful notion.

Cotswold stone cottage in a vitrine (limestone: honey)

Yorkstone cottage in a vitrine (sandstone: grey)

Japanese Pavilion

Follies! Lots of them.

Totem Poles

Igloos

Model of Greek Petrification (entablature, metopes etc)

Burial tombs

Atriums, or huge void like cavities stretching up inside buildings

Buckyspheres

Aircraft hangars, especially the turfed ones

Motorway bridges, standard generic model

Shit that goes on in the world today

A star being measured from Earth

A satellite that has been
travelling for 30 years

A light splitting telescope
on top of a volcano

LASERS

A PUDDLE OF OIL
DNA seed bank

Particle accelerators

my own personal maze

SYSTEMS:

- Satellite (orbit)
- Oil (boring)
- Maze (getting lost)
- Telescope (observation/ knowledge)
- DNA (prudence)
- Lasers (energy)

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ownership

Wikipedia entry for September 13, 2010 by Nathan Witt artist/ astronomer royal

A black hole vomits photons
At the same time it shits light

Eyes hurting from watching too much tv
It's late
And I'm reminded by an article
In the National Geographic
About spectroscopy measuring the age of electrons
Or the radiation
Around a random tv
And dated them about x billion years old.

Now when I fall asleep
In front of the box
I am consoled by the fact that my sleepiness
Is in the presence of atomic sages
Who have witnessed more than anything I can ever dream of

“The young man struggling to not be his father
Eventually became his father”
Superman, the film- not Nietzsche

Young men’s standards are too high,
Old men are stubborn
Identity is pointless
Time is limited

- 1) Planning Application for a Grundon bin to be placed outside Buckingham Palace
- 2) Planning Application for a skip licence every square kilometre (same colour and company)
- 3) Planning Application for a WW2 bunker on Ben Nevis
- 4) Planning Application to pebble dash Parliament and put lots of cheap satellite dishes on it
- 5) More litter, please
- 6) Less litter
- 7) Planning Application for a biosphere above the city of London
- 8) Make a mimesis of Chelsea barracks out of glass, actually, scrap that
- 9) A two bunker side-by-side design with the same two bunkers placed on top (then a 4 by 4 design and an 8 by 8)
- 10) Fibonacci bunkers in miles and kilometres running up and down the country
- 11) AA building interior lined with mirrors and fitted with lasers, wear special goggles
- 12) Planning application and Residency Status for a permanent snake in the British Library (snake to be named: "The Permanent Snake" or "The British Museum Snake") a non-poisonous 10ft constrictor and a reminder about the tree of knowledge and how easy metaphors are.
- 13) Planning permission for Venice to levitate, or be a proper floating city, like in The Empire Strikes Back
- 14) Planning permission for a scaled pyramid in a vitrine.

Intelligent design

A body that burns,
And decomposes
Is not immune to acid
A body whose eyes pale
The more it witnesses
Whose skin wrinkles up
The more time it has
Folding and receding

Disgusting nails
Deficient kidneys and livers
Lungs that are under constant attack
From the shit we make
Hearts over-worked
Hands over-worked
Legs over-worked

Appetites disproportionate to the size of the stomach
Muscles that peak
And deplete
A brain that forgets
Deceives
Is not powerful enough
Will be superseded by artificial technology

Shit shit shit

Shit images and shit places that have been granted their existence by an unseen entity that has, until lately, been anonymous. That character that has emerged is a totally unsurprising candidate; it is the sum culmination of the notion that the world is simple and has been run by narrow minded idiots pathetically scratching out the best deal for themselves first and every other poor, unfortunate afterthought second. And then forgetting their principles and values, which were the first thing's they abandoned anyway- or got abused when they got their dose of power.

The world is disappointing, I cannot see any hope for my friend's and families' children. I don't know why people want to emigrate here. I don't know what people are working for, or working towards. I cannot see, in the real world, anything inspiring. I pity children, the youth of today; who are part branded a consumer market- or the *gullible* market. Their parents: the *weak* market.

I have to go looking for it (optimism), sometimes (a lot) in elitist circles and then having to look for it some more when I'm there. I'm continually stuck with the feeling of endlessly trawling through shit and having to find the thing of value. It's effort spent and trawling through shit: doing the good deed for everyone to fuck it up again. This is why I don't like making art. Or maybe it's that I don't think the world is not worthy of my love. I don't mean that in some arrogant way, even if it does sound like that. I'm past the point of remembering the effort I made to understand the thing, which I know but I just don't see the point in trying to remember. Amnesia is a comfort to certain realities.

Might be something more than just another series of dead ends
Like the ever increasing feeling of not wanting to make anything
Because of the amount of rubbish that litters the world
People and objects
Baggage and by-products

Quite happy watching and thinking
Until the thought that nothing is of any interest arrives again
Or of any use, or that you refuse you use it
Because everything looks like its been repeatedly abused
Which it has...

So you're not making
You're avoiding looking
Or you disassociate your thoughts when you look
As a manner of staying positive
How depressing is that?

BAD PRODUCTS/ MAD PRODUCT or:

Alice in la-la land: The ease of domestic violence

Nitromors paint stripper
"Knock-out!" Sulphur Dioxide drain un-blocker
Expandable foam
Butane gas burner
Cement
Bleach
Plaster of Paris
Cans of compressed air
Car batteries

The list goes on and on before I have thought about addressing proper the drinks cupboard, or my tools, kitchen utensils and how I can use them for making MORE BAD ART- OR SCARING BAD ART PEOPLE. After that follows, I suppose, the re-animating of innocuous objects found around the house and re-contextualizing them: toothpaste, toilet paper, light bulbs, headphones, a mirror, the cap on a body lotion bottle, a train ticket. All able to be mentally twisted in the most morally reprehensible and shocking manner and transferred socially, no matter how small the item; in fact, even if you couldn't hurt someone with the thing then it is likely that someone has been hurt- or could have been hurt- in the production and consumption of the thing. The train ticket is responsible for the death and persecution of y. And then when there is nothing available, or left over, one has to use hand-to-hand combat and confront another person's belief system, judgement, intolerance, cruelty and hatred bearing down upon you. I don't want to go to any of those places too much (maybe the air compressor or boiling water with a current in it) as this is not Patrick Batman talking- or a scary movie. This is one person talking about a few potentially nasty products and a few pieces of art that he likes. Maybe the Mike Kelley Charles Manson piece or Chris Burden shooting at planes at Los Angeles Airport. This is a domesticated, lame, arty ideal, where death and pain is always present and a real threat, in the work, in the head and outside of it.

Whilst our governments try to protect us from terrorist threats, terrorists and maniacs use many innocuous household items in psychopathically different ways. There is an innate creative process involved with pain that I am not trying to judge or pay homage, or try to elevate certain practices, as I don't think art can do that as effectively as other media. Art is not impotent but it's a laughable cultural assault to many other cultures, not all of whom are terrorists- or have an agenda towards the West- but all capable of mania. Our awareness of the readymade, or the mass produced object has enabled us to do what socially? Beyond appreciation? To talk about it's possible uses and functions, mainly quite spuriously.

As I use these products I am continually mindful of their mis-application and the idea that after a type of mania has set in, then that mis-application could be... well, you know, abused. Instead, I want to abuse them as far as I can without being imprisoned or committed to a different institution- just a type of notional abuse. The type that is endemic to Literature/ Art/ Philosophy [!]/ Sociology/ Crap Psychology and maybe other stuff that I am unable to yet identify (You argue that it is also endemic to epistemology but then, so is everything). This is a safe, sterile enquiry that is always threatened not politically but depending on the emotional psychological of its protagonists. It could go tits up at any moment. Anyway, psychological threats aside, a choice has to be made. I personally feel that I can offer more here, in this realm, that I could in a cell or an asylum, where I would be distracted by a different agenda, trying to work with a perverted notion that I would probably end up perverting further to prove a point that would probably not be as succinct as the circumstances that surround it.

As you make stuff and do stuff, you become aware of things. You are aware of yourself, for a start, and also various possibilities of the thing that you are currently pre-occupied with, whether it is a physical activity or a thought based activity. Placing something out of context is easy, placing something out of context emotionally is also easy; applying and animating those items, psychologically, is also easy. Ascribing what one's motives may be for doing so may be easy in some stages and increasingly difficult and traumatic in others. A person's relation to things is constantly changing and having a memory, here, is useful as it enables us to constantly re-adjust our motives so we can be satisfied that a) they are correct and b) we haven't got a false impression of the thing we will be judging later- or at that moment. I think accuracy of judgement and the continual questioning of our motives is innate in us and linked to a type of altruism, as well as self-respect and a desire to be good. If one were inclined

to bring religion in here, you could argue that we don't need a doctrine to remind us how to do it. Religion makes the assumption that not everyone is good and that we are not perfect, different, amnesiacs. It's not a terrible- or untrue- assumption, even if it can be interpreted (at this basic level) as a condescending judgement.

Then there is the accident... Imagine Fischli and Weiss's Chain Reaction with these products, or Scorsese, or Godzilla. The private lives of monsters, as they go about their business casually applying bleach to their scrotum each morning to fragrance it, or spreading paint stripper on their concrete toast for breakfast. Always trying out new moralities! Just with no religion!

[Infantile] Suggestive:

Nitromors: Dripped through a pipette onto the eyeball

KNOCK OUT! In your tea

Expandable foam: In your ears, up your arse, the nose or mouth

Butane Gas Burner: Anywhere, just fucking burn it all

Cement: Traditionally on the feet

Bleach: Hair- or a bathtub

Plaster of Paris: Limb corrosive

Cans of compressed air: Need a different victim (same places/ orifices as foam)

Car Batteries: On the nuts

Art= Disturbance of facts

to get to different facts
(Conflict of truths)

He's lazy
His priorities are all fucked up
He's mental
His work is shit
He's arrogant
He's inconsistent
He's got too much baggage
He has a history
He doesn't take criticism well

We want Youth
Optimism, Untainted optimism
Pure energy
Innocence
FUCK SENTIMENTALITY
It's easier to measure with
More pleasure
ONE PERSPECTIVE

I've just been to a place
Where a walker, or psycho-geographer or flaneur
Can never go to
A place that everyone can physically enter
But cannot guarantee the same specific emotional state
In other words, a sanctuary from a particular phenomenon
Or if you want it to be:
A middle finger
Either way, it's comforting
Those random moments of happiness through genuflection
Where you willingly accommodate
Those inanimate objects
And their arbitrary moments
Giving rise to an altogether more satisfying place
Than a banal ideology
Or a banal switch:
Kids, birds, planes...

Two boys having a playfight in the swimming pool- a bit like Brideshead Revisited. One has got the other in a headlock and is dragging him backwards, not under though- he's kinda taunting him. The kid doesn't struggle and wriggles free, backpeddling before lunging at his mate and dragging him under, pretending to be a crocodile, he's the one who goes the extra mile. He's a bit smaller but I don't want to make that generalization, he's just a bit madder.

Sitting in a leisure centre in Deptford, sat in the "café" after stewing in a steam room and floating about in a pool. I was watching kids play through a large, toughened, 10 x 4' sheet of glass. You cant watch kids if you don't have them without feeling like a paedo, or feeling that someone is watching you suspiciously. Parental distrust is natural though and I sit there eating shit food from the vending machine having a crappy cuppa tea. My absent minded curiosity feeding the parents paranoia, or so my own sense of paranoia would suggest.

It would be nice to own such a space, this grimy toy-town leisure centre, without the occupants; I'd make the pool deeper, maybe make a labyrinth of caves, remove all the tampons and the hairballs and plasters from the bottom of the pool. I'd like to climb on the water chutes and jump off the steel girders that held them up, to spelunk off the rigging, or maybe erect a scramble net above the water and a zip wire- or two- criss-crossing the space. I like the idea of owning typical post-modern venues and exploring the more solitary, lifestyle aspect of all of those ideas that we placed on art. Private ventures or: Private private ventures, stuff like that- fuck the kids.

Archives and time

Epistemology

A wasteful pre-occupation

Cataloguing everybody's mum and dad

Through history

Through heraldry

Through geology

Through the varying shifts of governance

Through our creative growth

Through our limited existence

A big blob is all that is needed

To suck everything in

And to spit everything out

Time will be wasted

And spent

Mulling over these things

Trying to locate stuff

And through all of that energy

Will build up an impatience

Maybe unaware of the specialised knowledge

They possess

And so a disparity

And a conflict will ensue

The being will front up to the blob

And it will eat them up

Epistemology. Concerns with everything.

You must change your viewpoint continually. Myopia will only help you with singular arguments, at which, a point will come when you have to leave it behind for the sake of a larger, more abstract goal.

X ray

Gamma

Infra Red

Ultra Violet

Microwave

Visible light

Radio

“oh my days!” “back in the day....”

It must be because youth lack sentimentality that makes them better, more attractive, more appealing, more powerful, to all of us, to everyone in the world.

I like listening to teenagers reminisce, it's fucking hilarious. I'm sure it's just a common desire to try and get to grips with time and I shouldn't rip into them but there's plenty of time for time and I like the irony of a young person being literally incapable of understanding such an irrelevant concept that we place so much stock on.

The death drive- baby death drive. Baby at the wheels of an older computer comparing it to either the latest model or the future model. Baby driving three cars at once

Emotional integrity

It's case.

It basically boils down to truth and the importance of truth to the work. Truth is not always a pre-requisite and is not exclusively endemic to art *per se* but only a part of it. There are truths, part truths and various sizes of absences in art; linked in a variety of ways and separated likewise. It's a free-for-all.

The case for truth boils down to the requirements of makers and readers and how good they are at measuring stuff, how good their memory is and how much they care about their subject and their self.

I'm kind of past caring about the moral concerns of others and what- and what not- they are good at doing. I am not particularly concerned about truth either. What this is, this exercise- and much of art- is idealism. It is a privileged idealism and what it gives back to society is more difficult to analyse than it is to appreciate. That privilege isn't always acknowledged- let alone repaid- and ingratitude is rife in the art-world.

This is a dead end. Cynicism...

Dear Gallery X

You're an Institution

You're supposed to be set up for criticism

So lets get started with criticizing you

"You don't write"

"You don't call"

"You're slow"

"You've got too much baggage"

At art school we all failed the module on clichés

One thing that has been bothering me lately, is the indexing of statements to Wikipedia, which has replaced the trend of continually providing dictionary definitions of words, which you used to see in catalogue essays and press releases all the time. The tradition was to assume that we didn't know what words were and to pay for a curator/ specialist/ expert to tell us what the words meant, what the art mean and what we should be feeling. It still exists today but just in a wiki stub and in a different media form.

Context is key and the desire for *verificationism*, I think, shouldn't be diminished but it seems very common and doesn't really show much faith in one's own knowledge- or in the knowledge of the world. Curatorial tone is passively aggressively patronising and it has become a standard production tool, it clearly demonstrates an acknowledgement of the impossibility of authentic specialised knowledge in the subjective- otherwise real specialists- not curators- would be drafted in to write such things. I think I'm going to employ children to write my press releases, or a fucking lunatic out of his mind in the pub, or an anthropologist, or a politician, which would be amazing. It certain would put the typically abstruse grey language of art in its place as I cannot imagine a more unreliable and typically (analogously) unreliable dialect to operate in the art world. After all it does govern it locally.

I have been wanting to photograph the backs of children's heads for a while now, as they soak up invaluable but depressingly generic information on computers at school. Maybe we should just do that as well. Put RFI tags on children; gorge them with standardised data, watch where they're going, what they're doing, what we can sell them, what we can take off them, which is generally what the west does to children already- just minus the tags.

LOWER YOUR STANDARDS

Grumpiness

Judgementalism and the initial disdain towards people

At the worst, bordering on a pathological hatred towards the phenomena called humanity

The constant effort of repressing these things

As a recognition that they destabilise society

[That is having a conscience, isn't it?]

Generally, in the immediate surroundings: social environs

Judgementalism upsets people

And it's like Bertrand Russell said

That man is "moral" to be liked by others

Because to be disliked is unfavourable to most

I don't know if I totally agree with that, actually

A general dislike of society turns into a general dislike of people

Is going to be inevitable

Something good needs to happen to turn that around

Judgementalism is measuring people

It's not about being good or bad

Weights and measures

I suppose trust is required

And faith in goodness

That not everybody is a complete arsehole

But it is difficult when you see so little in the people that are supposed to be protecting you

Educating you

Entertaining you

Misanthropy is something else

I think it follows judgementalism

Like a bad smell

And I fucking stink of it

Peer to peer reviewing system, A response to a desire expressed by Professor Paul Nurse where he wished science is more engaged with peer- to- peer reviewing

não_ tem nada de anaconda vs crocodillo o negocio é outro —'

xandaarodrigues 11 hours ago

Capybara: Did someone call for a taxi?

lmaoo_ look at those birds hitching a free ride! XD

b1njjj95 1 day ago

Wankers! What the fuck has this_ got to do with Anaconda/Croc.

MrSilverfox333 1 day ago

· This video might have anything,_ but definitely no crocodile vs anaconda.

SpideyRJUtube 2 days ago

· I WANTED A FIGHT, THATS IT_ IM SUING NATURE !!!

MrSamTheFlowerMan 2 days ago

· where's the fight...

all's i saw was a_ freaking bird on a small pig thing ??

Jorja1997 2 days ago

· I was hoping to see one_ of them turn the other into a pair of boots.

NecroSon666 2 days ago

· omg no way did that_ thing swallow that thing whole also

WTF I WANTED TO SEE A FIGHT

FU BBC

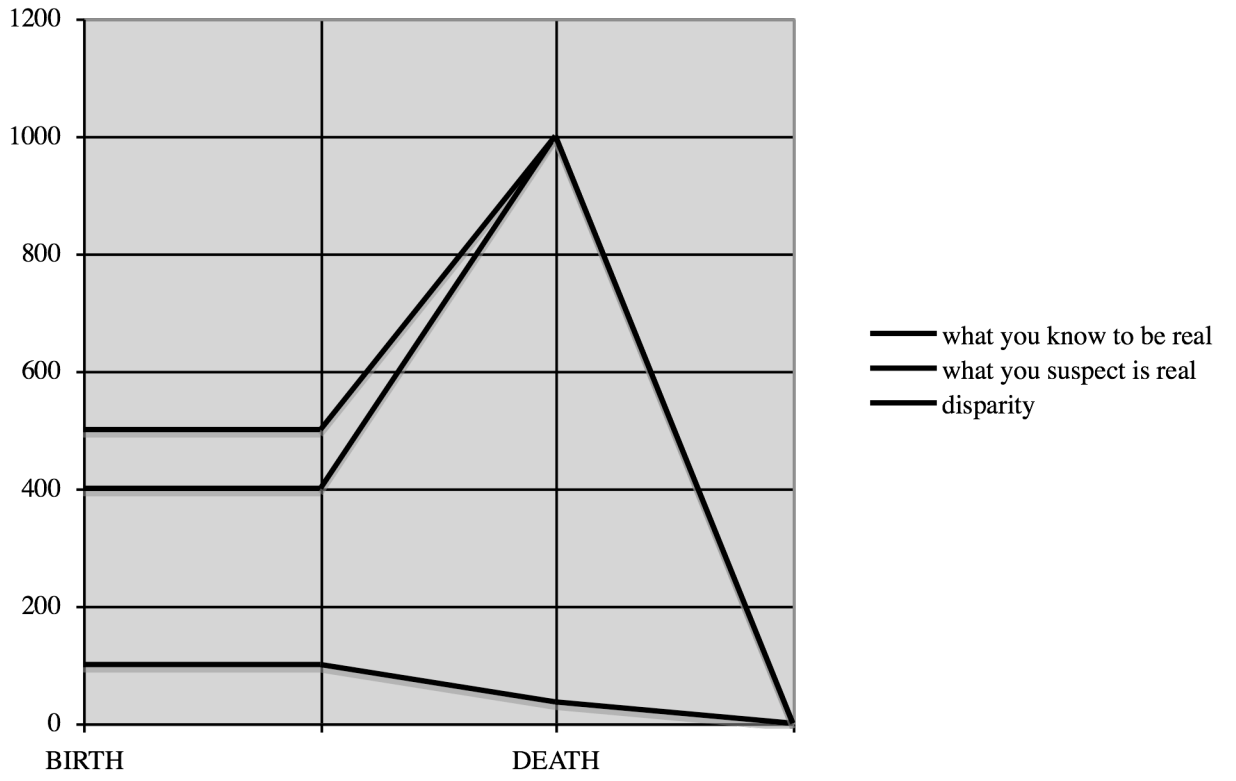
Rinxxxxx 2 days ago

· If you keep clicking on 1:02 over and over again it sounds like he is saying bitch._

Glissonshoods 4 days ago

They repaired to the church porch [on St Mark's eve April 24] and there seated themselves, continuing there till near twelve of the o'clock. About which time...they resolved to depart, but were help fast by a kind of insensible violence, not being able to move a foot. About midnight...appears, coming towards the church, the minister of the place, with a book in his hand, and after him one in a winding sheet [a sheet used for wrapping a corpse], whom they knew to resemble one of their neighbours. The church doors immediately fly open, and through pass the apparitions, and then the doors clap to again. Then they seem to hear a muttering, as if it were the burial service, with a rattling of bones and noise of earth, as in the filling up of a grave. Suddenly a still silence, and immediately after the apparition of the curate again, with another of their neighbours following in a winding sheet

Been busy measuring stuff



“That’s interesting”

That’s “interesting” Nathan

Weariness for everyone but more so for me, unless the notion is getting doubled up somewhere else by the “other”. I very much like that idea, that it at least had an effect and it’s [the idea, that is] revealing its capacity for duplication. It must mean it’s a pretty bad idea or it has reached the wrong kind of recipient and that for the experience to be many fold either means there are many bad recipients or someone is carry around bad ideas.

I don’t think of carrying around such things as a dead weight anymore, I don’t know why. Its not a resistance to the metaphysical nature of the statement nor is there a pragmatic economical motive behind the idea. And no, ideas are not dead to me, either. It’s not an impending kind of intuition about ideas reaching a saturation point, where a person is already inundated and frantically organizing, filing, suppressing, deleting, updating datatatatatatdataata. I think the biggest idea at the moment that is consuming me is the desire to remain precisely in the middle of “things”, to not get too extreme, not as a means of sitting on the fence unless that definition is only driven by economy or apathy. Staying in the middle, staying silent, not thinking.....

“Maybe it’s a problem with authority” or

“Maybe it’s a problem with language” or

“Maybe it’s a problem with me” or

“Maybe it’s a problem with everyone” or

“Maybe it’s a problem with everyone thinking it’s a problem with everyone” or

“Maybe it’s a problem with the limitations of things”

“Maybe it’s a problem to do with stasis and the brain not being good with static ideas, or being unable to determine when they become animated. Like when you try and focus your eyes really hard, squinting into the light and staring at floaters moving about in your eyeballs. Until about an hour ago, I thought they were microbial or bacterial- apparently not, which disappointed me because I thought my eyesight was as good as a microscope.” Animation is the thing, I suppose, that I would be minimising by staying in the middle, so it is economical in that sense. I’ll sit still, watch the earth move past me and die.

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I think the thing that has been concerning me lately is a hypothetical notion that I think is quite real. It is the cut off point for intellectual and artistic integrity and the moment of production where everybody hopes and possibly expects/ demands that integrity is present in the work- that the argument is still clear and concise. The point where artists either abandon thought or sideline it so the work can be made. Both points suggest that thought is difficult for an individual to accommodate, especially if the thinker is fallible, not perfect, prone to lapse or an amnesiac. The thing that I have the problem with is a demand either from myself- or what I believe to be society- to refine arguments that surround the work, or the sense that there is an *expectancy*; it bothers me as I feel obligated to adhere to this model which I don't wholly agree with and I feel it perpetually holds me back and nags me. I think my own sense of paranoia, or actual unknowing, *which is completely real* because I cannot possibly know what everyone is thinking collectively but I do feel obligated, even if I shouldn't feel it. I feel as if I do owe something to society when it comes to making art; that I am more grateful for this position than working on a building site crippling myself for nothing, just so I can get by. I have thought about since reading Bergson on morality and the idea of obligation, Plato's assertion that artists exist involuntarily and owe nothing to the world and, more recently, Tracey Emin's raw use of self as subject as a means of profference, honesty and integrity.

Most of the time I am trying to rid myself of notions of criticality, or critical thinking, or even just thinking on it own, just for those very tiny moments; the idealist in me would say that I would like to distil such a thing but I don't know if that is necessarily true- maybe it happens anyway. But because I am so reliant on ideas it is inevitable that a constant messy dialogue is taking place and if I am working with multiple arguments and shifting positions it is impossible to work in the singular, it is too fleeting and difficult to anchor oneself. I do want to look at a variety of things randomly, in a semi erratic, amateurish, part conscious Jungian way where my position is revealed after the event of making or thinking. Conscious thought never dissipates, unless one meditates and is good at washing out their internal dialogue. I feel such moments are fleeting and quite sad and not concerned with what I am trying to address. That place is quite attractive in the face of a person with wide, fleeting interests with an altogether unstable fixing, staring in the face of epistemology- or *everything*. As ridiculous as saying I am interested in epistemology and as ridiculous as feeling you have to justify it and prove the banal point that everyone is invested in everything *à la* Martin Creed there is the consoling admission that it needs to be said. Maybe it is a psychosomatic pressure, or a fear, that I feel I am perpetually restricting myself and want to address and look at and think about as many things as I can before I die, which is why the issue of "style" or material consciousness, "social awareness represented through material" etc seems to continually pull me back and infuriate me. It seems an unreasonable demand.

Similarly, the disparity of my work bothers me immensely. Like my thoughts, I can never reign them in completely, which is why I try and work in series' or push stuff onto things (ideas onto objects/ ideas onto images) that are not necessarily true but I want to test them nevertheless. I don't mind contradictions and up until now I have dealt with numerous hypocrisies about either myself-or the work- just so I could test an idea further but it's a position that I want to stop practising. It's not healthy. Since the Royal College I have always been hugely resistant to images, image production and the sanctity and reverence that surrounds it, which to me seems quite ugly in the face of it being used primarily as a luxury commodity, I acknowledge the urge to produce and why people like these things and my resistance is a desire to reduce or prevent the over manifestation of images, which only compounds the issue when I cave in and make an image; it makes dealing with the hypocrisy of making art like that pointless and pathetic. It is something I can never control- I don't want to adjust my moral position neither do I want to relinquish my spiritual home.

I keep wondering about Post Modernity and how an individual visually collects things from the world, assembling, making qualitative judgements, assessments etc. A singular argument, singular medium, seems arbitrary but favourable in the pragmatic sense. I realise that things do come together in the end, however, when that happens I often feel uncomfortable in that after-the-event *post hoc*ter analysis. If the work keeps me quiet for a few years then I am happy but in all honesty I do look at a lot of the things I have made and I genuinely don't understand them. And if I can't understand them then I have the task of dealing with that sense of frustration/ bemusement and deciding what to do. It is a stupid proposition to want to look at a lot of things at the expense of yourself, paying no heed to the consequences but I think that says a lot about the way I work. I have been stupid and reckless until now and it something that constantly needs moderating; I'd love to have clarity of thought, maybe I do... or maybe it's my "generational" impatience that I have been largely ignorant of, which I why I have lately taken to copying statements from Youtube comments. I watched a documentary by Dr Paul Nurse, Director of the Royal Society and Nobel Prize winner, and he was saying that science should be more open and discursive in public spheres and facts should be more publicly asserted. This is one thing I love about the Internet is the way that it has dispelled so much superstition about facts, I love the way society has become more factual and people can work around more solid information. It fills me with hope that society will be more informed and that religion can disappear more quickly and people can continue to ask more difficult questions without being impinged by irrationalism, mediaeval superstition and what has now become a global fight that should scare every living person on this planet. It seems a bit pathetic to lament about the disappearance of superstition and how exotic fear was in the mediaeval, which interests me and I would like to make work about, it just needs a precise historical position and a very specific contemporary position.

The world is divided but by how much?

A person can find a sea of faults within the world, from political distrust to religious and social intolerance. The world sits on a precipice waiting for just one idiot to push it over, fuelled probably by the most arbitrary and innocuous motive but with a life story that I probably would sympathise with- if it were presented to me with all the facts in the right order and why they came to make the decisions they did in life. Life can strangle some people, important decisions can be made too quickly and as a result, more suffering ensues. People in power have to measure their questions in terms of who suffers the least, they do it inside and outside of morality, sometimes in moral isolation to test the worst case scenario. Nuclear testing, presidential dummies, the control of the media, the control of money, of debt, the balancing of ones arsenal as a pragmatic deterrent for another persons response to their own interpretation of history.

I suppose subjective interpretation unites the world and judgementalism divides, it's the point where the argument bifurcates, splits into two, like cell division and where indignation emerges. I think I'm going to stop here

Dystopia. A cynical position...

The conflict between utilitarianism (Bentham) and idealism (Kant).

Personally, I think we live in a utilitarian society that uses idealism as a means of maintaining a status quo. Certain liberties are allegedly offered and a small percentage are well rewarded and made examples of: fame/ media/ wealth etc. Obviously a problem emerges when a society becomes so desperate to escape social (politically implemented) disparity and discontent and a massive queue for people all lining up to be artists, the next pop idol or Hollywood star, forms¹. A backlog fills up and all the while society is continually questioning the political bumbles, numerous acts of dishonesty, renegeing on promises and wastefulness. Malcontent breeds, the government tries to pacify the public with shallow schemes with massive media spin, which succeeds in confusing and exhausting the public. This is a pressure cooker. Idealism is the steam, excuse the metaphor, and utilitarianism is a physical container with fixed boundaries and values. Idealism doesn't suffer that trait...

¹ Science is too difficult.

Who likes the person who bites the hand that feeds it?

Probably no—one

The ingratitude

Systems have been set up

Requiring effort and positivity

They need maintenance

Requiring more effort

People efforts are protected

People doing good things for people

Being rewarded

It sends out a message to all people

“Be good” “work hard”

Good people can feel justified in expecting a reward

What about free speech

Criticism?

What if someone doesn't agree with a system?

Tolerate, subvert or reform

Apathy, “intelligence (!) or anarchy?

It's not particularly a good choice

You get that feeling of swimming upstream

With a chip on your shoulder

Secretly harbouring the thought

That everyone is apathetic

Inside

A picture of the back of a child's head radiated in a flat, dull glow emanating from a computer screen.

The child unconsciously gorging itself on facts sitting in front of an ambient lit, coma-inducing cell, unaware of its impending jaundice, it's rsi, its back malformation, or its eyes already sinking and greying over as facts burden themselves on the poor unfortunate, limited minds of humans. Adjustments are being made around the world, as a strange alien factual hierarchy establishes itself, taking the mantle off the hands of superstition²

Outside

Pop culture = genericism- standard culture, normal culture, typical unsurprising culture. An identifiable "opportunity" for many, willing and able to tap into it, further spreading grey opportunities around the world in the blink of an eye. The limits of our imagination, coupled by our pragmatic limitations/ desires, creating that end point where things are consumed/ popularised. Facts play an important role. Superstition recedes and takes refuge on the pockets and holes of world, harbouring numerous, millions, of fervent, devout, righteous, indignant, judgemental irrationalists. The Internet is slowly eroding superstition, which is probably assuming its rightful place in history- in a museum. What remains is a global lacking of trust towards systems of power. Trust has abandoned the world and artist's foolishly and sheepishly play about, while the rest of the world is fighting.

¹ Footnotes being the pre-requisite of numerous conversations, as facts are constantly being re-asserted, checked and updated.

ESSAY ***S***

Why is morality absent in art when moral behaviour precedes it?

I want to ask this question as a means of gauging what do we expect from art? I want to try and find out if our expectations are met and if they are, what system of demands, from the reader's point of view, surround those expectations? Are they peripheral? Imbided?

To demand and expect something from art means that we must have some level of value attached to it and to our methodology of reading. As individuals our values are things that are very personal to us and I think that one of the most benevolent things about the arts is the level of awareness it creates towards a perceived system of values, both internal, psychologically, and external, socially. They form common interests that have shaped different cultures and have shaped culture as a whole. They have provided numerous examples of the diversity of the human mind, the uniqueness of our own sense of awareness and our ability to transform matter and ideas. Those values form the basis of what we understand art to be and the role it is to play. That a large proportion of some of those values are not immediately questioned suggests both their power and the level of trust that we implicate in them. Aesthetics, semiotics, psychosis, symbolism, allegory (now manifest as information) are a few examples. While it can be argued that discussing these rich and valuable phenomena could both demean the value of the subject and ruin the experience and the magical alchemy that art creates, I still think value needs to be discussed.

I think most of us would agree that value (and values) is something conscious in both ourselves and the things we create. What I would like to do is to work from that intuited feeling and try to ascertain some level of accepted linguistic coherency from both the readers and the creators points of view- and maybe encourage a level of responsibility on the parts of both parties as a means of accepting that a certain amount of effort is required in positing these things in the world. I want to use this as a counter to the phenomena of ambiguous and vague language and lazy assumptions, attitudes and behaviour towards the things we create. This text is a reminder of sorts that some people do feel a sense of duty to try and impart the knowledge they have. Understanding is a struggle in many senses, to share can be to alleviate it but also act as an indicator of either a standard for some or to indicate to others that they are trying. The effort, in this sense, is everything. I don't want to create some pious, dictatorial manifesto but really just encourage a thorough and sensible use of language. Art is difficult to understand and it is complicated at best. It's uses are numerous; from education, to catharsis (psychology), to politicisation or just as a large cultural phenomena. Each aspect has a different set of values and a different vernacular/ identity and each of these aspects are, again, subject to both the internal and external world. Responsibility is not something attached to the things we create and, personally, I think should not be demanded from people but it is something that I believe aids in the understanding of the work and makes it more real, more tangible; sometimes ugly, viscous and repulsive and other times something else. Really what I want to do as a reader is go beyond identification and work in the intuited sense of what things may or may not be and encourage people question more and more what they are doing. Whether my motives for doing so are either Romantic, Idealist or a bastardised form of logic is not clear to me in this instance and are probably an amalgamation of all three. This essay is an attempt for me to find out what my motives are and the value of that, a constant test.

Morality, or moral things, are not present in art firstly, for the simple reason that art objects/ art things are obviously not human, they are *the thing that defines them* in the general sense. Art objects/ *art things* are by their nature a thing of definition, beyond that they are things with ascribed values, values that we attach to them and those values are human. Our value system, in art at least, is one where art is humanized by our insistence of attaching other things, things usually inevitably related to ourselves, onto or around art things. Those things are object based, image based and instance base. I think most people would readily accept the plurality of everyday existence, especially when that plurality acknowledges the multitude of phenomena attached to art things. Dialectics, dichotomies and polemics seem to be starting points, either from the front going forward or vice versa (entropy), they form the bones of where the thing still continually bifurcates and sprawls. I think it is fair to say that Apollo and Dionysius, the concrete versus the ephemeral, is an antiquarian model that doesn't seem to apply to the now- except as a historic basis for understanding something quite rudimentarily.

By attaching "things related to ourselves" I mean things committed to us, ontologically, at the instance of interpretation, even if they are outside phenomena they have to go through us and by going through us they are made into us, ontologically. It sounds ridiculous and obvious but I think that when these kinds of transmissions occur, consciously, something happens to be reader. I think that consciousness creates a level of responsibility in readers, though I don't know how. Maybe it's the agreed acceptance

that you can only prove that you exist, in your head, and where to go from there. Maybe it is the power of the conscious thought, the ontological and mystical satisfaction of knowing, gnosis, and the pride that exists from understanding, which, unfortunately, is not consistent.

As a statement: "An art object is an art object"; the first definition is, to me an ontological fact much like in the Wittgensteinian sense, otherwise I would be setting out to articulate a deliberate falsity and for all the misgivings of art and language I have to set out from somewhere, a level of trust, acceptance and resignation has to occur. As for how it is gone about, the enquiry, it is shrouded in mystery; part backwards (entropy) and part amnesia that starts from the middle of somewhere, one could spend all their life determining where and how their arguments come from and I would not be surprised if it resulted in mania at some stage. Most of the time the words used are taken and given as ontological facts, by me at least, it is all a person has to go with, it is the point where that "origin" questioning is jettisoned and the thing of value is to be focused on. If one was going to assume an ontological argument from a realistic and thorough entropic perspective the end result would be something that I believe we wouldn't be able to recognize. So I think it is a fair assumption that there is a largely factual linguistic basis that we can operate on and linguistically. It is a positive start, this "yes"- the factual definition- it is affirmative and it defines where you are, as an anchor. I think of it in the sense of what I understand to be logical positivism or Epicurus' "Yes yes yes!" That is where I am in this instance for this piece of writing at least and I like the emotional enquiry as it makes gauging peoples motives clearer.

In terms of the "thing"- the art *thing*- or *things* related to art, I mean art in its phenomenological state and also to phenomena related back to art and its constituents. I can only conceive of these instances, both physical and non-physical; as linguistic facts up to a certain point, which is the point where language collapses and the point where art, visuality and intuited perception goes further- beyond language. I think it is a fair assumption that language operates up to a point and art goes beyond that. Ultimately, though, you are still stuck with the problem of definition, of which the instance would sit outside. Gauging and valuing such a common instance is usually defined by a semi- superstitious language. The "uncanny", the "unknown", "Das Unheimlich", intuition, suspicion, "it's like..." and generally trying to create various analogies and points of comparison. Naturally we have a tendency for classification and compartmentalising these things and their lack of descriptive value gives them another value, which I feel we are very precious of. There is a tendency to isolate the thing and create distance to aid its understanding. The is the desire of wanting to know what the thing is and a natural desire for wanting to know what things are in the general sense. We know, for a start, what the thing isn't and we have the suspicion of what the thing is *like*. That value is, to me, a starting point and the place where I find myself the most and it is a lot to go by.

The production of art often sits outside of language and I think it is natural that its resting point would also do the same; you could say it is a natural characteristic of the "thing".

Are art images, objects and situations reflections of humanity?

Art is extremely reflective, it is one of its strengths; it is a massive mirror of our desires and values. It is also other things too, of course. It is sentient and for all its mirror like qualities it also has the capacity to soak up phenomena like a sponge. I think though when value is consumed in this sentient sponge-like instance, that paranormal suspicion once again takes over. The value of the thing is essentially lost, impossible to measure, although only lost in a metaphor...

As an object, as a moment or as an image, art's [metaphorical] reflectivity encompasses the epistemological spectrum- our subject matter and the things that interest and concern us. From outside in and then outside again. The act of interpretation creates an ontological certainty that places the *art thing* after the reader, like in a situation where the art thing is required to be read into- via a reader. The reader grants the language and for the art thing to be interpreted linguistically it has to be at the mercy of the reader...There is no chicken and egg analogy when it comes to art as the processes of reading and creating are clearly defined; marked out by territories mainly rectilinear and white, produced in places largely unknown to the audience (some kind of studio). The *thing* is produced, the *thing* is offered, the *thing* is read, the *thing* is examined/ probed. The reading/ examining/ probing is the process of gauging how art's micro- phenomena manifests itself and what do these things contain? It is another process of measuring value- and values- and it obviously requires memory to attain realization.

Art as things. They are things, like us, that were previously nothing and born from a spark. Their value lies in the analogies that we read into them, analogies *related to us* first and not to the other types of genealogies that reside in their form, such as materiality or genotype. Imagine how much of that stuff we miss out to concentrate on the areas related to the artist, the work and ourselves? Ultimately the art things are things that we have created and contain a memory inherited from us (DNA?) and so are probably treated in the same manner as children but not disseminated in the same way hopefully- from the child's point of view. Where art is human e.g. outside of the object/ image is more in the sense of it being a social phenomena (performative, installational, documentary) but it is still reduced to playing the role as a mirror. Conversely, it is applicable in the interior sense where the work is more intimate and personal. Either way it's role as a *reflector* is interpreted in the ontological sense first, it is

important in the sense that it defines where the work is located. The work is essentially sentient, whether it is a situation, image or an object; the sentence maybe something required for it to be discussed and analysed and maybe a temporal thing, temporarily inflicted. The sentence enables the work to be discussed and analysed, which I should like to believe as it is something that I suspect to be true; maybe it's a mild sedative to contain the thing.

The issue of the "art thing's" autonomy.

When has an "art thing" (object/ image/ instance), independently and consciously, ever behaved morally? Has anyone ever demanded such a thing? Why would you demand such a thing?

The notion is absurd and I think it is fair to say that it is practically impossible for such a thing to happen. There is no behavioural anthropology with individual art things, no behaviouralists sitting in galleries monitoring the behaviour of the work. The idea is amusing but the simple fact is we don't need art to behave- some people just want it to behave. Art is not a Being and art things are not beings- they are things and if art things were to be examined behaviourally it would be in their historical context. Behaviour and history are different. History has shaped the survival and disappearance of many art things and to look at an individual piece of art and to ascribe it humanistic behavioural characteristics is not only projection in the psychological sense but conflicts with the idea of trying to understand the thing. The thing, instead is subjected to fate and just because something has a history and is subject to fate does not mean it is consciously autonomous. The art thing's autonomy exists in the sense that the creator has discarded it and set it free. Once a thing has been finished or has been done with, whether it goes to a gallery or stays in the studio, it is essentially on its own. It is up to its creator whether or not to engage with it, to defend it, to use it further or to ignore it. While the art thing is with the creator it is at their mercy, when it is not with the creator anymore it is at the mercy of the world. History has a part to play as does the ritual of fate.

In the political sense the notion of that expectancy is part justified in that art is obviously capable of generating some kind of valuable dialogue. The polemic between artists who operate politically and by non artists who use artistic means to communicate politically is one that at least communicates but I think that the cut off point- or the limitations of the art thing- is largely ignored or un-noticed. I wish people would be more specific with describing the limitations of their work, in fact I would simply wish that people would actually make some kind of attempt to describe those limitations at all. To want an art thing to make a change would be to expect it to behave autonomously, which is a very weird demand.

I sincerely think that some of the expectations we place on some of our art is utterly bizarre. Obviously I would really like to be able to read more clearly the motives of the creators so as to remove the often disappointing and fruitless numerous acts of interpretation and I am the first to acknowledge my own sense of disappointment when my expectations of some artists has been too high. Sometimes you have to lower your expectations to avoid disappointment which sounds like a bad message. Reading art takes time and effort and the artist is under no obligation to impart their motives and so is left to the reader to put aside x amount of energy required to interpret y work. Why work indeed...

The creator of the work is not literally and physically dependant on the work after the event of creation and certain situations may arise where a mutual presence is sought or is part of the work's further extension but I profess to know nothing of such things other than my own attitudes. I know that there is no morality in the things I have made, I know that I cannot be there for them all of the time and I most certainly will not be there for them all of the time. I do not know how they operate in any other way than an intuited type of suspicion that is not emotionally consistent and at its flattest is hopefully "wary"- on standby or now we're all green: "off"- which says a lot about modern behaviour today. I would also not know what to do if something morally good happened as a result of my art, I certainly would not remind people that an amoral thing led them there; I would be happy for those people and I certainly would not judge them and deprive them of their happiness if such a thing were to happen. That is not vanity, I hope but like the notion:

Humanity's cut-off point for philosophy?

What is strange though is the level of expectation that is socially present when attached to art and morality; various levels of demand come from society towards its art but I am convinced that a certain portion of people in the world believe that art has moral qualities. As I have said I do not want to take that away from people but point out some disparities.

One disparity lies in the autonomous behaviour of art things; they do not need to behave morally and they are not governed, by us, morally. Artists make these things and set them free into the world so that they- and others- can examine them either individually as independent phenomena or in a wider social context. We make situations like this because we are uncertain about certain parameters or have beliefs, suspicions about varying other issues. The whole exercise has to be amoral or morally neutral for the results to have any beneficial outcome which ultimately results in a typically grey and ambiguous affair where language is pulled backwards to the reader and the art thing is then phenomenologically pulled around, prodded and probed to ascertain its

mean value. A system has been set up and it obviously works because of the level of usage and exploitation that accompanies it. Outside of ourselves it is difficult to monitor the progress made by our artistic endeavours and to further gauge its behaviour. I think as a phenomenological exercise it is extremely profound, analogous to things like exploration (colonialism/ nomadism) and parenting (nature/ nurture) and enables us to make part concrete judgements about ourselves and the world. Morality is one aspect of that, related to governance but not in the political sense but in the independent and real sense. Maybe one thing that has been undermined in the Twentieth Century is the phenomena of the artist's ability to watch impartially- not as a documentor though, which although happens but the simplicity of being a passive watcher of various random horrific and profound events. The documentor is conscious in a different way to the watcher, more rigid in their approach, more analytical in the Cartesian sense? Maybe the distinction lies in some Freudian/ Jungian analogy or consciousness versus unconsciousness, I am not entirely sure. I suspect that a documentor is more judgmental but that is both a suspicion and a generalization. I suspect that they are both emotionally involved and that the watcher may possibly be more passive and acting as a vehicle or a medium. Really the differences can be read through the results and one can make their own mind up.

A rough example of Twentieth Century Polemical Spectacles.

- Two World Wars, the Cold War, Vietnam War, the Gulf War, the War in Iraq, the War in Afghanistan, the War on Terror.
- Flight, the Car, Astrophysics, Communication Technology, Genetics (our biological history), Computing, Environmental Awareness, Medicine, Cybernetics, Cloning, Particle Research, Clean Energy Research

The type of commitment required to set up artistic situations is not necessarily virtuous or moral. There is a desire present, which is indisputable, accompanied by motives and numerous intentions which are all subject to varying degrees of uncertainty, instability and inconsistency. Epistemologically, measuring and gauging such things is exhaustive and I suspect when in the act of measuring such things like *intent*, *desire* and the *motive*; morality and moral behaviour are not always present or *a priori*. Here I do not want to become pious or preachy or sanctimonious and bemoan about its infrequency, it simply is the way things are. Nobody's perfect and in the shadow of religion (it's absence) I personally believe that a certain amount of responsibility should be assumed by artists not just as a means of conscientiousness but also in the knowledge that you are not always going to be good. To put down a marker. However that is my personal opinion and is more of a practical concern related to interpretation and reading, conversely I understand that not everyone makes work for other people, they don't always make art to understand something. Sometimes it's an itch that can't be scratched, sometimes it just needs to be expelled- an idea that needs to be realized. There are many motives.

At its most selfish or at the point where the work is unconscious, where it possibly manifests in the cathartic aspects of art production, artistic situations are usually geared up towards understanding but not always. By catharsis I mean artists at their most self-absorbed; the catharsis as the embodiment of expulsion or compulsion, varying degrees of mania where work just needs to be made. "Fuck language and fuck the world, I'll just make what I want. Fuck the lot of you." This, to me, is a raw power that cannot be verbalised. It is raw emotion and a place for the misanthrope to work. It has an energy, where negativity and ambivalence fuel the realization of the idea. Morality is completely absent here and if you were mad enough to try and measure it entropically it would probably end up fruitless; it could be tried, though, through extreme negation or misanthropy and would be at the detriment of the protagonist and probably those around him/ her. Considering the value of that is analogous to the fraud in Wittgenstein's quote and realistically I would hazard that you would only get so far and either quit or be consumed. It's not that it would be a pointless exercise because it's a common type of behaviour seen in drug users and sociopaths, it's just that most people would probably know the answer before they went there.

Strange ideas can consume though; maybe some ideas should come with health warnings what with this nanny state we live in. Shouldn't say things like that...

Understanding yourself and/ or others?

Tests are by their nature- and definition- mimetic and the reading of such things, since the declaration of the redundancy of language (and the impossibility of language), is very far removed from their initial moral set up. They need to be re-examined to assess their value and the applicability of their truths. The need to be designed so that they can be replicated by a broad spectrum of people in a wide variety of circumstances with a wide variety of criteria.

Socially, semi-anthropologically, experiments are copies of situations, repetitions of analogous natural behaviour they are limited in their scope in that they lack real naturality but the acceptance of this example of limitation enables the reader to move away from that. I think the reader of such things performs the role of a reader of artefacts, such as a sociologist, an anthropologist and a multitude of other amateur specialists to read the thing or the situation in an ontological manner. The artist enables a certain amount of ontology and it is generally accepted that the testing nature of art is more ritual than science, or encouraged from society.

Zizek said that the humanities will probably disappear in the future due to their lack of practicality and scientific applicability; quoting, I think, that the arts will not save us from an alien invasion which, although I agree with him, I don't think he took seriously the psychosis that art creates and the breadth and scope of the subjects/ things that they consume/ address/ reflect. I don't think he takes seriously the extent of scientific applicability, what it addresses, in what way and how. Art's use value is obviously vastly different to science, its applicability assuming a different vernacular with different possibilities. Art is a local exchange; in our heads, on our planet and about ourselves. It, like science, is epistemic with its subject matter: indiscriminate and *concerned with everything*. Although you could argue that science is not so reflective there is a mutual interchangeability between the disciplines where they do meet. Art can be scientific and science often has moments of profound artistic value. "Science as an art form" is a term that attests this and I can think of numerous examples where I am simply dumbstruck not only of the nature of our achievements but also their applicability, their use and the results. The inside/ out nature of art that steals/ learns/ delves into various disciplines is equally analogous, there exists a widening of our horizons and a greater awareness of interpretation by a broader section of society but that is not to say that artists are more ambitious and society is cleverer, I think the reality is that people got bored with a lot of [older] subject matter and society has become naturally geared towards the accumulation of semi-bombastic, semi- didactic, over nurtured information; from the government down to the home computer. Whether it is manifested in Wikipedia, a Playstation, a PSP or Nintendo DS, or TV- or whatever; we are very sentient and receptive to information. We are *switched on* to that idea. Really the distinction lies with the reader who ascribes the values though.

Let us assume that art's morality is not possible. We can still gauge its values and extract them, which is where I think this level of public expectation comes from. Arts reflexivity enables it to appear moral and to have x amount of values instilled into it by either the artist or society. I do not profess to know how those values are instilled into the *thing* by people, all I know is that it is a *thing* that occurs. Things becoming different things, things having different things inside them, people seeing different things in things, things doing x, ad infinitum. Maybe one type of value is the seemingly epistemological nature of the thing closely allied to the ontological value of the thing, where we can feel comfortable in the knowledge that we are close to other things, that the ambiguous aspects of our psyche, language and the universe.

Quantitative/ Qualitative judgements.

Whether we like or not, looking and thinking about art is a judgemental activity. There are numerous conscious and unconscious thoughts, processes, assumptions that occur in art's presence- and it's absence too. It is both a privilege and a hindrance. It is not my intention to polarize many of these aspects, as these situations, to me, seem amorphous and the reader of such things extrudes those seemingly arbitrary molecules from this complex phenomena- who is exposed to them. We are in a constant state of continual exposure and assessment, measuring stuff consciously, unconsciously and sub-consciously. Ignoring stuff constitutes an assertive form of judgement and affirming stuff requires a different amount of effort. Fortunately society doesn't require us to be specific about the values of the things we measure but we are able to.

When it comes to a thing like morality or ethics, the protagonist (the measurer/ recipient) is not going to be conscious or sympathetic to the phenomena all the time and it would be crazy to either demand it or assume it. Our limitations are challenged, or that they are placed in such a way so that a large amount of thought can be accommodated, which is why conceptual art is so elegant because the thought processes that accompany it can be uplifting if one puts an effort into the thought processes, especially if one doesn't discriminate even the most absurdist suggestion. However, when consciousness does arise, we cannot enforce any further than consciousness- so we are stuck with the phenomena at a kind of end point or suspension. We are left with an imprint of a thing, which should constitute the base value of the thing. But what do we do with it?

Art does not ask us to be morally judgemental or involved with ethics, it has a different set of obligations/ characteristics that have moved with us chronologically. Art asks very little from people, probably not as much as other social/ physical phenomena and maybe speaking in such a way is misleading as it is kind of a metaphysical hypothesis however I believe it is important to try and make some kind of quantitative conscious effort to push how far we can measure a thing, taking into account the variables. To push our epistemological testing, which is an absolute certain impossibility.

What can be taken from art is entirely voluntary and what is gained from it should be a reflection of the individual's values and at best a common meeting of other people's suggested values. It is the privilege of the viewer to be in the position of engage/ disengage and it is the privilege of the maker to decide whether they care how much other people are going to engage with what they produce and therefore decide how much to subject/ expose to society. All of these are quantitative processes...

Measuring versus intuition?

Art is very sponge like, as are humans. There is a huge degree of sentience involved with being in the presence of art, more so the digestion rather than the production, which is more akin to sinking or being submerged. Looking at art and being in its presence is something pausive and temporal, arresting. It engages and allows the same type of genuflection that religion can offer, except that art is a social science that works with a particular type of [semi-humane] epistemology e.g. psychology, philosophy, anthropology, sociology (and whatever it wants within that). It works inside out- and vice versa- so attributing something like epistemology and applying conscious measuring is also near impossible, I don't think we are wired that way, in terms of being able to or consenting to. For me, there is also the emotional inconsistency of my relationship with my fellow human beings. My personal prejudices aside; I still cannot guarantee any form consistency, which sounds pathetic. If I were to include my prejudices then that could lead me into a place where I could ascertain my motives (however spurious or offensive) a bit more clearly. If I were to remove those prejudices and deal simply with the person who I respect then it seems some state of deferentiality is reached, where I have to admit my weakness in the face of, say, maybe a lot more enthusiastic and positive person/ peoples than myself. Here I do appreciate the doctrine of humility as a noble gesture, or a signpost, moral compass etc. We need these things and I believe we also owe a certain degree of debt to religion (regardless of the fuck-ups, the lies, the murder etc.) If we were to adopt a similar altruistic method of existence without religion- based on science- then surely wouldn't scientists and rationalists be sympathetic to the experiment of religion as a past failure? A noble effort? It's a fucking long experiment: 2000 years, surely it had some uses? I don't want to condone religion and I, similarly, would like to see it removed to obscurity, where it would cease to drag down and contaminate the well meaning BUT...

Explain the ongoing homogenization of the world.

“Different place, same problems.”

[A broad overview of the general situation: global concerns.]

Inside of that statement, a point- somewhere:

“Different place, different problems.”

The emphasis being placed on the sociological and anthropological and the evolutionary, although that is linked to the anthropological. History plays its part but what sets it apart, is x culture’s interpretation of the “same problem”- or similar enough for the person to compare and analyse, or for a distinction to be made. Vernacular: endemic language as a reflection of culture, which has been used as a measuring stick for ascertaining the value/s of those global concerns- the same problem.

What are those problems? Why look at the world sociologically, anthropologically or through art in such an empirical way? Generally it is either a starting point or it remains in the general. This is not such a bad thing, in that it gives a mean understanding of something and that a context is usually available to either back it up or take the argument further. A view can be relaxed or abandoned, consciously and subconsciously, to test it further. All this is ambiguous and emotionally exhausting as a process and it is not surprising that a person- or people- remain in the same state of interpretation and reading. We are constantly aware of our fallibilities, the limitations of our faculties: language, amnesia, mania, emotional instability, the impossibility of consistency, change, indifference, prejudice etc. and so more conscious effort is required. This is one aspect of the superhuman and the drawing of the will to perform an act, which like us, is also vulnerable.

What is evident is that we have a wider array of concerns, a wider perception of the world, a wider and faster means of acquiring knowledge, a widening system of governance and a wider (possibly narrowing though) sense of obligation or responsibility.

The Equalities Act 2010.
(or the Post Modern Inquisition)

Working out an equation for proportionate representation.

Sexuality:	Straight	(%)
	Gay	(%)
	Lesbian	(%)
	Transgender	(%)
	Eunuchs/Androgynes	(%)
Ethnicity:	“Particular” ethnicity	(%)
	Every single Country in the world	
Age:	“Particular” age?	(%)
	Define specifically, numerically?	
Race/ Colour:	Would this create a breach in the act by trying to define “colour”?	(%)
	(will people start defending their perception of the world as part of their rights?)	
Religion:	Judaism	(%)
	Islam	(%)
	Hindu	(%)
	Christian	(%)
	Catholic	(%)
	Scientology	(%)
	Agnostic	(%)
Atheist	(%)	
Disability:	Also exhaustive. Maximum number of disabilities in the world? Could also breach the act by interpretation of lesser known disabilities.	(%)

Proportionate representation is not required in the sense that historically a genotype has contributed to arts growth e.g. white, middle class men, which is now changing and I believe naturally redressing previous imbalances. This is an attempt at patronising and didactic culture and marginalization of type, which will get more aggressively defined and we'll waste more time putting things into categories, generalizing and insulting everyone.

Heterogeneity continually finds ways of appearing homogenous, usually by changing perspective. Maybe that's a better thing about perspective than heterogeneity, which by definition also has a large amount of shit to comprehend. Essentially the outcome will be the perpetuation of the middle [class]- or the bourgeoisie, whatever one calls it in one's culture. More artists, whose position has been worked for and granted by people that they think they owe nothing to. Maybe people should start thanking people in power, if they feel like they are being protected. Plato said that society produces artists involuntarily and it is natural that they that they feel they owe their existence to no one, therefore lacking in gratitude. Today, artists are self-perpetuating insects who have been granted a place in society by a, generally, untrustworthy and ambiguous phenomena called a Government. It hardly seems worthwhile critiquing or trying to analyse it barring the necessity of trying to understand shit, it's just fucking depressing. There is no difference, in this context, in making propaganda art for a communist government.

The act could be read into as an act of governance over the arts. It is more of a threat to comedians and satirists. Also the world will need a disclaimer on more "stuff"; more packaging, therefore, more categorization of type and... another self-contradictory phenomena will have revealed itself to the world. As expression, the act is vital; as *end product* it will be ugly, unsavoury and I cannot see the world of marginalized de-marginalized products being a great place to live because it's not already. Products are going to expand in the shifty, shifty world.

Proposal for Protected Characteristics.

There are a few pitfalls in enquiries/ open projects like these. It could be argued that this brief perpetuates marginalized stereotypes and limits artistic endeavour- in terms of marginalized artists working with “representation” or themes around/ about representation. Whilst it is every citizen’s democratic right to make art about what they like and express themselves (within the law), it could be argued that certain marginalized types of art also inhibit its growth. It is impossible not to fall into any of the categories on the bill and so every citizen should not feel any deferentiality when put into this context. This, I feel, is absolutely vital and surely is the essence of the bill. People not feeling persecuted for their beliefs.

Firstly: marginalization. There is an inside/ out dialectic in all of the following categories: age, race, gender, age, sexuality, religion etc. Without trying to demean or diminish the significance of the act and the injustices and persecution that have preceded it, I would just like to remind people that art has always facilitated the expressions of all groups. From Greece to present, at least, through history painting.

Females have succeeded in representing themselves in art and literature, just not that much. Homosexuality had a different meaning in ancient Greece and race and religion were more homogenous, in many instances rarer- less represented. These things are there if we look hard enough and research: where there is a will there is a way and the manner in which Post Modern discourse operates is that you can argue that x people (x race) were represented at y time (in point z ad infinitum). This is how art works today; let us not forget that, history is malleable and art can look [in]finitely outward and [in]finitely inward- at a variable velocity.

Anyway, what the bill redresses is the redressing- or management- of equality. The phenomena of proportionate representation is possibly the most pertinent question. Maybe the question arises: what are our expectations beyond equality?

The brief, to a large degree, encourages the idea of marginalization, or people who feel marginalized and in a way it feeds it. Social wrongs and victims of persecution are grievances that should be addressed for society to move forward, however there are a few things that I feel should be cleared up whilst doing this.

The current state that we live in is commonly agreed as being overly complex, ambiguous and has been run into the ground and systematically abused by both Conservative and Labour governments- both financially and morally, where it has revealed itself to be untrustworthy. We are now part run by Brussels and have many things compounding what we are continually trying to simplify: Quango’s, Think-Tanks, the Nanny State, non-plastic finance/ un-real language. Art has had problems mainly with language but also with maintaining its relationship with society, who I feel are right to feel distanced by it. Our processes of simplification have failed, generally, to acknowledge that we are looking at problems epistemologically³, from the outside in and attempting to simplify broader phenomena- reigning them in. This act could also be used as an example of that, although that would be the other side of the moral compass. The Act is a noble thing and should be applauded and thanked for the people who have worked to push it through.

In the instance of art manifest as “Protected Characteristic”, what art- and the brief- perpetuates, are more notions related to the self: self- exploration, identity etc- all traversing through endless representations of the self and heavily reliant on metaphor. To encourage such a brief is to encourage a lazy approach to making art and a lazy approach to reading it. We all are aware of the role of language in interpreting art; how visual phenomena can be elusive, ambiguous and vague to interpret. How language only works up to a certain point when looking at and reading art. The self is a well-trodden path in art and I personally would like to see artists abandoning their own agendas, abandoning the self, for ideas relative to the furthering of art. This type of marginalization creates introversion- egomania in its worse instance- and although it does create introspection, it is a form that is lighter in information and heavily reliant on representation. I fear for the damage that representation does to society, especially in art, as it encourages people to read at face value, at surface level- or within a limited set of parameters. A lot of artists are trying to go beyond that- rejecting type and the saturation of images, which ironically is endemic to aspects of Judaism and Islam.

³ An example would be the current trend of ethno-anthropology in art, where globalization has created a demand for, culturally, looking at different variations of what we know to be the same systems of production. This is not necessarily a bad thing but culture has a tendency for going to extremes for money; such as foreign players in football at the expense of the National team; or mass multi-cultural contemporary galleries that neglect their own endemic vernacular. We need to ask how benevolent are other societies and encourage others to follow. The ideas are right but we also have to address their negative impact. The best thing for a British artist to do, professionally as a career move, is to leave Britain as more people elsewhere are interested in that person’s perspective than their countrymen. Numerically, this is unavoidable. So we need to ask: how should it be improved? Does art do anything, politically, to improve itself? Or does it do enough?

For the brief, I would like to firstly thank the people who have put the bill through which I feel should be done by all the artists and people that are freed by the Act (before on embarking on their journey of self discovery through analysing representations of their self/ selves). I would like to make work that highlights the work done, show examples of past injustices (where do you start with that?) and possibly try and create a forum that dissuades looking at oneself in such a marginalized way. It is a common concern, especially xenophobia as the debate on immigration in the last election illustrated. Similarly we need to examine other cultures attitudes and enable them to follow suit: prejudice (history) does not simply disappear and there are attitudes that are completely alien to us. Not everyone is an anthropologist and as I touched on earlier has large anthropological concerns and is a vessel for conveying those concerns. What is the main and most pressing concern is the maintenance of morality outside of art and probably the biggest stumbling block for artist's- and especially ones working in a marginalized representative manner- is that art does not necessarily require morality.

Dear Jonathan Miller,

Hello, I was watching your documentary on atheism the other day and I am writing to you to tell you how much I agree with you about the un-necessary nature of religion. I have a deep love and respect for history and philosophy, amongst other things, and the thing that has been perplexing me most is about the nature of moral philosophy and ethics. I hope you do not mind me burning your ear temporarily, it is a personal concern and I write this letter in the knowledge that it will either fail to reach its recipient or will pass un-noticed and un-replied. No matter though.

I want to ask you if atheism was/ is so prevalent do you think there should be a moral or ethical canon for it in the same way as religion? If it was to be canonised in the same way as religion do you think it would lead to the same fate? I ask because the question that you have posed to many of us is: are we capable of being ethical autonomously? You yourself said that we are prone to lapses, are amnesiac, or bend the rules to our will; that not everyone is good. Which leads to governance: how do you govern, promote or maintain non-religious ethics or morality? I know that you will say that we have to rely that others have the goodness in them to want to be better and fairer to all, not just a particular school of thought, and I would agree with that, that it is also an issue of faith- of ourselves. It seems that a large portion of us are moral autonomously and ethical -as much as we can be. Agnostics and atheists before us have also been so and I agree with you when you say that it is growing, so is there any need to control it? Will our own sense of self-awareness be enough to contain such a large and complex argument?

Also, finally, I would like to ask you to what extent do you think you would be content in the way ethics and morality (and moral ethics etc) manifest themselves in society? Would it be at the expense and total annihilation of all the other religious groups and all their art, their architecture, their writing and their achievements? Would they just end up as museum exhibits? Or museums in their own right? These questions interest me greatly and play a large part in the way I make my work: how we ground ourselves morally and in what way etc. I hope I do not come across as facetious, I am extremely grateful for the contribution that you have made for this and have since spent time at Conway Hall and the Williams Library (I watched your program because I was reading JK Huysmans': *Lá Bas!*) as a result.

I write mainly because of a similar desire to be a good person without religion but also from the perspective that respects the feats and trials of my predecessors and would greatly want to preserve them and a lot of the aspects of what they stand for. Really, it feels like standing at the foot of a mountain and I suppose I just wanted to thank you for the documentary.

With kindest regards

Nathan Witt

Why finish art?

By an artist.

I sometimes think conceptual art is too inert and that it has become too easy to project language and phenomena onto objects and images in the world today. It is a fleeting and contrary concern but a recurrent one, which leads me to feel that it must have some significance. The inertness I refer to is both physical and ephemeral and is a representative phenomena but it seems very real; it is not only representative of itself but is also representative of other different phenomena, it is a difficult thing to describe but when confronted by such a thing it is often easy to digest and something we do naturally and quite often, unconsciously. The inertness- the thing in the middle- that I refer to is arts resistance to language.

In certain situations the linguistic breakdown of art is comparatively straightforward, accommodated by the gallery and sometimes the media. Ontologically it is an old and intuitive process that we don't need telling how to do. In other situations it is completely reversed, say, in private or solitude or in analytical thought where the reader of the breakdown is less conscious and is allowed more time, which, interestingly, has often led to melancholia. Art has always been concerned with reference or points of reference and it has always relied upon language to facilitate its objective, from cave painting, to mythology, to idol worship, through to whatever our modern equivalent is today, for example: pop, play, psychology or education. It is not concerned in the way that the art is the *modus operandi* or the sole focus of attention but it is concerned and engaged with a wide variety of other phenomena; maybe reliance is the wrong word but although the art is the locus, the interchangeability between subjects, other phenomena and other people suggests that as a phenomena it is flexible, large and curious. It is difficult to decipher the accessibility of language in an art context because in some cases it is abstruse and other cases not; either way we have a long relationship with it and we have used it for a wide variety of reasons. We have an involved understanding with it and we know its capabilities, the presence of consciousness in the acknowledgement of the work is always persistent- what follows or accompanies thereafter, I suggest, is an emotional occurrence that I am certain has not been discussed that much.

Art generally has its own index of reference points and vernacular, its semiotics and narratives and allegories, its own language of form and texture that seems to translate in the same way as other phenomena which is surprising giving the uniqueness that it is offered to us. Essentially it is just another thing in the world, although we are told it is of importance.

The art world today has become a massive saturated complex phenomena, it represents a vast array of arguments and cultures that are difficult to categorize and identify all at once; there is a tendency towards specialization: for making genres oeuvres and vice versa, there is a tendency to deal with phenomena in the specific and often miniaturised form hoping that it will lend clarity to the *greater argument*- whatever that maybe (the goal?). Conversely to that there are artists who are pre-occupied with working with systems of classification analogous to the disciplines of archaeology and who are working outside of certain arguments and working through the material to get to their goal. The inside/ out dichotomy is prevalent and maybe people have demanded artists to become more specific or maybe artists decided for themselves but it is an interesting area especially when we consider: to what extent is the argument specific? How do we go about assessing the weight of arguments and their value/ values? Is this form of enquiry to be interpreted as conscientiousness on the artists behalf or a form of moral obligation? Are we to congratulate ourselves on this achievement?

Art now is a "globalized" phenomena; it's an ugly word and an ugly idea and not particularly satisfying, the word "International" is relentlessly peddled about and what now seems apparent is that everyone is pro-occupied with looking outside of their immediate environs. A culture of curiosity prevails- a culture curiosity: a prevalent cultural curiosity which seems to have gripped the art going populace. The poor old Grand Tour has shifted from leaving the country to examining other countries from the safety of our metropolitan homes, like Kieller's Robinson in the supermarket (the metropolis being the supermarket), not that the Grand Tour has much cultural credibility today except as historic artefact and, I suppose, the British public are now more accepting about going to Italy than they were in the Eighteenth Century.

What is now happening is a continual assessing and comparing of art, artists and their respective cultures; art has become like an appraisal- a cultural one that has probably breathed a new lease of life into the people who thought language was dead. It reminded me of Erasmus' desire to teach Latin around Medieval Europe as it was the language spoken by the majority, although it was a clerical language; but the demand is analogous to the usage and practicality of English today. Really, nobody asked artists to be more specific with their language, the onus has always been on the individual's conscientiousness but what is interesting, though, is the level of expectancy outside of that.

This is where cultures collide; our cultures have different values and demands and what will inevitably happen is a watering down of the Western side of art and its histories as it merges with the rest of the world and their ideals and respective histories. What will hopefully happen is a strengthening of certain values, the things we cherish today that we seem to want to fight for. The disappearance of old phenomena for me is part saddening as I have a particular relationship with old or dead stuff but it is a way of life and is the evolutionary path of art; it is Darwinian in the sense that certain features will disappear or gradually diminish into obscurity. What is interesting is watching certain phenomena develop, they will assume vastly different guises enveloping certain characteristics and merging them into whatever form it assumes. Femininity, Ethnicity, Sexuality, Disability, Gender and Race are now being discussed and represented more widely, although some are still in their infancy. Femininity is the ascendant, the soup du jour, the yin to the previously patriarchal yang and the nail in the misogynist's coffin. I am uncertain, though, as to how much they will contribute to art's larger understanding of phenomena in general. I suppose we're all getting up to speed.

There is an increasingly epistemic quality to art and we are forever expanding it because of these exchanges; these concerns may have always been epistemic (in the sociological sense) and concerned with the fabric of history and human behaviour, I think that comes after a point though when artists and society started to question the manner and the material with which they were dealing with, but art has always had an encyclopaedic quality but more like an encyclopaedia of subjectivity. Before PM epistemology appeared more manageable and had an air of philanthropy about it, art presented itself as a noble and practical vehicle, to me it existed in a manner that wasn't so reliant on theory but instead history and its richness and vastness was made up of more eccentric and romantic approaches.

There are numerous infinite arguments within in and outside of art that affect its growth and as we add to it and break it up; dissimilating, dissecting and re-assembling in our human manner, these phenomena that are not always visible but manifest themselves in other form play vital roles in the formation and understanding of this epistemic "thing"- or how we read the encyclopaedia. Language is one of the key phenomena, as are psychology and intuition; physics, chemistry and history, for example, all lend their own weight. Sometimes they interlock and other times they operate separately or exclusively, demonstrating their own individual power and vernacular. This is the thing with PM, when one looks at individual constituents of great importance within an epistemological framework, say philosophy for example, and is then compared, exchanged, woven in and out and merged with many other constituents, the subjective process is dizzying. Where an algorithm is sufficient for quantum mechanics and mathematicians it simply is not the case for a biological organism. For all of the theories that argue for the end of history, the end of time and the prevalence of disappearance (a funny paradox) towards certain phenomena, they seem to operate in an electronic framework which is essentially based around the internet or the media. For all of Virilio, Baudrillard and Fukuyama seem to be interested in is the majority of society and the general *real* scheme of things. They are not interested in outsiders or misanthropes, or marginal cultures but general realness, which probably would not be sufficient enough to base an equation towards the subjective validity of such a scheme. They are right though, time has become warped (or electronic time), history has become fragmented (subjective consumptive history) and the media has perverted politics- which it probably has been doing since day one.

I love conceptual art, I love its lightness and its *charge*, its sentience and apparent calmness and its instant willingness to discuss what it is, or at least make the effort. I love its flexibility and how easy it is to load this phenomena (with what and in what manner?) and the not knowing "how will the thing turn out?" The thing always poses questions, is constantly rhetoric and talkative; and because of its seemingly epistemic nature it has a wiseness that invariably betrays its creators, although they act as though they were instigating such an event, that it was deliberate or they designed the work it with that scenario in mind which, in itself is a mild form of entertainment. Art things are probed by the public in a way that is different from their conceivers and artists probe things differently in private- for want of a better word. The thing approaches a point where it is autonomous and either free or alone in the world, the creator doesn't always need the object, will make multiples or will have different plans in mind for it, it is his prerogative to decide the initial fate of the thing.

There is a type of bravery about conceptual art that that I find admirable, chronologically it is a small thing and vulnerable, it undergoes a set of tests, rituals and exams and is then released. The consequences that follow are inevitable, like physical attrition or social reaction, there is no knowing what people will do or what will happen the next day and maybe time, fate and circumstance have elevated the most monumentally abject pieces of art from history for them to become our modern day canons where we revere them in our didactic historical manner. We love our ruins and idols; we respect death as well as practice necrophilia, I think this happens invariably in moments of solitude, melancholy or twilight and is an act of reading and digestion. The reader of such things feels the epistemic weight of their subject matter, much like bile, and I feel has to slow themselves down to work with such material. Museology, archaeology, ethnography, anthropology are essential to the essence of art in that they provide the framework, the reference or the anchor for the artist to refer to and secure themselves but also provides the audience the same consolation, what I like about it is the whole ancient stillness as if chronology reveals itself in its linear form and you, through your consciousness, can only make yourself out because it is your thought. These are pacifying places where I think people like to come to rest, in their heads and in their respective institutions that really do exist in the world.

Our idols are always changing as are our desires but the dissimulation of pretty much everything by the De-constructivists by Post Modernity, by Hypermedia, by Pop- and the resulting ambiguity that followed- has apparently given the impression that a contemporary art object/ thing is equal in value to a C5 B.C. tablet from Persia. The argument exists in Alfred Whitehead's office where Russell and Wittgenstein and Whitehead argued whether or not a rhinoceros was in the room or not. Conceptual work, or any work in fact, breaks down to the point of linguistic ambiguity and then just ambiguity on its own. They have given rise to certain movements or facilitated them in the sense of illustrating the limitations of their endemic phenomena. I think Post-Modernity facilitated a surge of initial cultural confusion in that a lot of people weren't accustomed to the language and the levels of saturation that characterized the phenomena, it is the natural successor to De-constructivism and Pop, as well as Modernism of course, and because of the logic and structured approach of the Modernist project it would only be natural that it's counterpart would be increasingly vague and because Modernity was so light and minimal it would also be natural for it's successor to be the opposite- dense and complex. The structure of Modernism demanded to be disseminated simply by the way it presented itself as a light thing that was compact and pragmatic and if anything it facilitated its breakdown straight away, it was a nihilist thing in many ways and maybe that was a source of confusion, it was provocative and maybe the saying: you reap what you sow is a bit close to the bone. Modernism works, it is still with us through the Post Modern and it might still be manifest in a new Modern incarnation, really then I don't there is any way of telling and most of us don't care- the whole thing has a pointlessness about it, trying to decipher if we are in the Post Modern or not. We have inherited a mess, that is evident and some people want to make good.

What is desirable then, is that a person is a good reader of things. Not everything is accessible but once a thing reveals itself it is the readers prerogative to either discard it, shelve it, analyse it, bastardise it, whatever, and it is a reflection of the readers values what they collect and how they go about collecting it. Maybe it is the sum appearance of subjective value but that would be to demean it as it contains such an infinite amount of variety and richness; the poor unfortunate object/ image/ thing is constantly on trial and is in a constant state of assessment and this alone is reason enough to simply leave the thing alone or just announce what possible intentions you have for the thing. It is fair to say that artists are aware of the plurality of their interests, I think, and there has to be an economy when dealing with the value of things. As a collector or philanthropist, we are all governed by our limited environment and our own set of intellectual limitations; there is only so much you can accumulate and once again this is governed by desire and individual preference. I would again urge an economy when such decisions have to be made, there exists a line between making a decision about the value of the thing and how long that will take and how difficult that will be and, conversely, simply making more space and gathering more similar things and just blindly collecting. The latter for me is ignorant, selfish and not sustainable in the world, it rejects the valuation of things and diminishes the value of value and whilst I respect every persons right to amass things, I simply feel that the notion is enough.

As with the parameter and vagaries of what is the Post Modern and what is it about contemporary culture it is that we are trying to define, the literal linguistic constraints of art should sometimes just be ignored and we should deal with work intuitively, superstitiously and in our more primitive ancient manner where certain aspects take on a very different quality and their value immediate shifts from the articulate to the indescribable. When art exceeds these linguistic parameters there is a mysterious quality to its nature; for me it has a behavioural aspect to it in the sense that it is operating as a seemingly pure phenomena and in an independent fashion, it appears beyond our control and we assume, I suppose, a perverse voyeurs role. It has a wholly cerebral feel to it (internally and externally) and there exists a more visceral power that just taps straight into the soul and communicates in its own manner, it is more ancient and I like it because it has the ability to invoke a genuine fear in what it is suggesting- we know it exists: *das Unheimlich* which has been greatly discussed over the last hundred years, analytically and in the nineteenth century in prose. I am grateful for this counterpoint because for all the nobility of being open and discursive and generous in sharing your thoughts there are things that just shouldn't be said- or cannot be said. Some acts are played out on a precipice that result in mania, we all know that, we all can identify with madness and we can all appreciate that art can drive a person to mania. Many of us have seen horrifying images that have cauterised our psyches, there are depictions, fragments, traces and documentation of all sorts of mania and criminality and, again, ascertaining the value of such things is difficult and contrary. Even if art cannot replicate terror (yet) we can easily induce psychosomatic behaviour that leads to mania and no one, realistically, want this so we watch other examples. Maybe the popularity of conceptual art is due to its incessant discursiveness, maybe it is an appropriate reflection of our vociferous society and maybe it is far more preferable than not talking and dealing with all the other stuff in your head. Maybe it's popularity is due to its similarity to Modernism.

Morality- or moral things- are not present in art for the simple reason that the art objects/ art things are not human, they are reflections, indexes, they have traces of humanity and have humanity scribed into them but they are not human. Where art is human e.g. outside of the object/ thing is a social environment and the art assumes the vernacular of the performative, the installational, the site specific, the happening etc and the art operates in the form of a mirror or index of the place or situation it finds itself to be in. An art thing or an art object has never acted morally on its own and it would be a strange request, it may have had the *appearance* of acting in such a way but I suspect any witnesses would have taken it for what it is, which is mimesis or allegory. Art is obligated to be amoral and it is one of the demands we continually place upon it by our own behaviour. It has to be a reflection of what is good and what is bad behaviour and it has always been a continual source of enjoyment for artists to inflict the less savoury aspects of their psyche onto the inert and hapless art object/ thing. Art facilitates morality in its reflexive nature and the instigator creates the moral framework or uses an existing one; as a situation and as a ritual it is fascinating because of the subjectivity of the artist creating the situation and it is hopefully them who become the art and become amoral, that to me seems the objective, to try and understand morality by trying to suspend themselves. That, to me, is primitive and ritualistic- all it can ever be is a mimesis or a play and there is the acceptance of that but there is the continual need or the desire to understand further. It is an exercise that is wholly different to the practice and language that informs and precedes it.

Objects and images have different historic properties to rituals and we examine them in a relatively similar manner, there are rituals in art practice say in the more traditional guises of painting or sculpture or writing. Each one has a set of demands and ultimately all are accountable to fate, which is completely arbitrary after a period. The word fate is tied into the word *ate*, which is a classical- Greek- ritual of consumption, where the word is suffixed with *ate* is invariably linked to a form of consumption just like the logos, or logy, is linked to discussion and the "talking of". I only mention it because of the link to ritual and to consumption.

So why leave art un-finished?

There is no reason to leave art unfinished, if a person wants their work and their persona scrutinized and feels that a finished piece of work represents them or their idea succinctly enough then, of course, it is their prerogative. What it boils down to is the artist's relation to society and the artist's intention with the work. The question itself is a pointless measuring exercise.

For me, the primary reason is economy. Not the economy with which society is so infatuated with, the market economy but the economy of the language that we are going to assign to the making of the thing, the talking of the thing and the discussion of the thing's fate. It simply doesn't need to be finished for these things to be discussed. Linguistically there is a mass of work to be done with a piece of art, we are not obligated to participate in the language of art and it is healthy to reject language but there exists at the start of making any piece of work an energy and that energy has a value. If the value of the intention of the artist was say, for example, 10% then there is the remaining 90% to work with the other phenomena. I don't want to ascribe any kind of Cartesian application but there is a correlation and we damn well know it. We know if we are being lazy, or slack, or dumb, we know if we have it easy or not. My instinct tells me that a lot of art language takes the piss, mine included but I would just like to extend certain benevolent aspects of art that have not been fucked up with by certain people. I am constrained by this economy, like everyone else, and I have to make work with what limited facilities I have, my motives are primarily to share. Not to

continually take the piss. When I am confronted with trying to ascribe what energy I have to work with the argument, I am aware of it dwindling away as I waste time procrastinating; other times the urge is so great that you just abandon yourself to the argument. The whole sum effect of epistemic and Post- Modern arguments can be overwhelming but “the value that exists in measuring a value is immeasurably valuable”: that is the kind of paradox inverse tautology we are dealing with. Like Derrida’s *Difference/ Difference*. The value is the effort and the effort is not wholly endemic to the domain of the physicality of the work or the physicality of the effort required to make it. Finishing art suggests a lack of willingness to engage in the other epistemic facets of art, its arguments are loaded onto the physicality of the thing and it assumes that the phenomenological aspect will be transcribed into the thing, which it invariably does but it is the assumption that suggests complacency.

In the production of art objects and things there exists a tradition of ignorance, where sheen presides and that an attractive object is a sure fire commodity. This is old news and unsurprising but it still prevails and it denotes a value and a correlative value in our desires. The demand for images will continue because we are an ocular culture, we worship idols and value image over substance but there continually exists a disparity between *what a thing is* and how a thing *appears*. Society exists on the threat of its disappearance, I sincerely believe that, I believe it because it Modernity displayed a tendency to self destruct or had a nihilistic streak in it, in its continual willingness to break itself down, I believe it because the movements and sub movements that either followed Post Modernism or are part of it still all incorporate language associated to invisibility, especially Hypermedia.

In the 20th Century we went about breaking down as much as possible, the real, the political, the humane, society as a whole. There was a precipitation of catastrophes and society was in a constantly state of re-building and re-adjustment. What followed De-Construction was a mess: remnants and fragments and the movement had no desire in being Re-Constructivist or didn’t appear to have been, it seemed to think that what was being proffered was enough for us. In its defence its concerns were huge but it is us who are left with the mess, all the tiny fragments, post arguments, sub groups, sub cultures: all of the whole complexity off loaded. What compounds the matter is invisibility; the invisibility of certain phenomena and the dialectical invisibility of post modernism has a difficulty about it. How do you work with a shifting phenomena? Or how do you working with a shifting phenomena when you are trying to re-build, measure and re-assess the world? It proves that De-constructivism de-constructed nothing, Post Modernity has confirmed the obvious in promoting the idea that we can de-construct and re-construct, that it has the same apparent value, Pop did it first in that it promoted the idea of equality [on a phenomenological level] amongst objects and we also found a harmony amongst ourselves as operating equally as phenomenological objects in ourselves through various media; we proved that we can be extremely adept at operating in this manner but it is the real value of real phenomena that is now under threat which is utterly pointless given all that unreality has given us. To say *real value and real phenomena* sounds patronising but I cannot think of any other way of putting it, I sincerely think that the world has gone mad when it continues to ascribe a value on images and the fuelling of our ocular desires at the expense of our ontological enquiry on one hand and the continuation in the investment of invisible unreliable phenomena.

The disparity between *what a thing is* and how it *appears* is one of the most concrete analytical form of value that we can ascribe to phenomena, it is an intuitive exercise and alludes to a guessing game. It is something that engages everyone and lays bare a pragmatic truth as it suggests what the phenomena may- or may not- be, the definition of things. It is an entropic approach and a backwards manner of working, in a way it shows how little many of us have to work with, like and end game- or the final straw.

What I feel is lacking today, is what Derrida referred to as the Spectre of Marx, or rather, for me, the absence of Marx. It’s strange actually, I feel as if there are a lot of things that have died or are absent or have disappeared. Once- not long ago- people talked and practiced dissimulation and went about dissecting the world and sometimes I feel a genuine fear that certain models that have been taken apart have been either lost or destroyed. I think that there is a gaping hole in the world (not the Universe, though, just our environment) that cannot be filled except by bodging, stuffing the gaps with mimes and temporalities. There simply is a lack of substance and a big fucking mess. We realise that we have fucked it up too, I know it. Where Marx diligently catalogued our greed and our commercial desire we continued to extend his catalogue and it seemed as if we were in denial of its existence until it disappeared. When Derrida referred to it as spectral he was right, it suggested that it was a temporal absence or a shifting somewhere else, it suggested that it was partially visible but generally obscure, it suggested that its movement was indeterminate. I am writing this at a time when last week, the left and the socialists re-emerged and the worlds economy fell into free fall resulting in the nationalisation of massive proportions of the major world economies’ banks. Where finally the theory of the “dissolution of money” came unstuck and once again our desires left us with another gaping hole via an invisible phenomena. I thought of money as Nietzschean as in: Apollo versus Dionysus, the government and banks thought of it as Dionysian and just as poetry or something- or just an ephemeral concept that would stretch on infinitely and just govern itself. Maybe we have to continually re-teach ourselves what reality is....

“EEEEK!” Submission for Morality @ Witte de With, Rotterdam

I can only talk about this from an English point of view I'm afraid, so there is a disparity of vernacular. Also I am going to have to generalize...

I think there are three categories of galleries in London:

- 1) Public Servants (National gallery, Tate Modern, Camden Arts Centre, Hayward, Barbican etc)
- 2) Commercial/ Blue Chip (White Cube, Gagosian, Miro, Sadie Coles etc)
- 3) Independent

The first, the Public Servant.

Their role has a heavy emphasis on education. If we were inclined we would come to a better understanding firstly if we examined their mission statement, looked at where the money comes from, who provides that money and under what proviso. Lastly, which is what I think is defined as “cultural critique”: you can examine the results and phenomenology that surrounds the practice, the space and the work. Undoubtedly, it shifts and alters the value of the work and our perception to nth degree. What I think generally happens is that the phenomenology is more attractive, discursively, than, say, some kind of log analogous to Marx's Capital. Where the motives follow the social happenstance. This, today, is not fashionable in the artworld. Spiffballing, Hypotheses, Notions, Gestures etc prevail and pragmatic nitty gritty research, *real people's real intentions for other real people*, seems to be... what? A minority, abandoned? Maybe that's just me. But I think that you're right when you say that all the three above categories (but to differing degrees) motivations are in the “realm of institutional critique”.

The public servant is beaurocratically bogged down in the mire. The National gallery is funded by the Treasury, it's insurance is the staff; the work is essentially not insured. The staff are paid extremely low wages (lower than the Portrait Gallery next door and lower than the city's minimum wage) and I look at them, thinking: “They are what someone in power considers to be of a value that I don't know.” The public do not know what the intention is behind their employment and the ratio to their employers real understanding of another value (I hesitate to say the real value because that would be totally wrong) of the work is somewhere else! Which I find, as a person interested in value, fascinating, utterly opaque, archaic and completely at odds with contemporary Institutional Critique. Similarly the Art's funding by the government was removed and it was replaced by the Lottery.

Number two: Blue Chip.

The Government, lately, is really backing the commercial value of being an artist. “The Arts” is one of the most heavily subscribed courses for young people. Every fucker in Shoreditch, Hackney, Dalston, New Cross is in *a band*, is a writer, is making films, is *an artist*. The city is teeming with either the pretentious and irritating or the depressed and introverted. It's been like that a while though... Every big city, everywhere.

Institutional Critique and the Blue Chip are probably the most farthest apart, though. I often wonder about the level of understanding and the intelligence of the dealers because it is something that I am completely detached from. Or they have detached themselves from us in that larger general instance- who knows? You could say: “Well look at the work and judge for yourself” and I do, most of us do, but there always exists an element of fantasy from the outside looking in at most “industries”. What do they really think about their artists? They're there for money, they can do the other stuff that pleases us mutually afterwards.

I think that what education has done, which you may argue is the flip side, is it has given the public an appetite for everything-the epistemic! Which was going to be inevitable, really, when you consider that the term “public” addresses everyone and therefore if one expects accountability from artists then why should the institutions differ? This is what Institutional Critique has worked out: the difference of intent, intentions and motivations. Suddenly everything has exploded outwards and our demands remain the same, so things alter as a result. Transparency of information, from the top down, to a certain degree- and so the ambiguity of *who* and *what* to believe. This is a social malcontent and so, naturally, follows it into public spaces. Art gets looked at by a lot of disgruntled, apathetic, mistrusting people...

I have not said that much about the Blue Chip really because they are probably the truest form of the critique in action, socially. It works in a system, it has for a long time, we have always accepted that, it's just that information is changing and suddenly we

think we are in a position to question authority. Which I don't know if I agree with or not. Society has dissolved enough as it is and art in many ways has become increasingly didactic, patronizing and dumb as a result of our demands for information. I liked, not necessarily the elitism but the value of knowledge and the difficulties obtaining it and working with it. I also think, that as an artist, that struggle should be conveyed so that people can really understand the difficulties and complexities of making and discussing work. It shouldn't end up with just artists doing this and feeling responsible for this, which is why a lot more curators treat their work as "live sociology" (a life-long performance too). Art gets looked at in a wider context.

3) Indie

The last is the galleries who are in it for the art, who have no money, are not interested in money, who just want to be creative and make a communal platform for friends. There is more risk taking, less time, faster turnarounds (not financially) and more work, or different work, required from the viewer. They are not concerned with educating either. Maybe there is a widespread communal acceptance that: *art educates*, hence curators looking at sociology.

Illegal Immigrant

Dear,

I am, currently, an unsigned text-based artist/ writer living in London and a graduate of theXX. I am currently trying to put on a series of exhibitions and publish some work, which until now I have only made artists books and have only just had my first solo show and working in general anonymity, for personal reasons.

I would like the to put on an exhibition of work that I intend to make when I arrive in France illegally- via people traffickers usually accustomed to bringing *in* people from various parts of the world to the apparently prosperous country of the UK (as opposed to exporting British citizens out of the country). Also I would like to exhibit gathered material before the departure, which I will describe later, as well as trying to create a contract with XXXXXXXXXXXXXthat exonerates them from the exhibition and possibly trying to allude to why that is necessary.

As it stands the Pound is faltering to the Euro but not just that, the country, like most other developed countries, is hypothetically bankrupt due its creation of ambiguous, ephemeral money (not wealth though which, like the arts, is manifest in plastic commodities). I am uncertain to what extent exists a level of disappointment for illegal immigrants when they arrive and I would like to explore the psyche of the immigrant, after arrival, in detail. How does an immigrant cope? How can they get home when it was so dangerous getting to their destination?

I would like to think I am a socialist and definitely an anarchist, which makes France the ideal choice as a temporary refuge for a disenchanting Englishman. France enviously achieved its historic sociological ideals towards independence, England, as we know, failed, the Monarchy was re-instated and today we resignedly acknowledge the Monarchy as an income- an impotent totem- and nothing more.

For the show I do not intend to fraternize with the gallery in a way that endangers the *institution* in the sense that it would be harbouring a refugee, which is illegal. Instead, it could be done anonymously and in the spirit of Joseph Beuys' I Love America and America Loves Me, where I could drop off the work or participate *post hoc*- after the event. When I was 21 I actually tried getting myself deported from Australia after a friend died and I had no money to get home, so I committed a daylight robbery, stole an expensive bike and cycled off. I was apprehended by two tri-athletes who were looking at sports shoes at the back of the shop and instead of getting deported I was given a \$1,000 fine and a beating by the two runners and the shop owner when he arrived- and I had to get a fruit-picking job to pay to get home.

My part at present is gathering stories from Polish, Bulgarian, Portuguese, Chinese and Iranian and Saddam regime Iraqi's via adverts placed in their community centres and online via the Gumtree website, which is well frequented by immigrants looking for work, as well as the "wailing wall" in Hammersmith where the immigrants arrive early (or sleep rough nearby) in hope of getting picked up for cash in hand labour. In earnest, I would like to give something back to certain people. Either a meal or some money for their story, which is the least I can do as I am incorporating them to illustrate my point. I do not believe that I would be using them, as such, because my cause- or the work that I make or will make- (which would be the records, documents, photos of the exercise, lasting about a year) can be easily perceived as not only being abstract but a *strange* exercise. I do not believe it to be useless because it is making a point about immigration, of which France also has a salacious involvement in, where it freely turns a blind eye to the people heading over the channel- just as long as they're not intending on staying in France. I would like to spend my time in France contemplating not just life as a refugee but also racial prejudices towards immigrants -and to myself as an Englishman.

Numerous situations could be set up where the gallery could, possibly agree to do the show once the project had been realized, so it doesn't have to jeopardize it's status. It really does depend on the galleries wishes, which in some ways may compromise it. The exercise would, for example, illustrate the limitations of working with some artists, who feel compelled to embark on extreme behaviour to prove a point or get to a certain place. Politically extreme activity. Chris Burden, Vito Acconci and Stewart Brisley, Hamish Fulton and Michael Landy have all inspired me and today I am unsure as to what the differences are for artists. Are we more professional? More commercially savvy? Are we more or less intellectual? Socially aware? What are the institutional differences? Michael Landy has set the bar with Breakdown and lately: Artbin and it is that level of social commentary that I feel is absolutely vital.

This work could be perceived, amongst many things, as a dare on a more basic level, which to a lesser degree it is; I am compelled to see if I can get away with it. It compromises the gallery in its perception of itself, whether it wishes to be perceived as being conservative or politically active.

Really I would like to get the ball rolling and at least start some dialogue in the form of question and answering, where both parties are not liable to each other and I would be happy to draw up a contract to exonerate Palais de Tokyo from the exercise and merely illustrate it's role as either a vessel or forum. I do not intend the work to end up in the same way as Donald Crowhurst or Dante Alighieri Boetti or the Japanese artist that killed himself in the name of art, similarly I would like to avoid imprisonment. However, art can be made in a cell.

Things that seem to be important

The weights of things (in the phenomenological sense)- A response to the work of Haroon Mirza

By Nathan Witt

The value of things associated to arrest, diversion and a desire to silence a section of society that is lagging behind other forms of media and social awareness: the world's dependence on the Internet and every industry having to change its position to accommodate it and the phenomena of submission, in the face of exoticism. People immersed in art and other things. This is not meant in a positive or a derogatory sense but an acknowledgment of the psychologically frustrating aspects of the boundaries we create for ourselves when we immerse ourselves in the act of thinking and the amount of time it takes for an individual to relinquish in the face of the work and to concede either to the existence of others (!) and their differences and similarities. This work is a reminder that we need different challenges and we need to be challenged in different ways, that certain things are not immutable and that society needs to be constantly reminded. Art obviously does that reminding but society has been busy elsewhere, in other ethereal worlds.

The world is pretty much a standard affair in the realm of conscious thought; slippage is welcome and being arrested by an idea (or in reality) can be a life-affirming event for many people. The world is littered by numerous examples of people being arrested by ideas. Similarly, the world is pretty much a standard affair in the normal physical sense, it's only "not standard" when you give up or submit to the thing. What is good about this work is that it shuts you up; it reminds you where you are and the limitations of these places, that you can work backwards in a system to push the phenomena (art) forward- or that there is someone in this system wriggling around like an amoeba. There should be other constraints lifted which are highlighted by the works antagonism, for example the overwhelming desire to return to the space in a wheelchair and after consuming some acid- or some ketamine. There are not enough people on the floor really listening, not really moving. They're moving about "in their heads"- or as fast as they can walk- but that real experiential aspect of the work that is sought after is let down by the inhibitions of the public, which is disappointing and satisfying at the same time. It is satisfying in the sense that the artist is keeping his end of the bargain and exposing the bumbings of the public and their ridiculous inhibitions in such a place. People do need to step outside of themselves more if the artist's wishes to unify aesthetics and aural stuff are to be met; I think the term is called "dancing". Still, you cant put a gun to people's heads and force them to dance- the artist may not want that, it hasn't been mentioned, it may be perceived as derogatory or something else but I doubt it. Either way, something more than the desire to unify images/ objects to aural phenomena is at work, which is more sensorially alluring and beyond words, in the places either at the backs of our heads or beyond our heads, through our heads. Maybe a metaphor is not the most helpful method of analysis but the work is part meta, on a different frequency, with a different language and set of values. Where we can all shut the hell up.

It is probably an unfair demand to note one's own personal emotional state before going into this kind of exhibition as well as trying to create some kind of political dialogue or expect too much from those kind of things. They are there but they recede in the presence of a clearly distinguished hierarchy- as unfashionable as that may sound, of course the work is something more complex than that but intuitively, one is aware of a hierarchy at work. The artist's assertion that he wishes to unify aesthetics and aural stuff in the realm of the everyday wound me up at first as I, like many people, have witnessed the everyday suffer its ritual abuse by artists, where it perpetually swings from the ridiculous to the sublime- and artists abuse their democratic right to explore themselves at the expense of even daring to ask if there is any sense of obligation when it comes making art. For some, it's a convenient excuse for avoiding something difficult which highlights their inability, or a weakness but it is an unfair imposition. Anyway, that isn't apparent here as some people have an innate understanding of a system (a generally perceived state) where it simply is not required, both of us agree, though, on the sociological phenomena of artistic abuse and Plato's ancient assertion that: "For society produces them (artists) involuntarily and out of nothing they emerge, so it is only right that they feel they owe nothing to no one."

The "everyday" here means at the expense of a theoretical praxis, which is deliberately and skilfully abandoned- and put in a place marked "superfluous" or *add-on*, quite often language is the thing that some people want to avoid, which is totally understandable. In this context, it is simply not required. It is there and that is not denied but it's canonisation, too, is undermined by the artist. We are all tyrannised by the phenomena of ambiguous language when committed to think about it, how un-economical it is, how gaining trust, which has abandoned the world, requires that Nietzschean superhuman effort. This is not helped when there are others at work, who exert pressures on work, like a secondary testing phase. The results that emerge are imposed on the work (not by the artist), which really can take the abuse- after all they're only words and we're dealing with considering stuff at different frequencies. This is

probably the most negative aspect of working in a market but it is the way of the world. The social desire and the cultural pathological desire for meaning, manifest in verificationism and born out of a differing set of motives. These things also recede and will no doubt be disgruntled about their exclusion, which is a testimony to this text. I don't know why there is an importance for the Everyday's manifestation, personally. It seems a bit arbitrary, or plays a bit part, it is "subject matter"- the thing that informs the thing and possibly the problem for the Everyday, here, is that the other things seem to be larger than it and by the artist's admission wanting to be in another place. The world recedes, for me it does, anyway and I like it for it.

Of those motives, for example, take the phenomena of the anthro-ethnic infatuation in the artworld, which curiously is absent in many other art forms, except politics and its resultant struggle with ethics. For quite some time now, there has been this pre-occupation with culturally looking outside of ourselves, either as a means of looking for common ground, or for answers, or to revel in the diversity of the world, whatever. Ultimately what this has revealed is that we're all the same, we all have to conform to these systems, we have the same weaknesses and all that vernacular serves to do is to divert the emphasis of the artists motives to be revealed. I think this has kind of come to an end, in the sense that that pathological urgency has dried up and that over the last few months the world has taken a collective sigh and resignedly acknowledged that communists, liberals and religious extremists are all fighting a losing battle. Everybody is being fucked over and people in power are incapable of generating the trust needed by everybody. This work puts the ethnic vernacular and the apolitic right at the back and pushes it through its own more pressing mandate that clearly is about art (and learning). What seems hugely noble and virtuous is this desire to lay open the mechanics and the simplicity of the gesture and to instantly generate trust, which has abandoned the real world and which is where the gallery really helps society, even if it is at the expense of the traditional "all artists are middle class" (or become middle class/ bourgeoisie regardless of class or race or sex before that point when they entered the middle realm of art) pointless grumble.

All of that is meaningless when things are measured for what they are- in as many senses as we are capable of. Epistemology is sought after by artists who admit they are interested in everything and want to go through everything (that limitism is undesirable in the sense of where the work would like to go, democratically, which ironically is the same as where the work operates or where the work is made- pointless boundaries).

One could possibly allude to an element of contempt or a disdain, for art, or its tendency to slide and what I like about this work is a kind of simple joyous reminder of who's the boss- and the artist's beautiful statement that: "It's arts fault". I went into this show wary of listening to someone else's noise and I wanted to challenge it's assertions- there is so much art that works with music (not in the sense of artists today working with sound) and it's an obvious symbiosis that I genuinely don't understand why they are not more frequently united. Oh, yeah, the logistics and the expense of putting a stereo in front of x painting in room x at the National Gallery and playing x. Or because it was done once by an artist in the sixties or seventies and so, therefore, shouldn't be done again. Maybe everyone should get together and have a collective "X Frequency Day" (fuck it, we've got the X factor), where all the art in the world is looked at in gamma, radio wave, x ray, UV, infra-red.

It seems that the plurality of culture has been really misapprehended in the external sense- or that we can only work with it so far. This work operates in the simple inside/ outside practice space but there is a probable yearning to get the hell out of there and it will every now and then. For me, what it does is highlight the limitations and inhibitions of certain systems. It reminds us of the notion of obligation is not endemic of anything but that there are perimeters/ parameters that can be approached without hindrance. It reminds us that art is lagging behind society now, that it is an exotic idea that usually wants to be something else, that art- at many points in history- is incapable of being un-reflexive, so that any desire for anything is nothing more than that- a desire. That is probably the saddest point of the artist's wish to try and unify those things, he will be condemned to working within a variety of varying systems that will occasionally deceive him to be free and it is those moments that are perpetually sought after- or quietitude. Some of those systems can be transgressed, some are a prison but the artist has to contort themselves in varying ways to appease and pacify.

That inside/ outside dialectic is meaningful in the sense that is more than just a start and an *attempt*, that artist's are starting to consider their works at different frequencies as a means of revenge towards the tyranny of reflection (and the disdain of the real) to go through it and to shove that smoking mirror up whomever's arse. "It simply is a smoking mirror!" ☺⁴

Nathan Witt March 2011

⁴ At the time of writing Word has automatic emoticons

P . O . E TRY

“It’s not supposed to be good”

“Whether it is good or not is of no importance”

“You might find it interesting and if that is good for you, well fine.”

“But I would just like to remind you that the intention is somewhere else”

“It’s behind you.”

Design evolution

Fingers stop growing at a certain length

Governed by energy?

Genetic code pre-supposes a limited type of determinism

e.g. the "blueprint" is limited because it can go wrong

Fingers stop growing at a certain length

Governed by energy?

Genetic code pre-supposes a limited type of determinism

e.g. our heritage

Limited because of the knowledge, of the genetic intellect acquired

And the facts available

It cannot go wrong

It can only end up in ignorance

Knowing- or not knowing- your forebears

Design evolution

Governed by science and laws

The laws that arrest you

The laws that overcome you

Fingers stop growing at a certain length

I found out today that shoes used to be placed inside the walls of the home to ward off evil

Usually the left boot

I saw an amazing carving that used to sit above the porch-yard door at the entrance to Richmond church

Skulls and skulls and skulls and cherubs adorning the skulls of the dead

Roughly carved darkened wood, not hurriedly though; just enough to disturb you

To remind you of the residents of the place you were entering

Its faces looked liked they had been boot-polished with cherry

I love the way the dead mock the living

With their grinning

And nothing eyes that tell you nothing of what being dead is about

The dead, at least the material dead, don't let on what awaits

The spiritual dead, it seems, wont shut up

A visitation, a haunting or a possession employing their own radio telescope

To bleep bleep bleep their voices into our ears

I bought a book about The Fall: Là Bas

About Mediaeval Satanism in France

Gilles de Rais, the Maréchal, killing and raping small children across the Brittany countryside

It wasn't such a dark day

Too demanding? Unreasonable?

Want to be liked and admired

Want to be respected and understood

Want to be rewarded

Want to be not disturbed

Want to be comfortable

Want to be happy

Want to understand

Want to appear to understand

Want to make an effort

Want to be of use

Want to make money

Want to make others happy

Want to do good things

Want to push myself

Test myself

Test this shitty thing out

Test this shitty place out

Test my shitty ideas out

Test this thing called time

That is supposed to fly

And stand still

Test paradoxes, test tautologies, test ontology, logic, epistemology, sanity, philosophy, test my hands and look after my eyes.

And then what?

Atomism is back!
I mean regression
Or the failure- or inability- to grow up
Regression has energy
Sometimes it creeps up on you
Like coastal erosion
Other times it just smashes everything up
Wreaking havoc

Children are everywhere
They account for our innocence
Our fallibility and our ineptitude
Sitting on the tube
Staring like a maniac
Tracing the commuters'
Expressions backwards

Few are my years and yet I feel
The world was ne'er designed for me
Ah! Why do dark'ning shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?
Once I beheld a splendid dream
A visionary scene of bliss:
Truth! Wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this?

TS Eliot, I think.

Erasmus: "I hate a small child that's too wise for his years."

Yeah, me too

Erasmus:

I am a woman

No alliance is stable

Without me

I am folly itself

Actually I am not a woman

I am wisdom

And I praise myself constantly

Because who else will?

And like every conscious thing

I am- to an (x) extent- delusional

Or the folly of delusion

As the weight of something in the realm of delusion

Needs displacing

By stultiloquence

That is my offence

Poor Tom Paine
Dead Tom Paine
Tom Paine has no tomb

Free from pain
A free Tom Paine
Anodyne Tom Paine
Androgyne Tom Paine

No need to flee from pain

No need for vault or tomb
Or catacomb
Or fire
No need for a pile of stones
Or funeral pyre
Burnt stolen bones

Tom Paine's body was snatched
A plot by surgeons was hatched
To be violated
On a surgeons table

He died in vain
Poor Tom Paine

“Don’t write diaries!”

Cries Krapp crying

Entering another entry

Boring and stultifying

“Here lies, here stands

The tragic-pathetic author

Stupidly exposed

Heart on sleeve

Head in hands

Stupidly juxtaposed.”

Who is privileged and who is not?

The travelling salesman

On tour

“I make text-based art”

“Really? What font do you use?”

“Er...”

“Ugh”

The travelling salesman

On tour, on the road

“So, what’s the work about?”

“Er, yeah. My work is based an emotional compulsion to tell the truth and analyse all ontological difficulties that surround that-
amongst other stuff.”

“Oh, I don’t do Institutional Critique. Do you do anything lighter? More fun?”

“No but I’ve got a cigarette lighter with a pair of tits on it”

The Larry David situation

The travelling salesman

Gets home, calls his friends up.

Who are all represented

Who have “been busy” making art

Who are all “busy”

Ain’t we all...

Homage to G Bataille

The Materialists embraced the object
The Idealists embraced the hypothesis
The artists embraced the image

The object weighed a ton
The hypothesis was convoluted
The image was ugly

And there gathered all these people
Embracing a diabolical, shambolic mass
So deliriously happy
Because they, at least, knew what it was
That they were embracing

Today has been reported as anti-postcolonial day
Where everyone stays at home to reduce their carbon footprint
Multitudes of flaneurs perish
The super-tourist stays at home
Rotting in front of a box
Any box
Just like the rest of us.

The vapour trails disappeared from the sky
No more exploding streaks
When I was a child I used to think
That vapour trails
Were the gaps made by a huge eraser
By a huge hand rubbing out the blue in the sky
And I suppose when it snowed
The snow was made of a putty rubber

Tyres and exhausts
The exhausted pipe of the SUV is gagged
And bound for the innards of the garage
Accompanying the families' two other lazy vehicles
The wealth index, the cultural taste index, the pragmatic utilitarian index
The "My Philosophy on life Index"
The things that you buy, the places you go
Oil is crude

But staying local leads to inertia
Is timid
Is complacent
Is a means to an end
I got on my bike
I went for a walk
I went for a swim
And I thought
How long should I watch
Those shifting ephemeral boundaries?

FUCK YOU TRACY, YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE?

Kicked out of college for fighting
Graduated tho
Twat presses charges
Got into fight on first day of term with another twat
Not my fault
Slept in the walls of the studio after splitting up with Kate
Walked around the building at night when no one was there
Had a TV in between the walls and a futon, some books and a kettle
Slept in the park but the rats freaked me out
Walked around London late at night drunk until sun came up
Then when to college
Mum was....., he goes to jail
She drops the charges and he goes free- can't judge her
Want to kill him, still. Biggest cunt I've ever met, deserves to die, needs to die
If I saw him on the street today, I'd fucking murder him on the spot
Sleeping on all my friends floors or sofas
Fucking charity case
Went to the country to look after my dad
They divorced just as I started college
Dad's still in love with mum and is still a head case- clinically depressed
Slept on his floor for a year in his one bedroom flat
We got drunk a lot of the time
Nice walks in the country, had a laugh, caught up
Made good work at home, in cafes, nice pubs and my local library
Tried getting deported from Australia by committing a daylight robbery
Got caught, got beaten up, got given a 1,000 dollar fine instead of a ticket home
..... died in Sydney, he lived with smack heads and prostitutes
He broke into our flat the day after we left him and was found dead two weeks later
Two other mates from school died, one hung himself in his garage, the other overdosed
I lived with smack-heads in Perth and pretended to like people I didn't so I could crash amongst the roaches and lizards in the back room. Just remembered the smell.
My sister was using, my mum got her off it. Her boyfriend's were smack heads and thieves who would steal off their families
Cant tell you too much about them 'cos I don't want them to find this- or me. Like the guy I went to school with who slit someone's throat, who's dad threw someone off a building, who's brother killed his own baby- off his head on smack. Those types of people- the people that you spoke to in the pub, not knowing what they were capable of.
Then there's the drugs which I think is a lot.
And the destroying of ten years work and most of my possessions except my books
Doing the Michael Landy
And a stupid puerile notion of burning my house down whilst I hang from the A frame.
Falling in love with the wrong person, doing the wrong thing
Again and again and again
Except disappear
As a responsible thing to do. To disappear and take all that litter with you.
Blah
Yeah making subjective art is great
The autobiographical snooze.
Cashing in on the tragedies, like a fucking amateur celebrity.
Should try fiction. But that's my mate's oeuvre.

Dear random beauty

A notice:

You have temporary ownership of my heart

It's yours now, for the time being

But it's got a back on it

e.g. "I'll want it back"

But now, for the time being

Take solace in the fact

That someone out there actually likes you

And will do things for you

Who will do anything for you

But enough of that

There's more...

I freely give you my brain

It's nothing!

No really, it is nothing.

Mr X from PD Ouspensky

X needs more reference material
X is compelled, is driven
X has an obsession with context, not craft
X loves history
It tells x where he is, not just chronologically
X makes more material
To re-affirm any doubts, whatever they may be
Some of the work is good, some bad
But x is producing profundity
To deforest the world
And open up the atmosphere towards space
X gets a bit low at times
X has done a lot of drugs
Drank a lot
Scrapped and scraped
Barrels galore- his friends are no more
X has now gone straight
To develop his judges temperament
Sober and downright melancholic
He now delivers his sentences
On the thirty pieces he makes every day
“Shit! Shit! You’re fucking useless!”

Murder ballads, tragedies, spells, jinxes, odes, morals, fables and proverbs, paintings about death, truths and lies, paintings by liars, psychopaths, vainglorious and deluded egomaniacs or by marked men on the run. Ascetics and orators passing on stories leading people astray and the painter who paints it to warn others to stay away and the others who watch it and who blindly follow only to find out it is they who are the moral and that there is no tomorrow.

Sinking

Submerged

Sink into the work

And plumb the depths

Where one note is infinitely drawn out

And the protagonist, eyes closed, head in hands

Absorbed and sinking

As the note drains him

Just as one word

Is all that is required

To make him stop

And realise that he's out of his depth

And it slowly dawns upon him

That he understands everything else

And has understood all along

And by sinking

Things have sunk in, to him

Whether he cares or not

Is a different matter

Not knowing how long he can remember the fact

If I was in a band
We wouldn't sing about love
Because I'll fall in love with anyone, me

I'm in love with myself
With my stupid mind
And stupid people
And their stupid values

Like the philandering Pegasus
Who fell in love with a griffin
A wyvern, a cockatrice
A sphinx
And an alphyn

He married a white hart
An old love from school
A match made in heaven
Until she left him for a phoenix
Another old flame
Leaving poor old Pegasus scarred
Burnt out and charred
Never to love again

Plato's cave, the Underworld
Pluto's cave
Where miscreants were hurled
Along with those who God, alone
Could not save
And so walk around blindly
In bat infested cave
A wretched rabble
Filthy and ignorant
With necks in shackles
Tied to one another
Sunk in shadows
And pulled along slippery paths
Long, winding and narrow
Their perception of truth
Deceived by what they believe
To lie beyond that roof

Dark matter

What if it didn't come back?

Because it would be nice to have some more

To paint with

After all it outweighs all matter in the Universe

9 to 1

And I'm sick of painting

With lapis and gold leaf

Love yourself
Love objects
Love matter
Love ideas
Love others
Don't discriminate
And share love

Follow love
Accompany it
Seek it out
And fail for love
Be unerring and spectacular
Be diligent and humble
And put yourself behind
Behind love

A problem is inconsequential
As is hate
And suffering and pain
When you have love

The best and most precious
Of all things free
Is why things are attracted to things
Why things do things for things
For no reward
Or, no, the right reward
The reward of another love
And if you don't have that
You still have the love for yourself
Happy in the knowledge
What you love is right

St Vitus day

Everyone gets up and dances

Patrick for the Irish

Mark for the Venetians

George for England

George for the Georgians

Today is like the tempest

Black clouds above the Adriatic

I'll choose St Julian the Hospitator

To vent my spleen

A dozen heads in my refrigerator

Including St Augustine

Knowledge:

If the tastes of this fruit makes the eater into a God

Then why are you not a God?

Why do you remain a beast?

Doesn't it makes us like Gods?

But never can be Gods?

Isn't that what we already believe?

So the snake was set upon the library

The snake like god

Art

"I can do better than that."

And then...

"What's it all about, eh?"

They utter the stupid statement

And then ask the critical question

"It's all bollocks." They say

"Even I could do that."

Well, why don't you?

And while you're at it

Could you describe it relation

To the rest of art in the world

Through history

Like the rest of us artists have to do.

Oh, and another thing

Could you also relate that to its function

In society and its relation to *you*

You know, the language that underpins it

The language that you have obviously taken for granted

Well, I suppose you had better get started

With your stupid judgemental new world order

And your retarded claims

Today it has been understood
That "creativity" is a melancholic gesture.
It pesters
Incessantly. Constantly. Unerring, unbending.
It can't be good.
Never ending.
There's no euphoria in this pen
The text weighs a ton
And the ink is made of lead.
Ironic lead, eh?

A virgin, A4 and young;
Ruled, un-ruled or maybe co-ruled
Like Classical Universes
And Enlightenment Dichotomies
But heavy metals and Enlightened texts
Are poised to defecate what used to be a tree
"Oh woe indeed, oh woe is me!"

“Don’t write diaries!”

Cries Krapp crying

Entering another entry

Boring and stultifying

“Here lies, here stands

The tragi-pathetic author

Stupidly exposed

Heart on sleeve

Head in hands

Stupidly juxtaposed.”

In the necropolis
In the middle of the metropolis
It's soft underfoot
As I tip toe through the lily-pads
Through dishevelled, unkempt
Overrun, unvisited "resting places" of the dead
I don't know how many graves I have erred upon
Accidentally standing in the middle of an unmarked grave
Half expecting the ground the heave
Belching out sulphur
Triggering off an image
Of a 19th Century hygienist's lecture
Of a cat being swung over a corpse
Entertaining the bounders and the cads
The cads with the cads
And na'er do wells
Who fight outside the homes of freaks

Like the Siamese twins,
Or a six year old with mermaid syndrome,
The wolf boy
Cyclopeia, phocomelia, fibrodysplasia

One collects the dead
If one is going to be a true philanthropist
And a taxidermic necrophiliac
A proper full-fledged misanthropist

The universe
That stupid fat oscillating twat

I once read an article
About the promise of the particle
And I realised that I'm an atom smasher

I fucking hate matter
It doesn't matter
We don't matter
They don't matter
Nothing matters

And so I batter
Atomic guts lie in the gutter
Beaten and splattered
Bloodied and bruised
Systematically abused
Served on a platter

Other particles, too
Are deceived and flattered-
Humoured it seems-
As neutrino dreams
Are spectacularly shattered

Scourge

The careerist with ethics

The middle class eco warrior

The cultural philanderer

The sanctimonious sharer of beliefs and ideals

Ethno-anthropology has made the world shrink

The acceleration of society before that was fast enough

And so claustrophobia is on my doorstep

(schizophrenia is taking me home)

The blank page

The expression on hold

As the "thing" in its high castle

Is busy measuring

Busy measuring you.

What is upsetting

Is when I am arrested

When, caught in some temporal respite

A memory stops you in your tracks

Like the memory of something unattainable

What once was is no more

Temporarily

This is where dreams are cruel

When I once dreamt of a perfect love

Thought nothing of it when I woke up all drowsy

Thought everything of it when I woke up proper

Real life is boring
Omophagia is the consumption of raw flesh
Negretus hypnos is Homeric Dead Sleep
Kolakia is the river where the dead would drink
And then forget their earthly existences
Kolakia is also flattery
Philautia is Self Love
Stultifera Navis is the Ship of Fools
The Narrenschiff

Anoia is madness
Lethe is forgetfulness
Strangers are called Carians
Amoenus is what the Romans referred to as:
"The charms of the countryside"
Where the insane were mistook for pilgrims
And the head that will become a skull is already empty

In the country

Sitting on the fence

Recompense

Opening the gate

Annihilate

Walking along the path

Laugh

Looking at the sky

Immersified

Lying in the field

Yield

Can't see the wood for the trees

Freeze

Lost for words

Absurd

The muse is not amused

'I don't want to be portrayed like this.'

The artist is adamant

"I don't care, I have to manipulate you

My moral convictions force me to do so."

The muse complains

"But you are forcing me to transcend."

The artist replies:

"I'm a moral man, history needs you

History has a place for you

And if you're good enough

Then history will decide."

The muse looks pained:

"My fate should be my own!"

[Re: Atrabile, from black bile]

Spleen and bile
Secreted imaginary black pus
Four humours
Stemming from the liver
Previously choleric
Melancholic
Cholera

The vented spleen, where bile builds up
It explodes in a fit
Deep down, within, atoms are excited
Apparently it's the animus
But how can a sluggish thing like bile
Move so quickly?

Oneirism [Oneiros]:

The interpretation of dreams

Nosography:

The classification of diseases

Soporific somnambulists

There are too many shepherds asleep whilst wolves attend their flocks

Pan attending to his deceased Syrinx

The classical sleeping beauty

Not really dead- or alive

But trapped in an image

Like that poor man

In Los Caprichos

Are those owls that twitter so wise?

Is the wolf so devious?

Do they do not know what us men can dream of?

St Augustine and his particular confession

Share with us your anxiety
Help us overcome your frustration
Submit to us and we shall also help you, Augustine
For we are also Divine
Of his hand
Whomevers

You know that it is not redemptive
But cathartic
That process called thinking
Just like knowledge is sinful
In God's eyes
It is a waste of time
Time that should be spent fucking and eating
Making more of a mess

I know that we all struggle with language
Addicted
In some way or another
To the same catharsis that once gripped you
But redemption?
What of it?

I have convinced myself
Am convinced
That this, now, this mirror of my soul
And your soul
Your universally mysterious soul
Bogged with clichés of shamans
Like Joseph the fallen German fighter pilot
Or Joseph the shepherd
But the cliché of a doubting Saint?
Like Thomas?
Or the cliché of a guilty Saint?
Like you?
Or a another shaman?
Like me?
I, too, do not know

Thrice I have loved. Once in the morning dew,
Singing with springtime birds and careless strain
Forgetting Earth, I soared to Heaven, and knew
Joys that forget the burden of man's pain

Again I loved. Piercing the prison of the flame,
Where one stern soul in lonely anguish burned,
Forgetting Earth once more with love I came,
Into that Hell whence no light hopes returned

Once more I love, and married in my love
Heaven and Hell have made this love divine
Grief deep as Hell, joy as vast as Heaven above,
Mingle their fires and through man's labours shine

Through mans labour shine?
Labours of yours?
Or labours of mine?
It is only because of love that you are an optimist
That you have a purpose
Whilst what stems from a Modern man's hand
Especially mine
Is convoluted, childish and spoilt
A shameful waste of time
Your love is juvenile; it panders to whimsy
Your heart is paper
Your soul is flimsy
And as long as your ego reigns
It will continue to tread on others
To fuel your brain
You are, indeed, a fool
Your prison of flame; self-pity
Your anguish; a phantom
The love that you seek
Like everyone else
Never deemed- idealist

Vernacular	How you say something
Ethnocentricity	And where
International art	Its cultural value
Evolution	What had happened to us
Design	What has happened to us
Craft	Where we have sought refuge
Skill	And mastered things
Labour	And mastered people
Ethics	For better or for worse
Atheism	Regardless of belief, if any
Agnosticism	
Science	But faith in concrete ideas
The schism	And parting with old ways
Protestantism	Starting afresh
Henry VIII	Making enemies
Catacombs	And killing them
Graveyards	In death they still fight
The Maudlin	Above the ground
The macabre	And in the ground
The eerie	Writhing with the worms
The quiet	For eternity
The dead	Respect the dead, yes
Hygiene	Place them out of site
The motive	On high ground
Progress	
Forgiveness	Never never never never never
Tolerance	Never never never never never
Preservation	
Understanding	Never never never never never
Dust	
Time	Never never never never never

The league of lethal metaphors (in absolutely no particular order)

Epistemology	Things that you don't know if they exist or not
Sociology	People that you don't know if they exist or not
Psychology	And their minds
Humanities	And their laws
Sciences	And more of their laws
Arts	And their recreation
Philosophy	And more of their laws
Religion	And superstitious beliefs
Morality	And superstitious laws
The General	And more laws
The Absolute	And tolerance
Dialectics	And stupidity
Dromology	And more superstition, more fear and more laws
Phenomenology	And the competitive type of superstitious
The Banal	And fear
The Beautiful	And hope (for delirium)
The Abject	And, again, fear
Language	I can't believe how many laws we have
Omniscience	
The Theory of Everything	GUT's (Grand Universal Theories)
Hierarchies	Our will
Canons	To try and understand
Subjectivity (aaargh!)	Ourselves
The End	And beyond
Death	
Collapse	To come to terms with more "things"
Rebirth	And hope
Impossibility	To get beyond our fears
Mania, amnesia and nothing	Accept them
Love	And get on with living
I forgot Love	Miniscule period that it is
Clichéd prick that the author is	Silly creatures that we are

Jean Paul Sartre
John Player Special

Immanuel Kant
Manuel Cunt
Manual Cunt
Manuel Cant

Michel Foucault
Michel Fuck- all
I've read fuck all
I know fuck all

Sophocles
Sausages

Say it, don't make it
Don't depict it
Remember it

It's an idea

The world has been assaulted by ideas
In concrete form
And pictures

An old dialectic has run riot
Apollo and Dionysius
Has let loose an army of assumptions

And the origin is ignored

Everyone is busy playing
Everyone privileged enough
The rest of the world waits their turn
And they join in

Meanwhile; all the other phenomena
Well, they're still waiting

L. *ETTERS*,

Father, dear Father,

I am so sorry for incriminating you in my tawdry artistic activities but you must understand that you have no choice. You are involved at every level and believe me, if I could have it any other way, I would. The fact of the matter is that you have to play the ghost of Oedipus or Hamlet, whatever, and I have to continually strike you down. Yes it is predictable and yes it is tedious but Gods are stubborn and they don't forgive easily.

You will come to understand this.

Your beloved son

Luke Skywalker

The Magpie and Crown,
128 Brentford High St,
Brentford,
MIDDX,
TW8 8EW

Nov 2008

Dear Sir,

It has come to my attention that you are the unwilling recipient of the Meridian Line Laser from Greenwich Observatory, which, I read in the local press, has invaded your living room. I am an envious 34 year-old artist and I have two suggestions, I hope to not sound too impertinent and I'm sure you have already researched into the matter. The first is to install a mirror and to position it to deflect the line of latitude to a destination of your choosing, this could be extremely fun and obviously a little or no cost-also a talking point at parties and I'm sure a game could be made out of it at dinner parties. You could call it: "Re-draw longitude". Or Something.

Secondly you could simply kill off the laser by making a beam dump, I think that the laser in question requires an Optical Beam Dump and is relatively harmless; if the particles in the laser are charged then you will need a Charged Particle Beam Dump and you have to be wary of induced radioactivity such as spalling and radiation embrittlement, I suggest you research what laser it is you would be dealing with.

Here is a bit about beam dumps:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Beam_dump

If you have any queries or need any help, please do not hesitate to contact me as I will be more than willing to be involved.

Kindest regards

Nathan Witt

Sulzer Studio
Catherine Wheel Rd,
Brentford,
MIDDX
TW8 8BD

1st January 2007

Dear Sir/ madam,

I am an artist and a frequent user of Bic pens, on average I consume about 4 pens a week (black and blue) and I am writing not because I am seeking sponsorship but because I am worried. I realise that most companies who use your stationary probably out-consume me but I am writing because I want to know what the future holds for Bic. You see I have made drawing with Bic's my oeuvre and although in my youth I ranted and raved against the homogenisation of certain oeuvres I have, curiously, found myself in that very situation and quite happy about it.

Really, I am writing out of curiosity and as an insurance I suppose- in case I don't get out of this rut but do you think Bics will be around in the future? Say, until the next 50 or 60 years?

Just how popular is the Bic biro? Can you give me any inkling or assurances of what the future holds for Bic? I know this must sound insane but I really would appreciate any information you have about the future of Bic.

Yours gratefully

Jonathan Witt

The Magpie and Crown,
128 Brentford High St
MIDDX
TW8 8ED

Re: Going potty

Cc: Fire Brigade, Ambulance and other emergency services

Dear 999,

I was wondering whether it is possible for you guys to shut the fuck up with your wailing sirens. We all know that you are there, we all know what you do and all your screaming serves to do, instead of getting people to get out of your way, is to pollute and compound what already is the relentless noisy and infernal din of living today. Why don't you and the screaming babies and the pissed up big mouths in the pub get together and sort it out amongst yourselves who is the most irritating.

Companies and people copy your example too, like some arsehole who thought it a good idea to have an alarm on a massive truck that you can see a mile away when it reverses and the vehicle announces itself when it reverses or when it turns left or what road it is approaching or if your not driving properly. Or what about the cunt who designed the car alarm that has no criminal deterreny whatsoever- if anything, I think car alarms actually excite criminals and make them run faster and are more up for it.

I fucking hate the lot of you, the noise you make, the impinging screams that never fail to go right through me, that refuse to leave and the violent way that you force it down our throats through our ears, the way that you try and run us all down "on principle"- because the law is behind you behind the wheel. Why cant you be invisible and silent? So I can have my utopia, so I don't have to be continually reminded by you what a shit society we live in, so we can all get some work done.

Dear Jonathan Miller,

Hello, I was watching your documentary on atheism the other day and I am writing to you to tell you how much I agree with you about the un-necessary nature of religion. I have a deep love and respect for history and philosophy, amongst other things, and the thing that has been perplexing me most is about the nature of moral philosophy and ethics. I hope you do not mind me burning your ear temporarily, it is a personal concern and I write this letter in the knowledge that it will either fail to reach its recipient or will pass un-noticed and un-replied. No matter though.

I want to ask you if atheism was/ is so prevalent do you think there should be a moral or ethical canon for it in the same way as religion? If it was to be canonised in the same way as religion do you think it would lead to the same fate? I ask because the question that you have posed to many of us is: are we capable of being ethical autonomously? You yourself said that we are prone to lapses, are amnesiac, or bend the rules to our will; that not everyone is good. Which leads to governance: how do you govern, promote or maintain non-religious ethics or morality? I know that you will say that we have to rely that others have the goodness in them to want to be better and fairer to all, not just a particular school of thought, and I would agree with that, that it is also an issue of faith- of ourselves. It seems that a large portion of us are moral autonomously and ethical -as much as we can be. Agnostics and atheists before us have also been so and I agree with you when you say that it is growing, so is there any need to control it? Will our own sense of self-awareness be enough to contain such a large and complex argument?

Also, finally, I would like to ask you to what extent do you think you would be content in the way ethics and morality (and moral ethics etc) manifest themselves in society? Would it be at the expense and total annihilation of all the other religious groups and all their art, their architecture, their writing and their achievements? Would they just end up as museum exhibits? Or museums in their own right? These questions interest me greatly and play a large part in the way I make my work: how we ground ourselves morally and in what way etc. I hope I do not come across as facetious, I am extremely grateful for the contribution that you have made for this and have since spent time at Conway Hall and the Williams Library (I watched your program because I was reading JK Huysmans': *Lá Bas!*) as a result.

I write mainly because of a similar desire to be a good person without religion but also from the perspective that respects the feats and trials of my predecessors and would greatly want to preserve them and a lot of the aspects of what they stand for. Really, it feels like standing at the foot of a mountain and I suppose I just wanted to thank you for the documentary.

With kindest regards

Nathan Witt

Sulzer Studio
Catherine Wheel Rd
Brentford
MIDDX
TW8 8BD
25th February 2006

Dear Professor Frayling,

Thank you very much for the swift reply; I forgot how nice the RCA's paper and stamp are! It's a nice weight. I will read the Martin Weiner book and I have just read a synopsis on Amazon and it does look like the kind of text that I am trying to reach, I am also in the process of writing to Terry Eagleton as I am especially keen to re-examine the working class's position to the Modernist creation that was not theirs, was governmental and designed in a manner that could be perceived as controlling (well, it is, isn't it?). That alone is enough to traumatise, as you say, and it is a threat to the person who's civil liberties didn't even amount to a vote until 1866, I think (I am writing to my local Conservative and Liberal MP's to ask them about how Labour have infringed on civil liberties over the last ten years- a continual Conservative allegation). I suppose there has always been a disparity between the Government and architecture and also architecture and commerce since the birth of architecture- but not so much the Government and commerce and I think that doesn't always help things. I personally think Modernism is quite a realistic social project, although taken to the extreme it has had devastating social consequences but it has always appeared to be honest, practical, for the people and for art. It is a difficult project, isn't it? Do you think there was anything missing, though? I mean that for you personally- ideologically speaking. Do you think Post- Modernism starts from the individuals perspective and then hoping (!) it will reach a collective social goal thus eliminating a central controlling power? Is that nuts? I know Post-Modernity is subjectivity taken to the extreme and I also think it is an incredibly taxing thing to describe.

I have enclosed a print of a drawing that I have just finished, it wasn't finished at the time of the scan (as I have written this three days after I had started- I had to finish the damn thing) but is complete. It's a study of a Van Leyden, St Jerome, from the Ashmolean in Oxford. Over the last four years I have been drawing with a 30 pence bic biro, mainly on A4 and mainly images lifted from text books- they're kind of anti-craft if such a thing exists but that's another story. I started from a position against craft and began to enjoy making them which is kind of childish I know but it was an emotional enquiry!

Thanks again for the recommendation of the text and the kind words; I will keep you informed about the enquiry. Hoping all is well on the Gore!

Kindest regards

Have the English ever accepted Modernism?

Name:

Date:

A large, empty rectangular box with a thin black border, occupying the majority of the page below the header and labels. It is intended for the student to write their response to the question.

Sulzer Studio
Catherine Wheel Rd
Brentford
MIDDX
TW8 8BD
15TH February 2006

Dear Christopher Frayling,

Hello, my name is Nathan Witt and I am an ex-student from the Painting School. I am a lettrist and I once asked you to complete a questionnaire about "fear" I believe, sadly I have lost all my correspondences about such things to people like yourself, Dave Hickey, Hal Foster, Brian Sewell, Bob and Roberta Smith and Bevis Hillier, who I had a long correspondence with. People who comment about art, who have a certain influence and authority and generally who I admire and respect. I was, and still am, extremely grateful for your contribution, which greatly helped my enquiry.

I am re-engaging on a survey concerning the British attitude towards Modernism, or possibly the lack of it. I am exploring the hypothesis that the British never accepted Modernism, preferring "craft" or the arts and crafts over what I believe was a thing that represented Europe at a time when Europe was not well perceived. I believe what little Modernism there was in Britain was parochial, sedentary, quite safe and quite provincial and reflected exactly why the arts and crafts movement was so popular, because of an island mentality.

I am writing questionnaires, asking general members of the public what they think about certain buildings (quintessential buildings like the Southbank, the Barbican, Trellick Towers) and engaging on a project that will compare the blueprint to the building today. The aim intending to focus on the form and the common gripe that the wrong materials were used for a lot of builds. I think, formally, there are a lot of beautiful Modernist buildings that haven't been given a chance- and are misrepresented! Especially motorway bridges from the seventies.

For me, it is important because Modernism is approaching its centenary and really I am trying to ascertain what peoples attitudes towards it are but in a very ideological and social sense- not in the sense of design epitomised by the V and A which I did like but I worked for James Dyson for 3 years before going to art school. I would prefer to deal with the notion in an intellectual sense.

If you have a spare moment, I was whether you would be kind enough to impart whatever insight you are able to offer, it will gratefully received and this time I will thank you a lot more promptly than last time. I hope you are well and your duties are not bogging you down too much.

Kindest regards

The Magpie and Crown,
128 Brentford High Street
Brentford
MIDDX
TW8 8EW

March 28th 2009

Dear Minister of Art and Culture,

I am writing on behalf of many impoverished artists, musicians, writers, philosophers, historians and people who have studied a humanities subject having been funded by the student loans company, since the abolition of grants in 1997.

I think the way in which the humanities are funded at educational level needs to be revised, I think it is grossly irresponsible and cynical in the way in which young people are not necessarily exploited but are given only one option when they start off in life with education- in debt. Debt is the malaise of modern Western culture, it gives the false impression of wealth and security and all it has proven to be is a flimsy mismanaged web of greed and obfuscation. The circumstances of today's current market place only exemplifies this, as well as our government spending money we don't have on other peoples wars that we did not want, but now, we can't afford. The government has set an incredibly poor example and encouraged spectacularly irresponsible behaviour, which must shock those third world nations in debt to us. The system of student debt has commercialised education, it has created students as consumers, but unlike consumers they cannot apply the mantra "the customer is always right". In England, today, all I see is unnecessary expense and inflated products that make me extremely suspicious about where all *our* (*not your money*) money is going. As I am sure the government knows England is an apathetic culture when it comes to politics, where there is an increasing proportion of abstentions from the voters because they do not see any difference between the parties and they do not feel any party could make any significant change to this financially voracious government. I suspect that students feel massively impotent about their debts.

Artists are traditionally poor, as are musicians and writers. Only a small percentage succeed commercially and I would be very interested to see the Governments figures for the student debts of artists versus their average income after graduating- or even what they are actually doing- are they still artists? What figures does the government have for this? The incoming versus the outgoing? I would bet that the figure is that a lot is owed, nothing is coming in and millions has gone missing in deferments. My girlfriend is an undergrad student and by the time she finishes she will about £20,000 in debt. That is for just a degree. The average debt at the Royal College of Art is about £20,000 and the Masters degree has now replaced the undergraduate degree in terms of getting a foothold into the professional commercial art world. Which is a financial boon for you. I would also like to ask you what percentage of artists from big post-graduate art institutions such as Goldsmiths, Royal Academy, the RCA, the Slade and Chelsea actually get a gallery deal? At a guess, from my own experience and friends, I would say probably less than 10% of each graduating year from each institution at Post Graduate level, which is a massive failure but is the reality of how difficult it is to succeed commercially. Not all artists produce art for money. It does mean that all the smaller undergraduate out of town colleges, the Derby's, Manchester, Newcastle, UWE, Falmouth, Cheltenham, Norwich, Winchester, Birmingham, Liverpool etc etc provide a substantial amount of investable capital for you if they fail to get onto a big MA or get that elusive gallery deal. You must get millions from failed artists alone and I know that you know that- of course it is researched. The failure to do anything is the most disappointing, as if they will only change it when enough people complain.

I realise that the government has the problem of funding, that it needs a return and has to implement a sustainable model that is realistic and fair. Not only am I saying that the current model is un-realistic, it is cruel, negative and cynical. I know Gordon Brown will say that it is a model that is representative of the modern world, the modern economic world- the US/UK model, which has catastrophically failed. Why do the English want a Scottish Prime Minister? Is Scotland not devolved? Does it not have a Government of its own? Which leads me to the question of Students Loans being a Scottish Company and sub-let out to other Scottish companies paying Scottish people wages from English peoples debts. So we have a miserly Scotsman, who got us into this mess, essentially taking our money and giving it to another country- his countrymen. I cannot see the Scottish being so magnanimous with, either, their head of state and especially their money. Is money not tight?

So finally I would like to ask you, does the government actually even acknowledge this situation and does it actually think it is a successful model? Why can't humanities'- or every course- loans have a special sub clause that is realistic to not only the reality of current student debt but also the historic legacy and actual reality of the difficulty of being an artist, a musician, writer?

Relative to the course that they are funding? You should have saved all that money by abolishing arts funding and shifting it to Lottery money, the tax of the desperate. Why why why is everyone so profligate? Because if I knew it was going to be like this I would have been a lawyer. If this is not the case then I propose you provide a receipt for your course and then people can start asking for their money back, like any other consumer is entitled to.

Yours sincerely

Jonathan Witt RCA

Dear Democracy

THANK YOU

For allowing me to express my disappointment in the world- and this culture in particular.

Yours gratefully, sincerely, humbly but not regretfully because that would suggest I have experienced something better somewhere else.

Nathan Witt July 2010

NOT ANTI-INSITUTIONALISM

Dear Jay Jopling,

I think the time has come to burn down your shiny east end gallery. I am thoroughly bored of the look of the place and I am thoroughly bored of the artists I see there, I am bored of the language and the manner in which your institution offers us these predictable offerings called art- and their alleged values and I think the public are too. I think art has become thoroughly boring in its presentation and I think you should sack your curators, who seem dependant on right angles, head height, standard lighting, didactic press releases that say nothing with convoluted and un-intellectual language, creating a mute bemused audience.

I am not anti- institutionalism, I think galleries are pretty much the same and yours is no exception with its bulk standard generic-ness. Don't you want to mix things up a bit more, make the space a bit more spicy? Don't you think that also affects the value of your artists and your gallery rather than this safe sheen people are continually greeted with when they enter the space? You will probably think: "fuck off then and go elsewhere" and I most definitely will but I thought I'd start with you as your place is the glitziest and appears to have the most value. I also think this fucking charade of YBA should be stopped as well as this cultural obsession with ethno- anthropocentricity where people seem to think the argument is either different elsewhere or that there is an argument in the first place.

I propose to burn the interior of your Hoxton Square space with either a flame thrower or petrol and jack hammer the floor to pieces, then I'll rip out the electrics (I'll leave the plumbing) and work off a generator in the rubble, writing on a computer about something meaningless and obscure, giving it out to people who come in. And no, I will not wear PPE. I'll put all the work really high and I will not give out binoculars. I want what is inside to be against everything/ anti-everything, especially language and especially the culture of art which I think is shockingly limp, feeble and inept. All I see I shit and mess and people getting away with murder and I'd like to destroy the whole fucking lot of it and start from scratch.

I know you lost a lot of work in fires and probably hate the things, as well as doing insurance claims from them but that east end space is defunct, the east is dead and over-run with architects, designers and posturing nobodies. The place is a fucking repugnant cliché and at least you've got a better space in the west, where people don't pretend to be something they're not. You can either put it back together with Arts Council Money, or insurance or just get some crazy bastard who likes that sort of thing and burn his ear about some retard, who wants to fuck your space up.

Anyway, I'm sure you get lots of these letters by students who have seen a Colin Lowe show for the first time, or who have just discovered Lettrism or Ray Johnson. I am not one of those but I do like that stuff. In all seriousness I think the space would look bitching; that Robin Rhode show that you showed not so long ago was the catalyst, which I thought to be an insult to anyone's intelligence- even a flea's. And if you're thinking about letting me destroy some of your artists work then I'd also be more than willing to do that.

Yours sincerely

Nathan Witt

Sulzer Studio
Catherine Wheel Rd
Brentford
MIDDX
TW8 8BD
15TH February 2006

Dear Master,

Hello, my name is Nathan Witt and I am a text-based artist from London. I am writing to you to ask a few questions about the Hospital of St cross that have been worrying me for a while. I was a student at Winchester between 1997 and 2001, studying for a BA in Painting, before doing an MA at the Royal College. Whilst at Winchester I had numerous correspondences with Brother Bevis Hillier about certain moral issues surrounding art and he was enormously helpful and insightful, not just about the subject but also life at St Cross. I have just started writing to him again; about the Arts and Crafts. I have an enormous respect and fascination for the Hospital and the Brothers and if there is anything I can do to help your cause then I would be more than happy to.

You see, the question I have is that of the Hospitals survival and role in the future. I wonder what does it take to be a monk in the 21st Century? Does it not worry you, the amount of atheism in England- or the world- and do you think it is growing? If so, what can a monk do?

Why is monasticism not an option for would-be-ascetics today? For a large majority of today's youth that idea would be laughed out the window and from the Governments perspective I think it would be a nightmare for them because it means less taxable income for Gordon Brown. Does monasticism exist anymore and if it doesn't; could it exist in the future?

I am writing out of a concern because I think the value of the Hospital is of supreme moral importance to society, especially in today's climate, and I hope it will still be around when I am sixty. I am an agnostic, purely borne out of a clichéd sceptical rationalism but that is not to say that I do want to believe in a monoism, it just hasn't happened yet and I think if one is going to devote themselves then they should do it as fully as they are able to. This does upset me at times.

Really I hope you will be able to impart your fears and anxieties about the future and maybe point out what you would like to be done to help the survival- or the continuation- of the Order of Noble Poverty. I realise that it is a bit much to ask and as I mentioned I will be more than happy to do something to help out, maybe come down and do some work. I sincerely hope all is well in Winchester and I hope to hear from you soon. Many thanks.

Kindest regards

Nathan Witt

Sulzer Studio
Catherine Wheel Rd,
Brentford,
MIDDLESEX
TW8 8BD

6th November 2006

Dear Brother,

I am writing to you to ask a series of questions about the Order of Noble Poverty. I am a 32 year old artist and I did my degree at Winchester, whilst there I had a brief communication with a Brother called Bevis Hillier for about a year. For that time I found his insights extremely valuable and the impression he left of the Brotherhood still fascinates me.

Writing constitutes a large portion of my work and through letters I feel as if I can convey what I feel needs to be discussed in greater depth.

I realise that the Order is the oldest in Britain and really I would like to ask you how one becomes a Brother and whether you feel that the Order will be able to survive in the future. What do you feel the role of the Brotherhood will be in the future? These questions come to mind because on one hand endemic British society is becoming increasingly Godless and on the other hand other religions, such as Islam, seem to be getting stronger. I realise that culturally, historically, (in terms of technology and philosophy) there is a massive chasm and the difference lies in numbers. I do not mean any of this in some sort of xenophobic way, I hope you understand that- it just seems very obvious and I worry that an ancient institution like yours is in danger of disappearing. Or more importantly its values.

Another reason I write is to ask

Sulzer Studio
Catherine Wheel Rd
Brentford
MIDDX
TW8 8BD
15th February 2006

Dear Martin,

I am re-engaging in a survey concerning the British attitude towards Modernism, or possibly the lack of it. I am exploring the hypothesis that the British never accepted Modernism and the arts and crafts were more accepted. It sounds crass and a bit simplistic to blame both World War as a reason, although I think it is the major deciding factor and I intend to follow up on it; I would prefer to consider the British's cultural reaction and output which I think is vastly different from the continental model. The British response seems more parochial, safer, sedentary even and possibly sentimental. These things, to me, come across as typical of our island mentality and I think it has been, socially, to our detriment. Modernism is approaching it's centenary and I sincerely think it is still misunderstood and a large portion of people have no idea of what Modernism was. We still refer to contemporary art as "Modern Art" and when we use the term Post-Modernism, to me, it sounds unconvincing. Personally, I think the cultural manifestation of Post Modernism in England appears to be merely an extension of Pop and a furthering mimesis of US culture, I think it was/ still is a lackadaisical effort and, possibly, what it has done is retard us culturally. That sounds a bit pompous but why on earth were the Arts and Crafts more popular than Modernism? Was it the craftsman's relation to nature? His resistance to Europe? Was it because the Arts and Crafts movement was a working class model against a technology that threatened jobs?

When I think about all these things, I think about how artistically and socially we had such a strong response to the idea of Modernism and I find that reassuring and I would say it makes me feel proud that our response infiltrated a massive cross section of society all across England and was resisting.

What I would like to ask you, Martin (and seriously), is what you feel was lost about Modernism on England, what do you was missing or what you would have liked to have seen more of. Maybe you are happy with the balance and think that we have a good understanding of Modernism and Post Modernism. Either way, I would be grateful to hear what you think. I realise that you are paid by the word, so I would be happy to reimburse you in the form of ale or food- or you could send me an invoice for the response and I will get some Arts Council funding!

Yours respectfully

Nathan Wit

The annexation of piety

Autonomy or retaining of fiscal and religioistic wealth?

An unwillingness to part with one's money?

Dear John Strutton,

Re: your Vernacular seminars, which I thoroughly enjoyed when I was at the RCA, I have been thinking about something that you may have missed out which is quite important. I have been immersed in Bertrand Russell's History of Western Philosophy and Ray Monk's second volume on Russell's biography and very much enjoying reading about the Birth of Science and the end of the Catholic Church. I keep on thinking about why we wanted to annex Rome- besides the political and religious means- and I suppose I foolishly forgot to take into account how much money we would have saved. Henry VIII, as well as the Dutch, the Germans and the French, must have saved a packet by severing their ties with Rome and so now when I look at Mediaeval ecclesiastical architecture [in England mainly] that is un-Catholic in its "vernacular" I am quite proud of its secularity and our countries' re-investment into itself- it's bold pragmatism and self belief. I'm a bit slow on the uptake sometimes and often the glaringly obvious is standing right beside you.

One of the good things is that craftsmen would still have kept their jobs and the country could re-define what it made of this type of effective religioistic fear for containing the masses without destabilising the social and mental equilibrium. That fear had already been established by the Church and society was well used to it. On one hand religious subject matter was to be re-defined, re-examined, thus enabling artisans to open up and explore new subject matter but on the other hand censorship was closer at bay. But at least we were autonomous and more patriotic. This to me is a defining moment in the emergence or re-definition of our vernacular. I am not sure if those powers that be were aware that they instigated the dissipation of Christianity, maybe it was in decline anyway, but I think it did give way to a more concrete type of logic where open minded crazy rich people could invest in the sciences and patronised certain eminent, and sometimes equally crazy, scientists and thinkers, as we both know. Descartes said he wouldn't have made the discoveries he had made if he didn't have the singular focus and patronage that was totally detached from the Papacy and focused solely on just Mathematics alone. "Singular specialization" seems to be demanded by the public towards our geniuses which is still true today where we expect prodigy to be cultivated at birth for some maniacal parents and I am glad that an institution like the RCA is not only pluralistic but unlike one of those maniacal parents- more benign!

Discuss/ burn/ genuflect...

All the best and keep up the good work.

Nathan [Witt]

Dear Your O-So-Highness,

I've just eaten a swan.

And I've just drawn on your face on one of your bank notes.

Anon

If you don't like me, recycle me.

Back to the worms

And carbon

