





### Monday 7.10 Daniel

Sarah had left. Snowdrops he'd waited for in winter, felt like glass under skin and the moist earth fecund with shit. Daniel Sternberg composed himself before his first patients, one whose mother had sewn a pink pillow with grey kittens and pussy willow, before swallowing turquoise pills in her daughter's bed. The patient had suffered catastrophic loss of control and self-respect through alcoholism. He closed the doors leading to his living quarters and conducted his usual inventory of the patients bathroom: no pills, sharp things, smells or personal hygiene items but plenty of paper towels and tissues. The unwatered plant in the waiting room, with its yellow slimy petal edges and stems without sap to keep them erect, to be replaced. Things have to be seen to grow and be looked after. Sarah used to do this, he reflected with irritation. Another week of patients ahead and reeling from his supervision session, he willed himself to overcome growing rage at her absence. Sarah told him last week she had been having an affair. She was tired she said, of being always second to his patients, cleaning and caring for him, their children, his practice, his accounts, his diary, administrating his art auction, to raise money for his low fee therapy scheme. Her work felt invisible, she felt invisible. Daniel had admired Sarah's passion for her work with homeless women, the physical, political problems. She was young, an ex student of his, when they met. Had he neglected her? Was she suffocated in their marriage? Who was this prick she was seeing, had she slept with him? His supervisor suggested Daniel was not able to see the situation clearly. Daniel had been sleeping in his office and joining the performance of family life.

He put on his jacket and turned to his desk. His supervisor had asked him to keep a journal of his patients. He'd written several books applying Lacanian psychoanalytic theory to fine art and popular culture and had been included in academic journals spanning architecture to fashion, that got him invited to exclusive artist dinners and attracted new patients, who, whilst presenting the usual array of addictions and neurosis, did have more interesting symptoms.

### 9.40 Scarlett

'She asked to see my sanitary towel to see if the blood was normal, check for clotting. And to look at my nipples, to see if they were becoming infected... cos of all the breastfeeding. She took my stitches out...it was a slivering sensation across my stomach, cold silvery reverse sewing, then something wiry pulled out...I hate her. When I was pregnant and labour wouldn't come... she put her fingers up me to try and induce it...she made me lie on my bed at home to do it...a sweep they call it... sweeping a finger around the neck of the womb. She is the foulest woman, beefy, huge and nothing is graceful. I could pity her ugliness, but she's a kind of mother monster...taking care but not taking care doing it.'

He filled the obligatory NHS forms and marked out a Kristeva text that his supervisor had suggested, along with Estella Welldon, a forensic psychoanalyst specializing in mothers and psychosis.

'Feminine fertility and pregnancy not only continue to fascinate our collective imagination, but also serve as a sanctuary for the sacred. The position



of modern religiosity would hold the <beyond> as no longer being above our heads but in the womb. What we lack is a reflection on maternal passion. After Freud and with Lacan, psychoanalysis has largely been preoccupied with the <paternal function>. Maternal passion is perhaps the only passion that is not virtual and subject to spectacular manipulation and which constitutes the prototype for the love relation.

To elaborate the passionate destructiveness underlying all types of relations and that of motherhood in particular, makes us experience violent emotions of love and hate [...] motherhood resembles an analysis of borderline states and perversions. Seduction, fetishizing the child's body and its accessories, emotional outbursts, manic states – it isn't rare that the very possibility of thinking is threatened by the mother's passion. We ought to distinguish between passion and emotion. Motherhood is a passion in the sense that the emotions (of attachment and aggression toward the fetus, baby and child) turn into love (idealization, planning for the child's future, a dedication). The mother is at the crossroads of biology and meaning [...]

Freud was convinced that loving thy neighbor as thyself was an illusion, a pious wish of the Evangelists. Because it is not easy to love oneself: generally, it is either impossible, or else tragic, although the <good enough mother> succeeds in loving her child as herself, and then as another self.

Here I specifically use the term maternal passion in the structural sense of the experience and not just in the biological sense: it is not

impossible that through psychoanalysis, self-analysis or sublimating work, a woman can also live out her maternal passion without gestation and giving birth (through adoption, surrogate mothers and though care-taking, teaching, long-term relationships or in communal/community work). We have become the first civilization, which lacks a discourse on the complexity of motherhood.” (Kristeva: 2005)

#### Thursday 18.00 Charles

Charles entered the high spec, grey building with steel, concrete, glass and unusually large, white cube spaces, that sat incongruously in Viking Street, with its low level London workshops and Victorian pub on the corner. It would not be out of place as a Manhattan or Brooklyn museum. Alice greeted, with her helmet of bouffant hair and black chiffon blouse dress, face sharp like pointer dog sniffing out opportunity but eyelids crinkly and pulled. Not quite a face-lift. A white boy with a big Afro sat behind the high counter desk, with its arrangement of small *Materiality of Theory* books and press releases and cards promoting the show that had presumably disappeared to make way for the work of philosophy being launched that evening. Indeed there were nails left in the wall. A big low bin of Asahi beer sat next to the desk. Charles hovered. Something wasn't right about this, too much beer left, not enough Viking Street crowd and some plastic people, that weren't sculpture.

The gallery, as high as it was deep had a neat line, of 2 rows in the very centre occupying a fraction of the space, like a parodic scaled down sculpture of the game of musical chairs. A small desk

and chair addressed the line of chairs. Not any desk and chair but a model, studied to look like the classroom or studio but Charles suspected, an imitation design classic in perfect rendering. The hyper real modernist stage set, the theorist was in the Victorian pub with the boys. Girls with notebooks waited by the back wall. Students, thought Charles, not a good sign. And not the pretty ones. Last chance to escape. The audience took up the seats. No extras chairs had been added or moved outside their precise order. The bodies straddled the chairs messily, like pubic hairs escaping a neat landing strip that had been hot waxed to occupy a straight line, but not quite conforming to the aesthetic. 35 minutes late, the theorist took his rightful place and instructed the audience that the handout had an image of a text on one side and a list of contents of his new work and book on the other. He would read section 1.15 of the new words. And he did. 40 minutes of words, words about art, philosophy, philosophy and art. Someone fell asleep and dropped their notebook. There was no escape from the line of chairs, no access to the bin of beer. No view to ease the unbearable scrutiny of words and the dreadful studied nonchalance of the black suit ensemble the theorist wore. Charles knew it was a Dries Van Noten suit and Prada shoes. The theorist was quite ugly and had recently married a trophy wife, cleverly keeping his trademark scruffy style but upgrading it. Boring men were upwardly mobile now, sleeping their way to top, brain bargaining power was sexy, it seemed. Unable to actually hear the words anymore he realized a performance of philosophy was being offered as an art object. It wasn't a book launch, with discussion, question and answer, or conversation. Not even a lecture.

Though he performed like an academic not an artist, thought Charles. The audience was recruited to validate this happening, this naming of the academic as artist. Were words the new art objects, philosophy the new sex and academics the new artists, who was buying this?

Hours later, Charles unlocked his studio door. Pinned to the wall were instructions, for making a work and some drawings from photos of a recent drinking session. He wasn't quite sure why he'd done that and wished he'd put them away. The girl was looking at them. She didn't seem so classy out of the gallery. He'd thought the 80's look was satirical but now he wasn't sure. She didn't say much. Was she pound shop femme fatale or feisty new student? Was she even sixteen? He told her how beautiful she was, as he slid inside her, like the apology you give someone who collides with you in the street. A good form affair. The mark of a gent. He closed his eyes. Images came. Her lips curled round the vodka bottle. Milky skin. Breasts balanced atop of her bra. Her warm jagged breath on his neck as he'd slowly moved two fingers inside her. Hard nipples and slippery curtain hair. Buttocks cold, on the concrete painted floor of the studio. Something jarred, he faltered. Another unbidden image of spilled flesh on a cold kitchen floor had interrupted.

Later, while writing up notes for the session, Daniel felt a reflex of disgust. But had he not, himself, drunk, raged and blamed everyone, before finding the strength to fight his guilt one more time?

## Friday 17.15 Scarlett

Scarlett pushed the council housing form to the bottom of her bag, and the humiliating memory of the municipal building, which had unceremoniously held many rites of passage, including registering her daughters birth, an occasion made memorable by her child's father's deep remorse and public crying. Sobs had shaken his body as she left the line for <the name of the father> blank. She felt curiously unmoved. Their baby had filled her nappy with an enormous quantity of shit and a power cut to part of the building meant they had to clean up shit that covered the baby's entire body in the dark of a windowless disabled toilet.

She loved looking with longing at other people's warm windows. Vignettes and picture perfect, happy ever after, or good enough, laughing at home, not alone. The curves and big windows of Victorian grandeur like the arms of empire and your grandparents' generosity, allowing you to look out on the world but not others to look in. The Art Deco Edwardian early modern, cut away from God. Those hard clean lines of Modernists, daring, sexy, risky, brave, vital, exposing. Concrete containing inside and outside, separated by an invisible material of glass. Then the brash blocks over the shops, windows plastic and childish colours, pleasing and offending no one, risk adverse, emptied out, cheap. When your mind had no home, cut loose, unbelonging, not contained, what would hold? Words, rooms, institutions, communities, love of another?

No longer could she pass the details of everyday quiet tragedies. She shared

them; she could see them, recognise the sting of desperation the stench of sadness permeating the air around the afflicted. The ripples like a force field repelling those who came close. So eventually, only those paid to care by the State, or purchased privately, or needed to share misery, could bear to risk the infection of unhappiness. To be old, to be lonely, to be scared of others or the world outside the one you knew. Scarlett saw it all now and felt like Eve after the Garden of Eden. Never again to be able to ignore or be ignorant of these painful states, now she had partaken of the tree of knowledge. When she sat silently in the night with her baby on her breast, limbs aching and unable to move or think with exhaustion, or rode the bus at strange times of night and day, up and down the same route to get her baby to sleep in her pram, she saw the cleaners, homeless, shift workers, alcoholics and those dispossessed, migrant workers paid to do the work of care. She attracted her own strange looks. When she learned to breastfeed and balance a laptop on her leg and type with one hand, she searched intensely for solutions that would offer solace from the interminable hours that could surely be filled productively. She guiltily identified with the disabled in the complexity of navigating the city with wheels and baggage, the inability to be independent, unable to go to any lengths to fill desire. She saw now, how the desires she had been lucky enough to provoke in others. The flesh she had shared. The tender entangled limbs and the tedium and joy in equal measure of those lives twisted together. The gut wrenching grief and anger of the disappointments were real. Real life that mattered that changed life, that excited hope, that ushered in the unknown and unknowable.

OF JOY THAT HATH NO  
ENDING  
AND LOVE THAT CANNOT  
CEASE







In Beast, poetry will be made by all not by one.

In Beast we find words other than those already uttered, words never yet imagined, unique in each tongue, to name each and each alone.

In Beast rather than regressing to the simple authority of a religion or blindly submitting to the rule of money, capital and methods of production that are competitive and irresponsible, we can pursue an oeuvre of justice and civility by elaborating a real culture of persons, and of the subjective and objective relations between them.

In Beast to return to ourselves as living beings, engendered and not fabricated, is a vital and ethical need and of paramount importance. If we want to go on living and governing our creations, we must make sure we do this.

Beast believes happiness must be built by us here and now, on earth, where we live. A happiness, comprising a carnal, sensible and spiritual dimension, which cannot be subordinated to the acquisition or accumulation of property, or to hypothetical human, social or divine authority.

In Beast good business is the best art: Beast needs: artists/accountants, bankers/bar-staff, collectors/curators, dealers/designers, estate agents/escorts, fixers/ framers, gallerists/grant givers, hangers on/hotellers, intellectuals/insiders, jewellers/journalists, lawyers/lackeys, models/media makers, nightwows/newshounds, opportunists/oracles, patrons/PR agents, psychotherapists/personal trainers, quacks/Queens, rehab nurses/restauranteurs, stylists/studio assistants, trustfunders/art tarts, the useful or useless, van drivers/vixens, yes men/Zealots.

Beast will do unprofessional curating.

Beast will support negative capability, as a mode of activity, wherein one is capable of uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without irritable reaching after fact and reason.

Beast will beware of art schools, which are like crack dens rendering one helpless, dependent and fuzzy.

Beast rejects unnecessary luxury, be it economic or cultural. Proliferation of possessions and knowledge is gradually burying us in secondary realities: surrounded by objects we become incapable of distinguishing the most useful from the most alienating.

Beast will look beneath gestures of mastery and appropriation, attack indifference, allow fear and failure, avoid morals as excuses, love shame, earn integrity.

Beast's elemental passions, ugly outbursts and sorrowful remorse, make work, work.

In Beast, methods of seeing, hearing, speaking, living, all these wait to be made fecund by an innocent potency.

The numbness of shut away pain, the straightjacket of inconsolable grief and ugly and unspeakable wanting was a sentence, a hand binding, a grave. Maternal confinement and sacrifice, academic abstraction, solitude of faith, had all seemed worthy hiding places for pain.

But now unspeakably, a desperate need or fearful revelation cut into the layers of words that lay like blankets on a corpse, made fissures across silken flesh, casting new utterance like a stain in the snow. Indelible beginning of remembrance of life, like ice on new skin.

#### Sunday 11.00 Dave

Dave was reading a paper on why love is neglected in academic study, love and affective labour. He'd heard a radio show on maternal love and it was quite disquieting.

He recognized something about the lack of a father. In therapy that week, he'd talked about his mother's sacrifice for him, in part to mitigate against a largely absent, alcoholic father. He'd watched his mother get into men's cars on dates, eat baked beans for dinner every night, wear the same coat for as many winters as he could remember. She'd saved for his school shoes and later to buy him 4 cans of lager on Saturday nights. Supermarket brand. He'd consumed them in his room alone, listening to The Smiths and Joy Division.

Institutions held Dave, he secretly quite liked rules.

He scanned his students' art project ideas, submitted that week. Another

Art and Space one: Janice – mock up of a *Take-a-Break* style story called *I fell in love with a Conceptual artist and it was totally meaningless!*

On the practice based, Fine Art PhD programme, a possible project for his supervision. Bruce – *Existential Otherness as Life Forms*. A swirl of Derrida, Foucault and Deleuze and Guattari surrounded him. Words like subject, object, phenomenological, and inhabit self as a project, littered the incomprehensible proposal. “You are not self/other”, it went on “there is no clear distinction. The stream of subject object is the subject of enquiry and space-time construct is a falsehood.” Dave could bear no more and scribbled “you need a precedent and rationale. Are the words of your project, the same as the words you use to describe it, on purpose? Why not use the archeology of a room, or a labyrinth of geography. You need to find a home for a new language – or a solid framework in order to allow the movement and complexity of the ideas and words you deal with. Is it a fictional/performative/delusional project? Is it about spatial concepts or perhaps a new public sphere?”

Is this what happens when you become a cliché, he thought to himself and shivered. You do in fact become the living dead; the object of your enquiry with no intervention of life to mediate the flesh eating, moronic adoption of academic enquiry in the guise of research. This was one to blanket. Another MA Art and Space one: Jasmine – *Instruction Cards for Awkward Situations*. Nice, Dave thought, he could do with those. Tick.

He chose *Materiality* for the title of his lecture and a quote from Rancière, *What Aesthetics Can Mean*, in Peter Osborne (ed), *From An Aesthetic Point of View*. “Art is a construct, a material arrangement of what can be apprehended and gathered not just by the senses but by words – where both are forms of the sensible of thought.” (Osborne: 2000: 25)

Dave paused, hearing Bach’s preludes and fugues on the radio. Growing up, the girl next door used to play Johann Sebastian Bach’s *Prelude and Fugue No. 1 in C major, BWV 846*, from the *Well-Tempered Clavier* and practice her chord formations for the grades she sat. She had soft shiny brown hair and was mysterious and special to Dave. He’d press his face against the glass window to hear her play in the room adjacent to his and constructed a series of mirrors to spy on her, hoping to catch sight of her, in her broderie anglaise, white teen bra. Her parents had a new car every year that her dad washed every Sunday, on the drive. The dad made barbeques in the summer and drank foreign beer. Her mum gave her princess birthday parties, to which Dave was sometimes invited but felt like a trespasser.

Dave allowed his gaze to fall on the pure white painted lines of the concrete of his building. A silver birch tree cast its shadow. He lived on a council estate in Belsize Park, Dunboyne Road, built by the GLC and architect Neave Brown in 1963, along with Alexandra Road. Designed in terraces, with wide balconies, public walkways and suspended concrete gardens. Dave’s flat was sublet for over 15 years now. He loved the plate glass window allowing the outside in, the glass encased stair well and split level living space. He

felt heroic living in this monument to a modernist dream that housed young families, old people who covered the big windows with net curtains and cluttered the concrete with cottage ornamentation, and increasingly, a new breed of young professionals, buying from a generation of council tenants who’d taken advantage of ‘right to buy’ with slashed prices and later sold on. Making tidy profits they ploughed into their retirement homes in Essex, or apartments on the English speaking Spanish coasts and islands.

In Daniel’s consulting room that week, Dave had discussed why institutions are like families, with staff like children. Some accept privilege gracefully and rise to their best, others squabble and complain and imagine themselves badly treated. He’d been reading Renata Salecl, *The Tyranny of Choice*, describing the move from solidarity to competition, when lack arises, allowing desire to operate its tyranny. But that when principles of communal action and living are upheld, better behaviour results. ‘Perhaps it’s not a coincidence that when higher education adopts market values, staff start to bitch and stab each other in the back’, Dave concluded smugly, seeing no irony in his behaviour.

Daniel reflected later, he always felt tired and bored in Dave’s session in a way he didn’t with other patients. That Dave himself had recounted colleagues cutting short conversations with him. That despite describing a quite sad and lonely childhood, devoid of fun and other children, full of watching others and an unacknowledged longing for life, that Dave was unmoved in the telling of this. Then he realized, Dave’s boring behaviour was a subterfuge, a bludgeon to insight, a fearful refusal of the present.

## Tuesday 10.00 Charles

Charles liked to sit in the day room, where he saw Daniel. They had a bookcase with some really old books in it. There was one with a Piet Mondrian (*Composition No. 10*, 1939–42, oil on canvas, 80 × 73 cm) on the front. It had some little texts on formalism including Plato and Greenberg. “Structuralism’s focus on the grammar of art reaches as far back as the work of Marcel Duchamp” a text panel read. Charles liked to hold the book on his lap and trace the lines with his fingers. The drugs made the lines go blurry sometimes and then one morning he found himself looking up at the blossom outside the windows that didn’t open and remembered listening to a Dennis Potter interview with Melvyn Bragg. It was 1994 and he’d been sitting holding hands, with his girlfriend watching it on C4. ‘Seeing the Blossom’, was one of their private catch phrases.

“At this season, the blossom is out in full now [...] and instead of saying, Oh that’s nice blossom [...] last week looking at it through the window when I’m writing, I see it is the whitest, frothiest, blossomest blossom that there ever could be, and I can see it. The oneness of everything is absolutely wondrous”.

Potter had been using a morphine cocktail as pain relief, and had named his cancer *Rupert*, after Rupert Murdoch. He’d also, Charles remembered, been an admirer of Mrs Whitehouse as he saw her as standing up for all the people with ducks on their walls, who have been laughed at and treated like rubbish by the sophisticated metropolitan minority.

His mum had ducks on the wall, heavy with dust she could no longer reach. He remembered staring at them so he didn’t have to look at his mum’s decaying, obese body static on the sofa, as he asked her for dinner money in the mornings. Nothing worked in the kitchen anymore and there was most often no electricity or hot water. It was dark and cold. He’d go to sleep in his school uniform and often wet the bed. He was taunted and humiliated at school. He’d hang out stoned with the other 9 year old kids on the estate and have Flying Saucers, Space Dust, Strawberry Drumsticks and White Mice for dinner. Sometimes a mum would take pity on him and give him clean clothes and dinner.

# Curatorial Office

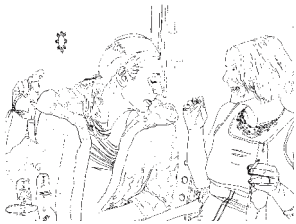
## Resonance104.4fm

**A Labour of Love: Motherhood Power and Love**  
8 March 2011  
Live radio discussion  
Dr Lisa Baraitser, Anouchka Grose and Mo Throp  
Chaired by Esther Windsor  
Hosted by Enemies of Good Art for International Women's Day

**A Labour of Love: Motherhood as Emotional Capital**  
**Part 1 Sociology and Media**  
23 November 2011  
Live radio discussion  
Dr Tracey Jensen,  
Dr Rachel Thompson  
Chaired by Esther Windsor

**A Labour of Love: Motherhood as Emotional Capital**  
**Part 2 Psychoanalysis and Politics**  
7 December 2011  
Live radio discussion  
Bice Benvenuto, Renata Salecl  
Chaired by Esther Windsor

## It Colors Your Life: A Coloring Book of Drinking and Smoking



**Drinking and Smoking: Champagne Chins and Beer Bellies**  
2011  
Essay for Heather Sparks' drawing book, exhibition of artist's books SFMOMA USA

## Saturday Night



**Jamie Robison**  
26 June – 7 August 1999

## The Photographers' Gallery



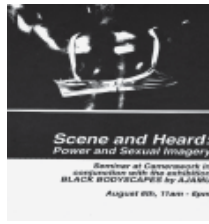
**Citibank Photography Prize 2000**  
Anna Gaskell, James Casebere, Tracey Moffat, Jitka Hanzlova, Tim Macmillan  
3 February – 22 March 2000

## Serpentine Gallery



**Local Operations**  
Education event with 1 000 000 mph for Paul Chan exhibition  
23 May – 1 July 2007

## Camerawork



**Scene and Heard**  
Adjumu, Zahid Dar, Kodwo Echun, Kobena Mercer, Ian Rashid  
6 August 1996



**Ellen Cantor**  
30 September – 5 November 2006



**Unbecoming**  
David Kefford  
9 April – 8 May 2005



**Kiss Your Own Arse**  
**Coz I'm Not Sorry Anymore**  
Cedric Christie  
19 March – 23 April 2006



**Crooked Pearls**  
Arnaud Desjardin  
31 March – 6 May 2007

## 1 000 000 mph



**Protest is Beautiful**  
Free  
2 June – 1 July 2007



**Pimps and Hookers**  
Simon Bedwell, David Burrows and Simon O'Sullivan, Cedric Christie, Cullinan and Richards, Adam Dant, Anat Ben David, Free (Dave Beech, Mel Jordan, Andy Hewitt), Elizabeth Price  
8 July – 6 August 2006

## ICA



**Riot Grrl for Bad Girls**  
Helen Chadwick, Dorothy Cross, Rachel Evans, Nicole Eisenman, Nan Goldin, Sue Williams  
7 October – 5 December 1993

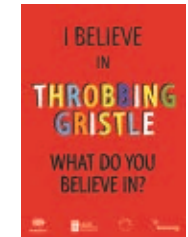


**Short Story Piece**  
Sarah Dobai  
7 October – 6 November 2005



**Salon**  
Iain Mckell, Sarah Baker, Arnaud Desjardin with Alex Sarginson, Stephen Jones, 'Vague papers'  
17 February – 18 March 2007

## Hull Time Based Arts



**Illuminate**  
Cedric Christie, Freee, Bob and Roberta Smith, Gavin Turk, Jessica Voorsanger  
6 October – 6 December 2006





**Spotlight on Gillian Wearing**  
Gillian Wearing  
16 March – 28 April 1998

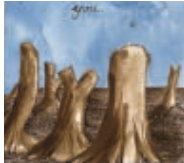
**The Waiting Room**



**David Rayson**  
8 March – 1 April 1999



**The Good Life**  
Phillippe Bradshaw  
19 October – 13 November 1998



**I'm a Virgin**  
Reza Arameshi, Heike Baranowsky, Sue de Beer, David Company, Chris Chiappa, John Patrick Clayman, Angela de la Cruz, Nicole Eisenman, Oliver Irwin, Kelly Lamb, Laura Parnes, James Rielly, Jamie Robinson, David C Scher, Guy Richards Smit, Paul Winstanley, Sonia Zelic  
21 January – 3 March 1999



**Beloved**  
Dave Beech, Cornford and Cross, Liz Eversole, Margarita Gluzberg, Runa Islam, Matt Mitchell, Momus, Other Lover  
12 February – 12 March 1998

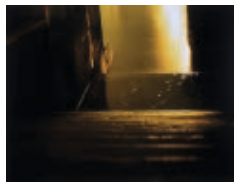


**Heatwave**  
Lindsay Anderson, If..., Terry Atkinson, David Bainbridge, David Burrows, Jenny Holzer, Hypnosis, Calli Travlos, Gavin Turk, Mark Wallinger  
5 May – 16 June 1998

**Mirror**



**Heart of Glass**  
Reza Arazmesh, Dave Beech, Richard Billingham, Ellen Cantor, Christopher Chiappa, Cornford and Cross, Corinne Day, Margarita Glutberg, Gordon MacDonald, Gregorio Pagliaro, Lucia Helenka, Jamie Robinson, Dallas Seitz, Clare Strand, Macdonaldstrand, Guy Richards Smit, Heather Sparks, Gavin Turk  
30 October – 7 November 2001



**Critical Dictionary**  
Salvatore Arancio, Morten Baker Jorgenson, David Company, Simona Dell'agli, Neil Dyson, David Evans, Sean Harding, Chris Howgate, Gavin Jack, Karen Knorr, Rutbless Luxemburg, Ole Moe, Trish Morrissey, Bianca Redgrave, Mark Roberts, Birgitte Sigmundstad, John Tran  
16 January – 8 February 2002



**Its Only Words**  
Terry Atkinson, BANK, Fiona Banner, Dave Beech, Cedric Christie, Adam Dant, Richard Dyer, Simon English, Cerith Wyn Evans, Peter Harris, Inventory, Elke Krystufek, Simon Martin, Liz Neal, Janette Paris, Douglas Pars, Ben Pruskin, Sophie Rickett, Georgio Sadotti, Bob and Roberta Smith, Johnny Spencer, Georgina Starr, Jessica Voorsanger  
22 April – 17 May 2002