



Daydreaming with Stanley Kubrick

At Somerset House, a new exhibition of work that takes influence from the legendary film director brings together all the elements that make up a Stanley Kubrick film – from themes of violence and discovery, to vivid imagery, set design and soundtracks.

By [Mark Sinclair](#) 5th July 2016

Presented by UNKLE and Mo'Wax-founder James Lavelle (who has curated the show with James Putnam), Daydreaming with Stanley Kubrick assembles 50 works by a range of artists and filmmakers, actors and musicians.

In a very deliberate way, the exhibition finds space for all the constituent parts of Kubrick's filmmaking; so there are pieces that look like set design, soundtracks that float around the rooms and corridors, alongside works that take a single visual influence from the director's art as their starting point.

Reflecting the wide appeal of his films and the impact his command of image-making has had on our visual culture, Kubrick's hand comes through in a number of different ways.

Some artists have naturally taken his films as inspiration, calling up specific scenes or characters from some of his most celebrated projects. There are pieces based on the monolith and the 'stargate' sequence from 2001: A Space Odyssey, for example, or the use of pattern and symmetry in The Shining. Adam Broomberg and Oliver Chanarin's The Shining Carpet (WT) comes straight from the Overlook Hotel and occupies an entire corridor of the show space.

Many of Kubrick's more familiar visual motifs are also explored. Eyes are prevalent, from the cog-like eyelashes worn by Alex in A Clockwork Orange (a device used across the comms material created for the show by Marwan Kaabour at Barnbrook) and Koen Vanmechelen's Encounter – CCP film, to the eye of Kubrick's own camera – a exact replica of which comes alive in Nancy Fouts' 'breathing' version.

There are singular references to objects from the films, too. One of the most potent is Polly Morgan's surrealist take on the codpieces worn by Alex's droogs that takes the form of a snake wedged tightly in a concrete triangle. Stuart Haygarth's PYRE takes a single fireplace from The Shining and multiplies it into a mountain of heat.

The Second Law by Paul Fryer, a realistic waxwork figure depicting Stanley Kubrick in a glass fronted freezer covered in ice and snow in reference to the final scene of The Shining. Photo: Peter Macdiarmid/LNP

Other artists have focused in on the director himself. Paul Fryer's lifelike waxwork of Kubrick in an upright freezer is a nod to the fate of Jack Torrance in the closing scenes of The Shining, while Chris Levine's intriguing light work, Mr Kubrick is Looking, reveals a fleeting image of the director's ghost-like face which can only be detected in the viewer's peripheral vision.

While Samantha Morton and Douglas Hart's film, Anywhere Out of This World, evokes the impact that 2001 had on the young would-be actress, even projects that Kubrick didn't get around to making serve as an influence. Jane and Louise Wilson's contribution to the show is a video piece that uses stills of Johanna ter Steege, the leading actress that the director had in mind for his unrealised film, Aryan Papers.

With Lavelle at the helm, music also features heavily throughout the show and the way sounds seep in and out of the rooms adds an eerie quality. At the show's entrance, a painting of Kubrick in the garden of his Hertfordshire home by his widow Christiane is bathed in the sound of a choral Dies Irae floating in from an adjoining space.

Iain Forsyth and Jane Pollard's Requiem for 114 Radios is one of the show's stand-out pieces and features a choir of voices broadcasting from banks of humming analogue radio equipment (Kubrick used Dies Irae, the Catholic Requiem Mass, in both The Shining and A Clockwork Orange).

Inevitably, the works that are given a room to themselves seem to hold more power here. In particular, Mat Collishaw's piece in the first room, which consists of space helmet with a film playing inside of several chimps peering down the camera (and therefore looking out at us) has a totemic power. Only when the viewer moves around the case does the skull inside the helmet reveal itself more clearly.

There is also a wealth of immersive video art here, from the inner/outer space journey of Beyond the Infinite by Doug Foster to The Corridor by Toby Dye, a multi-projection film which accompanies the UNKLE track, Lonely Soul. (Lavelle had apparently successfully approached Kubrick to work on a video for the song in the late 1990s, while he was making Eyes Wide Shut, but the director died before it could be planned in more detail.)

The exhibition's final room shows that the concerns raised in Kubrick's 1964 film, Dr Strangelove, are still very much in the air, channeled here in the monochrome work of Peter Kennard. Images from the film and Kennard's own striking protest graphics intermingle with business cards from a range of multinational corporations.

It's a more sombre note to end on than the rest of the work in Dreaming with... would have us believe, but it suggests that beyond the complex visual language that Kubrick established, what also lives on is a questioning spirit that we can take influence from – and which now feels more important than ever to retain.

Daydreaming with Stanley Kubrick is at Somerset House in London from July 6 until August 24.
See daydreamingwith.com and somersethouse.org.uk.

Contributing artists include Adam Broomberg & Oliver Chanarin / Carl Craig / Charlotte Colbert / Chris Levine / Christiane Kubrick / David Nicholson / Dexter Navy / Doug Foster / Doug Aitken / Futura / Gavin Turk / Harland Miller / Haroon Mirza & Anish Kapoor / Iain Forsyth & Jane Pollard / Invader / Jamie Shovlin / Jane & Louise Wilson / Jason Shulman / Jocelyn Pook / John Isaacs & James Lavelle with Azzi Glasser / Jonas Burgert / Joseph Kosuth / Julian Rosefeldt / Keaton Henson / Koen Vanmechelen / Marc Quinn / Mark Karasick / Mat Chivers / Mat Collishaw / Max Richter / Michael Nyman / Mick Jones / Nancy Fouts / Nathan Coley / Norbert Schoerner / Paul Fryer / Paul Insect / Peter Kennard / Philip Castle / Philip Shepherd / Pink Twins / Polly Morgan / Rachel Howard / Rut Blee Luxenburg / Samantha Morton & Douglas Hart / Sarah Lucas / Seamus Farrell / Stuart Haygarth / Thomas Bangalter / Toby Dye / Warren du Preez & Nick Thornton Jones

Artist Questionnaire: Jamie Shovlin

On the eve of the cinematic release of the artist's feature film, Shovlin talks fiction, reality and friendship

By [ArtReview](#)

Jamie Shovlin, *Rough Cut* (production image), 2013. Photo: Simon Webb. Courtesy the artist. Cocommissioned by Cornerhouse Artist Film and TIFF: Toronto International Film Festival
Jamie Shovlin, *Rough Cut* (production image), 2013. Photo: Simon Webb. Courtesy the artist. Cocommissioned by Cornerhouse Artist Film and TIFF: Toronto International Film Festival
Jamie Shovlin, *Hiker Meat* film poster, 2012. Courtesy the artist.

The artist Jamie Shovlin continues his excavation of the boundaries between fiction and fact, and the structures that underlie both, with [Rough Cut](#), a feature-length 'documentary' about the 1970s exploitation teen horror flick *Hiker Meat*. As *Rough Cut* proceeds it becomes apparent however, that older film is a movie that has only ever existed in the imagination of Shovlin and his crew. What the audience gets instead, is a spirited study on the essence of imagination and the materialisation of ideas. *ArtReview* put some questions to Shovlin about the project.

Who was, or who do you claim Jesus Rinzoli is?

Jesus Rinzoli is the director of *Hiker Meat* as placed within its fictional historical timeline. In reality, it's a name given to the 'director' of *Hiker Meat*, who is characterised as a composite aggregation of several actual exploitation-type directors. It's important to mention that Rinzoli's is the only original name within the cast and crew of *Hiker Meat* as the rest are either pseudonyms or aliases of three directors - Joe D'Amato, Jesús Franco and Bruno Mattei. His name comes from an alternative reading of Robert Gober's early [sink sculptures](#).

Who is, or who do you claim Mike Harte is?

Mike Harte is the originator of the concept and screenplay of *Hiker Meat*. His original pitch, of an imaginary film named after an anagram of his own name, was forwarded back in 2005 as part of an earlier project, [Lustfaust: A Folk Anthology 1976–81](#). Mike is many other things also: an [old friend](#), a man who knows three (good) ways of poaching eggs, someone who actively worries about his ability to 'play' himself.

The film is a 'making of documentary' concerning a film, *Hiker Meat*, that we only get to see snippets of. At one point, in an interview with Harte, he says 'It's easy to put shit in afterwards, as we know from this whole process'. Is the whole thing an attempt at the reversal of process?

It's a bit of back and forth. As I mentioned, Mike initially developed the idea for *Hiker Meat* as imagined content for the seventh album, *Überblicken/Überzeugen*, by the at-the-time [fictional](#) band Lustfaust. It was filmic but never intended to be translated into a film. This later became very important in making *Rough Cut* around it. I liked the idea that at every remove from Mike's original 300-word outline, the narrative and focus of the story changes as a consequence of the process applied – whether he's expanding his own original treatment, or I'm substantiating it through clips from other films, or Euan Rodger is reinterpreting it through writing a musical score – and the person applying the process. That continuum of development and disruption was exponentially expanded when it came to asking around thirty or so people to put into action a script that had been stitched together from hundreds of other films. With that understanding came the realisation that each of these removes should be placed centre in *Rough Cut*, that the material (and methodology) that you'd normally want to hide or put at the periphery of a production should be the film's focus. I guess with standard filmmaking, you have a script and then you put it in to play. Our script, for a few scenes from *Hiker Meat*, was secondary to what we were after.

The material (and methodology) that you'd normally want to hide or put at the periphery of a production should be the film's focus

Lustfaust did the soundtrack to the film. They were a fictional band you faked a documentary archive for in 2006, but who have since become real and you have played a number of performances as. The band, as a concept, went from fiction to reality in a way. What side of that divide does *Rough Cut* sit under?

Without the fictional-to-real transition that Lustfaust made, *Rough Cut* wouldn't exist. That was a transition that I didn't want to happen – I thought the idea of Lustfaust performing was absurd. But, three people – Mike, Murray Ward and myself – worked on the original Lustfaust project so democracy won and they became an actual [performing band](#). I increasingly lost touch with what the presence of the band as a live entity meant in relation to their origin as the empty centre of an imagined archive documenting tape-trading in the late 1970s, until around late 2008, when I got tired of requests for them to play 'art' gigs. By this point, the live performances were shambolic and pointless with no apparent relation to the original project and were driven by Murray, who developed the musical content for the original archive. He lost interest in the project around the same time that I decided I wanted to work with the consensus that somehow Lustfaust were now considered a band. And that's when *Hiker Meat* was resuscitated, as a means by which the band would generate music for an ostensible reason – to score a film – and that's also when Euan started to direct the musical side of the project. Whether that film existed or not didn't seem to matter at that point. Euan composed two separate scores for the film(s), one a genre-specific 1970s homage for *Hiker Meat*, the other a vocal-only score for *Rough Cut* with the latter produced under his own name.

At another point, two of the crew, just messing around, film each other, lens to lens – one with a handheld camera, the other on his phone. One of them says offhand, “holding a mirror to mirror”. These are not your words, but you chose to include them in the film – is that how you see the camera, and indeed, film: a tool to reflect reality, or even a machine to create reality itself (maybe *ArtReview* is reading too much into this innocuous comment!)

A ruse to look at the social environment and people involved in the making of this thing

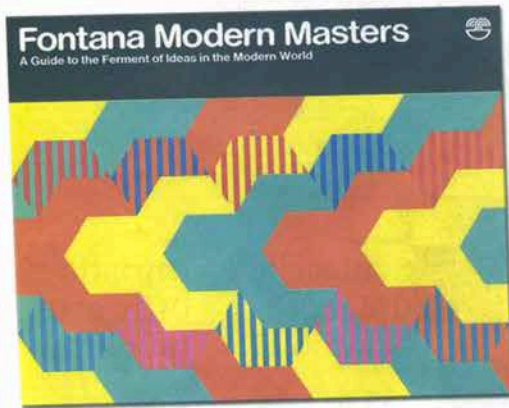
It is an innocuous moment but also the only one where Dave Petty, who we referred to as the “fly on the wall” and who is the one behind the camera in a lot of footage used in the film, is revealed. It serves as an echo of the film at large and the notion that in any social situation, a camera only increases self-consciousness. So the camera operates on both levels you mention. The principle idea was to have this central conceit or pursuit – we'd attempt to recreate shot-for-shot, over the course of seven days in the Lake District, several parts of the collaged version of *Hiker Meat*. We'd then redub and Foley each of those sequences before degrading the footage to make it look like one of the films that served as its source visual material. This was the supposed aim while in reality it served as a ruse to look at the social environment and people involved in the making of this thing, from initial development to the shoot itself and on to post-production. There was an implicit sense of trust with the people involved – beyond the *Hiker Meat* shot list, I didn't really direct anything in terms of telling people what and when to shoot. I established some very broad guidelines that could be defined as an approach and hoped that the people involved would generate enough material for me to articulate a secondary story.

How was the process of turning director over artist?

Terrifying. I usually work relatively [solitarily](#) and am an awkward communicator at the best of times, so the undertaking was already a challenge. I was aware that the structure that was set in place in reshooting *Hiker Meat* gave me some degree of escape – rather than direct in person, I could delegate to my phone and show the actors and crew the original shot we're recreating. I thought that having this preexisting storyboard would make it easier but it actually increased the difficulty and limitations on what we could do. It quickly became evident that we couldn't get everything we were after so it became about defining what was integral about each shot in relation to its place in the recreated version we were making. I also realised that a lot of the emphasis on what this film would be was going to be established in the editing suite, so I spent a lot of time on the edit, rolling it over and over. There was over sixty hours of footage to work with so it was clear that you could relate the shoot and the related processes in a hundred different ways. I think the material gradually suggested its own story the more familiar I became with it. It's tricky to reconcile. It felt traumatic with the arduousness of the shoot and the post-production documentation and then immediately revisiting the intensity of those experiences in secondary form and from multiple perspectives in the edit suite. I think I'll have a go at some still lives in a shed next.

Il Sole 24 ORE

www.ilsole24ore.com



OPTICAL ART FATTA BUSTELLE | Nella foto grande il poster originale di presentazione della serie. B «Cascade» di Oliver Bevan, del quale recentemente è stato fatto una tiratura limitata in edizione firmata; a destra il «vorticoso» dell'opera di Bevan nelle dieci copertine della prima serie (1970-74) del Fontana Modern Masters; sotto il «Guerrero» (quarto titolo della prima serie) e, nel terzo, il «Joyce», undicesimo titolo che, per errore, uscì con la stessa copertina. Alla seconda serie appartiene «Lenin», alla terza «Popper», sempre su disegni originali di Bevan (nel caso di Popper siamo alla prima cover). «Pound», del 1975, fu parte della prima serie commissionata a James Lowe su incarico del nuovo art director Mike Dempsey (fondo bianco per le copertine e uso di rettangoli e triangoli). Sotto Jamie Shovlin con sullo sfondo una delle tele per la serie presentata alla galleria Hauser & Wirtz di Venezia e, sotto, una parte dell'allestimento (il «vorticoso» Steinberg). Per saperne di più: fontanamodernmasters.org/hauserwirtz.com



GRAFICA DA COLLEZIONE

Ipnottizzati davanti alla Fontana

I «Modern Masters» furono il primo tentativo di costruire un'opera d'arte «democratica» e seriale con le copertine dei libri. Che oggi l'artista Jamie Shovlin ha ripreso e completato

di Stefano Sallì

Nel gennaio del 1970 arrivavano sui banchi delle librerie inglesi cinque volumi che sono, ancora oggi, di fondamentale importanza per la storia della grafica editoriale del Novecento. Non solamente quella britannica: l'eco di quei libri si fece sentire, negli anni a venire, dall'America all'Europa. I volumi erano dei semplici tascabili, destinati al mercato di massa, poveri, dunque, dal punto di vista della confezione cartacea: eccellenti, invece, da quello della comunicazione visiva, forse una delle più brillanti operazioni grafico-editoriali di sempre, degna di essere accostata, senza commettere sacrilegio, al Penguin o alle nostre serie etasudat-murariene. Materiali poveri così che collezionarli, adesso, è piuttosto semplice: il valore di ciascuno dei libretti di cui parliamo (anche in prima tiratura, l'unica collezione) raramente vale più di dieci euro. E così, con una modesta cifra, ho finalmente completato - presso una libreria di modernariato inglese - una collezione la cui bellezza è, a mio parere, incontestabile e la cui importanza risuona tuttora.

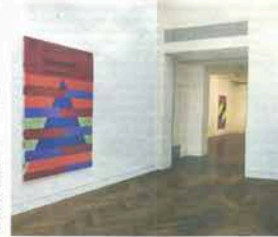
I Fontana Modern Masters, così si chiamava la collana, erano pubblicati da William Collins & Co. e diretti da Frank Kermode, allora celebre e influente professore di letteratura inglese all'University College di Londra. Una serie di guide agli «scrittori» che stanno cambiando e hanno cambiato la vita e il pensiero della nostra epoca (Kermode nella presentazione del progetto) insomma un'agile e informata «introduzione a» filosofi, politici, scrittori, sociologi come ce ne sono state tante. Editorialmente fu un successo: e non perché i libri avessero chissà quale contenuto speciale o perché la selezione dei «moderni

maestri» fosse particolarmente azzeccata (di certo era molto up-to-date e molto schierata e riconoscibile politicamente, basti pensare che i primi cinque furono Camus, Chomsky, Fanon, Guevara e Lévi-Strauss). No: la serie «faceva status symbol» soprattutto per le magnifiche, anzi, ipnotiche copertine che sfoggiava e che, essendo pensate come serie completa, non solo spingevano i lettori immediatamente all'idea della raccolta ma - per parlarne natura stessa dell'illustrazione - erano anche uno spunto per un'opera d'arte democratica, cosa che agli studenti dell'epoca faceva gola o, quanto meno, simpatia.

Andò così. L'art director John Constable, già ammiratore del grande Victor Vasarely, un giorno di fine anni 60 capì in una galleria d'arte indipendente londinese in cui esprimeva Oliver Bevan, artista inglese allora in via di affermazione e chiaramente influenzato dallo stesso Vasarely, Bevan fu incaricato di pensare dunque la grafica delle copertine: il risultato fu eccezionale. Partendo da un dipinto, Cascade, usato come poster di presentazione (lo vedete in alto in questa pagina) fatto di moduli geometrici astratti - sono, in realtà, proiezioni isometriche di un cubo, distribuite su esagoni regolari - e colori netti (arancio, giallo, verde smeraldo, attraversata da una striscia verticale come quarzo colorato), un'opera chiaramente di optical art e utilizzando un neutralissimo, ma piuttosto rotondetto, lettering sans-serif, le copertine furono preparate. Il dipinto, «resonante» in dieci parti, completava la prima serie di dieci uscite. Non solo: la natura geometrica dell'opera consentiva un altissimo numero di ri-combinazioni, tutte legittime, che davano, ogni volta, un'opera d'artista leg-



TROVA L'INTERNO
L'acquerello per «Steinberg», un libro che non è mai stato pubblicato; a destra una copertina degli anni 90, con la nuova «grafica». Incomunicabile...



germente diversa. Lo stesso retrocopertina avveniva dell'opportunità (il marketing lo sapevano fare bene già allora): «Cover painting by Oliver Bevan. The cover of this book is one of a set of ten, comprising the covers of the first ten titles of the Modern Masters series. The set combines to form the whole painting, and can be arranged in an unlimited number of different patterns». Purtroppo le intenzio-

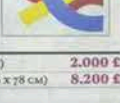
ni sono una cosa e i fatti (e gli uomini) un'altra. L'undicesimo titolo - Joyce, di John Gross - uscì, non si è mai chiarito bene perché, con la stessa copertina di Guevara, interrompendo l'incanto. Che però riprese subito, con un'altra serie di nove (Joyce, altra decisione sbagliata, fu incluso nella seconda serie...), edita tra il '71 e il '73 ancora con un'immagine di Bevan, stavolta più det-

tagliata e un leggerissimo ritocco al lettering. La terza serie, 1973-74, basata su un dipinto cinetico chiamato Pyramid (rappresentazione di un piramide in seguito alle diminuzioni di Constable e dall'arrivo di un nuovo art director che, ovviamente, non diede seguito al progetto, ma non tradì la «specialità» della casa, adottando però un fondo bianco e commissionando a James Lowe altre opere con rettangoli, triangoli e, infine, semicerchi colorati. In tutto, siamo al 1984 di adesso, siamo a 49 titoli di copertine optical. Pochi titoli poi, fino al 1995 con orribili copertine con ritratto o fotografia del «maestro» testimoniano declino della serie e, di più, cosa accade, in generale, quando i dilettanti vanno al potere.

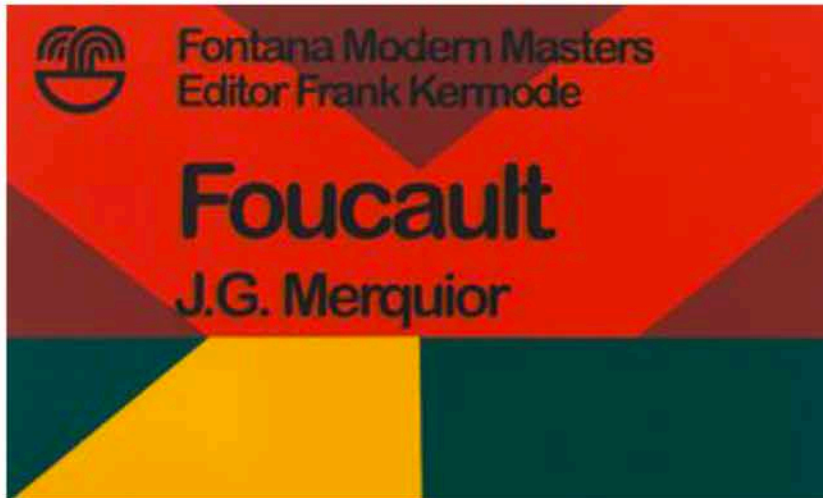
La storia potrebbe anche finire qui ed essere già bellissima. Invece non finisce. Perché, come sempre succede ai classici - che si impongono per la loro forza - in anni vicini a noi, riprende vigore. E l'artista concettuale Jamie Shovlin (1978) a «ripensare» il tutto. Come? Ripensando riproducendo in piccoli acquerelli, che evidenziano la colata del colore, gli copertine (non fa Adamo), poi sovrapposizioni al progetto in due successive esemplari: alla galleria Billmeyer (2000) e alla Hauser & Wirtz (2012) di Londra (anche i cataloghi di quelle mostre sono oggetto di, non facile, collezionismo: va da sé che li ho trovati nei fondi di magazzino delle gallerie). Cosa fa Shovlin, però, in più? Nei fogli di riguardo del libro della serie apparivano i titoli in preparazione. Ecco alcuni di questi titoli non uscirono mai per i tipi dei Fontana - autori che abbandonano l'idea, problemi contrattuali, velleità... - per esemplari previsti (ci sono nomi come Puller, Jakobson, Merleau-Ponty e soprattutto colui che meritava più di tutti gli altri di essere «modern master», Saul Steinberg. Shovlin, ovviamente, ne ha «costruito» le copertine, dipingendole prima in acquerello (8 x 10 cm) nel 2000 e quindi in 17 tele di grande formato (240 x 34 cm) e di grande bellezza. E come le ha costruite? Non certo mettendo i colori che gli vengono in mente o che «gli stanno bene», no: costruendo una precisa griglia di tutti i libri editi che incrocia schemi di colori, genere di appartenenza, tipologia del libro, in modo da chiudere il cerchio e realizzare con la potenza dell'arte ciò che l'editoria non è stata in grado di fare. Dalla pittura si era partiti e alla pittura si è tornati, un circolo virtuoso che indica come la grafica e le copertine dei libri siano arte, piccola nel formato, spesso grande nelle intenzioni e nei risultati. Infatti meritano di essere collezionate.

ARTE & EDITORIA

Jamie Shovlin è rappresentato anche in Italia dalla romana Galleria L'Incontro (www.incontro.com, info@incontro.com). Per saperne di più, visitate il sito fontanamodernmasters.org/hauserwirtz.com.



BENJAMIN (35 x 34 cm) 2.000 €
MERLEAU-PONTY (126 x 78 cm) 8.200 €



Jamie Shovlin's designs for Fontana Modern Masters 'reflected their claim to reveal the heights of modern thought to a general readership'. Photograph: Jamie Shovlin/Haunch of Venison

[Jonathan Jones](#)

Friday 20 April 2012 16.14 BST

Exhibition of the week: Jamie Shovlin

Can you judge a book by its cover? Can a cover stand in for a book? [Jamie Shovlin](#)'s exhibition lingers over the exterior appearance of a famous series of paperbacks, the [Fontana Modern Masters](#), which was launched in 1970. In these compact books, leading intellectuals expound the ideas of defining thinkers of the modern world such as [Saussure](#) and [Marx](#). The books, in their original 1970s incarnation, had abstract covers with strong graphic designs that reflected their claim to reveal the heights of modern thought to a general readership. Now, Shovlin has lavished art on them. He shows prints of the Fontana covers, a collection of working tools and research materials to do with them, and creates large-scale painting replicas, methodically, accurately imitated. The results are thought-provoking. Is Shovlin suggesting that in modern culture the image has replaced the idea? That is what I took from his exhibition, anyway. The covers of the Fontana Modern Masters were only gateways to the books within – here they stand in for the books themselves, and the heritage of thought they contain. As the paperback book [faces possible oblivion in the age of electronic publishing](#), here is a monument to what a paperback can be – a world of knowledge in your pocket, a people's university, a noble democratic dream.

• [Haunch of Venison](#), London, until 26 May

Review Exhibitions

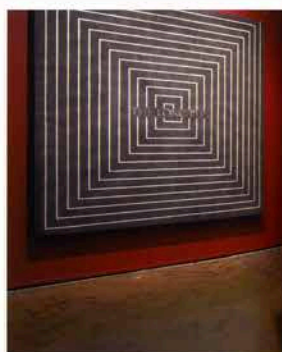
Jamie Shovlin: A Dream Deferred

Haunch of Venison, London, 6 July–18 August 2007

WHITE FLOOR



RED FLOOR

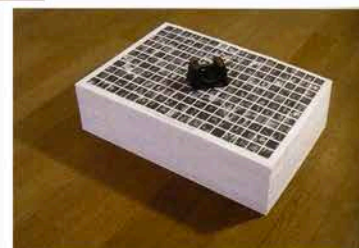


Designed as a site-specific exhibition, *A Dream Deferred* was laid out to make full use of Haunch of Venison's three floors. Each storey was given a different mood by being painted in subtle variations of the colours – white, blood red, pale blue – of the US flag. The 26 works built on a cluster of themes, including a personal vision of America, textbook versus countercultural history, and 1960s art, and were grouped to both stand alone as individual pieces, while also interrelating with their neighbours. The jumping-off point was Shovlin's parents' beloved collection of 1970s US soft rock; the duo appeared on a pair of video screens (above), discussing their favourites. Besides several blown-up LP covers, recreated in the style of 1960s artists, subjects included iconography from the 1968 Mexico Olympics Black Power protests, "re-imagined" letters from journalists to the Unabomber, and a map comparing the size of American states with countries around the world. An integral part was the beautifully produced catalogue which, while informative and suggestive, revelled in its tongue-in-cheek scholarliness. Art World toured this diverse yet subtly interwoven show in the company of Shovlin himself, who explained the rationale behind some of his multi-layered works.



TSD.JPG

"This has a very American Gothic feel," says Shovlin of the white floor's TSD.JPG. A charcoal study of a photo from the web, it is an image of a plank of wood found hanging from a fence on the Michigan farm of school treasurer and mass murderer Andrew Kehoe. It had been stamped with his final message: "Criminals are made, not born". In 1927, long before modern school atrocities such as Columbine and Virginia Tech, Kehoe killed 45 people, most of them children, with a series of bombings highlighting his opposition to local taxation. Shovlin chose to draw rather than re-photograph the sign. "It came from the culture at large," he explains. "It was sourced from the internet, and I wanted to create the personal relationship to it that drawing offers."



Untitled (Every Victim and Manner of Death in the Friday the 13th Film Series)

On the red floor, *Untitled (Every Victim and Manner of Death in the Friday the 13th Film Series)* comprised a stack of prints showing each of the people who die in the horror movie epic. The layout evokes the spreads of faces in high school yearbooks, while the Optima typeface Shovlin uses to name his subjects is the same as that used on Washington's Vietnam War Memorial. Shovlin sourced the images direct: "These films come out of the Vietnam war," he recalls, "and they introduced me to America." Its form recalls the work of Felix Gonzales-Torres, but whereas his installations invite viewers to take pieces away with them, such interaction is here denied by a weight on top of the image stack.

British artist Jamie Shovlin’s meticulously-crafted installations blur the boundaries between autobiography and imagined lives, and feature an increasingly complex web of interrelated personal, political and philosophical themes. Below we take a tour of his most recent show, while overleaf Shovlin recalls his earlier, sometimes controversial, projects.

INTERVIEW: Paul Carey-Kent



Alternative Monument to Mexico City, 1968
Also on the red floor was Alternative Monument to Mexico City, 1968, which refers to a notorious racial incident at that year’s Olympic Games. When US athletes Tommie Smith and John Carlos took first and third place in the 200 metres race, they staged a famous protest from the medal podium by going shoeless. Instead, they wore black socks (to represent black poverty), while Smith also sported a black scarf (representing black pride) and Carlos a string of beads (black lynchings) as they made Black Power salutes. “If I win, I’m an American,” said Smith, “but if I did something bad they’d call me a negro.” Hence Shovlin’s use of wax for his casts of disembodied arms and legs: they are made from Crayola crayons, marketed in the US as “America’s favourite colors”.



Blue-eyed Philly Soul (You Make My Dreams)
“The works on the blue floor,” says Shovlin, “centre on the migration from Philadelphia to the mid-west and then California”. The three canvas sections of Blue-eyed Philly Soul (You Make My Dreams) rearrange, Ellsworth Kelly-style, the graphic elements on the back of a Darryl Hall and John Oates album sleeve. The simple geometric forms and primary colours evoke the cheated ideals of Russian Constructivism, a blighted mood underlined by the jumbled up song title emblazoned on the colour blocks, “You Make My Dreams”. California, of course, is home to the “Last Resort” (and eponymous final track) of the Eagles’ bestselling album, Hotel California, whose cover Shovlin also re-purposed – this time Ed Ruscha-style – in the show (see main image, above).



Destiny Manifest (detail)
Destiny Manifest, also on the blue floor, is a map of the United States on which the ambitions of the 600 or so Playmates who have appeared in Playboy magazine are pinned next to their home towns. The title plays on the idea of “Manifest Destiny”, a 19th century American buzz-phrase used by politicians to justify the growing nation’s westward expansion – a conceit Shovlin subverts by paralleling it with the Playmates’ rather humbler fantasies. “Their ambitions reflect the eras in which they were stated,” he argues. “But then you wonder if they were ambitions the individuals really had, or what they thought they should have had. In the 60s they are family-oriented. In the 70s they start to focus more on earning lots of money.”

Review Exhibitions

Jamie Shovlin: a dream discussed

A Dream Deferred, shown overleaf, is Jamie Shovlin's most thematically complex installation to date. Here he discusses its inception – and the works that led up it.

INTERVIEW: Paul Carey-Kent

Sixteen million people bought Hotel California," says Jamie Shovlin. Hanging on the wall behind him is The Last Resort, his sly but sombre homage to the cover art of the Eagles' best-selling 1976 album. But what would its millions of purchasers make of this acrylic spray-paint take on the sleeve design? For one thing, he has pivoted the image about its vertical axis; for another he has darkened and blurred its original tones and lent a doomy air to an already gloomy image. Little wonder Shovlin's latest show, at London's Haunch of Venison, is called A Dream Deferred. No uncritical celebration of the counterculture, this.

"I was intrigued," says Shovlin, "by how the 'alternative history' has a soundtrack – The Grateful Dead, Hendrix, Dylan, The Stones – but the influence of the more populist music my parents were into gets overlooked. That music has

been critically maligned, but my parents' records were among the first visual designs to impact on me – and it must mean something that millions of people were buying The Eagles."

What it meant to Shovlin's parents is apparent as soon as you walk into the show, which kicks off with video footage of the couple discussing their dreams of America through recollections of the albums they have bought over the years. Though they lived through the social tumult of the 60s and 70s, the Shovlins remained largely unaware of the era's countercultural thrust. And so the show posits two different versions of recent American history – the one the media constantly harps on, and the one real people actually lived through.

Shovlin, Leicester-born and based in London, has built his career exploring the boundaries between fact and fiction. He came to prominence in 2004 after an exhibition at the Rifleman Gallery of sketches by a missing schoolgirl, Naomi

V. Jelish, curated by her one-time teacher John Ivesmail. Looked at now, the anagrammatic nature of those names seems painfully obvious, but more than one critic believed the show the work of a 13-year-old. "It wasn't as if I dressed up as her," Shovlin recalls. "I made this work and then attributed it to her. I was using stereotypical expectations of what a schoolgirl would draw – which, on closer inspection, were incorrect. I actually got hold of a book of sketches by a 13-year-old and most of it was cartoons and dodgy drawings of flowers, whereas Naomi drew heavily symbolic images."

Though Shovlin was happy for the headlines generated by the story, he is adamant that the Naomi V. Jelish show was more than a hoax. "The show critiqued how information is subject to the person using it," he says. "In the art world everything is expected to have its authenticity. People believed it because what is in a gallery is felt to be more sanctioned than what's in, say, a

JAMIE SHOVLIN: FOUR KEY PROJECTS

Naomi V. Jelish Project (2001–04)

A controversial show that presented Shovlin's work as that of a 13-year-old girl, curated by her teacher (both anagrams of his own name). Below: Naomi V. Jelish Project – Central Collection



Fontana Modern Masters Series (2003–05)

The modernist covers of Fontana's paperback series on key 20th century thinkers were amongst Shovlin's formative visual influences. He created his own covers for 10 unpublished volumes, using a points-based colour system of his own devising. Top, from left: Barthes, Durkheim, Chomsky and Camus, all watercolour and ink on paper, 28 x 19cm. Below: 49 Used Books, a photo from the series.



book. As with my later Lustfaust project [2003–06], what was important about the show was the discovery that it wasn't what it was presenting itself as: then you went back and looked again."

Lustfaust began life as a nonsense word Shovlin and his friends used to "muck around" with. They decided it sounded like an obscure German band from the Seventies, and made up an imaginary history by creating phoney fan memorabilia – photographs, ticket stubs, a discography, a gig history, and an interview with a former member. But the lynch-pin of the affair was the Lustfaust website they set up – a site that convinced otherwise sceptical reviewers that the band was for real. What interested Shovlin about that, he recalls, was what he calls "a failure to look very deeply. If you'd read any of the information, rather than just checking that internet sites were listed, you'd have seen Lustfaust wasn't real." Ironically, Lustfaust does now exist – and the band is actually set to release a single. "In creating a fictional band," he laughs, "a real band was created. I have to say that seems fitting, given the number of artificial bands that increasingly hit the charts."

Shovlin's Fontana Modern Masters project (2003–5) was less a hoax than a cod scientific project for the germination of visual imagery. Between 1970 and 1983 the Fontana press brought out a collection of 48 books on key thinkers of the

20th century. The cover of each bore a boldly colourful geometric design, images Shovlin found so fascinating he got to wondering what the covers of the 10 Modern Masters Fontana announced but never published would have looked like.

"I started by allotting the existing books a points score," he says. "I added up the number of pages in an individual title, the years between death of the Modern Master and the publication of the book about him or her, giving bonus points if someone won the Nobel Prize or something. It was a deliberately arbitrary means of calculating points for each of the 48 published Modern Masters. Then I applied those points to the colours on the covers. It worked like this: if yellow accounts for 25 per cent of the Freud cover and Freud himself had won 600 points, then that yellow is worth 150 points. That system was then applied to new thinkers to create the covers that never were. Of course, you can no more give a comparative value to the thinkers than you can say one colour is better than another, except that in this arbitrary process you could. The real focus was to show the selectivity of relative value, by almost making a fiction of history."

Aggregate (2003–7) offered a less integrated world view. Eschewing his previous unified approach, he brought together several elements – maps, jigsaws, books, birdwatching – the collection

growing as it moved from gallery to gallery. "I wanted to look at the difference between how an individual considers nature as opposed to how an organisation or scientific body looks at it, presenting both within the same frame."

The birdwatching and jigsaw motifs were inspired by Shovlin's mother, who would do jigsaws while studying the birds in her garden. "As soon as my mother finished a puzzle she collapsed it back in the box. They never retained their final form," says Shovlin, who thinks the destruction of the puzzle represented "an attempt to create harmony while watching the lack of harmony in her garden [where a hawk killed the other birds]. And that fitted with an old colour theory that, when mixed, complementary colours produce the perfect grey." Using wax crayons, he set about mixing that ideal colour – though just as with his mother's jigsaws, the search (for a colour, for a piece of puzzle) turns out to be more important than the discovery. Just as the jigsaw is dismantled, so the perfect grey is never actually reached.

Those are sensuous pleasures, and though Shovlin's work has its challenges, it also offers visual and tactile delights. As with the ecosystem in his mother's garden, you don't have to know all the complexities underlying it to find pleasure in just looking. "I'm happy," he says, "for people to take the work simply at the level of its appearance."

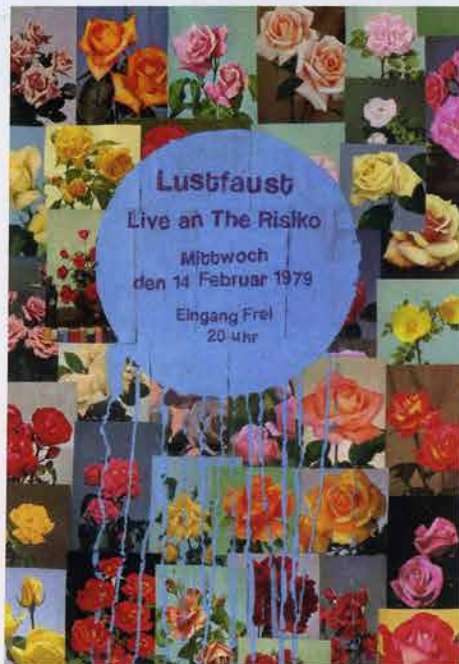
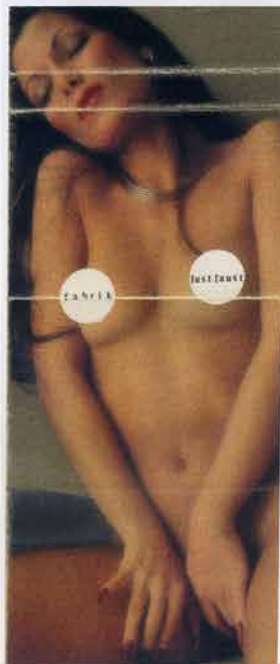
Aggregate (2003–06)

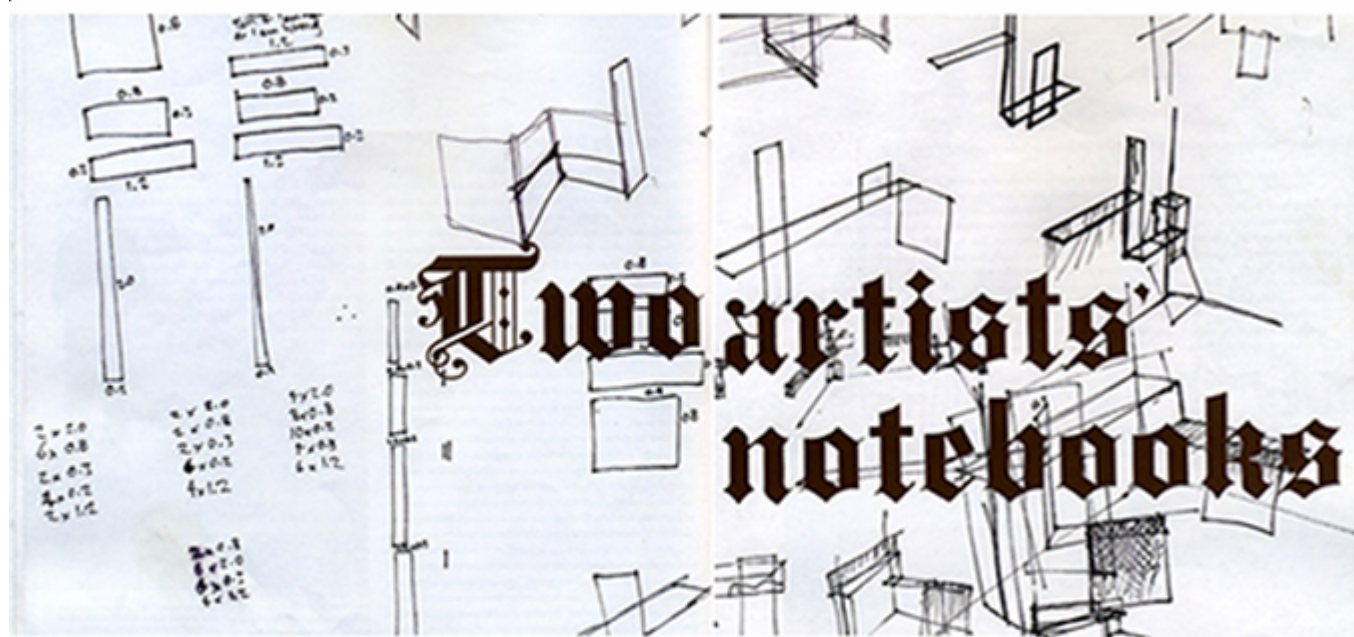
A pseudo-scientific exhibition that grew as it toured. Its Tate Britain version, *In Search of Perfect Harmony* (bottom), was inspired by his mother's love of birds and jigsaws. Left: *The Birds in her Garden: Plate 5. Greenfinch* (after Raymond Harris Ching, 1969). Right: *Box 18 – Le Mirage* (Tetrad 18:20)



Lustfaust: A Folk Anthology 1976–81 (2003–06)

Shovlin created an archive of fan memorabilia for this imaginary German prog rock group, including a website that fooled the critics. Left: Lustfaust Cassette Covers (Klaus Schmidt) 1 of 12 cassette covers. Right: Christian Emmerich, *The Risiko*, 14 Feb 1979 (Lustfaust Poster), 42 x 30cm





What is the basis of our perpetual and longstanding fascination with artists' notebooks and sketchbooks? Do they offer us a more intimate look into the machinations of the artist's mind, or is the information contained in them so impenetrable as to be incomprehensible to anyone but the artist? Are artists better at deciphering each other's notes than we are?

Curious, we contacted Jamie Shovlin, a London-based artist known for constructing elaborate fictional archives. We thought his notebooks might contain clues or ciphers that would unveil the motivations behind his ambitious and confounding projects, if only he would be willing to share them with us. Jamie is perhaps best known for the Naomi V. Jelish Archive (2001–2004), composed of

sketches, ephemera, and newspaper clippings relating to the mysterious disappearance of a thirteen-year-old girl and her family in Kent, England, in 1991. More recently, he has created an expansive archive on a fictional German experimental noise band called Lustfaust. Playful and obsessive, the archive consists of cassette-tape covers purportedly drawn by fans, faux-documentary style photographs of the band members, notes and lyric sheets, and other miscellany.

We invited Jamie to pick a colleague and the two of them to “curate” selections from each other's notebooks. We were pleasantly surprised when Jamie chose to collaborate with James Ireland, a London-based sculptor whose precise, formally spare, and elegant

work differs radically from his own: Windowlike steel frames filled with atmospheric, tinted glass, lightly embellished with natural elements (a branch, a rock). These works evoke the grand history of the romantic sublime with the most understated of means.

For almost two weeks, we didn't hear from Jamie or James. There was almost deafening silence. And then, abruptly, scans of pages from their notebooks began to arrive. We've published their selections in the following pages, accompanied by an image of at least one finished piece.

Without question, both artists' notebooks provide clues to their working processes but what is so striking about seeing them side-by-side with the finished works is the lack of direct correlations between

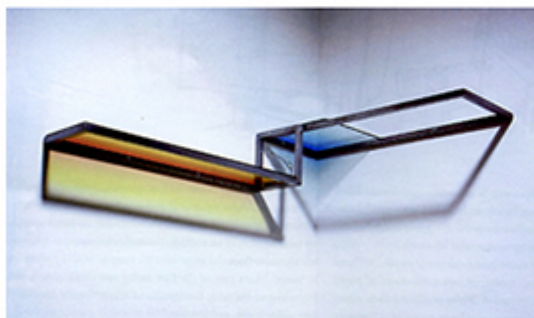
the two. Amidst the morass of lists, phone numbers, addresses, cryptic notations, math equations, and doodles are a million little ideas, perhaps later developed, perhaps abandoned. As Jamie speculates in his introduction to his colleague's notebooks, trying to create a seamless narrative from the fragments is a form of willful projection. But, he notes, "that's part of the fun, seeing someone's system laid bare, marveling at the utter foreignness of those visually familiar marks, lists, color codes, and jottings."

—The Editors

Some observations on the notebooks of **James Ireland** by Jamie Showlin

I've attempted to include a selection of drawings that may be considered as various points in what I imagine to be the lengthy process of bringing a sculpture into existence (or, as in the case of many of the drawings, realization only on the page), from early scribbles through to a formally precise collage via the minutiae of algebraic structural formulations. I'm not a sculptor—I was trained as a painter—so piecing these fragments together in an attempt to establish a fluid narrative is all wishful projection on my part. But that's part of the fun, seeing someone's system laid bare, marveling at the utter foreignness of those visually familiar marks, lists, color codes, and jottings. It provides an opportunity to see beyond the formal and structural finality of an artist's work. This seems especially appropriate in relation to James' sculptures, which always appear so precise and delicately engineered. The notebooks become an opportunity to observe a more hesitant, vulnerable mind at play.

Beyond what I've already noted, there is no guiding principle behind the pages, sheets, and papers that I have chosen. The idea of an overarching curatorial conceptual framework seems unnecessary when looking at any kind of sketch/notebook-derived drawings. They have no debt to logic and exist emphatically on their own terms.

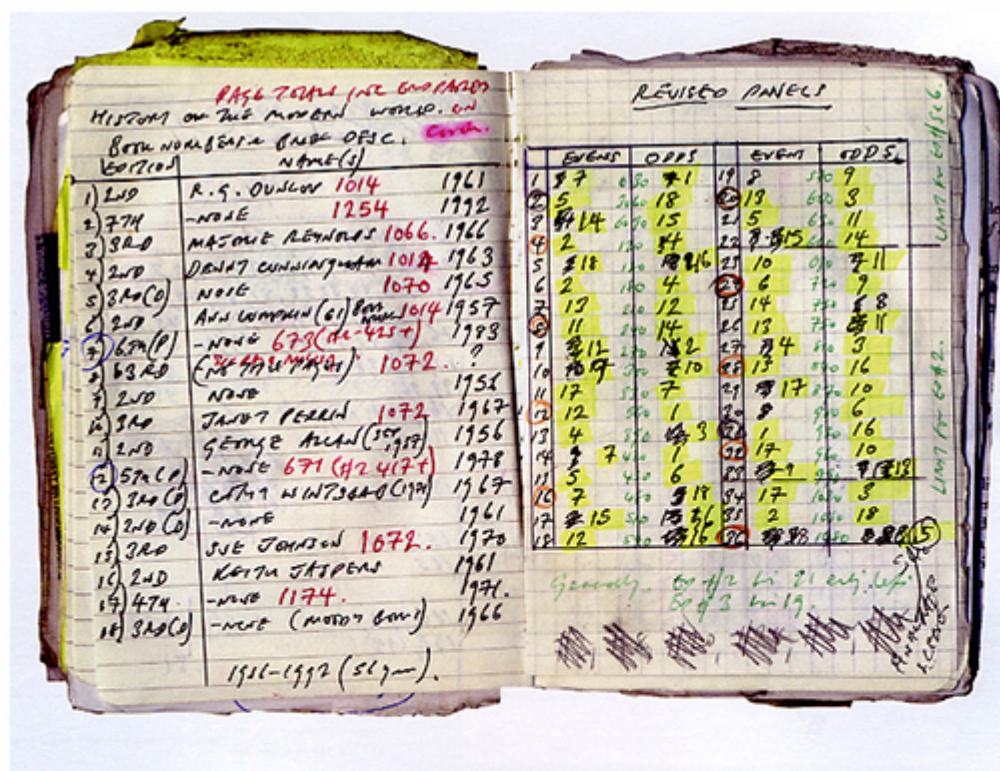


Some observations on the notebooks of **Jamie Shovlin** by James Ireland

I am pleased to see that another artist's notebooks are, like mine, predominantly filled with reminders, to-do lists, and lots of phone numbers and addresses of galleries, suppliers, technicians, etc., with hints of artwork appearing here and there in the corners. The notebook reminds you what you've set out to do. It also reminds you to get on with it! Often the "art" bit happens while working out how to produce an idea. Pragmatic decisions about materials, cost, and time influence and inform the outcome.

I have always been very conscious of the rigorous conceptual underpinnings of Jamie's projects, even though what results are seductive collections of objects, drawings, and artifacts. His pocket-size notebooks are where the parameters for his work are defined and refined. In one there is a list from the Internet with a series of book titles. A list of more titles, scrawled down in pen, follows, summing up "Fontana Modern Masters" in a single scrawled sheet of A4.

Throughout Jamie's notebooks there are long lists of paint colors, book measurements, made-up names, jigsaw puzzle titles, and color tests, all methodically organized to some principle I'm not party to. Funny little databases that read like poetry. I'm baffled by some of the relationships. How does the list Cobain/Unabomber/Tate relate to the polygons with lowercase letters drawn on the Post-it note next to it?



Jamie Shovlin: A Dream Deferred at Haunch of Venison

Jamie Shovlin's new work examines the soul of America. No matter that he's hardly visited



Damian Whitworth

Sifting fact from fiction in the work of Jamie Shovlin is a tricky business, so one embarks on an interview with the rising young star of the art world with all the sensors primed to detect fakery. I call him on his mobile at the allotted time but go straight through to voicemail. An hour later he picks up. He says he is in Basel. And perhaps he is. There is certainly a hubbub in the background. But maybe that is punters at a bar in Ibiza. Or his local boozer in Streatham, South London. It is impossible not to spend the whole conversation wondering if you have missed the point and are going to look rather foolish later on.

This unease is prompted by Shovlin's track record. He has made a name for himself as a master of deception and cleverer people than this interviewer have fallen for his artistic forgeries. Most famously, he was behind the exhibition in 2004 of sketches and drawings that were supposedly by a precocious 13-year-old schoolgirl called Naomi V. Jelish. The exhibition told the bizarre story of how the girl and her family disappeared from their Kent home shortly after her father had drowned. Her art was said to have been rescued from the house by one of her teachers, John Ivesmail, and the whole story appeared to be backed up by newspaper cuttings and tear-stained diaries. Charles Saatchi, who bought the work for £25,000 and displayed it at his gallery, said that he believed in Naomi V. Jelish until halfway through seeing the show for the first time when he realised that the names of the girl and the teacher were anagrams of Jamie Shovlin.

The artist followed that by making the Beck's Futures shortlist with *Lustfaust: a Folk Anthology 1976-1981*. Here he documented the career of the "Krautrock" band, including providing snatches of the music. Lustfaust, of course, never existed, except as the creation of Shovlin, who had gone to inordinate lengths with his fakery, even building numerous web-sites about the band. He says that in both these fake exhibitions his intention was for the viewer to realise that they were being duped and then to look afresh at the work. They didn't all; some came up to Shovlin to boast of having seen the band play live.

Now Shovlin has trained his sights on America. An interesting move, you might think, given that the only time he has spent in the US was a trip to New York last year. In terms of his new exhibition, *A Dream Deferred*, he rather wishes he had never been "because there would be a kind of secondhand purity in this project". The point of this new work, he explains, is to see how individuals form a view of history – in this case of the past 50 years of the 20th century in America – from the myriad

eclecticism of the show reflects the varied sources that create an individual's view of history. Shovlin is keen on maps. A 1957 US Navy map is an American-centric view of the world. A map of the US identifying the birthplace of 600 *Playboy* Playmates and noting their ambitions is intended to articulate the theme of "dreams gone unrealised".

On the face of it, this work seems to be dealing with events from a more innocent time. He has "reimagined" letters sent to Ted Kaczynski, the Unabomber, a homegrown American terrorist incarcerated before Islamist terror became the great threat. Shovlin says that the Vietnam era looms over many of the cultural snapshots in this new work and that resonates with what is happening in America today. He is adamant that he "never wanted to present a thing that was antiAmerican. I love America as much as many of the things about it deeply disturb me."

He says that his "central research question" was "How do you make a sense of history when you have such a variety of different sources?" Once again he is exploring his favourite theme, "that fluidity between fact and fiction".

This new show is "a continuation of earlier projects, perhaps a more sophisticated version of those earlier projects". So is he seeking to fool us again? "It's always better for me to stay on the fence in regard to that." Earlier this year he and fellow artist Sigrid Holmwood, who was then his girlfriend, talked in *The Times* about sharing life and work. They have now split. "That is over, sadly. That's all I can say really. She's a good friend and will continue to be. I'm a big fan of her work."

And after three exhibitions in two years at the Riflemaker gallery in London he has moved to the larger Haunch of Venison. "I needed a new challenge. I needed a new place to think about working in and a new set of people to work with." But is he talking about real people or figments of his fecund imagination? We may have to wait for the opening to find out. And even then there's no guarantee of being sure.