

at Camberwell Space
Dates: 5th Feb - 8th March

Provisional Information:

Cally Spooner

Disruption
Reworking
Contradiction
Material Change
Incompleteness
Restlessness

INSTABILITY
CHANGE
IN ~~TEXT~~

Constructing
+ deconstructing

Reconfiguring
the same parts
into a different
whole

↓
negotiating
+ Interpretation
↑

David Raymond Conroy

memory

Anna Barham

Tom Benson

Dexter Sibister

Allegoric Composition

Robert Ashley + Will Holder

Sara Mackillop

Past / Present / Future
(TIME)

Francesco Pedraglio

Transformation

disappearance

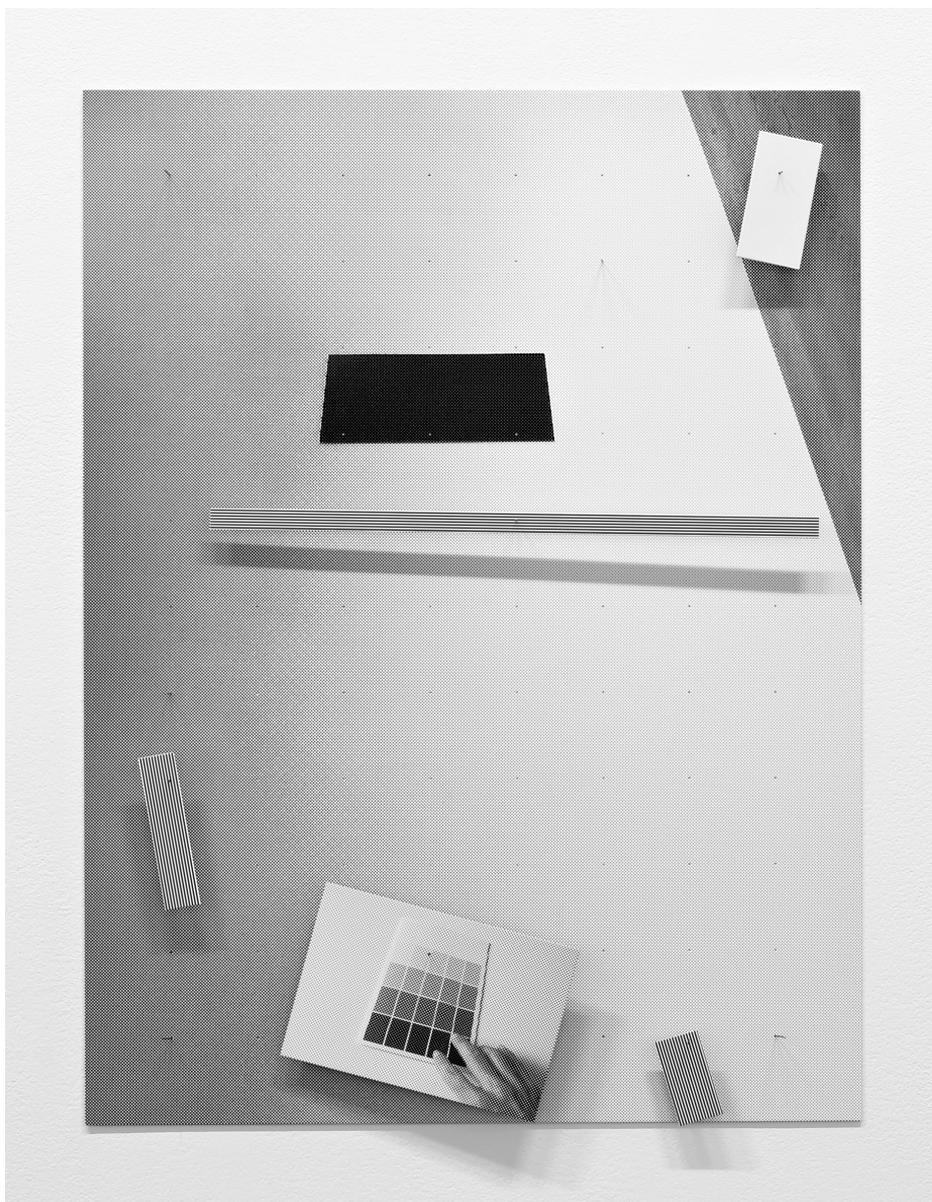
Betting Buck

Ian Law

+ publication with Camberwell Press

→ invite 3 writers to contribute → Gareth Bell-Jones
Gil Leung
Laura McLean-Ferris





Tom Benson, *Subject to Change (4)*, 2012,
synthetic paint, uv cured lithographic ink, loose pieces
of aluminium, steel pins, aluminium panel, 60 x 45 x 2 cm



Cally Spooner, *Another Nice Move*,
2012, C type print

WORDS OF CERTAIN UNCERTAINTY PULLED FROM A PRECARIOUS POSITION

I have just spent more than ten minutes trying to ease a book from the 'bookshelf' next to my desk. The book I was looking for was *Frances Stark, Collected Writing: 1993 – 2003*, and I looked for it five times, actually, before I finally located it. This is because my books are stacked in a precarious set of interlinked piles, around three metres high, in an alcove in my room, which seemed to present itself when I moved in almost a year ago, as a place in which bookshelves could exist. They don't, yet. Instead the books sit awkwardly and heavily, glowering at their lack of use, and threatening to topple when disturbed. Some books have their spines hidden from view making it difficult to locate anything, and some of the bigger books are balanced horizontally, so that they can act as 'shelves' for others to sit on. I worry about these books in particular, when I am sat at my desk, and staring at them as one might stare out of a window. The weight on some of these volumes is incredible, and I have physical memories of their weight from the many times I have moved house and dragged bags and boxes of books around, or felt that wincing guilt watching helpful friends do the same.

A bibliophile, a type of person that I seem to come across regularly (and I know because they are the ones who grimace as I pull books from my handbag, scuffed and covered in scribbles of biro) would be highly alarmed by what I have created here. Some books of which I am very fond are being visibly bent out of shape and warped by the pressure placed on them. *Formless: A User's Guide*, a book by Rosalind Krauss and Yves Alain Bois that I would normally refer to habitually, has not been opened in nearly a year, and it

appears to have bowed badly, due to my poor structuring of the stack. A beautiful James Welling book, it shames me to say, is getting the same treatment. And, unfortunately, when I do locate *Frances Stark*, I realise that this book is in one of these difficult, load-bearing positions, and it is going to take some physical labour to remove it.

The reason I was looking for *Frances Stark* is that her writings (as well as her artwork) perform a certain uncertainty and fragility – full of, as the longtime editor of her monthly column in *art/text*, Susan Kandel, put it to her: 'meandering, false starts, back tracking, second- and third-guessing, laments about what you don't know and can't do.' Stark continually refers to chance connections and thoughts when she is writing about other artists: picking up books in the houses of others, and reading significance into the scrawls she sees in them, reflecting on her purchase of a pillowcase in The Pottery Barn, or thinking about seeing an artist's mother working with 'a broom or a mop' ('When I saw Jorge's mom cleaning the broom I instantaneously longed for the pleasure that comes from being absorbed in a simple task. Like Wittgenstein said, philosophy doesn't build buildings, it just tidies up rooms'.) In the same way as it seems relevant to mention that this collection of writing was pulled out of a particular and specific, provisional structure, Stark's writing seems to emerge out of the specificities of her own life, and the lives of the artists around her – their exchanges, discussions and opinions on her sofa. And these sit happily alongside more obviously philosophical reflections on artwork, together with Stark's technique of 'writing through' the work of those in her personal canon, which includes Robert Musil, David Foster Wallace, Arthur Miller and Joan Didion among others.

And this kind of precarious balancing act appears, to me to chime, albeit in different notes, with works made by Cally Spooner, Ian Law and Tom Benson – artists who are included in *Provisional Information*. Stark pulls off double moves in her writing,

which often push in two directions at once, and hence her essays have a fragile sense of balance to them. It is a related set of double moves that I want to highlight in the work of the mentioned artists: how can one be tentative and wandering, yet continue to display deeper conviction and logic? How can one find an approach to art that allows several different types of thought or idea to hang together for a moment? A provisional logical map, or abstract thought collage might be a way of thinking of some works by Tom Benson, titled *Subject to Change*: paintings in which small loose pieces of aluminium in geometric, straight edged shapes are pinned to an aluminium panel, appearing to follow some kind of pattern. The pins, however, appear to suggest that whatever aesthetic or logical scheme is in operation might be adapted or recomposed in a different context. Ian Law's works, on the other hand, often perform their precarity as artworks by drawing attention to the particular context of time, place in which his works are made and shown, as well the movements of his own body and the interpersonal relationships that inform the production of a show. Law's sculptures are reconfigured when they are reshowed, meaning that they can perform both temporary site specificity and autonomy. In a recent set of photographs which were to be shown inside a gallerist's flat, Law took photographs from the perspective of someone looking at an object with someone else, made in his own living space, and placed them behind some window glass that had recently been removed from the gallerist's flat, collapsing the distance between the individuals into an object.

Finally, Cally Spooner's works, perform uncertainty by backtracking, pulling together multiple voices and characters and by emphasising conversation, as well as improvisation and revision. Spooner has created several performances in which the main 'performance' itself seems to fail to arrive, and is instead gestured at, criticised and frustrated. Underscoring this performed unsteadiness, however, are often core texts or ideas, foundations such as Hannah Arendt's *The Human Condition*, which the artist has used on several occasions as a kind of steady root from which alternative modes of performance, or of speaking or conversing publicly, can be tested.

These works, in their provisional nature, both directly perform the specifics of the moment in which they are made, but also, perhaps, perform something deeper about the long now in which we live. Is it surprising that the work of these artists should have emerged out of a period in which precarity and uncertainty has reached a kind of stasis, in financial, political and social lives? That such a situation should create work that is unsettled and restless, which can change its mind, always producing things that are 'just for now', 'just for the moment'? Permanent unsteadiness, longterm insecurity? A world of interim governments and temporary solutions? But, then again, perhaps these are only the thoughts of a person who has got used to keeping their books in an unruly, toppling stack in the corner of their room.

Laura McLean-Ferris

Laura McLean-Ferris is a freelance writer and curator based in London. She writes regularly for several publications including Art Monthly, Another Magazine, Frieze, Mousse and Art Agenda, and is a contributing editor for ArtReview magazine.

Yes, But Is It Edible?

2013

Publication
23 x 29 cm, 450 pages, b/w offset



Yes But Is It Edible? is a scored biography of American composer Robert Ashley for two or more voices. Edited by Will Holder and Alex Waterman.

Ashley's contemporary opera traces the metamorphosis of the English language in its migration across the vast American landscape into the imaginary landscape of the tv screen. Ashley draws a cosmology of American consciousness from storytelling, short phrases, ranting, chanting, profanity, and the particulars that make American speech a musical technology.

Working with the same four speakers/singers (Joan La Barbara, Sam Ashley, Tom Buckner, and Jacqueline Humbert) for thirty years (his biography is also theirs), a collective operatic form of storytelling has developed whose production is almost

entirely oral. Little exists on the page by way of a fully notated score, leaving the singers to fill in musical nuance and inflection through a process of 'character development' more off the page than on.

Alluding to chamber music, where each musician adjusts a score to his instrument and abilities, Holder and Waterman score conditions for a similar collective form of production – producing a book that can be sat around and read aloud together; or read privately as a book of poetry might.

Through rehearsal and public readings, Holder and Waterman – as the book's first readers – cybernetically read and write a typographical notation for two recent operas: *Dust* and *Celestial Excursions*. Additionally, conversations with the band members, Ashley, and his production team will be published, as well as reprints of other scores for speech including, *Yes, But Is It Edible?*, and *The Future of Music*.

Fourth in a series of publications produced with or by Holder and Waterman, a musicological perspective on scoring speech, and the role of printed matter in collective forms of reading and writing: *Agapē* (Miguel Abreu Gallery, 2007); *Between Thought and Sound* (The Kitchen, 2008); *The Tiger's Mind* (with Beatrice Gibson) (Sternberg Press, 2012); *Yes, But Is It Edible?* (New Documents, 2013).

IS A MILK BOTTLE, THEN, THE SYMBOL OF MILK ?¹

*White On White*². The act of superimposing same on same tends towards two things. Firstly, the intensification of the forms, which when placed directly on top of each other double in power, a sort of multiplication of the attributes of both versions manifested in one form. Secondly, the rendering unfamiliar or strange of both forms, like how bringing things that are apparently the same together draws out the differences between them. So the relation of white on white is either an intensification or a complication, dependent on whether there is a doubling or paralleling. This is contingent on whether you can see both forms at the same time or whether one conceals or concentrates the other. When Malevich made his painting *White on White* (1918) he understood the white square painted upon white square as an abandonment of objects, a doing away with colour and a leap into the liberation of non-objectivity. The freedom of white on white was, in this instance, premised upon the absence of any likeness to reality, a desert without things, a void full of feeling³. The white on white space was here both an intensification and a complication. As the image no longer depicted objects, only feeling remained in their absence. Robert Ashley's *Trios (White on White)* (1963) proposes the performance of three scored matrixes of numbers superimposed upon a single image plane. The instruction to the piece states that "The nature of these trios will be made clearer, if the performer can imagine them" printed in a combination of "white, heavily textured, matte ink," "white, glossy ink" and "embossed lightly". The complication encountered in all three matrixes superimposed and parallel to each other triangulates the points of reading. The clarity of the work's nature rests on the reader or performer's attempt to engage with both absence and excess within the image plane. White on white, in this sense, is non-objective but it

is also a discursive object. It is both process and instant, the score exists as an imaginative potentiality, to be performed, felt.

*Pajaro y Piedra*⁴. What is it that is lost in translation exactly; is it meaning, cadence, specific reference, emotional integrity? The inept gestures that accompany international linguistic interactions, always serve as a reminder of the parts of communication that function outside of vocabulary. Wordiness often falling into the literal rather than literary, at the limits rather than lateral indices of language. The phrase 'Pajaro y Piedra' translates as Bird and Stone. However, translation websites could decipher neither *Pajaro* nor *Piedra* individually, only managing to interpret them as Bird and Stone when they are located together as a phrase. Simple experiments with word repetition reveal the phenomenon of semantic satiation⁵ how words become abstract and meaningless without any contextual framework. For instance, in Edgar Allan Poe's *Berenice* (1835) the monomaniacal intensity of interest "to repeat, monotonously, some common word, until the sound, by dint of frequent repetition, ceased to convey any idea whatever to the mind"⁶. Some further investigation of 'Pajaro y Piedra' exposed the phrase "Matar dos pajaros con la misma piedra" in Mark Glazer's *A Dictionary of Mexican American Proverbs* from 1987 which translates as "To kill two birds with one shot." The context given to the statement is as follows: "Context: Pedro was a young man who wanted a big spread of cattle. His only problem was that he didn't have land or cattle. Thus, he did what most people hate to do, that was, to get a loan from the bank. After he got his loan, Pedro was able to solve his problems concerning his land and his cattle, thus, getting two tasks done in one. Pedro related this story to me during a social gathering in September, 1975. I was interested in the time in borrowing money from the bank, but I was reluctant to do so. (Two occurrences. Informants: one female, one male.)"⁷ So here is a context for the phrase but without this or some form of narrative the conjoined words Bird and

Stone become arbitrary. At the same time, spoken in isolation, the words Pajaro and Piedra sound similar, an appropriation of sounds that conflates the living and the lumpen; a place where stones fly and birds are built from sediment. Perhaps the short of it is that two or more things can be meant by one and one thing can become another.

*Two Girls Looking*⁸. Primarily the notion that two subjects are looking raises the question: what they are looking at? Are they looking at you, someone or something else. Firstly, let's say they are looking at you. Well then, the fact is that for you to have recognised this quality you must be looking at them too. So we have two girls looking at you and you looking back. The feeling of being scrutinised by two girls isn't very alluring is it though? I feel uncomfortable already. So let's return to just the idea of looking, not what they are looking at but the act of looking in itself. These are two girls looking and so there is a specificity here, presumably theirs is a female gaze and a young gaze, a girlish gaze. What is odd about the politics of the gaze is that whereas the male gaze is chastised for its objectifying position, counter discourses on the female gaze seems to be equally objectifying. It seems that both male and female gazes look upon objects rather than recognize subjects. For Lacan the subject can indeed only conceive of him or herself through something other than or outside of self. The problem or bind involved in

this scenario is that "when the subject appears somewhere as meaning, he is manifested elsewhere as 'fading', as disappearance⁹. In this sense, self-preservation might deny the appearance of others as subjects. The two girls looking are certainly the subject matter, but formally the two girls are objects, slumped, foam objects. Interpellation then, in this skewed sense, would occur at the point at which we each respond to the gaze of these objects as objects ourselves. What would their looking consist of though? Perhaps it would be to gaze upon you as a subject. Possibly not, more likely the focus of their gaze alights on the object's object of desire, which, like all desirous projections, seem to end up as just an endless and self-effacing projection of self. But objects are marvellous shape shifters, beauteous crumpled things, shiny curved surfaces, capable of possessing you of all the things you would most want without you even knowing what they are. They are things-in-themselves and you, object-like in their gaze, at that one juncture, appear as self-same and then no longer.

Gil Leung

Gil Leung is a writer, artist and curator based in London. She is Distribution Manager at LUX and editor of Versuch journal. She writes for Afterall, Art Agenda, Spike and other independent publications.

1 Kasimir Malevich, *The Non-Objective World: The Manifesto of Suprematism*, Courier Dover Publications, 2003, p.74

2 Robert Ashley & Will Holder, *Trio I (White on White)*, 2007, from Robert Ashley, *Trios (White on White)*, 1963, open instrumentation.

3 Kasimir Malevich, *The Non-Objective World: The Manifesto of Suprematism*, Courier Dover Publications, 2003, p.66-102.

4 Francesco Pedraglio, *pajaro y piedra*, 2012.

5 Leon Jakobovits James, "<http://www.soc.hawaii.edu/leonj/499s2000/banaag/semantic-satiation.doc>" "Effects of repeated stimulation on cognitive aspects of behavior some experiments on the phenomenon of semantic satiation", McGill University, Montreal, Canada 1962.

6 Edgar Allan Poe, 'Berenice', *Southern Literary Messenger*, March 1835, 1:333-336. Sourced from <http://www.eapoe.org/works/tales/bernicea.htm>

7 Mark Glazer, *A Dictionary of Mexican American Proverbs*, Greenwood Publishing Group, 1987, p.225.

8 Bettina Buck, *two girls looking*, 2009, foam, 103 x 50 x 105 cm.

9 Jacques Lacan, 'The Subject and The Other: Alienation', 'Aphanisis', *The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis*, trans. Alan Sheridan, W. W. Norton & Company, London and New York, 1977, p. 218.

The script that produces LETTER & SPIRIT in the show *Provisional Information* flows directly from “A Note on the Type” by Dexter Sinister, first published in *The Curse of Bigness*, Queens Museum of Art (2010), then as wall vinyl that comprised an exhibition called *The Plastic Arts*, Gallery 400 at University of Illinois, Chicago (2010), subsequently as a text in *Dot Dot Dot 20* (2010), in vinyl for the exhibitions “A Note on the Signs” at *Artissima*, Torino, Italy (2010), and “A Note on the T” at *Graphic Design Worlds*, Milan, Italy (2011), as a text in *Bulletins of the Serving Library* #1 (2011), *Afterall* (2011), and in the forthcoming *Graphic Design (History in the Making)*, Occasional Papers (2013), by way of “A Note on the Time,” first published also in *Bulletins of the Serving Library* #1 (2011), then in *Art Journal* (2011), as a pamphlet in English and Italian on the occasion of *Alighiero e Boetti Day*, Turin (2011), as part of the PDF publication released alongside the exhibition *Counter-Production*, Generali Foundation, Vienna, Austria (2012), then transfigured into the “instructions” for Watch Wyoscan 0.5 Hz, a reverse-engineered Casio digital watch produced by Halmos with additional support from Objectif Editions and Yale Union (2012), and ultimately into “Letter & Spirit,” first published in *Bulletins of The Serving Library* #3 (2012), then variously distilled and animated into a form first used for “Trailer for the Exhibition Catalog” in the show *Ecstatic Alphabets/Heaps of Language*, Museum of Modern Art, New York (2012), then at the Festival de l’Affiche Chaumont (2012), Tramway, Glasgow (2012), CCA Glasgow (3rd Eye Foundation) (2012), Charlottenborg, Copenhagen (2012), and Kadist Foundation, San Francisco (2013).

DS, 11 January 2013



Sara MacKillop

PROVISIONAL INFORMATION

Organised by Philomene Pirecki
Camberwell Space
[ADD EXHIBITION DATES AND TIMES]

Philomene 21/1/13 15:00

Comment: 5th February – 8th March 2013

Lowering herself to sit after stumbling from the pub's bathroom, she snorted, knocked a couple half finished pints from the table and ran back to breakdown once more. The glimpse we had received as she had attempted to raise her face to us was one of swollen countenance. Trembling eyebrows and mascara pouring from bloodshot eyes. It hadn't gone too well and whilst lounging in the near empty Hermit's Cave we discussed how it could be that there had been such a poor turnout for the opening. She'd put together a good list of artists, most of whom were London based, and the concept for the show was strong. But aside from the absence of any public to speak of, few of the artists had even bothered to turn up; not even a text message of apology. True, publicity had been murky. The press release consisting purely of *lorum ipsum* had surely been misconstrued as ill preparation or gaff rather than conceptual play. The times and dates were vague too: "Once the show is installed we will host a drinks reception." Not a surprise really in retrospect, concept impinging on protocol. At least she had been thorough.

Truth was Camberwell Space had poured a lot of time and resources into *Provisional Information* their latest artist curated exhibition following the success of Florian Roithmayr's *I Don't Feel Like it*. Philomene Pirecki the artist, organiser of the exhibition, and latterly bleary drunken wreck, had constructed an exhibition reflecting on the notion of provisionality; on what this can offer the artist and the audience as a space to manoeuvre. For this she was provided a generous four month installation period and comparable budget.

Philomene 21/1/13 15:05

Comment: It's actually a fairly modest budget and a 5 day install, max.

Striking is the manner in which Pirecki has decided to utilise these resources. There are very few actual artworks to see in this cavernous space. There is very little to look at. Camberwell Space holds a reputation for large-budget, monolithic installations,

Philomene 21/1/13 15:06

Comment: Really?

but on this occasion the exhibition hall is almost empty. Only three or four works fight for your attention in this overbearing space. Look closely however and you can discern that something is amiss. The space is not pristine as usual. There is a faint aroma of stale cigar smoke; the walls seem to have yellowed. The floor has a weak clinginess to the sole of the shoe and on examination displays an encrusted build up of dirt – not filthy, yet not displaying the usual impeccable attention to detail. At intervals this accumulated grime and staining comes to an abrupt halt. Both the floor and walls display moments of immaculate white wall and poured concrete. Crisp lines delineate the squares and rectangles where plinths once stood and framed works hung. The exhibition has been installed for months and abandoned to decay. At the last minute, the artwork was removed.

Philomene 21/1/13 15:23

Comment: Are you alluding to Sara MacKillop's work here?

Four months of brilliant sunshine and tar have discoloured the surrounding walls, and the prints of vermin, the floor. Pirecki's penchant for Dunhill Cabinettas hangs in the air.

Of the few pieces selected to remain in the space, I find myself walking towards a projection of scrolling words; sans serif, black on white. For *Argent Minotaur Slept* Anna Barham has constructed an allegorical tale on the dangers of optimism and false memory.

Philomene 21/1/13 15:24

Comment: That's quite a claim... it's more a series of anagrams that continually build and fall apart. And they're made using the individual letters from the phrase 'return to Leptis Magna', an ancient archeological ruin.

Using the scant historical evidence which remains from the destroyed ancient civilisation of Knossos, Barham slowly pieces together a narrative. From unpromising beginnings we watch as word by word a rich saga of plausible nonsense is constructed. The result is a wonderful amalgamation of the historical embellishment of legend in the medium of structural film.

Philomene 21/1/13 15:25

Comment: What?! And it's HD video btw...

Whilst traversing the distances between the sporadic works in the hall a tinnitus like ringing is constant. Despite the dearth of possible sources it took some time to discover which work this incessant shrill noise applied to. Dexter Sinister's *Letter & Spirit* aurally dominates the space and yet the projection is humble, approximately two feet wide. Instructions for installation were posted from New York by Dexter Sinister, the working name of designers, publishers and writers Stuart Bailey and David Reinfurt. Enclosed with the video of white light and soundtrack of pitch-shifted white noise is a handwritten note with invoice and return address.

Philomene 21/1/13 15:25

Comment: Ok, what are you writing about here?? There's no sound – unless you're describing an electrical noise from the equipment – and its a video using their 'meta-the-difference-between-the-two-font' to write about its evolution as a project, it's historical context (e.g. based on Donald Knuth's MetaFont), and its continual mutation as they present and use it in new situations.

Their intention is that the installation of the work should derive from interpretation of their handwriting.

Philomene 21/1/13 15:26

Comment: No i don't think so, see above. Did you look at any of the artwork prior to writing this??

Each manifestation receives a different treatment and here it is very loud.

Following this theme, David Raymond Conroy's work, *Hoarding*,

Philomene 21/1/13 15:26

Comment: Should be *Hauling*

was left for the gallery's technicians to install without instruction. Viewing the lackadaisical, careless installation I was suddenly struck by a chance encounter with the artist one night whilst we were both on our way home from separate parties. I had bumped into Conroy whilst he was going through a pile of bin bags. He was holding a crate of non-alcoholic beer he'd found (bought in error and discarded?) and looking delighted. He explained how it was perfect for a work he was planning. We chatted, I walked on and forgot all about the encounter. Here it is. There's a monitor playing a found documentary on internet shopping

Philomene 21/1/13 15:15

Comment: Are you sure about this?

sat on top of the crate with a pair of jeans discarded over the pile. A few beers have been removed by the techs but are left abandoned alongside – unopened once its nature had been discerned. Later, at the Hermit's, I was chatting to a friend. She suppressed laughter as she explained how she was on the top deck of the 488 a couple months back and had seen me out the window. I was walking by the roadside and whilst she was trying to get my attention, I had stopped, called over to a tramp in an alley and begin going through the bins with him.

They started clearing all the glasses away and turning chairs on tables. Here I was, once more, with David Raymond Conroy at the end of the night. We stayed back waiting for Pirecki to emerge but it was past half eleven and we were the last ones left. The taps were unscrewed, doors were locked and the drip trays empty. The young man behind the bar stared at us.

Gareth Bell-Jones

Gareth Bell-Jones is a curator and writer based in London and Cambridge. He currently works as Artists and Programmes Curator for Wysing Arts Centre.

A publication to accompany the exhibition
Provisional Information at Camberwell Space.

Three writers were asked to contribute a text addressing provisionality and to consider ideas around material change, reworking, and restlessness, and what such notions might mean for an artist, their work, and a viewer. Each writer had three or four artists to refer to in their text, for the most part without having seen any of the work. As such the texts draw upon anecdotes, fabrications, misunderstandings and imaginings, along with the question of how to approach such propositions in a piece of writing.

Each artist has contributed an image that refers to their work in some way, be it research material, contextual information, an image of a work in production, or another version of the work.

Provisional Information
Organised by Occasionals / Philomene Pirecki

Philomene Pirecki is an artist based in London. She also runs Occasionals, a peripatetic project where artists, writers and curators can make their work public, usually for one day.

occasionals.co.uk
provisionalinformation.com

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Robert Ashley is a contemporary American composer, based in the USA.
robertashley.org

Anna Barham is an artist based in London.
annabarham.net
arcadefinearts.com

Tom Benson is an artist based in London.
tombenson.net

Bettina Buck is an artist based in London and Berlin.
galerieopdahl.de
rokebygalleries.com

Will Holder is a typographer, writer and editor, based in London.

Ian Law is an artist based in London.

Sara MacKillop is an artist based in London.
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Francesco Pedraglio lives and works in London. He is an artist, writer and co-founder of the art-space FormContent.
acertainrealism.com
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David Raymond Conroy is an artist based in London.
seventeengallery.com
davidraymondconroy.co.uk

Dexter Sinister is the compound working name of Stuart Bailey (UK) and David Reinfurt (USA). They are graphic designers, writers and publishers based in the USA.
servinglibrary.org
dextersinister.org

Cally Spooner is an artist based in London.
motinternational.com
callyspooner.com

