For at least one year we have had occasional discussions about this exhibition. It seemed as though the most sensible way to force us into making work was to define rules that govern how we go about it. These rules probably are existing in our work but by defining them I think we were able to come up with some form of concrete suggestion. This is nonsense. That is okay. We have thought about it all for a long time and we knew when we started writing this and in fact before we even decided to have an exhibition that all we have to say is nonsense, or I knew that, or I like to think that I have always known it. We will let synchromysticism, plate of shrimp, errors, take over because we think that we should. And what I am trying to say is that almost everything is intended. And what I am trying to say is here is some writing that we quickly wrote and compiled a few hours before the exhibition with the intention of jaggedly over-explaining the efforts that we have gone to. Sorry.

My second first painting – a sad painting (the deaths of George Barnes, Timothy Bartrum, and Graham Morris at Great Hockham, Norfolk.)

Ben asked me to do 'a sad painting on canvas' and at first he and Lee talked about Jan van de Boer or whatshisname (*Bas Jan Ader*) who made the film of hisself crying and I felt as though it would not suit me because I had not heard of him. And so to make some work about him seems silly.

And several years ago I remembered hearing on the radio about two or three men who had died after falling into sewage. One man fell in somehow and two of his co-workers went in after him. It at first seemed to be a typical news item but the reporter correctly observed that the two men who followed him in must have known their fate. They knew that by getting into the tank they would likely lose their own lives but it was necessary in them for them to go to the assistance of their work-mate (*they may have even discussed all this, heatedly*). And I remember this as something that made me very upset. I think that perhaps this is for two reasons. Firstly, the world, day-to-day, as it is now, un-cooperative, atomised, competitive, in short, the world under capitalism (*a system which is inappropriate to a modern industrial society*), makes difficult these decisions, and it is, to my belief that human nature, beyond capitalism, outside of capitalism, would make a person accept their own death as a certain consequence of their desperate want for another human being to have life. And secondly, I cannot be certain that I would choose what they chose and I am ashamed to think that I would not automatically act to save the life of another even if I knew that I could not succeed and that I would die, and that such an act, in me, would be prompted by the deed of another's example rather than a genuine, innate feeling in me that says my life is worth no more or less than that of another person shoveling cow (*chicken*) manure out of a container in a field in the middle of nowhere for what reason I have no clue. And that I am so deeply entrenched in a system that I so despise makes me very sad. And it seemed sensible to do a painting of that scene, from a photograph of their place of death, from the BBC web site.
During my research I found something to do with the coroner's report and there was some suggestion that the men should not have gone in after their work-mate and it suggested to other workers that they should not risk their own lives to save another's and it seems as though that is the rule but it runs totally against what a human being would actually do in a situation where a fellow human being is under threat.

Someone in our house found a chair and one day I sat on it and the bottom fell off. It was a piece of hardboard with a hole in one corner and it looked rather like a palette. I had been thinking about using the hardboard backs of old frames as surfaces to put text on and so the bottom of the chair was immediately useful looking. On one side of it it says Beautility.

I do not want what it says above to seem insensitive or worthy. I wrote it and I think I meant what I said.

We had talked about not wanting to hang anything on the walls and not use plinths. That the Beautility board had a hole in one corner made it seem sensible to hang it from that hole. In the gallery office we have a pole poking out of the wall, I tried to do a pull-up on it once but suddenly became worried that it might not stay in its hole and so I let go halfway through the pull. Also, there is another pole poking out of the wall somewhere else in the building, which I knew was loose. So I made a hole in the wall of the gallery and put the loose pole in that hole. I used a piece of bark to wedge it in and hung the painting from the pole. I left the dust and rubble from the excavation on the floor of the gallery so that it would be obvious that I had made the hole, though I had tried to make the pole seem an existing feature of the space – at one point, in conversation with Carla, she said that she thought it had always been there.

I asked Reuben and Ben for advice about doing the painting. I cannot remember what Ben said. The most useful piece of advice that Reuben gave me was to paint from the background to the foreground. I borrowed the brushes from Ben and I used some paint that used to be mine, which I had sold to Anna and Carla for their t-shirt printing workshop last summer. I used the plastic container from the audio/video wires that Kaavous bought for his Views From Afar show as a palette. It is in the bin now.

Tetris Bass

Lee asked me to make a video or something to do with an idea that he had had to do with the computer game Tetris. He had decided that the alley, which the blocks fall down, could be regarded as the fret board on a bass guitar and so therefore one could play a song to the blocks as they fall down the screen. The different shaped blocks correspond to different positions on the fret board, which can be plucked or played as a chord. As they fall you follow them down the strings, increasing the pitch of the notes. In a sense, my task was to follow the idea through in its preliminary stages. We talked about writing music for the game using the blocks as a code and asking someone to play that music but for the final video we ended up doing it all in a hurry last week. I filmed the Gameboy with Lee's video camera and Ben played bass to the blocks, though not in real time. The video is one instance of the game. I assume that each time you begin the game a completely new and random order of blocks is configured by the computer.
With enough practice, one could play along to the game on the bass guitar as someone else plays the game itself, creating a new, slightly more annoying soundtrack.

I made a stand for the Gameboy so that visitors to the exhibition could play Tetris. The wood for the stand came from a crate that I found in the rubbish next door. I think the crate had formerly housed a sculpture

by Anya Gallaccio. When I had finished making the stand I realised that it looked as though it had come out of a snowboarding or surfing shop, where Nintendo might have installed Gameboys for shoppers to play on while they bought snowboarding or surfing clothes and equipment. So I decided not to use it. Instead, it became a leg of one of the tetrapods (*tetrahedron*). And I have put the Gameboy in it for the exhibition. Also I had thought about painting one side of it a fluorescent pink because I saw a snowboard once that had its underside painted fluorescent pink and it looked like a hoverboard.

The video makes up part of a band that will be performing during the exhibition: Tetris Bass on bass, BlackThunderVan on drums, and Martin on vocals. Ben and Lee and I are in a band named White Tantrum. Most of the time I think that we are completely shit but sometimes, when I am listening to some recordings of a practice, I think that we are good. I suppose that Lee ought to be the one writing about what the video is about, not me.

Part of the work is a bass guitar and an amplifier so that people can play along to the video. Also the sound of it goes through a series of effects which are housed on another tetrapod (*tetrahedron*).

Lee says that this work is about not using music as a basis for music and instead using patterns and shapes. I have thought for a long time that music has to change totally from what it is now during the next fifty years. For instance in the future music might not be something that a person listens to or hears but sees or feels or not even one of those, complete non-sensory. Perhaps, at a stretch, this video has something to do with that. I mean, if you remove the sound and look at it and decide what it ought to sound like and imagine how that might make you feel then.

Greg Egan talks about future music in one of his books but it is fairly tame compared to my idea. Sorry, there is no need to say any of this but I suppose that part of writing this is that we should not necessarily delete things that we have written in case they have some unbeknownst relevance to the work.

This pamphlet is in some ways the precursor to a much larger project to do with the distribution of information. It stems from something very important to me, a quote from some US anarchist group named CrimethInc:

> "Forget about persuading people to your opinion - encourage them
>   to develop the power to form their own."

It has helped me to realise that most of what I do is entirely pointless and I that I should spend my time distributing the more important work of others who are out in the world trying to find out what is happening to people. Thankfully there is room for me to do that with my work though I am not certain what form that ought to take.

I spent not enough time thinking about what the article should be about. Last year some time I read an article on Greg Palast's web site about the shamed New York governor Elliot Spitzer who was forced to resign over prostitute sex things. I had read about the scandal in the Guardian newspaper and possibly the Metro freeshit (free-sheet). But they had not mentioned anything about Elliot's involvement in attempts to force US banks to front the money that they had ripped off of thousands of poor new home-owners rather than foreclosing on them and ruining their lives.

I think I realised at that point, succinctly, that there was little point trying to get useful information from the mainstream media, point. I wanted the pamphlet to be printed on one sheet of A4 paper. I had. The shelf is terrible.

After we had agreed on the structure of the system by which we would tell each other what to do (*Adam tells Lee to do something Lee wouldn't normally do, and Ben to do something he* (Adam) *was going to do, Adam with Lee tells Ben to do something he* (Ben) *would have done, and Adam with Ben tell Lee something he* (Lee) *would have done. Ben tells Adam to do something Adam wouldn't normally do, and Lee to do something he* (Ben) *was going to do, Ben with Lee tells Adam to do something he* (Adam) *would have done, and Ben with Adam tell Lee something he* (Lee) *would have done. And Lee tells Ben to do something Ben wouldn't normally do, and Adam to do something he* (Lee) *was going to do, Lee with Adam tells Ben to do something he* (Ben) *would have done, and Lee with Ben tell Adam something he* (Adam) *would have done.*)the project *E-curatorial E-eperiment* ("*experimentation is whack – I am currently experimenting with new medium of computers*") took about ten months of talking and telling, and the last three or four weeks to make. In that time, various ideas about how to show the work were discussed. Quite early on, Adam was doing some work in the empty gallery space making floor boards for his studio. There was a lot of wood around, and he'd made a Gameboy shaped extrusion in man sized piece of red ply. We talked about the three of us constructing something awful from scrap wood, maybe something like the *snowball* of people, buildings, cars, trees, whales etc you make in *Katamari Damarcy.* Time came and went and we thunk on it. My studio floor gets a bit wet and I sometimes have electrical equipment in there. A light night attempt to raise the electrical equipment from the floor using scrap wood and a painting resulted in the rough tetrahedroid *anti plinths* used to mount and mix the sound and video work.
I suggest you don't read what's bellow if you find the work at all interesting. It is mainly useless anecdotal stuff, as I don't have the time or brians to write anything conceptually coherent.

Breathless Crystal Ulset

Adam asked me to read a book out loud, and record it. I can't remember what it was called, or whom wrote it... Eugene something? (*Antonio Negri*)He is mentioned in Timequake, by Kurt Vonnegut (*ting a ling*). The book is about political philosophy and contains lots of words I would not understand. The idea was that there would be two recordings, the first would be me reading the book without doing any further research, the second would be a reading after I had looked into the terminology and had a grasp of what the guy was getting at. As stated on the Free On One system diagram (*figure 1, not really*), this task was to be a work that Adam intended to do himself, and as it's not what I've done, he still can.

I had not been given the title of the book, and as the show drew closer, I felt that it would not be practical for me to complete the task as stated. Instead I decided to use the text to speech application on my phone to read something else. My phone's voice (*Martin*) had already provided my housemates and I with minutes of fun reading out ludicrous and obscene text messages we'd sent each other, and I thought it was time to give him something longer to swallow. Besides, one's own voice is always cringingly unfamiliar (*unheimlich manouvre*) and I thought Martin's inhuman intonation would complement the general air of E-noise that the colloborative E-scape (*project*) echoed.

The choice of text presented itself readily as I was trawling the net for TEFL resources at the time (*Monday*). I ditched that at the last minute though in favour of a strange email I received last November from Red Driving School. When I viewed the spam message on my computer it was just a series of poster like images advertising the driving school--I guess they got my email address when I feigned enough interest in becoming a driving instructor to order a free DVD from them for, for plausable signing on purposes--when viewed on my phone though it showed up as a massive block of seemingly random text. The nature of the text is best explained with a short extract:

"Krushchev Youth donations 1003 Launching adventure renown kj ears arrived exploded drinking christopher coordinator capture manage   What substitute srks Basic particularly troops indianmuslims RJ morden happy Volvo Appeal 070 powerhouse Clint helden width pellet netallen transplants gbp12 gov aubert digged Otherwise"

This crap continued for about eight sides of A4 (I know this because I typed the whole thing up as Martin refused to read the original email) and started repeating after about the fifth page. I still don't understand the purpose of this email. But in keeping with the synchromystic ("*my current belief system*") aspect of the project, it is vaguely interesting that the word 'tetrapod' (*tetrahedron*(tetrachodrene)) is used, and that the day after I finished typing up the email and had Martin record himself on Audacity, it was announced on the wireless that Red Driving School had gone into administration. I guess if you generate enough random shit you're bound to notice something significant. Now go!

A couple of years ago -- when Lee, Adam and myself were messing around in a band type scenario -- I experimented with what I pretentiously referred to (*in imagined interviews*) as a cyber-subconscious-cut-up-technique to write (*generate*) lyrics. What I did was make various chat bots (*software designed to mimic human conversation to the extent that it can pass the Turing test*) converse with each other to find novel subjects and faltering syntax. Most of them were old, crap and quite funny, and the weird tangents and circular non-conversations that resulted were amusing but ultimately useless (*I did however manage to pad out my dissertation by about a thousand words, that was before though*). Along with the Adam and Lee's random sound pieces, this is kind of our first gig, no, don't cry. Or laugh!

Portrait of Greg Egan from an image I found on the internet (*of Gaspar Llamazares*)

Lee had to ask me to do something I wouldn't normally do ("*it's sort of like a rule*"). I think he wanted me to do a figurative painting or a sculpture, thankfully he wasn't very specific, and besides I forgot my Google docs password so I can't check. With the broadness of the brief in mind I drew a blank as to what to do for quite a while...

Until. I was looking on the Australian Sci fi writer Greg Egan's website trying to find the release date of his next novel when I noticed a link that took me to a page that stated in four languages that there are no pictures of Greg Egan on the internet. I found this a little strange, but thought fair enough; Greg knows best. It then occurred to me that painting a portrait of the author could be an interesting challenge for what was then known as Project Pfreon. After all, it was Lee who had introduced me to Egan's books when we were studying, and it was Lee who probably asked me to do a portrait for what was then known as Free On Kawara. Was I to imagine what Egan looks like, to try to find out, or would I simply Google Greg Egan and use some other mug's mug?

In the morning the internet furnished me with an answer. Lee had posted a link to a news story on his Facezone page. The FBI had fucked up, in a hasty and botched attempt to update their picture of what Osama Bin Laden might look like they had used an image of Spanish politician Gaspar Llamazares to fill in the bits they couldn't be bothered to do on Photoshop. I decided to follow the FBI's lead, but go all out and claim that Llamazares is Egan and Egan is Llamazares. I thought that this would be kind of analogous with the hazy authorship of the show and fit with the recurrent theme of technological blurring of individual identities in Egan's work. Read Axiomatic, a collection of his earlier short stories, then everything else he's written. Please. You can get to the page about the lack of images by pointing your Swiss army phone to the canvas on the left and using a 2D barcode reader. As for Llamazares I know that he's leader of a prominent left wing political party in Spain (or was?) and that he used to be the leader of the Spanish Communist party (*claims have been made that this was an attempt by the FBI to E-smear him by association*). All I know is what I read about him on Wikipedia. The article included something about him being the first politician to use Second Life as means of campaigning (*Jah knows how/why*). This is a nice bit of synchronicity too considering some of Egan's later novels are occupied entirely by software citizens.

I was going to try to paint Llamazares on a painting I found from the picture the FBI used, but my reluctance to paint on canvas forced me away. Instead I used self-adhesive red dots similar to the ones used to denote a sold painting. I thought the dots would refer obliquely to slick polyunsaturated colour. While being made out of exhibition ephemera.

Three Quick Response Codes

Adam and Lee had to tell me to do something that somehow worked with, or built on work I already make. They said "Do a QR code". Sometimes I paint the text for the invite of a show on the wall of the gallery it is at, photograph it and have that printed as the invite. So, once I'd found out what a QR code is (*Lee sent me a photo and a link to an explanation on the same day I'd been to the Science Museum and photographed a coded XRT grid, which unbeknown to me looks a lot like a QR code "ting a ling"*) I decided to make a link to the current exhibitions page on the Vulpes Vulpes website. Zealously following the rule of three and wanting to stick with the *painting-as-pointless-toil* strand of my practice I decided to make three QR codes. The big one in the corner links to the VV website, the flat one on the wall links to the Black Thunder Van myspace page (*see Lee's write up… Hear the random beats he E-generated coming from the small guitar amp*). I explained what the other one is in the bit about the other thing.

I like this as the barcode format ties some of my confusion in where the end point was in my old wall paintings. As the work is read by the viewer's i-phone or whatever and not by them it simplifies criteria for success of the painting. It no longer matters if the painted text doesn't *flatten out* across the angles

of the surface it's painted on to the naked eye, or when photographed. As long as the phone camera lens barrels the image so the QR code reading application recognizes it as square, then it is square.

We had been planning an exhibition for a while and Free On was the accumulation of these ideas. One of the things that link us is an idea of serendipity, and possibly laziness. Although mostly serendipity and hard work. Although we look quite different myself and Ben seem to have been confused with each other in the past so the notion of producing co-authored work is not anything new and was a fairly easy thing to get on with. I'm not sure what the tetrahedrons/pods are about. Seems like an in-joke.
We did have rules and a diagram to denote what people would do. This kind of worked out for the short period that we followed it but the process and eventual work that resulted from this has taken on its own form. I think this might be what the tetrapod/hedrons are all about; the continuation of an idea via a synchromystic process.

48hrs

The initial idea for this was to re cut 48hrs so it only featured Nick Nolte's character Jack Cates. If you sat and watched the film without blinking, Jack would never leave the screen. I didn't want to change the narrative or try and remake the film. I wanted the end result to be non destructive to the scenes, just a purely mechanical process of removing whole frames that did not feature Jack. However because the whole point of the film "48hrs" was Jack getting Reggie out of prison for 48 hours, Reggie is with Jack for most of the film. This meant that Reggie was in Jack's frames too, although not all as sometimes Jack's body would obscure Reggie thus removing him from Jack's version of the film. So within the two versions of events (*Jack's and Reggie's time line*) there is a third timeline where both versions line up. Although the true third version of events is the version that features none of the characters. Within this third timeline there is a void with which the other characters interact with, this seems to resemble the conventions of a horror film where the presence of an entity or character is hinted at but never seen. The quick cuts also lend itself to this idea, the camera seems to avoid Jack and Reggie. A feeling of tension is produced via this. Although within the "Neither" film there are long stretches where the other characters get on with their version of the story.

The film I used was a rented widescreen version of the film on DVD. It appeared to be a DVD transfer, and not of the greatest quality. Once I had extracted the footage (I did this about 2yrs prior to the exhibition) I borrowed my friends Macbook Pro (one of the first generation Intel models, it looks aluminium and is fairly big for a laptop. It runs quite hot so I downloaded some fancontrol software. However this didn't seem Macbook Pro on to raise it off the desk I have, which is just a "Dave" laptop shelf that is a bit like a kidney attached to a tripod. You can get them from IKEA. I think they are called Dave. The grill tray seemed the right size for it to fit snugly either side of the Macbook Pro with enough room for me to attach the powercable and headphones.) and loaded up the ripped DVD files and imported them into Final Cut Express. Final Cut Express did not seem to import the sound though so I had to use ffmpegX to convert the files into .DV, with 2 channel stereo sound and then import them. Once in Final Cut Express I set about progressing through the film frame by frame making four "piles" of cut footage. One for Jack, one for Reggie, one for Both and one for Neither. Once the film had been sufficiently cut I had to join together the Jack and Reggie footage with the footage for both. I then exported the three finalised films and converted them to mpeg2 and encapsulated them in an .img file to burn to DVD. I did this with ffmpegX.

The Jack and Reggie films echo each other although with slight differences in cuts due to which character leaves or enters a scene first. The third film fills in the gaps.

BLACK THUNDER VAN

Adding as many social networks as possible to facilitate the over posting of Black Thunder Van's writings, not sure whether it is my place to add updates as I feel BLACK THUNDER VAN (*Ben*) has the best writing style to do it justice. My ideas on "over posting" or what I take from the idea of overdoing comes from bad web pages and Bens initial posts and extreme feedback music. I thought it best to carry on this over posting. The use of caps lock and referring to myself as Black Thunder Van. The music, an over amplified mostly mechanically produced from feedback and electrical hum, forms the basis of the point of the Myspace page. So I also setup a feedback loop of blog/status updates by using and feeding back the RSS feeds of the various social networking sites/methods. I then created a new drumtrackk by randomly generating a drumbeat using an online beat generator. This forms the "drums" for the "band".

Blackout room

"all the equipment but nothing worth playing on it"
"all the equipment but nothing to play on it."
"some of the equipment but nothing worth playing on it"

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