Slowly Downward TAGLIBRO.

ISSUE SEVEN. LIBERA. OCCASIONAL.

'Pointless Platitudes' Not Finished Yet.

A couple of iſſues back I seem to remember advertiſing a forthcoming series of new screenprints. Well, between working on the new show (see right), attempting to once more diſtil the latest complex sonic experiments of Radiohead into viſual material, (see various internet rumours) becoming the CEO of my very own record company, (see the previous *Taglibro*) doing a show in Rotterdam (see previous *Taglibro* as well) and trying deſperately to remain at leaſt partly human, (see the continuing fury of my girlfriend) I haven't finiſhed them yet.

But I have done two of them, which are called *Nothing Will Ever Get Better* and *Fuck It*. Printed in gorgeous gold, relevent red and gouching green, they will shortly be available excluſively from www.picturesonwalls.com, an extremely sarcaſtic webſite which alſo sells loads of other groovy shit.

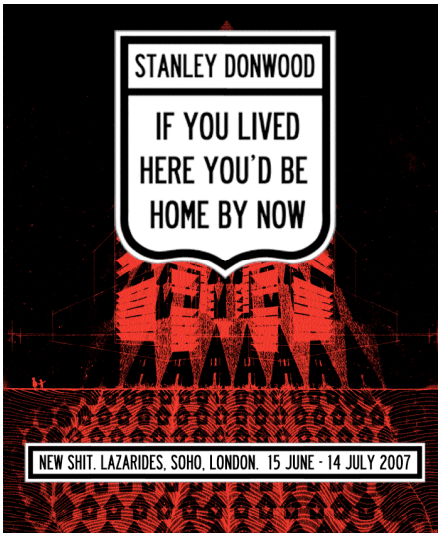
I don't know when they'll be up for sale, and I don't know how much they'll be, and I've got no fucking idea when I'll do the other three in the series.

When I do, they'll be called *There Is No Hope*, *You're All Going To Die* and *It'll Never Work*. You see? A series of five screenprints. They are looſely inſpired by that incredibly annoying screed known popularly as the Deſiderata, which starts like this;

"Go placidly amid the noiſe and haſte, and remember what peace there may be in silence.
As far as poſſible without surrender be on good terms with all perſons.
Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and liſten to others, even the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story..."

and goes on for ages, ending with the exhortation that we should strive to be happy. *Strive to be happy?* That's like saying that it's beſt not to get run over by a car. Completely inane. Shit like that drives me crazy. So I thought I'd make my own Platitudes, in gold writing, with roſes climbing all around the letters.

Yes, wander to Pictures on Walls. They sell Bankſy stuff too, you know.



If You Lived here You'd be Home By Now.

The exhibition of new work, entitled "IF YOU LIVED HERE YOU'D BE HOME BY NOW" will be on show in Mr. Lazarides' gallery at number eight, Greek Street, Soho, London from June 15th until July 14th.

I saw "If You Lived Here You'd be Home by Now" written in huge letters on a hoarding advertiſing a new suburban houſing eſtate about an hour or so down the freeway out of Los Angeles, and this show is an attempt by me to exorciſe several unhappy meditations on the vague themes of 'oil dependency' and 'suburbia' from my mind.

I've made seven new paintings, and ten etchings have been editioned in strictly limited numbers of 33 each, after which the copper plates have been poliſhed, inked, and coated with polyurethane varniſh. They have had a hole drilled in the corner, and can never be uſed for printing again. Theſe plates will alſo be on the walls.

So, Mr Donwood, what's the thinking behind this show? Well then, in harmony, and with feeling, let's hear it again; *Suburbia and 'conſumeriſm' are very probably the most incalculably maſſive miſallocation of reſources (financial, social and environmental) in the entire hiſtory of human culture... our entire globaliſed economy, our Weſtern way of life is predicated on the aſſumption of an endleſs supply of cheap oil. Blah blah blah.*

Rotterdam is Great and Holland is Flat.

So, right, I went to Rotterdam laſt month for the show which I called 'Department of Recluſive Paranoia' and then wiſhed I hadn't becauſe I had to keep explaining *why* to people.

Anyway, it was double extra super cool over there in the Netherlands. They have art, they have beer, they have bicycles and you can buy haſh from shops. It's very civiliſed, and I'm a big fan of civiliſation.

I had a grand time, looking at art, drinking beer, riding a bike and smoking dope. Unfortunately I also had to do the show, which made me very nervous and panicky, especially after all that weed. It was lucky that they had a load of beer so I could 'mellow out' as the hippies uſed to say.

But really, it was great. My thanks to everyone who came to the show, and to thoſe who I gueß are continuing to do so, as the exhibition runs until June 19th.

If you haven't been yet, and find yourſelf in sunny Rotterdam, it's at V!Ps gallery (which stands for Vincent & Peter, I diſcovered) it's at V!P'S International Art Gallery, Weſtelijk Handelſterrein, Van Vollenhovenſtraat 15, 3016 BE Rotterdam; call 010 2251120 or email info@vipsart.nl. It's open from Tueſday to Saturday.

And Holland, generally; what a weird landſcape. Apart from the unrelenting flatneß and the long, straight drainage channels, the trees are planted mathematically. Like something from a dream. They're equidiſtant, and the effect is strangely diſorientating.

And they have all theſe windmills, which I'd never really looked at properly before. Windmills are really odd, completely architecturally unique, and I was so into them that I put a windmill in one of the new paintings for the London show, along with some straight drainage channels. And some other stuff.

And most of Holland is below sea level, which gave the artwork for *London Views* (the complete artwork on Japaneſe *kozo* paper is included in the Rotterdam exhibition) a certain unexpected poignancy.