



## Are you sitting comfortably?

The works in this exhibition respond to personal and societal conflicts, showcasing artists from within the Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection alongside other selected artists

Curated by staff members Louise Rains and Jonathan Sharples

April – August 2014



Installation: **Andrew Salgado** *Year of The Silencer* 2013 (From the collection of Tim Clark).

**Tracey Emin** *Trust me* 2000

Cover: **Hurvin Anderson** *Skinny Dipping* 1999

## Foreword

Conflict is the foundation of the business of law. Without some degree of conflict, there is no need for law, and no need for lawyers. When I set Lou and Jon the challenge of approaching our contemporary art collection with fresh eyes, after much deliberation of possible topics they settled on this theme.

Some may say that since our collection is curated by a lawyer, Stuart Evans was bound to let his work affect his art. Could that be why the theme of conflict is so prevalent? I doubt it. As this exhibition shows, conflict is fundamental not just to the existence of law, but to the production of truly engaging contemporary art. What is art, what is life, without a little controversy?

Our previous exhibitions have often been inspired by the firm's Corporate Responsibility strategies. The most recent exhibition focused on the firm's significant holdings of works by women, an oft under-represented group (both in art and in the corporate world). Prior to this, exhibitions have provided introductions to dialogues on topics such as social exclusion and racial stereotyping. Though Lou and Jon have not set out to 'tick a box', this exhibition, too, facilitates interesting debates around identity and labels – particularly regarding gender and ethnicity.

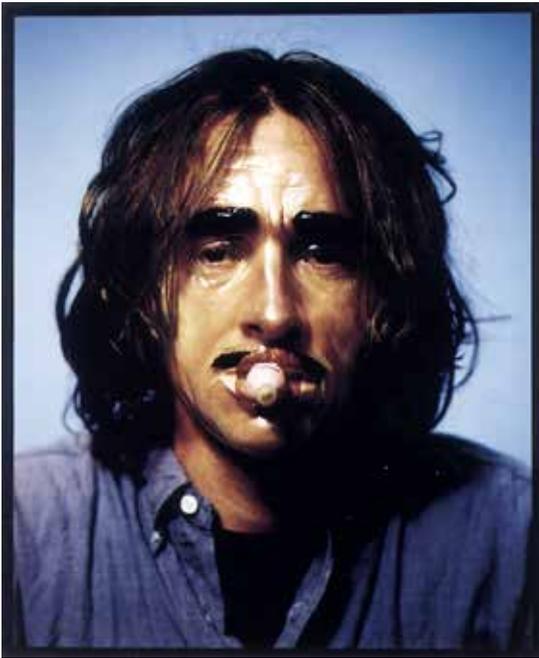
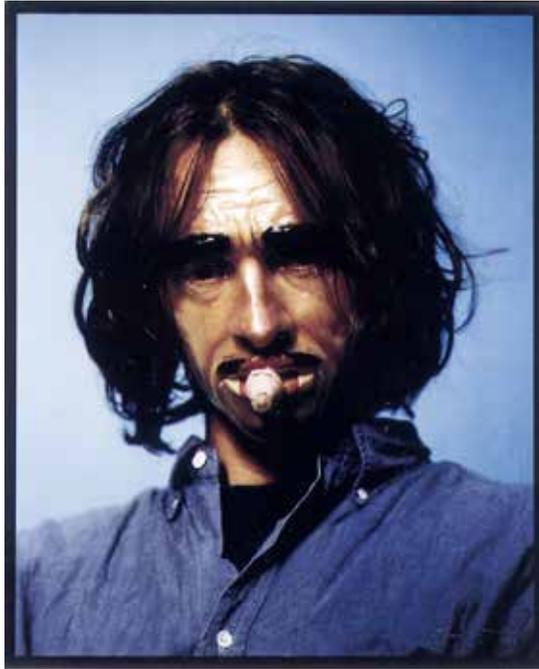
This exhibition also provides an opportunity to mark the 100th anniversary of the start of the First World War.

I am delighted that Jon and Lou have been able to welcome some artists from outside of the collection to feature in this exhibition. From notorious modern artists such as Francisco Goya and George Grosz, to young contemporary artists including Luca Indraccolo, Agata Madejska and Andrew Salgado, all these artists have responded to conflict. Their works help to place the firm's collection within a wider historical context of conflict in art. My thanks go to the artists, gallerists and collectors who have kindly lent works.

This is the first exhibition (and I hope the first of many) at the firm curated by staff members. As co-chairs of the firm's Art Network, Louise Rains and Jonathan Sharples have ably risen to the challenge of something beyond their 'day jobs'. They are to be congratulated. It is an exciting new direction for the collection.

Whether you're from the business world, the art world, or not, I hope you enjoy the exhibition. But if you find works that are not to your liking, in the words of controversialist Grayson Perry in last year's Reith Lectures, 'you don't have to like all of it'. What conflict would there be if everyone liked everything?

David Stone  
Art Partner  
April 2014



**Gary Hume** *Ugly Self Portrait* (set of four) 1993

## Introduction

Simmons & Simmons has been collecting contemporary art for over 25 years, supporting artists early in their careers by making significant acquisitions, and providing a showcase for their work outside of the traditional museum and gallery environment.

When, in the late 1980s, the partners agreed to my proposal to begin acquiring and displaying contemporary art in the office, they were making a radical innovation. My choices were not to everyone's taste and in stark contrast to the ubiquitous 18th Century coaching prints, hunting scenes and seascapes. In the days long before email, a round-robin memo was sent to all of the partners (except me) asking them what they thought. I must have survived as the firm's 'art partner' by the narrowest of margins.

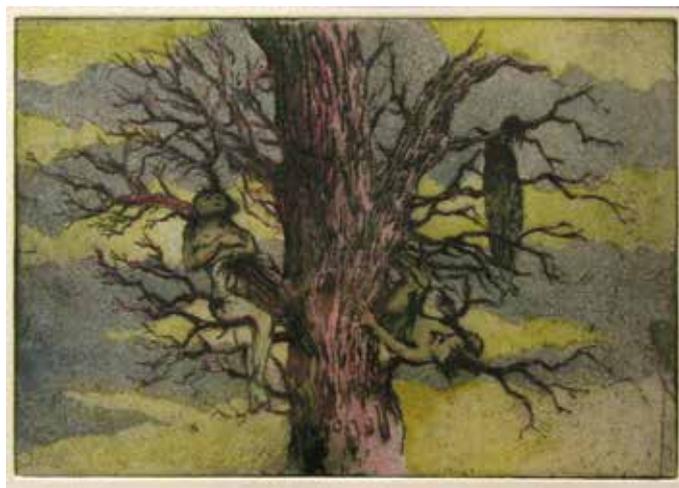
I can recall, now fondly, a number of conflicts experienced along the way. Some of these have been reprised for this exhibition which explores conflict from new perspectives. Siobhan Hapaska's *Want*, a beautiful organic opalescent wall sculpture was nicknamed 'the urinal' because of its suggestible form. It no longer hangs in our main client waiting area! Perhaps the most notorious works in the collection are four photographs by Gary Hume entitled *Ugly Self Portraits*. I have been asked to take them down, twice in London and from two of our European offices. Here they are again, making people feel queasy.

I remember an Islington dinner party in 2001 when I thought I might be physically attacked after mentioning that I had been one of the Turner prize judges that year – the jury awarded the prize to Martin Creed, the man who turned the lights on and off. For this exhibition, the curators have chosen one of two Martin Creed pieces in the collection, his *Work no. 143*, which proposes the unsettling equation 'the whole world + the work = the whole world'. A sculpture rendering these words in blue neon formerly hung over the porticoed entrance to Tate Britain.

I have always supported artists I believe in, artists who challenge the viewer's perceptions and who therefore are always likely to cause some degree of conflict. Works by these artists seem to me to be the most interesting. They provoke new ways of thinking and fantastic conversations.

The collection is now well known in the art world and beyond. It is an integral part of the firm's identity and reflects the appetite for challenging thought and conversation amongst the firm's staff. It is therefore with great pleasure that I welcome this, our first staff-curated exhibition, ***Are you sitting comfortably?***

Stuart Evans  
April 2014



Installation: **Francisco Goya** *Clamores en Vano* 1808 – 1812 (Private collection),

**Jake and Dinos Chapman** *Disasters of War #78* 1999,

**Jake Chapman** *Jake not Dinos* 2006 (Private collection),

**Jake and Dinos Chapman** *Disasters of War #20* 1999,

**Francisco Goya** *Contra el bien general* 1808 – 1812 (Private collection)

# Are you sitting comfortably?

In 1964, the fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of the First World War, Philip Larkin published his poem *MCMXIV* to commemorate that event:

*Those long uneven lines  
Standing as patiently  
As if they were stretched outside  
The Oval or Villa Park,  
The crowns of hats, the sun  
On moustached archaic faces  
Grinning as if it were all  
An August Bank Holiday lark...  
[...]  
Never such innocence,  
Never before or since,  
As changed itself to past  
Without a word: the men  
Leaving the gardens tidy,  
The thousands of marriages  
Lasting a little while longer;  
Never such innocence again.*

'Never such innocence, never before or since'. *MCMXIV* (Faber & Faber, 1964) stands as a moving monument to that war, alongside the all too numerous stone memorials incised with those Roman numerals. For Larkin and the rest of his generation born just after the 'Great' War, tantalizingly close to Downton Abbey Britain, it must have been irresistible to see that as the *sui generis* event that changed everything. At a stroke, the joyful potential of modernity, exemplified by Mr Toad's childlike obsession with motorcars in Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows* (first published in 1908), was obliterated by machines of an altogether more sinister kind as European culture crashed for the first time into the age of mass produced, industrialised death.

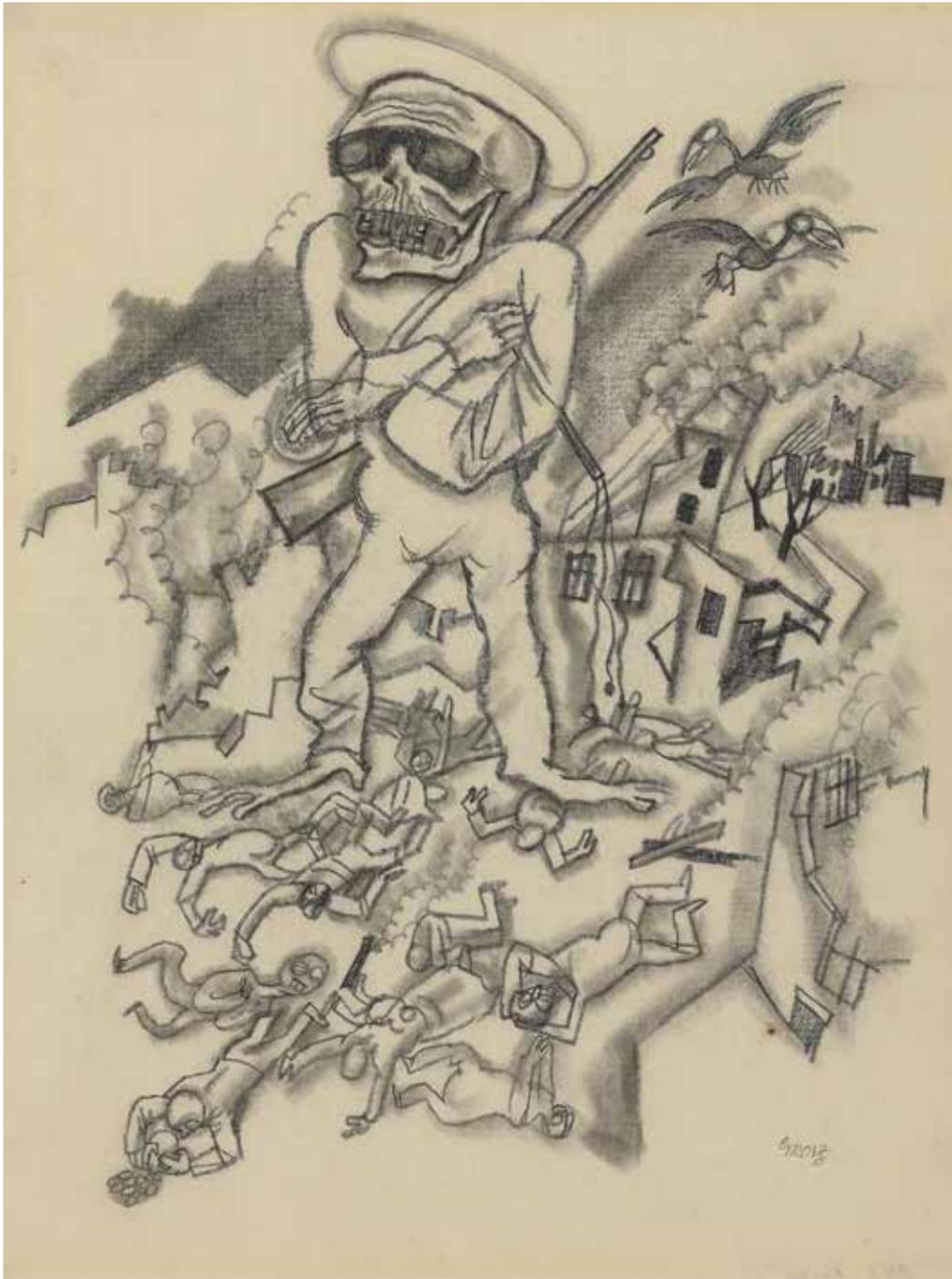
Fifty years on, as politicians blunder around – confused as to whether 2014, this centenary year, is one for perverse, jingoistic celebration or ersatz, sombre reflection – are we better placed than Larkin to reflect on the nature of conflict and 'innocence'? It is against this background that we present this exhibition – **Are you sitting comfortably?** – which includes a wide range of art that reacts to societal and personal conflict.

## War, violence and social justice

Around 1814, the last year of the Peninsular War, a new term entered the English language: 'guerilla warfare'. **Francisco Goya's** *Los Desastres de la Guerra* (*The Disasters of War*) (1810-1820) series of 82 etchings are most famous for their unflinching depiction of the horrific 'little war' confrontations that were characterised by unspeakably barbaric acts of violence being meted out by both sides in that war. At the time, since all wars were fought by professional armies, there was no English or French word for what *guerillas* did or were.

Before Goya, almost all war art had been bombastic, sanitised, triumphant stuff, commissioned by the victor. The *Desastres* series was commissioned by nobody. It was Goya's private project, never published in his lifetime for fear of reprisals as control of Spain ebbed and flowed. Goya's reputation as the first 'modern' artist comes largely because he produced a series that revealed the grotesque truths of war – torture, mutilation, rape and other atrocities shown in all their gory detail. There is nothing celebratory about these pictures; just a grim, morbid, damning indictment of humankind's potential for inhumanity. It is sometimes said that Goya's work has an immediacy and honesty that anticipated wartime photojournalism, but the truth is that his images can still produce an acid shock even to 21st century sensibilities.

We have two very crisp prints from what is thought to be the first edition published in 1863 by the Real Academia. The first, plate 54: ***Clamores en vano* (Appeals are in vain)** (1810-1820) depicts fatal consequences of war in the form of famine that devastated Madrid between 1811 and 1812. On the steps in the front of the officer, upon whose deaf ears any appeals are falling, are strewn gaunt, contorted, desperately emaciated bodies – people who, if they are not already dead, soon will be. In the shadows a woman in black clutches the corpse of a small child. At the back of the group is a woman with her face hidden by the folds of her white robe, perhaps to try to block out the stench of death. The second, plate 71: ***Contra el bien general* (Against the common good)** (1810-1820) shows a sort of monster with batwings for ears and sharp talons on the four fingers of each hand and four toes of each foot. He is writing very intently in a



**George Grosz** *The War* 1916 (Private Collection, Courtesy Richard Nagy Ltd., London. Image courtesy Richard Nagy Ltd., London)

ledger, almost certainly an allusion to the lists of names and the repressive laws brought in by the return of the Bourbon King of Spain, Fernando VII. His demonic appearance leaves us in little doubt that whatever he is writing will not be to the good of the women wailing to the right, behind him, or the men in shadow to the left.

Goya and the *Desastres* have been part muse, part morbid obsession for **Jake and Dinos Chapman** ever since they established themselves in 1993 as big figures in the Young British Artists (YBAs) movement with their first major work, *Disasters of War*, made up of 82 miniature, toy like sculptures, one for each print in Goya's series. The *Desastres* have been a constant point of reference for the brothers and in 1999 they produced *Disasters of War II* – a portfolio of 83 hand coloured etchings with watercolour, some directly mimicking Goya's prints or sections of them, with others very different, updating Goya's sense of horror with modern imagery and sexual allusions.

**No. 20** (1999) in this series falls into the first category, its green, ghoulish corpses skewered on a ragged, bare tree, a clear play on Goya's original Plate 37: *Esto es peor* (1810-1820) and Plate 39: *Grande hazaña! Con muertos!* (1810-1820).



Francisco Goya Plate 39: *Grande hazaña! Con muertos!* (1810-1820)  
Source: Museo del Prado

In the second category of images is **No. 78** (1999), which puts forward a pessimistic view of life that says it is largely a question of trying to make something out of the 'shit' that we are given.

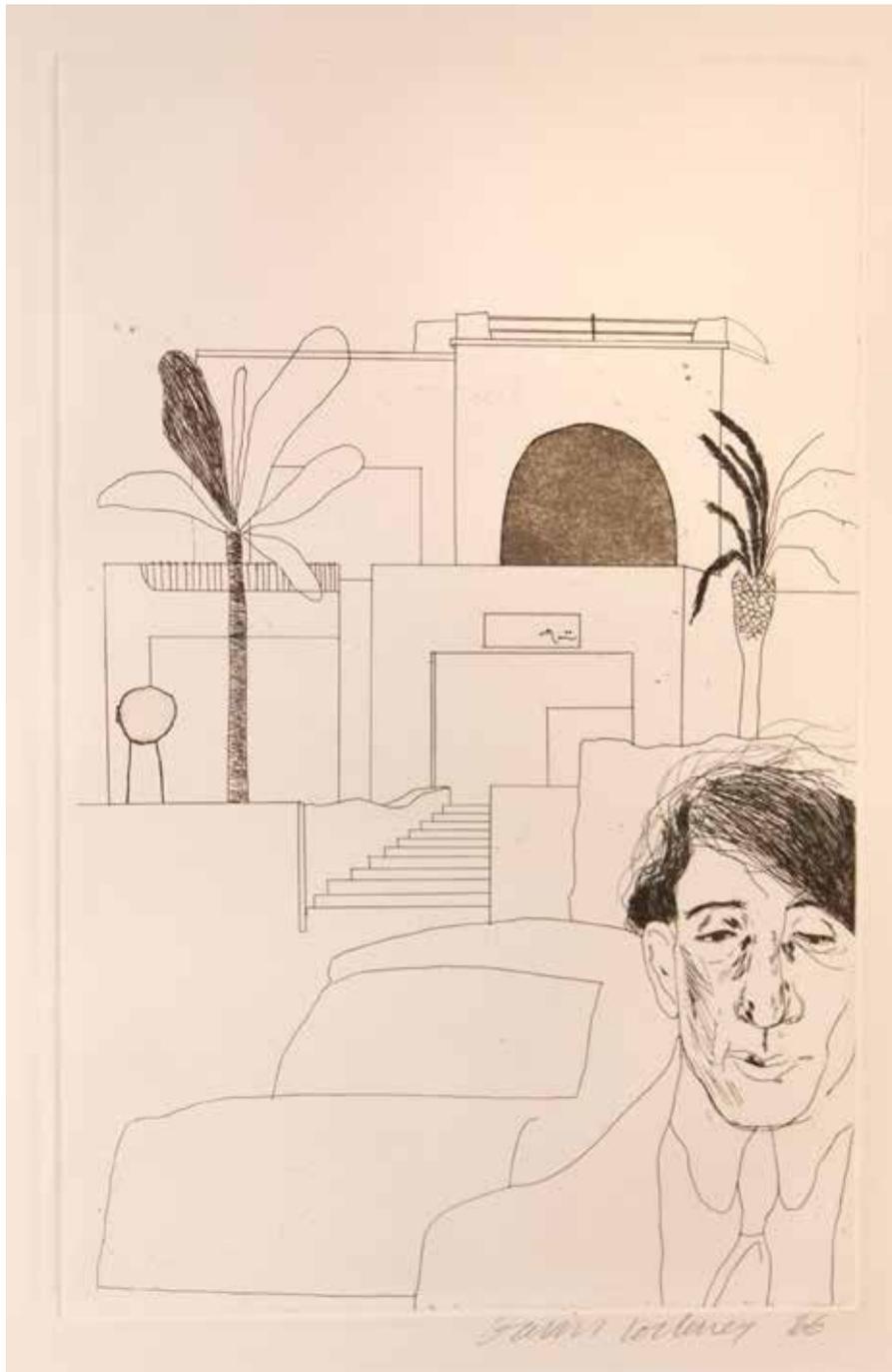
In 2003, the year in which they were nominated for the Turner Prize, the Chapmans attracted controversy when they purchased

a complete mint set of Goya *Desastres*, which they defaced by drawing and pasting things such as demonic clown and puppy heads. In **Jake not Dinos** (2006), Jake Chapman gives this treatment to a Goya print pre-dating the creation of the *Desastres* series by about a decade, *El sueño de la razón produce monstrous* (The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters) (1797-1799), which is the best known of Goya's *Caprichos* series.

What are we to make of all this? At various times the Chapmans have claimed a political dimension for their work – that it is about the detachment of Western societies from the realities of wartime killing due to the comfortable spectatorship provided by film, television and rolling 24 hour news. And in 2003 Jake Chapman said “Not to be too glib, but there's something quite interesting in the fact that the war of the peninsula saw Napoleonic forces bringing rationality and enlightenment to a region that was marked by superstition and irrationality. Then you hear George Bush and Tony Blair talking about democracy as though it has some kind of natural harmony with nature; as though it's not an ideology.”

For me, there is a more interesting side to all this, which is the classic duality in the pathology of hero worship. It is clear that the Chapmans revere Goya, but that they are also driven to hostility towards him that manifests itself in the vandalism of his work. I think of them as being a bit like Mark David Chapman (the shared surname an extraordinary coincidence), the neurotic John Lennon fan who ended up shooting his idol dead in 1980. Whatever the sincerity of the Chapmans' political message, their work does raise a tantalising question: what would Goya produce now in response to the conflicts in Iraq, Afghanistan and Syria? Where is today's Goya to make us feel uncomfortable?

In 1914, there was such an artist who was equal to his historical moment: the master of radical sourness, **George Grosz**. At the outbreak of the First World War, Grosz was conscripted into the German army. A strong opponent of the war, he was eventually discharged as unfit for duty in 1915. Grosz was made thoroughly hardened and hateful by the horror of the first months of the war and by having to live with the constant dread of being recalled. In 1916, he officially Americanised his name from Georg Groß to George Grosz (the ultimate provocation in Germany at that time, given that he now shared the name of George V, King of England).



David Hockney *Portrait of Cavafy II* 1964

Grosz's fine drawing, **The War** (1916), one of the first works he signed with the Americanised version of his name, is a vivid expression of his disgust at militarism, depicted here as a mad, straitjacketed caricature of death. The landscape, its steep and distorted perspective typical of Grosz's work, although strewn with corpses, is not a sentimental piece about the 'flower of youth' cut down: the bodies are ugly, distorted, fat and (in the case of the figure grasping for coins at the bottom left) greedy. As the vultures circle above, the ragged and bare black tree stumps recall the landscape of Goya's *Desastres*, which were perhaps the first realisation in art of the landscapes that would become so ominously familiar to Europeans a century later: the almost featureless deserts of mud, shell holes, and blasted trees into which trench warfare turned the once verdant fields of Flanders. This is no accident, since Goya's landscape is also the first representation in art of Mother Nature ploughed up and dismembered by the fury of artillery bombardment of fixed positions. In both Grosz and Goya, the physical exhaustion of the land serves as a metaphor for the human, moral exhaustion of war.

Artists like Goya and Grosz embody the paradox that violence and inhumanity, as devastating as they are for society, can provide the creative impetus to push artists to great heights of artistic expression. Violence on a much smaller, more personal scale than war can also have this effect. In 2008 **Andrew Salgado** and his then boyfriend were the victims of a violent gay hate crime, following which his art played a cathartic role as he grappled with the emotion and trauma of that event and its aftermath. **Year of the Silencer** (2013) is a stunning example of the ambiguity between pain and sensuality that is the hallmark of Salgado's work, as he has moved away from purely autobiographical storytelling. At first glance, the application of paint seems chaotic, with the palette knife and spray can employed as effectively as the brush, but out of this chaos emerges a penetrating, psychological stare that is as beautiful as it is unnerving. (I find myself smiling as I write this paragraph, as I have always hated the old trick of spuriously combining opposites such as 'the symmetrical and asymmetrical' in vacuous art writing, but I do think it is justified in Salgado's emotionally equivocal work.) In depicting male subjects in such a vulnerable and sensuous way, Salgado undermines traditional gender roles in painting and raises questions about the nature and expectations of masculinity.

Despite the political undercurrent in Salgado's work, he could never be described as an activist. Sometimes the point is all the stronger for this. **David Hockney** made his *Illustrations for Fourteen Poems from C.P. Cavafy*, inspired by the homoerotic writing of pre war Greek poet Constantine P. Cavafy, in 1966, the year before homosexuality was decriminalised in England and Wales. In that context, the sheer ordinariness of his pictures of gay relationships is precisely what makes them so thrilling. I was reminded when watching 'Our Gay Wedding: The Musical' earlier this year that in 1954, when Hockney was still an impressionable 16 year old studying at the Bradford College of Art, there were 1,069 men in prison for 'homosexual acts'. I am lucky to be part of a generation for whom this is an unimaginable, ancient history, but it was an unexpectedly poignant and beautiful moment amongst the glorious camp of that televised ceremony of one of the first same sex marriages in this country when the registrar sang [sic] 'If anyone here knows of any lawful impediment to this marriage, they shall declare it now'. This has been a big year for civil rights in the UK, and Hockney's straightforward and frank assertion of individual and artistic freedom against the prevailing censorship of gay people and life in the 1960s was an important step on that journey. The Cavafy etchings depict variations on the theme of two men engaged in a series of anonymous pickups, one of the least erotic being **Portrait of Cavafy II** (1966), where the poet is depicted in front of an architectural setting copied from a drawing Hockney made of a Beirut police station.

Nobody is more famous for making art about themselves than **Tracey Emin**. Her biography is so well known that it is hidden in plain sight. She grew up in Margate, the daughter of Pamela Cashin and Envar Emin, a Turkish Cypriot. Envar already had a wife and children and divided his time between his two families. He owned a hotel overlooking Margate seafront, but the business went bust and so did his relationship with Pamela, who was left to bring up Tracey and her twin brother Paul. Because her mother worked long hours, she and Paul were often left alone. She was sexually abused by one of her mother's boyfriends as well as by a stranger, and at the age of 13 she was raped for the first, but not last, time.

With this story in mind, the words **Trust Me** (2000) take on a chilling significance when one speculates how bitter Emin's memories of that phrase might be. The medium could not be more apt – garish neon lettering evoking the sleazy, rundown signs of her dilapidated seaside town. With its long faded



Detail: **Michael Landy** *Our Limit is that of the Desire of the Human Mind* 1996

Victorian charm, Margate is compellingly grim. The bubblegum pink belongs to a bygone era and the scrawls are instantly recognisable as her own distinctive handwriting. There's a girliness about it that speaks to Emin's vulnerability – a childhood cruelly snatched away from her. If we're talking about 'lost innocence', then she is the poster girl for it.

I suppose the neon also holds the key as to why she is so reviled in some quarters. It's a fiendishly complicated and highly technical thing to produce; as such, it can't help but look calculated – and this, I think, is where nervousness of the most vituperative naysayers comes from. They are so terrified by the prospect of being conned by the calculations of a small town, uneducated chav that they exaggerate their resistance to her. At the very least, she's the wrong target. When Jake and Dinos Chapman had 'Lunch with the FT' last year, Jake Chapman volunteered the deeply unattractive idea that he and his brother "offer a very good social service to our patrons and employers, who are the bourgeois intelligentsia. Our little antics and our melodramas and our psychodramas furnish the bourgeoisie with the sense that their world is radical and dangerous and audacious and all these big nice words. It's what art expresses for them". If anybody should be in the firing line, it's this 'bourgeois intelligentsia' who use Emin to decorate their lives with a safe frisson of inappropriateness without ever really grappling with the profound sadness of her story. I can't find it in myself to begrudge her playing up to it all and making something out of it.

As well as a harrowing life story, there is an undercurrent of class warfare in Emin's work and in the popular response to her. While contemporary artists have failed to match Goya and Grosz in their response to war and genocide, with work addressing those subjects often failing to move beyond political pop, they have fared rather better when addressing questions of class and social justice. As a student in the 1980s, **Michael Landy** objected to the policies of the Conservative Government of Margaret Thatcher and was driven by his anger to conceive the brilliantly and absurdly elaborate fictional people cleansing company *Scrapheap Services* (1995). The project's main output was a room sized installation, part of which was the company's promotional video and its message (quoted in Michael Landy, *Scrapheap Services*, Chisenhale Gallery and Ridinghouse Editions, 1996):

*A prosperous society depends upon a minority of people being discarded... Make a clean sweep with Scrapheap Services. We make people black-spots a thing of the past... Help us to help you dispose of people who no longer play a useful role in life... Our ideal landscapes are free of imperfections. They represent Scrapheap Services' ultimate goals: to rid society of all its ills, so giving you a better quality of life... The Vulture cuts through people instantly, leaving them torn apart... The scrapheap represents our commitment to you.*

The *Scrapheap Services* project was designed to draw attention to the impact on people's lives of outsourcing society's problems to private companies and making workers redundant in order to cut costs and improve efficiency. Describing his work, Landy said, "Most of my works come out of anger. That's difficult for me to formulate visually, and in trying to visualise it I came up with *Scrapheap Services*. It's principally about people being discarded and the loss of human potential". The *Scrapheap Services* project featured thousands of small figures made by Landy, cut out from litter he collected every day as he walked from his home to his studio, and it is these he is collecting with a skewer in

***Our Limit is that of the Desire of the Human Mind*** (1996). The limp figures strewn around Landy's feet echo the corpses in the Grosz drawing, and the figure pierced through the heart recalls the most gruesome of Goya's pictures. Landy proposes a bitterly satirical solution as an easy means for a selfish society to remain anaesthetised to the humanity of its undesirable elements.

As a performance artist, Landy cannot be accused of doing things by halves. He is most famous for his *Break Down* project in which, occupying an empty branch of C&A (which had recently ceased trading) on Oxford Street, he systematically destroyed everything he owned, including sentimental objects and valuable works by his YBA friends such as Damien Hirst. The process of destruction, as planned in his drawing ***P.D.F (Product, Disposal Facility)*** (1998), was done on something resembling an assembly line in a mass production factory, with ten workers reducing each item to its basic materials and then shredding them. The inventory of the 7227 items he owned is a powerful political document when printed out – several inches thick, it is a vivid illustration of just how much stuff an average person in the West owns. Reducing himself to owning absolutely nothing other than the clothes on his back and his pet cat, Landy questioned our consumerist tendency to define ourselves by our possessions in the strongest



Installation: **Basim Magdy** *A contracted excavation of extinct secret societies* 2008 (Lodeveans collection),

**Emilie Taylor** *Bellhouse Road I and II* 2010

possible way. As a compulsive hoarder, I find the prospect mildly terrifying.

Categories: TV, RADIO, COMPROMISE, WHERE I LIVE, INDEX, SEARCH

**BBC NEWS**

You are in: Entertainment  
Friday, 9 February, 2001, 13:49 GMT

### Man 'destroys' life for art

Michael Landy examining his 'Christmas' installation

A London installation artist is reducing every possession he has to dust on as part of an exhibition called Break Down.

Michael Landy, 37, will shred or granulate everything from socks to family photographs over the next two weeks at the site of the old C&A flagship store on Oxford Street, central London.

By the time the installation is complete he will have nothing but a cat called Rats and his girlfriend, Turner Prize winning video artist Gillian Wearing.

Mr Landy said the exhibition was an examination of society's romance with consumerism.

**Once Break Down has finished, a more personal break down, will commence - life without my self-defining belongings.**

**Michael Landy, artist**

**See also:**

- 11 Dec 97 | UK Christmas is rubbish, says Tate
- 03 Dec 97 | Turner Prize Gillian Wearing - Turner Prize winner 1997
- 15 Jun 00 | Business C&A quits UK
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**Internet links:**

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- Landy biography
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Source: BBC.co.uk

**Basim Magdy's** painting, **A contracted excavation of extinct secret societies** (2008), picks up Michael Landy's themes of outsourced society and fantasy storytelling. As an Egyptian artist working in Cairo before the Arab Spring, his post apocalyptic worlds seem to foretell seismic change.

**Emilie Taylor** deals in the more mundane dystopias of the Yorkshire communities where she grew up and where and continues to live and work. The traditional vase can be seen as a metaphor for how we seek to contain these communities; a point emphasised by the way the figures circle the vessel in a continuous narrative. In domestic settings, these humble pots are easily overlooked, much like the residents of her Sheffield estates. Like Landy, in **Bellhouse Road I & II** (2010), Taylor encourages us to look again at 'discarded' people – a trick she pulls off with

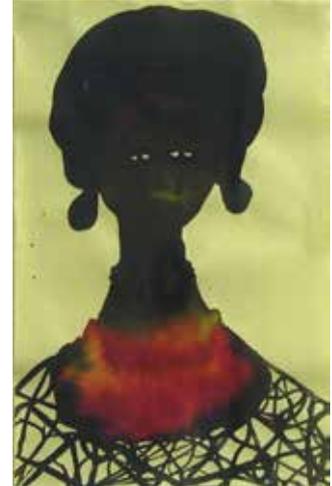
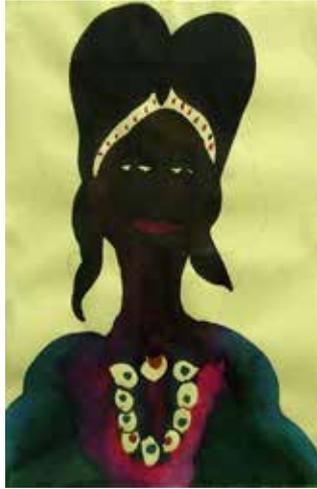
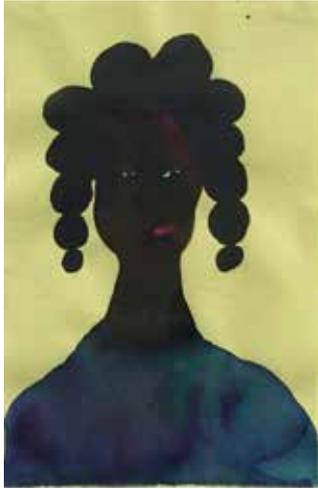
considerable flair by her surprising and gritty use of a medium more commonly associated with delicate prettiness.

## The artist's career and identity

Sometimes, the conflict that drives an artist's work has no external element and is wholly derived from their attempts to place themselves within the world, to wrestle with competing strands of their identity, and to forge an artistic practice that is distinctly their own. Everyone exercises some creativity when it comes to their own identity: as Noam Shpancer says in *The Good Psychologist* (2011), "Memory is not a storage place but a story we tell ourselves in retrospect. As such, it is made of storytelling materials: embroidery and forgery, perplexity and urgency, revelation and darkness."

In 1988 **Gary Hume** had his 'Eureka!' moment in his graduation year at Goldsmiths. Having struggled through a wide range of student experiments, he painted *Mushroom Door*, the first of the 'door' series that was a runaway success as his signature style early in his career. **Untitled (wall painting)** (1992) is a classic example of Hume's pared back, minimalist paintings of doors – the round port holes making them instantly recognisable as the kind of doors one finds in grim, institutional buildings such as hospitals, or prisons. Hume's great achievement was to suggest so much whilst using so little – just a pair of rectangles of one colour of ordinary Dulux household gloss, the only detail the unpainted roundels. It's the polar opposite of a *trompe l'oeil* that fools us into thinking it is a real door, yet, partly because it is life sized, instinctively we look at it and wonder where it leads, despite the apparent certainty that the only thing on the other side of the gloss is the solid wall. It's a very effective challenge to the traditional idea of art as a window onto another world and to the boundaries of representational and abstract painting. Most contemporary academic discussion of formalism and structuralism and other similar 'isms' goes way over my head – but Viktor Shklovsky, in his seminal essay 'Art as Technique' in 1917 said exactly what I want to say about why what Hume did with his 'defamiliarisation' of doors was interesting and important, so perhaps you'll forgive me for quoting him at some length:

*...art exists that one may recover the sensation of life; it exists to make one feel things, to make the stone stony. The purpose of art is to impart the sensation of things as they*



Chris Ofili *Untitled* (set of six) 1998

*are perceived and not as they are known. The technique of art is to make objects 'unfamiliar', to make forms difficult, to increase the difficulty and length of perception because the process of perception is an aesthetic end in itself and must be prolonged. Art is a way of experiencing the artfulness of an object: the object is not important... After we see an object several times, we begin to recognize it. The object is in front of us and we know about it, but we do not see it – hence we cannot say anything, significant about it. Art removes objects from the automatism of perception.*

In fact, Hume had so much success with his graphic doors that he was almost enslaved by the concept. He finally abandoned the door paintings in 1993 and even titled one painting after his disenchantment, calling it *More Fucking Values* (1991), bemoaning the fact that all he had come to be doing was shuffling the deck of formal values and limited variables over and over again. The realisation that he was desperately in need of a new idea was the catalyst for some serious soul searching and a profound identity crisis and it was at this point he made the rarely referenced four **Ugly Self Portraits** (1993). These remind me of those dreadful novelty photobooths in which people are encouraged to adopt wacky poses with fancy dress and props – a world away from the cool, detached stylishness of his doors. In view of the colourful portraits of celebrities and other figures he had great success with for the rest of the 1990s, it's clear that this was the second major 'Eureka!' moment of his career – the escape from his minimalist cul de sac. Still using his favourite medium, household gloss paint, Hume started to paint 'portraits' of celebrities such as Kate Moss, Michael Jackson and Patsy Kensit with a synthetic colour palette. Hume's flirtation with transvestite and clown makeup is fascinating in the light of his subsequent interest in the way the 'skin' of gloss paint is like the veneer of makeup – a comparison which he described in 1999:

*In my new paintings, there's underpainting and then a surface layer of paint on top. In a way the underpainting is like the flesh and the surface on top is like makeup. What is the surface and what is the imagined surface? Where is the skin and where is the flesh? I find myself more and more interested in the use of makeup to cover flesh. Discovering where the hierarchies lie, what is above and what is below. How things meet.*

In the Simmons & Simmons collection, this development in Hume's painting is well illustrated by his colourful *Portraits* series,

produced in 1998, currently hung in our Amsterdam office. His **Untitled** (2001) portrait shows that he did not lose his minimalist instincts, even when dealing with faces.

While Hume's investigations into his own identity are deliberately challenging and unappealing, **Lucienne O'Mara** takes a much subtler approach to deconstructing the identities of her sitters in works such as **Untitled** (2011). The application and removal of layers of watercolour is an important part of her process: "I have come to think of what I am trying to show about a person in these paintings as their stain. What is left behind when all defining characteristics have been removed." The remaining 'stain' is subtle and abstract, about as recognisable as a face as the Turin Shroud, and, though it doesn't give up much of the sitter's identity, it remains undeniably feminine. O'Mara sources her images from transgender websites, and her works make a sensitive statement about the multifaceted nature of identity and, in particular, preconceptions of gender.

**Chris Ofili** is another artist who has made an excellent career, including his Turner prize win in 1998, out of making portraits whose intention is not really to identify specific faces. Ofili was brought up in Manchester, the son of Nigerian parents, and like many second generation immigrants experienced a complex and intense relationship with the African side of his family heritage that was at once distant but also crucial to his sense of identity. His subjects are often sourced from images in the mass media that reinforce stereotypical views of black people. Ofili's reinterpretations of these images question the original representations while simultaneously celebrating the clichéd aspects of black culture they present. Like Salgado and Hockney, he has steered clear of the polemical in order to communicate the political message that is dear to him. To black British artists, the cultural phenomenon of the YBAs in the 1990s must have seemed an overwhelmingly white movement, but Ofili, with his wilfully naïve but also witty thrashing around amongst the retail clichés of the African aesthetic, decisively addressed that.

His elephant dung works gave rise to my favourite opening line of a Brian Sewell review – "I'm sick of shit masquerading as painting" – but his six **Untitled** (1998) watercolours from his 'Afromuses' series display the exquisite touch of a miniaturist. The beautifully attired and coiffured women in the pictures are not individuals but a type. Curator Lisa Corrin has highlighted Ofili's self-conscious use of motifs like hair and costume, saying,



Detail: **Lucienne O'Mara** *Ladies of the Chorus* 2011 (Courtesy of the artist)

“his use of the most obvious kinds of signifiers of ‘blackness’ demonstrates the absurdity of even making work about identity”. Corrin has also said that Ofili’s pick and mix approach to black culture had the effect of destabilising those tenets of multiculturalism which had “created a double bind for artists of colour who benefited from its aims, but were also ghettoised by its narrow compartmentalising of their work, one that did not allow it to be seen in the context of the art of their white peers”. This last point is interesting – Ofili clearly forced himself into the consciousness of the entire art world, as well as beating his white peers to the Turner Prize, but can we really say he has avoided being ‘ghettoised’? As we have already seen with Hume and his doors success can have a stultifying effect if the artist becomes trapped by the device that has brought recognition.

**Hurvin Anderson** is another second generation immigrant painter, born and raised in Birmingham where his Jamaican parents settled, who has grappled with the duality of his identity in the course of his painting. When I first set eyes on ***Skinny Dipping*** (1999) in a meeting room at Simmons & Simmons’ London office, I was instantly mesmerised by this curious dream landscape of unrealised figures and uncertain architectural space. Surely that huge column of diving boards was inside a swimming baths building? But what about the sky, foliage and lack of other edifice? And the sketchy figures – devoid of detail other than their bathing suits made me wonder whether the artist was deliberately avoiding painting their race, knowing nothing of Anderson’s biography at this point. An interview Anderson gave to the Caribbean journal *Small Axe* (November 2009), in particular his description of his early practice of working from photographs and his 1997 painting *Ball Watching*, seems highly relevant in unlocking some of these mysteries:

*Ball Watching... came from a photograph of me and some friends playing football in a park. On the odd occasion the ball would go into the pond. When you see the photograph there is a ball in the middle of the park. It was odd because it brought up so many other things for me. Like the idea of everyone waiting on the edge of the water. It looked like they were waiting for something, or waiting for something to happen. They also seemed to be going somewhere. Or wanting to be somewhere else, so there was the question of space and territory. I tried to reimagine this image in a clichéd Caribbean landscape, but I made it very crude to make a statement.*

Several of Anderson’s paintings made before he went to the Caribbean for the first time in 2002 have this undertone of ‘wanting to be somewhere else’ and they tend to be crowded with figures, so that this fantasy land was definitely not a lonely place. Given this early practice of working from photographs, I can’t help but wonder whether *Skinny Dipping* is based on the same photograph (or at least the same place) as another early painting of his, *Audition II* (2001), which seems to feature the same concrete diving board column, this time located much more firmly inside a building and the mundane world of a British swimming baths.



Hurvin Anderson *Audition II* 2001

Source: Thomas Dane Gallery

Anderson at his best is a very economical painter who can create a dramatic sense of space with just a few judiciously arranged geometric blocks of colour. His slightly unnerving, dreamy pictures remind me of the Early Renaissance painters like Piero della Francesca who employed convincing linear perspective for the first time. It’s fascinating to follow Anderson’s subject matter against his biography, because even when he finally made it to the Caribbean and started drawing on the things he saw in Trinidad, there is still an uneasy sense of not belonging, with views of country clubs seen through chicken wire fences – a very literal picture of exclusion and prohibition.

Back in Birmingham after his travels, Anderson made his *Peter’s Series* which reimagines spaces created by Jamaican immigrants during the 1950s and 1960s. At that time, barbershops and other places for personal services were often opened in people’s homes and functioned as hubs for both social gatherings and



**Luca Indraccolo** *SMF.75.1.7.76* 2014 (Courtesy of the artist and the Vermilion Hook Collective. Image courtesy of the artist)

entrepreneurial economic enterprise. These shop owners and their customers were among a significant wave of immigrants to England from the Caribbean Commonwealth countries after the Second World War. The barbershop was not only a place to get a haircut, but also a social space in which to meet and talk with friends and neighbours. For Anderson, the barbershop functions as a personal space crammed with imagery, and also represents interwoven political, economic and social histories. *Peter's Series* (2007-2009) depicts one of the last known of these spaces – a small attic that was converted into a barbershop where Anderson's father went for haircuts. Finding the space both complex and ambiguous, Anderson clearly relished the formal, technical exercise of recreating and deconstructing it many times. At first intrigued by the awkward physical features of the attic, Anderson focused on the architecture of the room in early paintings, experimenting with multiple perspectives of the space, like a series of portraits. Working from photographs, memory and imagination, he painted and repainted the room, continually reducing the interior architecture to its basic colours and simple geometric forms, masterfully in control of the space and all the time making use of the Piero della Francesca blue that is his signature colour. Anderson is an obsessive picture maker, and as well as making paintings using oil on canvas, he has also produced three tone woodcuts of these barbershops settings. **Untitled** (2009) is a charming woodcut print which employs that art historical trick of imbuing a scene with a narrative by alluding to the person who isn't there. Van Gogh did it with his chair and pipe, effectively a self portrait, and here the hair cuttings on the floor give the vivid sense of the lively conversation that has just taken place between the occupants of the now vacant chairs. *Skinny Dipping* does something similar with its splash, recalling Hockney's *A Bigger Splash* (1967), now part of the *Walk Through British Art* at Tate Britain.



David Hockney *A Bigger Splash* 1967  
Source: Tate

For those whose parents emigrated from their homelands, the physical separation from their family histories is enforced, which is partly why the search for that identity is often particularly energetic and determined. However, the relationship between people and a country they have deliberately left behind is often just as intense, as exemplified by the paintings of **Luca Indraccolo**, part of the Vermilion Hook collective of young, London-based artists. Indraccolo looks back towards Italy, the great historical melting pot of the sacred and profane, with pride and sadness in equal measure. Indraccolo is from Naples, whose inhabitants, as you might expect from a population which has spent thousands of years at the mercy of a capricious volcano, are astonishingly superstitious. They trust their future to fate, to chance, to fortune – and to the public lotto. Every number in the lotto is associated with a certain picture, which combine to mean different things, which explains Luca's system of titling his works with a series of numbers relating to the symbols of the lotto. **SMF•75•1•7•76** (2014), with its appropriately gritty surface, depicts a modern Pulcinella, the usually cheeky and mischievous figure originating in commedia dell'arte (a ubiquitous mascot in Naples) slumped and dejected amongst the garbage bags. Unfortunately, garbage bags piled up in the streets is one of the images most associated with Naples in recent years due to the underlying problem that the Campania region has no modern incinerators, due to opposition to their construction from certain interest groups in the background, some making a profit from the illegal dumping of waste. Indraccolo's painting stands as a metaphor for his conflicted view of the moral exhaustion of Italy



Installation: **Siobhan Hapaska** *Want* 1997

and his wish to see its rich cultural traditions energised and taking centre stage ahead of its politicians once more.

I suppose it's possible that all this stuff about personal, individual identity could seem trivial against the bigger and bleaker themes of war and violence, but let's consider a justification for including them side by side. The ongoing brutal and deadly civil war in Syria has its roots in strife between different ethnic and religious groups; so too does this year's secession crisis in Ukraine's Russian-leaning Crimean Peninsula. In many ways, international law provides every encouragement for these sorts of conflicts, as the right to 'self determination' is the cardinal *jus cogens* principle in modern international law. This question of how we define 'self' and place ourselves within a larger group based on language, shared history, ethnicity, religion and cultural tradition is absolutely central to much human warring. In the UK, too, this is a big question this year as residents of Scotland go to the polls in August to decide on whether that 'nation' (whatever that loaded term means) is better off forging its own destiny separately from the rest of the UK, and UKIP continues to make progress with its separatist agenda.

### The self referential art world

The great Belgian surrealist René Magritte is particularly famous for his much parodied painting of a smoking pipe under which he wrote "Ceci n'est pas une pipe" (This is not a pipe) with the result that the two languages, visual and verbal, cancel each other out. What is the point of this absurdism? In explaining what he was trying to achieve with this and other works, Magritte said that they should be seen "as material signs of the freedom of thought".



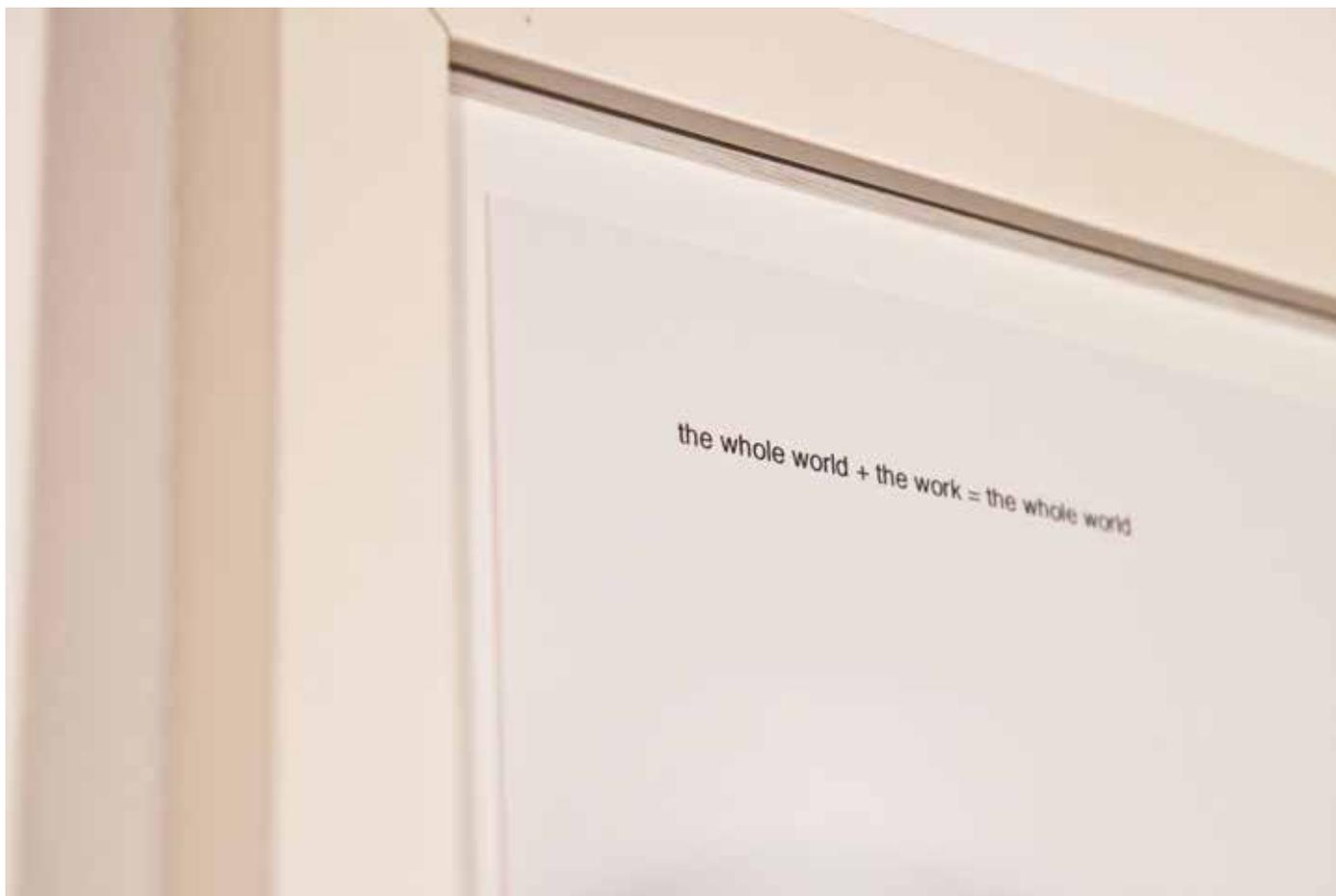
René Magritte *The Treachery of Images* 1928-29  
Source: Los Angeles County Museum of Art

Describing the content of this freedom, he said, "Life, the Universe, the Void, have no value for thought when it is truly free. The only thing that has value for it is Meaning, that is the moral concept of the Impossible. "By Magritte's standards, if art merely confirms one's experience of life to date, then it has failed; if it temporarily destroys that experience and lifts you out of it, then it has succeeded. This seems an utterly respectable and exciting (if sometimes pretentious) aim for art to have sometimes – to transcend the mundane, to challenge our value systems, to reach for the moral concept of the Impossible.

At the end of last year and the start of this year, the Victoria and Albert Museum staged a breathtaking exhibition: *Masterpieces of Chinese Painting 700-1900*. Apart from the beauty of the works on delicate silk and paper, the main thrill was just how different Chinese artistic tradition is to the Western tradition. It was near impossible for the non expert to date anything in this exhibition, because the aim of most of that art was to tend to the flame of ancient tradition and make a show of cultural continuity through dynastic shifts. Compare that to the European tradition of innovation, experimentation and the high status we accord the new and *avant garde*. It is hard-wired into our artistic sensibilities, or at least it has been since our various revolutions, to be constantly turving out the old and regenerating.

Perhaps this has never been more true than during the crisis of meaning precipitated by the First World War. In those inhuman days, what could the niceties of the art of the old order possibly have to say to the modern world? Marcel Duchamp is perhaps the most famous member of the Dada movement, which is often thought of as being anti-art and therefore self-contradicting. In 1917, Duchamp famously bought a urinal, signed it, and exhibited it on a plinth, calling it *Fountain*. This was a polemical, manifesto piece that said the world was already so full of inherently interesting objects that the artists need not add to them. Instead, the artist could simply choose one and this ironic act of choice was equivalent to creation – a choice of mind, rather than of hand. Welcome to the world of conceptual art.

No life experience equips us to make sense of **Siobhan Hapaska's** abstract sculpture in liquid-smooth and shiny fiberglass, **Want** (1997). Its white porcelain appearance seems to dare us to treat in the same terms as a Duchamp 'readymade', and indeed, as Stuart Evans points out in his Introduction to this catalogue, its nickname within Simmons & Simmons suggests



Detail: **Martin Creed** *Work No. 143, 1996 the whole world + the work = the whole world* 1996

many may have taken the bait. If Duchamp's project was to demystify art by the classification of ordinary things as 'art' because of their context, Hapaska wants to put the mystery back. The instinctive reaction to seeing anything is to try and relate it to something we know, but *Want* makes this impossible. The tease is that things are suggested but never fully realised: at first the form appears organic, like an ear canal, perhaps; but that is immediately at odds with the use of an obviously synthetic material that looks as if it might sustain a round the world navigation attempt, as well as some sharper lines and angles that would not be out of place as part of a grand piano or a harp. When *Frieze* magazine (November 2007) asked Hapaska what art is for, she replied, "confusing the masses". On another occasion, she explained:

*I think some people get very uneasy when they can't find immediate, concrete explanations. I like ideas that are adrift. When things are not absolutes they become more interesting, because it throws the responsibility back on you, to understand what you might be.*

Hapaska is right – in a world in which all pub quizzes and heated dinner party arguments are ruined by the possibility of Googling everything on the spot, perhaps it's healthy to confront some frustrating and elusive abstraction once in a while.

**Martin Creed's** recent retrospective asked *What's the point of it?* in its title, without specifying whether the 'it' was art, life, or something else. He is perhaps the ultimate son of Duchamp – the chief exponent of the mind-over-manual brand of art. His **Work no. 143** (1996) puts forward the quasi mathematical equation 'the whole world + the work = the whole world', which also appeared as a 16 metre neon installation over the entrance to Tate Britain. The proposition is deliberately ambiguous. Clearly if  $A + B = A$  then  $B = 0$  and the work adds nothing to the world at all: it is worthless. On the other hand, Creed could be asserting that art is integral to and indistinguishable from the rest of the world. In the context of his other work, it seems clear that Creed is making the case for his embeddedness in the world, whilst playing on a recurring anxiety about what the status and importance of art is – not least when all it consists of is a simple white A4 page with a single line of typed text.

It is not surprising that artists often exist in conflict with the art of previous generations, because it seems to me that what

great artists have in common is the conviction that all art was an inadequate comment on the world until they came along. To return briefly to the First World War period, one of the most stirring accounts of the inability of academy traditions to say what needed to be said about the terrifying modern world was in Russian painter Kazimir Malevich's essay, *From Cubism and Futurism to Suprematism: The New Realism in Painting*, written in 1915:

*And it is a mistake to believe that their age was the brightest flowering in art, and that the younger generation must at all costs strive towards this ideal. Such a concept is false. It diverts young forces from the contemporary stream of life, thereby demoralizing them. Their bodies fly in airplanes, but art and life are covered with the old robes of Nero and Titians.*

*Thus they are unable to see the new beauty of our modern life. For they live by the beauty of past ages. So the Realists, Impressionists, Cubism, Futurism and Suprematism were not understood. These last mentioned artists cast off the robes of the past and came out into contemporary life to find a new beauty.*

*And I say that no torture chamber of the Academies can withstand the passage of time. Forms move and are born, and we make newer and newer discoveries. And what I reveal to you, do not conceal. And it is absurd to force our age into the old forms of time past.*

As it happens, I don't agree one hundred percent and enjoy the sensual result when artists such as Indraccolo and the rest of the Vermilion Hook collective use the ancestral tools of the atelier tradition to interpret the modern world. But you can't fault the conviction and sincerity in Malevich's response to his historical moment. For a long time, I wondered what it is that makes the aesthetically disparate Simmons & Simmons collection make sense, aware many of its artists have something in common that is impressive, but intangible and hard to articulate. Now I think I know: conviction.

Sometimes artists are so convinced that they have hit upon the right formula for their time that they can't resist an open dig at what has gone before. One way of thinking about **Roy Lichtenstein's** new consumerist Pop Art in the early 1960s is as an assault on the Abstract Expressionism which



Installation: **Richard Hamilton** *Guggenheim Black*, *Guggenheim Silver* and *Guggenheim White* 1970,

**Hurvin Anderson** *Untitled* 2009 (Lodeveans collection)

had dominated in the 1950s. Lichtenstein's cool, detached, meticulous application of paint reproached the default mode of the Abstract Expressionists like Jackson Pollock, who were known for spontaneous brushwork that supposedly summoned psychological and emotional turmoil onto the canvas, every painterly splatter was an index of their tortured souls. This hyper intellectualised nonsense was brilliantly sent up in Paolo Sorrentino's film *La Grande Bellezza* (2013) by the pre-adolescent girl who makes millions by letting out piercing cries as she throws cans of paint onto a large canvas, while invited guests gather round and stroke their chins in contemplation. In *Red Apple* (1983) Lichtenstein not only chooses the everyday object of the apple as his subject, but also satirises the spontaneous brushstrokes of the Abstract Expressionists with his fastidiously controlled and technical method.

**Richard Hamilton's** insistence on exploring design, technology and consumerism with the same passion and intellectual rigour as the other forms of visual arts traditionally regarded as being more prestigious was itself challenging in the 1960s. When the Arts Council organised a 1964 survey of the most important paintings and sculptures of the previous decade, it included thirty artists but not Hamilton. His fibreglass *Guggenheim* (1970) reliefs appear as cumbersome, not to say discomforting hybrids of representation, readable neither as paintings nor as sculptural objects, or as architectural models of a façade. They become pure spectacularised design, part iconic types, part plastic relief, part picture, part branded architecture.

*House Rules* (2001), by the late **Rose Finn-Kelcey**, is an endless stream of 'rules' – "no shouting", "no running", "no talking" etc., periodically interrupted by a crude outburst, undermining the barrage of prohibitions. You can't help but smile at this wit in the face of otherwise unyielding, prohibitive authority. We enjoy this because, deep down, we are hard wired to be rebellious and to push boundaries as part of the everyday negotiation of our relationships. At some level, appetite for conflict is a necessary part of human nature and identity.

## Concluding thoughts

No matter how horrific the image, it appears we are a belligerent species that will never be put off conflict by the sight of it. "Innocence" was not lost forever in 1814, or 1914, and it won't disappear this year either. Every generation seems doomed to forget the lessons of the past, or never to learn them in the first place. The flipside of this is that mankind is constantly sustained by a renewal of hope, optimism and naivety in the grand historical cycles of destruction and regeneration. *Time of the Empress* (2012), a seven screen video and sound installation by artist duo **Aziz + Cucher** serves as a hypnotic metaphor for this eternal loop, as painstakingly animated architectural drawings rise from and fall into a cloud of chaos. Their work is an attempt to wrestle with the madness they perceive underlying everyday life in the age of terrorism and especially in the Middle East, and for them, it's personal. Although they now live and work in New York, partners in life and art, Sammy Cucher was raised in Venezuela in a Zionist family that moved to Israel and Anthony Aziz, who grew up near Boston, is third generation Lebanese and members of his extended family still live in Lebanon. Referring to the outbreak of military hostilities between Israel and Lebanon in 2006, Aziz said: "It was especially painful for us because Sammy's nephews were serving in the military, while my family was receiving the bombs being sent by the Israeli military." There's something about the production of images based on rigid, meticulous black and white drawings that seems an appropriate response to conflict. I have always thought the abstract, ordered grids of Piet Mondrian, which he first started to produce in 1915, were a response to the extreme disorder of the times he was living through.



Piet Mondrian *Composition 10 in Black and White (Pier and Ocean)* 1915  
Source: Kröller-Müller Museum



Installation: **Gary Hume** *Untitled* (Wall Painting) 1992,

**Agata Madejska** 46-48 2010 (Courtesy of the artist and Parrotta Contemporary Art, Stuttgart)

In the construction phases of their loops, the seven screens of *Time of the Empress* speak to society's constant seeking of progress and growth, and evoke those gleaming Middle Eastern cities that have risen at breathtaking pace from the dust. Their slow, inexorable, linear descent is a chilling reminder of scenes on 11 September 2001 when the World Trade Center towers, beacons of Western prosperity and strength, crumbled eerily in a way that still doesn't feel real, nearly 13 years on.

This might be a universal truth about truly horrific images – their strangeness is so profound that we are never likely to perceive their reality through our eyes alone. Despite the number of versions that have been painted, I have never seen a picture of the biblical tales of Judith Beheading Holofernes, or Salome with the Head of John the Baptist, that I have really believed in, but this is probably because I am unable to comprehend the unexperienced reality of a decapitated head. This partly explains why some of the most moving scenes related to war are the graves of and monuments to the slaughtered.

**Agata Madejska's 46-48** (2010) from her *Order of Solids* series is an appropriately solemn note on which to end this exhibition. Madejska's compositional skill and eye for an image means she is able, without digital manipulation, to make images that describe the physical experience of being in the presence of an object, instead of providing a superficial look at its detail. Standing in front of *46-48* gives me a palpable feeling in the pit of my stomach of the gravity of the location, both in its bleak significance and as a bulky object in the built environment. The tone is not inappropriately triumphalist and bombastic, but austere and reflective. If the horrors of war are so great that their meaning cannot be communicated by words or images alone, perhaps this semantic gap is best abandoned and the pursuit of the heat of battle put to one side in favour of the cold, hard contemplation of loss and the one, fragile chance we all have to be alive.

Jon Sharples  
MMXIV



Roy Lichtenstein *Red Apple* 1983

# List of works

## Hurvin Anderson

*Skinny Dipping* 1999

Oil on canvas

160 x 246 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

## Hurvin Anderson

*Untitled* 2009

Woodblock and woodcut print

83.8 x 66 cm

Lodeveans collection

## Jake and Dinos Chapman

*Disasters of War #78* 1999

Etching with watercolour

24.5 x 34.5 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

## Jake and Dinos Chapman

*Disasters of War #20* 1999

Etching with watercolour

24.5 x 34.5 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

## Jake Chapman

*Jake not Dinos* 2006

Etching

edition 150/250

40 x 35 cm

Private collection

## Martin Creed

*Work No. 143, 1996 the whole world + the work = the whole world* 1996

Ink on paper

Unlimited edition

30 x 21.5 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

## Aziz + Cucher

*Time of The Empress* 2012

7-channel video installation on individual 55 inch bezel screens

122 x 69 cm each

Courtesy Gazelli Art House, London

## Tracey Emin

*Trust Me* 2000

Neon (in pink)

edition of 10, 1/1 AP

23 x 81 cm (approx)

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

## Rose Finn-Kelcey

*House Rules* 2001

Miniature circuit board with red LEDs encased in vacuum-formed plastic, battery and mains connections

edition 100

9.4 x 2.3 x 1.7 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

## Francisco Goya

*Clamores en Vano* 1810 – 1820

Etching, plate no. 54, *Los Desastres de la Guerra*, 1st edition, published in 1863 by the Real Academia de Nobles Artes de San Fernando

24 x 27.5 cm

Private collection

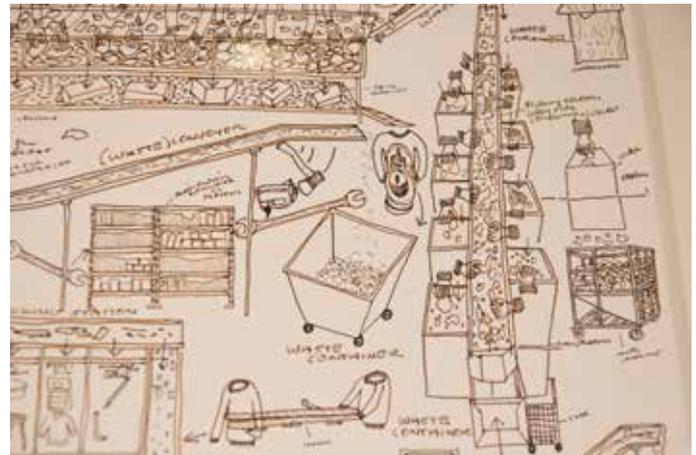
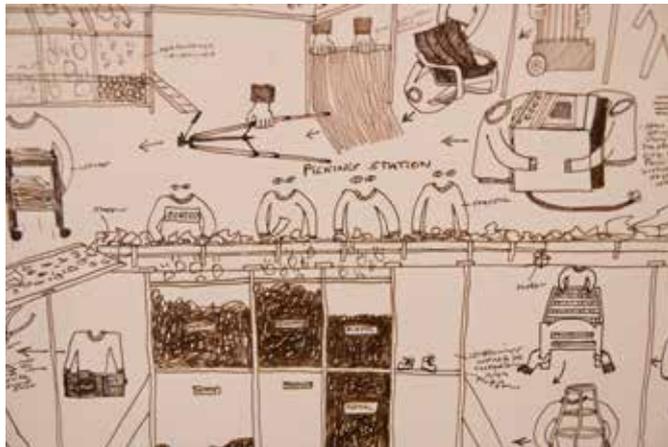
## Francisco Goya

*Contra el bien general* 1810 – 1820

Etching, plate no. 71, *Los Desastres de la Guerra*, 1st edition, published in 1863 by the Real Academia de Nobles Artes de San Fernando

24 x 27.5 cm

Private collection



### George Grosz

*The War* 1916

Pencil on paper

28.6 x 22 cm

Private Collection, Courtesy Richard Nagy Ltd., London

Image courtesy Richard Nagy Ltd., London

### Richard Hamilton

*Guggenheim White* 1970

Relief in white painted plexiglass

edition 133/730 (of three multiples)

60 x 60 x 10 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

### Richard Hamilton

*Guggenheim Silver* 1970

Relief in plexiglass with vacuum deposited aluminium

edition 106/730 (of three multiples)

60 x 60 x 10 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

### Richard Hamilton

*Guggenheim Black* 1970

Relief in black painted plexiglass edition 102/730 (of three multiples)

60 x 60 x 10 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

### Siobhan Hapaska

*Want* 1997

Fibreglass, polyester gel coat & blue LED

104 x 38 x 231 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

### David Hockney

*Portrait of Cavafy II* 1964

Etching on paper

34.5 x 22.3 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

### Gary Hume

*Ugly Self Portrait* 1993

Cibachrome print, set of four

edition 1/2

50.5 x 41.5 cm each

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

### Gary Hume

*Untitled (Wall Painting)* 1992

Dulux high gloss paint applied directly to wall

182.5 x 198.7 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

### Gary Hume

*Untitled* 2001

Gloss paint on paper

38 x 27.5 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

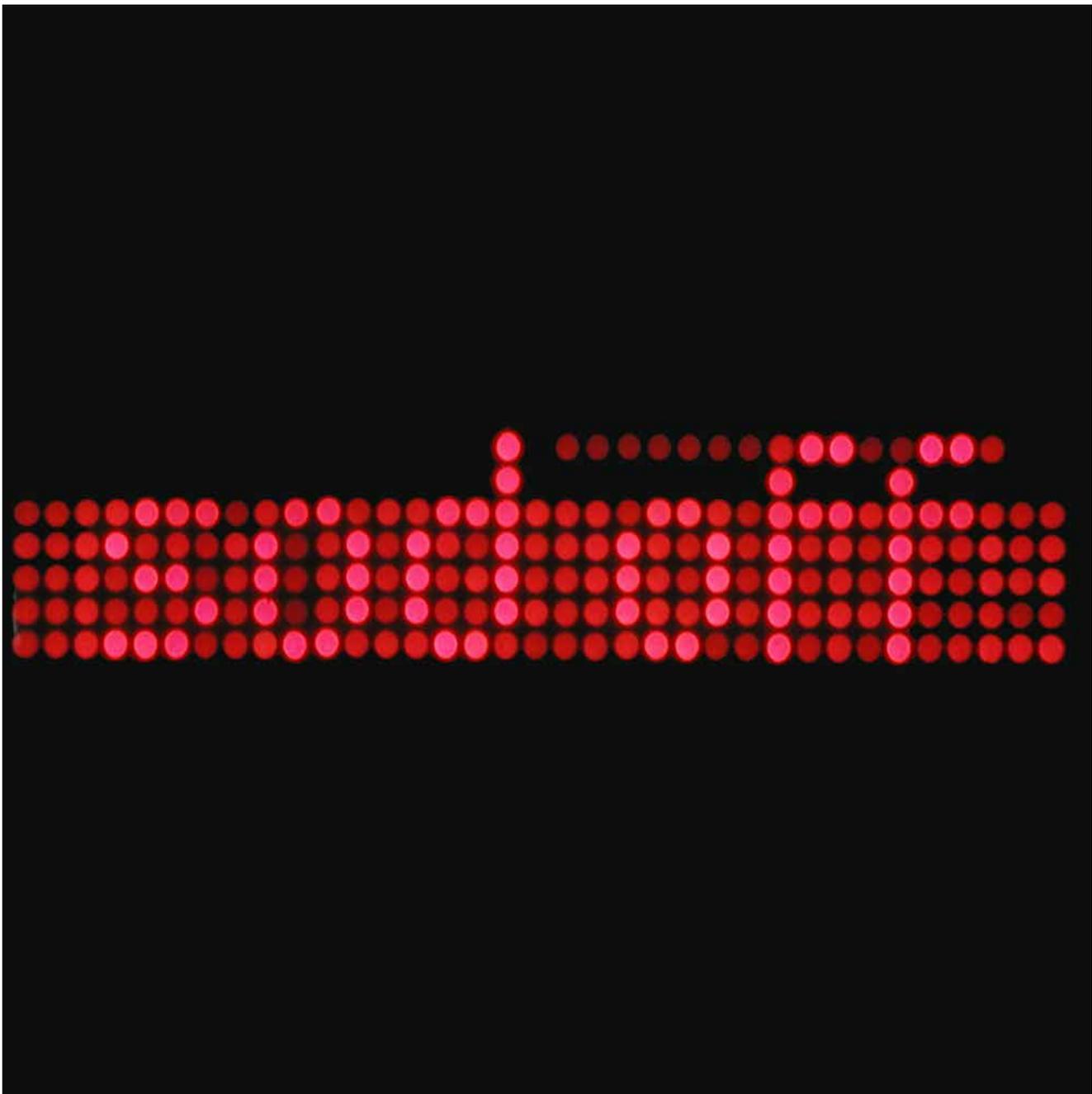
### Luca Indraccolo

*SMF.75.1.7.76* 2014

Oil on canvas

40 x 75 cm

Courtesy of the artist and the Vermilion Hook Collective



### Michael Landy

*Our Limit is that of the Desire of the Human Mind* 1996

Colour photograph

edition 2/5

100.5 x 55 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

### Michael Landy

*P.D.F (Product Disposal Facility)* 1998

Ink on paper

82 x 113 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

### Roy Lichtenstein

*Red Apple* 1983

Woodcut on handmade paper

edition 41/60

76.5 x 93 cm

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

### Agata Madejska

*46-48* 2010

Digital C-Type print on Forex and waxed black MDF

edition of 5 + 2 AP

119 x 130 x 6 cm

Courtesy of the artist and Parrotta Contemporary Art, Stuttgart

### Basim Magdy

*A contracted excavation of extinct secret societies* 2008

Acrylic, oil, and enamel on paper

50 x 70 cm

Lodeveans collection

### Chris Ofili

*Untitled* 1998

Six untitled watercolours on paper

24 x 15.5 cm each

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection

### Lucienne O'Mara

*Ladies of the Chorus* 2011

Watercolour monoprint on paper

57.5 x 38 cm

Courtesy of the artist

### Andrew Salgado

*Year of The Silencer* 2013

Oil on canvas with spray

160 x 180 cm

From the collection of Tim Clark

### Emilie Taylor

*Bellhouse Road I and II* 2010

Stoneware pots

44 x 17 cm each

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection



Gary Hume *Untitled* 2001

# Thanks

## Simmons & Simmons

David Stone  
Art Partner

Stuart Evans  
Curator

Jodi Young  
Head of Bids & Communications

Peter Cohen  
Photographer

Jacob Venn  
Building Services Manager, Facilities

The Graphic Design team

The Facilities team

Williams Lea (print room)

## Artists

Luca Indraccolo  
Agata Madejska  
Andrew Salgado

## Collectors

Tim Clark

## Galleries/Collectives

Gazelli Art House, London  
Parrotta Contemporary Art, Stuttgart  
Richard Nagy Ltd., London  
The Vermilion Hook Collective

## Other

Blue Apron Transport  
Neon Specialists  
Philip Young Studios



Installation: **Aziz + Cucher** *Time of The Empress* 2012 (Courtesy Gazelli Art House, London)

## Simmons & Simmons

Simmons & Simmons is an international law firm with a modern and contemporary art collection.

Under the guidance of Stuart Evans, a former partner at the firm, Simmons & Simmons has been collecting art for over 25 years. The collection was established to support young artists early in their careers and to develop a showcase for their work outside of the traditional gallery environment. Today, the firm has a leading collection of 400 contemporary artworks, which hang in the meeting rooms and communal spaces of the firm's offices not only in London, but around the world.

Simmons & Simmons is proud of its commitment to the arts: it stages regular art tours, artist talks and temporary exhibitions in its London office, and has been legal partner to the Frieze Art Fair (now Frieze London) since its inception. Engagement is important and alongside its dedicated website at [simmonscontemporary.com](http://simmonscontemporary.com), its Twitter account @Simmons\_Art and a staff art network, the firm regularly looks for new ways to offer staff, clients and local communities access to some of the most interesting aspects of contemporary art and culture. In 2014, therefore, Simmons & Simmons is delighted to have participated in the 'Highlights from Corporate Collections' exhibition at Bonhams; to be participating in the City of London Festival and Open House London this year and now to host its first temporary exhibition curated by staff at the firm.

The Simmons & Simmons contemporary art collection  
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