



## If You Lived here You'd be Home By Now; an Eyewitness Account.

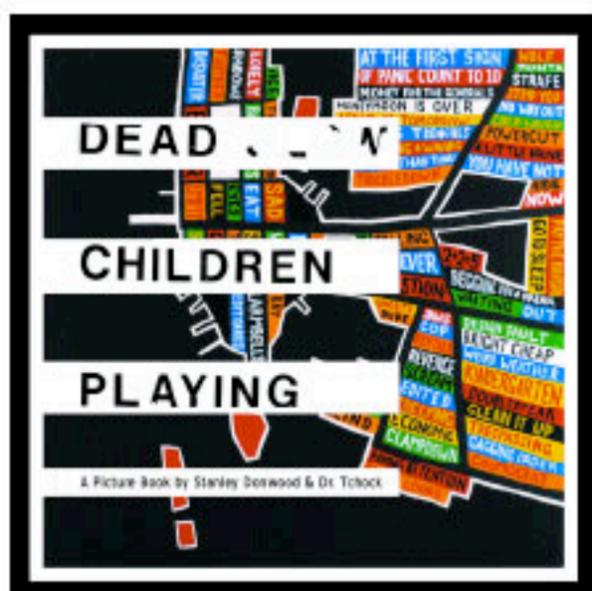
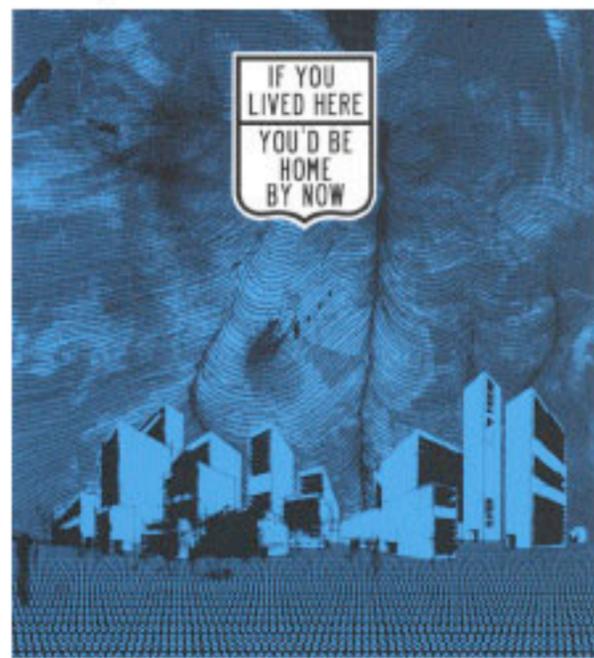
Right, so last June I did a show at Mr Lazarides' gallery in Soho, London town. And, naturally, we had a little party the night it opened.

I can't remember what it was we were drinking, but I do remember that there were a frightening number of people there (i.e., more than about five) and most of them seemed reasonably happy to be there.

The work was produced during the ten months prior to the show, when I'd been working in a variety of unusual locations with the musicians collectively known as Radiohead.

I had the idea that the music being made formed a sort of symphony to the end of suburbia; I was making architectural drawings, designing symmetrical patterns of road layouts, imagining decaying avenues of identikit houses in thrall to out-of-town superstores that functioned more as cathedrals of unfocused religion than as grocery shops. After a time I began transferring these ideas to etched copper plates, screenprints and paintings, and these formed the basis for the exhibition.

If you're interested in any of this, the screenprints are for sale on [www.slowlydownward.com](http://www.slowlydownward.com), and the etchings on [www.lazinc.com](http://www.lazinc.com).



## Unpleasantly-titled Book to be Published by Verso.

One of the weirdest things that I heard during the year was "Verso would like to republish that catalogue you did for that exhibition in Barcelona."

How about that? This, regular readers of the *Taglibro* may faintly recall, is the catalogue made in record time under very strange conditions (utter loneliness, no phones, no internet, musty-tasting water, ghosts) last October, when I was staying in a derelict Stately Home.

The book contains most of the paintings that myself & the Doktor did between about 1999 and about 2005, many hastily-scanned pages from sketchbooks, and several images rescued from outmoded recording media. What Verso have added to this already dodgy dossier is the accounts I put on the Slowly Downward Manufactory website ([www.slowlydownward.com/DCPtext.html](http://www.slowlydownward.com/DCPtext.html)) about the three main periods that the work was produced in.

Given that my published works have mostly been produced by a bloke I met at the pub, this represents something of a *Great Leap Forward*. The publication date is the 22nd October 2007 (really soon), and it will be available from all bookshops, I think. Retailing at a jaw-dropping £9.99 for 80 pages in hardback, it represents something of a *bargain*. Please don't buy it if you already have the catalogue, as the only difference is a different cover and some writing that you can read on the website. That's all, folks; more on [www.versobooks.com](http://www.versobooks.com), probably.

## Six Inch Records; The Apparently Endless Saga Continues.

I'm finding that being the CEO of my very own Record Company is fraught with Peril.

Things were going smoothly, with production of the first record (Patrick Bell's *Travel Notes*) underway; the CDs are pressed, the covers are printed, though not actually stuck together with glue yet. I have printed the covers of the second record (The Joy of Living's *The Beyond Within*), and the master CD is ready to go to the bloke in Bristol who's duplicating them.

However, the master of the third CD (Max de Mara's *Classist*) hasn't even turned up yet. I think I've set the type for the cover, but I'm not sure.

And the probably stupid idea I had for having a Launch Party, with live performances, alcoholic refreshment and so on, has run up against some *unexpected obstacles*. One of the obstacles I can't discuss for *legal reasons*, the second one I can't discuss for *contractual reasons*, and the third one I can't discuss because I've no idea about how to transfer analogue dictaphone recordings to digital media, although I did meet a bloke at the pub who said that he could probably sort it out.

It's not easy being a Fatcat Record Company mogul. I thought it would be all liquid lunches, limousines, caviar and luxury hotels (the sort where they have really expensive peanuts by the minibar) but it just isn't.

Instead I've got a load of CDs (but not all of them), a load of not-stuck-together covers, AWOL artistes, technical difficulties and potentially catastrophic issues with both the General Medical Council and a Multinational Corporation. No wonder the music industry is in freefall.

But never fear; Six Inch Records will be launched as soon as everything is ready. I just don't know when that might be.

And naturally, *Taglibro* readers (that's you) will be the first to know. Apart from the artistes, of course, and the CEO of the Company (that's me.)