Art from the UK

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Willie Doherty
Tracey Emin
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Forty-five years ago, T.S. Eliot famously said that "cultur" was something that included "all the characteristic activities and interests of a people". For England, this to him meant: "Derby Day, Henley Regatta, Cowes, the twelfth of August, a cup final, the dog races, the pin-table, the dart-board, Wensleydale cheese, boiled cabbage cut into sections, beetroot in vinegar, nineteenth-century Gothic churches and the music of Elgar."[1] While English and British identity has changed almost unrecognizably – few would attribute much significance to 'the twelfth of August', the opening day of grouse-shooting season, for example – and Eliot's picture of England sounds unbearably nostalgic and ethnically unilateral, his overall point still stands. Culture takes into account a cross-historical grab-bag which borrows indifferently from 'high' and 'low', contemporary consumables to age-old traditions, in an ever-shifting, wholly subjective portrait. A culture, rather than formed by a linear accumulation of its constituent parts, is more like a sort of Möbius strip of fluctuating events, names and phenomena, a sort of gaseous ether around an equally volatile core. An updated 1990s compendium of British buzzwords and common knowledge would jettison most of Eliot's list to accommodate such trigger terms as "The Big Issue", the newspaper sold by and for the homeless; the Eurostar channel tunnel; the 1993 "Dog Man Star" album by the band Suede; Walker's cheese and onion crisps; fashion franchise Red or Dead; jungle music; "Eastenders" – the working-class London TV soap opera; the lottery; "My Beautiful Launderette"; eco-warriors; the tabloids; Glastonbury Music Festival; the Body Shop; New Labour; and mad cows – both the ones contaminated in the English countryside and those sliced in two and set in a formaldehyde tank by Damien Hirst.

If we were to list the cultural moments which make up the current British scene, topping it would have to be pop music, with its indispensable accoutrements of clubs, DJs, clothes, street-drugs and style, describing Britain's most visibly successful, international cultural export. It is not surprising that contemporary art has gained much standing and visibility by endorsing and folding into pop music: Hirst designed Blur music promo-videos and cavorts with David Bowie; young British art-star Sam Taylor-Wood has worked with the band The Pet Shop Boys; and Pulp's lead vocalist, Jarvis Cocker, appeared wall-sized in the recent "Assuming Positions" exhibition at the London Institute of Contemporary Arts.[2] Alongside the music world's notables – the Gallagher brothers from Oasis, Tricky, and even the Spice Girls – other cultural disciplines, like contemporary art, have pushed to the forefront 1980s and 90s figureheads. Vivienne Westwood, Alexander McQueen and Kate Moss in fashion; Derek Jarman, Sally Potter and Danny Boyle in film; Nick Hornby, Martin Amis and Iain Banks in literature, to name just a few, acquired pop-star notoriety and rose to become recognizable icons to be plugged into such British magazine staples as "The Face", "ID" and "Dazed and Confused", hungry for superstars. A famous news announcement on the weather, "There has been a persistent fog at London airport during the weekend, and the Continent has been cut off for twenty-four hours",[3] is a kind of anecdotal testament to Britain's recent sense of a super-confident (if potentially insular), thriving and mannered self-identity. In this media-dependent, image-heavy cultural context, artists have also taken their place in the Olympus of celebrity and genius. Damien Hirst still reigns unchallenged as *the* art-world icon, but alongside him Rachel Whiteread, Sarah Lucas, Tracey Emin, Jake and Dinos Chapman, Sam Taylor-Wood and others are equally at home in "Flash Art", the specialized Euro-art magazine, as they are in the pages of "Vogue". Like in other fields, successful participants are self-assured of their media presence, of the value of their work, and above all, are supremely informed of what is happening in international art while actively belonging and contributing to a thriving local scene. As Michael Craig-Martin, an artist, teacher at the quasi-legendary Goldsmiths' art college and mentor to many of the new generation, explained in the 1991 pilot issue of the key London art magazine, "frieze", "This new generation of artists are all very familiar with each other's work ... these people are working off each other. They are creating a kind of internal competition, they each want to outdo each other, and they follow each other's work and ideas, so that it has a kind of internal momentum of its own, which is very unusual."[4] This is not, then, an artificially hyped-up scene, eager to absorb any photogenic newcomer anxious to jump onto the Brit-art bandwagon; this is a hugely competitive, specialized discipline, vitally dependent on the quality of its own production and on up-to-

the-minute information. There are a staggering 100,000 artists currently working in Britain[5]; to succeed among these you absolutely need to be an unusually, noticeably capable artist. Unimaginative, unproductive, uncool colleagues fall quickly by the wayside.

One of the key lessons of Craig-Martin at Goldsmiths', where a disproportionate number of Britain's best-known young artists studied,[6] was the crucial awareness that artists were not producing work independent of an international set of questions and issues, but could only aspire to recognition if they were engaged with the prevailing art discourse underway. Craig-Martin: "Art is an international phenomenon ... it's part of international intellectual life. Artists either participate in this or they don't. If you are a participant, there will be interest in what you do."[7] The outdated model of the artist alone and freezing in a leaky garret (although many artists still spend very cold winters in unheated warehouse studios) or pioneering unheeded in the lonely determination of *his* own mind, was deemed an outmoded and unprofitable path. That way you'd have to rule out making an impact with your art – and what is art without an audience, anyway? This lesson, as well as Craig-Martin's ability to impart to his students a sense of their own value on the art-market while being rigorous and uncompromising, had an unestimable impact on his students.

Britain – London and Glasgow in particular – benefited from a wealth of gifted professors, not just at Goldsmiths' (whose teachers, along with Craig-Martin, also boasted Richard Wentworth and Nick Deville), who revolutionized art education. These were unbeatable art school teachers, true, but above all, they were also active artists themselves: Bruce McLean, Susan Hiller and Edward Allington at the Slade, as well as Victor Burgin and Mary Kelly at London Polytechnic, among others. Indeed, as formative as the late 1980s at Goldsmiths' proved to be, it is crucial to cite the many significant British artists who were tutored elsewhere: Rachel Whiteread, Mona Hatoum, Willie Doherty and Douglas Gordon, among them.

The art students in the early to mid 1980s thrived on the rich intellectual, artistic and social context in which their work was to be inserted, and being informed was a key functional imperative. Liam Gillick, artist, critic and all-around London art-world spokesman (and Goldsmiths' alumnus), explains: "Staying informed became crucial ... You just go and look at (other people's work), and you try to become part of things. This is something so simple, it almost sounds silly to mention it, but it would come up all the time at Goldsmiths': ... you must stay informed."[8] By immersing themselves in private views, familiarizing themselves with the gallery scene and the art crowd, quickly growing blasé about the trafficking of art-hype in the specialized magazines, these students were unintimidated initiates even before graduating, ready and anxious to bounce into the scene and make their own startling impact instantaneously. And when foreigners were introduced to this savvy work, they could see the relevance of the art immediately: it was not meant as a crowd pleaser, but it certainly was produced with an attentive, reactive, and potentially buying audience in mind.

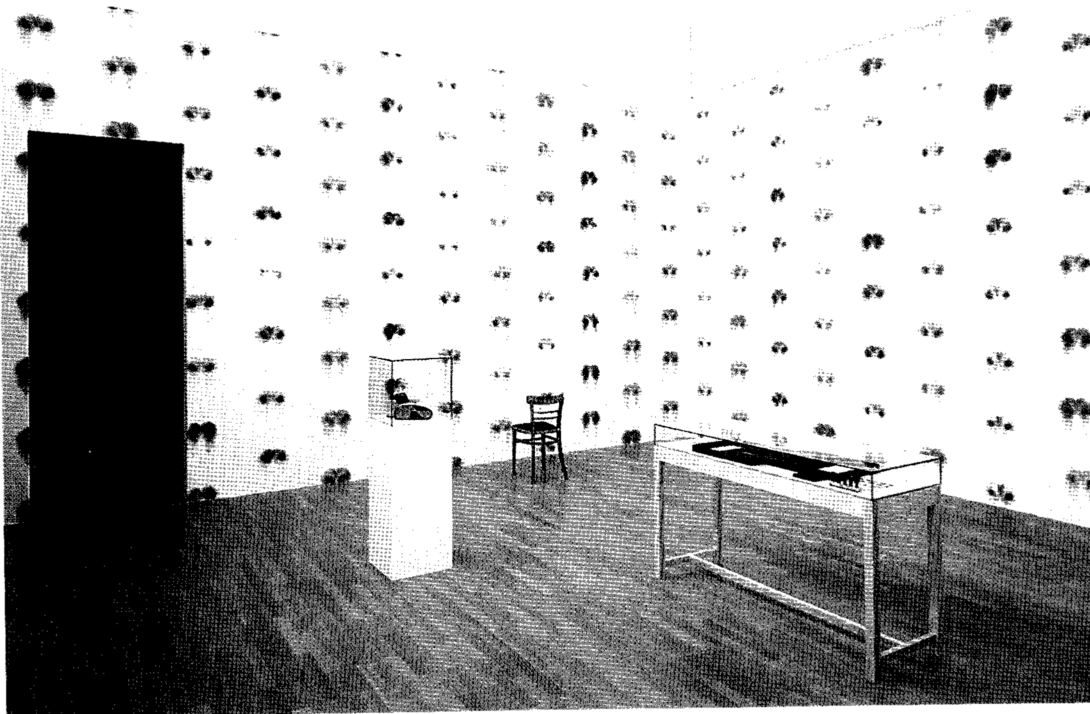
The first, truly ground-breaking exhibition was the legendary "Freeze"[9], (1988) curated by then-student Damien Hirst, in an unused warehouse in the Docklands of London's East End. Like the later "Modern Medicine", "East Country Yard", "Gambler"[10] (all 1990), and others, this exhibition succeeded in taking advantage of the money still circulating from the quickly declining 1980s highlife. The "Freeze" catalogue, in particular, boasts an impressive list of corporate sponsors, many of them associated with the service industries and urban redevelopment projects that were part of the intended shift in Britain's economic foundation. At the same time, the "Freeze" artists capitalized on the commercial fiasco of the London Docklands, a former seaport disastrously transformed through glass and concrete into 'the biggest office and retail development in Europe'. The resulting half-empty and fully detested Canary Wharf building, sometimes described as 'a forty-storey basement, waiting to happen' owing to its precarious foundation on swampy marshland, became a kind of emblem of the speculative irresponsibility of the Thatcher decade. The abandoned buildings, left empty by the first round of death of Britain's manufacturing industries and then abandoned again when the 1980s economic bubble burst, were resurrected as one-off art venues. As London curator and critic Iwona Blazwick puts it, "Artists were quick to realize that these (lofts) were dramatically proportioned, architecturally compelling and outside institutional restructions. And, they were free."[11]

"Freeze" confirmed the kind of maverick, entrepreneuri-

al spirit of Hirst and his peers and their ability to persuade big players to lend them their confidence by contributing financially to their work. This was an unprecedented initiative which grew directly out of the Saatchi mentality of scale and marketing, backers and buyers. They were, moreover, capable publicists who drew the right crowd of art collectors, young things and potential tenants – a crowd which must have been altogether shocked to find, on the fringes of the real-estate reality of Thatcherite London, the fully-formed, museum quality, museum-sized "Freeze" exhibition. As Craig-Martin described it, "Suddenly there were very sophisticated-looking shows emerging from people who were in their early twenties ... you realize it's not about paying your dues. It's about going out and grabbing what you want."[12]

The grabbing did not last long, however, and the year 1990 marked a transition and an ending of sorts. It was a year remembered for the poll-tax riots in Trafalgar square in March and culminating with Margaret Thatcher's resignation in November. The refurbishment of urban Britain which had been ambitiously begun in the 1980s seemed to grind to a halt and London was riddled with deserted construction sites and half-finished buildings. The London Dockland Development Corporation itself, although already ailing by 1988 (the year of "Freeze"), by 1992 was in debt to the tune of £400 million.[13] The engine driving Hirst and his contemporaries, however, fuelled by the idea that artists could take the initiative in forming their own working structures, led to both the continuation of one-off exhibitions in newly-vacated office, retail and gallery spaces, as well as the validation of longer-term, artist-run galleries like Transmission in Glasgow (founded in 1983) and City Racing in London. Artist-run spaces were born out of the warehouse, artists' studio spaces at London's Cubitt Street, Curtain Road Arts, Gasworks, Milch, and 30 Underwood Street, among others. Still other, highly flexible, 'off-centre' curatorial groups such as Bank or Rear Window, also in London, relocated their projects in various host sites, according to the type of project and venue availability. And even the shop which artists Tracey Emin and Sarah Lucas set up in a former doctor's surgery in London's East End – partially echoing Vivienne West-

Installation Abigail Lane, Douglas Gordon, Sammlung Goetz



wood and Malcolm McLaren's 'Sex' shop, which catered to the blossoming punk clientele on the King's Road well over a decade before – can safely claim its lineage to this genealogy of artist entrepreneurship.

London grew as the natural hatching ground for a broad convergence of energetic, plugged-in artists, critics, publishers, dealers and collectors who crossed disciplines freely – like the collector/museum director/arbiter of taste (not to mention, international advertising mogul) Charles Saatchi, who became an avid Young Brit collector.[14] A string of "Young British Art" exhibitions (collect 'em all!) positioned this new work as museum-worthy and cohesive, nationally defined and identifiable – and eminently buyable. It is one thing to see a giant, formaldehyde-logged shark hauled into some unfunded, alternative art space; it's another to find it practically still trailing its pricetag as the centrepiece of one of the world's most visible and famous contemporary art collections. In switching his collecting tastes from big name 1980s painting hailing from America, Italy and Germany (and selling off much of his collection when it was at the height of its market value, at the end of the 1980s) in favour of these emerging, unknown British kids, Saatchi gave them marketing edge and visibility while defining art-collecting for the 1990s, showcasing it in his glamorous, museum-like warehouse gallery on Boundary Road. Another key player was Jay Jopling, at first known as the gallerist without the gallery but sole dealer to Damien Hirst, the dealer with the Midas touch in promoting the pick of Goldsmiths' alumni. His later White Cube Gallery succeeds in the impossible task of somehow straddling blue-chip collecting with the edgiest British art.

Growing out of the Damien Hirst/"Freeze" legacy, later artist-run spaces were born in part out of necessity, as grant money faded, but above all, it signalled a fertile ground for the shared sense of an identification with the new counter-culture, outside the establishment walls. Certainly the image of Britain's guerrilla-like artists and their Peter Pan-like, eternal youthfulness and radicality are crucial to its success and exportable, self-perpetuating mythology. The American art press have been especially starry-eyed in responding to the post-punk side of these artists' allure. Richard Flood: "... that unholy interest (from the British press and public) allows the artists to operate with a very well-defined programme of subversion. They can actually make work that, within the culture, is quite anarchic, and that's important." ("frieze", November/December, 1995). Neville Wakefield: "(British artists) have adopted an aggressive guerrilla approach to both artmaking and its display, and their 'fuck-it', do-it-yourself attitude give much of their art its bite." (catalogue for "Brilliant!"). Roberta Smith: "The British contingent embraces with particular enthusiasm the belief that art ... has a responsibility to be disturbing and adversarial ..." ("New York Times", November 23, 1995).[15] In its art and in the other media Britain has somehow been singled out as representing the daring, subversive and even potentially sinister underbelly of civilized society. Witness, for example, the growing list since the 1990s of British actors taking on film roles as the 'bad guy': Anthony Hopkins, "Silence of the Lambs"; Jeremy Irons, "Reversal of Fortune"; Alan Rickman, "Die Hard"; Gary Oldman, "JFK", "The Fifth Element", and others. One of the most successful cinematic images of contemporary Britain (past Britain, in cinema terms, is inextricably stewed in Merchant Ivory and Jane Austen) is the slacker, no-hope heroin addicts of "Trainspotting". Whether questioning sexuality and gender with obscenely explicit, genital stand-ins (Sarah Lucas); staging an open yet subtle critical commentary on the ruling political system (Willie Doherty) or simply laughing, quite literally, in the face of death (Damien Hirst), it has become expected of English, Irish and Scottish art and culture in general to fly headlong against the grain of genteel society. Thus far, British art has kept from lapsing into the obvious potential pitfall: playing the radical hipster *schtick* into the ground like a bad re-run.

The cultural stream which contemporary artists are swimming against is not, by any means, an ethnically monolithic society, the race with the same 'sterling qualities', as Margaret Thatcher described it, which had once made up 'Little England', who go grouse-shooting and have two sets of British-born grandparents. Post-colonial Britain can only be defined by the broad heterogeneity from which its culture has hugely benefited, from art to literature to film, onto the catwalks, the youth magazine and not least, its music – forming such eclectic hybrids as Bungle, a mixture of Bhangra and Jungle music, or Gujatri Rock, a fusion of Western guitars and Indian sitars and tablas. Such overlappings illustrate the

blended histories which Britain now represents, because its 'comglomerate nature', as Salman Rushdie wrote in his controversial 1988 novel "The Satanic Verses", "now echoes the cultural diversity of the old empire." "... there is no such thing as 'England' anymore ... welcome to India, brothers! This is the Caribbean! ... Nigeria! ... There is no England, man. This is what is coming. Balsall Heath is the centre of the melting pot, 'cos all I ever see when I go out is half-Arab, half-Pakistani, half-Jamaican, half-Scottish, half-Irish, I know 'cos I am (half Scottish/half Irish) ... who am I? ... Tell me, who do I belong to?" (Jo-Jo, a white reggae fan, interview in Balsall Heath, Birmingham, quoted by Dick Hebdige in "Digging for Britain", 1987).[16] This "fluid sense of identity" and "dynamic instability"[17] have demanded that a single, universalist, dominant subject be replaced by a polyphonous, diversified public. As a result, curators, museums, gallerists and the entire art structure have had to stop the game, re-shuffle, and re-deal the cards. Palestinian-born Mona Hatoum, for example, gives common, household objects a twist – a crib made of glass, or a colandar whose holes have been plugged with nuts and bolts, forming a spiky, vicious sort of helmet – in asserting a sculpture which combines a minimalist and conceptual matrix with an outsider-looking-in perspective on her adopted British culture. Or Uganda-born Zarina Bhimji, who, with her family and hundreds of Ugandans of Indian origin, fled her country of birth as a child and settled in London. Her mainly photographic work, which captures objects from bizarre vantage points – at times from unnaturally close-up, on other occasions with a theatricality unsuited to ordinary or even repulsive objects – reiterates her unconventional viewpoint as a kind of metaphor of displacement.

Parallel to the assertion of black and Asian identities has been the political force of feminism and the correlative rise of women artists as immensely potent figures. "During the 1980s", states artist Liam Gillick, "the people who were around making some of the most interesting art happened to be women, Barbara Kruger, Cindy Sherman, Sherrie Levine, Jenny Holzer ... they were the good emergent artists."[18] The conceptual and theoretical work particularly of longtime London-based artist Mary Kelly in drawing feminism into the very centre of artistic discourse and practice, in positioning feminism not only as a 'pro-woman' standpoint but as a platform from which to broaden cultural viewpoints and reframe analysis, is incalculable. Women artists – like all practitioners whose voice has only been heard since the socio-political struggles of the 1960s, 70s and 80s – owe much to the achievements of feminism. Above all, it brought to light the contingency of meaning, the contextual realities which have bearing on the transmission of meaning for centuries and the reception of imagery wherein the public is taken into consideration as an active integer in the artist/artwork/viewer equation.

Certainly the earlier blueprint for the successful British artist, from Stanley Spencer to Henry Moore to Antony Gormley, had described *him* as white and male, mastering traditional media of figurative painting or, particularly in 1980s' Britain, sculpture. Among the most lasting icons of the twentieth century British art was often the enticingly bizarre if not mildly deranged male, in the Francis Bacon/Lucian Freud mould: tormented, singular souls who can perhaps cast the nets of their legacy on to Damien Hirst, in the artist-as-intelligent-though-borderline-lunatic tradition. This romantic notion was enhanced in the 1960s by the Pop artists who grew around the generation of Peter Blake, Patrick Caulfield, Richard Hamilton, and later David Hockney and Allen Jones. Like the 1990s' Brit pack, these were fulltime, full swing members of the London cultural moment and ready image-makers for the art galleries as well as for recording artists and film directors. For the first time, mass culture – advertising, newspapers, television, fashion – for these English artists was a vital and almost limitless source of imagery and flavour, there to be tapped and borrowed from liberally. The bridge between them was perpetually crossed in both directions, and hybrids were welcome.

More than these, however, the British artist 'role model' whom many of these artists cite as crucial in their perception not merely of what they wanted to *do*, but what they wanted to *be*, was sculptor Julian Opie, some twenty-five years later. Immediately following (if not slightly overlapping) the pre-eminent generation of 1980s Lisson Gallery sculptors which included Tony Cragg, Richard Deacon, Anish Kapoor and Bill Woodrow, Opie embraced their interest in 'dumb' sculpture, in the everyday, and brought to it elements from Conceptual and Minimal Art which had freshness and yet

bore with it weight which signalled a different direction. Opie was crucial in bringing a kind of referentiality and particularity to minimal sculpture, suggesting a new sort of recycling – casual, subjective, untheoretical – of some of the most rigorous sacred cows of 1960s' art. The work of Mona Hatoum, Rachel Whiteread and Hirst, among others, has been described as an art that fills the minimal form with content or at least, with the kind of idiosyncratic, personal meaning not previously identified with the movement. An emblematic case in point is Rachel Whiteread's "Ghost" (1990); the boxy, white cast of the interior space of a room, or her magnificent "House", in which the ante was upped by casting in concrete an entire house in the East End – resulting in an unprecedented media *cause célèbre* in 1993.[19] Here the plain, sculptural box is loaded as a kind of container of memory, of nostalgia, of the spaces of personal significance, and completely sheds the industrialized, serialized form defining minimal sculpture. A 1985 exhibition at the Saatchi collection showed a large-scale Donald Judd plywood piece from 1981,[20] and was a key first-hand view of Minimalism for some young London artists. As a potential starting point for these artists' work, however, Minimal Art needed a dose of self-narration to make it meaningful, pertinent and now. When artist Michael Landy stacked crates borrowed from the outdoor displays of fruit-stands and called it sculpture, the reference intertwined Judd with the autobiographical experience of having walked past such shop displays since childhood, resulting in a kind of contaminated Minimalism which had no commitment whatsoever to theoretical purity, but only to itself. An overall sense of malaise and boredom with the rampant neo-expressionistic painting of the mid 1980s, moreover, made Minimalism and Conceptualism, the art that was most antithetical to the prevailing canvas-based art of Schnabel, Kiefer, Clemente, et al., appear as a kind of relief. The fascination lay in a kind of perverse need to do something not even remotely like the mainstream, expressionistic work. "There certainly has been a return to certain notions of conceptual art", says Craig-Martin. "But the conceptual art that came out of the late 1960s and early 1970s was quite austere and puritanical. One of the characteristics of the present art is that it is certainly not that. It's aggressive, and it can be very vulgar, and much less guilt-ridden, which is also one of the characteristics that make it very un-English."[21] Its very 'un-English' vulgarity was ensured by the usage of inexpensive, accessible media, often video and photography, or found objects to make such sculptures as Sarah Lucas' "Two Fried Eggs and a Kebab", consisting of its eponymous materials and rather overtly and obscenely suggesting a naked lady lying flat on a table. The feel can be compared to, say, the pages of "The Face", where pouting, bruised and emaciated models are not meant to look rich or beautiful or glamorous, but devastatingly cutting edge, youthful, with heaps of street credibility and attitude, a slightly mocking, 'hipper than thou' air about them. It should have an air of effortless confidence which is impossible to feign and which the public instantly recognizes and can not resist.

Contemporary British art, at times depicted as "dumb, vulgar and narcissistic"[22] often conceals hard-hitting political commentary and accusations as well as a kind of honest, self-questioning intuition which is often overlooked when exported in giant all-Brit exhibitions abroad. Look again at British art in the 1990s. When stripped of its unnecessary hype, these 90s' artists demonstrate a sensitivity and sophistication, a kind of shameless courage in facing up to the Big Three – life, death, and sex – with dare-devil imagination and directness which lives up to its reputation.

1. *British Cultural Identities*, eds.: Mike Storry and Peter Childs, Routledge, London and New York, 1997, pp. 3–4.
2. "Assuming Positions", curated by Kate Bush and Gregor Muir, London Institute of Contemporary Arts, Summer 1997. The video is the spoken version of "Babies" by Jarvis Cocker and Steve Mackay, directed by Pedro Romhanyi.
3. *British Cultural Identities*, op. cit., p. 15.
4. "A New Internationalism", discussion among Michael Craig-Martin, Andrew Renton and Karsten Schubert, *frieze*, pilot issue no. 0, London, Summer 1991.
5. Rebecca Gordon-Nesbitt: "Surprise Me; Recurring Zeitgeist: Artists are doing it for themselves", in: *life/live*, ARC Musèe d'art moderne de la ville de Paris, curated by Hans Ulrich Obrist, 1996, p. 143.
6. The Goldsmiths' alumni list (drawing together BA and MA graduates) and some who briefly 'passed through' the college is an impressive Who's Who of recent British art, and includes Fiona Banner, Jordan Baseman, Henry Bond,

Adam Chodzko, Matthew Collings, Mat Collishaw, Ian Davenport, Grenville Davey, Angus Fairhurst, Ceal Floyer, Anya Gallaccio, Liam Gillick, Siobhán Hapaska, Damien Hirst, Gary Hume, Jaki Irvine, Michael Landy, Abigail Lane, Simon Linke, Sarah Lucas, Steve McQueen, Lisa Milroy, Julian Opie, Simon Patterson, Fiona Rae, Bridget Smith, Sam Taylor-Wood, Mark Wallinger, Gillian Wearing, Jane and Louise Wilson, Craig Wood, and Catherine Yass.

[7] "A New Internationalism", op. cit., quote from Michael Craig-Martin, p. 17.

[8] *Technique Anglaise, Current Trends in British Art*, eds.: Andrew Renton and Liam Gillick, Thames and Hudson/One-Off Press, 1991, p. 24.

[9] "Freeze", Building One, Docklands, London, August–October / October–November 1988. Catalogue text by Ian Jeffrey, design by Arefin. Artists: Steven Adamson, Angela Bulloch; Mat Collishaw, Ian Davenport, Dominic Denis, Angus Fairhurst, Anya Gallaccio, Damien Hirst, Gary Hume, Michael Landy, Abigail Lane, Sarah Lucas, Lala Meredith-Vulja, Richard Patterson, Simon Patterson, Stephen Park and Fiona Rae.

[10] "Modern Medicine", Building One, March–May 1990. Curated by Carl Freedman, Damien Hirst and Billee Sellman. Artists: Mat Collishaw, Graine Cullen, Dominic Denis, Angus Fairhurst, Damien Hirst, Abigail Lane, Mirian Lloyd and Craig Wood. "East Country Yard", South Dock, London, May, 1990. Curated by Henry Bond and Sarah Lucas. Artists: Henry Bond, Anya Gallaccio, Gary Hume, Michael Landy and Peter E. Richardson, Sarah Lucas, Virginia Nimarkoh, and Thomas Trevor. "Gambler", Building One, Docklands, London, July–August 1990. Curated by Carl Freedman and Billee Sellman. Artists Dan Bonsail, Dominic Denis, Steve DiBenedetto, Angus Fairhurst, Damien Hirst, Tim Head and Michael Scott.

[11] Iwona Blazwick, "What Is It That Makes British Art So Different, So Appealing?", in: *Five British Artists*, Kunsthalle Mannheim, 1996, p. 78.

[12] "A New Internationalism", op. cit, quote from Michael Craig-Martin, p. 18.

[13] Neville Wakefield, "Pretty Vacancy", in: *Brilliant! New Art from London*, Walker Arts Gallery, Minneapolis, 1995, p. 11.

[14] *Shark-Infested Waters*, Zwemmer, London, 1994, draws from the Saatchi collection's young Brit exhibitions: "Young British Artists I", John Greenwood, Damien Hirst, Alex Landrum, Langlands & Bell, Rachel Whiteread, March–October 1992; "Young British Artists II", Rose Finn-Kelcey, Sarah Lucas, Marc Quinn, Mark Wallinger, February–July 1993; "Young British Artists III", Simon Callery, Simon English, Jenny Saville, January–July 1994.

[15] Compiled by Mark Harris, "Putting on Style: Avantgarde Style in Recent British Art and Advertising", in: *Art Monthly*, London, February 1996, p. 4.

[16] Dick Hebdige, *Digging for Britain*, Institute of Contemporary Arts, Boston, 1987.

[17] Iwona Blazwick, op. cit., p. 77.

[18] *Technique Anglaise*, op. cit., quote by Liam Gillick, p. 35.

[19] Rachel Whiteread's "House", for which she was awarded the Turner Prize in 1993, was demolished, after much public debate arguing for and against the public sculpture, in January, 1994."

[20] "Donald Judd, Brice Marden, Cy Twombly, Andy Warhol", the Saatchi Collection, London, 1985.

[21] "A New Internationalism", op. cit, quote from Michael Craig-Martin, p. 20.

[22] John Roberts, "Notes on 90s Art", in: *Art Monthly*, London, October 1996, p. 3.