

Welcome! Bienvenue! Benvenuto! Willkommen! Seja bem-vindo(a)! 歡迎!

Editorial

It is with great pleasure that we welcome you to the inaugural publication from the International Center of Cultural Exchange and Diplomatic Friendship (ICCEDF), following our first whirlwind year of achievements in facilitating global progress through the appropriation of the creative sector. This book charts the prestigious international artist residency programme which launched our new Commonwealth Culture Office (CCO) in the heart of Liverpool's recently established L15 Freedom Quarter®.

The CCO of the ICCEDF was initiated to coincide with and embellish the important work of the Liverpool Biennial 2012, with the aim of providing a platform for the global exportation of Western values through arts and cultural diplomacy. Building on the successes of the London 2012 Olympics and Cultural Olympiad, the ICCEDF proposed to advance the glorious legacy of the British Empire through international ambassadorial events, commissioned artworks and branded stationery, whilst making important contributions to peaceful Western gains through diplomatic soft-power strategies and global networking.

The ICCEDF remains committed to the belief that artists are uniquely capable of achieving these aims, not only at an international level but also within key local agendas, be it through bolstering failing markets by helping to inflate the value of private property or contributing to the concealment of abject social realities with cultural pageantry.

Recolonization

In today's economic climate, international diplomatic relations are more important than ever. There are major changes under way in the world. For example, economic power is moving eastwards into Asia as the West successfully exports the values of freedom, democracy and the inevitable logic of capital to the politically repressed. It is unfortunate that as these Western values are taken up by the East, the movement of economic activity creates a huge surplus workforce in the West and a significant loss of Western power. In Britain this loss is particularly acute as it follows the decline of British sovereign power through the decolonization of the Empire, but as the London 2012 Olympics have proven, culture can make a difference in rekindling the flame of this former glory.

As a key stakeholder in the cultural innovation and enterprise sector, the ICCEDF was delighted to be able to offer artists, cultural workers and theorists the opportunity to become Creative Diplomats, Artist Ambassadors, Cultural High Commissioners and Consuls of Inspiration through unpaid residencies, during which participants contributed their ideas, observations, images and text in response to the following core themes:

Hegemony rocks
We are global nomads
I heart democracy
Britain's volunteers welcoming the world
Global markets, freedom and autonomy
Monarchy, Military and me
Neo-liberal toolkit
Meritocracy not mediocrity
Coldplay is mightier than the sword

We hope that you find the results as empowering as we do,

P. Whitehead
International Networking Facilitator

D. Simpkins
Cultural Advancement Coordinator

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"In an age of austerity, when times are tough and money is tight, our focus must be on culture's economic impact ... but the potential for culture to play a central role in driving growth goes far beyond its direct economic impact. I would argue that culture should be seen as the standard bearer for our efforts to engage in cultural diplomacy, to develop soft power, and to compete, as a nation, in both trade and investment.

You will all have seen the GREAT campaign which was launched last year ... Heritage is GREAT ... Creativity is GREAT ... Innovation is GREAT. All these themes market Britain to the rest of the world as precisely what we are - GREAT.

But when I started this job one theme particularly caught my eye - culture is GREAT. British culture is perhaps the most powerful and most compelling product we have available to us. The most compelling platform upon which we can stand."

Culture secretary, Maria Miller
Address to senior cultural figures at the British Museum
April 2013

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The Culture of Development ©* {Dr. Michael Rogers}

----- Received message -----

From: Dr. Michael Rogers
Date: 25 September 2012 15:08
Subject: Re: urgent call for global cultural expertise
To: The ICCEDF

To whom it concerns,

I would like to offer my services as a Cultural Consultant to the CCO of the ICCEDF during the Liverpool Biennial. You are doubtless aware of my work giving expert opinion and advice on culture and development issues worldwide.

As my time is extremely valuable I will only be able to spend 91 minutes in Liverpool. I will travel by high-speed Virgin Pendolino between London and Liverpool three times on 10 November 2012, providing Cultural Consulting Services on the platform at Liverpool Lime Street station at the following times:

- 09.21 - 09.48 (27 minutes)
- 14.15 - 14.48 (33 minutes)
- 19.17 - 19.48 (31 minutes)

Total travel time will be 13 hours 14 minutes. The themes of the three sessions will be *The Culture of Development*, *The Development of Culture*, and *Networking & Investment Opportunities*.

In advance of my arrival please prepare a Development Needs Analysis pack using standard World Bank/UNDP templates, together with an up-to-date UNESCO Regional Cultural Assessment Matrix. Given the short time available for applying my global expertise it is vital that this information be presented in standard formats.

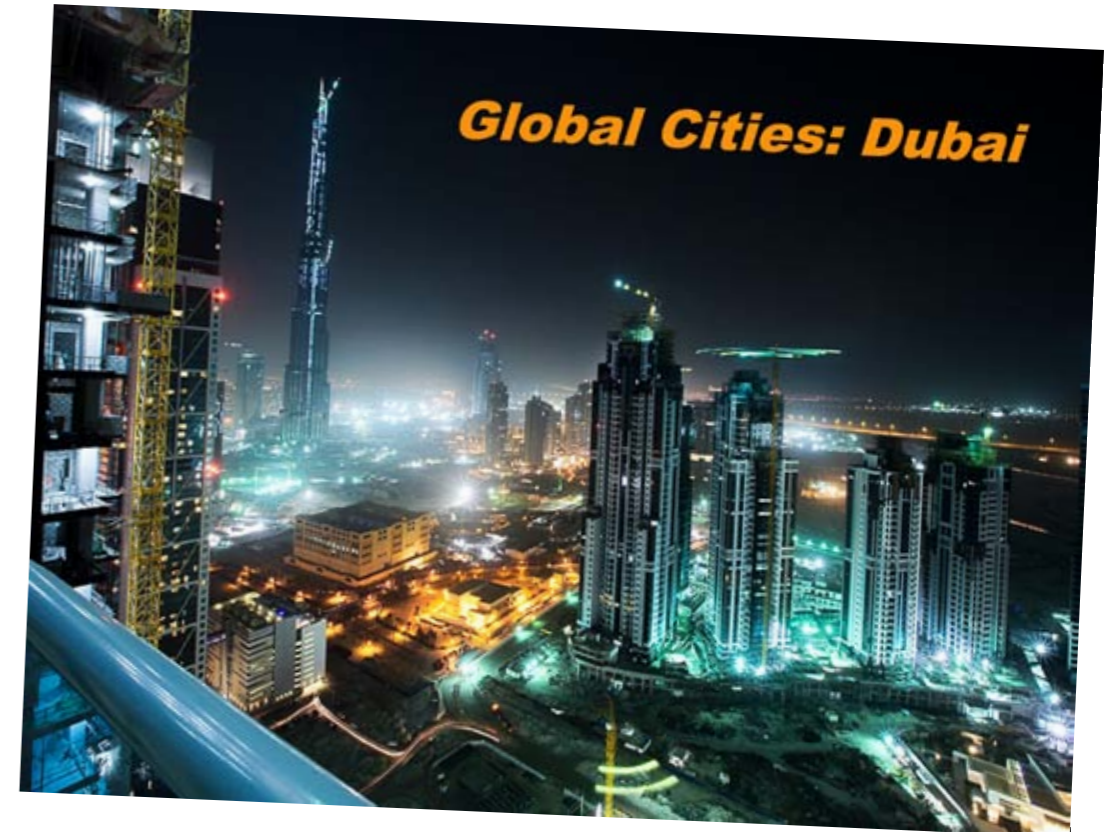
I look forward to a successful and mutually profitable encounter.

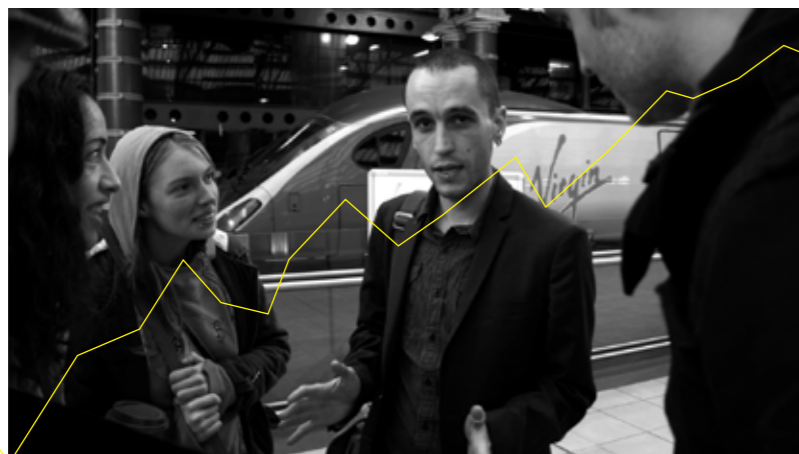
Best regards,

Michael Rogers PhD
Cultural Consultant
//////////



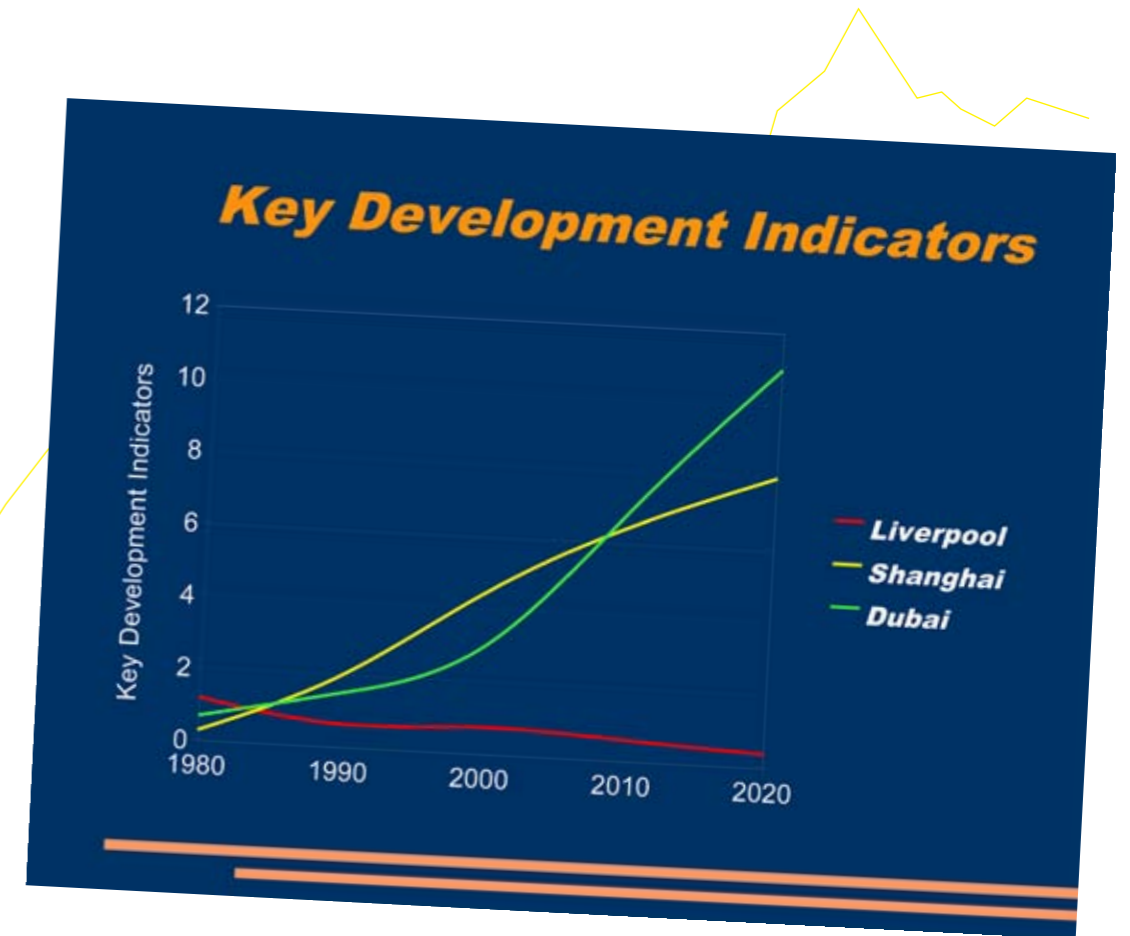
"Dr. Michael Rogers is a nomadic freelance entrepreneur providing expert consulting services on strategic cultural monetization pathways for 21st century urban centers. Sent from my iPhone"





The International Center of Cultural Exchange and Diplomatic Friendship

The Handbook of Cultural Coercion



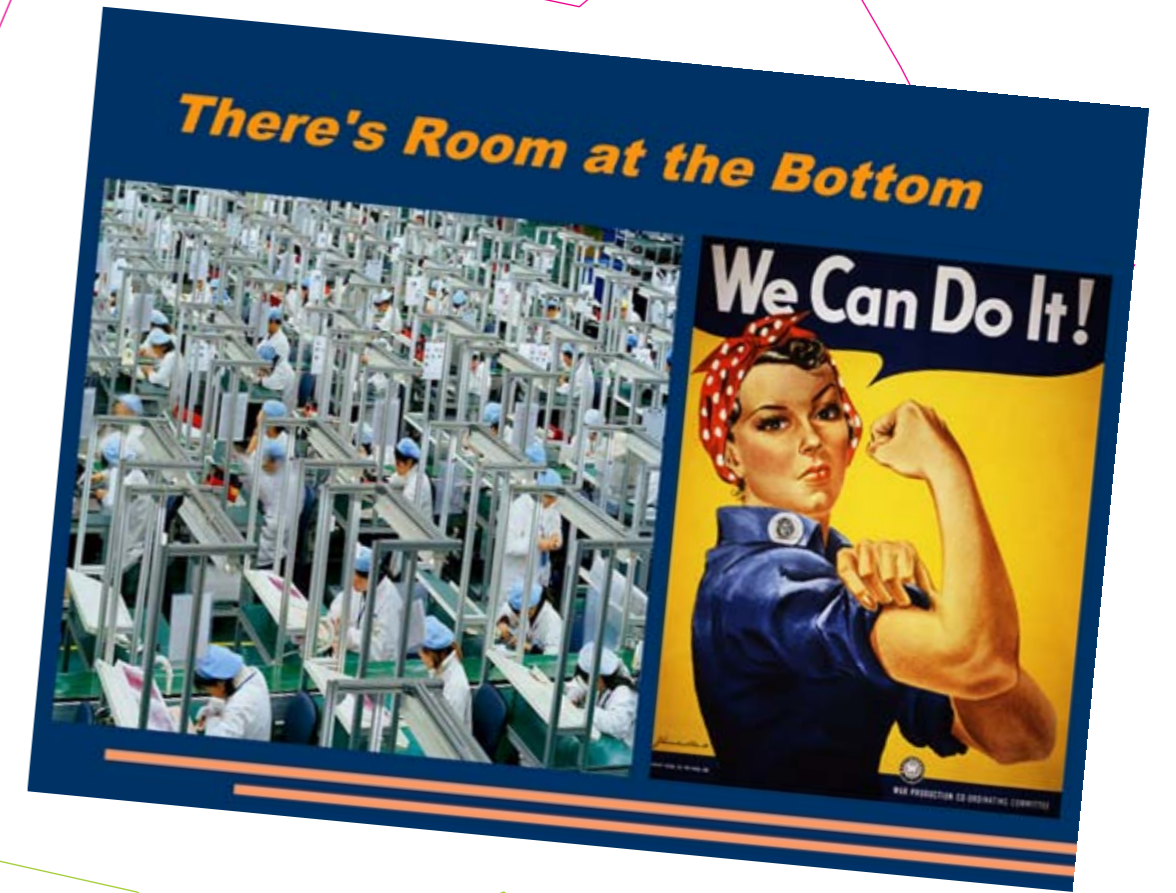
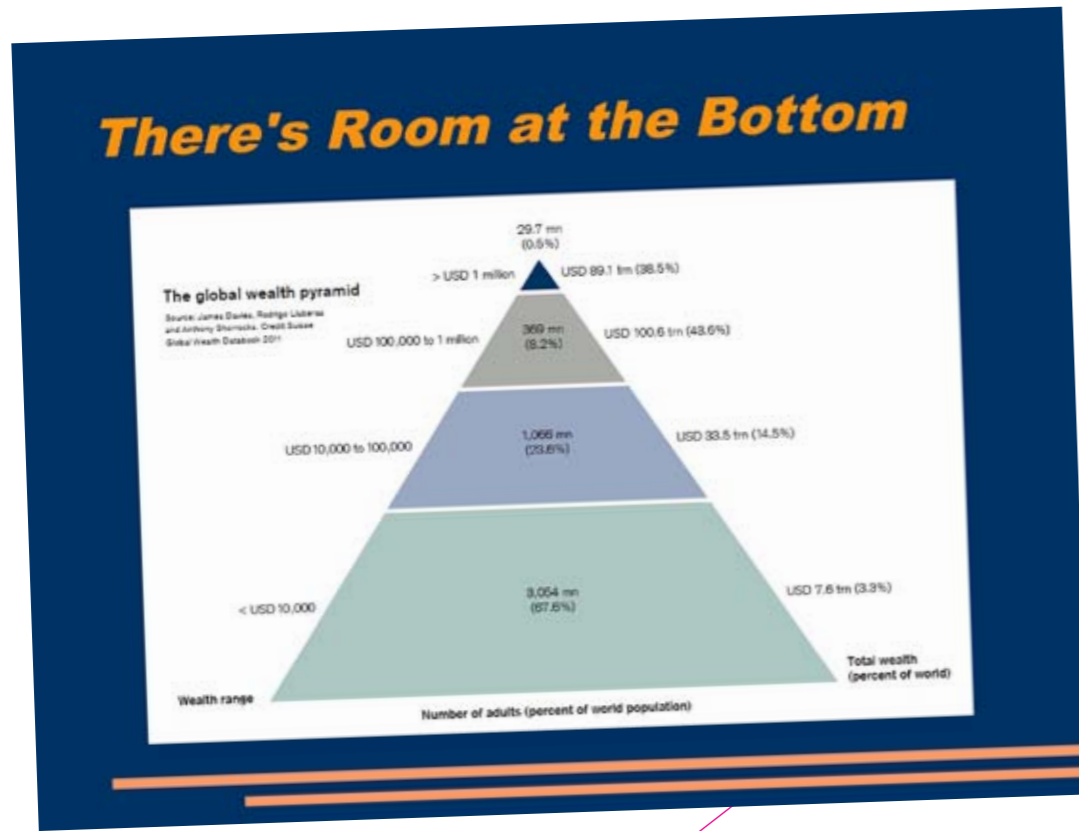


Culture of Development

	Dubai	Shanghai	Liverpool 1912	Liverpool 2012
Low tax rates	😊	😊	😊	❌
Flexible labour markets	😊	😊	😊	❌
International capital flows	😊	😊	😊	❌
Global shipping hub	😊	😊	😊	❌
World class architecture	😊	😊	😊	❌
Culture of development	😊	😊	😊	?

- ### Culture of Development
- Cities in decline: **DESPAIR**
 - Cities on the rise: **DESPERATION**
 - **DESPERATION** → **ASPIRATION**
 - Welfare state promotes **DESPAIR**
 - Free market promotes **DESPERATION**





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Arts Council England (ACE) Grants for the Arts Application* {BAZ}



*BAZ are an art world think-tank based in Birmingham - and beyond. BAZ is produced by Chris Poolman and Matt Westbrook from between the walls of studios one and two at Grand Union studios in Birmingham.

www.birminghamartzine.com

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You & Your Work

BAZ are an art-world think-tank based between the cavity OSB walls¹ of studios one and two at Grand Union, Birmingham.² They are currently composed of two members - shamed Mediterranean waiter Christopolous F Polman and former youth rugby worker Mark Westerbrooker. Currently BAZ employ two interns,³ enjoy a local fan base of 27⁴ and utilise a large network of undercover spies.⁵

BAZ work in Birmingham - and beyond.⁶

www.birminghamartzine.com

BAZ, like Sting, believe everything Birmingham does is Magic and want the world to know about it, especially people in Coventry.

Inspired by a sign that originally welcomed visitors to Birmingham, Alabama^{7/8} BAZ want to build their own version, next to the planned route in to the proposed new High Speed rail station. Scaled up using rudimentary life drawing techniques, BAZ's planned design is currently three centimetres larger than The Shard⁹ and will be visible from Norwich.¹⁰

BAZ propose to build the £23million structure¹¹ within the £10,000 Arts Council *Grants for The Arts* limit by linking strategic corporate partners,¹² having a studio clear-out, calling in a few favours and undertaking short term residencies on church roofs.

BAZ hope that by building the new sign they will inspire the other 29 'Birmingham's' worldwide, including the one on the moon,¹³ to access their own Arts Council funding and build a network of largely unusable metal structures in the hope of putting together a joint Olympics bid.

1. How many artists' bones rest in there?
2. English city.
3. Sue and Steve, BAZ Interns 2012, collaborators and 3rd year BA Fine Art students, Dissertation title: *How Tracey Emin Shaped New Labour*.
4. In 2009 BAZ conducted an extensive private view survey and worked out that the entire Birmingham Art World would fit on a single double-decker bus.
5. Paid in free tickets to Ikon private views - for life.
6. Worcester for example.
7. Constructed in 1926, the sign became a landmark of the Deep South state, giving it a moniker still used by many organisations based there today. Sited at the railway station entrance it commemorated the swift rise of the steel industry in the area, with the state being one of the few places at that time where the three raw materials needed to make steel - iron, coal and limestone - could be found in close proximity. In 1952 the sign had fallen in to disrepair, and was eventually dismantled, believed to be sold for scrap. Recent calls for the sign to be rebuilt received mixed receptions, with the recognition that the rapid rise of the steel industry was also largely reliant on an un-unionised, mainly African American workforce. The city however played a prominent part in the rise of the civil rights movement, notably with Martin Luther King writing his treatise 'Letter from Birmingham Jail' whilst imprisoned there.
8. In 2008 720,000 pamphlets were distributed by Birmingham City Council praising residents for their recycling. But instead of showing landmarks such as the Rotunda and Selfridges, it showed downtown Birmingham, Alabama, USA.
9. Or The Gherkin if you look at our flyers.
10. If you're standing on Lynda Morris' shoulders.
11. Estimated materials cost alone.
12. Gypsies, Arts Students, Magicians and BT.
13. Apparently located in a crater called 'Hell'.

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How the Public Engage With Your Work

As the sign will be visible from St Pancras the majority of the British public will have no choice but to engage with the work. During daylight hours a rotating 30-mile shadow / 'inclusion zone' will drift across the city. Living within this zone will entitle you to a range of compulsory free art workshops. Although largely reliant on activities that are possible to be done in dim lighting¹⁴ these workshops will create a legacy for the project and unwittingly re-skill entire areas of inner-city Birmingham with basic night-time decoupage skills.¹⁵

Night-time audiences for the sign are also expected to rise due to the blinding pink / amber glow that will emit from the sign after dusk. Shining across most of Eastern England this will be an act of altruistic cultural partnershiping on an unprecedented scale.^{16/17}

'If You Build It, HS2 will come'

BAZ's real hope though, is that the gigantic metal structure will encourage the building of a new High Speed rail station in Birmingham. Although keen environmentalists,¹⁸ BAZ believe the desecration of the English countryside is worth it if it reduces the journey time from London to Birmingham to 49 minutes.¹⁹

By the launch of HS2 in 2021,²⁰ BAZ hope to 'perform'²¹ a daring coup of the London art world by linking impoverished and keenly amateur local art scenes²² with Dairy-Farmer Action Groups (DAG). Together these two under-nourished groups²³ will march on London²⁴ in protest at perceived metropolitan²⁵ art eccentricity and high milk prices.

Swiftness will be all-important to this operation, with the train time reduction vital to BAZ's meticulously formulated plans.²⁶ Arriving into Euston 35 minutes late, dishevelled artists and farmers will disembark and form a mass 'Zulu Warrior' formation, somewhere near Neasden. Marshalled by a team of sheep dogs they will replicate the 'impondo zekomo' (beast's horns) tactic, but in a nod to early British Airways adverts and current curating trends, BAZ will instigate the 'Obriest ikhanda' formation,²⁷ surrounding the London art world in the shape of Hans Ulrich Obriest's forehead.²⁸

14. Woodturning, pinhole cameras and mono-printing for example.

15. When the apocalypse comes, why wouldn't you decoupage?

16. The late night glow will be used by artist-led galleries to grow tomatoes in Leicester, for example.

17. BAZ wrote this term down at an Arts Council application surgery event, it is a thing right?

18. Since 2007 BAZ have been examining toilet waste disposal in artist-led spaces. Research is ongoing, although we have a lot of monkey nut shells.

19. Currently an unbearable 1 hour and 24 minutes.

20. Snap.

21. We'll keep our clothes on.

22. Liverpool for example.

23. Inextricably linked. Think about it.

24. Big isn't it?

25. Norks.

26. Conveniently this fits in with the acceptable time a yoghurt can remain edible outside of a fridge.

27. A dangerous manoeuvre not seen since Manifesta 2008.

28. Visible from Geneva.

'If You Build it, They Might Not Notice'

BAZ have spent many torturous late nights gauging audience figure projections, planning local community involvement and addressing local resident concerns that the large metal structure will, at certain times of the day, leave two thirds of the city in constant shadow.

Unfortunately, with the building of the sign the new HS2 train station and proposed IKON museum quarter will be in constant darkness 24 hours a day.²⁹

BAZ believe that this minor aberration can be turned into something vaguely positive. Visitors arriving at the dark train station will be greeted by hundreds of Ozzy Osbourne impersonators informing them that they are in a Black Sabbath installation.³⁰

Publicity

We will require minimal publicity resources in terms of flyers and posters because it's fucking enormous and you would have to be as blind as a bat to miss it.³¹

Making it Happen

The project will use the skills, knowledge and know-how of three minority groups who are either under-represented or have little contact with the arts:

1. Gypsies
2. Magicians
3. First year art students

We are confident that with the support and expertise of our three key minority groups we can build and erect the unusable metal structure without any problems.³²

The project can be mapped out into five, clearly demarcated stages:

1. Month 1: The Gypsy Mentoring Scheme
2. Months 2 – 4: Metal Collecting
3. Month 5: Metal Melting³³
4. Months 6 – 8: Fabrication of Structure
5. Months 9 – 12: Structure Erection

Stage 1 (Month 1): The Gypsy Mentoring Scheme

In a book, Adorno described the Avant Garde as:

'Driv[ing] about in a type of gypsy wagon; the gypsy wagons, however, roll about secretly in a monstrous hall, a fact which they do not themselves notice.'³⁴

29. After several commuters had heart attacks in the new New Street Station on account that it now featured natural light, council chiefs had a giant blanket placed over the station. Light and Birmingham do not mix.

30. Why haven't there been any exhibitions in Birmingham about heavy metal? Missed opportunity. It's on our list anyway.

31. In case blind people aren't aware of it, and are liable to walk into it, we have allocated £150 for braille inscribed models of the sign to be distributed with all new guides dogs in Leamington Spa.

32. Apart from a few deaths.

33. We have negotiated a deal with 12 scrap metal companies based in the Black Country who will melt the metal for us - no questions asked - in exchange for portraits. Not only does this engage yet another minority grouping underrepresented in the arts - scrap metal dealers - it also counts as support in kind to the value of £60,000.

34. Theodor W. Adorno (1978), Culture and Administration. In: ed. J. M. Bernstein (2001), *The Culture Industry: Selected Essays on Mass Culture*. London: Routledge, p.118.



BAZ believe this is a little harsh on gypsies; they never asked for their vehicles and homes to be made into an analogy for the insularity of culture.^{35/36}

Gypsies are an important group within society.³⁷ We can all learn from them.

In light of this, BAZ propose to introduce The Gypsy-Mentoring Scheme. The Gypsy-Mentoring Scheme will see all first year art students within the West Midlands region linking up with groups of local gypsies.³⁸

This unlikely alliance of brains and brawn will see traditional skills such as 'Metal Collecting' and 'Lead Theft' being passed onto a new generation and class grouping.³⁹

Stage 1 will involve an intensive one-month course in the ancient art of metal theft.⁴⁰

Stage 2 (Months 2 – 4): Metal Collecting

After Stage 1 is complete, the students will then spend three months collecting metal from any source possible.

Approximately 700 students⁴¹ from across the West Midlands will be involved in this process. BAZ adamantly believe that this will represent better value for the £8,000 a year tuition fees than is currently experienced.

Stage 3 (Month 5): Metal Melted Down

All of the metal collected by the art students will be gathered at a secret location in the Black Country next to Cradley Heath tube station.⁴²

We estimate that if the students have been working hard enough we should have approximately 1,000 tonnes of many different types of metal: steel, lead, tin, iron, possibly even gold.⁴³

The metal will be melted down in a large pot by a man called Steve.

Stage 4 (Months 6 – 8): Fabrication of Structure

Once the metal has been melted down it will be kept bubbling in a large cauldron. From here it will be transported to Rowley Regis by a series of copper pipes to Absolutely Fabricous - the latest in a long line of trendy artists fabrication units popping up in the Black Country to cater for the upsurge in big sculpture building that is sweeping through the Birmingham Art World.

Stage 5 (Months 9 -12): Erection and Magicians

The erection of the Magic City sign will ostensibly be via a mass magic spell cast by 500 local

35. It is a little known fact but most gypsies love nothing more than spending their Friday evenings watching 'The Culture Show' on a stolen Cineworld cinema screen.

36. Excludes stamp collecting.

37. TV programmes need making.

38. We believe this student-led, large-scale participative first year degree project will be looked back on as a pivotal moment in the history of British art education.

39. Neither of these were in the Folk Archive.

40. Pull. Rip. Grab. Run.

41. Excludes Vis-Commers.

42. Martin Kippenberger's lost subway – direct link to New York if you say the magic word 'Cradley Burger'.

43. The bulk of it being made up from a twice weekly lorry load of Elizabeth Duke Jewellery.

magicians.^{44/45} We have conducted comprehensive research in the Yellow Pages and found there to be 14,340 magicians in the Birmingham area, most of them based around Stourbridge.⁴⁶

Regrettably West Midlands based magicians aren't of the highest quality, and making 1,000 tonnes of metal magically rise up could prove difficult and somewhat of an embarrassment to the magic fraternity.⁴⁷

Because of this, the magic trick will have to be faked.⁴⁸

Birmingham will be cast into total darkness for a period of 24 hours,⁴⁹ whilst the 678 art students⁵⁰ will quietly hoist up the structure using primitive techniques based on ancient drawings discovered on a leaflet at Stonehenge last year.⁵¹

Large pieces of rope, acting as levers,⁵² will be stretched across the top of the Rotunda and BT tower. The students will be starved⁵³ for four days prior to the 'big lift' and will be tempted into pulling up the Magic City sign by attaching thousands of mobile phone apps to the ends of sticks on bits of string.⁵⁴ We will use 1,000 local volunteers to motivate the students by waving these sticks (and apps) in front of them.

Evaluation

The evaluation will occur in month 13 of the project. This may be unlucky for some, but BAZ aren't superstitious types.⁵⁵

BAZ propose to evaluate the project according to the number of deaths incurred over the previous year in the building of the structure.

Given the ambitious nature of the project, we expect to lose approximately 10-15% of the student workforce.⁵⁶

44. Approximately.

45. We asked Christian Jankowski to be involved in this stage of the project but he declined on account of a bad Stourbridge B&B experience (skid marks on the pillows).

46. Magic water apparently.

47. Hi I'm Jasper Carrot and I think Birmingham needs a big sign saying it's magic on it. I can do my rock with laughter gigs from it every year and re-tell that joke about talking to the guy next to me at a blues match where I shout to him 'what's the score?' (he's standing on the other side of the terrace you see, and there's no one else in the ground).

48. To the watching world though, this task will represent a magic trick of unprecedented and historic magnitude. Birmingham really will be a magic city.

49. Nick Owen will announce it on Midlands Today whilst wearing a black balaclava.

50. We expect to have lost a few students to lead poisoning by this stage. Not because they spent too much time handling it, but because word went around – perhaps spread by a gypsy – that a good time could be had if you rolled lead up in a rizla and smoked a big one.

51. Outside the overflow gift shop.

52. Look at the billboard image. It works; we've done our sums.

53. The student workforce will be split into groups of 20. Each group will be given a copy of Cabinet magazine. They can either read this, or if they get hungry, eat it and regurgitate it for the next student to do the same too. This may seem a cruel and unnecessary procedure, but who said the Art World would be easy?

54. Bit like a Stefan Rofoton installation.

55. Does anyone else always take the canapé furthest away from them? The glass of red wine second to left but one? Wear two pairs of pink pants to private views?

56. Most casualties will be incurred through students smoking lead, the scaffold snapping and deaths incurred after gypsies introduce the game of 'student baiting'. Because of this we will introduce a number of precautions to try and limit the deaths: no rizas on the building site, bamboo canes will be taped together with top of the range extra-strength sellotape and student baiting will only be allowed on Sundays.



If we can keep below losing 15% of the student workforce then the project will be evaluated as a success.

We will monitor the number of deaths by using the PDF Arts Council body bags downloadable from the Arts Council website. The body-bagged bodies will be stored in a large industrial warehouse in Digbeth (with good ventilation) until the evaluation is signed off. The bodies will then be disposed of in an ethically and environmentally sound manner in a canal near North Smethwick Junction.

Given the ambitious nature of the project, and our commitment to providing value for money to the Arts Council, we believe that if we can keep below 111 deaths then the project will be a success.⁵⁷

Finance

Crow Bars (Wickes) x 30 @ £5.59 = £167.70⁵⁸

Bolt cutters 600mm (Homebase) x 5 @ £26.99 = £134.95⁵⁹

Braille inscribed models of Magic City Sign (China) x 25 @ £6 = £150⁶⁰

5000 A6 flyers (Mission Print) = £100⁶¹

Amphetamines (Bob) x 500 @ £10 a gram = £5,000⁶²

Counselling sessions (NHS) x 5 @ £20 an hour = £100⁶³

Long rope (Manjits) = £200

Whips (sexysexy.com) = £150⁶⁴

Bamboo (Millets Garden Centre) = £800⁶⁵

White Rabbits (Kings Heath Pet Shop) x 10 @ £5 = £50⁶⁶

Plastic doll of Debbie McGee x 1 @ £20⁶⁷

Total = £6,872.65

57. We have identified one other minor risk: the structure falling down. We both have Artist Newsletter insurance, and although we haven't checked the small print, believe that the policy will cover us in the event of the structure falling down and demolishing the Bullring and Rotunda.

58. Lead can be notoriously difficult to remove, especially when held down by a combination of mastic, copper tacks and chewing gum.

59. For breaking into schools and prisons.

60. We've done our research into this and managed to find a factory in China already producing these.

61. We will probably half-heartedly distribute several hundred of these before leaving them under the stairs, eventually to be put out for the recycling in 2015.

62. Just to give the student workforce a little extra lift when needed – they will be expected to work 16-hour days.

63. To help the students get over the depression brought on by the amphetamines.

64. Motivational tools.

65. Millets garden centre have a deal on at the moment on 6ft garden canes.

66. The magicians didn't request these, but we know that all magicians require them.

67. Requested by one magician as a necessity for his role in the magic spell (available from sexymagic.com).

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Support in Kind

Gypsies - 3,000 hours @ £12⁶⁸ an hour = £36,000⁶⁹

Art Students - 4,088,000 hours @ £5.55 an hour = £22,484,000^{70/71}

Magicians - 300 hours @ £8 = £2,400⁷²

Grand Union whip-round = £3.45⁷³

= £22,522,403

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68. Nationally recognised hourly rate for gypsies.

69. The gypsies have agreed to offer their time for free, on the condition that they will own half of the structure and they can move into it as a permanent site for dwelling.

70. 700 students x 365 days x 16 hours a day.

71. One year working on the project forms a large part of the students' first year art project (unfortunately it won't count towards their final degree mark).

72. Most of these hours will be spent rehearsing the trick, which is ultimately doomed to failure, as West Midlands based magicians are notoriously poor.

73. Tight bastards.



The Chinese Delegation*

{Matthew de Kersaint Giraudeau}

I'm doing a residency about the Liverpool Biennial - the art festival that happens there every two years. My proposal was pretty vague and when I get on the train I realise that I haven't got a clue what I'm going to do up there. I sit in the quiet zone and drink a huge coffee and stare at my laptop, hoping for inspiration. A girl across the carriage is playing really loud music, it sounds like electro remixes of Beck songs, but that doesn't make any sense. I swear a really trancey version of Loser is just about to get to the breakdown when one of the other passengers comes up and tells her to turn it off. She gets really embarrassed and takes off her headphones and wriggles back in her chair.

To be honest I haven't thought of anything to do because I've been a bit depressed. I'm getting kicked out of my house in a few weeks because they're knocking the building down, I'm losing my job at the end of the year, and I've just broken up with my girlfriend by email, as in, just now on the train, I've sent an email breaking up with her. I don't feel good and the weather is getting worse and worse as I get up towards the North-west. I like Liverpool and I feel at home there but the weather is this incredible mix of bitterly cold wind infused with a permanent level of moisture that I fail to prepare for, every time I visit. In my bag I have a woollen jacket, suede shoes and a thin nylon jumper that will be of zero help in keeping me warm or dry.

Penny and Dan - the artists running the residency - are old friends who I stay with whenever I'm in Liverpool. I'm hoping they'll be sympathetic to my situation, but when I say I haven't really prepared they can't hide their disappointment. I tell them I'll think of something interesting and they say there's no pressure but then later on in the evening I come back from the toilet and they're talking about me with the other resident artist. She has prepared a really great project about walking to the site of the old International Garden Festival that happened in the 80s. Penny and Dan are really into it and keep telling her how brilliant it is. I wait outside the room and I hear low voices talking about how lazy I am and how they probably won't invite me back if they ever do this again.

I'm meant to be meeting with someone who's visiting Liverpool while I'm up here - a girl I met who works at a gallery in London. I can't really remember what she looks like. I have her email address but not her phone number. We said that we'd go round the Biennial together and look at some art. If I'm honest I'm not that bothered with art. It always seems so sad - these abandoned objects in pale, empty rooms. Gallery assistants always look to me as though their real job is to stop the art escaping. I email the girl that evening but get no reply. I tell Penny and Dan that I'm going round the Biennial the next day and that I'll think of something really good. They smile but they don't believe me.

///////

The next morning I wake up feeling good. Penny and Dan are bourgeois Marxists and have an incredible house in Edge Hill. I sleep in the softest bed I've ever been in and when I wake up everyone else has left the house. It's late. I masturbate into the toilet thinking about my newly ex-girlfriend and then look on the internet to see what's on at the Biennial. It's mostly shit, but there is a mad thing by Anthony McCall that is meant to be happening down on the River Mersey. He has somehow created this column of mist that rises from the surface of Wirral Waters and reaches up to the clouds. It sounds totally amazing and the website shows the artist looking really moody next to a mini-prototype of the cloud making machine.

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**Matthew de Kersaint Giraudeau is an arts professional and also an artist based in the 16th poorest borough of the throbbing economic heart of the UK. Recent awards have included the Bedwyr Williams Prize for Humorous Performance (£50.00 in cash), and housing benefit from Lewisham Council (£81.34 p/w dependent on income).*

www.dekersaint.co.uk

The Handbook of Cultural Coercion

It's been funded by the Cultural Olympiad so it must have had some serious dollar thrown at it. I like a bit of spectacle every now and again, it reminds me who I am and who I'm not. It's called Column which I think is a bit uninspired but whatever.

I ring the visitor services number on the Liverpool Biennial website to see if I can get a bit more information about where to go to get the best view of Column. The phone rings for like two minutes before anyone picks up,

[Heavily accented voice from somewhere specific but that I can't place]

"Hello?"

"Hi I wanted to find out a little bit more about Column and where it is and stuff like that."

"But you rang me."

"...I know, is this visitor services?"

"Yes, who is this, who's calling, why are you asking these questions?"

"Oh I just want to ask where to go to see the Anthony McCall thing and this number was on the website."

[The person on the phone pulls the handset away and shouts something at another person in the office and then the line goes dead]

I'm totally confused, I call back but it just rings and rings until I eventually put the phone down. It's late in the morning and it's raining outside so I figure I'll go to see it after lunch. I do that thing on Facebook where you just keep scrolling down and down until you reach posts from yesterday that you've already read. Every time I see someone who's getting married or having a child, I click on the option that stops you seeing their photos or having to read their updates. I hate seeing these banally happy people. Actually, hate is a bit strong, but it does clog up my news feed. There's one guy whose baby photos I still look at, but that's because he cheated on his girlfriend, got the girl pregnant, and then he had to leave his girlfriend and move in with this new person. I don't know him well. Apparently they are totally miserable but feel like they have to stay together for the kid. She had also been in a long term relationship when she fucked the guy, and the weird thing is that their child is hideously ugly - way uglier than either of them. Gremlin style ugly. And although I don't believe in God or Karma or anything like that, looking at pictures of this baby's almost cubistically distorted face makes me feel like there might be some sort of justice in the universe, even if it is chaotically applied.

At lunch time Penny and Dan come back to the house and so does the other resident artist. Penny makes us some soup and asks what we've been up to this morning. The other artist talks about the



research she's doing for her project. It turns out that her ex-husband designed a sculpture for the International Garden Festival back in the 80s, and she's on sort of a pilgrimage to find out where it is. She says that she wants to do a series of walks to meditate on loneliness and being alone. Tomorrow's the main walk, where she will go to the former site of the International Garden Festival and try to find the sculpture. I'm really worried about what I should say I've been doing. I'm trying to think of something interesting but all that keeps going round in my head is this weird phrase that seems to come out of nowhere, and appears to be spoken not by me but by someone else, capitalised, and in quotation marks in my head,

"BEGUN TO FORM, VISIBLE SHORTLY. BEGUN TO FORM, VISIBLE SHORTLY."
[Repeats]

Before the other artist has finished talking I announce that I'm going to come on the walk with her, because actually it coalesces very much so with my research into sites of psychogeographic interest and I also would like to meditate on loneliness and being alone, with her. She looks surprised but says that should be fine. We eat our soup and talk about the shops that are near Penny and Dan's house. They've got a Co-op in the area that has shut down local businesses. I say that sometimes when a Tesco Express or a little Sainsbury's opens I just want to go round all the local corner shops and grab them by their lapels and tell them to stop selling mouldy vegetables and ancient cans of tinned peas and then maybe they might stand a chance of at least a small percentage of their customers not fucking off to the supermarket. We all agree that olives are expensive and then everyone heads back out of the house, leaving me alone.

I decide to go out and try and see Column. I can't remember how to set the house alarm so I leave all the lights on and turn the radio up really loud to deter burglars. I'm halfway down the road on my borrowed bike before I realise that I've not double locked the door. I figure that without the alarm being set, their insurance probably won't cover them anyway so there's not much point in going back. The weather has cleared up, and there's a rare brightness to the sky. It almost reminds me of Newcastle which has a frozen bite to its weather, but also an optimism, somehow. The North-west is damp to its core. I lived in Manchester for a few years and all I remember was the smell of sodden fake fur on endless buses. Manchester is the wettest place in the country, and yet it's full of people dressed entirely in absorbent fabrics. Beanies and denim and suede. Sick.



Penny and Dan say that they've only ever seen Column once, from a distance, and only for a moment. I'm riding fast down towards the city when I experience a similar thing. A slight, winding, dark grey line appears in my peripheral vision, but when I turn my head to look, it's gone. As I get closer to town I see some anti-abortion protesters outside the university. I stop to speak to them. One of my favourite things to do with anti-abortionists is to tell them that I think abortion should be mandatory unless you get a special licence to have a kid. The person I'm speaking to asks me how people would get a licence and I say that they'd have to complete gameshow style, physical challenges. Maybe like that weird show The Cube, presented by Philip Schofield. He says he doesn't know the show so I spend five minutes describing it before he twigs that I'm either taking the piss or mental. He points at a police officer watching us and asks me to leave.

By the time I get to the docks the sun has started to set. I take a look across the water but can't see anything. I figure I'll go into one of the galleries and ask about it. According to the internet different weather conditions affect it in different ways so I guess it's best to ask instead of just wandering up and down the docks in the cold.

I walk towards the Cunard Building where one of the exhibitions is happening. When I approach reception, there are two people behind the desk. A young woman, with a soft face, VOLUNTEER printed on her T-shirt, and a lanyard around her neck, and then an older woman with long frizzy hair. The older woman looks up at me first. She looks authoritative but isn't wearing a lanyard.

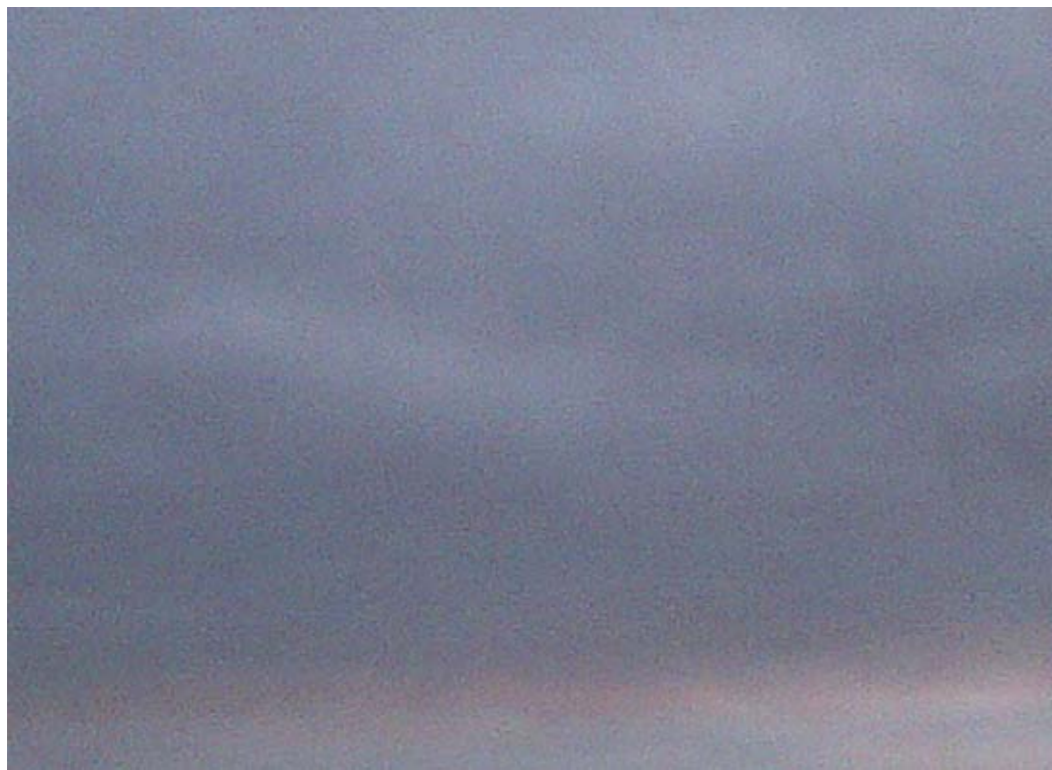
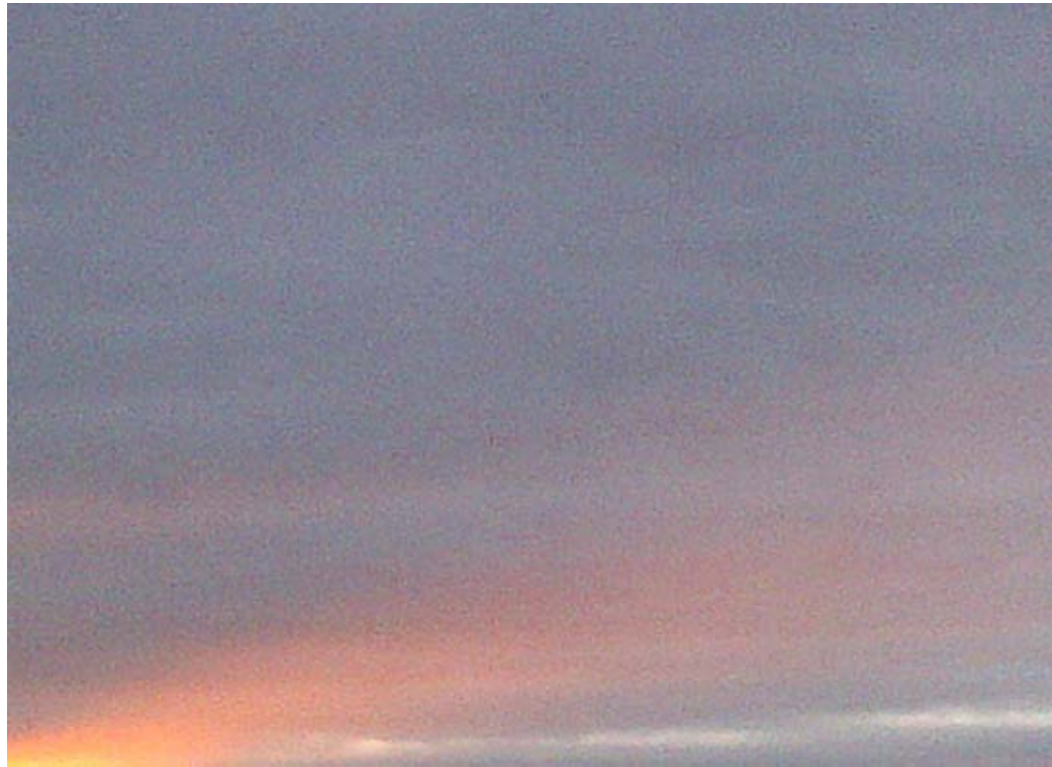
"Hi, do you know where the column is?"
[Recognisably North American accent]
"The water?"
"I think so - on the water, Anthony McCall."
"Well, there you go."
"..."
[She grabs a Biennial guide and starts jabbing her finger at the little map on the inside cover]
"Have you ever seen it?", I ask.
"Not to my knowledge."
[I laugh but I don't know what she means]
"He's here you know."
"Who, the artist?"
"Could be, could be someone who works for him."
[She says this conspiratorially, making eyes at some of the visitors in the gallery space, I look around but none of them look like the photo of the artist I saw on the internet]

[She turns back to the map and points her finger at a place further up the docks]
"Here we go, just make sure you close your eyes."
"Amazing, thanks very much."
"Yeah, because this is where we are, and that's the Museum of Liverpool, and there is Open Eye Gallery..."
[She is moving her hand back and forth across the map, pointing at different Biennial locations.]
"Ahh, thanks that's amazing yeah."
"And this is the Walker Gallery, and this is where we are..."

This carries on and I start to move away from the desk nodding and saying, "Ahhh, yeah thanks that's great, cheers, that's perfect." Just before I turn around to leave, the younger woman with the soft face and the lanyard catches my eye and mouths something at me. I can't tell what it is, but it looks like "Snot wheels, never wasp."

I look at her and make a subtle but clear indication with my face that she should mouth it again because what I think she mouthed makes no sense at all, but she shakes her head and her eyes look sad and I feel ashamed that I didn't understand what she wanted to communicate. The North American lady laughs and says, "Remember to close your eyes."

I head back to the docks, to where she pointed on the map, just behind the Museum of Liverpool. A porter on his break smokes and stares at me with barely concealed hatred. I look across the Mersey, to the sky above a cooling tower where Column could be. There is nothing. I search up and down the clouds, sweeping my gaze across the old industrial landscape, empty of people. It's funny in a way, because I guess when Liverpool was an industrial city or whatever then there would have probably been clouds of smoke rising up from everywhere, all the factories and stuff. I get my phone out and try to zoom in on the sky with the camera, hoping to see some wispy traces of something; anything. All I get is a screen of pixellated clouds. I take some photos but they're just blurry grey, tinged pink by the setting sun.



I know some Liverpool people on twitter so I tweet, 'Liverpool Q: Does anyone know if 'Column' is working or how you see it? #biennial'.

///////

I ride back into town and go to a vegetarian cafe to get out of the cold and have a think about what I should do for this residency. I order a coffee and while the guy makes it I pop down to the toilet. It smells like the sea down there, fresh and salty. My sinuses clear like they do when I'm at the beach. I go back upstairs and speak to the guy serving me.

"What's up with the toilets?"

"What do you mean?"

"The smell man! It smells like the sea."

"Oh right, yeah, are you...? So, the whole city's built on saltwater. Until you get higher up, the whole ground is pretty much saturated, so any basements are like beneath the level of the water. The whole city is sort of floating, when you think about it. In Summer you get salt crystals all over the drains."

I go to sit down and there's a pretty Asian girl playing a piano in the corner, even though the cafe's music is quite loud. She keeps the sustain pedal down and plays modal scales up and down the keyboard so that overlapping frequencies ring around the room. I look at her and see that her face is screwed up in concentration. I can't work out whether she's just practising or performing for an audience I can't see.

I try again to phone visitor services but I can't even hear the phone ringing because of the piano. I hang up and check twitter. I've got a few tweets from Liverpool people saying that they haven't managed to see Column but it might just be the weather. I also have a message from someone called @mccall_anthony that just says, 'TOMORROW 3PM BEARS PAW. SEE IF YOU WILL'. I look at his profile page but it seems to be a teenager from somewhere down South, all his other tweets are like 'i fucking HATE school' and 'i'm so bord sum1 text me now!!!' and then messages from his friends about girls and weed and hip-hop.



I google the Bear's Paw - it's a pub right near where I'm staying in Edge Hill. I look back at the message. It's definitely a reply to my tweet but I can't work out whether it's just some weird mistake or joke. I tweet back, 'The pub in Edge Hill? Shall we meet for a drink?'.

The girl is still playing the piano. I watch her for a while and think about how involved she is in her movements. I've never been able to lose myself in anything. I played guitar for a while but gave it up because I never practised and I could only play one song and it was by Joni Mitchell and I don't like Joni Mitchell. I sort of don't believe in transcendence but there's definitely some sort of state you can get to through physical action. Art doesn't work like that for me, it's an entirely intellectual thing. I guess Column would be a really visceral thing to see, if you could see it. Anything that is so physically part of the external

world like that would be kind of amazing. I start to think about how nice it would be if Column had gone haywire and got loose from the machine that makes it and turned into a whirlwind and was making its way up from the docks to the cafe. It would rip off the roof and pull the piano and me and the girl up into the sky and she wouldn't even notice, she'd be too busy playing the piano with that expression on her face and I'd just carry on watching her play until we got ripped to shreds by this huge unstoppable force. I wonder if Public Liability Insurance would cover Anthony McCall for that sort of thing?



I come around from my day dream. The piano has stopped and the girl is standing over me and she says,

"Hey do you want to come to my class? It's upstairs and it's called Failure Lab and you just sort of do anything you want, like experiment with ideas and movements and I lead it it's fun come along."

I don't know what to say. She is very beautiful and she is really close to me, like I can't quite turn to look at her face because I'd just end up rubbing my nose on her stomach if I did. I just kind of look straight ahead and nod and then get up and follow her as she walks to a door. She unlocks it and we go upstairs to the second floor.

It's cold in the studio and it isn't really a studio, just a room with its floor covered in lino. There is me, the pretty girl - who is called Leah, and this guy called Bernard or something like that. Leah gets us to all sit around and do automatic writing on the topic of failure. Then we take turns to read out what we've written. Leah goes first, and she shouts the whole thing really fast,

"FAILURE ELSEWHERE A FLOATING CLOUD LIKE A PINK FORMLESS BABY MADE OF VAPOUR AND BLOOD ATTACHED TO YOUR HAIR WITH A STRING OR FISHING WIRE SEE THROUGH BUT STRONG. PUMPED LIKE A PUS FILLED SAC, SQUEEZED DRY LIKE A SPOT. LEAD THE WAY IF YOU WANT I'LL SING THE THEME SONG THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE MUSIC FROM A CARTOON MY SISTER USED TO WATCH CIRCA 1998. SOMETHING IN SPACE BUT WITH A HIGH SCHOOL AND LOVE INTERESTS. A LESSON IN HOW TO MAKE THE FUTURE AS BANAL AS THE PAST. MY CALVES ARE WEAK AND STRAINED FROM WALKING THE WRONG WAY DOWN A HILL. "MY SUGGESTION SIR?" SPOKEN LIKE A BUTLER FROM THE INTER-WAR PERIOD, A MAN WORRIED ABOUT THE FALTERING POSITION OF HIS SUPERIORS, DRESSED IN BLACK AND WHITE AND READ ALL OVER."

We all clap but I don't know these people and I'm a bit confused. After the readings we all have to do weird movement stuff where you sort of bounce and wobble around the room and make your body do things it wouldn't normally do. Then Leah makes us do little three minute performances. I jump up and down on the spot whilst talking about a Chinese guy who spends all his time squatting on the floor, smoking cigarettes and reading the Chinese equivalent of the Racing Post. Then Bernard goes, doing this quite good thing where he's in character as a posh guy with some sort of obsessive behaviour and has his hands behind his back and is writhing around on the floor saying 'Not yet, no not yet, not quite yet.' Leah has to tell him when his time is up because he gets a bit too into it.

Then it's Leah's turn. She runs up and down the room singing an old folk song that I know but can't place. Once that's finished she comes up behind the low stool where I'm sitting and gently presses her body onto the back of mine. I feel her breasts on my shoulders and the warmth of her crotch on my lower back. I can feel her breathing deep into her stomach from the running and singing. She puts her hands on my shoulders, bends her head down to my ear and says, "Not much to see here is there? Not much at all." She holds this position until Bernard calls out three minutes and we have to clap again.

Leah says we all have to do each other's performance. She has to do Bernard's, Bernard has to do mine and I have to do Leah's. If I'm honest I don't think Bernard's version of my performance is up to much, he makes the story sound a bit racist which is definitely not what I was going for, which makes me worried that I might be a bit racist. Leah does Bernard's really well, makes it really funny and it's probably better than his. I get the feeling they have some rivalry and she wanted to show him that she's the boss. Then I have to do Leah's.

I can't remember the words to the song so I sing She'll be Coming Round the Mountain When She Comes as I run up and down. Then once I'm out of breath, I go to the stool where Leah is sitting and put my body up against her back. I'm trying really hard not to think about how weird and sexual it is but I get a bit of an erection, and as I bend down to speak into her ear, she flinches and then jumps up off the stool.

"OK, OK, OK. OK. Bernard, let's just take a break. Matthew, or Matt, or sorry, I'm not sure what you think Failure Lab is, but it's not this and I think you might have to leave. I'm not saying anyone's in

the wrong, but I don't think you quite understand the rules. Don't worry about paying the five pounds, just go, OK?"

I'm totally mortified and still have an erection which I'm trying to cover without it being too obvious to Bernard what it is I'm covering and all I can say is, "Was this going to cost five pounds?"

I get back to the house. Penny, Dan and the other artist are eating vegetarian chilli. I drink three glasses of red wine and tell the other artist that I can't go on her loneliness walk tomorrow because I'm meeting someone in the Bear's Paw. I say I'm like a character in a detective novel and then Dan says which character? I say the detective and spill my wine. Penny gets up to fetch a cloth.

"The Bear's Paw's a bit dodgy. Proper Scouse pub, it gets a bit raucous. Be careful."
"I'll be fine, as long as I drink lager."
"Just don't take the bike."

I say I won't take the bike and then we watch Star Wars on a laptop in their front room.

///////

I go to bed and I can't sleep. I masturbate and then I try to read a book I borrowed off my flatmate in London. In the first chapter of the book a taxi driver goes blind while he's driving his car. His vision goes milky white and he says it's like a thick fog, a dense cloud of mist in front of his eyes. The other characters in the scene are getting angry at him saying don't be ridiculous, there isn't anything there, no cloud, no mist, you've just gone blind, it's all black, but the guy keeps on with this thing about it being a cloud and by the end of the scene everyone in the street has their eyes closed and they're staring at the cloud of swirling mist that he has made them all see.

I still can't sleep. I get my phone and look at twitter. I have loads of replies to my message from @mccall_anthony calling me a gay and a bender and a paedo. It's definitely a teenager's account, so I wonder who sent me the message about the Bear's Paw?

I think about sending the kid an abusive message back. Maybe I'll tell him some sort of devastating truth about being alive in the world and crush his hopes of living a meaningful life forever. I think better of it, and instead, send him one of the blank pictures of the sky I took - the pixelly, washed out shades of grey and pink are a bit like a watercolour. Maybe he'll appreciate it.

I finally get to sleep. When I wake up late the next day I have dozens of messages from him and his mates saying that they are going to phone the police and report me for being a gay, bent paedo. I delete the messages and block their accounts.

I get up and go downstairs, no one's in. I pick up the house phone and try to call the visitor services number again, to find out if Column is working today.

[Same, heavily accented voice as before]
"Hello?"
"Hi I called before, I was wondering about Column, the Anthony McCall thing on the river, is it up and running today?"
"Are you with the Chinese or the Irish delegation? 2pm for Irish, 4:30pm for Chinese. Be there on time. He will only wait for 15 minutes and then the coach will leave whether you're there or not."
"Oh, sorry. I'm just wanting to see Column, I'm not part of a delegation."
"Wait, but you called me?"
"Yeah, I called - I'm just asking..."
[Before I finish my sentence the line goes dead]

I look at my phone. I've missed the 2pm Irish delegation, but I could get to the Chinese thing at 4:30. Maybe there is a talk by the artist. Maybe they only turn Column on at certain times. I'll meet whoever it is I'm meant to be meeting at the Bear's Paw and then go down to the docks.



I look at the Guardian website for a bit, get three answers on the quick crossword before I give up, and then scroll through facebook for ages until my eyes start to feel really dry. I realise that it's quarter to three and that I'm going to be late to the pub. I put some clothes on and decide that I'll ride the bike so I'm on time, but just hide it really well so that it doesn't get nicked.

When I get to the Bear's Paw I only know it's open because someone is outside having a cigarette. It looks like there aren't any lights on, and some of the windows are boarded up, with graffiti on the wood. All the buildings around it have been demolished and there's nowhere to lock the bike apart from a fence directly across from the pub.

When I go inside there are a few day drinkers, old men mostly. Only one or two really scary people. I get a drink and sit in the corner. I do that thing where you accidentally sit underneath the TV and everyone in the pub is looking disinterestedly in your direction. At the Failure Lab Leah had said something about how clowns work out their persona by standing in front of a room full of people who stare at them until they begin to laugh or cry or shout, and then they are like oh I'm a happy clown, or a sad clown or a grumpy clown. I wonder what sort of clown I would be.

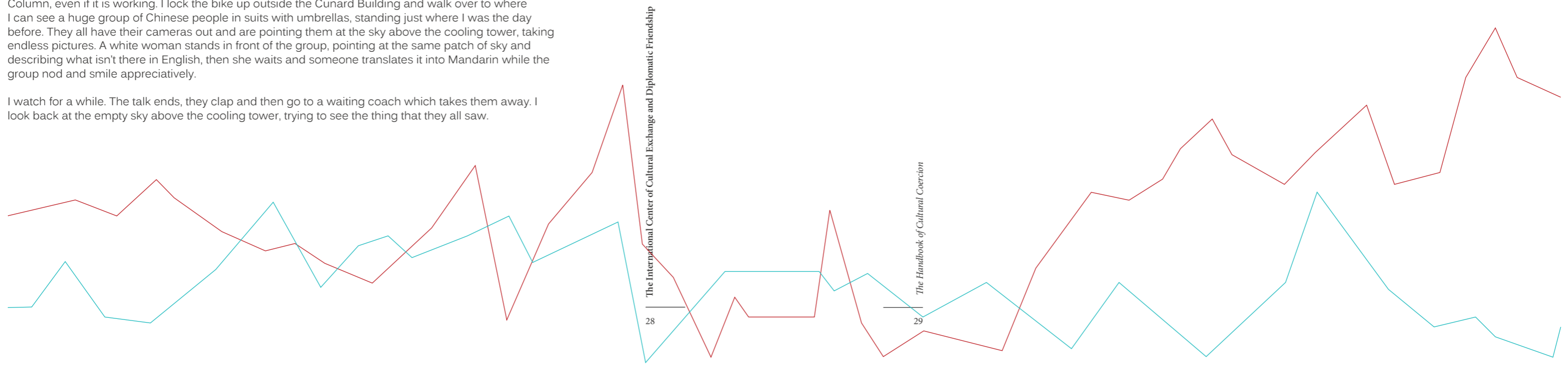
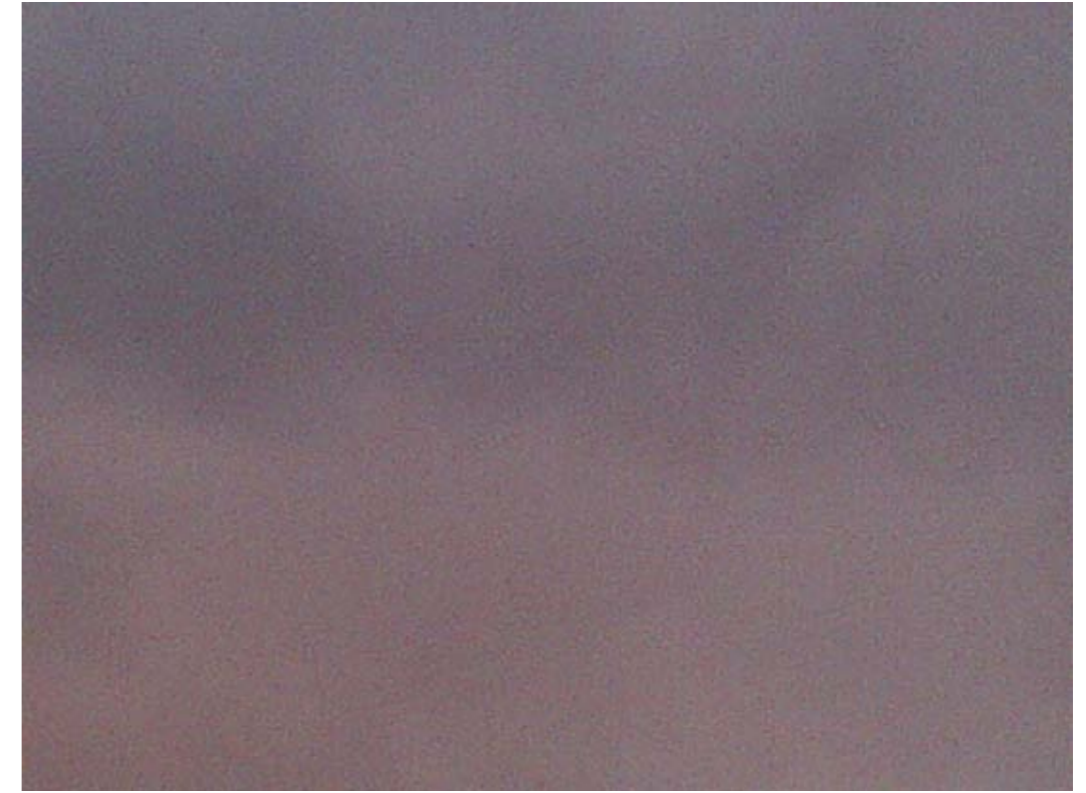
I wait for about an hour but no one comes in. One of the scary people is talking to the barmaid and then suddenly erupts and throws a pint glass at her. It smashes above her head and he shouts, "You're lucky that isn't going through your face."

The whole pub freezes and the barmaid runs through the door to the office. The scary bloke picks up a plastic bar mat, throws it after her and then turns around, glaring at the rest of the pub before he walks out. I drink my pint until I'm sure that he's not in the immediate vicinity, and then I leave the pub. Fuck this, I think.

When I leave the pub it's raining. Fine and straight and dense. Like the sky figured out the most efficient way of drenching me. I take a thin, borrowed kagool from my bag and put it over my woollen jacket. It's sort of waterproof but not really. I go across to where the bike is, I can see from here that someone has stolen the seat. At least they haven't kicked the wheels in.

I ride standing up down to the docks, I'll be a bit late but I'll just catch the end of the Chinese delegation, whatever it is. The sky is a deep blue-grey, heavy and beautiful. There's no way you'll be able to see Column, even if it is working. I lock the bike up outside the Cunard Building and walk over to where I can see a huge group of Chinese people in suits with umbrellas, standing just where I was the day before. They all have their cameras out and are pointing them at the sky above the cooling tower, taking endless pictures. A white woman stands in front of the group, pointing at the same patch of sky and describing what isn't there in English, then she waits and someone translates it into Mandarin while the group nod and smile appreciatively.

I watch for a while. The talk ends, they clap and then go to a waiting coach which takes them away. I look back at the empty sky above the cooling tower, trying to see the thing that they all saw.





Buy One, Get One Free* {Penny Whitehead and Dan Simpkins}



*Penny Whitehead and Dan Simpkins are artists based in Liverpool, UK, working collaboratively since 2006 and in a number of zero hour, freelance and temporary contracts. They are founders of the International Center of Cultural Exchange and Diplomatic Friendship and in 2013 will be contributing 65,880 hours¹ of labour-time to the UK's job market through the procreation of their first child.

1. Estimate based on a lifetime consisting of 40 years of work averaging 1647 hours of work per year.

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Working project: The Kissing Gate - intimacy and danger, walking in circles* {Alison Lloyd and Alain Ayers}

The following pages evoke a series of walks as a means through which to navigate thoughts through cultural history, politics and economics re-formed in the language of intimate encounters while making an investigation into a poetic 'day in the life' (appearance, disappearance, reappearance) of an art object commissioned for the 1986 Liverpool Garden Festival.

The Garden Festival was an import from post-war Germany and started in towns such as Kassel which went on to establish Documenta, a trajectory that is echoed in Liverpool by the subsequent establishment of the Biennial.

In such developments the idea of internationalism was seen as a vital component, embracing a notion of shared knowledge and cultural stability when in fact that trajectory has led to far more unstable nomadic realities for people, for artists, for art objects, for things, and for our own personal relationships.

In terms of contemporary artistic practices the sense of being global and nomadic produces a greater sense of a destabilised and vulnerable culture rather than a cohesive cosmopolitan one. In a lecture as part of the OCA (Office for Contemporary Art Norway) programme *The State of Things*, sociologist Saskia Sassen debated cities as sites for conflicts, including wars, racism, religious hatred and exclusion of the poor.

The Kissing Gate, an artwork by Alain Ayers, was installed as an entrance to a specific garden area for the duration of the Garden Festival in 1984. It disappeared for many years into storage before reappearing in a location opposite Liverpool Lime Street railway station.

Over the course of three and a half days Alison Lloyd devised a series of circular walks to connect with *The Kissing Gate's* three locations, while making connections with people she met, day-dreaming and reflecting along the route.

///////

Alison Lloyd leads walks for galleries, festivals and artists, as well as developing her own practice as a walking artist. She has designed, planned and collaborated on walks by, with and for artists, hill and fell walkers, mountaineers, and PhD Students. In these walks the art has been the destination, the journey and the walk. She is currently a PhD Student at Loughborough University.

Alain Ayers is an artist and academic based in Bergen, Norway, currently teaching at various institutions including London Metropolitan University, Bergen Architecture School and HEAD Geneva. He has returned to writing as part of his practice and will show work in Norway and France in 2013.

Alison and Alain, together for twenty years, made a parting of their ways in October 2007. This work in Liverpool acknowledges their artistic connection during that time. They have two children - Colette and Magnus.

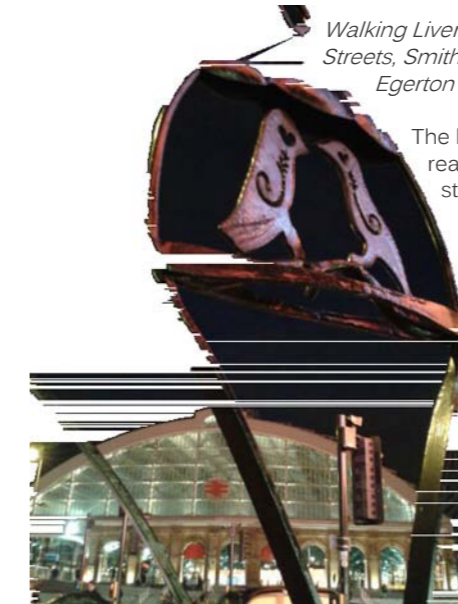
www.contemporaryartofwalking.com

I will be walking in circles in Liverpool in collaboration with Alain Ayers. I will be contouring the city by way of Alain's kissing gate, through the 'wilderness' that is *Liverpool 1* onwards to contour around the TATE, stretching out along the Mersey to the original site of the Liverpool Garden Festival on the cast iron shore and the first site for the kissing gate at the entrance to the Garden of Hope.



travelling, journeying, walking, traversing, contouring, poeming, finding, soloing, stomping, striding, compassing, navigating, bearing, lining, mapping, circuiting, circling, drifting, edging, risking, kissing gating - more walking Liverpool. Today TATE to Liverpool's Garden Festival (1984)

I am exhausted having circled a section of Liverpool from Alain's kissing gate to the old 1984 Liverpool Garden Festival Site (twice). Today's walk began with several kisses through the kissing gate with the ICCEDF (International Center of Cultural Exchange and Diplomatic Friendship) and representatives of the Free University of Liverpool.



Walking Liverpool: taking in the Adelphi toilets, Renshaw, Leece and Myrtle Streets, Smithdown Lane, Upper Parliament Street, Earle, Lawrence and Egerton Roads.

The kissing gate disappeared for many years into storage before reappearing in a location opposite Liverpool Lime Street railway station.





9 November:

Joanne Lee to AL I went to that Garden festival - remember it well - the site looked post-apocalyptic the last time I passed the entrance gates a few years ago... pavilions abandoned amongst encroaching trees...

AL to JL A small part of it has been re-developed by a private developer and may be open on Saturday

9 November:

Gate by Alain Ayers, kisses by Alison Lloyd

Our very own Great Wall of China traverse after Marina Abramovic and Ulay. In 1996, the Year of Visual Arts in the North East, I commissioned a new work by Marina, *The House, Five Rooms and Storage*, for Middlesbrough Art Gallery.

In the making of these walks I thought about my travelling between Middlesbrough and Amsterdam to meet and talk with the artist and the making of the final work in the gallery rooms.

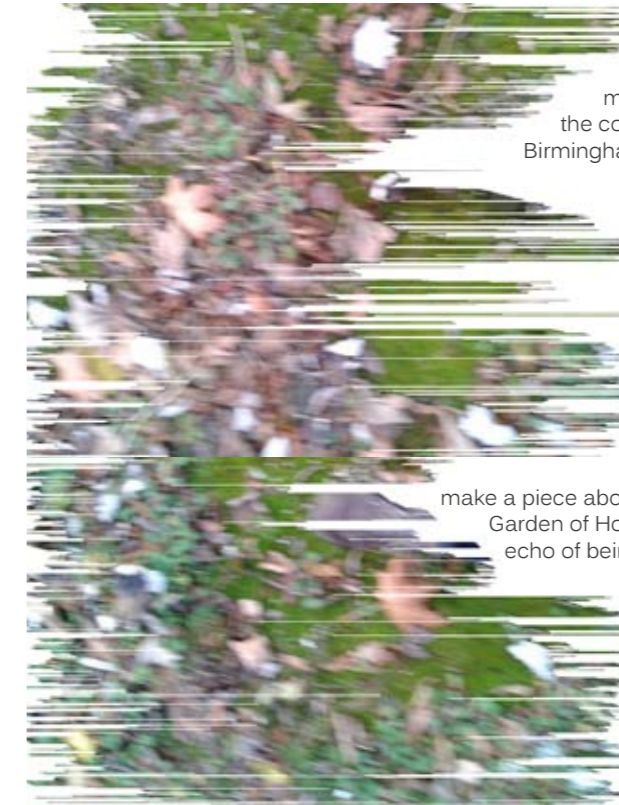
I have heard today about a couple who re enacted Ulay and Abramovic on Hadrian's Wall. I must follow this up with Matt who was artist in residence with me here.

On the prom against the edge of the Mersey. I am following the edge of the old garden festival site and on to Otterspool to see Dhruva Mistry's bull sculpture. I am on a residency in Liverpool staying near Sefton Park - 13:07, 9 Nov

You do get about! How long are you there?- 13:08, 9 Nov

4 days 3 nights - 13:10, 9 Nov

So you're not around this weekend?- 13:14, 9 Nov



'There were undercurrents and potent events at the time, some that are fuzzy and others that stay hard wired into memory. The 1981 political resistances across the country were strongest in Liverpool-Toxteth, Birmingham-Handsworth and London-Brixton...

...I had moved from Kennington to Handsworth in that period to take an MA Sculpture course at Birmingham School of Art. The political motivations for the Garden Festivals were contentious and the ideas for regeneration and development didn't take hold for a long time after...

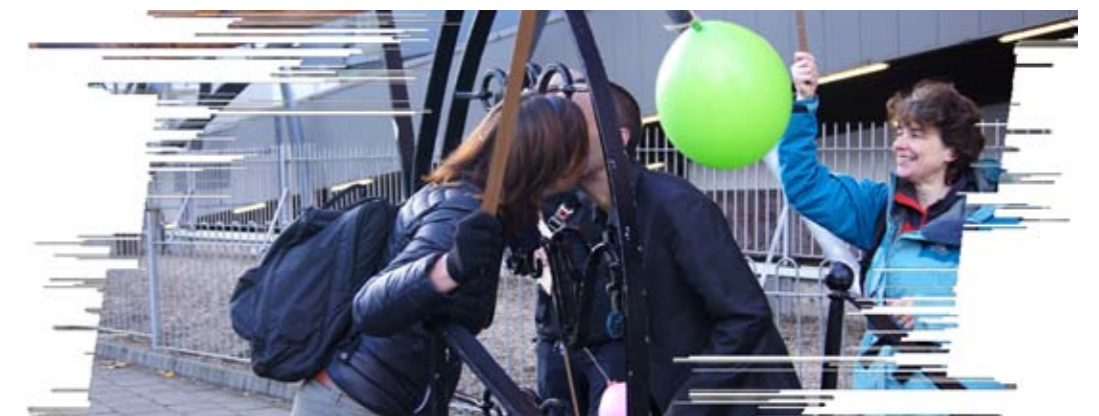
...Looking back I knew that I didn't want to make a piece about the sense of disaster in the air. For the Garden of Hope I thought to embody, an intimate work, an echo of being touched and part of a deeply important and contradictory time' - AA

11 November:

Leaving Liverpool and my residency with ICCEDF by way of kissing through The Kissing Gate. I need the perfect kissing/ leaving poem please...

'on either side of the gate / there are different ways to wait' - Alec Finlay

'with the two listening black birds perched on the gate' - AL



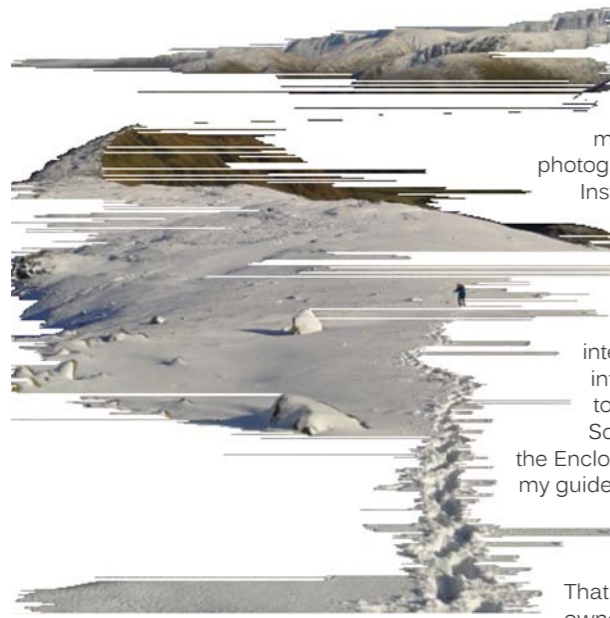
'It seems that the most important quality of *The Kissing Gate* is the simplicity of action, to pass through and to kiss perhaps over time can become a device for enchantment. *The Kissing Gate* has a conceptual integrity, fabricated by Theo Grunewald, the nearest artist blacksmith to where I lived at the time. This was a process-based decision for collaboration, frequently a part of my practice as are the relationships of the hand made to the industrially produced.' - AA



Alain's wish for *The Kissing Gate*:

'That there is a day each year, where people come together, kiss and pass through. It's recent reappearance in Liverpool is a miracle for me. Maybe October 9 is a day for serenity, a day to avert the disasters.'

Other thoughts! Politics and the Kissing Gate...



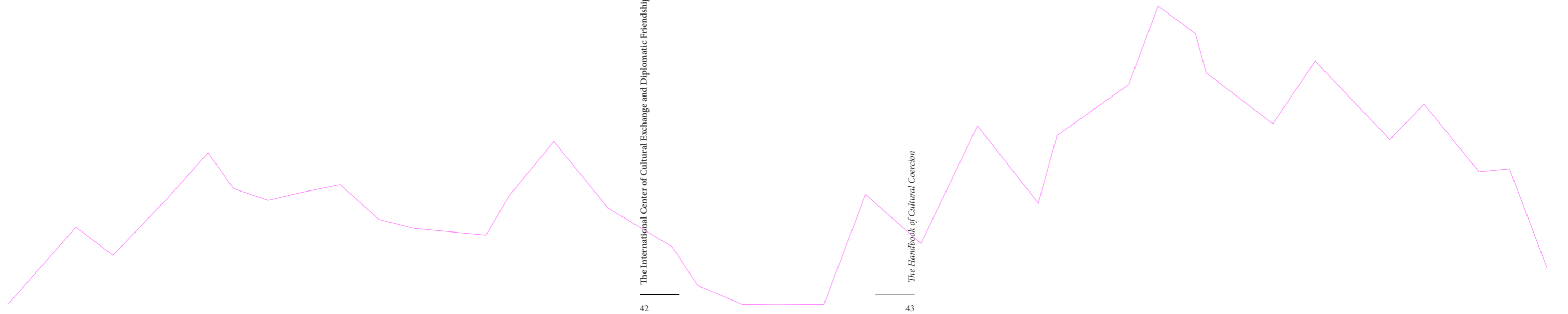
I have been away in Liverpool for four days on an artist residency, walking (circling) between a kissing gate made by my ex-husband in 1984 for the Liverpool Garden Festival and its current location outside Lime Street Station. A celebration of former intimacy and parting. No mountains here except the ones I photographed from the Merseyside promenade. Instead the wilderness if there was one was in my head and walking in the dark through Toxteth and the borders of the Dingle. Both still known for their deprivation.

I have been thinking about how my own interest in revolutionary socialist politics could inform my walking in the hills in addition to any understanding of the clearances in Scotland, the mass trespasses in England and the Enclosures - all of which I have touched upon in my guided walks. I am logging this interest here, and for now recognising that these events have had a significant affect on access and in the shaping of the landscape.

That considerable tracts of land are in private ownership and we have access to these areas if we obey the rules of the countryside.

The International Center of Cultural Exchange and Diplomatic Friendship

The Handbook of Cultural Coercion





Objectives for Residency at the ICCEDF* {C.R.A.P. - Creative Responsibility Artistic Productivity}

Objective 1: Decide on a framework for our work together.

Outcome: Tri-folded single piece of A4 paper, in landscape orientation. 7.5cm 11.5cm 10.7cm by 21cm. Based on newsletter format, to be published monthly, in black and white.

Objective 2: Decide on a conceptual basis for our work together.

Outcome: We will focus on the idea of productivity anti-solutions and workplace protocol. Strap line will be...
Do you every worry you are just creating more crap in the world?

Objective 3: Produce some work.

Outcome: This is work.

Objective 4: Can Jenni find anything positive to say about Bloomberg New Contemporaries?

Outcome: No.

Objective 5: Make a decision on how we are going to name our work together.

Outcome: C.R.A.P. Art Projects: productivity anti-solutions.

Creative
Responsibility
Aligned / Artistic
Productivity

Objective 6: See if Sarah can get a Liverpool blow-dry.

Outcome: This didn't happen.

*C.R.A.P. Art Projects
(Jenni Cluskey and Sarah Stamp)

C.R.A.P. Art Projects are an anti solutions service provider. They produce a monthly (probably) statement publication.

Their practice seeks to address the modern issue: "Do you ever feel you are just creating more crap in the world?"

Their work is centered around lifestyle issues and bargain shops. They aim to highlight the absurd and the obvious and to photograph every cardboard policeman they find. C.R.A.P. (sometimes) stands for Creative Responsibility Artistic Productivity and represents a rare combination of enthusiasm and nihilism.

www.issuu.com/c-r-a-p-art-projects

www.facebook.com/C.R.A.P.ArtProjects

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Insert C.R.A.P. Statement here



The 78th Floor* {Christian Eriksson with Illustration by Laura Spark}

*Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.*
- T.S. Eliot, *The Wastelands*, 60-63

I do not doubt that history will judge me poorly. For what have done, I do not expect to be understood. When unborn denizens of an uncertain future look back, maybe they will be as perplexed as I was. They will say I was mad, no doubt, driven by delirium to undertake an inhuman act. They will say I was a radical moved by some elusive ideology, lurking just below the threshold of my awareness. They will say I was unhinged by vengeance I heightened, erroneously, to the status of prophecy. For all I know, they might very well be correct. I have no wish to defend myself. My actions are indefensible. All I want is for others to *feel* the rage that few have felt.

I cannot recall the sort of man my friend was. His likes, dislikes and personal habits are now lost to me, drowned in my new-found resolve. A thick miasma of suspicion clouds my memory of our relationship. The only firm outpost which forms beyond the fluttering veils of memory are the details of a single unsettling day.

We had been drinking together for the most part of the afternoon. A cold wind chilled our exposed faces as we left the Walrus and Carpenter, snapping at the nerves our pints were busy drowning. It was unusually busy that day. A rare Winter sun had drawn a crowd onto the City's narrow streets. My friend was unusually pensive as we passed the glass façade of Faryners House, home to the accountancy firm he had recently left. We silently burrowed outwards from Monument onto King William Street, more silent still as we strolled across the Thames. A gaggle of Asian students passed by, loudly exchanging jokes, their alternating laughter fading from earshot with each unsteady step. A dozen or so boats, barges and liners struggled through the murky river. Between half-closed eyelids the river seemed an indistinct brown into which the fading daylight sank.

We were early. My train would not leave for another quarter of an hour. We came to a slow stop as we turned the corner into London Bridge Station. It was the first time I had seen the Shard from below. The muscles in the back of my neck frayed like over-stretched elastic as I recoiled from an upward gaze toward its looming apex. Flecks of light danced across the white plaza beneath me as I recovered my composure. Marble paving slabs shimmered with each new pump of blood.

Do you know who owns it? my friend asked, breaking our silence. I recall that the smallest hint of mania overtook his widening eyes.

Please, enlighten me. I replied sardonically. Despite the greater pay-packet my friend received, I was convinced of his intellectual inferiority.

After the crash, the job stalled. It would never have been finished were it not for a group of Qatari aristocrats. Despite the cold, my friend had become animated. This can't have been the first time he had acted out this little anecdote, I thought.

Go on. I said, a slight annoyance creeping over me. With any luck, I would have an hour or so of peace on the train.

Well, the real juice is not who, but why.

What do you mean? I asked, more out of politeness. My curiosity would come much later.

**Christian Eriksson is a freelance journalist and writer on philosophy, land issues, cities, counter-culture, power and political economy. Since graduating from a Philosophy MA in 2011, he has contributed articles to The Guardian, openDemocracy and New Left Project. He is the founding Co-Editor of Cod Philosophy, a collaborative blog about the influence of rotten ideas on public debate.*

<http://christian-eriksson.co.uk>

<http://codphilosophy.co.uk>

**Laura Spark spends 4 days a week in the shadows of tall buildings, the rest, next to them.*

www.lauraspark.co.uk

Well, the Qataris fronted the cash as a diplomatic thing. As an oil-rich nation with a shitty military, Qatar spends a lot on building close economic ties with stronger nations. They're worried about Iran, and what would happen if America bit the bullet and attacked. Qatar is home to the largest US outpost in the region, so any attack by the US means Qatar would feel the brunt of Iran's retaliation.

But what proof do you have of this? I asked in polite despondence.

Too excited, my friend ignored my question and continued.

In buying up huge tracts of London real estate, Qatar are doing what's called 'soft diplomacy'. They know that Britain wouldn't stand back and allow the nation which owns their flashiest buildings to be invaded. My friend paused momentarily and reconsidered. Well actually, the Shard isn't a building at all, but a military allegiance signed in steel and glass.

After being forced from the firm, my friend had looked me up. We began drinking together briefly, but this was the first time I had seen his conspiratorial streak. Soon after, my work picked up and our meetings became less frequent. I was in line for a promotion at the paper. Anyway, my friend hadn't called for a month or two. I assumed he must have landed a new job in the City. An overseas auditor or some such.

Some time after our meeting, I met a colleague of mine for lunch, a critic for the *Financial Times*. We spoke with ease about our favourite subject: the drabness of modern architecture. Huddling over our drinks, at times leaning in close for a little jibe at some of the people we knew, the time passed effortlessly. It was getting late, and the breezy cafe was practically empty save for a rather boisterous lunch meeting. Despite sporadic outbursts from their corner of the cafe, we were absorbed in conversation. There are few things more pleasant in life than talking with someone who is as versed in and cynical about a subject as you are. It wasn't long before our conversation turned to the Shard.

Do you know what the architect's fee was? he asked.

I don't know, I answered. *A fuck load of money I expect.*

He didn't receive a penny for it, he replied, a wry smirk moving over his dimpled face. *Renzo Piano's only demand was to be given the penthouse suite at the building's summit when it was completed.*

Soon after, I was assigned a story about the opening of a chain of new spirituality centres in London's affluent suburbs. After a morning of research, I stumbled upon a jarring oddity. It turned out that Renzo Piano had planned to build a meditation room at the top of the Shard. My colleague at the FT had told me that Renzo Piano now lived on the top-most floor. What was the truth? In search of an answer, I made a few phone calls. Little did I know from my cluttered desk that day that my entire world view would begin to slowly unravel.

As it happened, there had been vicious debate about what the upper-most floor should be used for. Piano initially wanted two levels above the public observatory - a mediation room, and below, a conference room in which the world's leaders could meet and discuss solutions to the pressing problems of the day. All the hacks, subs and geeks with whom I spoke confirmed what I suspected. No-one lived in the top-most floor of the Shard and Renzo Piano was paid the customary cash for his work. My colleague was wrong. Why had I believed him?

I often think of the mediation room. Who was it meant for? Like the child Lamas of a dying spiritual order, only the children of the super-rich could afford to find any solace there. But then *why* would they want to meditate at the top of the Shard? My daydreams gave slow shape to the cold facts I had gleaned from my research, filling in the human details. Maybe they would study profane Yogic practices. Maybe they would strive, like broken mendicants, to repair the damage wrought upon them by distant parents consumed in unholy work. Maybe.

Sometime in the months after our last meeting, I learnt that my friend, the out of work accountant, had struggled to find employment and had taken his own life in desperation. At the funeral, his mother told me what had happened. No-one would hire him after he raised concerns over suspicious figures in the books of a prominent client, a multi-national mineral conglomerate. Word soon spread of his disloyalty, and nobody would touch him. It didn't matter that the conglomerate was subsequently rocked by a slew of high profile scandals - fraud, the squandering of government grants and the use of



aggressive tax dodging schemes. For doing his job properly, he was left unemployable in the only world he had ever known. His honesty had destroyed him.

My friend was the only guy smart enough to see what was going on (or stupid enough to point it out). We spoke of all kinds of things whilst we were drinking together. Why had he not trusted me with this? He must have taken me for a fool. But another thought dawned upon me, eliciting a deep sickness at the pit of my stomach. No, he hadn't taken me for a fool. I was a fool, and my friend knew it.

From then on, I couldn't shake what he had said on that last day we met. The idea that the world around us is something other than what it appeared to be began working its way through my imagination. How could a building be something other than merely a place? When I was not working, I spent hours trawling through books and archives in search of some elusive fact that would make it all clear. I devoured architecture journals, utopian fiction and daguerreotypes of cities under construction. My first insights came from a careful study of dusty civic plans, in whose reams I thought I could dimly divine a human element, a peculiar sort of ongoing motivation in the work of dozens of seemingly unconnected draughtsmen. These diligent men (for they were all men) had spent innumerable days and nights churning out tidy blueprints in which calculated dances of steel, glass and homogeneous concrete mix were described. Theirs was a silent governance industry paid for by an emerging breed of borderless despot. In the many signs and sigils of these arcane documents, I found partial answers to my restless questioning. The view I came to be convinced of was dizzying. Our solid world had for some time now been crafted to keep the masses of mankind in perpetual bondage, whilst secluded elites ensured their own protection. *Soft diplomacy*, I thought. But the worst of it remained practically unheard of: a vast living symbol of the weakening trust between warring nations was being imprinted upon the surface of the earth. And everywhere people called it 'home'. I could almost feel in the anxious crowds I passed a hidden pulse, as though the beating hearts of ancient streets had begun palpitating in the middle of some monstrous birthing rite.

As you peer across the London skyline, it is there. Centring, concentrating. But the force of all I had come to learn was slowly transforming my view.

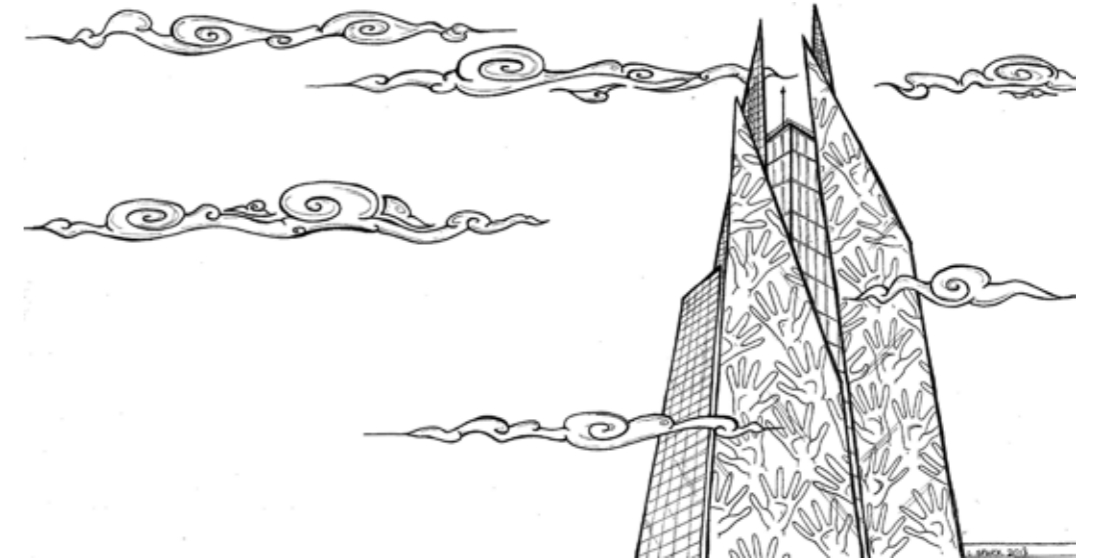
Now, whenever I see it looming over the London skyline, I remember my friend's anecdote which I initially dismissed out of hand as conspiratorial. I recall his face, engorged with excitement as he acted out his bewildering tale.

Now, whenever I dwell on the details of my lack-lustre career as a feature writer for a minor magazine, I imagine the infinite suffering hewn into the Shard's monolithic steel frame, the labour of a million hidden hands holding its cheap glass walls in place.

Now, whenever I scan the trite articles of those who I once thought of as my peers, I wonder of the certain future which awaits a globalised London. I imagine numerous jagged pyramids piercing low-lying clouds, interning pampered spiritual sylphs engaged in lifeless acrobatics whilst all of humanity below them dream, pointlessly, of an escape from their toil. I imagine the endless rounds of boom and bust, of lives broken against the insurmountable dictates of wealth just so that military allegiances can be signed in looming steel and glass. I imagine the exclusive conferences into which eager hacks and the leisured curious are impulsively driven, in search of the power which perspective brings.

Now, whenever I see the Shard, I think of a brief conversation I had at its foot with someone I thought trusted me as a friend. How wrong I was.

Like steam hosing down wallpaper about to be stripped, all I had ever known was evaporating into mist. If the buildings we prize are not built to serve basic human needs, but for the protection of far-flung elites, our world is being lost to us. Like incalculable others, I have felt for some time as though I have been clawing at the seams of life, unable to discern the contours of my prison. I was beginning to understand why so many people today feel as though they do not belong in the world. The world was never built *for them*. The world is being robbed from us by the false anxieties of those wielding power. The powerful protect only their own, huddling together in a world without frontiers. What little personal 'security' everybody else can muster will forever be undermined by their greedy scheming.



A single glass monolith piercing a darkening sky had consumed me, and in my frantic depression I struggled to absolve my pain in the company of friends.

After one fitful weekend, I took my work to a greasy spoon cafe somewhere near Liverpool Street Station. In the gloaming of a hangover, my nerves briefly stilled, I silently observed a sobering scene. Just in front of me a rugged foreman was distributing the proceeds of last week's graft. One-by-one, his disintegrating workforce streamed in and momentarily sat on the cold metal chairs. Each employee stayed for a quarter of an hour or so, and each had a different grievance. The dishevelled foreman patiently listened with gruff care, as did I from behind the glare of my laptop. Violent break ups, rent-rises, drug addiction, an abortion. It was an endless litany of suffering. Their hardened accents, stained clothes and hollow faces marked them off as members of London's toiling underclass.

When I couldn't bear it any longer, I turned my attention to the tourists trickling around outside. Through the unpolished bay windows, it seemed as though they were engaged in some profane ceremony. The ebb and flow of endless holiday-makers and tour groups swarming confusedly around the base of gigantic polished structures was almost as unbearable as the scene inside. Our stuttering urge for holidays, heritage and cheap hotels is born in the suffering our distant elites engender. Did they not know that the cruel people who kept their lives fractured worked in the very buildings they worshipped with every click of their compact cameras?

As I think of the many skyscrapers in London, planted like poles towards whose centre the lives of a billion beings are centrifugally drawn, I recall my friend. I think of congregations, of crowds and cities, of mighty concrete maelstroms at whose tumultuous centre the lives of all those we love and will ever love are finally shattered. Buried like shards of blue porcelain engulfed by the slow-moving soils of time. With every new office block built, more and more lives are needlessly destroyed.

Everything was moving at an unbearable pace. I would bolt awake in cold sweats, dreaming of the slow-burning hysteria of it all.

Were things OK at home, with the family? My sub-editor asked. Maybe I should take a little break, she suggested, or had I considered toning down my writing? Shortly after, the promotion I had been assured of was given to a colleague.

With work losing its appeal in the face of my growing resolve, I vowed to do something. The grim trajectory of mankind's history looked more certain with each passing day. Soon it would be set. After an especially restless few nights, I walked to Hampstead for breakfast. The morning was clear and warm. Summer would soon transform London and its busy citizens. Joy and excitement would reign once again. That day, I bought the gun with which I killed Renzo Piano.



Manifesto*

{The Free University of Liverpool}

----- Received message -----

From: Gary
Date: 4 November 2012 22:29
Subject: [Everyone at FUL] The All New Free University of Liverpool Manifesto
To: Everyone at FUL

Hi All,

Wow - what a weekend. Some of us spent the Saturday night / Sunday morning under the kind invitation of the *The International Center of Cultural Exchange and Diplomatic Friendship*, the purpose of which for the Free University of Liverpool was to spend some reflective time together and compose an all-new Manifesto!

We spent the time relaxing, playing the trumpet (Sid mostly!) and going to Toxteth Cemetery in search of the unmarked paupers' grave that holds the instigator of the Toxteth Uprisings in 1981. Lots of interesting things happened, including the appearance of a mystical worm that slithered to the centre of our funereal circle and exited via Penny's left boot!!

We finally started to talk about FUL and had (what felt like to me) a really important conversation on the way back home to Dan and Penny's. When we arrived home we started to write the all new manifesto. We sat in silence around the kitchen table scribbling down thoughts about our future. We agreed that every manifesto sentence should answer the question 'Where to now?' (a sort of FUL version of Lenin's 'What is to be done?') and should begin: The Free University of Liverpool will...

We swapped sentences anonymously, read them out and cheered.

Big manifesto joy!!

gxx



"The Free University of Liverpool is a protest which attempts to create a radical alternative to the current fee-paying structure of Higher Education, committed to FREE education for any student who wants to study with them. It is run horizontally by a committee of cultural activists, educationalists and cultural workers, dedicated to a belief that critical thought and action are at the heart of changing the world we live in."

www.
thefreeuniversityofliverpool
.wordpress.com

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL QUESTION THE COMMODIFICATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND LEARNING.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL MAINTAIN A PRESENCE IN LIVERPOOL OF A FREE THINKING NETWORK OF ARTISTS, EDUCATORS AND ACTIVISTS COMMITTED TO CHALLENGING AND QUESTIONING EXISTING STRUCTURES OF POWER.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL CONTINUE TO ELECTRIFY VOLCANIC NORTH LIVERPOOL WITH PHILOSOPHY AND MADCAPPERY.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL RECREATE CONSTANTLY AND EVENTUALLY.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL CREATE SPACES WHERE WE CAN EXPLORE AND FIGHT FOR ALTERNATIVES TO THE NEOLIBERAL EMPIRE AND HELP EACH OTHER TO CONSTANTLY BECOME.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL CONTINUE TO GROW THROUGH BROADER PARTICIPATION, ANALYSIS AND EXPERIMENTATION.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL ALWAYS CHANGE ACCORDING TO THE DESIRES OF ITS PARTICIPANTS.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL FEEL FREE NOT TO JUMP TO ANY SOLUTIONS UNLESS IT IS REALLY AND TRULY EXCITED ABOUT THEM.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL CONTINUALLY REFRESH AND STARTLE ITSELF AND ANYONE INTERESTED IN LIBERATORY CREATIVE WAYS OF LEARNING.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL MUTATE, DISARM, DISBAND, RETREAT, TAKE A YEAR OFF... RATHER THAN STAGNATE!

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL KEEP US CHEEKY, MOVE US TO TEARS, WHILE INSISTING ON THE ECSTASY OF LEARNING TOGETHER.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL BE.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL OFFER THEIR PROGRAMME OF EDUCATION TO ANYONE WHO'S INTERESTED.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL CONTINUE TO PROPAGANDISE TO ITS OWN END.

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL WILL CEASE ALL FRANTIC ACTIVITY AND REFUSE REGENERATION.

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http://disruptdominantfrequencies.net/main/international_center/international_center.html

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