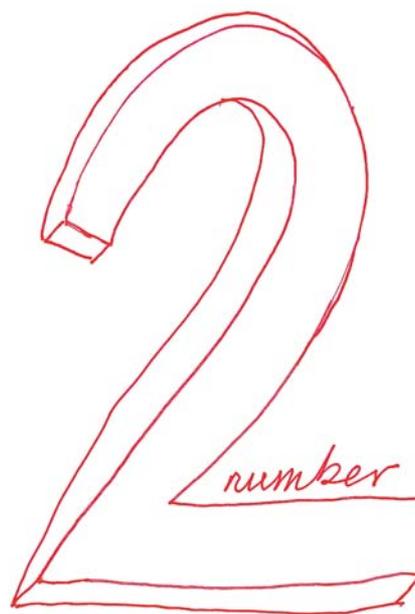




**E**  
xhibition





welcome to

Everything #2

The Museum of **Everything**



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## Foreword

In the spring of 2010, *The Museum of Everything* was invited to exhibit at *Tate Modern* in *London* for a three-day event called *No Soul for Sale*.

At that point the museum had had just one show - *Exhibition #1* - which opened in *London*, travelled to *Turin* and was seen by over 35,000 people. The brief was wide open as to what or who we should exhibit next.

The word museum is understood by all; yet the art we show is often a language known only to one. *Exhibition #2* was an opportunity to learn new languages, to invite undiscovered and unintentional artists to show their creations at our museum inside a museum.

The exhibition would be the work we discovered during the show. Yet until that first day, we were not sure anyone would respond. They did, of course, in their hundreds. They lined up outside *Tate Modern*, they jammed the switchboards, they walked in off the streets. A nation of unspoken creators, communicating worlds we had never seen before.

What follows is a selection of these astonishing artworks. To the artists and to all our participants, thank you for revealing your privacy to us.

James Brett

*The Museum of Everything*

## Introduction

The Museum of Everything = The Museum of Everyone

Cecilia Alemani, Maurizio Cattelan, Massimiliano Gioni  
No Soul for Sale



CALLING THE UNTRAINED, UNINTENTIONAL &  
UNSEEN ARTISTS OF GREATER BRITAIN.

Are you a marginal or self-taught artist?  
Have you received a calling to depict strange  
new worlds? Are you an artist with a disability  
whose creativity awaits discovery? Or a collector  
with a book of anonymous doodlings?

If this sounds like you, we cordially invite  
you to submit an artwork for our forthcoming show:

THE MUSEUM OF EVERYTHING PRESENTS  
EXHIBITION #2 AT LONDON'S TATE MODERN

Could it be true? Yes, it could! Exhibition #2 is  
open to all non-professional, non-traditional &  
non-exhibited artists, living or long-gone. To  
enter, simply turn up to the Tate Modern on  
May 14th, 15th or 16th with a work on paper or  
modest canvas where it will be assessed by  
our Board of Trustees. If they like it, up it will  
go... displayed inside the Turbine Hall & perhaps  
even published in a book of the exhibition!

What: THE MUSEUM OF EVERYTHING  
EXHIBITION #2

Where: TATE MODERN IN LONDON (as part of No. 10)

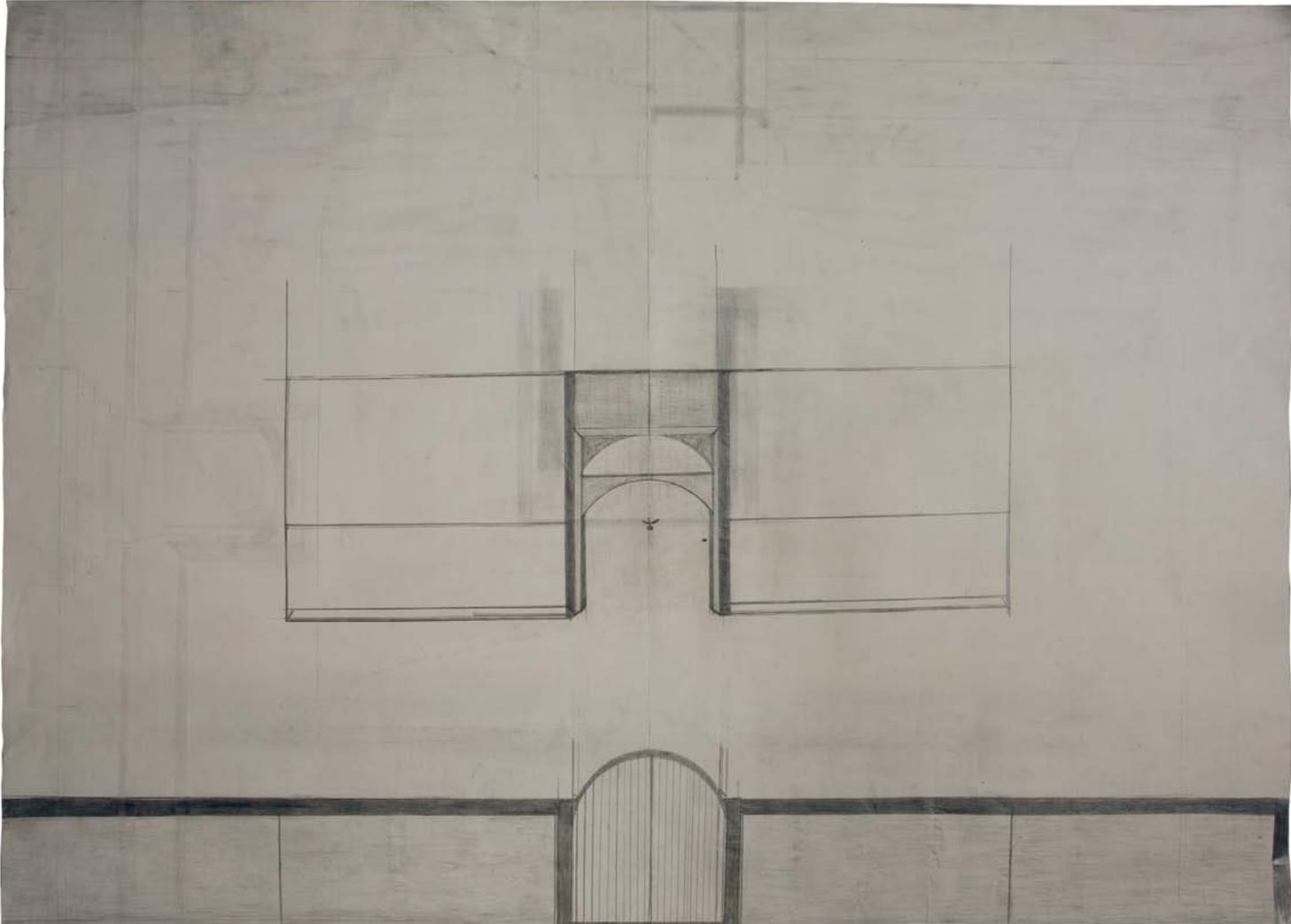
When: FRIDAY MAY 14TH 10:00 AM UNTIL MIDNIGHT  
SATURDAY MAY 15TH 10:00 AM UNTIL MIDNIGHT  
SUNDAY MAY 16TH 10:00 AM UNTIL 6:00 PM

Why: T.B.C.

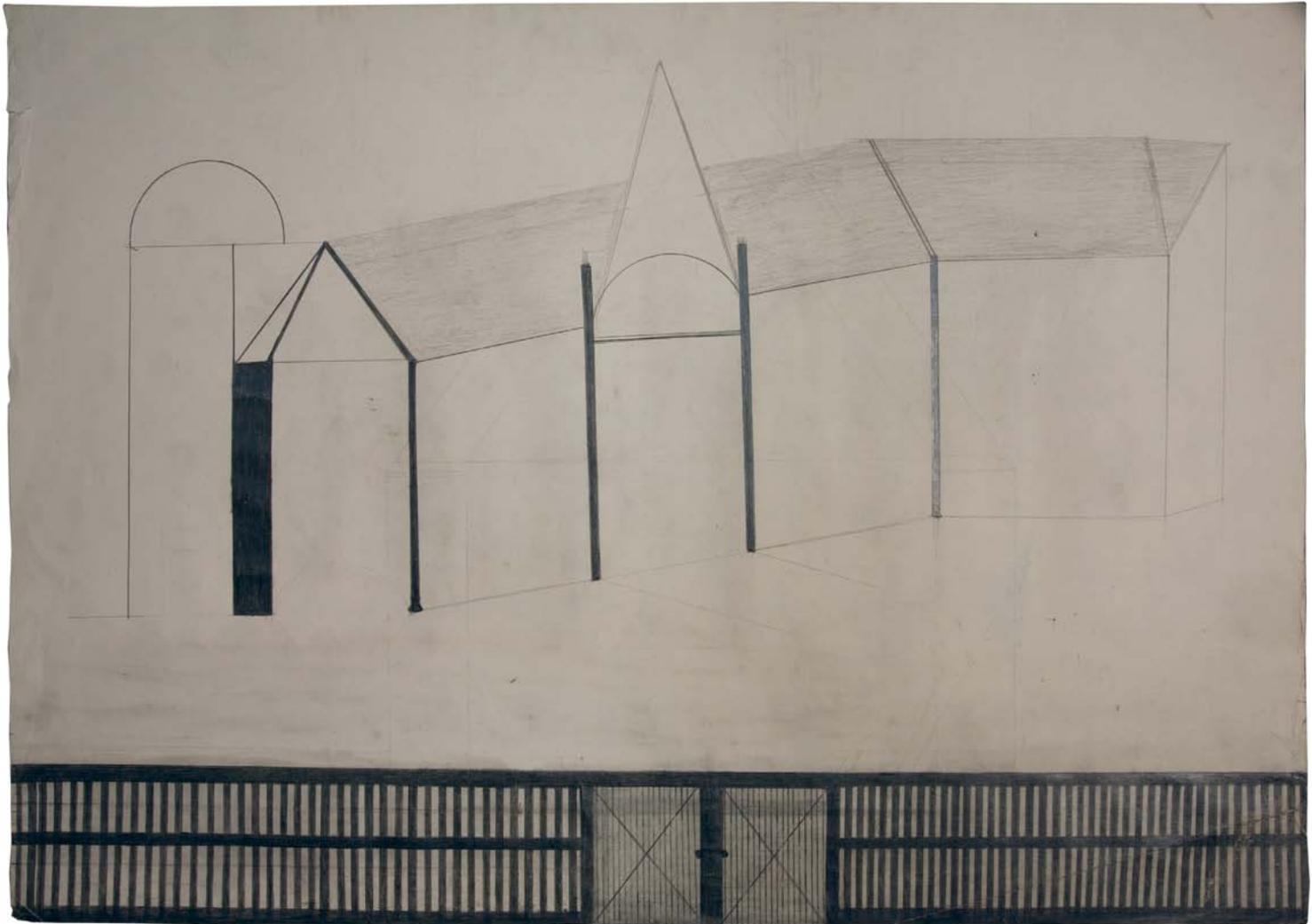
FOR DETAILS: WWW.MUSEVERY.COM

Albert

represented by Beth Elliott, Bethlem Gallery (London)



*untitled* (both)  
pencil on paper

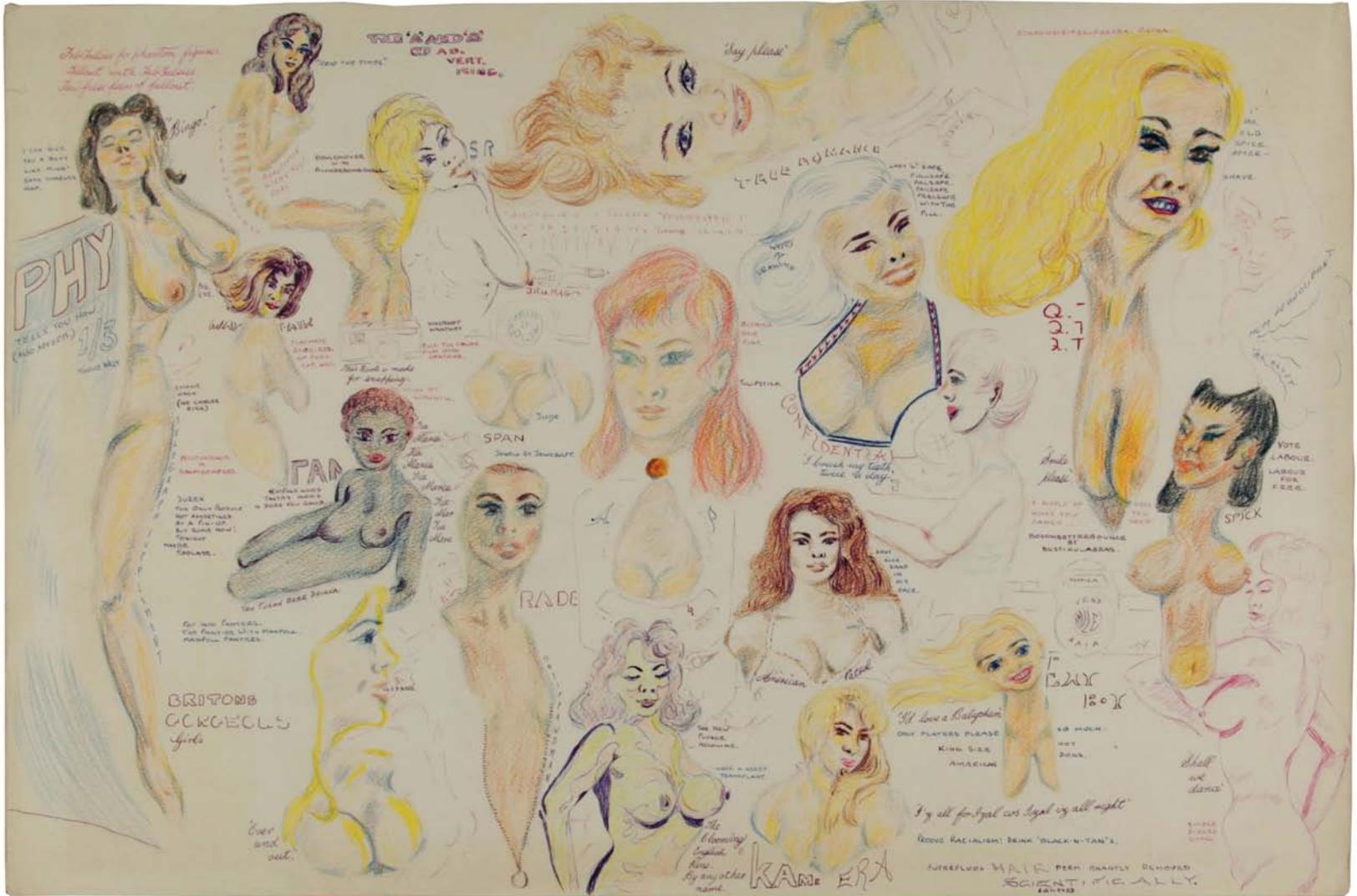


Anon

represented by Jeff McMillan



*untitled*  
pen, coloured pencil on paper



untitled  
coloured pencil on paper

Barrington

represented by Beth Elliott, Bethlem Gallery (London)



*untitled* (all)  
watercolour on paper



Inder Batra

b 1957



I have over 1000 pieces.  
The 3 pieces submitted, were done for a C.D  
cover for Streetwise opera's first recorded  
C.D. (see if you can read the Streetwise  
Opera letters on the artwork.  
Other pieces I have photographed, they relate to  
a story and lyrics of a song. I hope +  
Sincerely wish that my work will be selected.  
since I have to stop over (1000-1500) pieces of  
work.

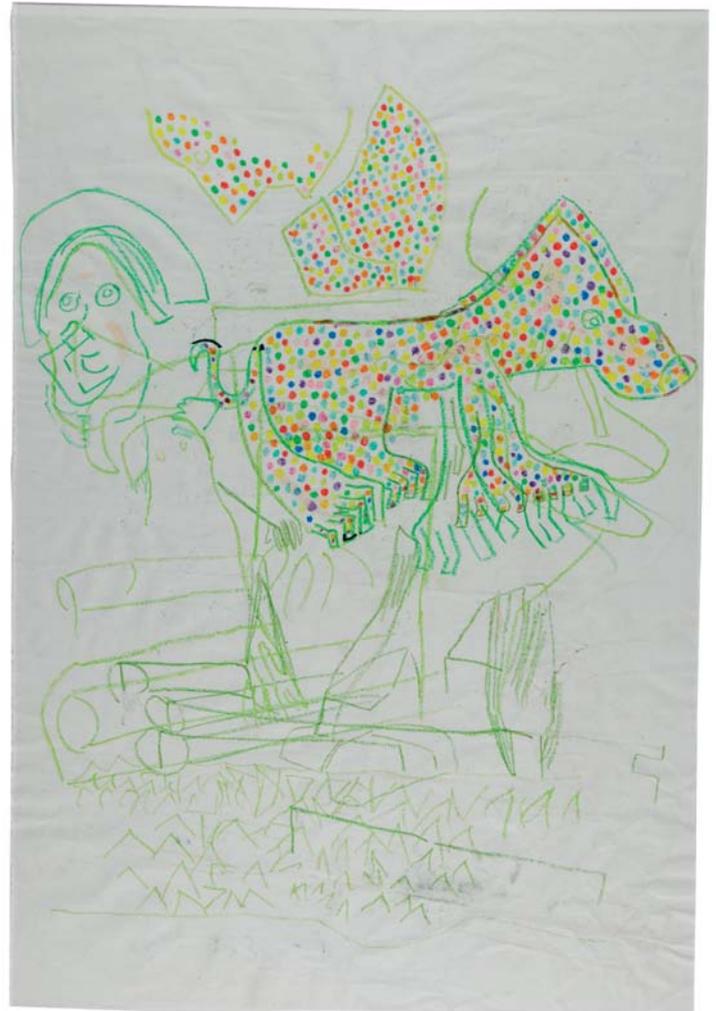


*untitled*  
gouache, pencil on paper

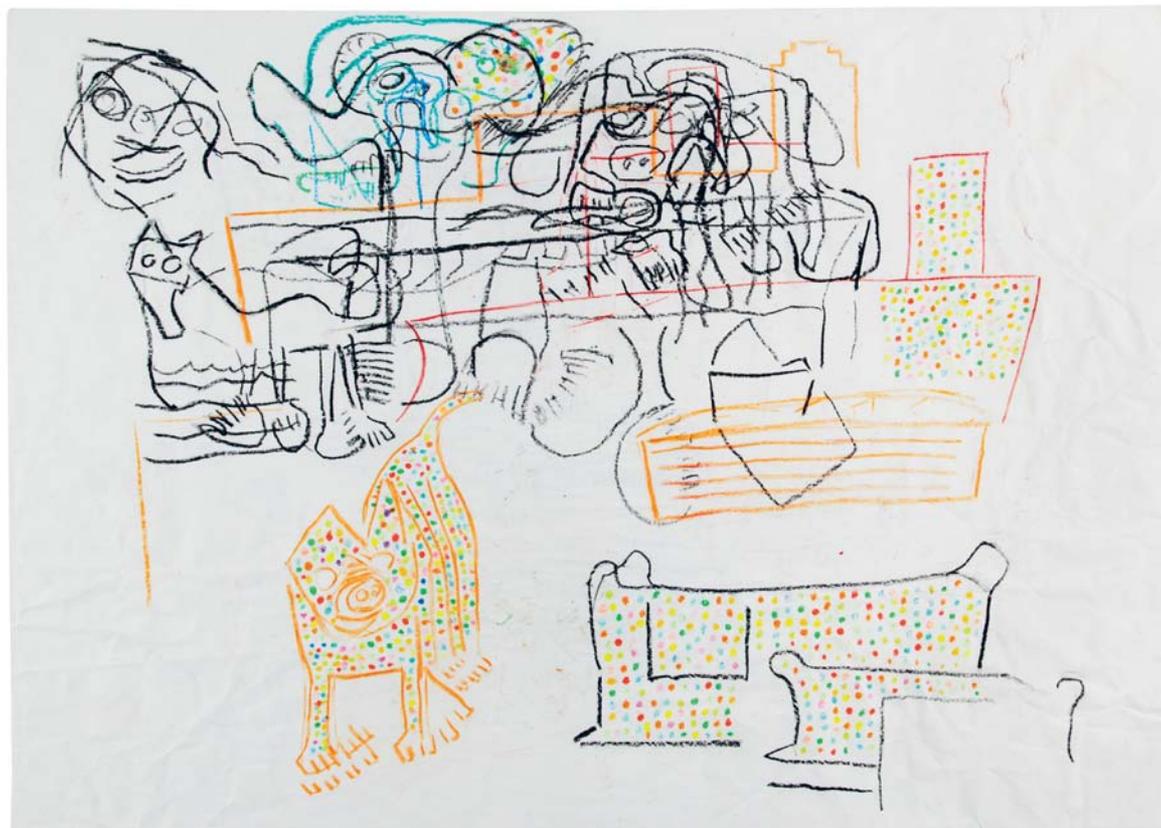
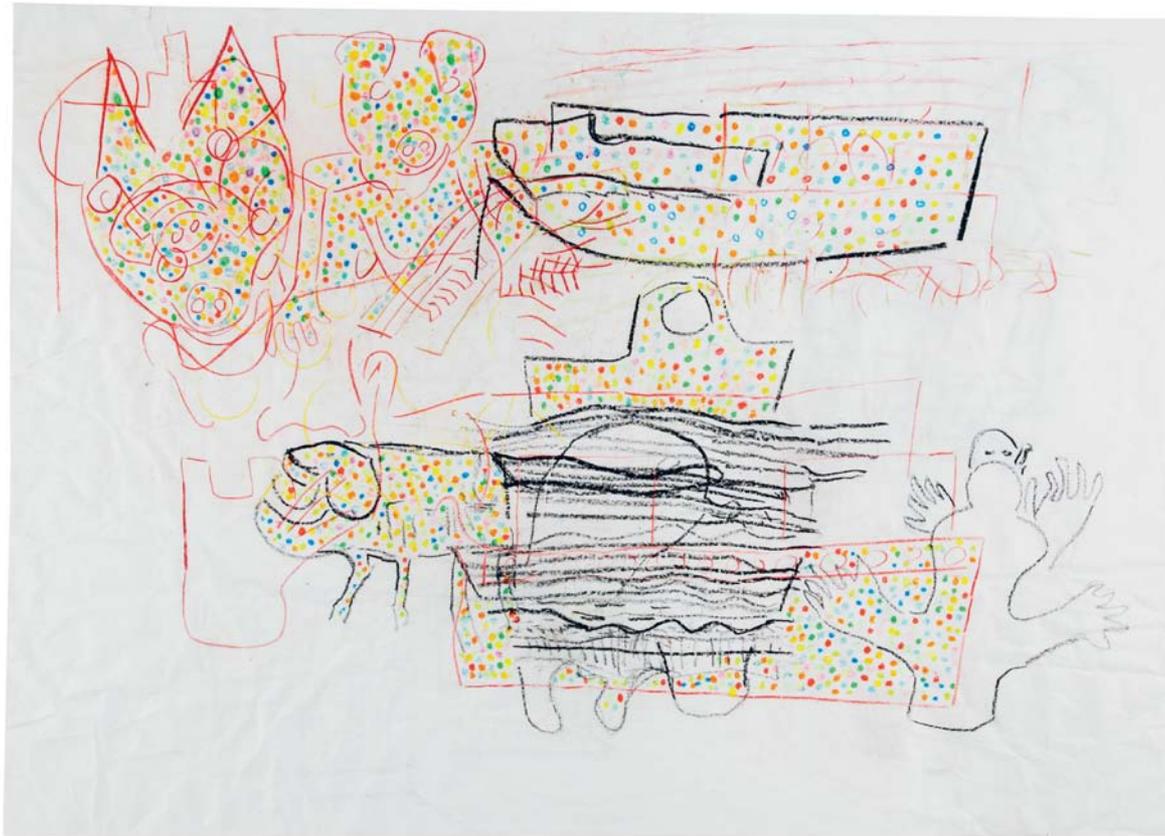
Alan Bear

b 1949

represented by Sue MacGregor



*untitled* (all)  
oil pastel on paper



Amy Abbott

b 1986



*untitled*  
charcoal, watercolour on sugar paper

Rufus Albanese

represented by Charlotte Meddings, Studio Upstairs (London)



*untitled*  
coloured pencil, ink on paper

Henrietta Allen

b 1954



*Zebra Crossing*  
crayon on paper

Marta Angelozzi

b 1979



*untitled*  
ink on paper

Anon

represented by Beth Elliott, Bethlem Gallery (London)



untitled  
acrylic on paper

Alice Auld

b 1973



The Auld Family  
acrylic on paper

I am submitting various artworks,  
as have always enjoyed painting,  
including 2 pictures of my beloved cat,  
and one of my family ('The Auld  
Family') which I recently coloured with acrylic paint.

I love the idea of eccentric, untrained and  
so much more interesting.

Carl Backland

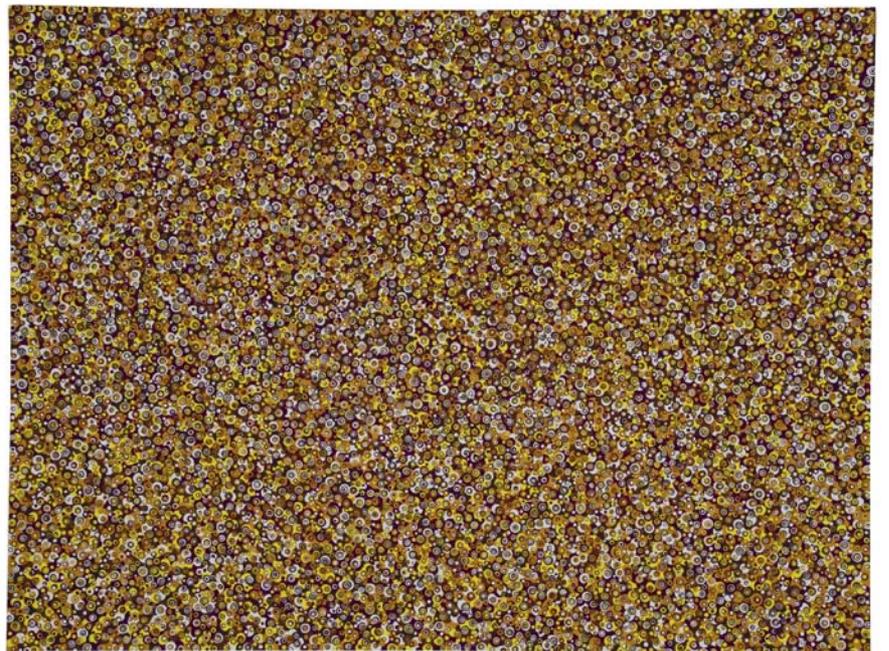
b 1959



*untitled*  
coloured pencil on paper

Noj Barker

b 1965



*untitled*  
acrylic on paper

Sybil Blake

b 1949



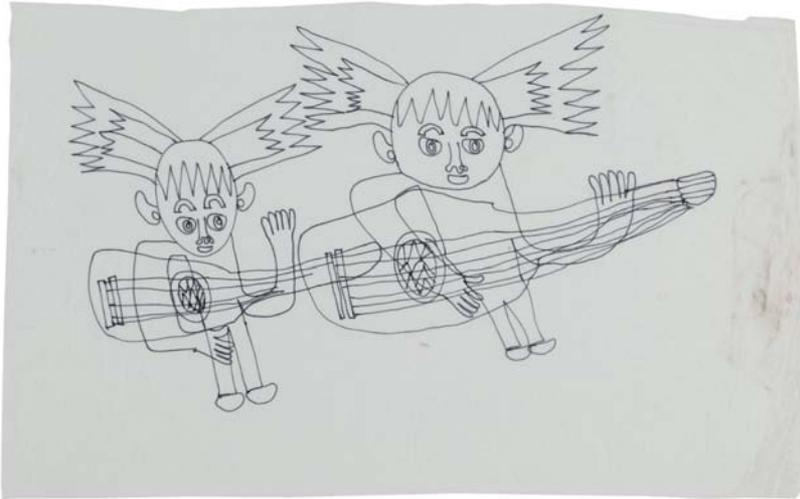
My work is based on my life issues & past experiences.



*Mad Dancer*  
acrylic on board

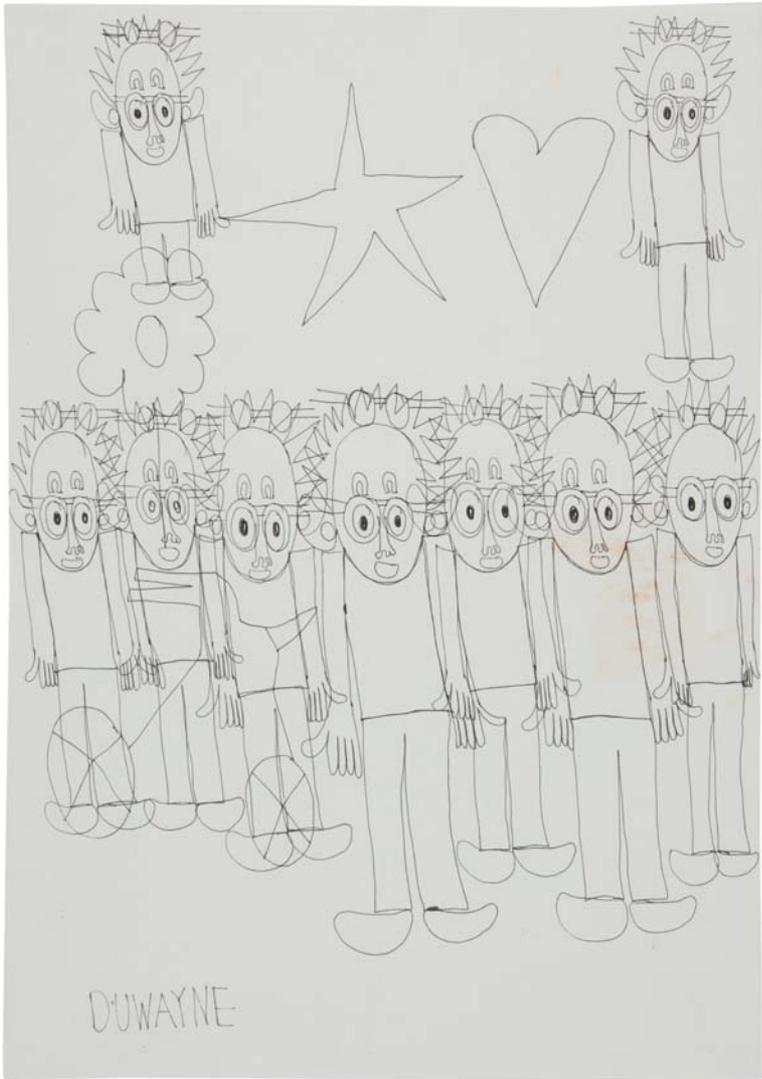
Duwayne Brooks

represented by Alison Rose, Stonebridge Day Centre (London)



untitled (all)  
pen on tracing paper





Michael Busby

b 1979



I am half english half german but lived in Hongkong until i was 18. I studied chemistry until the age of 24, and then got a job in a laboratory in Italy. I started painting in Italy, then moved to Germany and then to Oxford. My paintings are based on my own misadventures and of fun times with friends.



Seven Eleven  
acrylic on canvas



*untitled (all)*  
oil on canvas

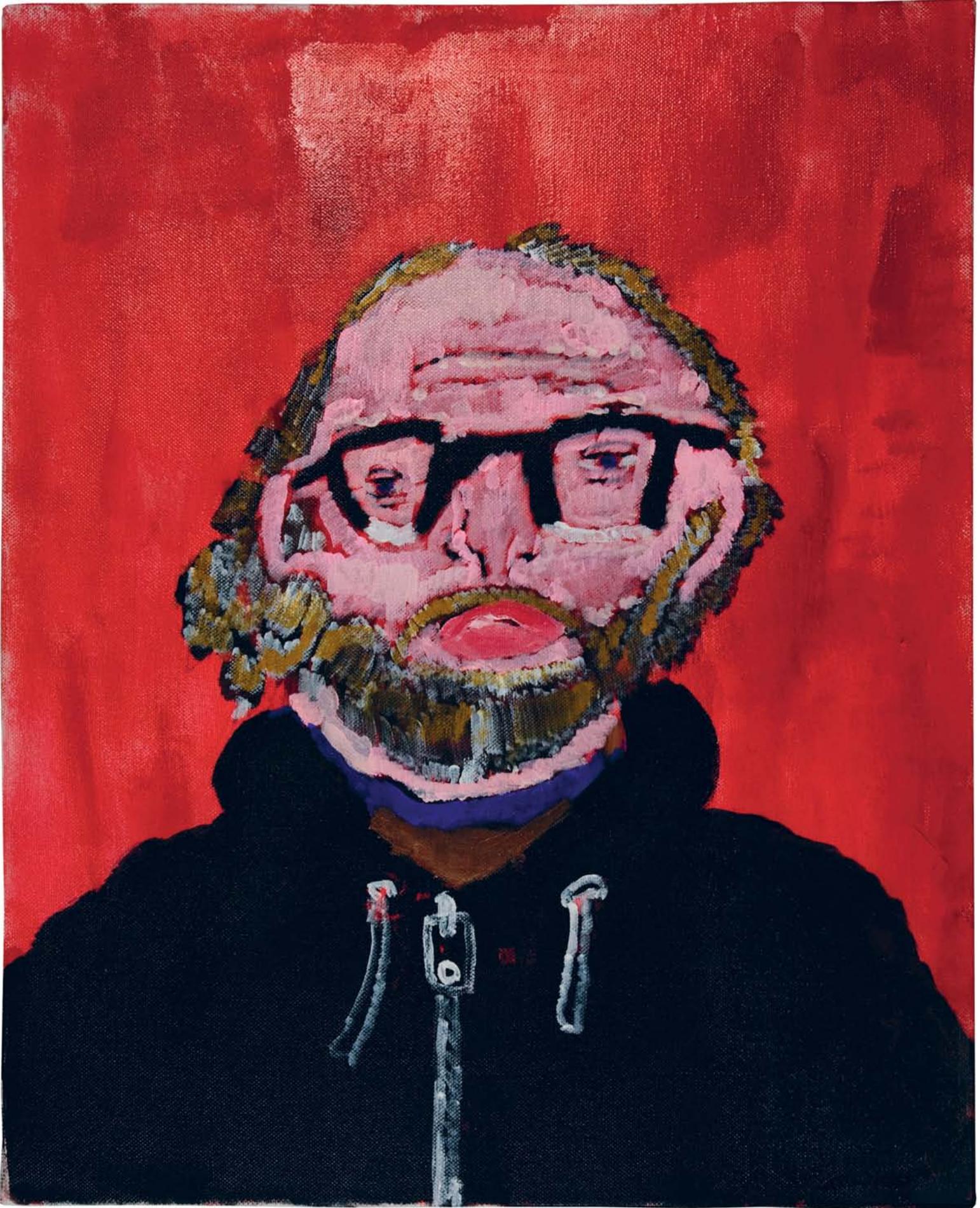




Patrick Carey

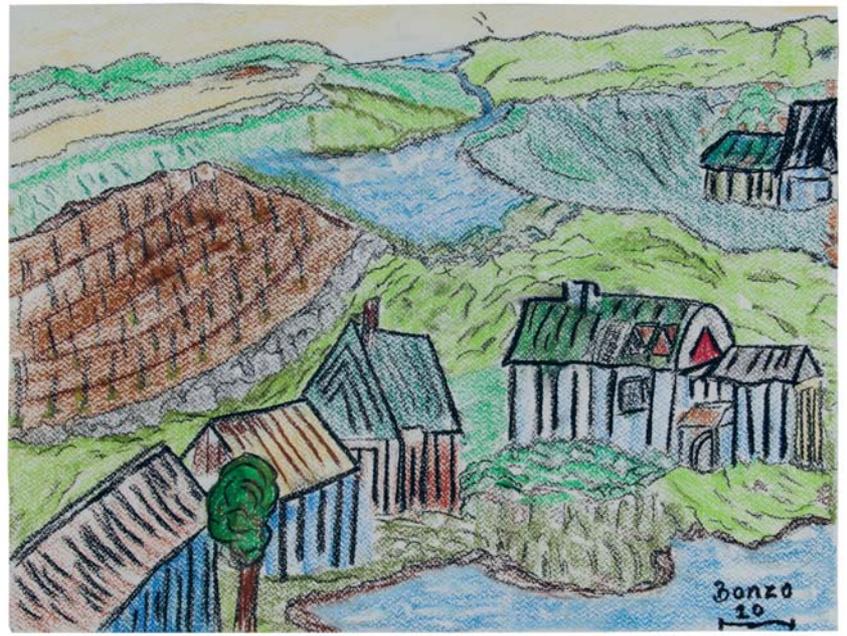
b 1966





*Self Portrait*  
acrylic on canvas

Bonzo



untitled  
oil pastel on paper

Peter Booth

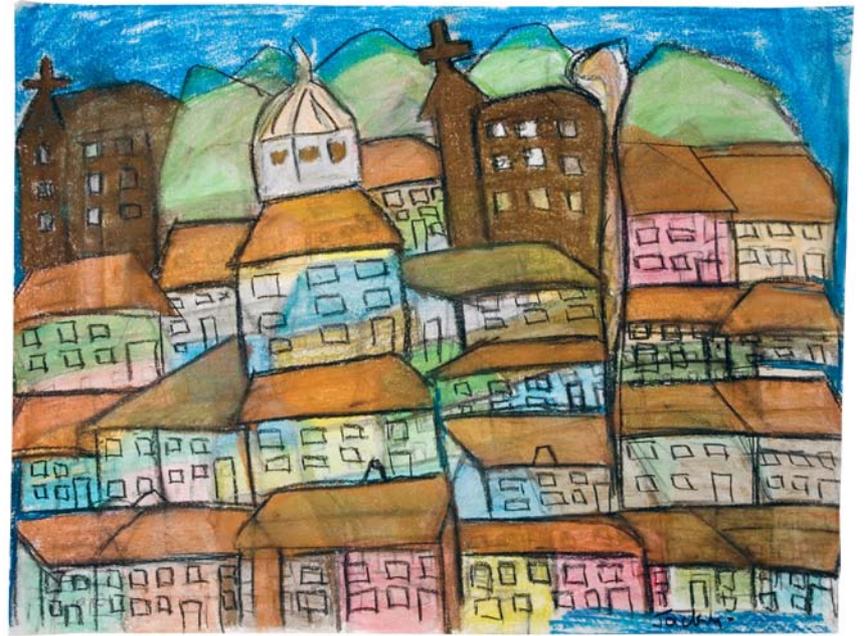
b 1954



Humans Being  
poster paint on paper

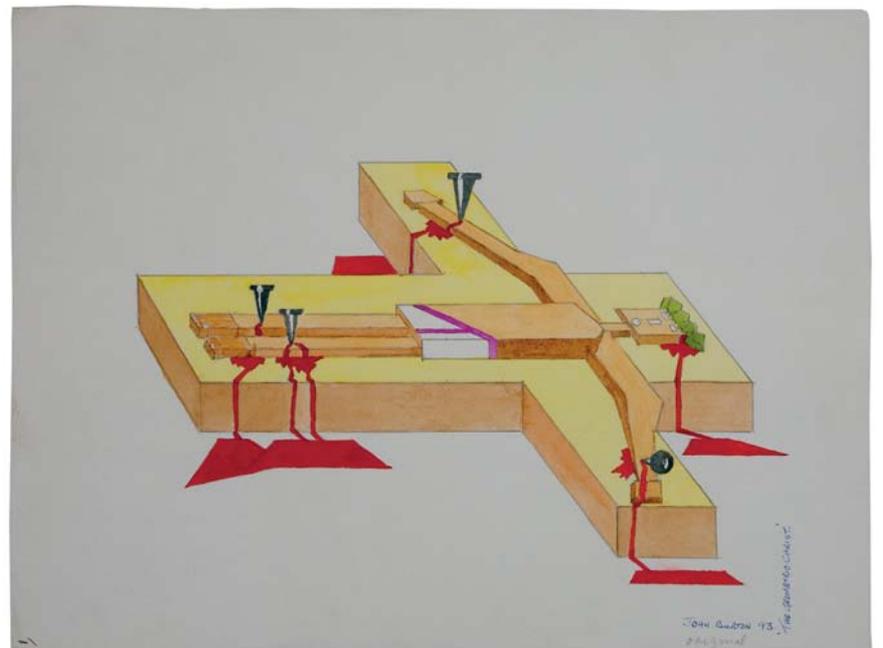
Painted at school in 1969  
When I was 14 or 15 years old.  
One of c. 20 pieces I have stored  
for many years.

Jacqueline Burton  
represented by Deborah Burton



*untitled*  
oil pastel on paper

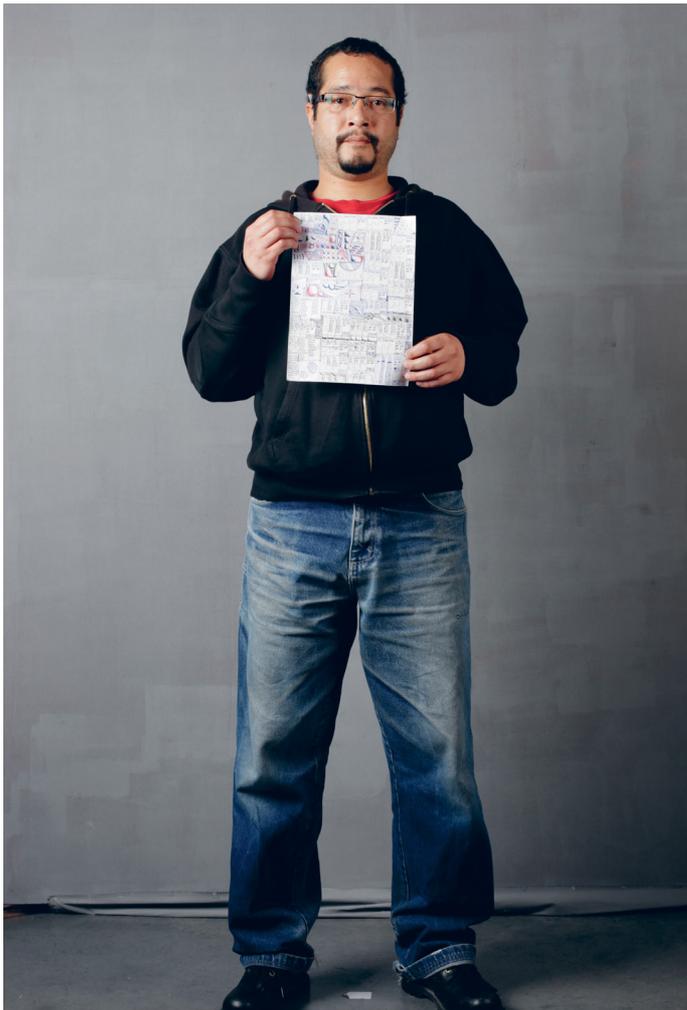
John Burton  
represented by Deborah Burton



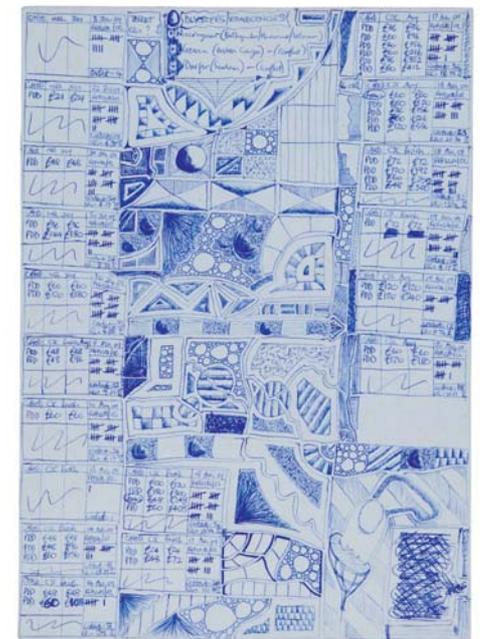
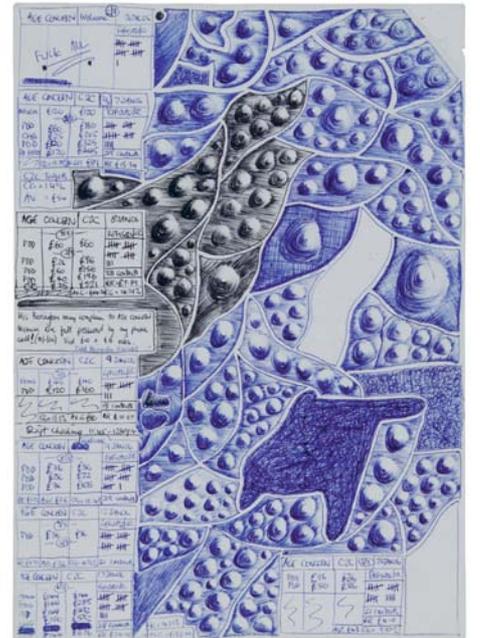
*The Geometric Christ*  
watercolour, gouache, pencil on paper

Brian Chin

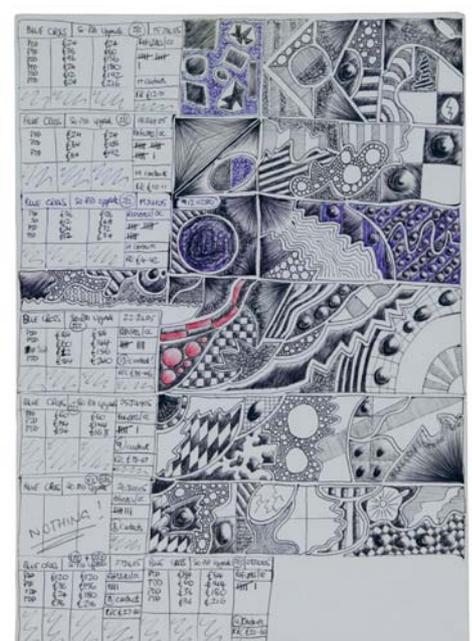
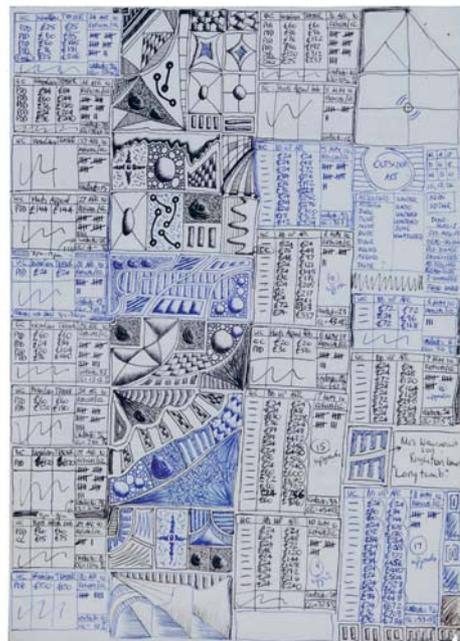
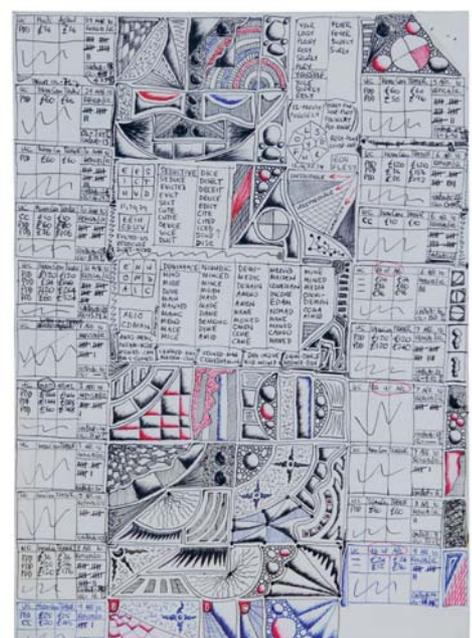
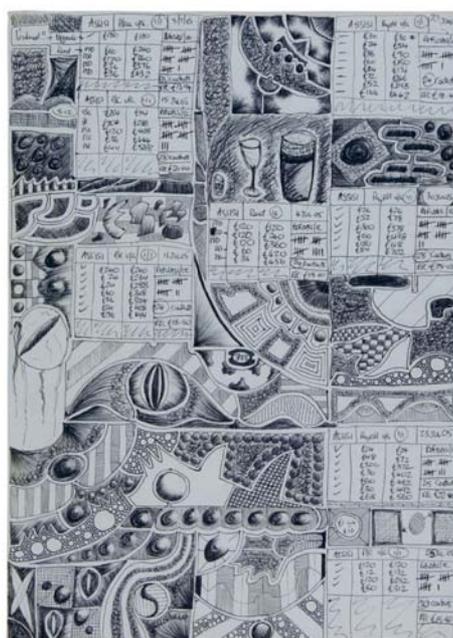
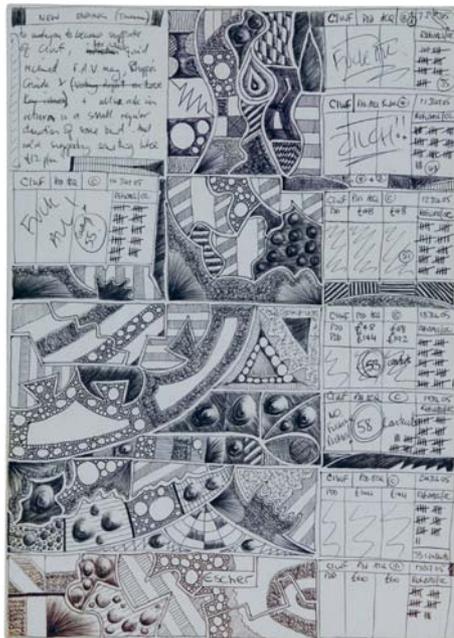
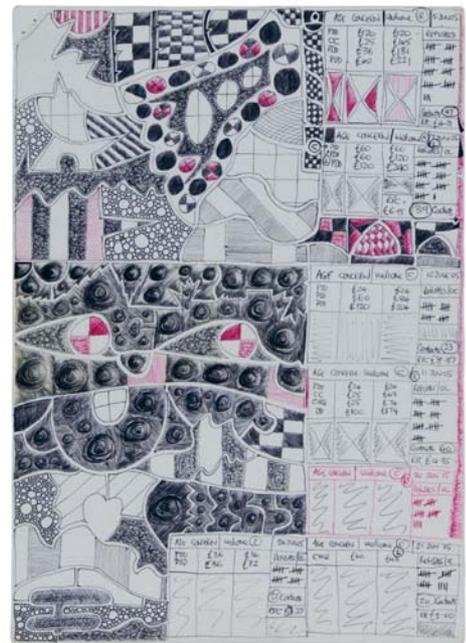
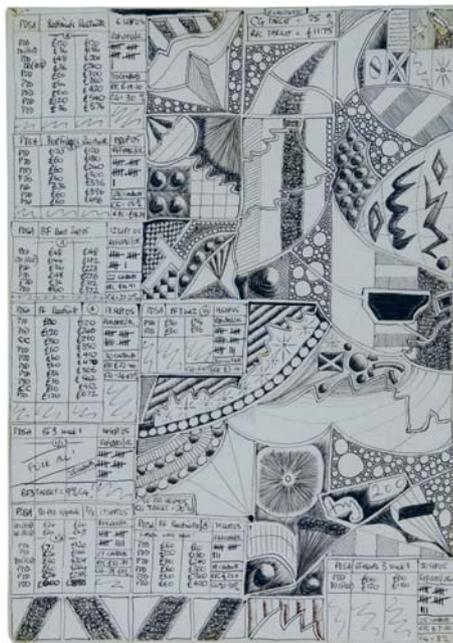
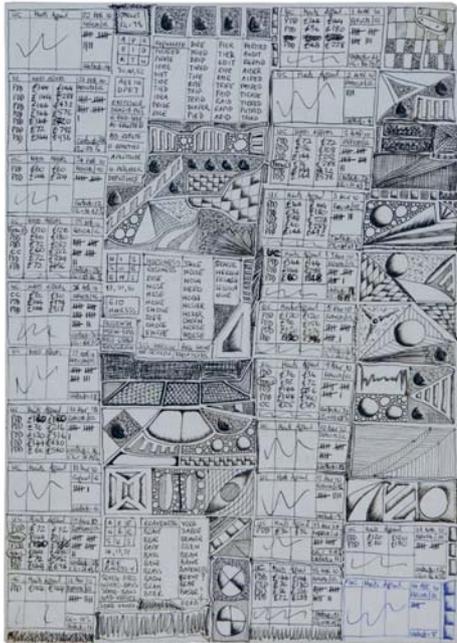
b 1966



I do these doodles in work,  
Whilst I'm on the phone!  
Helps break up the repetition!



untitled (all)  
biro on paper



Roy Collison

b 1946

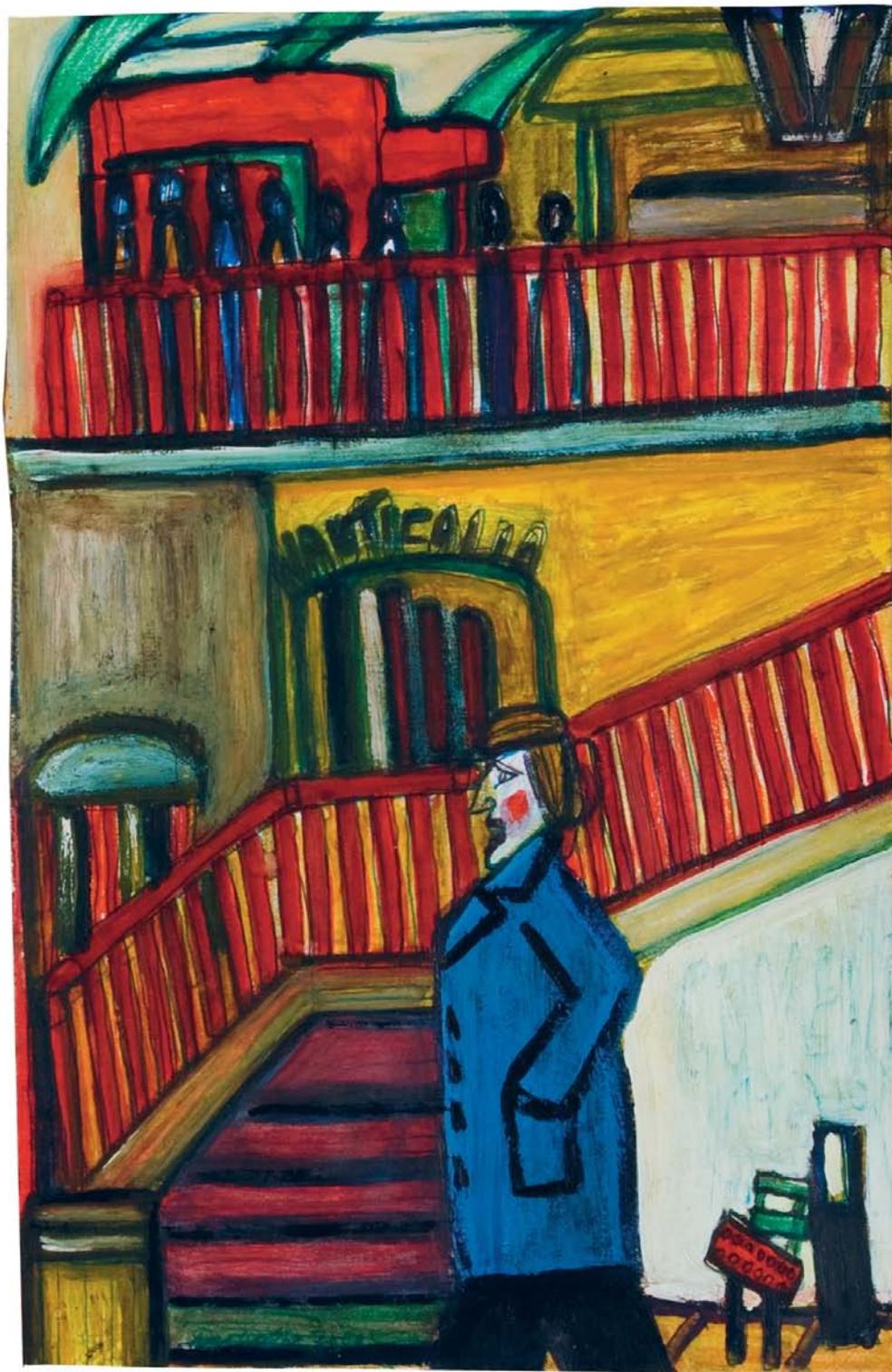
represented by Sarah Ballard, Barrington Farm (Norfolk)



*untitled*  
crayon, oil pastel on paper



Elton Leslie Darlow  
represented by Sue Kreitzman



*untitled*  
acrylic, pen on paper



*untitled*  
acrylic, pen, printed paper on paper

Angela Eden

b 1944





*Body Bundle*  
wool, thread, fabric paint on cloth

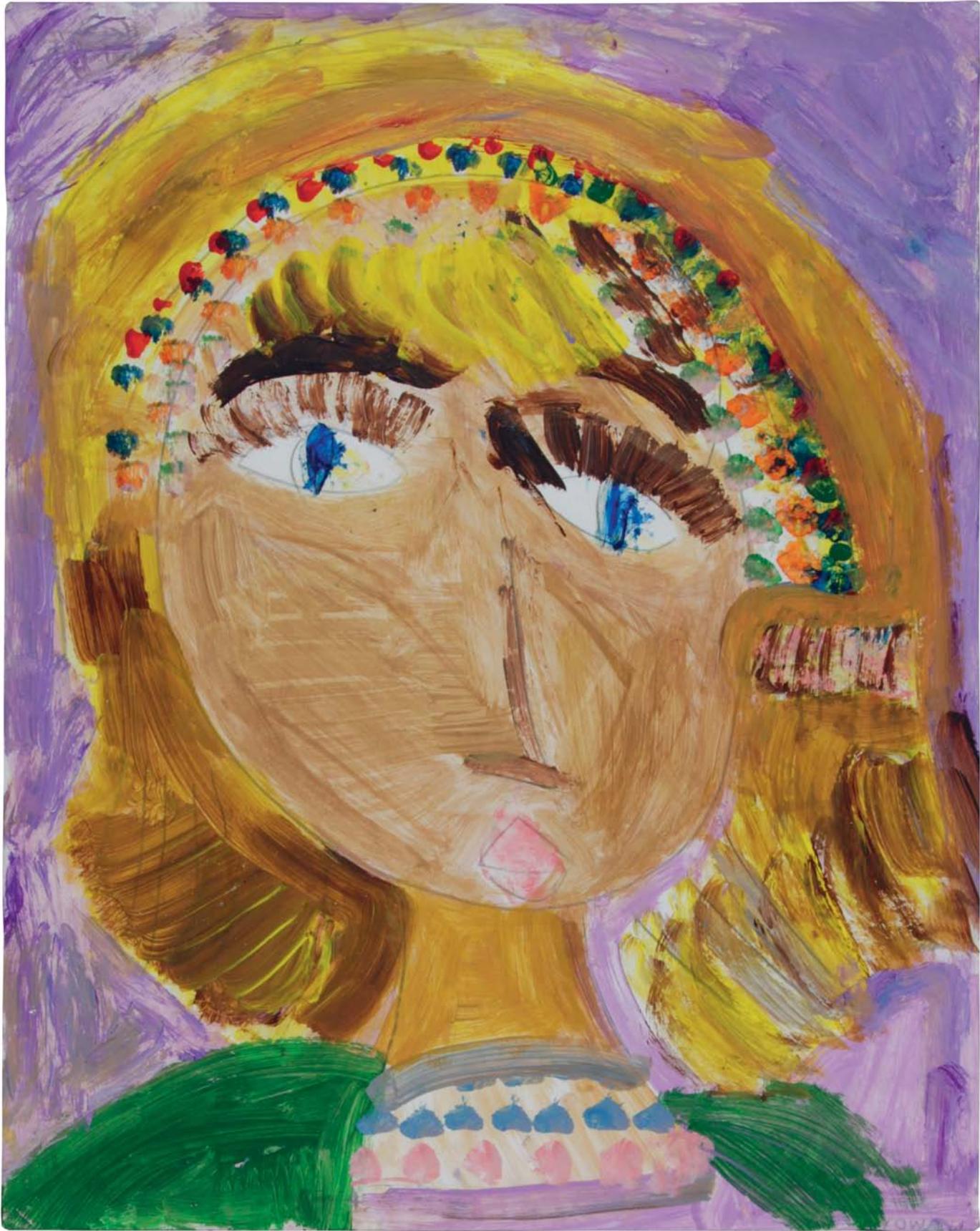
Anne Ford

represented by Ali Chura, Drym Valley Centre (Cornwall)



untitled (both)  
acrylic, pencil on paper

Comes to Drym Valley Centre in Cornwall one day a week. Stays in the out room all day and is a prolific artist. Lives in a home in Falmouth.



**Sarah Carter**

b 1960

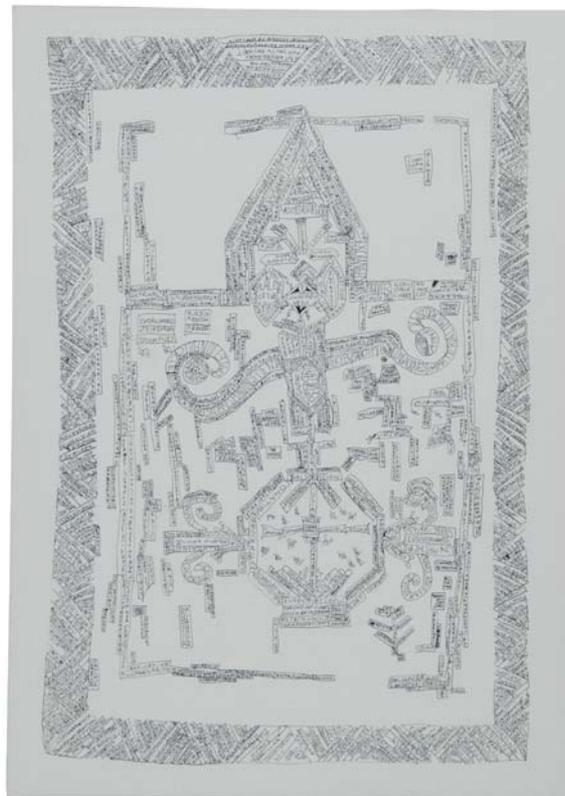


*untitled*  
acrylic, ink on paper

I started my artwork when in hospital, where I was inspired by the staff there. I continued when at home. I had a painting displayed at the Outside In exhibition.

**Elena Cecchinato**

b 1974



*untitled*  
ink on paper

Aisha Chist

b 1980

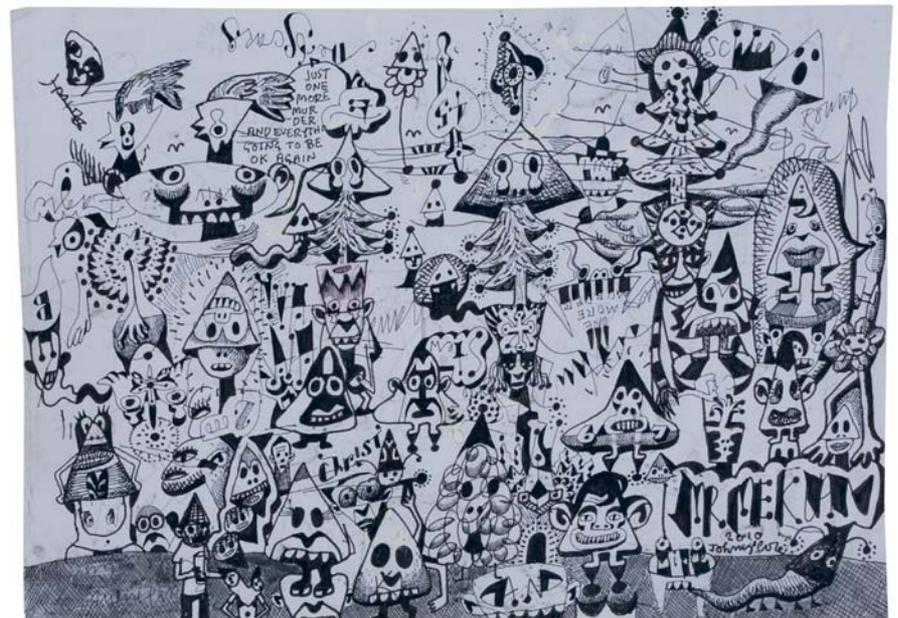
represented by Tabby Karanja



*untitled*  
pen, poster paint on paper

Johnny Cole

b 1961



*untitled*  
ink on paper

Dan Duggan

represented by Beth Elliott, Bethlem Gallery (London)



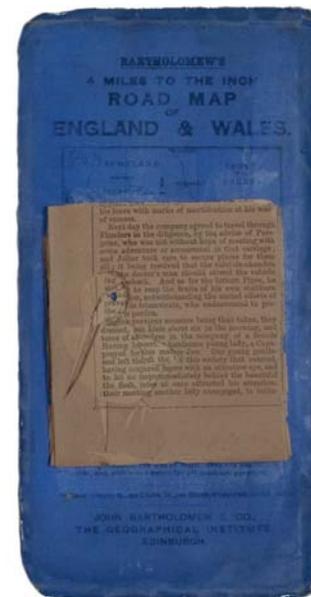
untitled (Cipher Series)  
pastel on paper

Helga Dorothea Fannon

b 1984



Visual artist working around nostalgia and emotions, mainly with found materials and video (still images).



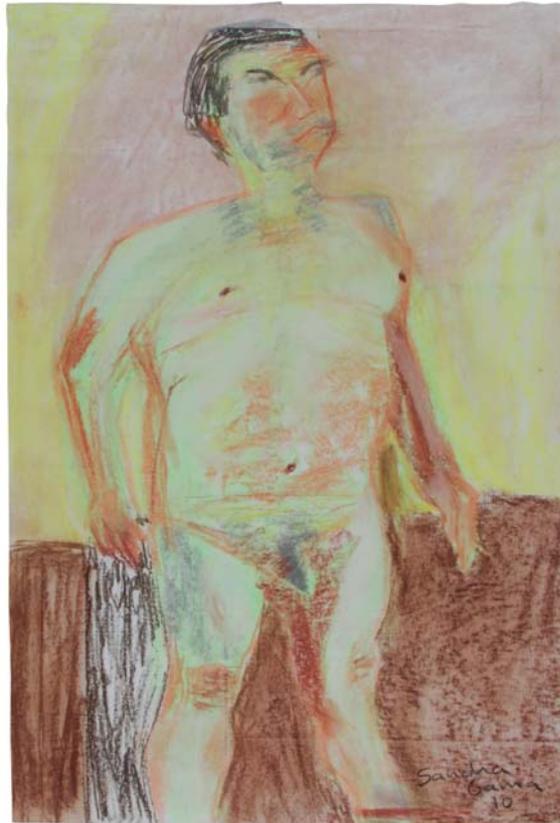
untitled  
acrylic, newspaper on card

**Sandra Gama**

b 1973



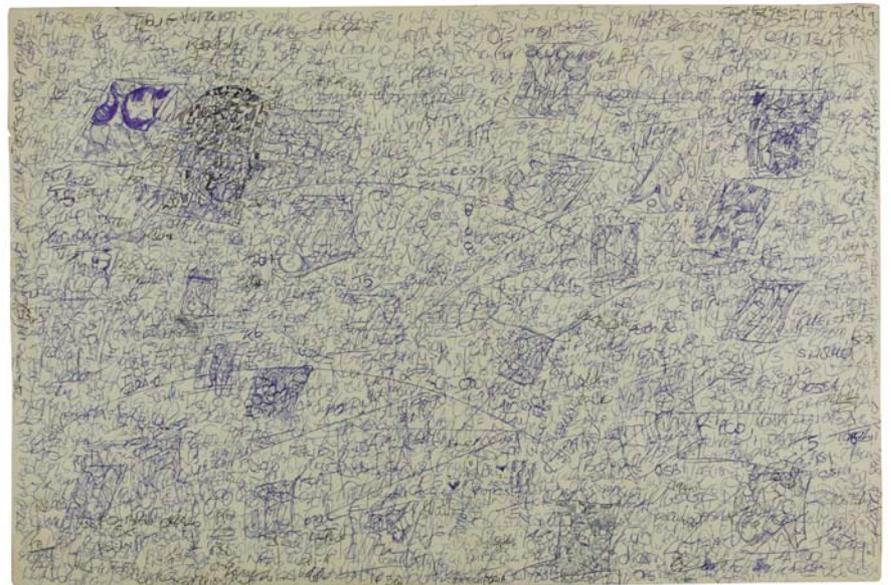
I enjoy painting ~~mostly~~ different mediums  
and experiences in colour and texture.  
I like experimenting with crayons and pencil.  
I hope you enjoy my work!  
Thanks!



*untitled*  
pastel on paper

**Sonny Greenidge**

represented by Tuesday Greenidge



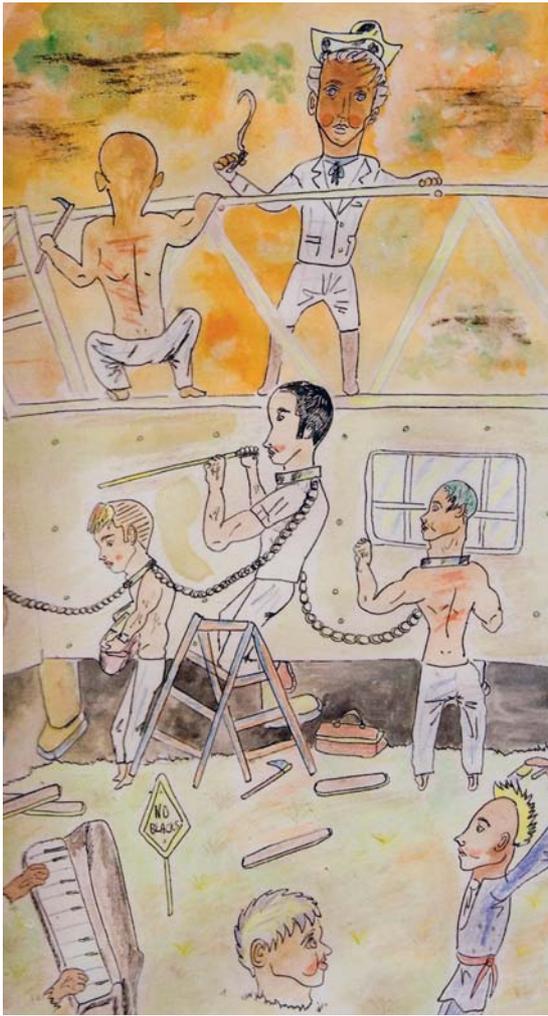
*untitled*  
biro on paper

Nicola Frimpong

b 1987

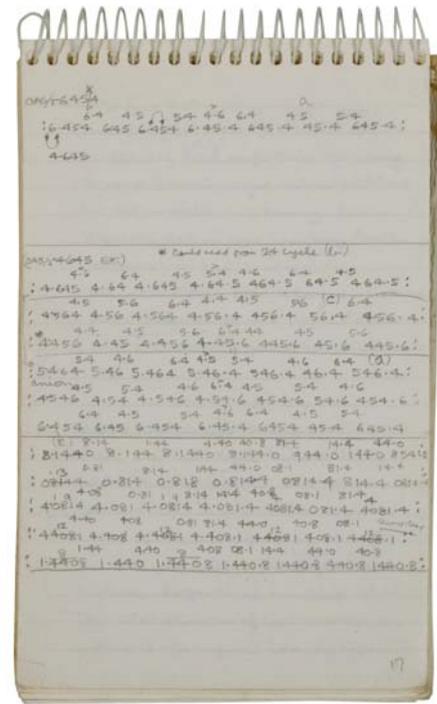


I'm a very very passionate person all I do is paint.  
I simply reflect my personality through my paintings.



untitled (all)  
watercolour, crayon, pen on paper

Roy Gibson  
represented by Emma Gibson



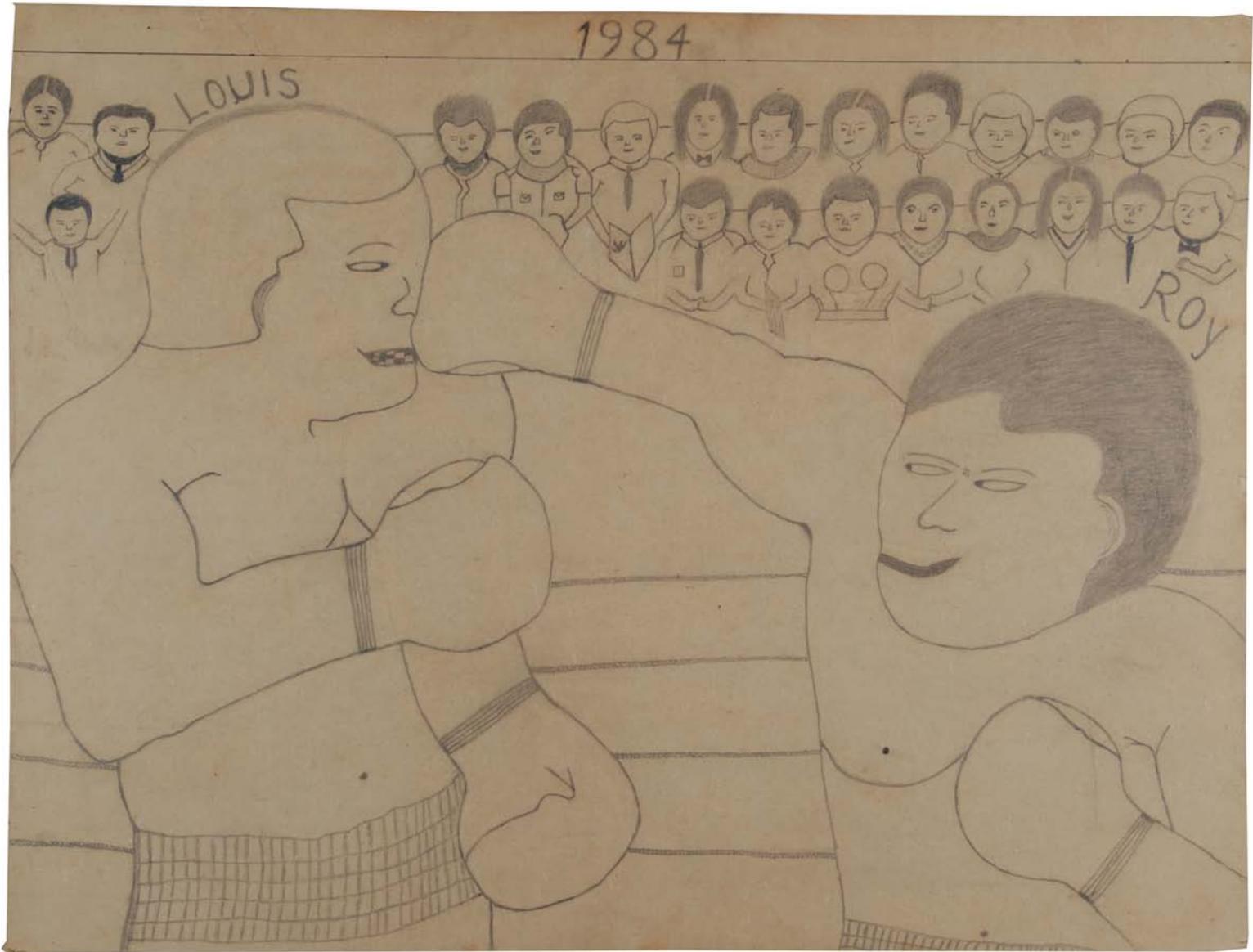
untitled (all)  
pen on paper





*untitled*  
house paint on board





untitled  
pencil on board

Gabriel Ibarra

b 1943



*I see you in my heaven*  
silver halide print on photographic paper



*painting with my eye*  
silver halide print on photographic paper



*we have eyes to see*  
silver halide print on photographic paper

Edgeworth Johnstone

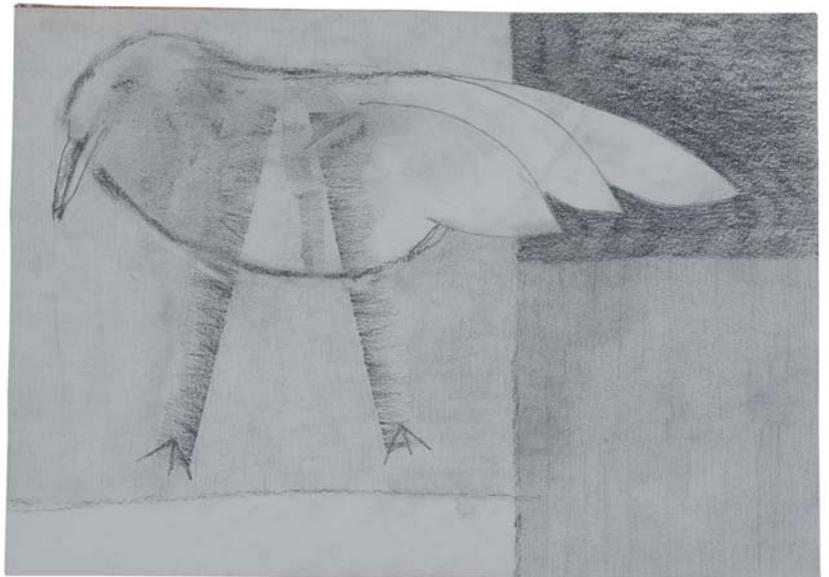
b 1977



I paint in my spare time, and do drawings.



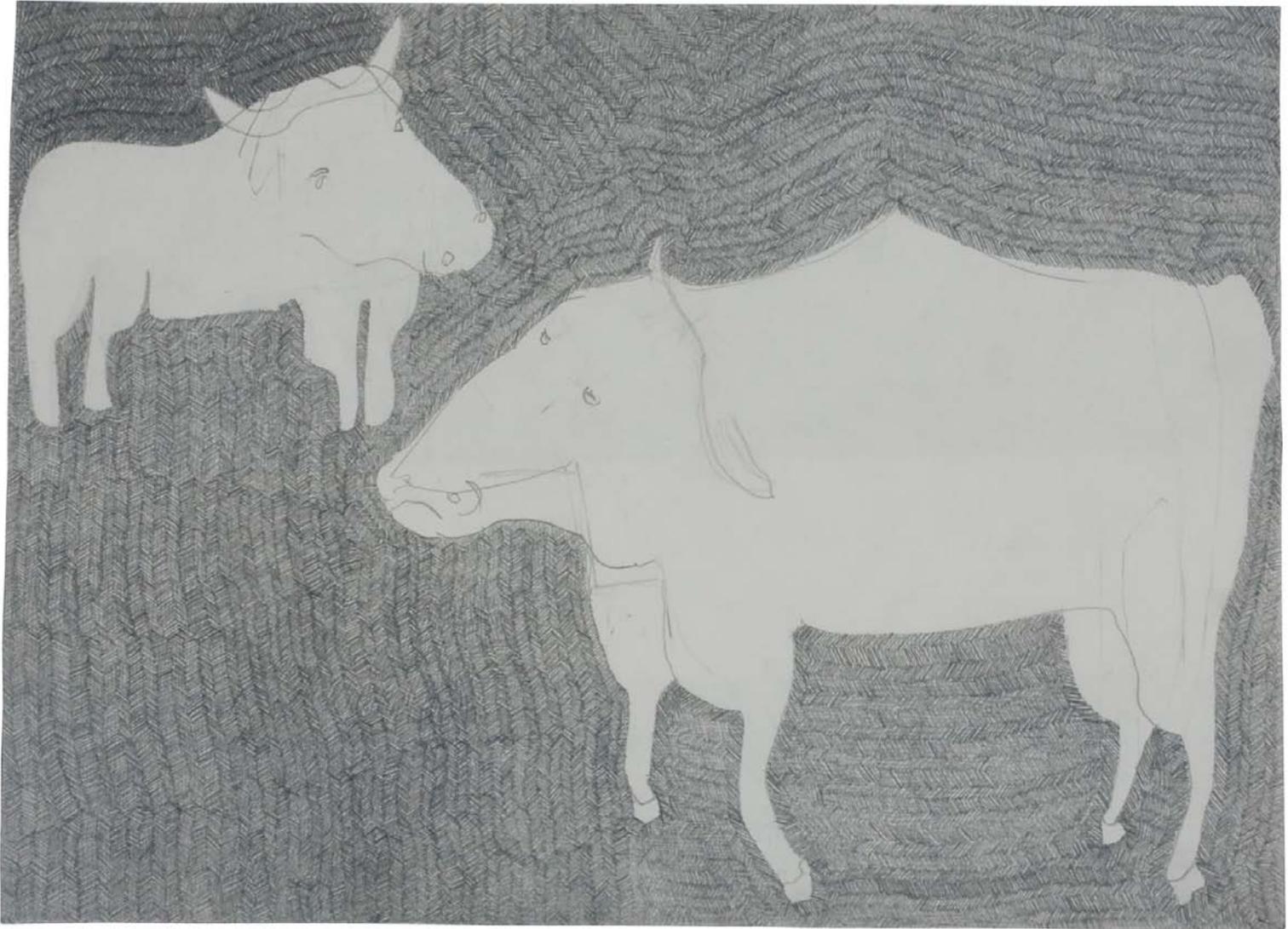
*Three People*  
pencil on paper



*untitled*  
pencil on paper



*untitled*  
oil pastel on paper



*Two Bulls*  
pencil on paper

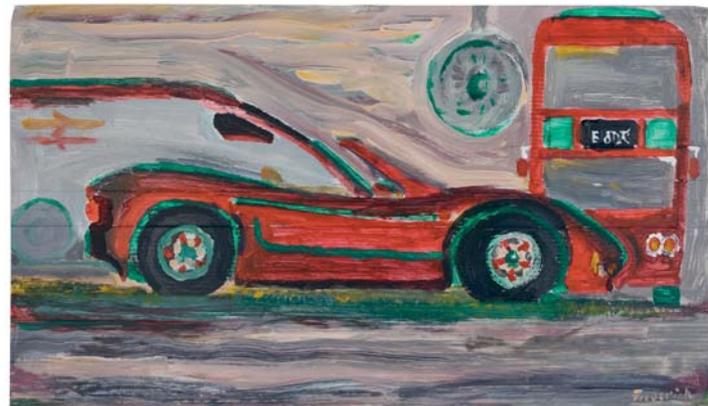
Tuesday Greenidge



Watch Hands Only  
clothing label on paper

Fredrick Heymann

b 1954



Green Technology  
acrylic on plastic

*I remember drawing a beautiful*

*Sunflower at the little school I attended for a few weeks before commencing school life at the Lycée Francais de Londres, where, after doing a small exercise and having shown the teacher, we could turn the small piece of paper over and draw. I was then surrounded by other children returning from the teacher giving my effort admiring glances.*

*I could sit and draw cars while listening to teachers who thought that I was not concentrating. I just pick up a pencil or pen and off it goes while I watch. I have always loved detail and admired those who achieve great effect with but a few brush strokes.*

*At the age of three I had been taken to the Prado Museum in Spain on a very hot day enough to put a small child off such treats for life!*

*I have painted al fresco, sometimes taking as much as a fortnight to complete a detailed watercolour 'event', thoroughly enjoying the participation feel of passers by who comment, often seeing things differently to the way I envision them.*



Vincent Jö-Nés



*untitled*  
acrylic, photo emulsion, phosphorescent paint,  
enamel, varnish, circuits, glass ball on canvas

Terry Kavanagh

b 1960



*untitled*  
pen, acrylic, pastel, oil on paper

Azad Khan

represented by Tabby Karanja



*untitled*  
coloured felt-tip pen on paper

Dean Knight

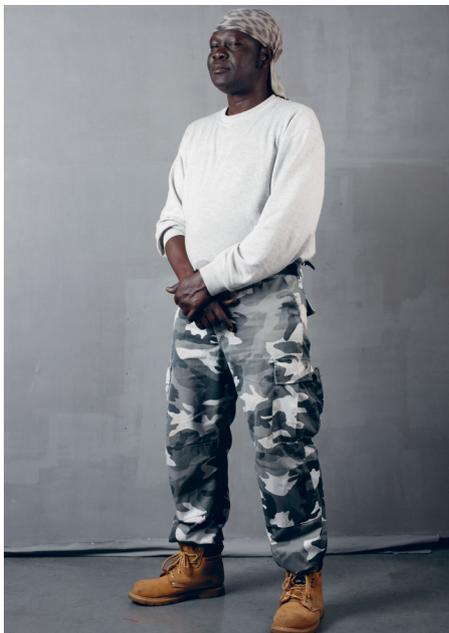
b 1976

represented by Marie Mills



*untitled*  
coloured pencil on sugar paper

Christopher Lakony



*untitled*  
oil on board

Patricia Lane

b 1951



*untitled*  
pen, crayon on paper

Patrick Joyce

b 1970

represented by Chris Ogedegbe



PATRICK IS BEING DRAWING AND PAINTING FOR 14 MONTHS .  
HE'S DONE 42 PAINTINGS . HE STATES HIS WORK IS  
UNIQUE . AND HE REALLY LIKES ART AND WANTS TO  
BE NOTICED .



*untitled*  
pencil, crayon on paper

Pru Kemball

b 1957



*Notebook #1*  
pencil on paper



Carlo Keshishian

b 1980



I HAVE submitted MY DIARY FOR MARCH 2010... My art is a therapeutic process that helps me understand myself and the world around me somewhat.



Diary March '10  
pen on paper



Nigel Kingsbury

represented by Charlotte Hollinshead

Nigel creates beautiful portraits of women, he mainly works in pencil on paper.



*untitled*  
pencil on paper

Andrew Litten

b 1970

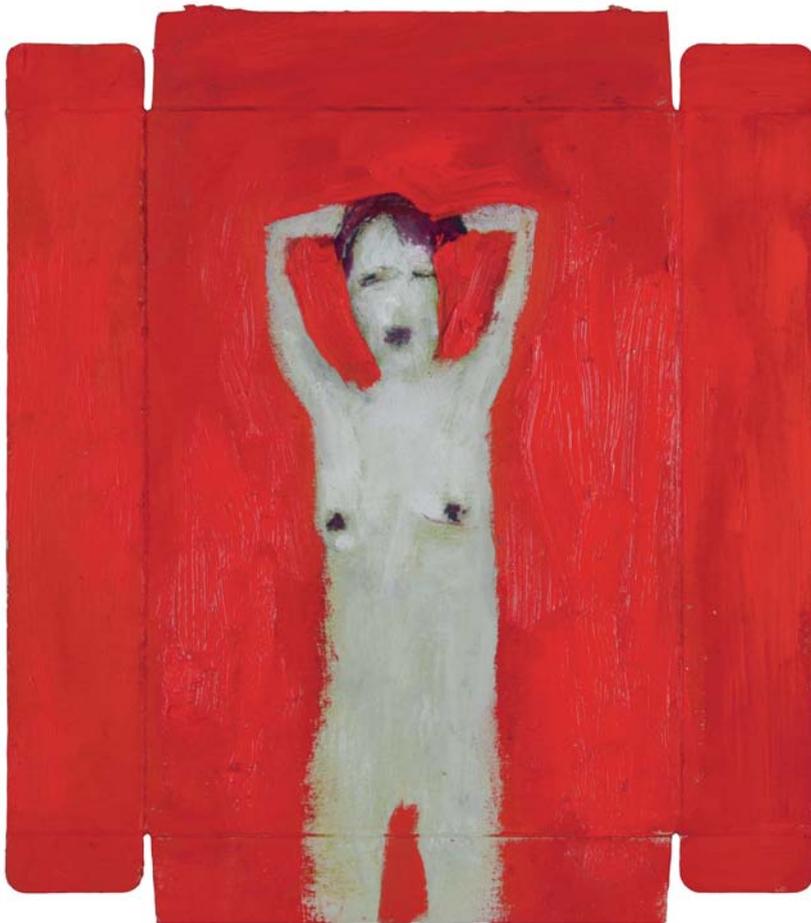


*In the dark*  
biro, oil pastel on paper





*Portrait (Goatee)*  
oil, hair on board



*Her Arm Behind Her Head*  
oil, pastel on card

Verners Lazdans

b 1965



*untitled*  
oil on canvas

Malcolm Lister

b 1942



*untitled*  
acrylic, watercolour, pencil on paper

Geena Lloyd

b 1963



DUE TO LIFE EXPERIENCES - I TURNED  
TO ART AND FOUND I HAD TALENT



untitled  
coloured pastel on paper

Bob Maurice



Passing By  
acrylic, pencil on paper

Ben McGibbon

b 1982



I am a recovering heroin addict on methadone programme who has found a way to fill up my time creatively.



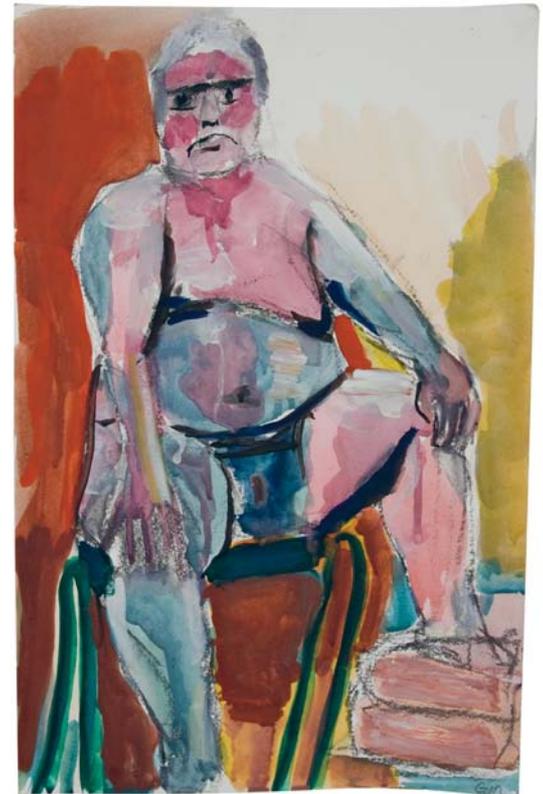
untitled  
paper, ink on card

Gary Molloy

b 1968



I was diagnosed with Bi-polar disorder at 26, and discovered art, helped me cope and maintain the incredible highs that are common with the illness. I use all mediums and try to be sincere and honest when using ~~colour~~ colour!



untitled  
acrylic, watercolour, charcoal on paper

Chris Neate

b 1954



untitled (all)  
biro on paper

Jasna Nikolić

b 1966



untitled  
ink, gouache on paper

Andrew McDonald

b 1965



*untitled*  
acrylic on paper



*No god ever said kill*  
acrylic, tape on newspaper



*untitled*  
acrylic, tape on newspaper



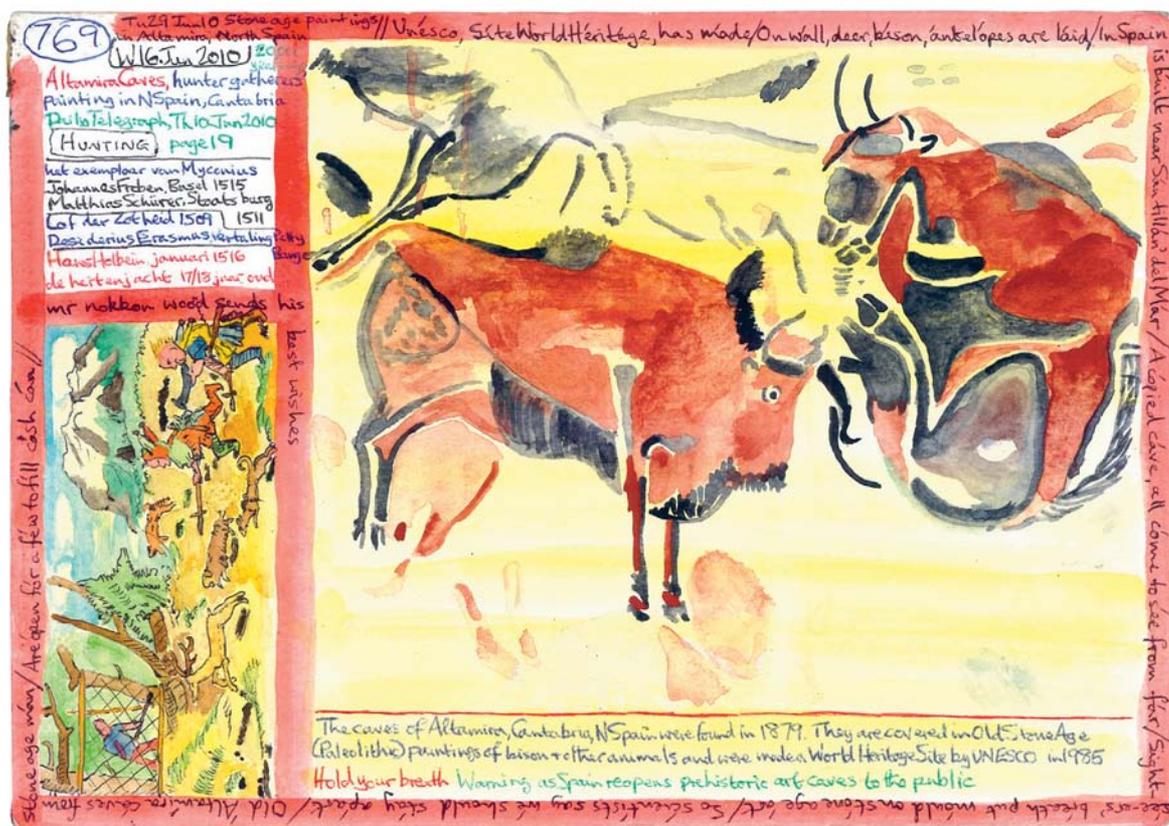


*Dancing Under The Moonlight On Canvas*  
oil on canvas

Robert Mitchell

b 1946

represented by Sam Curtis, West London Day Centre (London)



June 2010  
watercolour, biro on card





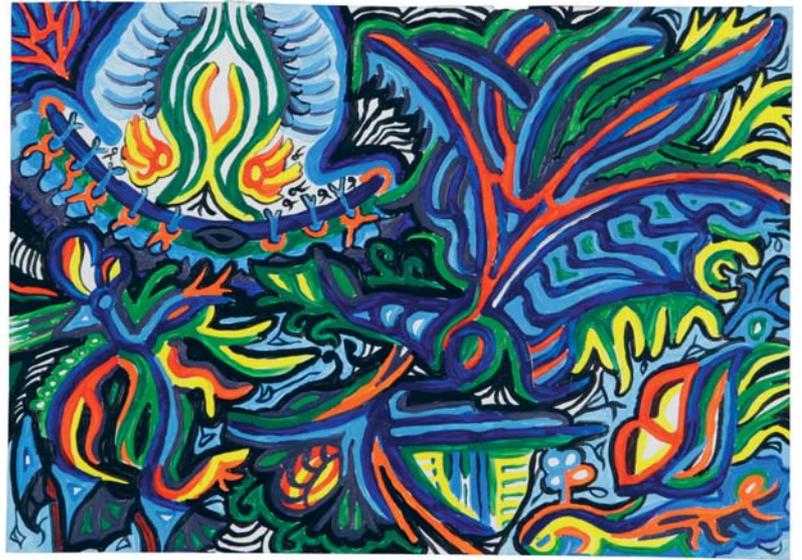
Susan Naisbitt

b 1975



untitled (all)  
acrylic on paper

Started a few years ago during  
nightshift. Felt my brain wasn't  
active enough to write... so  
thought I'd paint!



Graham Quaintance

represented by Desiree Jordan, Stonebridge Day Centre (London)



*untitled*

acrylic, tissue paper, pen on canvas



Pan Papacosta



*Just Here*  
acrylic, paper, ink on paper

Pilgrim

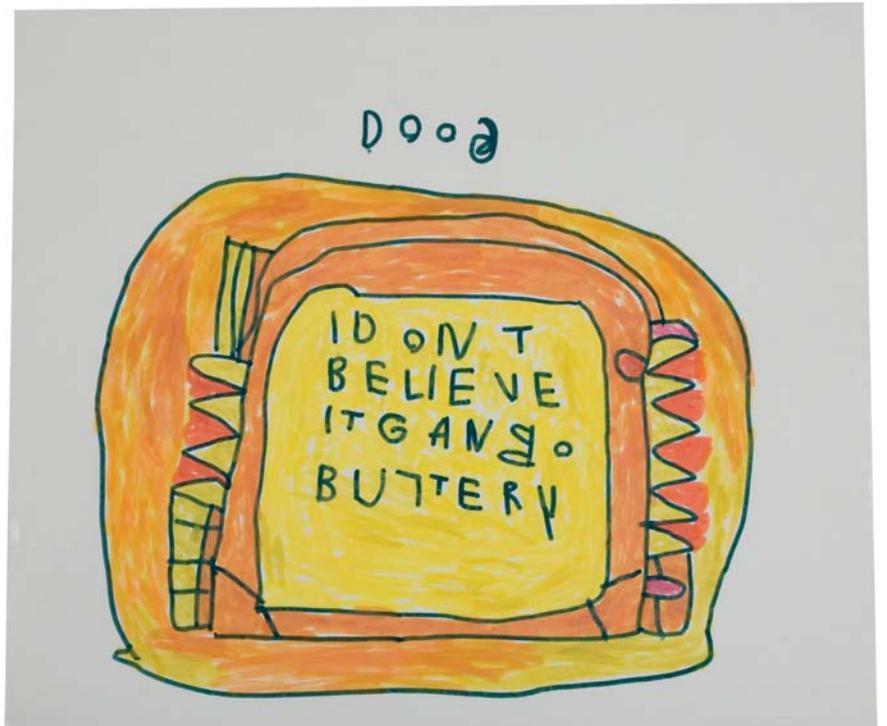
b 1964



*Traumatised - The Early Years*  
oil pastel, pen on paper

Doreen Poole

represented by Sarah Ballard, Barrington Farm (Norfolk)



*untitled*  
felt-tip pen on paper

Rene Robins

represented by Carole Burrige



*untitled*  
ink, pencil on paper

Sandra Robinson



I am a trained artist working on Fine Art in my retirement. I am dislexic and also suffer from Bipolar disorder.  
I work in many medium.

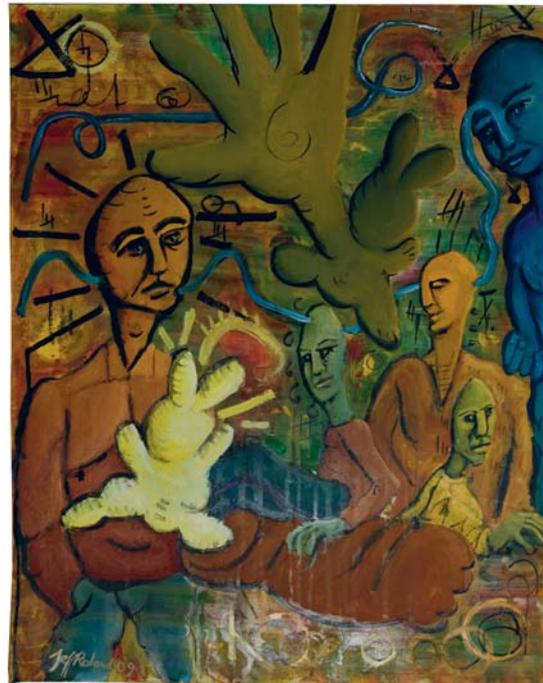


*Breaking Through*  
oil, metal on board

Jeff Roland

b 1969

represented by [Melissa Westbrook](#)



*Wabbits and Eggmen*  
acrylic on paper

Roy

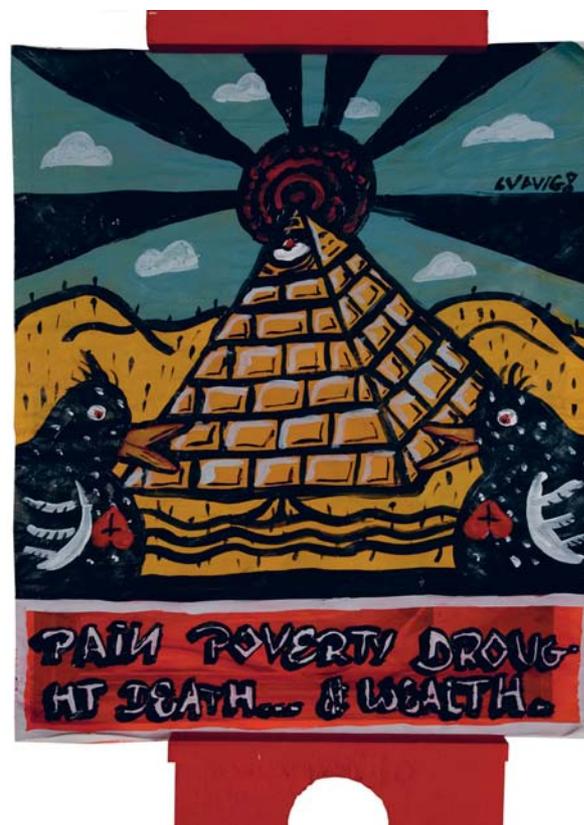
represented by Beth Elliott, Bethlem Gallery (London)



*Bird's Feet*  
ink on paper

Ludvig Savage

b 1976



*untitled*  
acrylic on newspaper



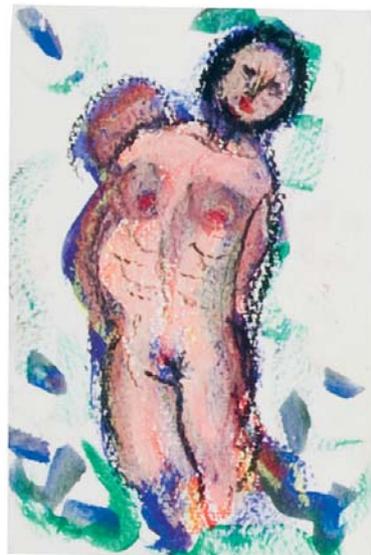
*untitled* (both)  
acrylic on canvas



John Nugent

b 1969

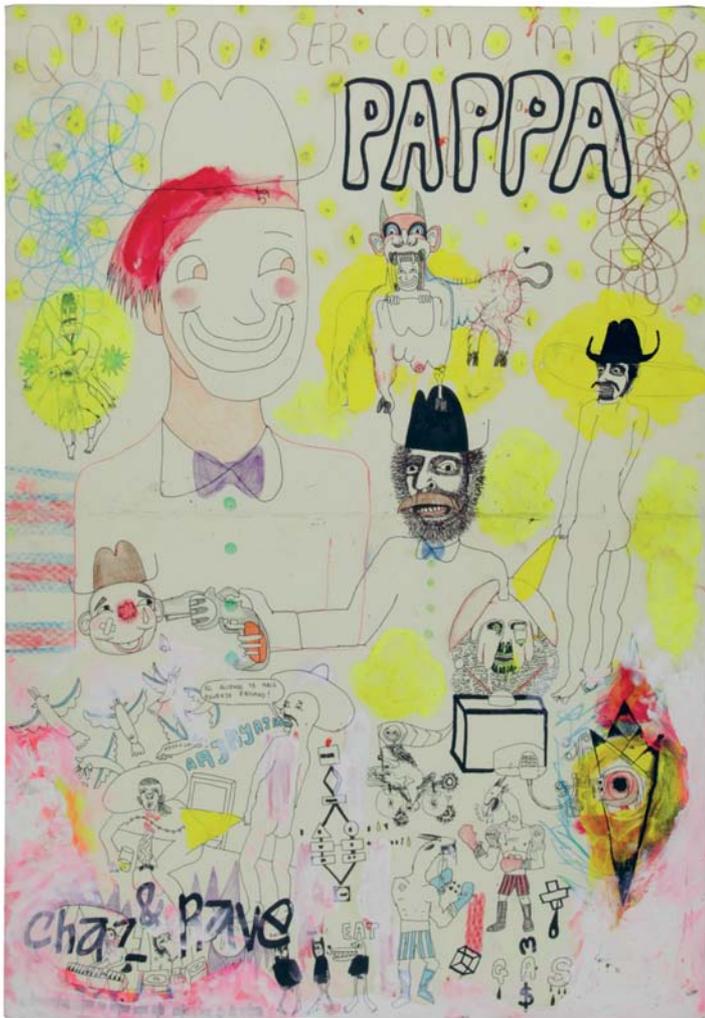




*untitled* (all)  
acrylic, pastel, watercolour on paper

Alan Parker

b 1979



untitled (Quiero ser como mi Pappa)  
pen, pencil, acrylic, felt-tip pen on paper



I AM A SELF-TAUGHT ARTIST  
ON THE MARGINS OF MODERN LIFE

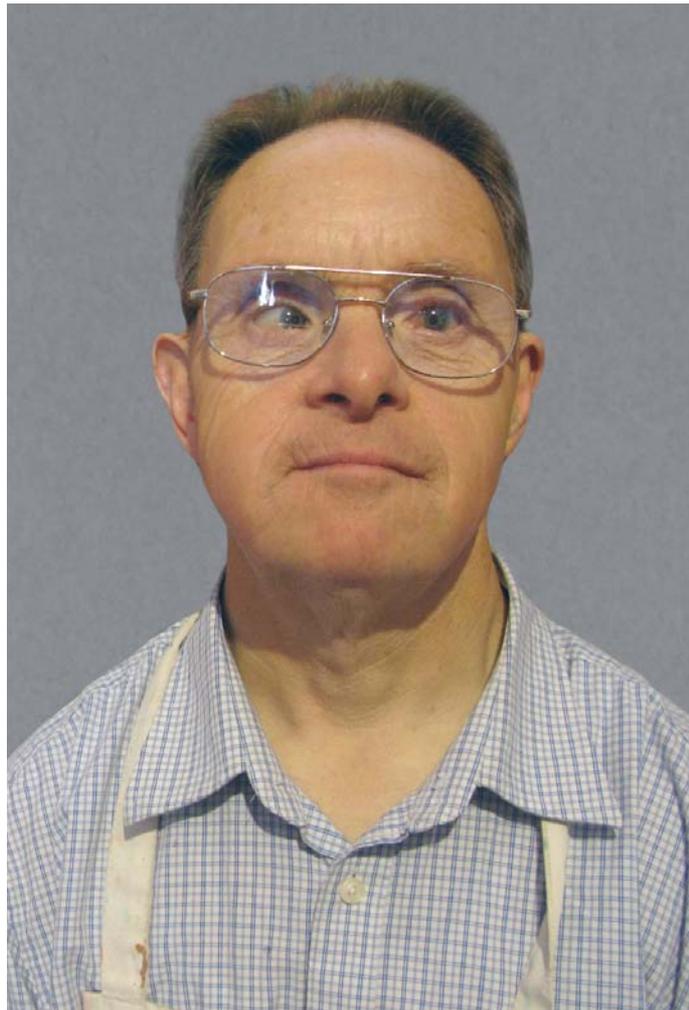


untitled  
pen, pencil, acrylic, felt-tip pen on paper

Ian Partridge

b 1950

represented by Sarah Ballard, Barrington Farm (Norfolk)





*untitled*  
acrylic on paper

Margaret Pepper  
b 1944

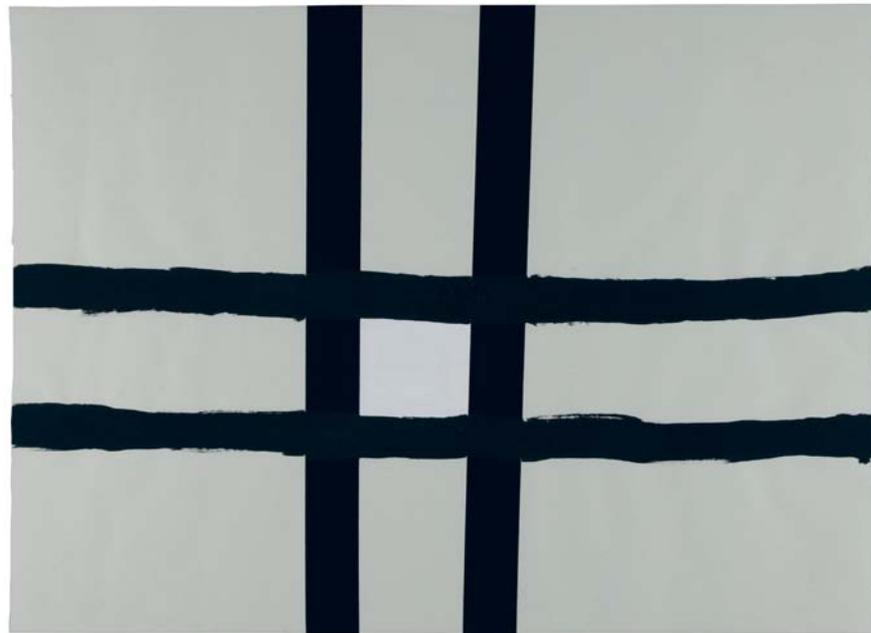




*The Artificial Economy*  
acrylic on board

Robert Ridley Shackleton

b 1987



*untitled*  
poster paint, tape on paper

Graham David Smith

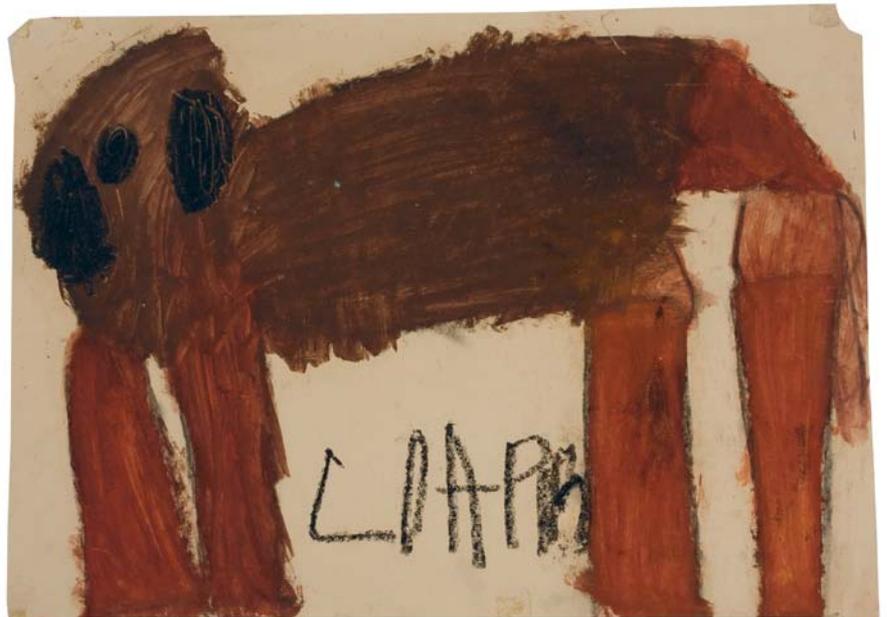
b 1937



*untitled*  
blood on paper

Michael Smith

represented by Sarah Ballard, Barrington Farm (Norfolk)



*untitled*  
acrylic, oil pastel on paper

Alyson Torns



*Lost*  
lithograph

Agnes Tumilson



Micky  
oil pastel, pen, pencil on paper

Billy Weston

b 1963

represented by Sara Burgess



Billy Weston is an accidental artist,  
his whole life was changed when  
he suffered a brain hemorrhage at  
the age of 14 losing <sup>the use of</sup> his right  
hand drawing hand & leg use. So  
now he works with his left hand  
creating worlds on paper of  
his inner ~~world~~ mind & thoughts



untitled  
felt-tip pen on paper

Derek Williams

b 1963

represented by [Kulpesh Kapadia](#)



*untitled*  
pastel on paper

Alice Wisden



*Boys and Girls*  
pastel, ink on photograph

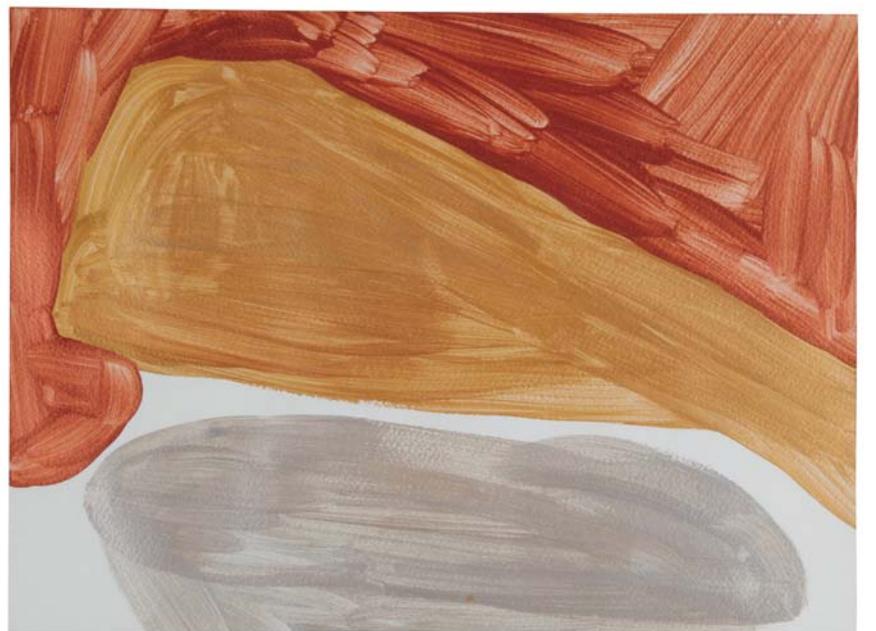
Isadora Reeves

b 1997

represented by [Julia Hawkins](#)

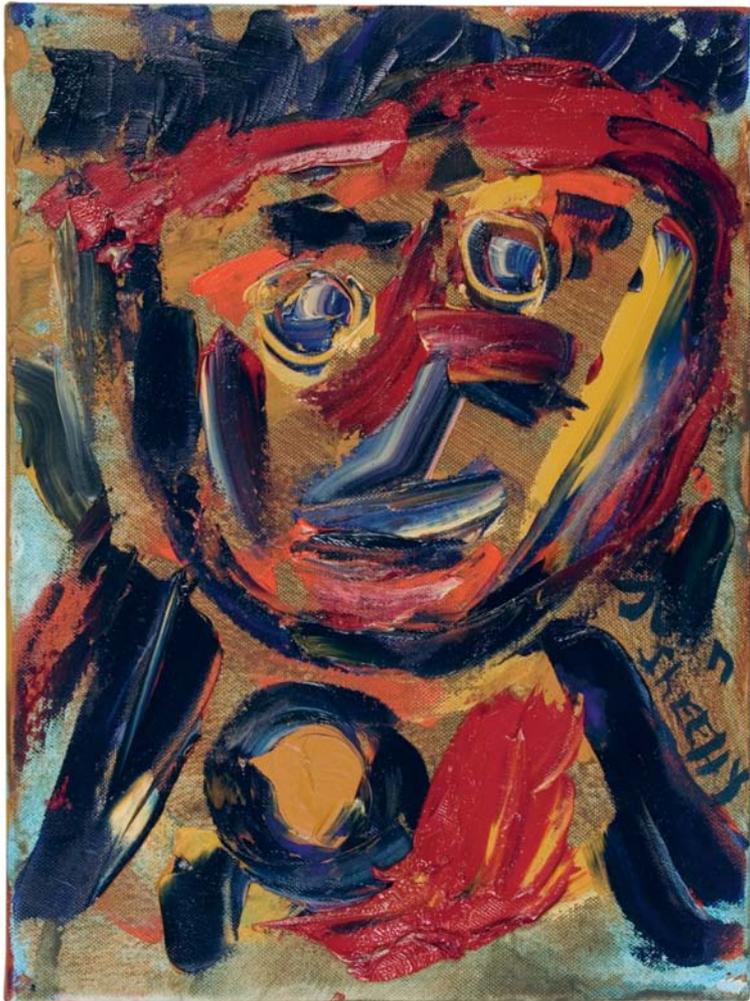


Isadora has a complex communication disorder ASD finding it very difficult to talk (it hurts her head) She has drawn and painted since she was a toddler. Now she works in an abstract way - painting with color & form. She paints everyday for hours.





*untitled* (all)  
acrylic on paper



*untitled*  
oil on canvas



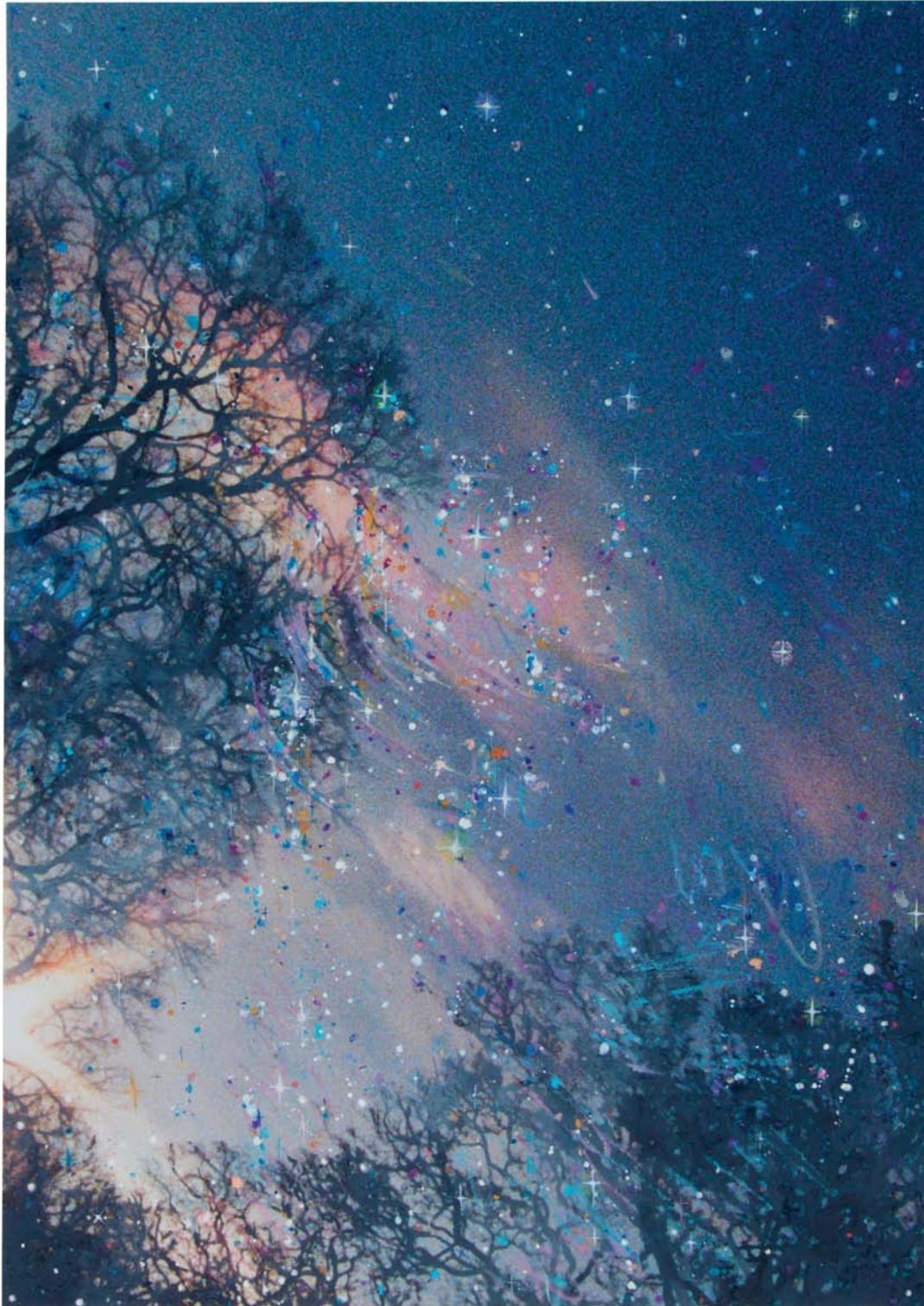


*The sun is very hot*  
lithograph



*I won't be around here again in a hurry*  
lithograph

Eiko Soga  
b 1982



2004 February 03  
acrylic on photographic print



Paul Spero

represented by Charlotte Meddings, Studio Upstairs (London)



*untitled*  
ink, gouache on paper



*untitled*  
ink on paper

Natalie Swenarchuk

b 1989



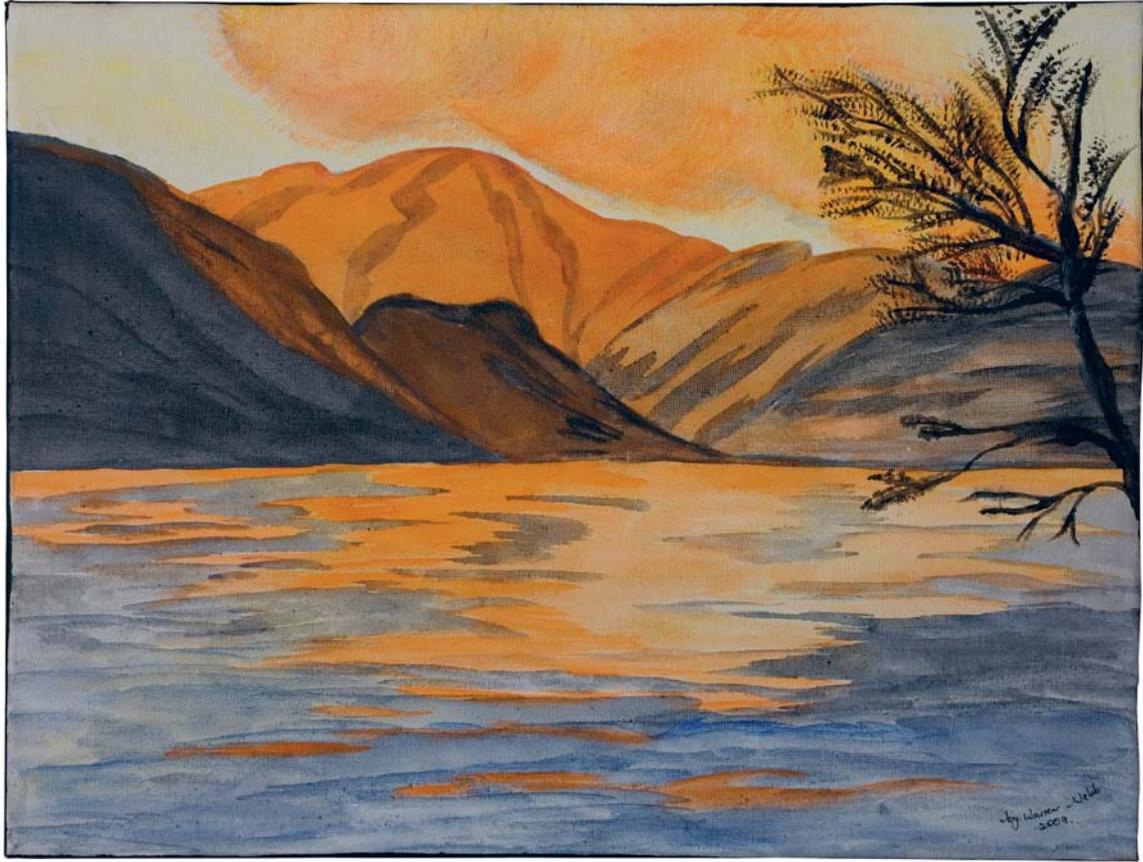


*untitled*  
acrylic on canvas

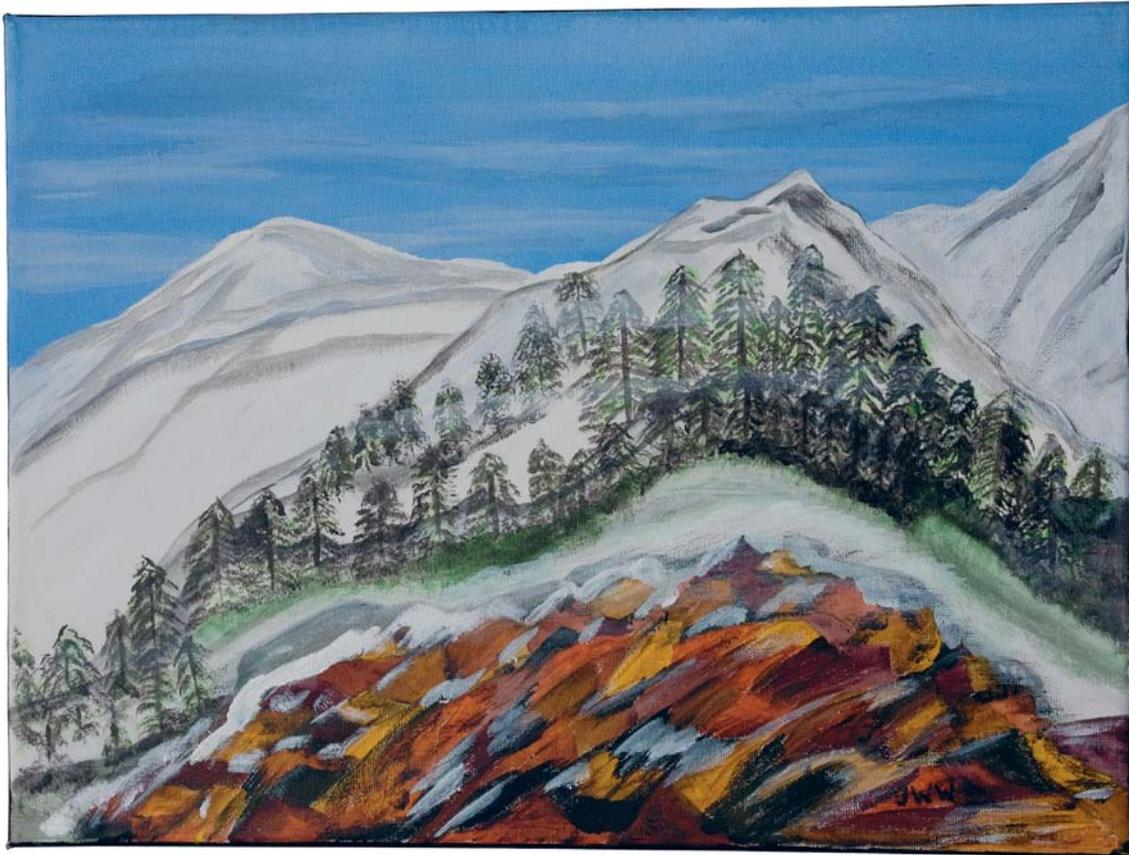
Joyce Warren-Webb

b 1931





*Sunset in Yellowstone National Park*  
acrylic on canvas



*A Winter Scene from Estovan Point, Vancouver Island, BC*  
acrylic on canvas

Other Exhibitors



Laura May Abron



Anon represented  
by Paul Burgess



Lorenzo Belenguer



Steev Burgess



Thomas Cert



Coral Churchill



Arnold Circus



Emma Critchley



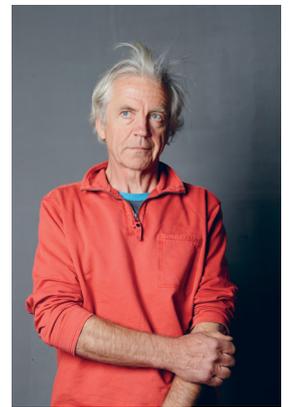
Richie Culver



Margaret Frethey  
& Kirsty Harris



Sheona Gisby



Clive Green



Manel Güell



Ann Hassan



Joan Hobson



Gareth Hughes



Patrica Hursey



Alex Jako



Ben Jonson



Zohreh Korangi



Oliver Malin



Kate Merry



Tim Norman



Edward Ofosu



Bee Peak



Derek Perry



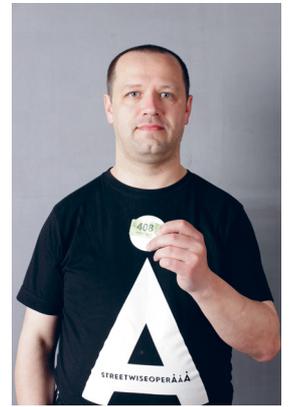
Dainoras  
Petrauskas



Maf Prigg



Merrill Rauch



Kenneth Roberts



Anne Ryder



Carlos Slazenger



Tiffany Sutton



Dominic Tivadar



Martyn Turay



Mary Valley



Gianpaolo Vercelli



Jessika Wahls



Ali Winstanley











Conversation with Jarvis Cocker  
Jarvis Cocker and James Brett

[START]

JC: We're in the **Turbine Hall** for **Tate's** tenth birthday. To celebrate, they've invited non-profit art groups to an event called **No Soul for Sale**. **The Museum of Everything** has a presence here and have set up a very impressive two-storey structure in bright red. What's it for?

JB: When we were given the opportunity to come to **Tate Modern**, we decided to make it an open call for self-taught art. We created our own museum within the museum.

JC: How does the open call work?

JB: The art we're looking for is often made by people who wouldn't respond to an open call. So we tried to put the word out in different ways, targeting not only the artists themselves, but people who have discovered artworks or who have a relationship to artists, such as those with disabilities.

JC: Participants come up the ramp of your structure, bring work with them and then there's five or so people around a table who look at the artwork, talk to the artists and make a decision. Is it generally people who have made their own work?

JB: It's mixed. We have those who bring their own work. Some of them have been coaxed a little because they are shy, or the works they create are very private, so they come with friends.

Many artists with disabilities are coming with friends and family. There are also care-workers bringing artworks on behalf of others. We had one girl yesterday who brought her late grandfather's numeration tables from before the war: a giant Catholic assembly. So it's really right across the board.

JC: What will happen at the end of this process?

JB: The idea is that we will hang whatever we select. The exhibition is created by what's actually happening now. There is no sending in before, no coming along after. The work we select today is the work which forms the exhibition.

JC: Are you meeting any interesting characters?

JB: One artist we met today scars himself, photographs what he does and paints huge sadomasochistic canvases in his spare time. He is seventy-five, lives in seclusion and very much fits the description of the kind of marginal artist we were hoping to discover.

Yesterday we had a textile work created by an artist who documents her operations. She was saying: "This is where I had my gall bladder out, this is my knee operation, this is my husband's prostate". Each medical problem was a small square patch on the work. It was quite brilliant.

JC: What if you come and your work is not selected?

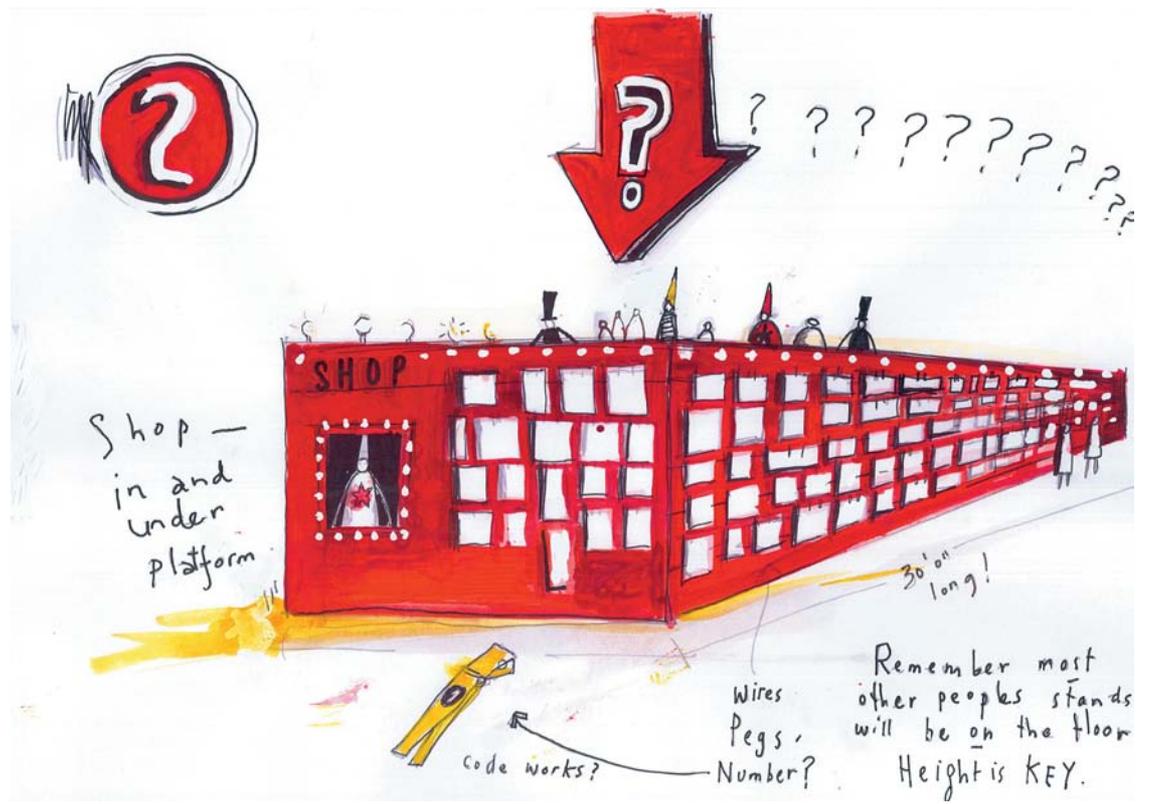
JB: We turn down works if we feel they are not right for this exhibition and we give the artists a **Certificate of Participation** to thank them for bringing their work to the museum and being part of the documentation process.

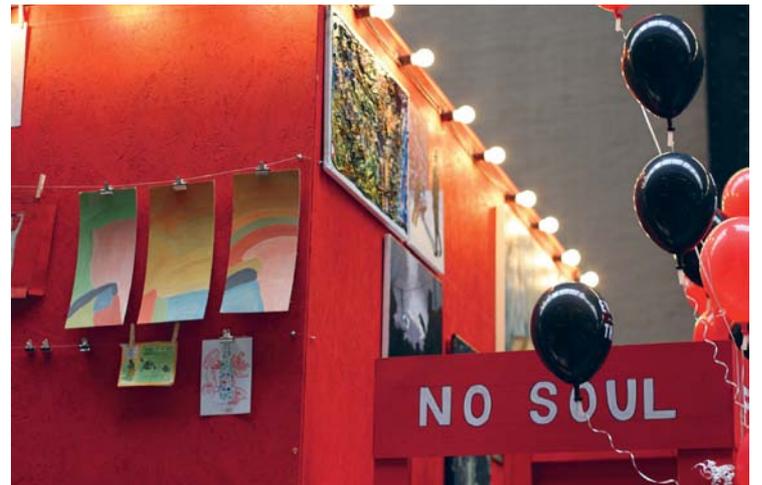
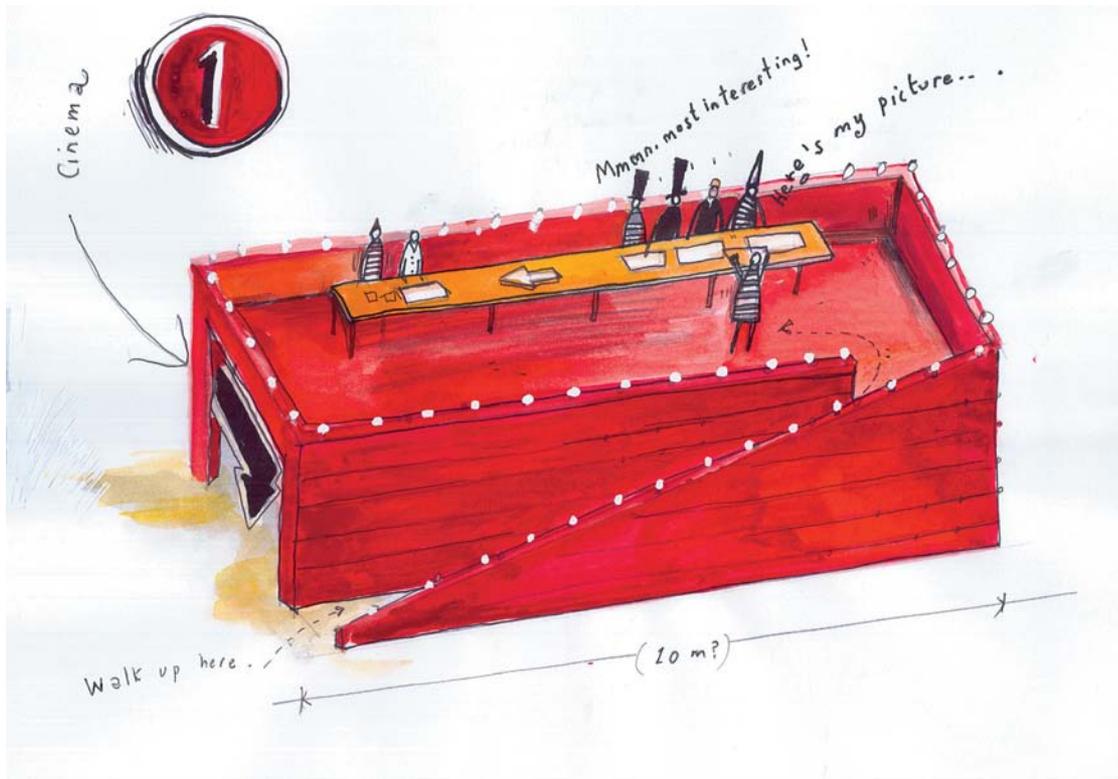
And for those who are exhibited, they can now say they have shown their work at **Tate Modern** - that's the best part of all!

[END]

04:00pm  
15th May 2010

Exhibition #2







## Board of Trustees



**Ron Arad**  
architect, designer

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My tenure on the **Board of Trustees** was brief, as the baby I had about me - who had thus far proven a winning accessory - started to scream in an irreconcilable way, so I had to abandon ship to track down mother in the vastness of **Tate Modern**.

During my time on the podium I presided over three hopefuls, with an average age of eight - and sneaked a large plastic cupful of wine, which was detected by mother when I returned baby to her. All three candidates showed “promise” and were all duly selected.

**Charles Avery**  
artist

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Belief is all in making things real. Right inside the belly of the beast that is **Tate Modern** came those who wished to be part of **The Museum of Everything's** second exhibition. I was privileged enough to be part of the **Friday** night judging panel. Meeting in person the artists and their families, friends and neighbours who brought in their pieces, was an extremely moving experience. I suspect it was significant for them also to have the works seen and believed in, made real in the world not just for themselves anymore. I witnessed their doubts over the value of the works dissolve as we and the **Board of Trustees** expressed enthusiasm for them; belief is all in making things real.

**Hannah Bhuiya**  
stylist, designer

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**Iwona Blazwick**  
curator, director **Whitechapel Gallery** (London)

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As I expected those gems, those diamonds of self-taught or **Outsider Art** are a rare breed. I can't say I was hopeful of major discoveries, but was surprised when two artists caught my eye and warranted further investigation. It was good to be placed in such an elevated position!

Congratulations to **The Museum of Everything** on its tenacity and faith. Who knows, perhaps there is another **Henry Darger** to be discovered out there.

**Henry Boxer**  
director **Henry Boxer Gallery (London)**

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I loved my time up in the big red box, where the parade of individuals bringing their often amazing artworks to us was a keen reminder of the tide of creativity that rarely washes anywhere near the art world. It was both chastening and inspiring to have a direct, living exposure to the crucial

role that art plays in so many lives irrespective of career or commerce. I am very proud that I had a part to play in getting this work into **Tate Modern**.

**Louisa Buck**  
art critic, broadcaster, writer **The Art Newspaper**

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Being on the panel of **Exhibition #2** was a journey through the human subconscious and a peek into the organic origins of human creativity - creative expression without pretense, purpose or audience conditioning. In just a few hours, and with just a few minutes for each entrant, we were treated to the

recreation of troubling fantasies, paintings from a synesthetic musician and the anguish and poetry of a doodle diary.

**José Buera**  
collector, curator

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**Ian Chance**  
lecturer, **University of East Anglia**

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**Jarvis Cocker**  
artist, musician, curator, founder **Pulp**

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**Thamara Corm**  
curator, director [Pace Gallery \(London\)](#), trustee  
[The Museum of Everything](#)

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“One must have chaos in oneself, to give birth to a dancing star ...”

[Friedrich Nietzsche: Thus Spoke Zarathustra](#)

Compulsion (n):

1. the act of compelling or the state of being compelled
2. something that compels
3. (psychiatry) psychiatry an inner drive that causes a person to perform actions, often of a trivial and repetitive nature, against his or her will

[from [Old French](#), from [Latin](#) “compellere” to compel]

What is it that compels us, as a species, to make art? Why is this burning desire to remake and remodel the world through our senses one of the few things that truly distinguishes us from the rest of the animal kingdom? Where does this badge that helps define us as humans - and details our need to define the sublime and in doing so prove our magical, [God-like](#) power over external and internal dimensions - come from in the first place? One thing seems certain; it is a means of establishing control and it is something that often controls us.

It seems reasonable to suggest that this drive, this “compulsion”, is the one thing that all artists own in common: ask any artist why they make their work and the answers, invariably, run along the lines of “[they] have to”, “[they] have no choice”, “[they] are compelled”. The archaic meaning of compel is “to drive, to force, to herd” and somehow this makes sense of the act itself and underscores the need for “control” inherent in the act. It is little surprise to find a link here to some of the earliest forms of art known to us, the shamanistic works of the [Upper Paleolithic](#), found at sites such as [Altamira](#), [Chauvet](#) and [Lascaux](#): it has been suggested that these exquisite renderings of reindeer, horses, bulls (and many other animals common to the era) were painted for their talismanic qualities, to enable the hunters to control the animals, to “herd” and hunt them successfully. And thus we find ourselves staring at a conundrum; we are compelled to make art for reasons we cannot express or control yet since the earliest of times we have made art to express ourselves, and effect (control/influence) our world.

This paradox was writ large over the works presented to me as a trustee for [The Museum of Everything](#). People had traveled hundreds of miles (and in one case over a thousand) to show their works, have them appreciated in some way - and if “lucky” enough - to have them hung within the cave-like expanse of the [Turbine Hall](#) in the hallowed [Tate Modern, London](#). And what works they were; and what people. All different, all unique, all having one thing in common - from wherever they had set out - they had all arrived at the same place, they were all ‘compelled’ in some fashion to make their “art”.

Some people had need for control, control over the terrible circumstances of their lives; pain coloured their faces and informed their paintings. One described to us their own simple wonderment at intensely detailed works that fell like automatic writing from their pens, as they managed the drudgery of working in a call-centre. Yet another - as we did our best to divine a “response” to the pastel smudges before us - explained the works

as a result of synesthesia - that neurological entanglement of the senses - tumbling out like the entrails of their subconscious onto the paper. It is hard to judge what is good or bad when one understands the language employed and perhaps impossible to even pass comment when the language is alien to everything one presumes to know about art.

These were all real people, real artists (even the bad ones) and yes, some of the art was simply poor or average; something that was easiest to discern when the works came closest to the supposed 'middle-ground'. Yet some of the work was beautiful and strange and magical and as alien as a planet circling some distant star. All were either pushed or pulled into making art (a dark gravity holding sway over their lives) and none could truly control it.

(Aleister Crowley wrote in his *Book of the Law* (1904) "Every man and every woman is a star" - language that echoes the sayings of mystics and alchemists back through the centuries - and "each star is the centre of the universe to itself ... simple, original, absolute". There were moments amidst the chaos of the day that we were witness to diamonds, diamonds created by unknown pressures deep in the heart of these stars that danced before us ...).

**David Dorrell**  
artist, musician, writer

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The 15th May was a night of contrasts. First I was refused entry by the Tate's security goons as I didn't have a ticket for that evening's event and only my press card saved me from ejection after I was caught ducking under a barrier.

When I gained the safety of *The Museum of Everything* it seemed like *Liberty Hall* by comparison, though a *Liberty Hall* sadly empty

of artists as most of them, not possessing press cards, had been turned away by the goons. But a few determined types struggled through to face the panel, by which time - especially after hearing their life stories - I was ready to hug them and hang all their work.

I realise, on consideration, that I was wrong. Watching the judging process in operation and seeing what was chosen, I now suspect that *The Museum of Everything*'s vetting process is actually more rigorous than *Tate*'s. You can't blag your way in or flash your accreditation - the work simply has to speak for itself.

**Laura Gascoigne**  
art critic, writer

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**Nick Hackworth**  
art critic, director *Paradise Row* (London)

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Poems on toilet rolls, hand-embroidered miniature clothes washing instructions, canvases which looked like aliens had landed on them - the red box held more than everything for the few hours I spent inside it. And to think there's even more out there nowhere near **Tate Modern**.

**Antonia Harrison**  
curator **Compton Verney** (Warwickshire)

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It was a beautiful **Sunday** morning and as I approached the double-decker styled construction from which we were judging the artworks, I felt rather nostalgic. I had flashbacks to **Noel Edmunds' Swap Shop** and **The Antiques Roadshow**.

I also felt an immense sense of responsibility, rather like **Caesar** at a gladiator tournament, either pointing one's thumb towards hell or to the heavens. Our decisions guided which artworks would adorn the walls of **Tate Modern**, giving a great sense of encouragement to the chosen amateur artists.

People made work in their garden sheds or in the early hours of the morning when they returned home from a night-shift. The event gave a fascinating insight into a diverse cross section of the general public and revealed why so many people feel the intrinsic need to be creative and express themselves.

**Stuart Haygarth**  
artist, designer

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I was thoroughly inspired by The Museum of **Everything's Tate Modern** experience. I couldn't believe the quality of the work. It's rare to encounter so many people, to hear their stories, to glimpse their lives. Some stood out. They had courage for coming in. Their lives translated into their art, leaving me deeply

moved. By the time I left, I had learned, seen, experienced and felt all sorts of things in the space of a single morning.

**Alexia Hentsch**  
designer, director **Hentsch Man** (London)

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**David Jenkins**  
writer, journalist

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Nervously an "artist" approached us. He told us he was anxious how we would judge him and then presented us with a single photograph. It soon became clear that this represented the entire output of his career as a self-proclaimed artist - and that he had diligently produced this work through the ingenious process

of forgetting to remove a holiday snap from his trousers before putting them in the wash. That it looked cool was not quite enough for us to give it the thumbs up, so off the artist went, somewhat perturbed at being rejected.

Another had come all the way from Latvia (or was it Lithuania?) to The Museum of Everything. He showed us years of feverish work; ghoulish and naïve blob people, dark featureless animals, a portrait of a bloke with tremendous ears, all rendered in a riot of mismatched colours and school-boy impasto. He had been to art school, had exhibited, but his work was sufficient to merit a unanimous thumbs up from the Board of Trustees. Bald, red faced and with the most wonderfully manic grin, attired in plane-spotter's camo, bum-bag and all, off this artist went, delighted.

**Robin Katz**

director Robin Katz Fine Art (London)

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It was a parade made up of “those whom the world would change” but weren't quite having it; some disinclined, others naturally incapable of being changed, some already bent too far out of shape.

We were offered a shy revelation of things that had never previously looked for reassurance, borne (mostly) out of boredom, beautiful delusion, or quiet rage.

Now, whether these things I saw were made to find respite or transcendence, there was a sense in almost all of them, of being anchored (some farther beyond the horizon than others) in hope. I think that's why it felt like a privilege.

**Henry Krokatsis**

artist, curator

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An artist strays into Tate Modern from the street with courage without Deleuze and Guattari, to arm themselves with intellectual ammunition. They did not expound with French philosophy from the 60's, showing they are made of “the right stuff”. They had no shipping nor cab to carry their work, only some cardboard portfolios slung haphazardly and unprotected under their arm.

Why did they enter the Tate Modern instead of tagging the streets, or working their unconventional ideas in extreme mental states in the elaborate worlds of fantasy bedrooms? Why did they enter the modern cathedral of consent? A stamp of approval perhaps watered down through The Guardian newspaper whispering to them from some park bench that it would herald success and discard their invisibility cloak for a while. The emerged outsider, the street Odysseus back from the great journey to the mother-ship, stringing the great bow to show the seemingly immortal suitors who is prince or princess.

That day I saw people who were honest working artists without pretention, drawn by societal expectation and pressure through the blood stream of progress and normality. They wore hard-wearing clothes and drew nasty images of their lives. Hanged psycho-sexualized imagery, lonely landscapes discarding people as they themselves had been discarded by society. They could barely afford the materials to make the mark eating into their piteous state subsidies to buy canvas and paint.

They worked with normal materials, pencils and watercolors with images of butterflies and mountains. These images were curiously devoid of bastions of confidence rigging up their sides and complimenting their surfaces lent from the circle of critics and students found in art school corridors.

Up the stairs in our strange red box hovering in the **Turbine Hall** also came successful artists in designer clothes and pleasant middle-class clad people born with the family silver, nice and white and warmed by the country pile, sick to heart at missing marmalade on **Sunday**.

Up the stairs came the rabble without bread at the gates of the new **Versailles**; and we were **Lavoisier** or **Marie Antoinette** caring for our little farm and how we were to help the poor. A blue powder room here, a white clinical gallery wall there. A wig or two and a latest comment on **Badiou**.

We hang their works like freakish daubes in some unholy way, dwarfed by the unnatural power of **Tate's** huge wings. And then they were left to hold on and survey the new exhilarating view without hope nor rhyme and reason...

**The Museum of Everything** was well aware of these ironies and I am glad to have been a part of a project, which could open up such a discourse between such impossible scales.

**Wolfe von Lenkiewicz**  
artist, curator, director **T1+2 Gallery (London)**

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**Josh Lilley**  
director **Josh Lilley Gallery (London)**

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**James Lingwood**  
curator, co-director **Artangel**

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A delirious evening on an unstable boat with an unruly crew. Some amazing untutored artists clambering to get on board. Too many to attend to properly. It would have been nice to have included Everyone who wanted to get onto **HMS Everything**.



**Jenni Lomax**  
director **Camden Arts Centre (London)**

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During my few hours on the judging panel I saw work that was surprising, elevating, curious, alarming, charming, strange, wonderful, creative, complex, worrying, magical, comforting and provocative. The conversations left me feeling elated, exhausted, emotional and full of wonder.



**John and Maggie Maizels**  
writers, directors **Raw Vision**

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The whole experience was a cross between speed-dating and art school interviews: an endless flow of hyper-intense characters, clutching their humble creations and staring a few inches away across the table. The works were variable in standard, but there were some that certainly stood out. An interesting experience for us and hopefully for the "applicants" too.



The experience climbing the ramp up to the private viewing lobby in the red tower was a good start to the gripping day that lay ahead. After several fascinating hours, sustained by sandwiches, the flow of pictures never diminished as we, the **Board of Trustees**, eagerly awaited the arrival of the next artist's presentation. Interesting individuals, young, old, handicapped; Asian, African, European; of many ages and types often more interesting than their work, clambered up to us clutching their presentations. Every now and then a practitioner stood out and was asked to display a drawing or painting: a young handicapped girl supported by her enthusiastic parents showing us many impressive abstracts; an elderly gentleman now feeling, in his old age free to express his involvement in sado-machochism; charming imaginary landscapes by elderly fantasists. The fascination of this immersion was so great, I would have been willing to have gone on. I had witnessed something rather different and special.

**Jane McAusland**  
conservator

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The **Tate** event was pretty amazing. I was surprised by the numbers of people who came (and waited for hours) to share their work. Those who came forward really "got it" and were there because they knew **The Museum of Everything** from its first show. They recognised a kindred spirit or wanted to be a part of it.

I was especially impressed by the family members, friends or carers who came forward with work from those who couldn't come or could not express themselves easily but who had recognized a special talent or uniqueness that should be seen. I felt like one of the lucky ones, having these amazing,

mostly very private, sometimes incredibly intense or convoluted drawings, notebooks, paintings, objects offered up to be inspected, admired, appreciated ...

The revelation to me was just how many came forward and the breadth of work that was brought out. Coming from **America** I had long thought the **UK** didn't have anywhere like the number of people making similarly interesting work. But that day at **Tate Modern** changed my mind. It reminded me of the great British eccentric (along with a few from other places too), and that yes, there are some fascinating people around, lots of them, beavering away on the strangest things. Much of this work is pretty remarkable and deserves to have a much bigger audience, which is what I think that weekend at the **Tate Modern** proved.

Yet, as interesting as the work put in front of us (and sometimes more so) were the people: the characters, who came with the most amazing stories, and circumstances, stories which deserved more than their five minutes of explanation. Many had an awful lot invested in the work. To some it was the most important thing in their lives. I sometimes felt difficulty in passing any kind of judgment on something which was obviously so personally important ...

**Jeff McMillan**  
artist, curator, founder **PEARL**

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One of the most memorable mornings of this year was spent on the poop-deck of a pop-up **The Museum of Everything** in the **Turbine Hall** at **Tate Modern**.

Our mission as temporary trustees was to view submissions and meet their creators in the selection of works to be displayed as part of **The Museum of Everything's Exhibition #2**.

The range and emotional depth of what we saw was as surprising as it was moving. It brought home just how much creativity and imagination is let loose behind closed doors up and down the land. It was a humbling and unforgettable experience, both artistically and interpersonally. And the work displayed reflected all of that - infectious, troubling, beautiful and bold.

**Michael Morris**  
curator, co-director [Artangel](#)

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It was wonderful to see [The Museum of Everything](#) erected in the heart of the [Tate Modern](#)! There was a huge variety of works and I was humbled by the peoples' stories.

**Jasmin Pelham**  
director [JB Pelham PR](#)

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In the madness of the [Turbine Hall](#), that day, while everybody was trying so hard to enact their role as an "artist", being different, intelligent, creative, relevant, on top of that little red tower on the upper level, I met some people who really cared about their work. They reminded me how genuine art is, not about gimmicks but rooted in some sort of raw, kind of explosive painful matter. It was refreshing and I enjoyed it immensely!

**Paola Petrobelli**  
designer

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It was a privilege to be witness and trustee on the [Board of Trustees](#). The offerings were vast, the atmosphere electric as unintentional artists showed us their work, which ranged from highly emotive to mind-bogglingly weird.

The effort and passion was immense. Hearing their motives and stories was intensely fascinating and at times deeply disturbing, yet they underlined the powerful role art has to play in the vital expression of the individual spirit - an expression that is often too complex and dreamlike for the structures and tradition of language to serve.

To glimpse into such private worlds was a memorable experience - ultimately a celebration of the power and beauty of the human imagination. What struck me was the very instinctive response the [Board of Trustees](#) had to what was good and not so good - frequently in agreement, in an assessment that operates beyond critique and indeed rationale.

**Harriet Quick**  
writer, fashion features director [Vogue](#)

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I was with my son [Asher](#), who is eleven and has an innate eye. We were both really struck by the intensity of the artists and in particular by the lengths that some of them had gone to reach us. What stood out was the chap who had driven for two days to get to [The Museum of Everything](#). The quality of the work was equalled by the satisfaction of giving the thumbs up to artists for whom there was no financial reward for having ones work chosen.

**Nick Silver**  
collector, director [21st Century Jewels](#)

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**The Museum of Everything** has made me think about art in a completely different way! We can all be artists, we are all artists ... open your mind and your paintbrush will follow. **Exhibition #2** was proof of that!

**Kim Sion**  
art director, designer

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**Louise Stern**  
curator, writer, editor **Maurice Magazine**

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It was a pleasure and a privilege to be presented with examples of spontaneous creativity, straight from the unconscious of unknown, untrained artists; individuals who may find it difficult to make eye contact, but who can make amazing figurative paintings; people who may lead conventional and quiet lives on the outside,

but whose inner imaginings, expressed through their art, revealed fantastic visionary worlds.

**Helen Sumpter**  
writer, journalist, arts editor **Time Out**

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Like a great fortress **The Museum of Everything** broke out of the wild chaos aka **No Soul for Sale**. A red box, majestically entangled in artworks; from top to bottom and three times around itself. All those works on paper, big or small, colourful or dark, rough or delicate, all were evidence of someone's creative enterprise.

That "someone" is not normally invited to "air" their creative inspirations and compulsions. As an honoured member on the **Board of Trustees**, I sometimes found it difficult to disassociate the final creative product from its underlying stories

and creators. Often their unity gave the work its compelling character.

**Marlene Taschen**  
publisher

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The overall feeling at the end of the three day session was the quality of the work. It was higher and more detailed, intense and involved than I'd expected. People had travelled, in some cases across the world, to be there and present their work. These were artists' presentations with a little bit of theatre from

those trustees present thrown in. They proved themselves to be great "sales people".

Yet the artists did not fit into any kind of outsider ghetto. The subjects and narratives of the work were too varied for any kind of neat categories. In many cases, the artists were their work. Rather than having been influenced by this or that **Outsider** or **Insider** artist. The work was ignorant of trends and developments in the wider art environment. That was the best thing of all!

**Tot Taylor**  
musician, author, curator, director  
**Riflemaker Gallery (London)**

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Meeting the diverse group of contestants was frightening at times, annoying at others, but always thrilling.

**Mandolyna Theodoracopulos**  
journalist, writer, editor **Takimag**

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You've asked me to think back to an evening I fondly recall. From here I can see a red tower with five judges on top of it. There's a drawing of the **Queen**, a girl with a clipboard. That's all. It was late.

**Toby Treves**  
art historian, curator, writer

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**Peter Willberg**  
designer

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Thinking back to that **Sunday** at **Tate Modern**, I recall considering the contrast between the art displayed on the wooden structure and the private and personal places and situations in which the work was produced. This is the nature of how most artists operate; create in private, show in public. But

for the untrained or so-called "undiscovered", this difference between a need to create and the exposure of the created object was made more apparent to me through meeting the artists and hearing their stories about where the work had come from. These stories told of mental distress, homelessness, and those with troubled upbringings, and then there were the jokers and young children whose parents felt they have a gift.

A number of people stood out as well as a number of artworks. There was one girl I remember and still think of now. She brought along water colours, drawings and digital prints showing images of sexually violent acts, gravestones and body parts. These works contained questions, written amongst the images, about race and identity. This was work she had never shown any one before; it was art that had to be.

**Mathew Weir**  
artist

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They crawled in from cheap rooms, their putrescent rags reeking of dank despair, ripped by self-loathing. What made them imagine each deluded insight, each noxious excrescence, could be of use or interest to anyone? Who were they, these cripples, dreaming of a miraculous healing connection? Who were they these carpet chewers, these dust suckers? Curators. String 'em up!

**James Young**  
curator, writer, musician

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