

# La Tauromaquia

JOSÉ MARÍA CANO



A *Riflemaker* EXHIBITION

## INTRODUCTION

"Since I was very small I always knew how to 'torear de salón'. In other words, I understood the principles of what should be done in front of a bull, having practiced with my father. Even then I was attracted by the contrasts within the act, or ceremony. The bullfighter as a feminine fact and the bull as a masculine fact. Intelligence and instinct. Manipulation against natural condition. Vertical and horizontal. The colours of the sacred pageant set against bull black. And of course, life versus death.

The recording of this elaborate procedure would be a daunting task for any Spanish artist, each of whom will have been inspired by the same irresistible force while, in my case, deciding to use only the most traditional of materials, pen and ink with which to portray it. The bullfighting art, *La Tauromaquia*, is the most 'plastic' of all plastic arts. But the representations of it over the course of thousands of years have in general been the most formal.

Since Cretan and Roman times there have always been bulls and bullfighters willing to etch this relationship in the sand, and artists endeavouring to create a most expressive realisation of truth, or 'faith', if you like. In order to depict the bullfight, the artist must achieve a fine balance between technique and inspiration. One cannot draw without a degree of craftsmanship just as one cannot survive in the ring without technique, and one should never bullfight without the inherent element of art. The act of drawing is almost as reckless as that of bullfighting. Drawing is vanity itself, doomed to remain no more than a fraudulent mannerism if it does not manage to transport, transform and totally possess the personality of the one who draws. Just like the act of bullfighting."

*José María Cano, Madrid, April 2009*

OPPOSITE, TOP Modesto © Mily Cano at the Plaza 1953.

BELOW Modesto Cano as a Novillero at the horse's patio of Las Ventas.

FRONTPIECE Bull's head in bronze found in Costitx, Majorca, Bronze Age.





## THE ART OF BULLFIGHTING

The national sport of Spain, *La Tauromaquia* involves the ritualized taunting of a bull in a circular ring or 'corrida', leading to its eventual death at the hands of the matador. With its origins in Greece and Rome, the practice was introduced into Spain by the Moors in the 11th century.

Picadores on horseback first taunt the bull and wound it with lances before the banderilleros pierce the bull's neck with darts. Attacks by the bull are often at 50 mph. After these have been slowed by the picadors, the matador approaches the bull with only his red cape, the muleta, and a short sword. A matador tests the bravery of his bull with movements of the capote, a red and yellow cape. The final act, the kill, is performed by the matador, who is armed with a red cape and sword. He teases the bull further with the cape and then kills it by plunging the sword between its shoulder blades. There are three matadors in each bullfight, each facing two bulls. In parts of France and in Portugal it is illegal to kill the bulls. Opponents of the sport criticize its cruelty, and efforts have been made to outlaw it.

### THE FIRST VICTIM OF A BULL-FIGHT

The first recorded death of a matador killed in the ring was that of the great José Candido. It took place in the Puerto de Santa Maria arena June 23, 1771, and profoundly impressed the increasing number of enthusiasts – *aficionados* – all over Spain.

*'I think I have a right to speak about bullfighting, because I was, for a while, I don't quite know why, but I was, an aspiring bullfighter. For me a bullfighter is an actor facing real things. I spent a good deal of time around the ranches where fighting bulls are raised. But don't be worried, you don't have to approve of bullfights, I don't ask you to, and I certainly wouldn't dream of defending the spectacle. I was personally fascinated by the spectacle as a 'whole' but whatever your attitude may be, remember that you can plug for the bull and there will be no hard feelings about it.'* ORSON WELLES

*"The Bullfighter is a champion, a paragon"* Ernest Hemingway



# JOSÉ MARÍA CANO

## 'LA TAUROMAQUIA'

José María Cano (b.Madrid 1959) is internationally known for his series of wax paintings *The Wall Street 100*, a hundred lifesize portraits on canvas made from paraffin wax which depict their subject solely from an economic viewpoint.

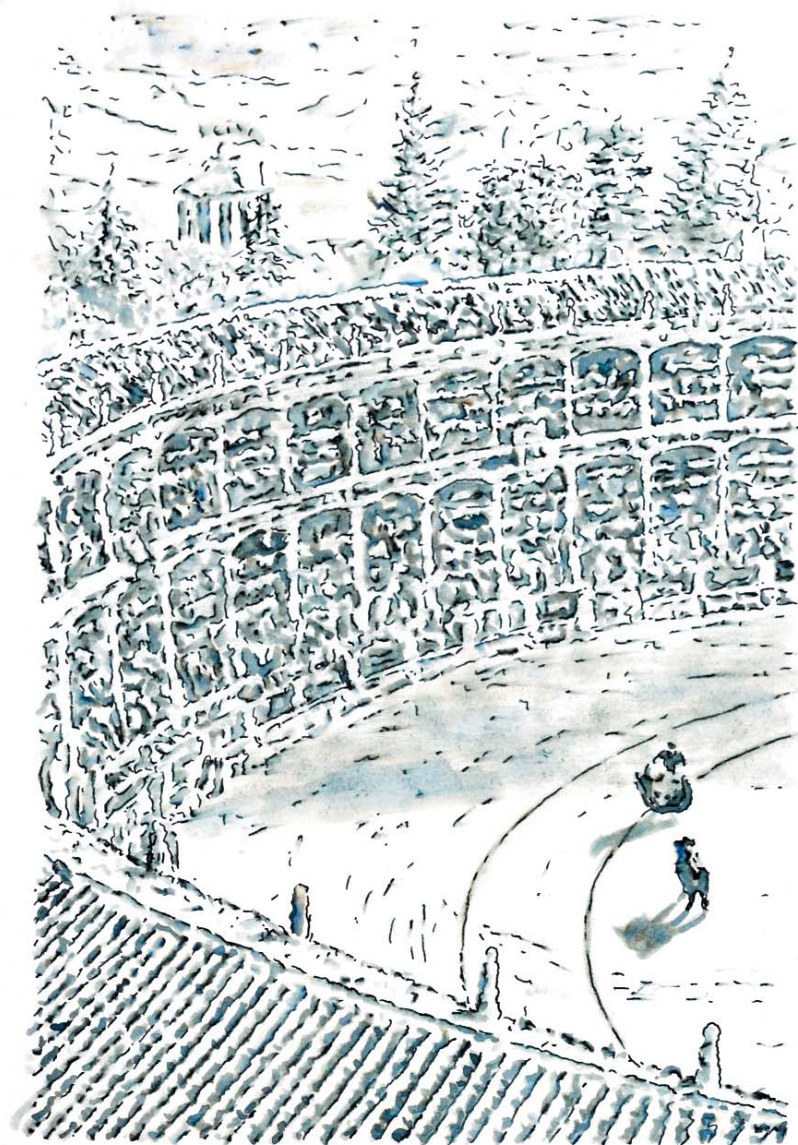
While the *Wall Street 100* tours the world, updating itself according to markets and fiscal ups and downs, Cano has his first solo exhibition at Riflemaker, with *La Tauromaquia* – the most polemical of all Spanish customs. The ritual of bullfighting in Spain is an integral part of society, approved of or not.

The set of drawings, ink on paper, made in the same signature style as the wax, depict the ceremony, the arena, the preparation, the backstage, the matadors and picadors, the bulls themselves. All of the pageantry which surrounds this Act of Faith, the only sport which has a very real chance of one of the two participants being killed during the short tournament.

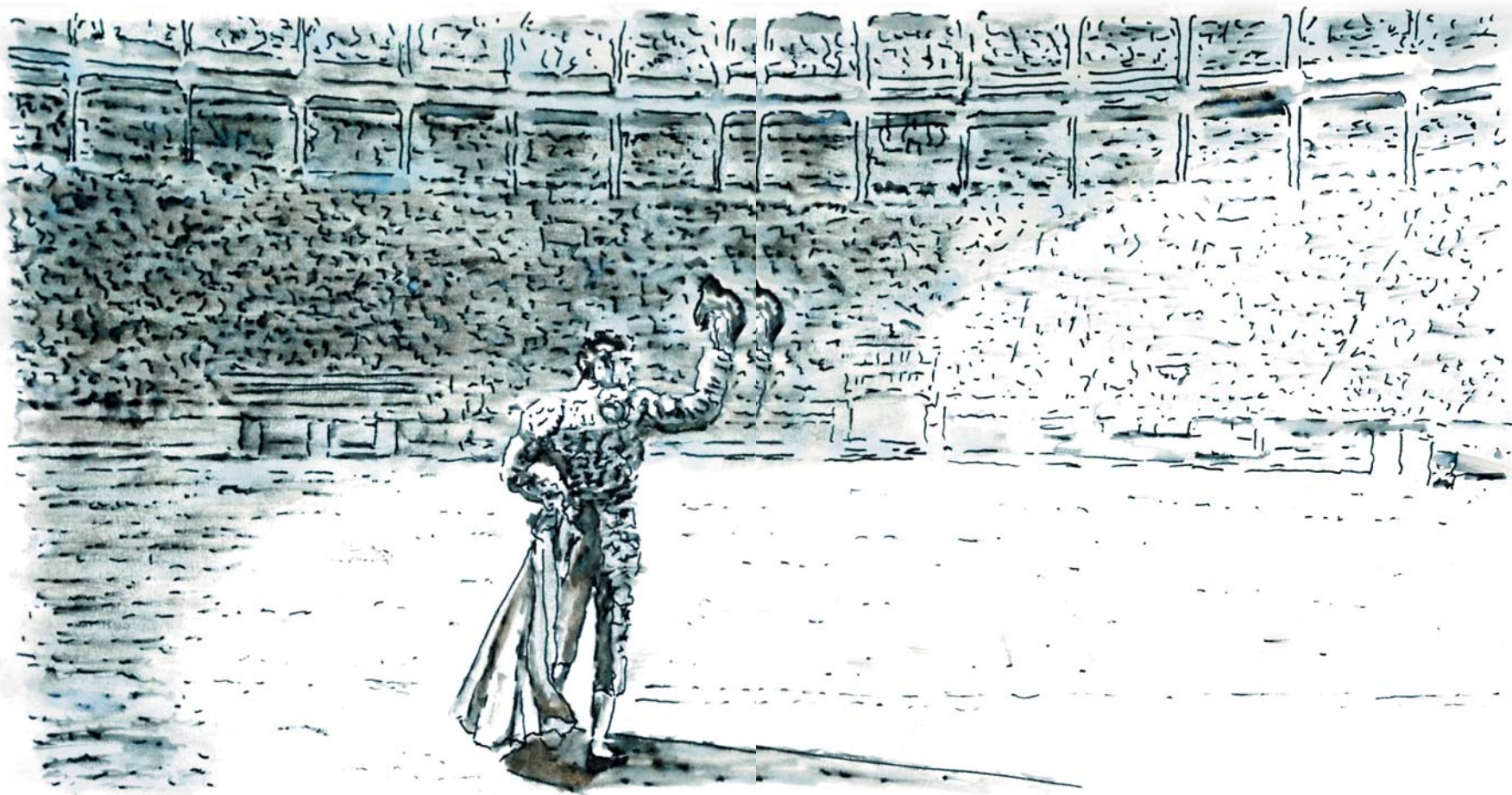
The act itself has its origins in Ancient Greece, Crete and Rome – the bullfight is depicted in cave paintings in Spain and Southern France. The series of Verónicas – the most often used cape 'manoeuvre' – is named after the saint who held out a cloth to Christ on his way to the crucifixion. Contrary to popular belief bulls are colourblind and they charge for the cape not because it is red but because it is moving.

Following in the footsteps of Goya, Picasso and others, the work concentrates on the ceremonial occasion itself rather than the controversy. There are 400 bullrings in Spain, the sport is also popular in Mexico, the USA and Portugal. As with all ancient acts, there are also customs and language which has seeped through into everyday life, the names Europe and Italy have Bovine roots.

In 1994 Cano composed an opera – *Luna* – on a Spanish theme with Plácido Domingo, Renée Fleming and Theresa Berganza in leading roles.

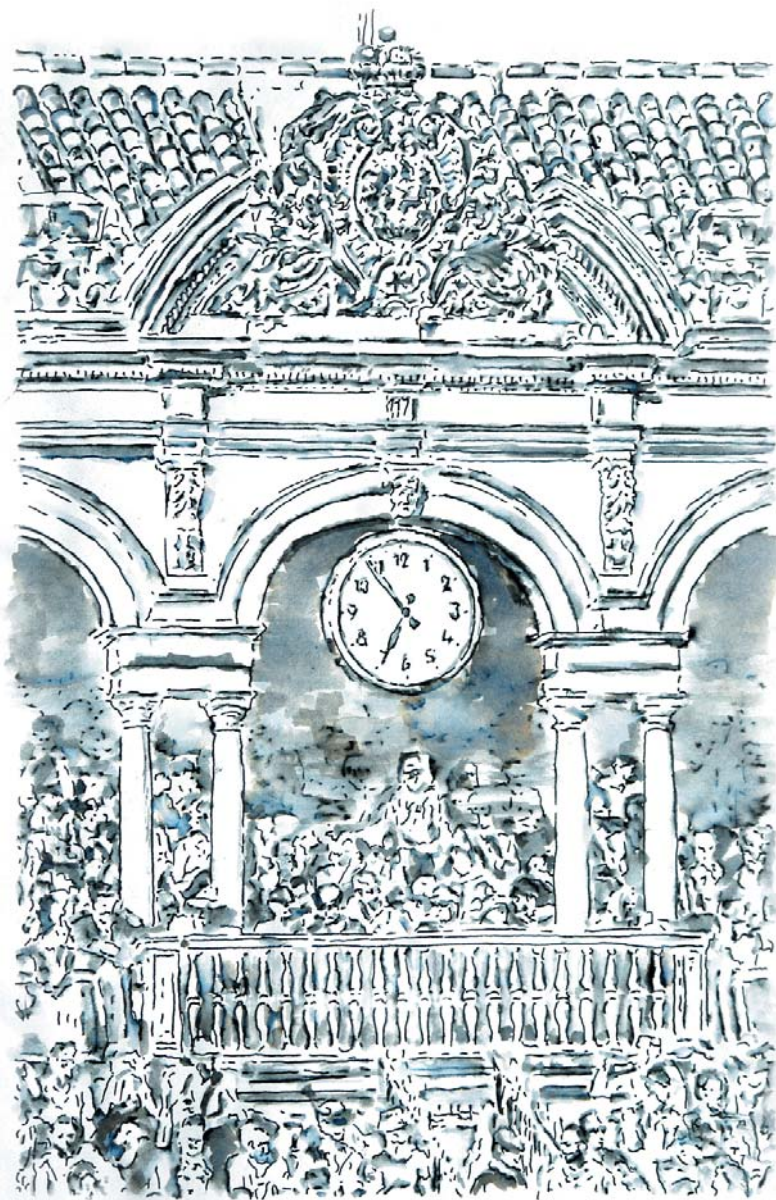


RONAN



JOSE~TOMÁS'S EN MADRID





"EMPIEZAN A LAS SIETE"

## ACTS OF FAITH

From *On Bullfighting* by A.L.Kennedy

I'm thinking a lot about faith today – the kind of faith that can lead a person out into their life, into their voice, their vocation, the kind that accompanies human beings as they come close to their deaths, to the plaza's sand, to the moment that lifts, that waits for God.

I've left the Plaza Mayor and come down to the Calle de la Fé, a cramped little street, currently as grey and rain-washed as the rest of Madrid. The calle cuts a thin path up past various bars, a hairdresser's, a cake shop and ends its climb before a bulbously large church. The street was the Calle Sinagoga – Synagogue Street – before Madrid's Jews were expelled in 1492. The synagogue was destroyed and has been replaced by a place of Christian worship ever since. Which is when the calle got its new name, the unconsciously ironic Street of Faith. Moors and Jews who converted, so the story goes, were forced to walk barefoot here, to climb as far as the church and be baptised – willingness to undergo public humiliation and suffering being taken as a good indicator of conversion to Christianity.

To walk away from life as a refugee by walking away from your God – I can't guess what kind of faith that might involve, the very frail or impregnably certain.

I walk up the Street of Faith and back, find it only slightly depressing, the cold gnawing my neck. If there's any blasphemy happening here today, it's my intrusion – a person who simply abandoned their faith under quite commonplace duress, a person who will look at anything.

Back in my hotel room I have a tiny plaster model I bought in Granada for good luck. It takes the form of a walking figure, hooded and robed in scarlet. Which is to say, a figure wearing the traditional costume of one of many socially influential lay 'brotherhoods' who parade – a torchlit reminder of the Inquisition's beauties – along with Catholic icons on holy days in a number of Spanish cities.



Harper B. Lee

Across the bottom of the model is the word Rescate. I don't even know what this means, but suspect it may not be anything in my favour. I recall that Lorca, in a fit of piety, or guilt, petitioned to join one of these associations and almost undoubtedly marched with them once, perhaps looking for the benefits of penance, pilgrimage, the salvation in a walk of faith.

Which brings me to the matador and the adrenaline-scented morning of the corrida. While the bull is being brought to the plaza, examined, selected, left alone in a quiet pen, the killer of bulls also prepares. He takes his first steps on the path that can only take him to the sand of the ring, the plaza's test of his good fortune, his faith in himself, his skill.



Outside the Las Ventas bull ring in Madrid there are a variety of statues. One shows a matador saluting Alexander Fleming for his achievements in antisepsis, and another features a simple wooden chair, over which is draped the traje de luces, the matador's traditional fighting costume. The chair makes an unfamiliar icon; both threatening and domestic. The chair is where it begins.

The matador may spend his morning as he wishes, trying to idle anonymously in the streets outside his hotel, perhaps

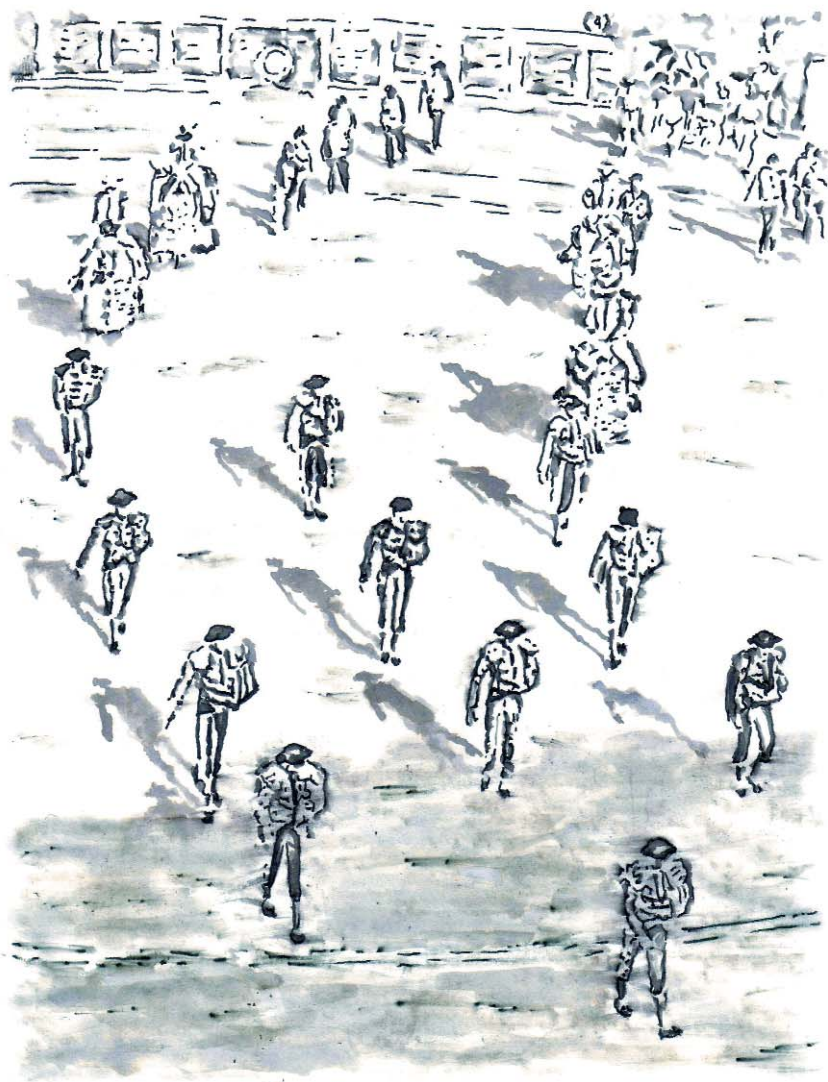
managing to eat, perhaps attempting to doze as he's driven from yesterday's plaza and heads for today's. But, perhaps while the matador snatches a last half-sleep before the business of the day takes hold, there will always come a point when the sword boy or mozo de espada sets out the traje de luces, draped in strict order over a chair. The ritual of the corrida opens with the traje de luces, with the putting on of vestments, if you like. The tight, uncomfortable, complicated and deeply symbolic matador's costume can only be donned with assistance (usually from at least the mozo) in a process which takes something like an hour.

In one of a succession of hotel rooms, a man strips off his everyday self and slowly clothes himself in the corrida. Which may sound overly dramatic, but this is the moment when the matador can no

PONCE







"Paseillo"

longer avoid consideration of the coming afternoon's trial. Whatever the matador's level of conventionally religious faith, he will have his own accretion of good luck charms, holy images and tokens. Often a small, portable altar sits in the room, witness to each preparation, each internal and external transformation.

It is, naturally, a great honour to be invited to the dressing of a matador, to see the start of his transition from one world to another. In the *corrida*'s world where love and respect are so often tinged with an appetite for celebrity, a voyeur's desire for possession, journalists, aficionados and friends may all jostle about the matador as he becomes himself, the self he only finds in the plaza. It is quite acceptable to watch a man rendered speechless by the closing of his concentration on an unseen, but anticipated object, the heat of an unknown life, energy without intelligence, instinct pursued and pursuing without compassion, the bull.

Although the *traje de luces* is little changed since the sixteenth century, its current form is said to owe much to Goya, the eighteenth-century painter and sometime torero. Goya, the artist who portrayed four Spanish kings, dramatic *corridos* and baroque obscenities. Goya, the man questioned by the Inquisition whose later work shows blurring landscapes of madness and torture, desolate faces and eyes filled with animal pain, or an utter emptiness. Goyescos, quaintly historical *corridos*, are still held in his honour – they seek to re-create his costumes rather than his later paintings, of course. But I can't help seeing the twist of helplessly displayed sacrifice in both.

So the matador puts on his trade's history with his *traje*, the uniform of his calling, a sheath of superstition over his skin. He begins with pink (no one quite knows why pink) silk stockings, two pairs, each smoothed up and over the calf and secured with elastic garters. It seems suitably absurd that in this stylishly dangerous world, stocking wrinkles should be a legitimate concern. Like military men, matadors are meant to die in good order.







"ENRIQUE PONCE"

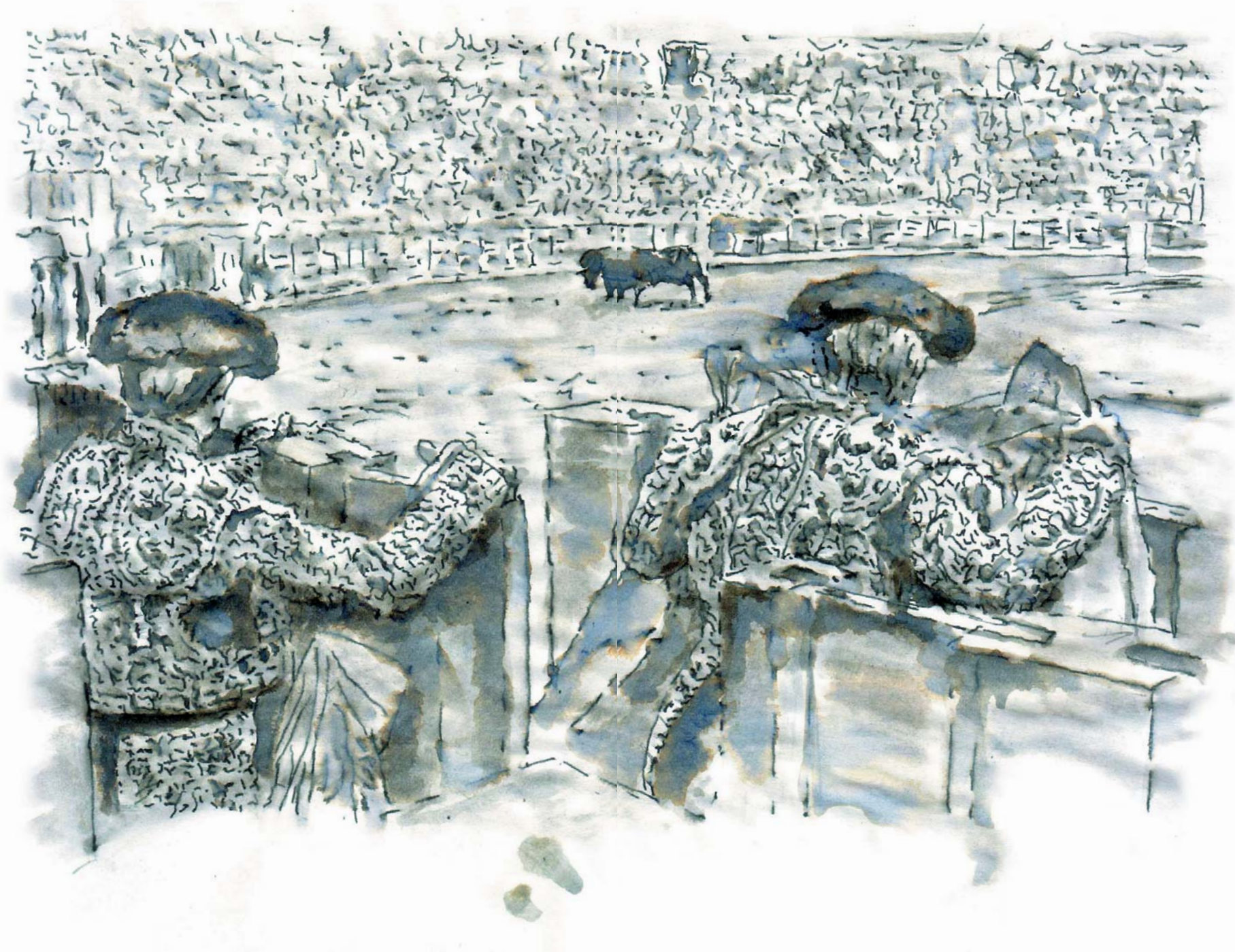






*'Flag-work': the pase en redondo, the pase natural, the pase de pecho and the bull collapses after the death-stab.*







## THE BULLFIGHT AND THE ENGLISH NOVEL...

Although it may at first glance seem far-fetched, the history of the English novel offers some precise parallels to the development of torero. Modern torero appeared at the same time and for the same reasons; each art, in its way, satisfied similar, if not identical, orders of social reality.

Samuel Richardson's Pamela which we regard as the first modern novel in English for its attempts at psychological realism, was published in 1740. Francisco Romero invented the muleta, which made possible the entire art of torero on foot, at some point between 1720 and 1740.

*John Masters & Mario Sevilla Mascarenas.*

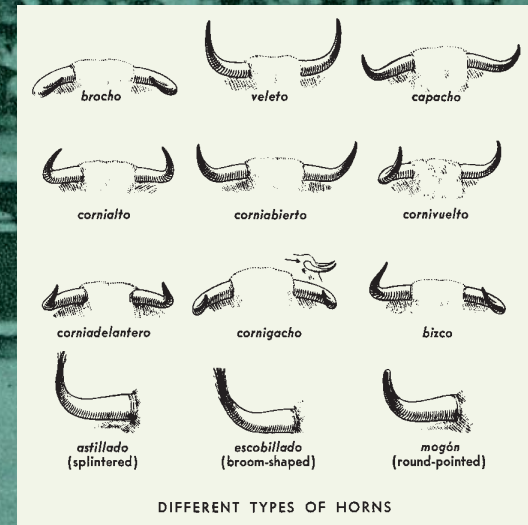
*"There is no way of explaining what a bullfight will mean to you. It is there only in the eyes, the ears, the nose, on the blood and the dust of the bullring"* John Masters

### THE FIRST MATADOR

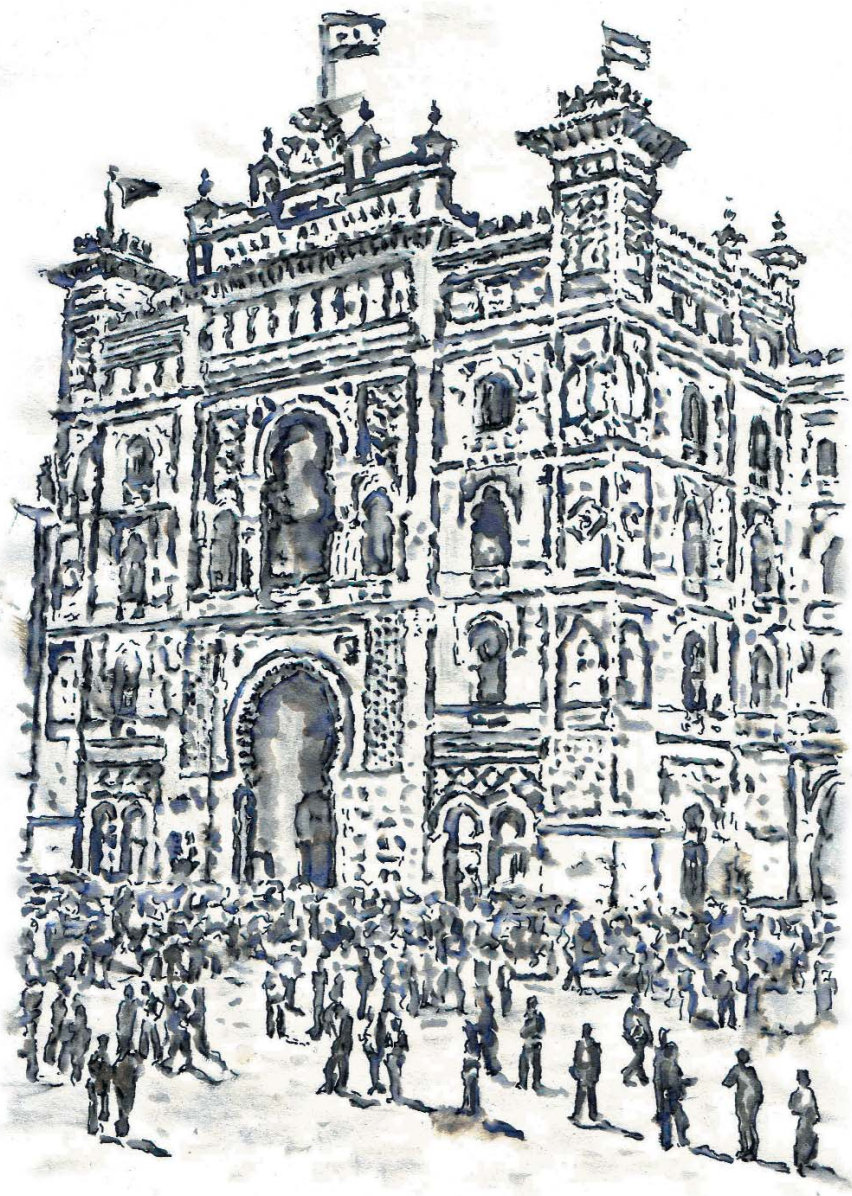
The first 'torero' to attain fame and credit was Francisco Romero, born in Rondo in 1700. His success spurred on others such as Melchor Calderon, the 'wonder of Andalusia', the brothers Martincho, Lorencillo and Marcos Combarro. The greatest of all was Joachim Rodrigues, Costillares, who invented the manoeuvre, suerte del volapié, the idea of walking toward the bull to challenge it, instead of waiting for it to charge the matador.

*"The hard-boiled are compensated for their silence; they fly planes or fight bulls or catch tarpon, whereas I rarely leave my room"*  
Saul Bellow, 'Dangling Man', 1944

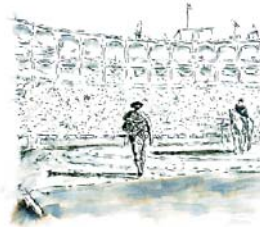
*"Who would go to see this posturing bully, the Matador, if he were dressed in workman's clothes and cap?"* George Bernard Shaw







las Ventas







Portada de la revista taurina *Sol y Sombra* de los hermanos Carrión con Vicente Pastor «Chico de la Blusa», muy al principio de su carrera y muy lejos aún de ser figura (17 de julio de 1902).



8 FEBRERO 2009

LA MÉXICO "PATAS ARRIBA"



## FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA

At a time when other intellectuals were talking of the abolition of bullfights in Spain, Lorca proclaimed "I think it is the most cultured festival that exists anywhere in the world. The only place where one can go in complete safety to contemplate death surrounded by the most dazzling beauty. What would happen to the Spanish springtime, to Spanish blood, even to the Spanish language if the trumpets of the bullring should ever cease to sound?"

LLANTO POR IGNACIO SÁNCHEZ MEJÍAS

A coffin on wheels is the bed  
At five in the afternoon  
Bones and flutes sound in his ears  
At five in the afternoon  
The bull was bellowing through his forehead  
At five in the afternoon  
The room was rainbowed with agony  
At five in the afternoon  
From far away the gangrene comes already  
At five in the afternoon  
The trumpet of the lily through green groins  
At five in the afternoon  
Like suns his wounds were burning  
At five in the afternoon  
And the crowd was breaking the windows  
At five in the afternoon  
At five in the afternoon  
Ay, what a terrible five in the afternoon  
It was five by all the clocks  
It was five in the shade of the afternoon

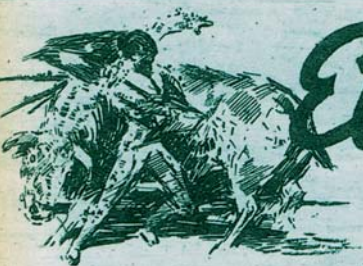
## *Federico García* **LORCA**

*An Appreciation, with Selected*

*Translations of His Poetry*

*by* **ROY CAMPBELL**





# El Ruedo

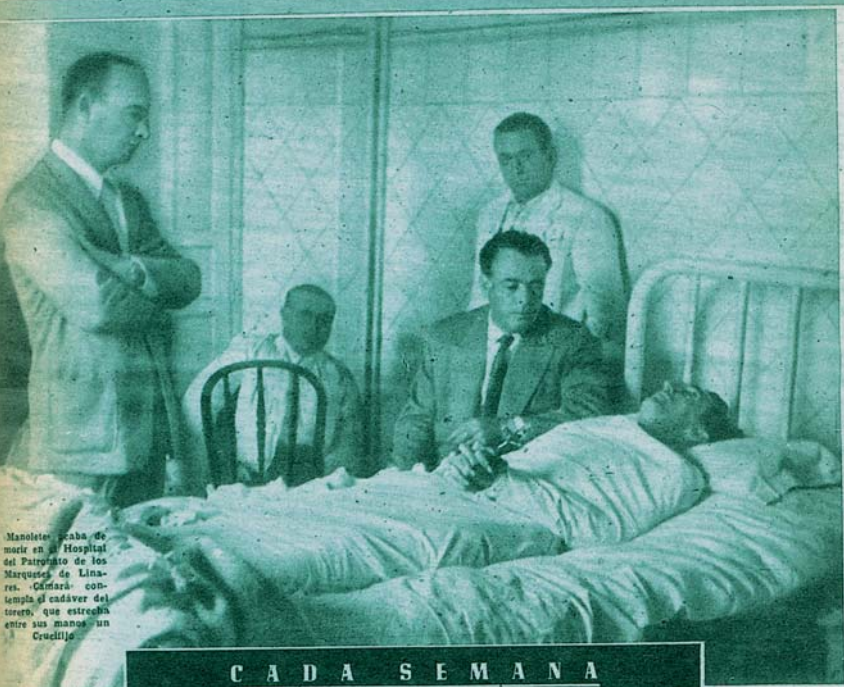
Semanario gráfico de los toros

FUNDADO POR MANUEL FERNANDEZ CUESTA

Dirección: Fernán González, 28. Teléfs. 265091-265092

Administración: Alfonso XII, 26. Teléfs. 214460

Año IV - Madrid, 4 de septiembre de 1947 - N.º 167



Manolete, acaba de morir en el Hospital del Patronato de los Marqueses de Linares. «Cafarà» contempla el cadáver del torero, que estrecha entre sus manos un Crucifijo.

CADA SEMANA

## A "MANOLETE" le ha matado un toro

A muerte de "Manolete", víctima de un toro de Miura en la Plaza de Linares, ha conmovido, con los acontecimientos, a una catástrofe, el alma española. En el hecho tremendo de esta vida joven, que cae destrozada en un ambiente de fiesta, de alegría y de pasión, se dan las dimensiones de la leyenda, el sentido de lo maravilloso. Todo en "Manolete" —en su vida y en su muerte— tiene carácter de fábula, casi de irreversibilidad. De su infancia triste y enfermiza, sus fuerzas para reaccionar vigorosamente frente al desvalimiento de la orfandad; como por encanto, logra transformar su traza des-

garbada en una línea de armonía clásica; alcanza un prestigio fulgurante ante las masas, que le admiran con fanatismo; hace sus viajes a América envuelto en el misterio y la prisa del aire, y le acompaña en países remotos y extraños el estrépito de la popularidad; sus riquezas parecen que florecen como por graciosos resortes de magia, y todo con ese aire grave, concentrado, en el que se adivina una lucha heroica entre una timidez natural y una

rigida voluntad de vencer. Así era de fuertemente sugestiva la figura de "Manolete", que ha rematado su arquitectura impresionante yendo

a morir en una Plaza de Toros, herido por un toro de Miura, ganadería de leyenda también. "Manolete" no ha necesitado que el tiempo le fuera tejendo gradualmente la fama, el romance del torero y el hombre. Su fuerza interior, su personalidad rotunda, habían ya creado en vida, de golpe, el mito. Era el héroe joven de los cuentos infantiles; también el predestinado a la tragedia, que tragedia es el arte de los toros; era el elegido, al que Dios



LA AFICIÓN DE MANOLETE





## PREPARATIONS

From *On Bullfighting* by A.L. Kennedy

And good order is in the details. Matadors usually tape the penis in place against the root and side of the thigh. Any padding added at this point is, naturally, of more psychological than actual benefit, although it may help to make the extremely tight fit of the traje's britches rather more bearable. This snug fit, of course, has the effect of displaying the matador's gender more than eloquently, at which point the padding may provide a certain ego-boost. Aficionados joke about 'one-handkerchief' and 'two-handkerchief' matadors. Very occasionally, a horn rip to the matador's clothing may be more than usually revealing. Morenito de Maracay was informally elected by some aficionados as Torero's *Most Outstanding Man* after one such incident a few years ago. Beyond the obvious innuendo and machismo, Maracay's embarrassment serves as a reminder of how prevalent inner-thigh injuries are in the corrida. It's by no means unheard of for matadors to lose testicles as a result of such wounds.

Over whatever personal arrangements the matador favours, come the underwear: traditionally anachronistic knee-length underpants. Occasionally these have been replaced by full length leotards, in which case the stockings are fastened over them.

Next, the talleguilla – the miraculously tight embroidered silk breeches of the traje. These may be in almost any colour, although almost every shade – if not every traje – has its good and bad luck stories. It is, perhaps, unsurprising that yellow, the colour of the sanbenito, still has a particularly evil reputation, particularly among gypsy toreros. Some matadors will even replace the yellow lining of the capote de brega with blue. Loaned suits may bring death to the borrower, red (if it is wrongly suggested) may lead the bull to confuse the man with the red muleta. Characteristically, Julián López López – 'El Juli' – the young phenomenon astonishing Spanish aficionados at the moment, favours a red suit.

The talleguilla is tight, in the manner of fencer's britches, and for much the same reasons. There must be no possibility of the bull's horns snagging a loose piece of cloth and so catching and wounding the matador. Fear, exertion and, in summer, the concentrated heat of a ring will sweat pounds off the matador during the corrida and

leave the suit relatively, but still not dangerously, loose. It takes a great deal of time and assistance to ease the man into his talleguilla – some even straddle a rolled towel and are jogged into their britches in tiny jolts. Many toreros say that it takes years for a man to get over the sense of absolute exposure that the talleguilla can inspire in the wearer. From roughly nipple height to just below the knee, they seem to both trap and reveal his body.



The talleguilla is fastened below the knee, either with drawstrings or, less traditionally, with elastic, and tassels called – of course – machos are precisely positioned at the edge of the talleguilla on the outside of the leg.

Next, the matador's zapatillas – the flat, black slippers which give all but the most graceful a characteristic slightly flat-footed gait. The slippers appear an illogically insubstantial choice of footwear, even in a tradition where self-protection is often synonymous with dishonour. The soles of the zapatillas are, in fact, more

resilient than appearances might suggest and are ribbed for grip. Even so, when fighting in the rain (almost all rings are open-air) matadors may choose to proceed in stocking feet, to prevent potentially fatal slipping, and can then make a sorry spectacle, wet-headed, their suit blurred with blood and water, their stockings in shreds at the feet.

Next, the coleta. This is the false pigtail worn by all toreros, except the picador, as a mark of their profession. Until Belmonte cut his coleta in an attempt to render himself less recognisable in the street, these pigtails were simply a permanent part of any given torero's coiffeur. Since Belmonte, false coletas – or añadidos – often made of sweetheart's or mother's hair – have been fixed to the head under a plain, rounded button so that they just show below the matador's hat, the montera. The official retirement ritual of the matador is still the 'cutting' of the coleta.

Next, the matador puts on a ruffle-fronted linen shirt and fastens his braces. He puts on his narrow black tie – the corbatín – which is secured to his shirt with a stitch of thread. The tie gives an incongruously schoolboy effect, a reminder that matadors begin







¡Aquí te espero!!!

their careers as very young men and that their dreams are even younger. Once a sash has been fastened very securely around the talleguilla, the matador is ready for his jacket.

The chaquetilla, or jacket, is a stiff, heavy affair, once again of silk and embroidery which will only reach to something like the depth of the man's shoulder blades. Its colour will match that of the talleguilla. Traditionally, only matadors have the right to wear gold embroidery on their whole traje. Picadors may have gold on their jackets, but their trousers are of buckskin. The banderilleros may wear black velour reminiscent of animal fur. It has changed in shape over the centuries from a type of topknot, to an unwieldy-looking pyramidal structure burdened with black froggong, to the deep, winged skull-cap of today. The montera is worn during the initial cape passes in the ring. It is removed for the kill and sometimes used to dedicate the death of the bull, either to a particular, forewarned audience member or to the crowd as a whole. Only a promising bull will be dedicated in a brindis, or toast, the best type of animal being reserved for the audience. The audience may then reciprocate by rewarding a good performance with requests that the matador be granted either one or two of the bull's ears – matadors are ranked by the number of ears – and, more vulgarly and recently, tails – that they cut in a season.

If the brindis is for the crowd, the matador will swivel round, holding the montera above his head in salute; he will then throw it over his shoulder to land, either right-side-up or not, on the sand. There are, naturally, superstitions regarding this point. If the montera lands upside-down it is most often said to lie open and waiting to hold the matador's blood. To allay this anxiety, a quieter rival tradition states that, had the montera landed the opposite way, it could have been considered to be spilling his luck. Some matadors will tip the montera over if its gape disturbs them, or simply place it as they would like. The montera is removed for the kill as a sign of respect, primarily to the bull. Very occasionally a senior matador who feels



he is facing an inadequate bull will signal his displeasure by killing it without removing his montera.

The matador will also carry a lavishly embroidered parade cape – the capote de paseo – as he first processes into the ring. This will be wrapped around him, sling-fashion in the time-honoured manner, and may bear images of the matador's patron saint.

The traje de luces itself costs something approaching three thousand dollars and can weigh a little in excess of a stone. The jacket, in particular, is exceptionally stiff, partly with embroidery and partly because of the rather rudimentary care to which it is subjected. During the corrida, the traje will be spattered, if not daubed, with bull's blood and impregnated with sweat. It can only be cleaned by holding it under running water and scrubbing with soap and a hard brush.



Victoriano

Once in his traje, the matador will set his mind, perform his private acts of faith. Then he will start his journey to the ring. A burning, glistening image in silk and metal thread, he will appear walking quietly, perhaps slipping between admirers and autograph-hunters, into the toreros' entrance to the plaza.

This is where the comfort and the delight of his vocation have led. This is where he's on his own. Back in the hotel room there may well be a candle, left burning for his sake.





*La Tauromaquia* is a Rifle-maker exhibition curated by Virginia Damtsa  
Book edited by Tot Taylor. Design by Julian Balme at Vegas Design  
Special thanks to Robin Mann at Rifle-maker

#### LITERATURE

*Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Majias* by Federico García Lorca 1935, published by kind permission of Meiol. Historical texts are taken from Manuel Lozano Sevilla's *All About Bullfighting* (Planeta). A. L. Kennedy texts are from *On Bullfighting* Yellow Jersey Press, London 1999 (Random House, New York)  
© A.L. Kennedy 1999.

#### OTHER SOURCES

*The Autobiography of a Matador* by Juan Belmonte, translated by Leslie Charteris, (Heinemann) 1954. *None of That* D.H. Lawrence, 1925. *The Crazy One* Norman Mailer, 1965. *The Decline of Bullfighting* Robert Graves, (short story), 1965. *Memoirs of a Bullfighter* Lola Cintron, (MacMillan, London 1968). *The Encyclopaedia of Bullfighting* Barnaby Conrad, (Houghton, Boston 1961). *Bull Fever* Kenneth Tynan (Longmans, London 1966). *Spanish Dances* by Xavier Fabregas (1965). *Taurina* by Juan Miguel Sanchez Vigil and Manuel Duran Blazquez. *The Dangerous Summer* by Ernest Hemingway (Arrow) and Taurine magazines, *Aplausos* and *Toros* 6.

We have made every effort to contact the copyright holders of all texts and images used in the publication. Any omissions will be corrected on all further printings.

ISBN 978-0-9553728-8-9

Published in an edition of 1000 copies

#### ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE RIFLE-MAKER SERIES

Voodoo: *Hoochie-Coochie and the creative Spirit* edited by Tot Taylor  
with text by Marina Warner and Zina Saro-Wiwa, 2008.  
Liliane Lijn: *Stardust*, 2008.

Gavin Turk: *Me As Him* text by Tot Taylor, 2007.

Francesca Lowe & Alasdair Gray: *Terminus*. Unpublished short story by Alasdair Gray, text by Sarah Kent, 2007.

Chosil Kil: *Living With Andis*, co-published with Cornerhouse, Manchester, 2007.  
Artists Anonymous: *Image: After-Image*, 2009.

Jamie Shovlin: *Lustfaust* text by Jamie Shovlin, 2006.

*Rifle-maker becomes Indica*: by Tot Taylor,  
with contributions from Barry Miles & John Dunbar, 2006.

William S. Burroughs: *The Unseen Art of William S. Burroughs*  
with text by Stephen Lowe and James Grauerholz, 2006.

Jamie Shovlin: *Fontana Modern Masters* text by Martin Holman, 2005.

Christopher Bucklow: *If This Be Not I* by Christopher Bucklow, 2004.

Marta Marcé: *Playroom* reproduction of the artist's sketchbook, 2004.

Jamie Shovlin: *Naomi V. Jelish*, 2004.

Coming in 2010: *Couples* with text by Tot Taylor