

POSSESSION 78

An illustrated monograph
on persons and their belongings

by Olimax

with texts by those concerned

MMVIII

P O S S E S S I O N

I have always had an ambiguous relationship with possessions. Being a natural hoarder, for years I have had a propensity to amass collections of whatever my current passion at the time happened to be, just to brutally jettison it all when I my interest waned. This was most manifest when, in 1989, I signed a record deal and turned my back on the art that had been my passion and living for more than a ten years. To mark this moment I gave away not only every camera that I possessed but irreversibly disposed of my entire back catalogue of images from over a decade of work. Every transparency, negative and print I possessed was destroyed. However I strongly believe that I could not have moved on without this gesture and each time I repeat the process I am more certain.

I have an aversion to images of people photographed seemingly just having their picture taken, with clearly no purpose whatsoever, unless that is the sole intent. I hoped that by requiring my sitters to bring a possession with them we would achieve a dialogue above and beyond this, between subject and artist, a common reference point that would serve both as focus and distraction. I was not interested in the object per se but in what effect it would have on the person and the discourse that it would bring between us.

Reaction to the request reflected something of each subject's character as much as what they brought. Some dwelt on it for days with both passion and fear. Just what would it reveal about them? Some immediately knew without question. Some believed they had brought nothing, yet everyone has items they possess at all times, be it a set of keys, a phone, a packet of cigarettes, or a tampon which, when suddenly so defined as a possession, can bring self referential questioning and redefine the part that it plays in their lives.

But in the end the portraits must speak for themselves. The viewer must gain what they can from the images they see. Hopefully you will take away something with you that will dwell in your mind, tucked inside until it is brought out into the light again: A Possession.

4TIM

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“A true friend is the best possession.”

Benjamin Franklin



Gloucester Old Spot, rare breed, pig's head. Main ingredient of Hure De Porc. See Larousse Gastronomique; Pork; Potted head.



craig hunt mad dog tv pigs head

My possession has a name. He is called Armand. I 'discovered' him one night singing on a street corner in Pimlico next to a broken hat stand and couldn't leave him there all alone. The next day I took great pleasure in asking people, "bet you can't guess what I've got in my bag."



He has his own myspace page, set up by my daughter, Sam. He feeds the fish when we go on holiday.



dave 'the hat' mcgowen messenger of god armadillo



If I told you

..... I'd have to kill you.

andy paddon sound recordist masonic watch



After avidly reading 'Uncanny Tales' and 'Mystery and Suspense' comics as a boy I was sure that these would help me see through girls blouses. I am still hoping!

The gloves were handed down to me by my father who was big in the Freemasons. They go hand in glove with my desire to do hocus pocus! Don't ask about the apron!





David Edmunds Photographers Agent X-Ray Specs

A narrow isosceles triangle
with rounded corners.



It's not filed down bone,
shell, wood, cuttlebone,
metal, amber, stone or ivo-
ry...

... 'tis but modest plastic.



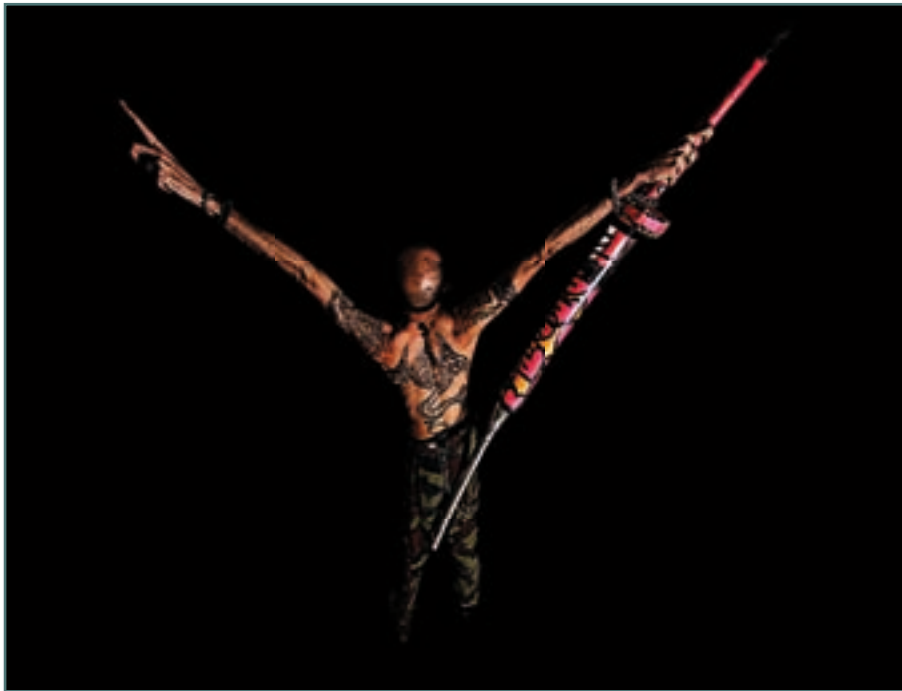
alan mac feely musician plectrum



I don't give a
SAUSAGE

eren abdullah dj saveloy





Armed with the Alabama's syringe of love and his trusty sidekick Pirate, DJ Infidel sets off onto the mean streets of Brixton to spread da word.

aitch dj love syringe



The shirt was a token of admiration made for me by Abigail Lane. It served a triple purpose: my enjoyment in wearing it, going to social functions and being able to point when constantly being asked “your name is?.. oh, and how do you spell that?”, and finally, at the very end of a long night, to remind me what my own fucking name was!

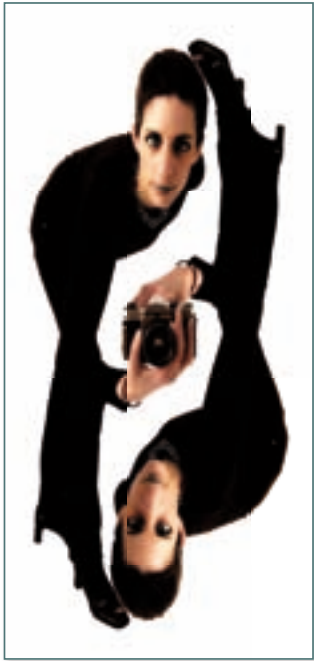


In a gesture of loving affection, I gave it away to a ship that passed in the night and it now spends its time between Venice and Las Palmas.

The vodka bottle is a natural appendage that Polish people have evolved over hundreds of years. In fact, my parents were more concerned about me being left handed than the vodka bottle grafted onto it!



michael wojas the colony room t-shirt and vodka



My favourite camera. I can't say that it lives by my side or that I carry it around everywhere I go, but it always seems to be with me at the right moment.

carla borel photographer pentax



Ten Points for and against Musical Saws



Bad:

1. Saws are sharp
2. My trousers have many holes
3. Can't take as hand luggage
4. Novelty instrument
5. Need rosin at all times
6. One song is probably enough
7. Wood worm
8. Rust
9. Can't play fast
10. Annoying

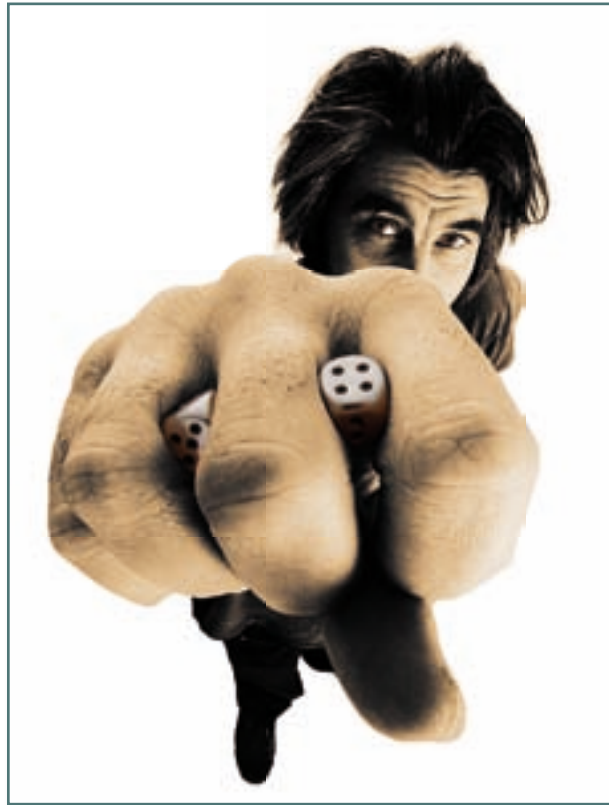
Good:

1. Double basses are heavy and expensive, saws are compact.
2. B&Q are cheap
3. Unusual
4. Impress friends and strangers
5. Works in a power cut
6. Vernon Dudley Bohay-Nowell is a lovely man
7. Handy in a plane crash
8. Makes people cry
9. Easy to play if you go blind
10. Deadly weapon

adrian stout the tiger lillies musical saw



Give up
passive smoking
now!



barry stilwell tapestry club twenty bensons





The ability to manipulate, control, coerce and deceive is inherently appealing to all red-blooded males. Who doesn't fantasise about a despotic Shangri-La with oneself as the (self-)ordained malevolent dictator? In the real world this megalomaniacal tendency is ultimately frustrated by the will of the other, leading to psychotic bouts and onanistic episodes of bleak despair and incarceration. However, in some perverse operation of transference, sleight of hand with a deck of 52 cards allows this pathology to be transformed into something aesthetic and appealing.

More significantly, waving your hand over a woman's chosen card and turning it into the Queen of Hearts is a guaranteed way to get laid.

mark papa garcia actor deck of cards





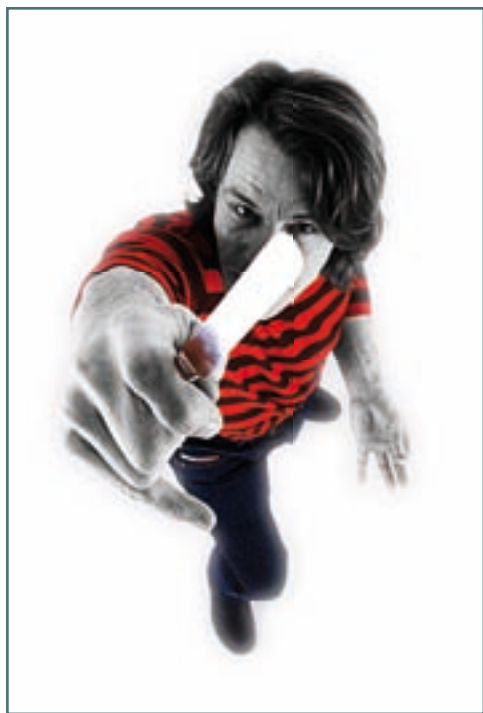
It's a red book.
I write stuff alright...

What do you want me to do,
a fucking cartwheel?

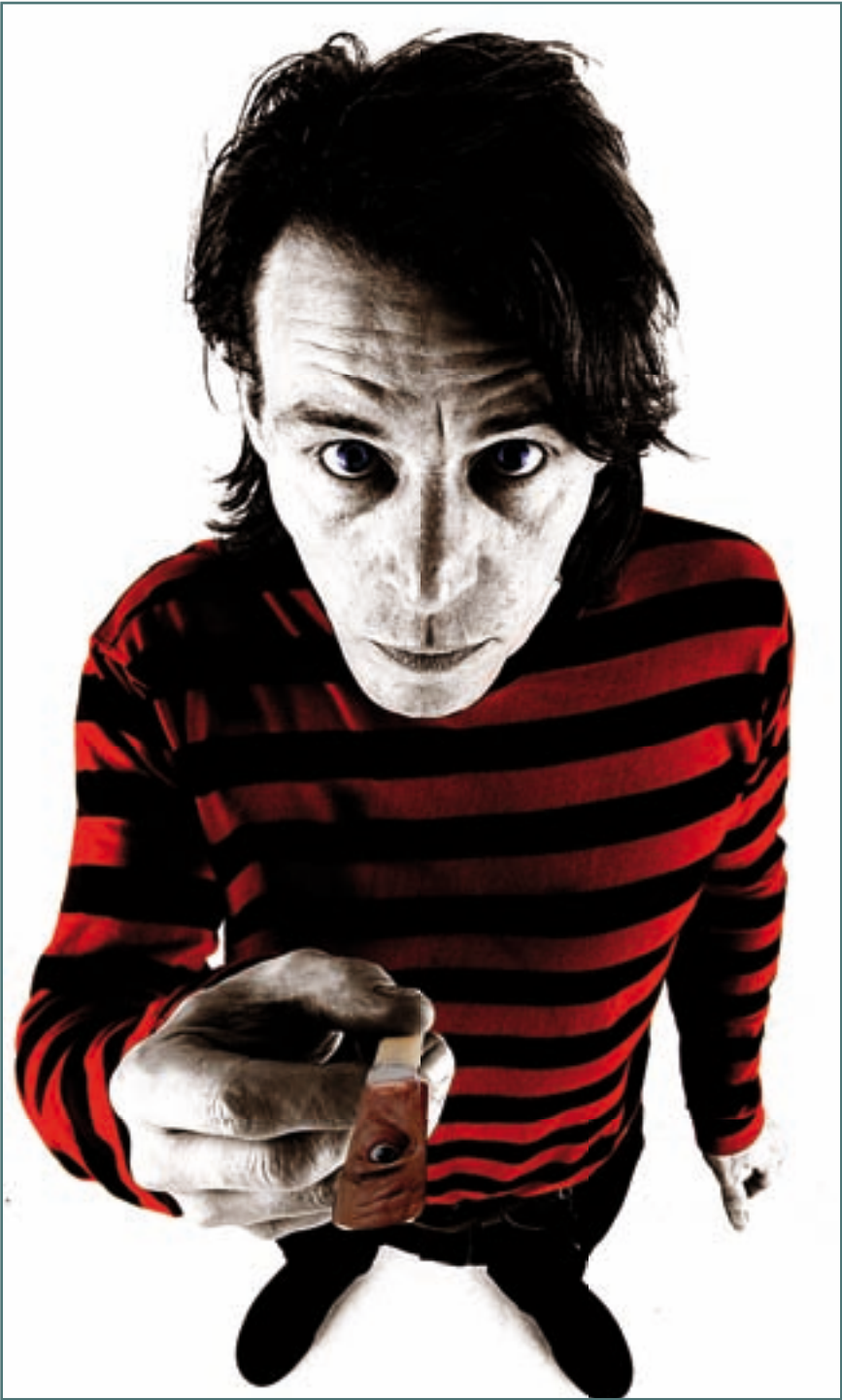


phil dirtbox entertainer notebook

'Faux bone handled butter knife' made by Robert F. Morley Ltd. Sheffield. Each one is unique, being that they are hand crafted by highly skilled cutlers, and so evoke images of hospitality of a wholesome age, or so it is said.



It's been an important part of my kitchen infrastructure for many years, making itself useful mainly by efficiently applying spreadable substances evenly on to my toast and all imaginable things. But these little babies have many uses in this big ol' world, some of them too immoral to mention. One point about these knives is that it doesn't have a point. It doesn't have a sharp edge either, making it the safest knife in the universe and to infinity and back.



colin james musician butter knife



This grenade, circa 1919, was then known as a Mills bomb. My great uncle, T.P. Mckenna, emptied the gun powder, removed the pin, and threw it at a Black and Tan. As the Black and Tan dived to the ground, unharmed, T. P. grabbed him and sent him on his way with the message: 'Don't come back!'

breffni mckenna actor ira grenade



My cherished possession is a Beretta shot gun. It's an over and under 12 gauge, bought from the landlord of the Three Chimneys pub in Biddenden, Kent. A fine hostelry, well worth a visit should you find yourself in the heart of Kent.

The gun has been used regularly at local shoots and a few further afield.

It is of course obligatory when shooting to wear daft clothing. Hence breeks, colourful socks and unusually cut suits. Flat cap is mandatory and confusion with Morris dancers inevitable when filling up at petrol stations.

Game shooting is the only acceptable circumstance in which eight men can walk into a pub armed without anyone being remotely concerned - well it is in the countryside anyway.



tony cadman adman beretta shogun

I got these ears sometime in the late nineties. I had got sick some years earlier on a rainforest expedition with my dad and stepmum, who are biologists, and had suffered worsening bouts of amoebic dysentery ever since. I had failed at this point to get a diagnosis as the doctors continually refused to look at my shit. So it was in a state of sickness and des-



peration, in Manhattan's Lower East Side, that I ended up at the door of 'Doctor Dave'. He'd been recommended to me but turned out to be an old fashioned quack. 'Dave' took my money, ignored my symptoms and put me on anti-depressants. I walked around a bit, happy pills in hand, wondering if they would make me feel better and came upon a costume shop. It was here I bought the bunny ears. I put them on my head, put the Prozac in the trash can, and walked the streets for a long time and every single human I encountered was smiling.

I won't say they cured me, but they did give me the will to carry on and I've had a soft spot for them ever since. I'm a much happier bunny these days but, even now in rare moments of existential terror or crippling hangover, I take comfort in these ears. Show me the bunny.

chris singer painter bunny ears





Espió con mi ojo pequeño,
lo tuve que hacer.



adam wright animatronic artist prosthetic eye



My relationship with my skateboard is a long and turbulent one. I have had many other lover-boards as I have loved skateboards for a long long time now, but my current relationship is a grubby yet exciting one, where I pretend to be younger than I am, and my skateboard pretends I'm still a good lover, but we both know the other is lying.

When we go out together I often get dirty looks from other men who are jealous of my board-love and wish that they still had it instead of their executive cars and Philippino maids.

Orses for courses I say. You can keep your Lexus cos I love my Santa Cruz. And she still loves me.



adam baker fantastic skateboard



I have been playing Dungeons and Dragons with the same core group for 25 years. Two actors, three bartenders and a mathematician. A Blue dragon's breath weapon is a line of lightning and they are ventriloquists. They are also evil and bad humoured. At the time of the photo the players were dark elves breaking into a giants castle whilst being ambushed by a variety of dragons.



dick bradsell bartender dragon

ROSE=EROS



hilary penn the french house roses

The very first thing I do in the morning
and what keeps me going.



... I just **love** it!



stella ioannou events director **coffee**



My beloved Salomon ski boots. My 40th Birthday present from my parents, to replace my previous boots they had bought me for my 18th Birthday, which had finally worn out after 22 years loyal service.

I love these boots so much. They're beautiful and sexy. When I first got them, I slept with them by my bedside and I have even been known to put them on when at home in London, to watch skiing on the telly.

They're an example of beautiful design and expert technology, transferring feeling from your feet through to your skis, allowing you to ski like the wind.



sal dunbar the colony room ski boots



This is my blankie
I love it and it stinks

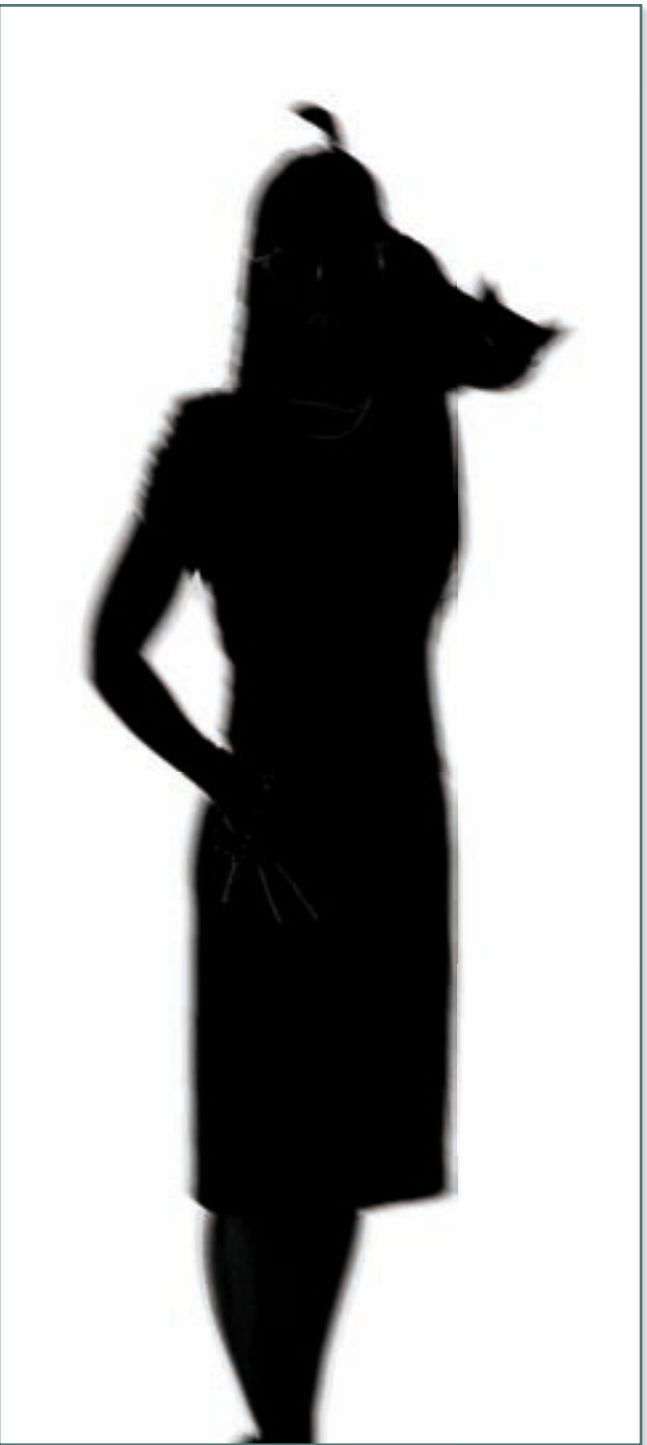
farika skilton publican blankie





I am Ruby Slippers. I take pictures. I didn't take this one as it would have been of somebody else. This cat is not cat, but rubber. It's not much of a cuddle. It has a wild accusative stare that can induce paranoid delusions. My slippers are not made from Rubys either.

fiona campbell photographer **cat**





Cohiba Si, Asbo No



jono tycross big man cohiba



Mijn Fiets. Ever since I can remember I've had a big one. Sometimes I am making with the tricks, en sometimes they don't vork out.



heilco van der ploeg south london pacific dutch bicycle

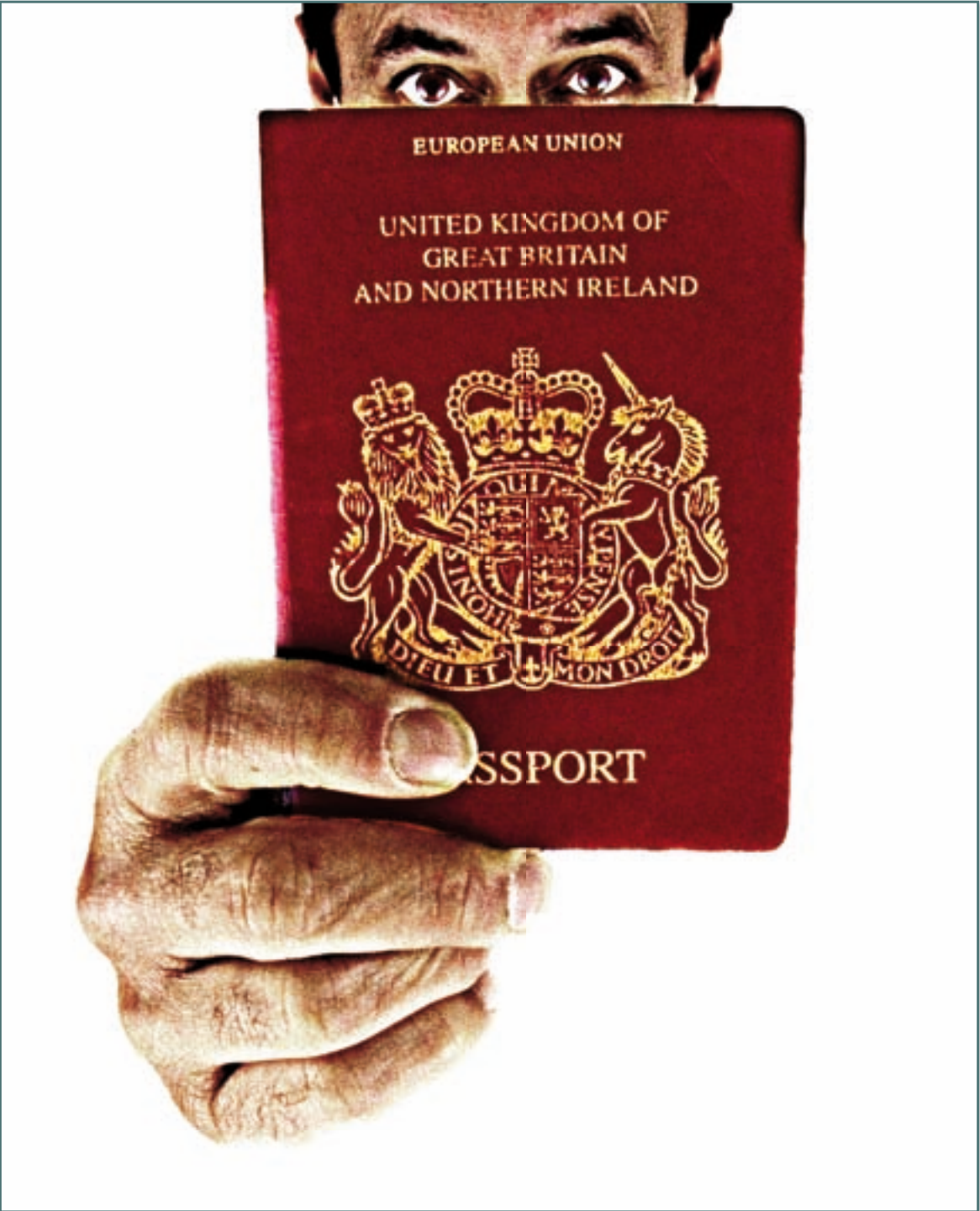


I picked my robot because I feel it has an intelligence couched in charm and wit. Also it has this wind-up mechanism that should be available to me on the NHS.

David Brown failed to bring to life his toy robot



My passport represents travel to me and I love journeys. When I have my passport in my hand I know it is going to involve crossing the water. I feel very aware when I travel and see with fresh eyes. So my passport makes me think of seeing things anew.



rick saren lifenaut passport



treen:
a small indefinable wooden
object of a practical nature

stuart lyon music promoter treen



I always carry a sprig of rosemary and some parsley in my case. This is because I am a well seasoned traveller.

I got terribly delayed at Christmas. Mind you, it was a Suspect Package Holiday!

Security asked me if I had any carry-on items. I admitted to having a signed photo of Sid James in my bag.



dorian crook comedian and a.r.c. valise



CLUNK!



CLANK!

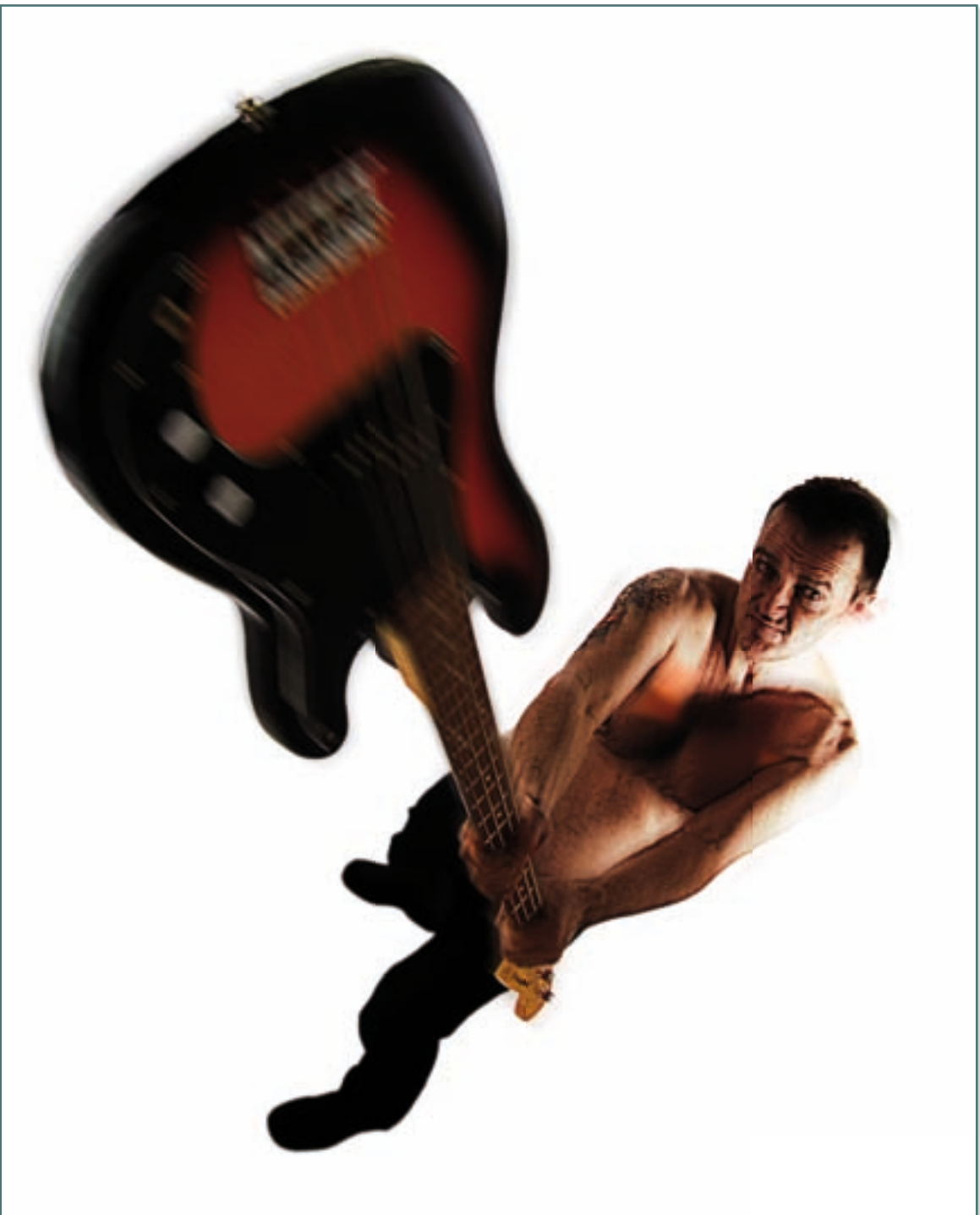


mar pod ubergeek metalwork

I can only say that bitch of a bass guitar has been a jealous mistress for most of my life, always luring itself back with false promises of untold wealth and fame. I only blame myself for being driven by these shallow goals where greed and ego have got the better of me. Still we carry on together in harmony and I'd like to use your publication to shamelessly promote our latest guise which goes under the name of "Jimmy Bolan and the Fuckallstars", a 21st century ska band giving you today's sound today.



kev harris musician bass





Trained as a painter, think as a painter, work as a painter, slowly layering and reflecting, but don't paint anymore.

The blank canvas holds the imagination in perpetual anticipation.

Coytus Interrupted.

peter coyte sound artist blank canvas



Hats are wonderful things, they lift the personality, are fun and provocative.

They also keep the rain out of your eyes when on your bicycle.



catherine newell life support hat



This is the first real painting that I ever bought. I saved a couple of weeks wages whilst working in an out-of-print bookshop by the Royal Academy. It was a limited edition print that came within a catalogue raisonné on the artist, Terry Frost. He is one of the St. Ives artists, such as Barbara Hepworth and Peter Lanyon, and I now work for an artist who also has a close association with the landscape of Cornwall and has one of her studios there. Getting this print inspired me to collect abstract and contemporary work and so my tiny flat is crammed with my finds and I'm running out of wallspace.



mandy sim
bridget riley's assistant
painting



The Streamlight Scorpion is no ordinary torch I have to say.
8,000 Candle Power - imagine having to light all of them, eh?
I've walked some of the biggest wankers in the music business
onto stage with this beacon.

I once shone it in the face of a kid in Orlando who was trying to
mug me. He got a DM boot in the Jacobs for his trouble while I
temporarily blinded him - he didn't 'alf yelp! Good torch.



mart cogger
tour manager
torch

Back in the days when I was still impressed by such things I loved the look of Wood and Bolan with their metal topped guitars. So it came as little surprise when I took it upon myself to create this one.

We bonded instantly upon its completion, this veritable katana of etched steel victorian whimsey, it walks as death among small mammals and carries my name on its every surface.





john carro the diodes guitar



Originally, I brought fairy lights with me, thinking that I'd gain an unfair luminary advantage over the rest of the single gals, but there was a clapper board knocking about the studio and I knew I could probably be a lot more saucy with that. It also doubles as a very handy nose-guillotine.

zim percival film maker clapperboard





It's my heart, my eyes
and gateway. It helps eve-
rything come to me nice
and quick - no messing
around, no waiting, no
karma - it's my very own
precious.



caroline usher healer crystal

This is my favourite EQ.
It's made by Germans.



It's got brightly coloured knobs, and sounds like mountain air on a spring morning.

jay burnett music producer **neumann eq**



I fell in love with Mrs B (short for Mrs Barcelona) when I found her in a mad carnival/joke type shop thing on my last day in Barca in 1997, near a church (where isn't?). I'd love to try and find it again one day as I dream of setting her up with a dashing bull who's been round the ring a few times so I can put her out to pasture and worry no more for her well being. We, meanwhile, could go and celebrate my match making with a manzanilla or three!

karen baker fantastic cow





L e m o n



kate davis artist **lemons**



Silver tape measure
Tiffany & Co.
New York
C. 1991

Engraved with initials M.R.P.
A gift from a grateful client.



mark powell bespoke tailor tape measure

*The centre of attention and
perfect excuse for doing very little.
Better watched with glass in hand
than bat. A restful thing when
flipped therapeutically from hand
to hand, but not when rising
towards your head at 70mph. Best
to buy some seats, invite some
friends, pack a picnic and see what
someone else can do with it. That's
proper occupation*

miles colclough publisher cricker ball

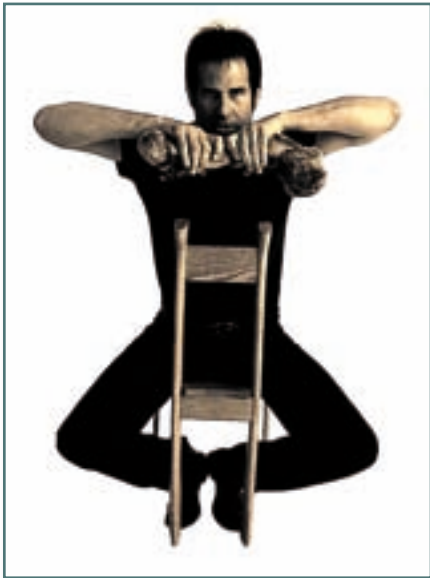


As I couldn't find my machine gun and rocket launcher, I brought one of my latest pieces and my cricket gear.

When I'm not working for the other side, these are things I like to do.



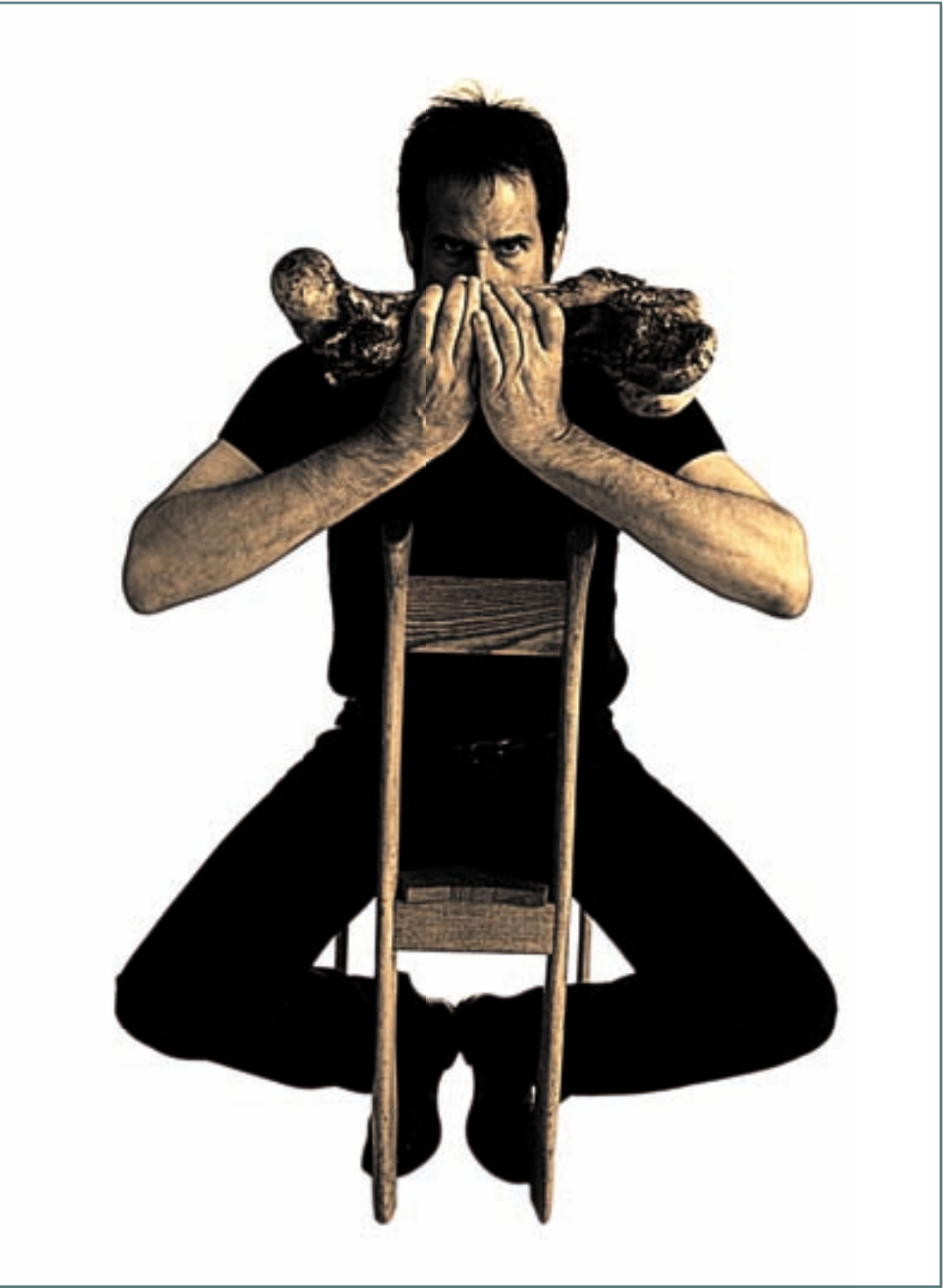
rob jackson chef cricker kit and painting



I am a carnivore, instinctive like a hound who forages on the street for things to pick up and devourer.

I found this bone on the way to the photo shoot. It is intrinsically formed by nature complementing the skeletal form of the chair.

. . Gnash, Gnash, Gnash.



Paul Robinson the diodes bone

It's **B**uddha, Dude!

michael o'neill adobe dude buddha





Head Gear

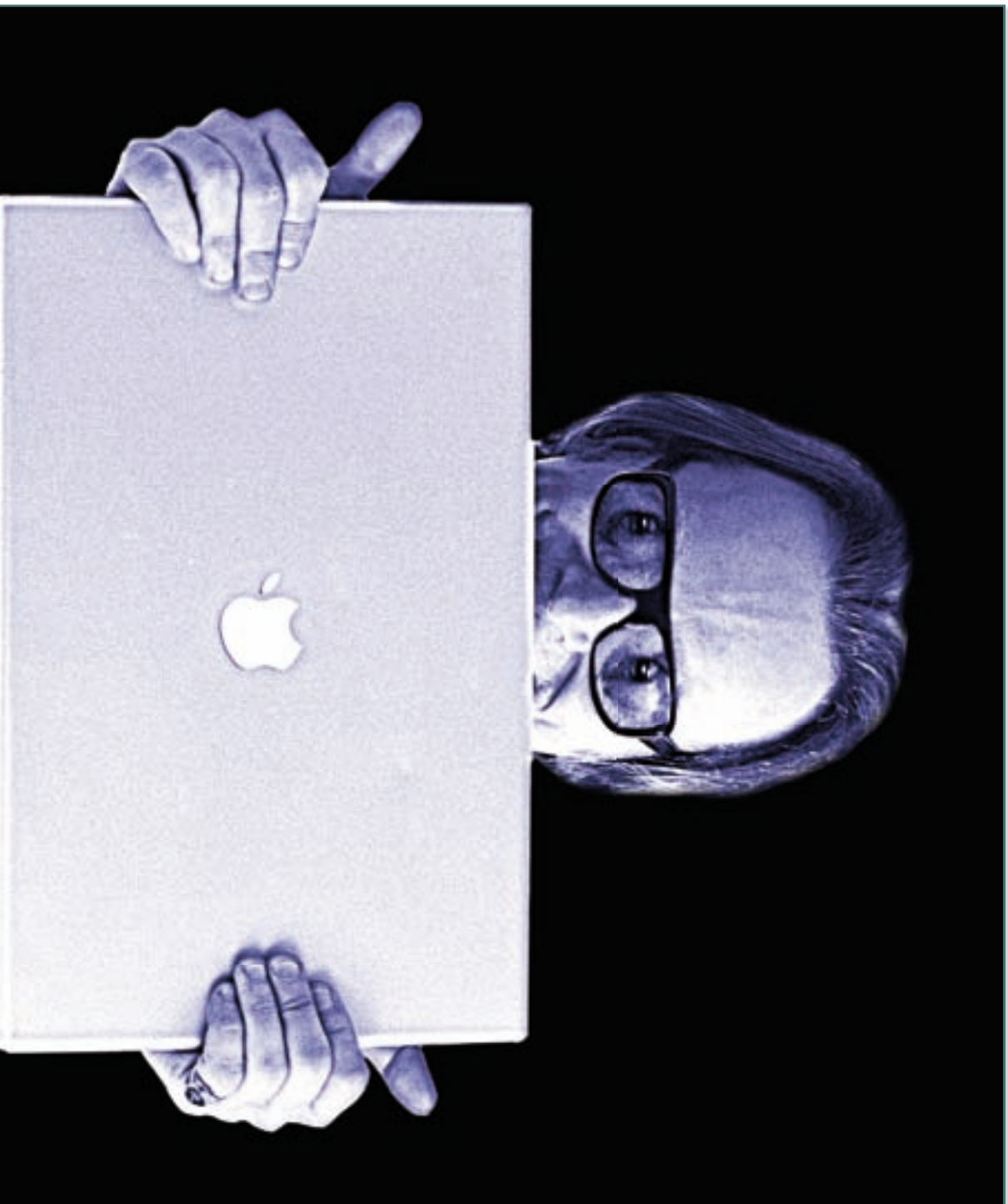
nick amour composer hat





An Apple a day..

andy carroll composer **powerbook**





My friends and I used to read about Studio 54 and dream of riding in to the youth club disco on a horse, just like Bianca Jagger. With a mirror ball, you can be anywhere your dreams take you. Every home should have one.

claire rexford arbiter of taste and decency **mirror ball**



I love words. When I was a child, feeling vulnerable and weird, I used them to attack and best my enemies. Words they didn't know. Words that proved I was clever, even if I wasn't pretty, popular or happy. It took me a while to discover that people don't love you for being clever, unless you count teachers. And of course if teachers love you, nobody else does.



The etymological dictionary has a special place, because it's all about where words come from. I studied Latin and Greek, French and learned Italian and a bit of Spanish and German along the way. With those, you can trace our language back, following the roots, discovering the connexions, unearthing the meaning below the meaning we know. It's a kind of linguistic archaeology – the physical kind does nothing for me – full of revelations. It seems important to establish the true meaning of things. Language is all that keeps us from killing each other, after all.



sheila hayman director and novelist etymological dictionary



The fruits of my labour

alice harter band manager the magic numbers figurines





The objects that I am carrying are called Sai, and they are weapons from South-East Asia. They combine the functions of gauntlet, stiletto, knuckle-duster, and baton, and they can be used to strike, or to stab, or to trap and lock limbs. They can also be thrown at someone's legs to bring them down. They are mainly used for non-lethally disarming an opponent who wields a sword or a spear. I, however, just enjoy twirling them around when I'm writing, because it helps me to think and because they feel elegant.



christian david literary genius and martial artist sai



everywhere It takes me



amaia allende artist bike



Not fair! Jay forgot to bring the thing I wanted to be photographed with, my giant fluffy penguin.

Wine says nothing about me apart from that I am a lush, which is true I guess, but not defining is it. Wah!

Anyway my penguin was about an ability to love inanimate objects.

christine kellogg label manager red wine



Cooking
Music
Wine
Sex
Love Life!

danny rampling dj cookery book



Chateau d'Yquem 1986.
Nick-ed it! Nice drop, arguably the most precious drop the globe over, not exactly a '67, but not bad for a twenty one year old.



The perfect accompaniment to Oli's hair raising twenty one year old Stilton and Foie Gras with Wasabi Mash - a bit sweet though.



nick dumergue vinologist chateau d'yquem 86



My object is a drum tensioner torque wrench, and it is my favourite object because it is a such quaint example of things of the mechanical age. Now everything is bio/electronic and I like this thing because of its pretentious 'technical' look, when its purpose in life is to help tone deaf (or just plain deaf) drummers like me tune their kit.



nick rhodes director of studies central saint martins **drum key**



The object that can be observed in this photographic portraiture is an electrical guitar. Whence 'tis plugged into an valve amplifier and strumm'ed virulently it dost produce straining tones of tremendous umbrage. 'Tis fashioned from a tin of motor carriage oil and bears the nomenclature 'Castrol GTX'. 'Twas almost certainly produced by underage slave luthiers in South Africa, and sadly rare nowadays. Never the less, this is my second of these criminally guilty pleasures. The first was fashioned from a tin of an highly unsatisfactory oil viscosity, and thus was laid bare upon'st the skull of fellow Rubbishman Bertrand during an frenzied out-chorus of Rule Britannia. I say Rubbish is as Rubbish finds, but this Rubbish Guitar now has a proven pedigree; Chris Rea plays one.



paul lawford the rubbishmen guitar



I've been using a walking stick for over 20 years now, because of back trouble. After a year or so I decided I needed something a bit ritzier for evenings out, and bought this. The cane is Canadian maple, and the pewter handle is that of a badger's head. I think the badger has probably been my totem animal ever since reading 'The Wind In The Willows'. Like me, he prefers to be nocturnal, and left in peace.

peter hogan **writer** **the badger**



The hat: a brown narrow-brim trilby purchased a few months pre-shoot in an army surplus store on Hollywood Boulevard. I've always liked a man in a hat. As a child in the 1950s my dad would sit reading the Daily Mirror in his battered cheesecutter cap so I guess I associate them with comfort, and an acceptable formality, although what the late Stanley Ernest would make of his errant son in his shameless altogether is a completely different matter!



The black strips of cardboard were an idea I had on the morning of the shoot. A brazen nod to the "Hollywood Confidential" pulp mags of the 50s again with the blanked out eyes affording the photos a ridiculous form of anonymity, both silly yet unsettling at the same time. For the lower strip only a very small piece of card was required.



ronnie golden comedian discretion

The bones of the feet are a remarkable engineering feat - the way energy is absorbed and created by the juxtaposition of just one big fat heel against all the metatarsals is amazing.



My 'foot' was given to me by my yoga pupils - cos I go on about the feet so much! Well a healthy contact through your feet with the ground is enjoyably strengthening and liberating.



su sareen creative director foot

This is the leaf of a Ginkgo friend of mine. A couple of years ago I studied tree surgery for the love of trees, and one day, as I was walking in Camden, I saw this street Ginkgo whose entire top had been ripped by drunken idiots. Ginkgos need their 'leader' which is the top vertical branch that grows straight out of the trunk in order to grow. Without it they die so I knew the young



tree would die soon. A couple of days later, I returned in full tree surgery regalia with a ladder and administered emergency surgery to the poor ginkgo. I tricked it into believing that it still had a leader by bending his highest branch vertically and tying it properly to the stump that I had previously cleaned up. Winter followed, and everytime I drove past I stopped my motorbike and went talking to the tree. I was boosting it, telling it that I wanted to see some proper growth in the spring, that there was no other possibility, that it was to grow strong and beautiful. Then I would hug it and as I drove off I could

always feel the tree's love boosting me back from behind. The tree recovered and is now one beautiful and strong Ginkgo. I still stop everytime and talk to it. In fact it is at the top of Parkway on Gloucester Avenue right outside the Cecil Sharpe House where the Ukulele Orchestra often play. If you go there, go give it a hug.



the fantastic **laura b dj** and musician **ginkgo leaf**



I don't really care for vinyl as such. I have off-loaded three quarters of my record collection recently. However I have five boxes of 7 inch singles that I can't seem to part with. Every time I move house I find them in a corner somewhere. Some of them I bought as a kid with my 'penny for the guy' and 'bob a job' money, many were ex juke box singles with no middles bought from the sweet-shop. A few even have other people's names on them and I really should give them back one day but I have a sneaky feeling I never will nor will I ever part with them.

nicky holloway dj 7" singles



Poker is a game of skill, cunning, bluff and patience. A perfect analogy for life in the city. The tools of this particular trade are a pack of cards, a green baize and, most importantly, poker chips. Some say these were the most important invention within the game's long history. They take away the reality of losing hard cash.



Would you rather push ten crisp twenty pound notes into the middle of the table when you have nothing but a pair in your hand, or two of those nice red chips? I started playing poker in the mid nineties and, when I'd fallen in love with the game, I quickly decided to get some proper chips. I vividly remember selecting the design, and colours and

the rather imposing case to house them. I remember the excitement of that first game with the new soundtrack of chips being thrown, gathered and stacked. I remember the joy of witnessing the slender towers of primary colours that gradually grew in front of me during the evening's play, and the sadness as later they dwindled and dispersed around the table. But then the three aces arrive...

steve austen-brown designer poker chips



This is my banjo-uke, or ukulele-banjo, or banjolele or banjulele. It is held together with masking tape, string and a sense of quiet desperation. When playing it plugged into a PA system I sometimes stuff a sock inside it to cut down the reverberation so when someone says "Oi, put a sock in it!" I reply "Too late, mate, I already have done."



Ukulele is Hawaiian for "dancing flea" because of the way one's digits hop and jump around the fretboard. Orchestras play in orchestra pits. I have lived and played in flea-pits. People sometimes dance when we play. Hence Nigel Burch and the Flea-Pit Orchestra



nigel burch the flea pit orchestra banjolele

Twenty years ago my friend and I went travelling to India and Australia for six months. Her mum gave her a leaving present and kindly surprised me with one too, the St. Christopher, which I've worn ever since. Mister Christopher the Saint has accompanied me to:

India, his first trip
Australia
Amsterdam, regularly
Paris, one year
Norway, many visits
Sweden
Denmark
Iceland
Thailand and Goa, a couple of times
Spain, Ibiza and Catalunya extensively
Lisbon and west coast Portugal
New York and Shanghai for Xmas
Vancouver for a wedding
Turkey
Sardinia
Belgium
England
Scotland
and Wales

nookie account executive **saint christopher**





An ever-optimistic glass half-full of the consistently sublime Pavillion Cabernet Shiraz 2005 from the Boschendal Vineyard.

Plenty more where that came from! Bish Bosh!

ramsen hiles the french house glass of wine





My two favourite objects are a miniature statue of The Queen Mum and a pig à la Queen Mum. The pig was wearing a blue dress and hat plus pearl necklace and so was the Queen Mother figurine. Pigs are obvious to love. They're cuddly, cute and have the best nose of all animals. The trotters are cute too. The Queen Mum might be a bit harder to understand, but I've long been fascinated by older ladies and women of that generation. The ones who trot along in hats, dresses and beige tights along with blue/purple hair. They are fascinating to watch. They are the last generation to ever look this way. So open your eyes for old ladies before they die.

vanessa fristedt designer queen mum and a pig





Best heavy metal supplied by
Harry The Bastard
Must Have Rock Accessories

adrian smith bloody spider two-headed spacebat angel dragon

143



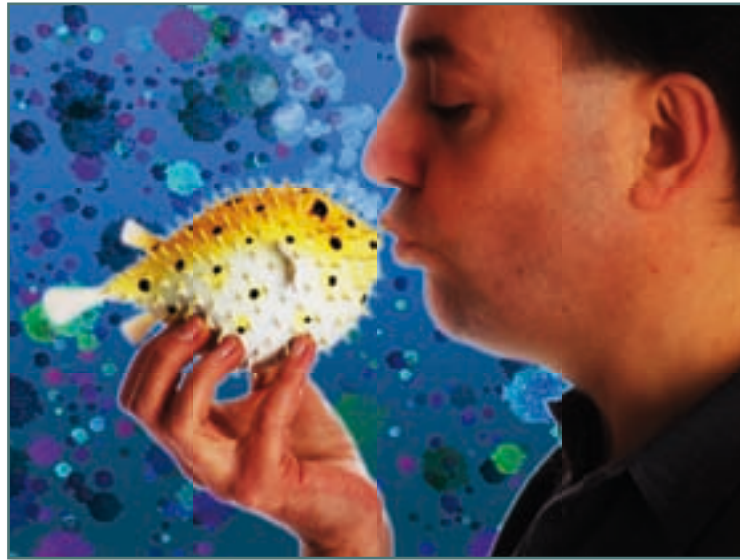
Bubbles are like dreams;

they burst...

then there's another one.



ross birch the myth bubbles



Rob loved his fish as passionately as he loved his records. Every edition of Volume had a different one on the cover. He would dive with them and photograph them. Now he sleeps with them. May he find the peace he was searching for. OM



rob deacon 1965 - 2007 fish

My Dad gave me this.

He bought it back from Mexico for my birthday when I was 6.

I brush the teeth when they get dusty.



rabina strarton designer sharks jaw

A 300 million year old fossil from the Ordovician era, dubbed the 'space worms' they were no doubt top of their tentacley game eons before the advent of the spineless human race. A birthday gift from Phil Dirtbox, having survived countless centuries they were nearly shattered after a single night on the tiles with yours truly. When I reached into my pocket the following morning and fished them out I thought I was hallucinating but after cooing a few gentle words in their shells like we bonded across the millenia. I keep them at home now to avoid a potential break-up!

mark vincent soho rambler fossil





The name of the little man is Shamus. We found each other a few years ago. He was sitting in a junk shop in Essex Road and when our eyes meet it was love. I love him very much but he can be a bit of a handful when he drops his pants and does toilet on people. But two weeks ago I jumped on his head while on love drugs and gin. He seems to be ok. I love him very much.



robert greene the rubbishmen shamus macsweeney

I love hats. I've got dozens. Mostly I make them, the bigger the better. This one was a birthday present and perfect for the Chelsea flower show. Everyone used to wear hats, and I wish more people would. Essentially frivolous, they can be transformational, sophisticated, or, for me, a instant and effortless form of dressing up.

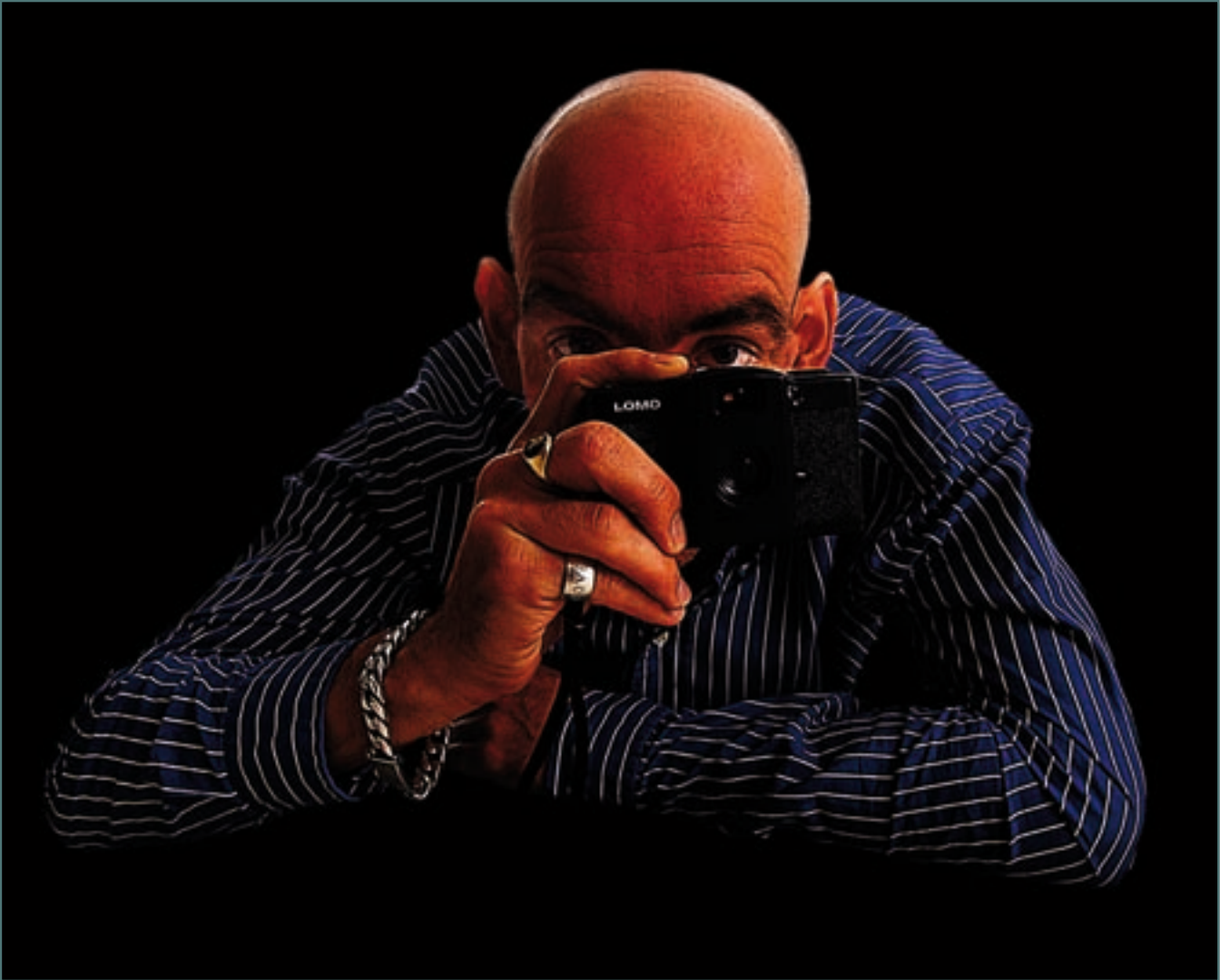


I'm a big fan of the Lomo LC-A. I love the quality of the photos it produces and its analog clunkiness in this streamlined, digital age. It's also a great little object and has a fantastic lens.



The jewellery holds sentimental value; the Playboy ring was a birthday present from an ex-girl friend, the silver pinkie ring was a gift from my dear friend Pam Hogg and my girl friend, Nookie, brought back the bracelet from New York for me. I wear them always.

matthew sanger archive producer lomo camera



We were The Young Ones at 97 in 96. Then moved onto playing Jack Lemmon to Walter Matthau in 98. How Odder Couple would one want to meet. I'm the man who brought him Buddhist Enlightenment, Barry's Tea and Kinky Friedman. We've dabbled in music, been seen out at theatre together, but like Randolph Scott to Cary Grant when all said and done: Just good friends! Costume a present from a trip up the Nile. Or was that denial?



sean chenery international nanny dishdash





Gnome time
like the present



ron terrill art dealer egg timer

Daddles the Duck is important to me because it was purchased on the last morning of the infamous 2nd Ashes test at Adelaide, December 2007. England were already 50 odd runs ahead having made 550 in the first innings. We were 0-1 down in the series but there was every chance of an Edgbaston-style revival. By the end of the day it had all gone horribly horribly wrong. I like to keep Daddles close to me to remind me how sweet it will be when we finally wrestle the Ashes back off them again.



My remote holds the key to my life. It sets all my favourite programmes, creates series links and even pauses and re-winds live tv. Live TV - stopped while I go to the fridge, take a pee, answer the phone! A miracle! I can flick, pause, plan, reset and re-rewind all the joys that come out of my TV set. It should never leave my side.



paul simpler writer daddles



The Notebook of Truth
in which resides
the hair of the doggerel



vic lambrusco poet notebook

T H E L A S T W O R D

In 1989 I swore I would never take another photograph or own another camera again. I was mistaken. This is the result.

I had intended to make a portrait of myself for this project. However my choice of possession is mostly contained within: My friends. Not that I own anyone but my relationship with so many exceptional people is by far my most cherished asset, and is richness beyond any wealth. So that's lucky then.

Thank you friends, past and present, future and departed.
You know who you are. And I know where you live.

