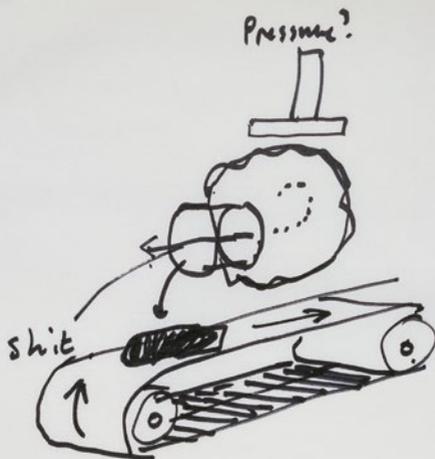


A WORK OF FAN NON-FICTION



The Philosophy of Jake & Dinos Chapman
A special project for Art Unlimited / Galerist

Art work by Jake & Dinos Chapman

Edited by Nick Backworth
Creative Direction by Fear East

With special thanks to Anika & Zusa.

The ~~Divine~~ UNHOLY TRAGICComedy

by

Dante Alighieri

In the middle of the journey of my life, I found myself in a dark wood, and the path ahead was lost to me. It's hard, even now, to speak of how wild, harsh and impenetrable that wood was, indeed thinking about it gives me the chills. I'd almost rather die than tell the story again, but, to get to the good bits later on I need start off with all the horrible and evil things I saw, so I better stop whining and get on with it.

I don't really remember how I got into the wood in the first place, because I was pretty out of it, both generally speaking and that precise moment in time – I was having a lot of blackouts – I guess you could say I'd abandoned the straight and narrow path. Anyway, after a bit of trudging through the spooky valley, which I quickly realised was the UNDER-WORLD!!, I got to the foot of a hill that had a lovely little sprinkle of sunlight at its crest which cheered me up no end!

So I took it easy for a bit and before I knew it I was asleep. I woke up with a start – it was just before dawn and lots of lovely twinkly, spangly stars carpeted the heavens with their delicate starlight... but then it all got weird and scary, and I wondered if I was still tripping - a lion appeared and then a really hungry she-wolf with scary fangs and teeth and I completely lost it and ran screaming in terror into the nearby forest at which point I knocked myself out on a low hanging branch. When I came to – with a terrible hangover and a massive bump on my head may I just say – I stood up and saw the figure of man in the distance. I approached him warily.

“Who art thou” I said, in my best oldy worldy voice, “The wraith of an ancient hero, Achilles, Hector perhaps? Or Aeneas?” But then I looked more closely and realised it was Andy Warhol.

"Hi, Andy" I said.

"Hi", he said, deploying his famously deadpan wit.

"You're looking pretty pale", I said.

"I'm dead", he said.

"Ah, well that would explain it, then"

There was an embarrassed silence for a bit.

"Andy"

"Yes?"

"So, we're doing this book, an introduction to the visual and philosophical world of Jake & Dinos Chapman and some of the neo-materialist strands of thought that animate their work."

...

"I wondered if you'd like to act like a guide, through the underworld of their thoughts"

"Like a spirit animal?" He said hopefully.

"Yes" I said, a little sadly, "Like a spirit animal."

"OK!" he said, with a twinkle in his eye, as he started slowly sucking on his middle finger....



... And Now A Word From Our Sponsor

There is one simple criterion of taste in philosophy: that one avoid the vulgarity of anthropomorphism. It is by failing here that one comes to side with cages. The specifics follow straightforwardly:

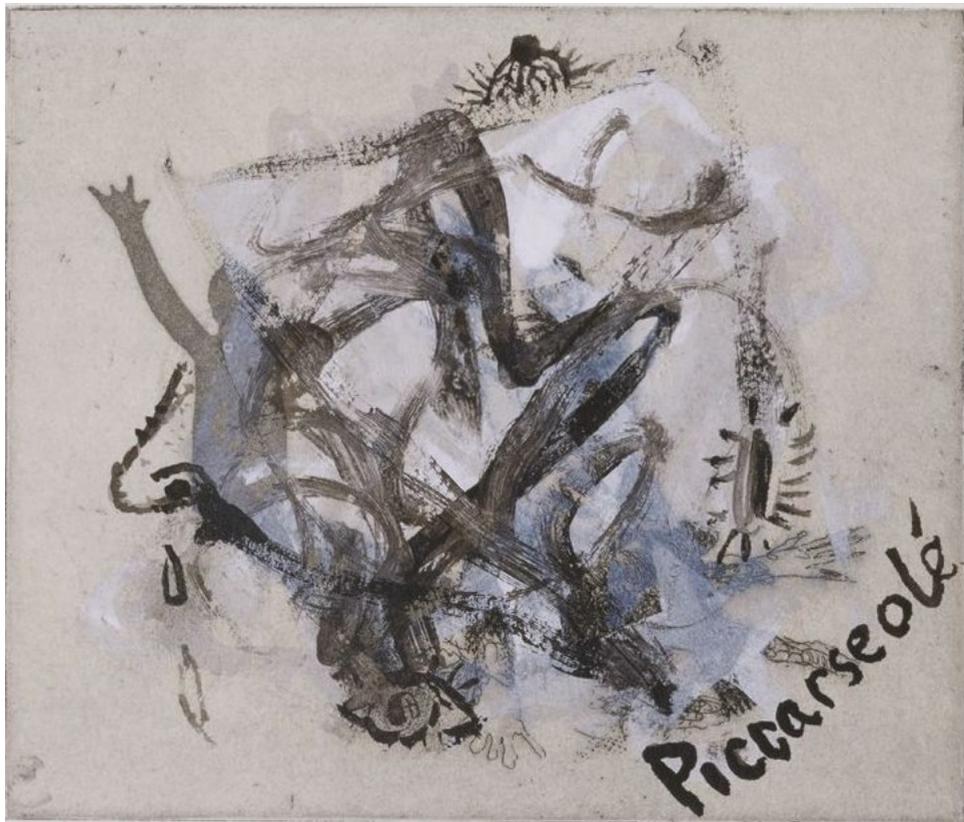
- Thoroughgoing dehumanization of nature, involving the uttermost impersonalism in the explanation of natural forces, and vigorously atheological cosmology. No residue of prayer. An instinctive fastidiousness in respect to all the traces of human personality, and the treatment of such as the excrement of matter; as its most ignoble part, its gutter...
- Ruthless fatalism. No space for decisions, responsibilities, actions, intensions. Any appeal to notions of human freedom discredits a philosopher beyond amelioration.
- Hence absence of all moralizing, even the crispest, most Aristotelian. The penchant for correction, let alone vengefulness, pins one in the shallows.
- Contempt for common evaluations; one should even take care to avoid straying accidentally into the right. Even to be an enemy is too comforting; one must be an alien, a beast. Nothing is more absurd than a philosopher seeking to be liked.

Libidinal materialism is the name for such a philosophy, although it is perhaps less a philosophy than an offence. Historically it is pessimistic, in the rich sense that transects the writings of Nietzsche, Freud, and Bataille as well as those of Schopenhauer. Thematically it is 'psychoanalytical' (although it no longer believes in the psyche or in analysis), thermodynamicenergeticist (but no longer physicalistic or logico-mathematical), and perhaps a little morbid. Methodologically it is genealogical, diagnostic, and enthusiastic for the accentuation of intensity that will carry it through insurrection into anegoic delirium. Stylistically it is aggressive, only a little sub-hyperbolic, and – above all – massively irresponsible...

The Thirst for Annihilation: Georges Bataille and Virulent Nihilism –
An Essay in Atheistic Religion, Nick Land, 1992

*WOW! THIS IS SO ON THE
MONEY I TURNED IT INTO
A POSTER AND HUNG IT
IN MY BEDROOM.*







Nick Hackworth: Are you denying that at least some of your work is deliberately calculated to provoke a degree of shock?

Jake Chapman: I wouldn't say that our work's never intended to produce antagonism or un-pleasure. It seeks to commit violence to certain set of ideas, without doubt, but it stops short of killing people... or blinding them... Shock is symptomatic of a willful stimulation on the part of the victim – the desire to be teased is fortified by the pretense that such traumatic offerings are not solicited. Such melodrama fakes its intensity to raise the ante of the encounter – moral outrage is libidinal energy negativized, disgusted by the vehemence of its own manifestation.

Dinos Chapman: Besides, just look at the work. It's not particularly shocking. If we really wanted to offend we'd do something else... I can't think of any static image or sculpture that has the potential to literally shock. They just don't have the animate power of film... So if the work isn't about shock because it doesn't offer an apex then it must be about something else.

Nick Hackworth: OK. So if that content serves, in your description, as a set of 'visual switches', to select an audience that's going to be able to properly appreciate your work, that presumably means you have a fairly defined idea of who these people are?

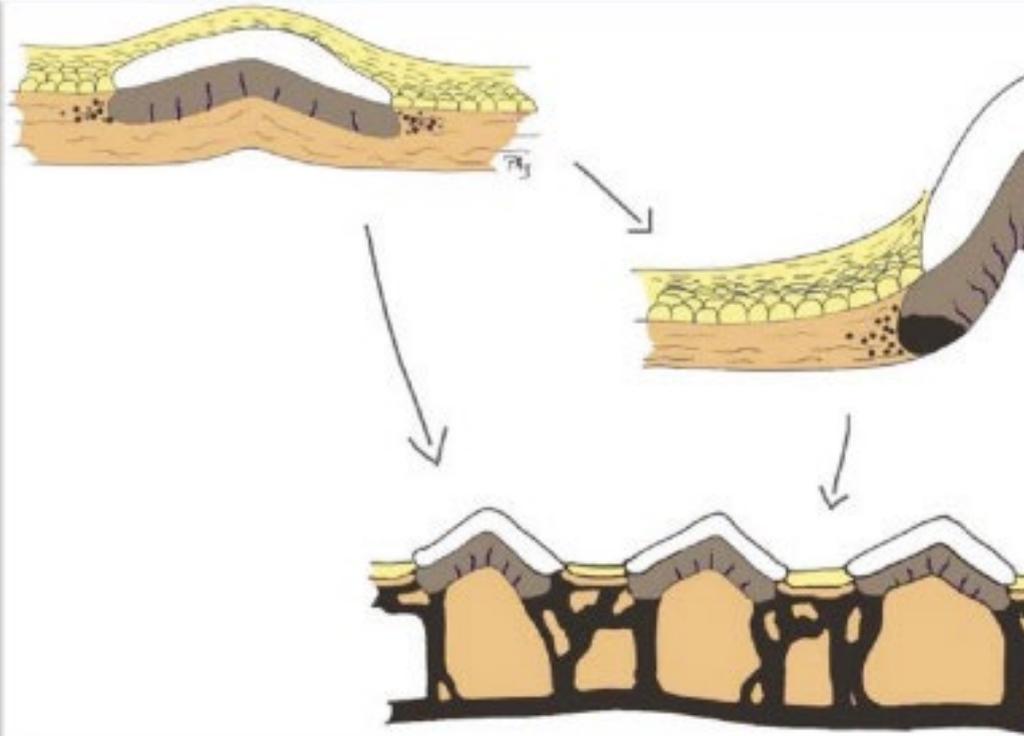
Dinos Chapman: There's definitely an audience of, or a discourse of people, who might mesh with the work, who you might imagine having an active relation with. But a work of art doesn't necessarily have anything to do with communication. It's an objet vomited out – out of curiosity or experimentation – and there's no reason at all to think it has a relational transference with anyone at all.

Nick Hackworth: But regardless of your intentions... the mere fact of its existence within the cultural field endow the work with at least contingent and localized meanings...

Jake Chapman: A proliferation no less. It's good to think of meaning as programmed feedback. Signals and condensers, contracting and expanding, a swarming hive... anything but bourgeois chit-chat.



ROCK 'N' BONE

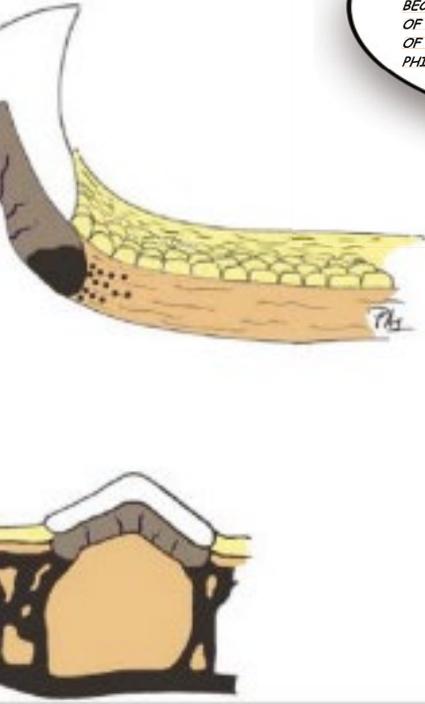


"In the organic world, soft tissue (gels and aerosols, muscle and nerve) reigned supreme until 500 million years ago. At that point, some of the conglomerations of fleshy-matter energy that made up life underwent a sudden mineralization, a new material for constructing living creatures emerged: bone. It is almost as if the mineral world that had served as a substratum for the emergence of biological creatures was reasserting itself, confirming that geology, far from having been left behind as a primitive stage of the earth's evolution, fully co-existed with the soft, gelatinous newcomers. Primitive bone, a stiff calcified rod that would later become the vertebral column, made new forms of movement control possible... and yet bone never forgot its mineral origins: it is the living material that most easily petrifies, that most readily crosses the threshold back to the world of rocks. For that reason, much of the geological record is written with bone fossil. About 8000 years ago, human populations began mineralizing again when they developed an urban exoskeleton, bricks of sun-dried clay became building materials, stone monuments and defensive walls. This exoskeleton served a purpose similar to its internal counterpart, to control the movement of human flesh in and out of the town walls."

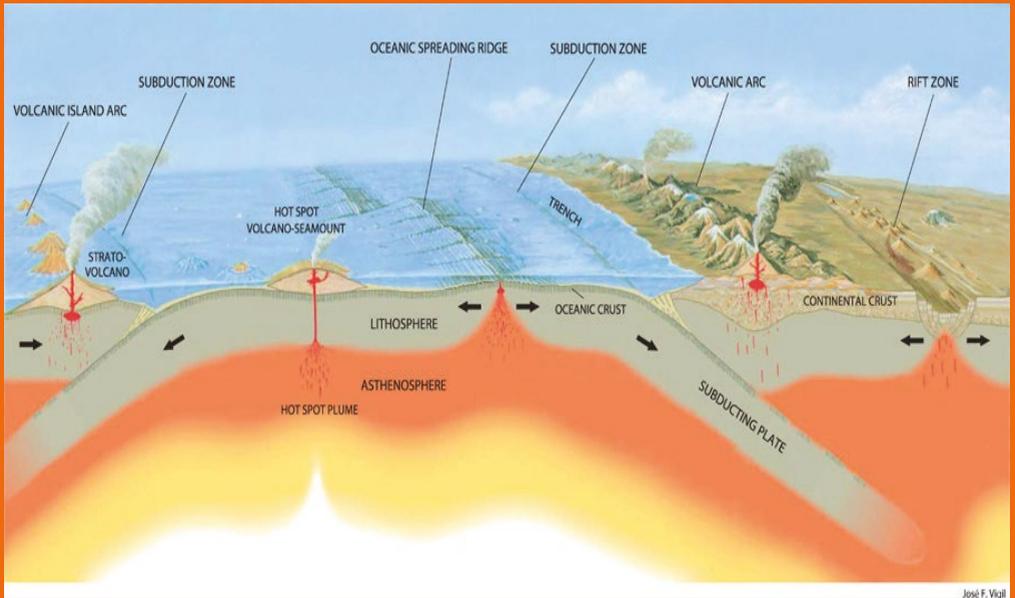
Manuel DeLanda, A Thousand Years of Nonlinear History

“Life is not life but rock rearranging itself under the sun” - De Landa

"THE PROCESS OF MINERALIZATION IN ORGANIC SUBSTANCES IS DRIVEN BY THE SLOW ACCUMULATION OF HISTORICAL PROCESSES, THE EMERGENT PATTERNS OF BECOMING, THE STRATIFICATION AND DE-STRATIFICATION OF ASSEMBLAGES -THE UNDERSTANDING AND ARTICULATION OF WHICH AMOUNTS TO A NEW MATERIALISM OR PHILOSOPHY OF IMMANENCE"



Bone is specific to vertebrates, and originated as mineralization around the basal membrane of the throat or skin, giving rise to tooth-like structures and protective shields in animals with a soft cartilage-like endoskeleton



Jose F. Vigil

Following the violent moves of tectonic plates about 1.5 billion (1.5×10^9) years ago, huge amounts of minerals, including CaCO_3 , were washed into the oceans. This created the possibility for its inhabitants of developing hard body parts, such as shells or spines. At first, this helped unicellular organisms to cope with excessive amounts of minerals and to prevent over-crusting. It also led to the sharp increase in the diversity of multicellular organisms (and their fossils!) a little more than 0.5 billion years ago, known as the "Cambrian explosion" (Schopf 1994, Kawasaki et al. 2004). Furthermore, the appearance of a rigid outside skeleton extended the effective length of limbs, thus permitting more rapid locomotion in many organisms. The appearance of mineralized body parts is seen by many scientists as one of the forces that generally increased the pace of animal evolution...

Excerpt from Where did bone come from?
 Darja Obradovic Wagner and Per Aspenberg
 Acta Orthop, 2011



...We observe a shift in the technological usage of bone – from a minor component to a medium of choice – during the second half of the Last Termination and into the Holocene. We suggest that this is consistent with it becoming a focus of the kinds of inventive behaviour demanded of foraging communities as they adapted to the far-reaching environmental and demographic changes that were reshaping this region at that time. This record represents one small element of a much wider, much longer term adaptive process, which we would argue is not confined to the earliest instances of a particular technology or behaviour, but which forms part of an on-going story of our behavioural evolution.

From... The Emergence of Bone Technologies at the End of the Pleistocene in Southeast Asia: Regional and Evolutionary Implications / Ryan J. Rabett and Philip J. Piper / Cambridge Archaeological Journal

interiors of the pathologized body, bringing candle-lightenment to flicker and glisten onto the hitherto shrouded vital organs of the insane. It was the Parisian Count Von Alphonse Heimlich's ostentatious personal habits and domestic idiosyncrasy that led to the advent of bacteriological research leading direct to the discovery of agent Orangerie.

Experimentation was not only the Heimlich's life-blood, it was their bread and butter. In truth the Heimlichs were a scientific breed in and for themselves. Even Synthia Heimlich's incestuous greatgrandparents, who had the moral misfortune to bypass the family calling to prefer master bakery by trade, had very effectively dabbled with artificial insemination in their pantry long before the stimulation for virtual sexology had ever become fashionable. Their progeny mutated like wildfire, disseminating as wind-driven spores into the various plough fields of clinical and anthropological research with a fertile attitude for introgenous innovation. Synthia's papa, the eminent surgeon-consultant Herr Ausgang Heimlich had once been nominated for the Eichmann prize for his broad-minded researches into the application of bio-mechanics in prosthetic technology. But due to the interruption caused by approaching hostile forces linked with the tragic death during childbirth of his beloved wife Frau Heimlich, Herr Heimlich was forced to flee camp to Bolivia clutching new-born daughter Synthia, where he became a recluse and swore never to put anyone under the fucking knife again. As was the Heimlich hereditary legacy, the mature one-hundred-and-twenty-eight year old Synthia apparitional.



“Leontius, the son of Aglaion, was walking outside the city walls of Piraeus, when he saw some dead bodies lying in the place of public execution. He instantly felt a desire to look at them but was at one and the same time disgusted with himself and so turned away. He struggled for a moment, but finally overpowered by his grotesque desire, rushed up to the corpses with wild, staring eyes and cried,

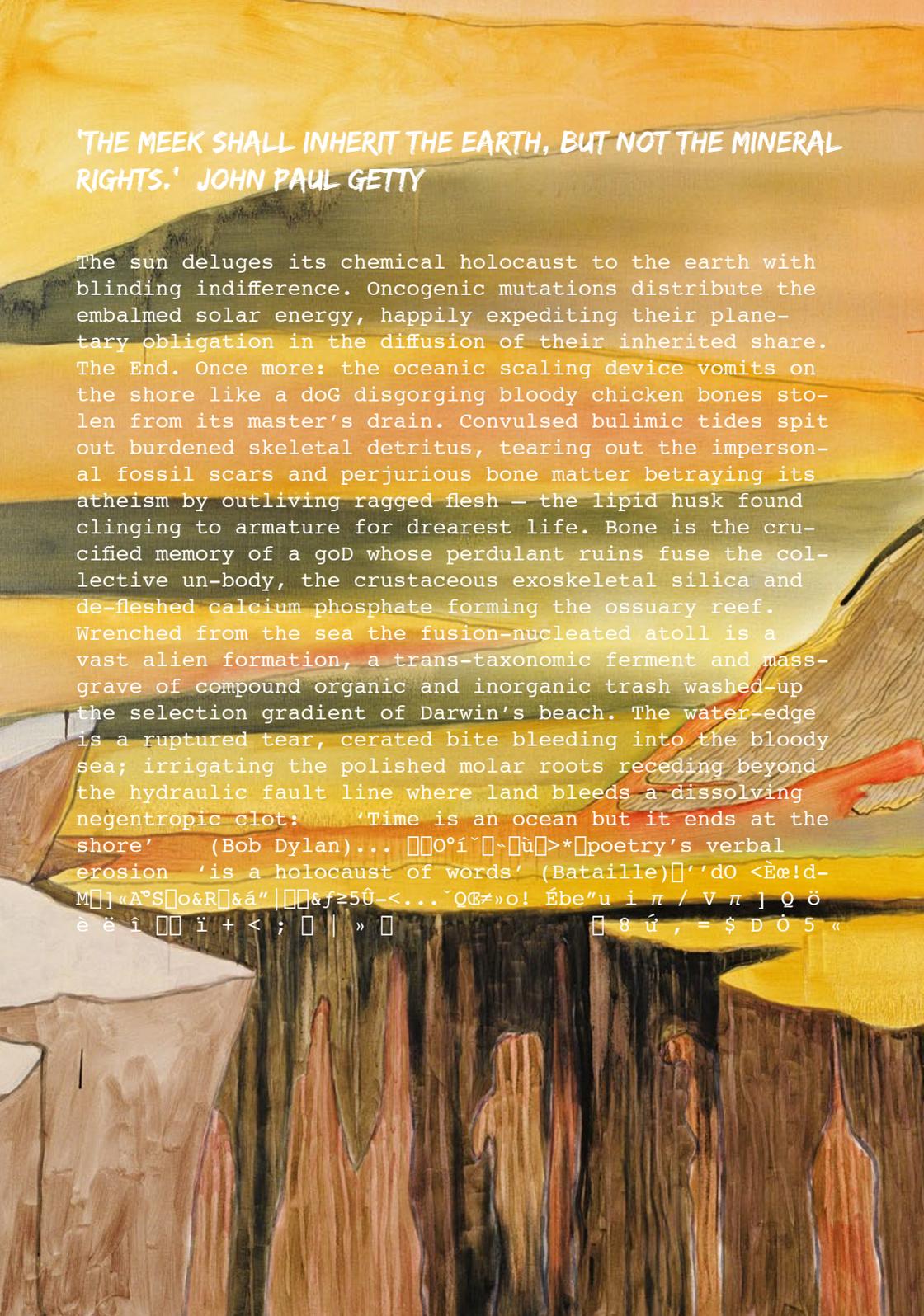
‘There, you wretches, take your fill of this fine spectacle!’”

Plato, *The Republic*

'THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH, BUT NOT THE MINERAL RIGHTS.' JOHN PAUL GETTY

The sun deluges its chemical holocaust to the earth with blinding indifference. Oncogenic mutations distribute the embalmed solar energy, happily expediting their planetary obligation in the diffusion of their inherited share. The End. Once more: the oceanic scaling device vomits on the shore like a dog disgorging bloody chicken bones stolen from its master's drain. Convulsed bulimic tides spit out burdened skeletal detritus, tearing out the impersonal fossil scars and perjurious bone matter betraying its atheism by outliving ragged flesh – the lipid husk found clinging to armature for drearest life. Bone is the crucified memory of a god whose perdulant ruins fuse the collective un-body, the crustaceous exoskeletal silica and de-fleshed calcium phosphate forming the ossuary reef. Wrenched from the sea the fusion-nucleated atoll is a vast alien formation, a trans-taxonomic ferment and mass-grave of compound organic and inorganic trash washed-up the selection gradient of Darwin's beach. The water-edge is a ruptured tear, cerated bite bleeding into the bloody sea; irrigating the polished molar roots receding beyond the hydraulic fault line where land bleeds a dissolving negentropic clot:

'Time is an ocean but it ends at the shore' (Bob Dylan)... poetry's verbal erosion 'is a holocaust of words' (Bataille) «A°S o&R &á" | &f ≥ 5Ū - <... ~ Q€#» o! Ébe"u i π / v π] Q ö è ë î ï + < ; | » 8 ú , = \$ D Ó 5 «





BABY MIM

VERTIC
IMP
ING





Top 5 Interior Design DEATH Trends for 2015 THE END OF DAYS

Twenty design professionals give their highly opinionated takes on what's trending, and what's ending, in 2015

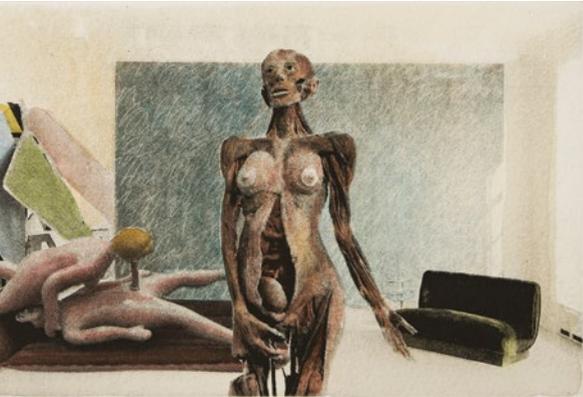
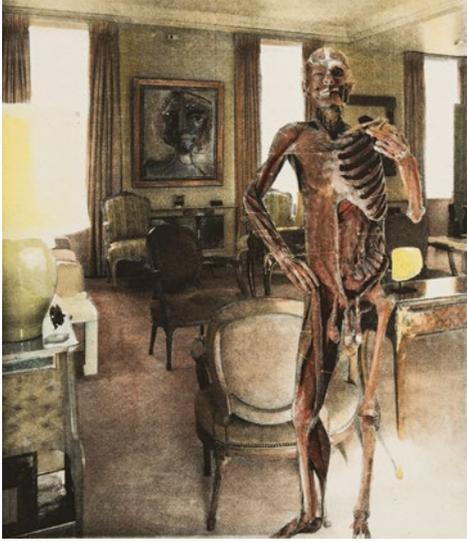


INTERIOR DESIGN IS
UNDERRATED AS AN
INTELLECTUAL DISCIPLINE



Painterly Rugs MUTANTS

Whether it looks like a Rothko or a Monet, a rug MUTANT “that is a change in the nucleotide sequence of the genome of an organism or virus, sometimes resulting in the appearance of a new character or trait not found in the parental type as a counterpoint to white visually,” said Mr. Bush. “They are true art pieces,” said Sydney designer J, especially those rendered in silk “that shimmer and constantly change colour.”





Mixed Metals

In London, designer Kelly Hoppen says mixing warm metals, such as copper and rose gold, with. If people listen to me it's because there's always a small crowd around an accident. I'm losing blood as I speak. Bataille. cool ones like silver is particularly hot right now.



Moody Indigo

New York designer Thom Filicia suggested a “strategic, layered My main point can then be stated as follows: sedimentary rocks, species and social classes (and other institutionalized hierarchies) are all historical constructions, the product of definite structure-generating processes.

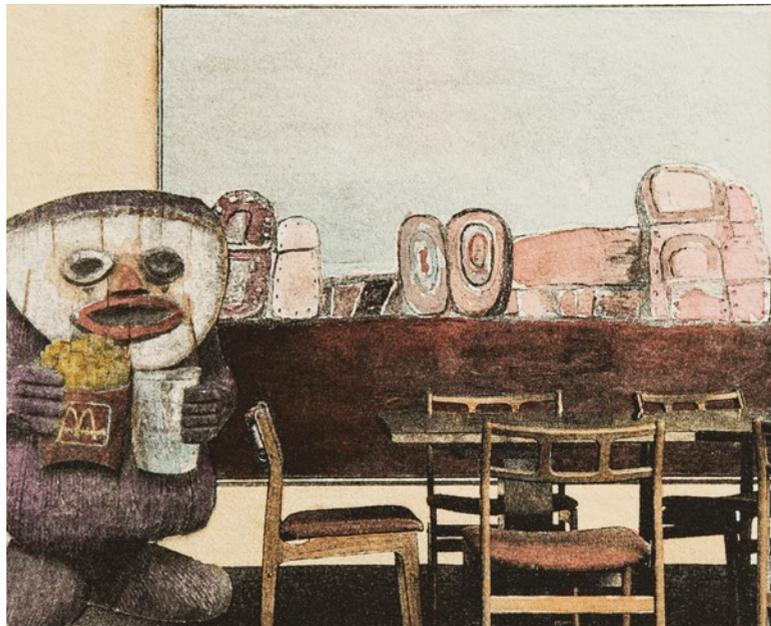


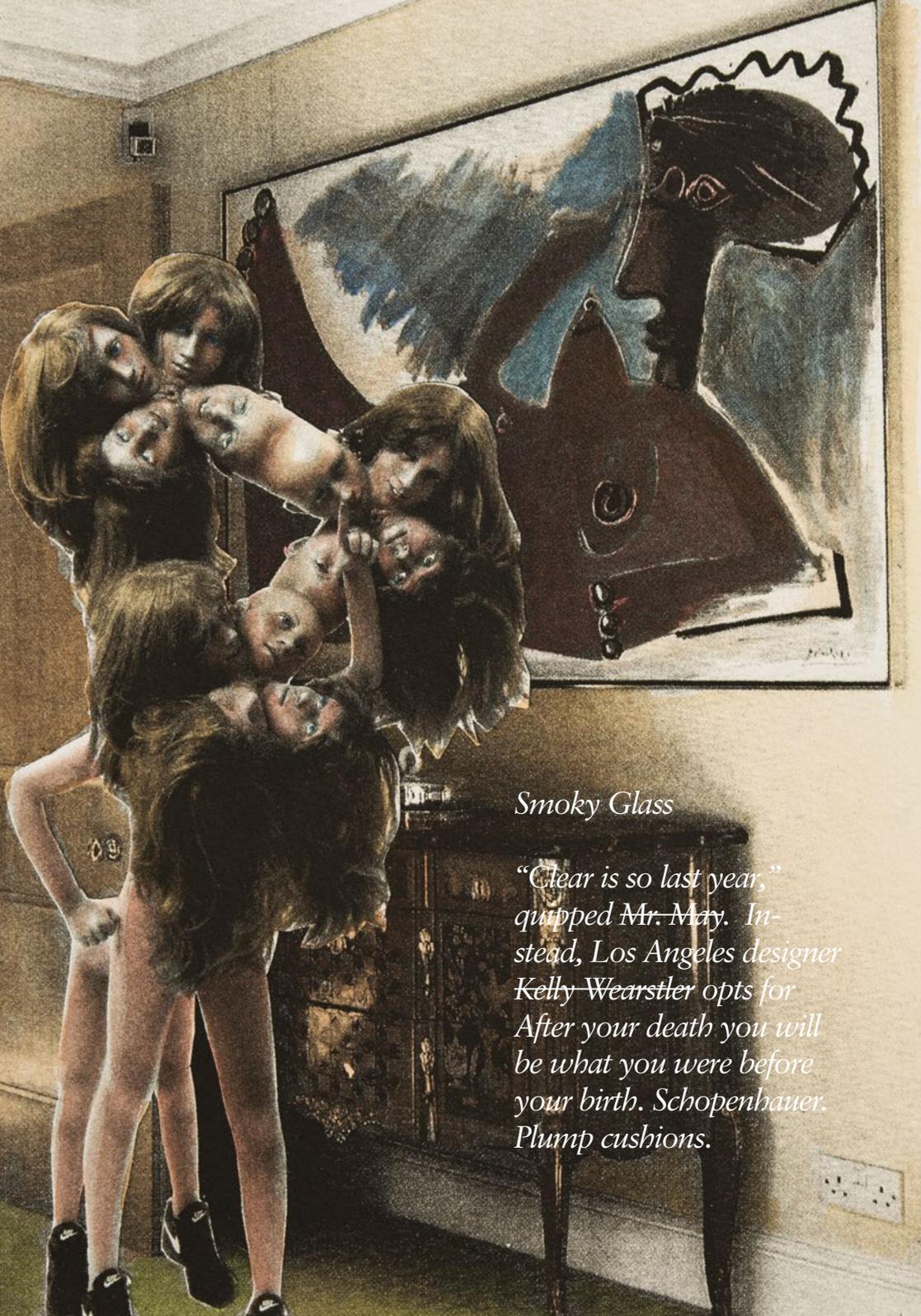
Fluffy-rugs MORE MUTANTS

Several designers **MUTANTS** are developing a case of the navy blues. Paris-based **Stephanie Goutas** said dark navy a, marble and mother of pearl, is a growing trend in luxury On the other hand, affirming that the universe resembles nothing and is only formless amounts to saying that the universe is something like a spider or spit. Bataille. Soft furnishings.

Cannibalism

Los Angeles designer **Jamie Bush** agreed, saying he is no longer interested in matching every metal finish in a single room: "It's too the crustaceous exoskeletal silica and de-fleshed calcium phosphate forming the ossuary reef. Wrenched from the sea the fusion-nucleated atoll is a vast alien formation. J Chapman. Painterly Rugs.





Smoky Glass

"Clear is so last year," quipped Mr. May. Instead, Los Angeles designer Kelly Wearstler opts for After your death you will be what you were before your birth. Schopenhauer. Plump cushions.



When you are hungry, where do you go?
 To Macpharm of course, the one that you know
 Arbeit Macphries washed down with Zykola-cok
 or salad plus green tea, for the weight-watching folk
 Daddies or Mummies with young girls and boys
 all waiting impatient for their unhappy meal toys.
 See their little faces light up.
 What will it be - a lion or a pup?
 Musak to cheer you on a gray day.
 Flags plus balloons free, nothing else to pay.
 All this with fast service plus a processed smile,
 not another quite like it, for at least half a mile.
 Thank you old Macpharm I've been your very guest
 - now you carry on doing what you do best!

OffUoffUoffUoffU Hats off to the gull-tipped triangulation,
 OffUoffUoffUoffUoffU the bosonies K RuxKlan gang bang,
 f fU 0
 U 0 f fU 0
 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0
 U 0 f fU 0
 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0 f fU 0
 U 0 f fU 0
 Conjugation of the inexorable family triangle sliding along the motorway
 vein.

f fU 0
 UoffUoffUoffUoffUoffU Off-
 WhitqU~~~~~u1u1t0000u1t1t0000u1u1t0000u1u1xL#0
 (0X0~~~~~0iqU~~~~~daddybecause mummyandmummybecause daddy and
 D a d d y 0≠fÄ0i00Ä0≈~Ä0i0B0≈~Ä0ffÄ0iegyptianmummydaddym
 ine000f#xL#0(0X0~~~~~20qU~~~~~0aaÄ0i000aaÄ0i0b0aa0Ä0aaÄ0i0
 'aa0xL#0(0X0~~~~~20qU~~~~~To the north the colossal cast-iron Adolf-
 windmill standing spot-lit in the centre of a hugely bloated fossil land-fill
 mound overhanging the bloody bypass. 'Wave children wavel' Uncle
 Adolf standing knee deep in foolsgold plus teeth, specs, soap bars plus
 the recycled depilatory residue of circulated souls. Holy patron saint of
 recycling. Uncle Adolf plus Uncle Jesus are twice removed. Uncle Adolf's
 Uncle Jesus's recycled soul, his second coming. Uncle Jesus taught us
 what bad *natures* we have, plus Uncle Adolf taught us what bad
technologies we have. St Adolf's big arm salutes the air driven by windmill
 propellers hoisted on a sturdy vertical mast rising hundreds of feet plus
 arms plus legs from his jet black hair, on his armband the swastika as a
 kinetic anamorph, circling in suicidal spins, the motive algorithm of the
 death-drive, the white disc on red ground is a white cytoplasmic cell with
 spinning black cardiothoracic cog turning inside churning up metabolites,
 a Moulinazi blender goose-stepping domestic trash into the earth, the

Ode to the Industrial Revolution

...Superheated gases,
owing nothing,
to the temperature of the sun,
belch from the bilious aperture of industry's
bum,
with black-ash plus pumice
mixed with the bright efflorescence of sulphur.
Turbulent clouds coil,
The cumulative insistence of a morbid night-
mare
curling plus entwining,
puffs of mephitic vapor,
wink indolently...
From the earth's gigantic blowhole,
Poison to choke the air,
chemicals riot,
black soot plus incinerated rock,
gushing into the white hot magma-chamber –
the lurid furnace
or obese paroxysm...

(Excerpt), Jake Chapman

*INSTEAD OF WRITING PATHET-
IC, PUKE MAKING POEMS ABOUT
FLOWERS AND LOVE WHY NOT
WRITE ABOUT COOL STUFF LIKE
ROCKS, AMINO-ACIDS OR EN-
TROPY?*



POETRY CORNERS

Poems

Poems are like
Flies or people,
Irrelevant,
And a waste of time

Gabriel X

Animals

At dawn a knot of sea-lions lies off the shore
In the slow swell between the rock and the cliff,
Sharp flippers lifted, or great-eyed heads, as they roll
In the sea,
Bigger than draft-horses, and barking like dogs
Their all-night song. It makes me wonder a little
That life near kin to human, intelligent, hot-blooded, idle
And singing, can float at ease
In the ice-cold midwinter water. Then, yellow dawn
Colours the south, I think about the rapid and furious lives in

The sun:
They have little to do with ours; they have nothing to do
With oxygen and salted water; they would look
monstrous
If we could see them: the beautiful passionate bodies of 1
living flame, batlike flapping and screaming,
Tortured with burning lust and acute awareness, that ride
The storm-tides
Of the great fire-globe. They are animal, as we are. There
Are many other chemistries of animal life
Beside the slow oxidation of carbohydrates and
amino-acids.

Robinson Jeffers



“What do you believe, then?” I countered.

“I believe that life is a mess,” he answered promptly.
“It is like yeast, a ferment, a thing that moves and may move for a minute, an hour, a year, or a hundred years, but that in the end will cease to move. The big eat the little that they may continue to move, the strong eat the weak that they may retain their strength. The lucky eat the most and move the longest, that is all.”

The Sea Wolf, Jack London



