

Eileen Cooper
Showing Off

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2011

ART FIRST



The Idealist
2011, pencil on paper, 70.5 x 50 cm

Working with Eileen Cooper over a combined period of twenty three years has been an adventure. Above all, it has been a pleasurable and rewarding experience, marked by firm friendship, and based on mutual professional trust and respect.

During that time, London has become a global art world hub and the number of contemporary art galleries today is more than double that in 1988, when Cooper had her first exhibition at the Benjamin Rhodes Gallery in New Burlington Place. She has been represented by Art First since 1997 and we are very pleased to present her first solo exhibition in the new Art First space in Fitzrovia, at the moment when she takes up her post as Keeper of the Royal Academy. This is a notable appointment in its own right, but it is also an historical break-through because Cooper is the first woman Officer ever to be elected since Sir Joshua Reynolds founded the Academy in 1768.

We would like to congratulate Eileen Cooper on her achievement, and to thank her for the many introductions to young graduates whom she has taught, as well as other artists we have been delighted to work with. Cooper has been generous towards her peers over the decades and strongly supportive of those starting out in their careers. In this spirit she brings to the Keepership an exciting fresh focus, and we both look forward to the years to come.

Clare Cooper and Benjamin Rhodes
Directors, Art First
September 2011

Jeanette Winterson was the Speaker at the Royal Academy of Arts Annual Dinner in 2011. This is an edited version of her speech, presented by the author especially for this publication.

We were poor and religious. Our terraced house in Accrington was a citadel against secular influences. We had six books, including the Bible, and six pictures. The pictures were inherited from a dead great-uncle with fancy tastes.

My mother, Mrs Winterson, followed the Second Commandment and hated graven images. (Exodus 20). That an overwhelming amount of art in the Western world had been made under the patronage of the Catholic Church only served to convince her that the Pope, any pope, and the anti-Christ were the same person. She was a stripped-out evangelical of Puritan descent, but she also paid lip service to the sacredness of family ties, though in her case, those ties were closer to bondage than affection. What was she to do about her family paintings? What she did was hang them in the living room for all to see, but back to front.

For 16 years I thought art was stained damp canvas, steel tacks, brown paper and string. As it turned out she was way ahead of the pack there. I wonder if that early experience gave me a feel for contemporary art? One day I boldly unhooked a picture and turned it over. It was an early Victorian watercolour of a sylvan scene – woods, cottage, stream – the kind that came into vogue as talismanic against the collective nervous breakdown that was the Industrial Revolution. Nostalgia painting yes, but nostalgia is an expression of psychic wounding. The genius of Turner was to let the wounding seep through the canvas.

I said to my mother, 'Why should the representation of the object be so much more troubling than the object itself?' True, I didn't put it quite like that because I hadn't read Plato at the time.

She replied – and she did put it quite like this, 'You bro-ood on it, and then look what happens.'

This brooding business and the hinted horrors of what might happen as a consequence of... of what... of really seeing something? Of really being affected by the something that we see? This caused me to approach art with caution. As well I might.

Next time you visit the Musée d'Orsay go and spend 15minutes – no more, in front of Courbet's *L'Origine du Monde* (1866). What is it? A snuff painting, a headless cunt, a body part owned by half the world and looked at daily by the other half (if they are lucky). A thing – and it is painted as a thing – of great beauty and imaginable terror. We live in 24/7 Porn City and we've seen it all – yet it is very hard to look – really look – at *L'Origine du Monde*. Then look at others looking. Here's Voyeurism in a frame. A Peeping Tom pic. What happens? People giggle, turn away, make silly comments, stop talking altogether, move backwards, bury themselves in their headset and guide. Girls are embarrassed. Boys josh each other then scurry off. If you stand in front of it for a long time, as I have done, look at others looking at you. You must be a pervert.

Painting is for perverts. In February this year Facebook deleted the profile of Copenhagen artist Frode Steinicke when he used the image of *L'Origine du Monde* on his Facebook page. Per-vertere – the Latin for turning off the road – is the purpose of art – all art – but the moral weighting of turning towards something bad, worse, is now attached to the word, and has often been attached to art-work of every kind. Art perverts are heading off the highway – not to a destination but to a series of possibilities. There is no other way to get out of the so-called real world and into the authentic world of genuine experience.

What I mean to say is that we are all of us fully armoured against genuine experience and we organise our toy-town world so that we will not be too troubled by it. That includes the horrors of war and poverty where the human creature is too traumatised and damaged to experience anything except agony and despair. And after that comes

numbness and indifference. We like to think that dreadful experiences are more 'real' than the other kind. They are not. Suffering has no value unless we can reflect upon it, transforming it in some way. But if I drop you on your yacht with enough cars, cash, cocaine and totty to last a lifetime, it will not be much of a lifetime. Too much, like too little, insulates us against... against what? What do I mean by authenticity? By what is genuine?

Those are tricky words – like love is a tricky word, like art is a tricky word because they are highly subjective words – better understood by their effects on ourselves and others. Feeling is the scariest part of being human – much more frightening than thinking. Art is there to kidnap us back into our feelings.

Naked forked animals – King Lear, betrayed and in the rain, we are always covering ourselves up, covering for ourselves, hiding behind the cover-story and hoping that the cover version will be better than the original. But we have one life each. It had better not be a cover. It had better be as uncovered as *L'Origine du Monde*. And that is very frightening.

To be naked and uncovered is not for the prurient or for the puritan. It is not excess. It is not denial. Sometimes art uses both or either to get us there. That is the sacrifice of the artist. For us there is a chance at authenticity. To be genuine, to be authentic – not to be misled by the so-called real that is only fashion or opinion or fear or power. Standing still in front of art – letting art happen to us – letting art overwhelm us, gives us the courage to stand still. The courage to look intensely at what we are looking at. To see. To feel. And after that, not before, comes thought.

It is painful to look, painful to see. It is ecstatic to look. Ecstatic to see. Extacy – a drug of choice. It means to exit the place that you are – the stasis that you are. Art does that. Then we can think about it.

Jeanette Winterson, OBE
Novelist and journalist

Real World
2010, oil on canvas, 137 x 153 cm





Night Studio
2010, oil on canvas, 153 x 137 cm

Striptease

Do not assume that Eileen Cooper paints the figure to tell a predetermined story. Because she is best known for assured figurative paintings of naked figures (usually female), sometimes poignant and often wickedly humorous, it is tempting to jump into either narrative readings or personal psychological interpretations of her work. It comes as a surprise to hear the artist describing her figures as 'props', and explaining that the pictorial 'clutter' and impasto surfaces of her earlier paintings were part of the work's evolution.

Back in her college years, Cooper was commended for her figure drawing and imaginative composition, but criticized from an academic standpoint for the handling of the figures' surroundings. Now, nearing her 60th year and about to assume the position as the first ever female Keeper of the Royal Academy, for a new body of work, *Showing Off*, she has taken out those backgrounds and stripped down her protagonists. She is painting with fresh aplomb.

Cooper's paintings were always rigorously formal and use a scaffolding of bold line to delineate the curves of limbs, torsos, heads and icon-like staring eyes. The two substantial paintings that begin this publication, *Real World* and *Night Studio* present the studio as the world. Cooper corrals her painted painter in claustrophobic interior spaces where the organisation of squares within squares is set against vivid decorative spaces making for complex viewing.

She is still painting real spaces, paying great attention to the perspective of receding wooden floorboards scuffed with paint, and generally filling up the canvas with juicy, brusque brushwork. The space is representative, but when it comes to arranging her figures, Cooper sacrifices verisimilitude to modernism in order to fit bodies more explicitly into the rectangular shape of the canvas. Her protagonists are more 'types' than portraits of real beings. This is not to say however, that Cooper's characters exist only as configurable elements. She cares deeply about the figure in art and her work will always be emotive.

For the recent body of work titled, *Showing Off*, Cooper's 'props' become *clothed* dancers, actors and as ever, painters. They perform their métiers with a finesse gained through application to their craft. (Cooper observes that as she grows older, having established herself as a painter of the naked body, she now feels a modest urge to render the body 'less primal' and so gives her figures garments of colour.) Here a couple dressed for a jig dance a balletic allemande; here a flamenco dancer is contemplative on her stool before kicking her heels onto the stage. Cooper describes these new paintings as, 'addressing a moment of arrested creativity and excellence,' and as providing examples of, 'ways of getting outside of yourself.' Whatever the frozen moment of creativity is, it is conceptually aligned with the poise of the painter at the easel, brush in hand, about to engage. Cooper has also reached a point of confidence in a métier she excels in. For the first time in her substantial output we see a solo male. He belongs with the other isolated individuals in the new work, who all hold their own.

It is helpful to consider the evolution of the *Showing Off* works through: *The Big Painting*, *Carnivale*, *Ad Astra* (translated as 'to the stars') and *Scheherazade*. In the earliest work of this group, *The Big Painting*, Cooper divides the picture plane into a golden section arrangement of ladder, artist, horizon line and backdrop.

The tiger being painted on the backdrop appears to teeter on the ladder and only gives away his doubled status as an image within an image by the white horizontal strip that separates his canvas from the rest of the wall. Cooper plays with space and teases us with a mild trompe l'oeil. She makes a deeply satisfying painting that distils many of her signature themes including the female artist at work, the utensils of the studio and what is perhaps her personal animus, the tiger. The artist's working process involves drawing images onto the canvas in charcoal before laying in the paint, creating immediate graphic outlines. Once the areas of colour are worked in, she reinforces the charcoal line by brushing over dry drags of oil paint.



The Big Painting
2011, oil on canvas, 137 x 106.5 cm

In *The Big Painting*, she builds up the studio floor with swathes of soft mauve scrubbed over a buff vanilla. The sky behind the tiger flashes glimpses of rose pink under-painting, which is worked through with ultramarine blue of varying shades. For *Ad Astra* and *Masque*, Cooper begins to flatten out such expanses of paint. The horizon line remains in both works, but blocks of colour such as the electric blue of the sleeping figure's dress and the glowing pink desert sands in the former, show little sign of mixing or of reworking.

The reclining figure is a favourite of Cooper's and the dreaming example in *Ad Astra* folds her arms and legs in symmetrical angles in reference to the yogi poses and Indian relief sculpture the artist often uses as touchstones. The figure, the stary sky and the clear-sighted dog have a feel of Rousseau's gypsy guarded by his lion. This more English looking dog anchors both his companion and the composition. It is impossible to find his hindquarters. In fact, he is not fully formed, he is a bust, visually and figuratively most definitely a prop.

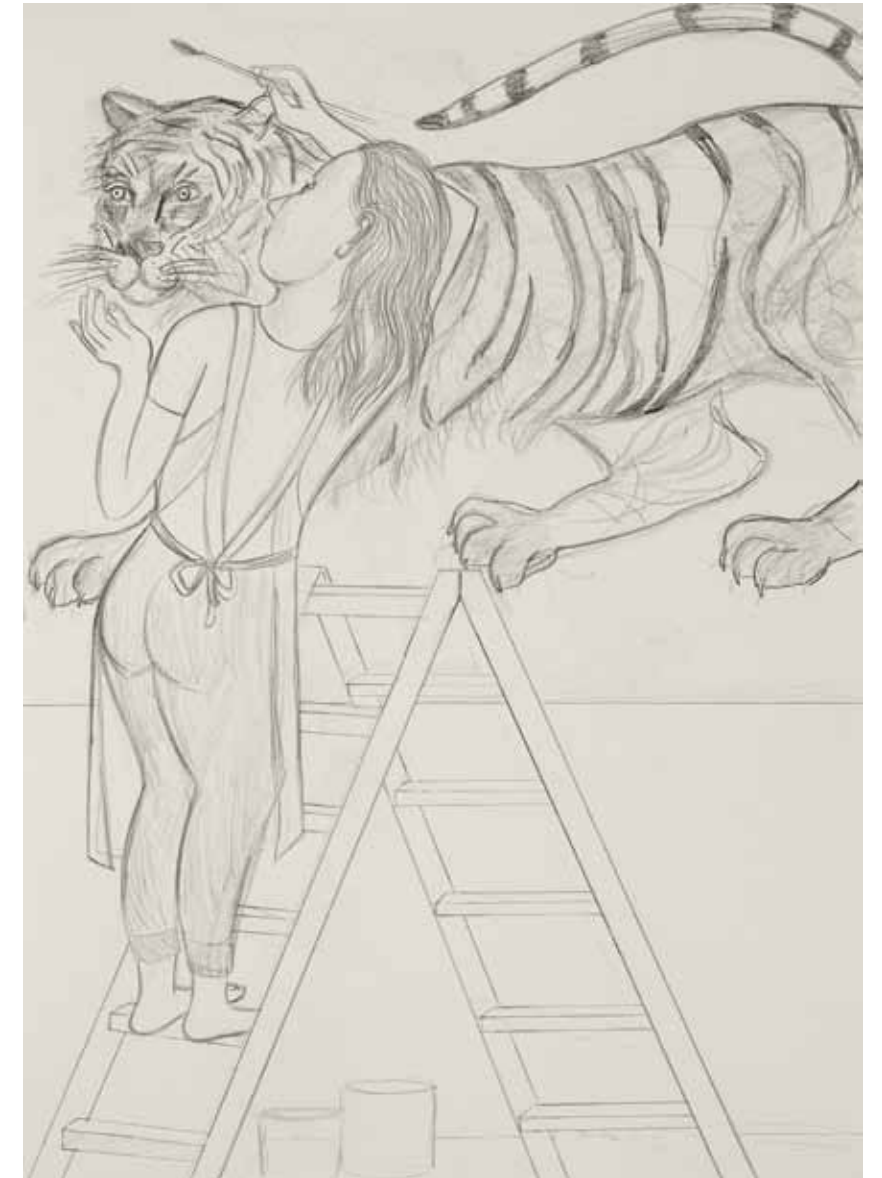
While this figure dreams, her counterpart in *Masque* clutches her waist and looks to the side in a moment of contemplation before the dance. Cooper awards her few spare attributes, a Venetian-style mask, elegant elbow-length black gloves and a fan. In a playful visual pun, the subject's right leg replaces the fourth leg of the stool with a pointed toe touching the floor. Pushing anatomical correctness aside, the artist is more interested in the sculptural form of the dancer's skirt. In a lovely passage of abstract painting, Cooper pulls fluted trails of dioxazine purple over black, concentrating on the tiered nature of this animate skirt. Like the strangely twitching gloves, it has a life of its own. The artist's enjoyment of the skirt overrides and negates any sense of the knees hooked over the stool beneath, showing Cooper's engagement with the frank flatness of the paint itself. Yet Cooper's pictorial powers are such that we remain convinced of the shinbone running up to the knee, of the thigh receding under the skirt to join the pelvis.

Without any need to overstate, the intimation of a hidden body is clear. In earlier paintings, Cooper veered close to horror vacui in her treatment of space, cramming figures and attributes into the rectangle. She tended to pen in her protagonists, often locating them in intricate settings pulled from memory and feeling. Her figures were never independent, sometimes accompanied by ladders, orchids, tattoos, nature and family members.

Perhaps this ornamentation was a means to combat their persistent nudity, but also perhaps because Cooper was unsure of simply leaving the figure and the paint alone. Her reductive compositions seen in the paintings, *Masque*, *Carnivale*, *Blue* and *Artist* show a significant move away from this tendency and the recognizable studio interiors of *Night Studio* and *Real World*. Close-toned planes of vivid acid colour minimally tilt space from the flat to the perpendicular. These monochrome grounds of chartreuse yellow, cadmium orange and ultramarine blue play havoc with a conservative understanding of recession and perspective, asserting themselves aggressively and delineating the figures with the crispness of screen-printing.

For *Scheherazade*, Cooper strips down space and figure even further, planting the dancer on a ground of neat dioxazine purple laid down in vigorous strokes which emphasize the contortion of the body and the artist's puzzle of how to fit such a complex form into a rectangle. Cooper merges figure and attribute, homing in on the core of the image to treat body and veil as one sculptural form.

As she begins to dissolve her grounds and isolate the essential figure, Cooper revisits an innovation made by Velázquez who got rid of the backgrounds behind his portrait sitters in a brilliant visual punch that was later adopted by Manet. In his portrait of the court jester, Pablo de Valladolid (1637), the Spaniard audaciously deliquesces space into one undefined area of colour. Pablo floats in a soft sea of nothing: pure colour, tan brown grey. Whether dwarf or king, Velázquez depicted his



Second Nature
2011, pencil on paper, 70.5 x 50 cm

subjects without attribute or setting to give them a monumental presence and corporality. There is no comparison of subject to be had with Cooper of course, but the confidence and sense of *less is more*, something that Manet went on to realise in his intelligent still lifes, is pertinent.

The crackling simplicity of the pivotal painting, *Showing Off* illustrates Cooper's understanding of all of the above most successfully. The painting comprises one joyful dancer kicking out her right leg at an improbable angle on a solid ground of hot cadmium red. Her space is flat and empty and free of reference. She is clothed in a transparent garment. The *Showing Off* dancer balances on her left foot, toes bent on the lower border of the canvas. The border of the upper frame directs the flow of her hair in movement. The canvas edges create her support and her stage; they are both physically and economically useful. Surfaces are thin in these paintings with much less weight of colour and no under-painting or glazing.

The *Showing Off* works owe more to Warhol and Clemente than to Cooper's earlier influences of Picasso and Gauguin; they are more pop than magic realism. They hold an inherent sense of satisfaction that, after industrious years in the studio, Cooper can simply 'get it right first time' without any need to tinker with or fuss with the paint.

The sharp new direction of Cooper's painting and her newfound visual acuity may also be partly credited to her experience as a printmaker. Oil paint allows you to scrape off, wipe and cover up. Pentimenti and build-ups of paint may even enhance surfaces. Printmaking gives no such licence. When cutting a woodblock with controlled pressure from knuckle to tool, any tentativeness may cause the hand to skid and gash the line. There are ways to reverse mistakes on a copper plate, however burnishing out an etched or a dry point line is punishing and unforgiving work. Screen-printing requires clean colour decisions and a comprehension of flattened space.

Cooper is a seasoned printmaker and one of those rare artists who consider the medium integral to and not just an addendum to painting. Printmaking clearly informs the *Showing Off* body of work not just in the opaque colours that refer to screen-printing, but where the transparency of the paint is testament to a process of firm decision making. Such is the speed of execution that tiny patches of white primer and the canvas weave are constant presences, while the *disegno* under-drawing remains visible when black charcoal dust is drawn into the paint by the artist's deft brushwork. Most apparently, in *Carnivale*, Cooper's brush darts around the dancers, catching flecks of Prussian blue that tinge the borders of the yellow ground green.

Listening to Cooper speak about her work, genuine modesty comes through. She is pleased with her new immediate way of working, but still attaches only tentative interpretations to her images. Surprised when a friend reads the work, *Every Picture Tells a Story* as an image of healing, Cooper sees a game of peek-a-boo where most of us would see a female healer calming her client. Tentative when explaining her subjects she may be, but Cooper's authority and determination are evident in a black and white catalogue portrait where she locks eyes with the viewer in unwavering confidence. Cooper goes at her canvases with gusto. She does not shy away from painting whatever grips her, even if her painting's diaristic flow rubs against contemporary art's default irony. She revels in an analytic commentary on the practice of painting and a kind of 'in-house' joking. Visual puns abound – open-eyed glyphs pattern the shirt of the closed-eye healer in *Every Picture Tells a Story*, Cooper quotes Cooper in *Artist* where a female painter bends over to paint a face plucked straight from the artist's back catalogue, and is the solitary male in *Blue* in fact hanging off a wooden painting stretcher that frames an azure sea? In *Tracing the Shadow*, a couple draw around each other to leave their body contours on the wall. The female leans across to trace her partner, peeling away from the blue outline of her form: caveman art on canvas.



Masque
2011, oil on canvas, 137 x 106.5 cm

Cooper declares that she, 'is unable to make an abstract painting,' and although she slides easily into groupings of British figurative painters who work with the story such as Paula Rego or Ken Kiff, she may be better considered against the more formal designs of Matisse. She always disagreed with that early blunt criticism from her college tutors. It haunted her, but she had the strength of mind to follow her own path and turned a moment of conflict into a beautiful and curious art. For Cooper, now accepting her role on centre stage, she has ultimately decided to eliminate any doubts. 'Is it enough?' she still asks herself, but one suspects this concern is but grist for the mill.

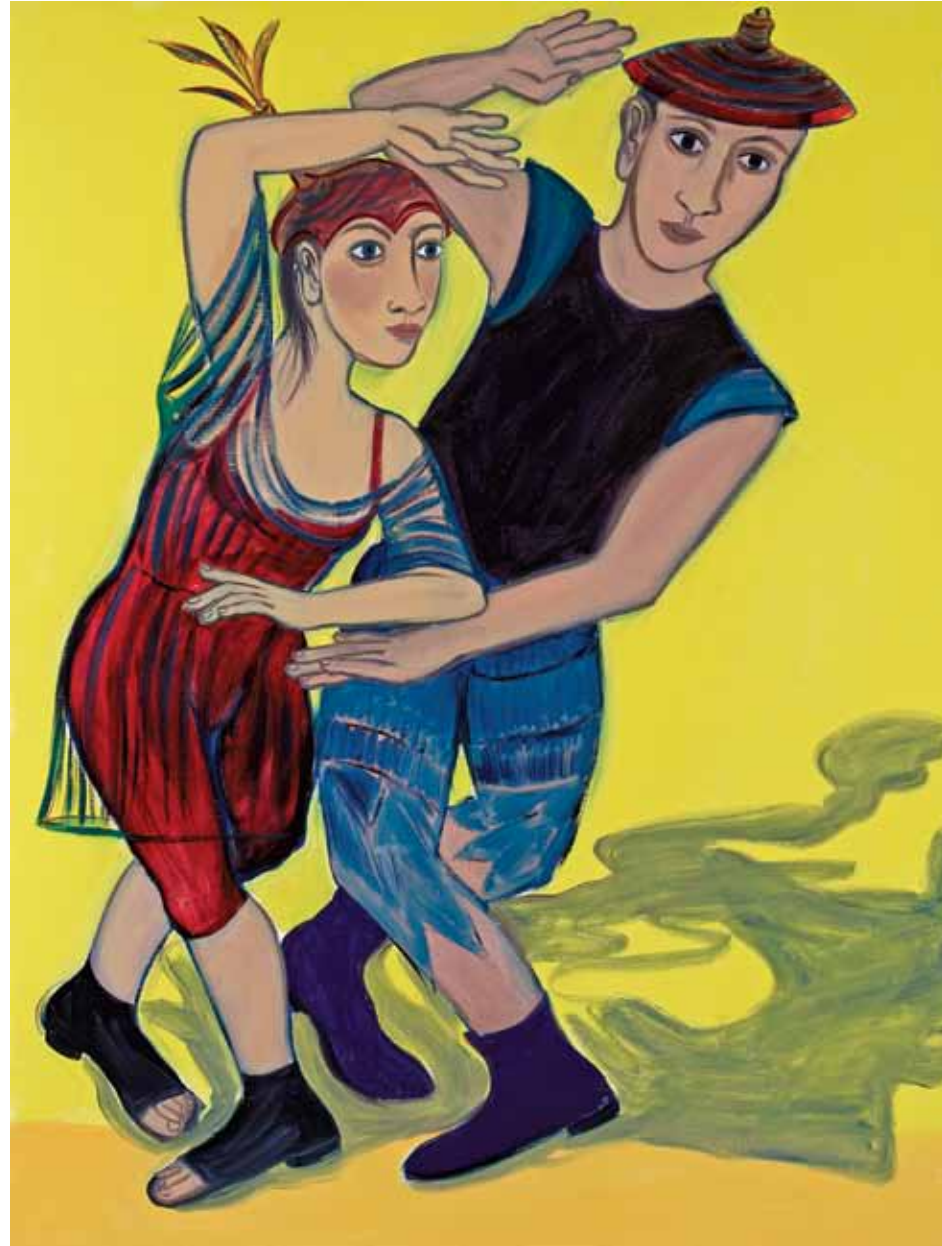
Kate McCrickard
Writer and artist
2011



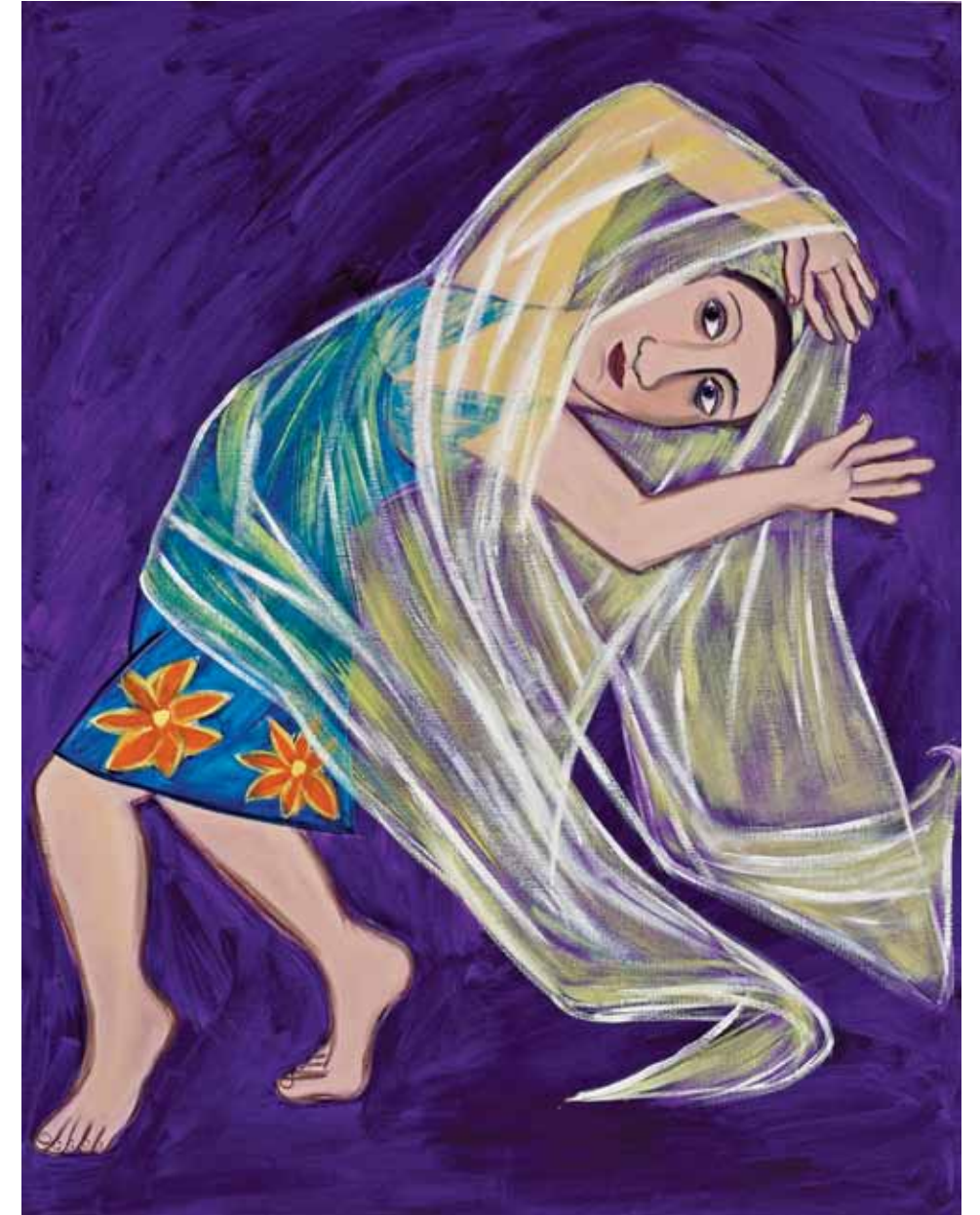
Showing Off
2011, oil on canvas, 137 x 106.5 cm



Ad Astra
2011, oil on canvas, 106.5 x 137 cm



Carnivale
2011, oil on canvas, 122 x 92 cm



Scheherazade
2011, oil on canvas, 137 x 106.5 cm



Every Picture Tells a Story
2011, oil on canvas, 122 x 92 cm



Narrative
2011, pencil on paper, 70.5x50 cm



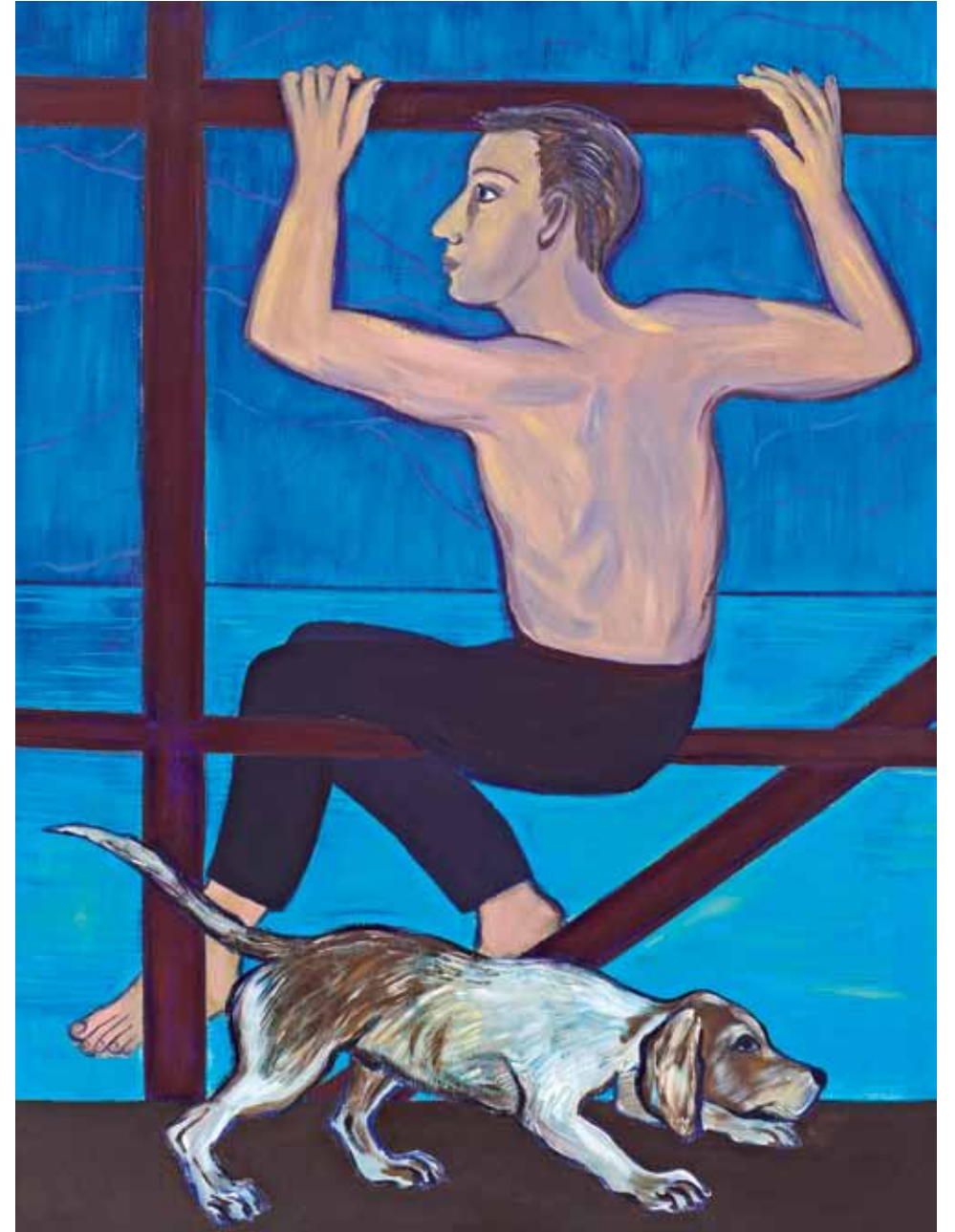
The Artist 3
2011, monoprint, 76 x 57 cm



Artist
2011, oil on canvas, 122 x 92 cm



Tracing the Shadow
2011, oil on canvas, 137 x 106.5 cm



Blue
2011, oil on canvas, 122 x 92 cm



Secret Garden 2
2010, ink on paper, 57 x 76 cm



Secret Garden 1
2010, ink on paper, 57 x 76 cm

Eileen Cooper RA

Born 1953, Glossop, Derbyshire

- 1971–77 Goldsmiths College & Royal College of Art, London
- 1994–2006 Teaching at Royal College of Art
- 2001 Elected Royal Academician
- 2005 Teaching at Royal Academy Schools
- 2006 Elected Fellow of the Royal College of Art
- 2011 Elected Keeper of the Royal Academy



Selected Solo Exhibitions

- 2011 **Showing Off**, Art First, London
- 2010 **Collages**, Sir Hugh Casson Room, Royal Academy, London
- 2009 **Dreams of Elsewhere**, Art First, London
- 2008 **Crossing**, Art First Projects, London
Taking Stock: The Printmaking Of Eileen Cooper RA, Clifford Chance, London and The Cornerstone Gallery, Liverpool Hope University
- 2007 **Deeper Water**, Art First, London
- 2006 **An Encore: Eileen Cooper**, Art First Projects, London
- 2005 **Time of Your Life**, Art First London
- 2004 **Subject Matter – Paintings Drawings & Prints**, Glasgow Print Studio
- 2003 **Eileen Cooper, 50**, Art First London
Eileen Cooper at 50, A Celebration, Art First New York
- 2002 **Passions: New Work on Paper**, Art First, London
Passions, Art First, New York
- 2000 **Raw Material: Eileen Cooper** at Dulwich Picture Gallery
Raw Material Part II, Art First, London
Homecoming – The Prints Of Eileen Cooper, Clifford Chance, London
- 1999 **Second Skin: Eileen Cooper in the 80s and 90s**, touring to Wolverhampton, Nottingham and Eastbourne
- 1998 **Open Secrets**, Art First, London
- 1998 **Graphic Work**, Bridport Arts Centre, Dorset
- 1997 **Graphic Works**, The Gallery In Cork Street with Benjamin Rhodes, London
- 1996/7 **Graphic Work**, Touring Exhibition, Darlington, Harrogate and Scarborough
- 1994 Eileen Cooper at Sadlers Wells Theatre, London
Shapechanger, Benjamin Rhodes Gallery, London
- 1993/4 **Lifelines**, Touring Exhibition, Lancaster, Exeter, Newcastle, Sheffield, Warwick
- 1992 Eileen Cooper, **Drawings**, Benjamin Rhodes Gallery, London
- 1990 Eileen Cooper, **Paintings, Drawings & Prints**, Benjamin Rhodes Gallery, London
- 1989 Eileen Cooper, **Works on Paper**, Benjamin Rhodes Gallery, London
- 1988 Eileen Cooper, Benjamin Rhodes Gallery, London
- 1987 Eileen Cooper, Artsite Gallery, Bath
- 1986 Eileen Cooper, Castlefield Gallery, Manchester
- 1985 Eileen Cooper, Artspace Gallery, Aberdeen
- 1982/83/85 Eileen Cooper, Blond Fine Art, London
- 1981 Eileen Cooper, House Gallery, London
- 1979 Eileen Cooper, Air Gallery, London

Selected Group Exhibitions

- 2011 **Twenty Years**, Art First, London
- 2010 **Academicians (with David Mach, Neil Macpherson and Michael Visocchi)**, Glasgow Print Studio, Glasgow
- 2009 **ZOOM**, Art First, London
- 2008 **Dialogue**, Art First, London
Hugh Stoneman – Master Printer, Tate St Ives, Cornwall
10 (The Chris Orr Printmaking Years), Gulbenkian Galleries, RCA, London
- 2007 **Leben Lieben**, RISE Gallery, Berlin
- 2006 **Translations – Re-working from the National Gallery**, Art First, London
Drawing Breath – 10 Years of the Jerwood Annual, Wimbledon College Of Art, London (touring UK and Sydney, Australia)
- 2004 The Jerwood Drawing Prize, Jerwood Space, London
Tradition & Innovation, Scarborough Museum and Art Gallery
Visual Wit, Royal Academy, London
- 2003 **Art First in Print**, Art First, London
The Divine Comedy, Art Space Gallery, London
ExPress – Printmaking From The Royal College Of Art, RCA, London
- 2000 **Hand To Hand (with Julian Stair)**, Art First, London
- 1998 **The Contemporary Print Show Part I**, The Barbican Centre.
- 1997 **The Body Politik**, Wolverhampton Art Gallery
- 1996 **Spirit on the Staircase**, 100 Years of Print Publishing, RCA, V&A, London
- 1994/95 **An American Passion**, The Susan Kasen Summer & Robert D Summer Collection of Contemporary Painting, McLellan Galleries, Glasgow & Royal College of Art, London
- 1993 **Contemporary Art at the Courtauld**, Courtauld Institute, London
- 1992 **The New Patrons**, Twentieth Century Art from Corporate Collections, Christie's London
Myth, Dream and Fable, Angel Row Gallery, Nottingham
Innocence and Experience, touring exhibition organised by the South Bank Centre and Manchester City Art Gallery: Manchester, Hull, Nottingham and Glasgow
20th Century Women's Art, New Hall, Cambridge
- 1991/92 **Look Here Upon This Picture and On This**, selected by Norbert Lynton, South Bank Centre, touring exhibition
- 1991 Woodlands Art Gallery, London with Paula Rego
The Outsider: British Figuration Now, Palazzo Vecchio, Florence, Italy
- 1989 **Picturing People**, selected by Norbert Lynton, British Council tour to Kuala Lumpur, Hong Kong and Singapore
- 1988 **The New British Painting**, Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati and tour, USA
- 1987 **Conversations**, Arts Council Touring Exhibition
- 1986 **The Flower Show**, selected by Norbert Lynton, Stoke on Trent Museum and tour
John Moores XV, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool
- 1985/87 **International Biennial of Graphic Art**, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia

- 1985 **Ten Years at Air**, Air Gallery, London
Hand Signals, Ikon Gallery, Birmingham
The Passion And The Power, Gracie Mansion Gallery, New York
International Festival of Painting, Cagnes sur Mer, France
Proud and Prejudice, selected by William Feaver, Twining Gallery, New York
- 1984 **The Image as Catalyst**, Ashmolean Museum, Oxford
- 1982/83/87 **Whitechapel Open**, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London
- 1982 Nuremberg Drawing Triennial (Purchase Prize)
- 1980 **Women's Images of Men**, ICA, London
- 1974/6 New Contemporaries Exhibition
- 1977–2011 Royal Academy Summer Exhibition

Awards and Commissions

- 2008–9 Artist in residence, Lewisham College
- 1999 Arts & Humanities Research Board, Award for Ceramic work
- 1999 Cover and illustration for Carol Ann Duffy's 'Meeting Midnight' pub. by Faber & Faber
- 1998–9 Artist in residence, Dulwich Picture Gallery, London
- 1994 Inside Art, Documentary for Channel 4 Television
- 1993 The Art, TV Broadcast, BBC Education
- 1986 Frontispiece: Carol Ann Duffy's 'Thrown Voices', pub. Bernard Stone
- 1982 Staircase Project, ICA, London

Selected Collections

- Arts Council of Great Britain
Birmingham Museums and Art Gallery
British Council
British Museum Society
Cleveland Gallery
Contemporary Arts Society
Imperial College London
Kunsthalle, Nuremberg
Manchester City Art Galleries
Towner Art Gallery, Eastbourne
Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester
Wolverhampton Art Gallery
Walpole Library, Yale University, US

Eileen Cooper Showing Off

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Clare Cooper
Benjamin Rhodes
Matt Inledon

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Eileen Cooper and Art First would like to thank Jeanette Winterson for her generosity in agreeing to the printing of an edited extract from her recent speech. Our thanks also go to Kate McCrickard for an incisive appraisal of the new work in her fine introductory essay for this exhibition.

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AUGMENTUM

