



ANDREW NEIL HAYES: COLLECTED WRITINGS





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Edited and with an introduction
by Jonathan Wolf



Father and son

SOT
BOOKS
DEPT.



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INTRODUCTION

Johnathan Wolf

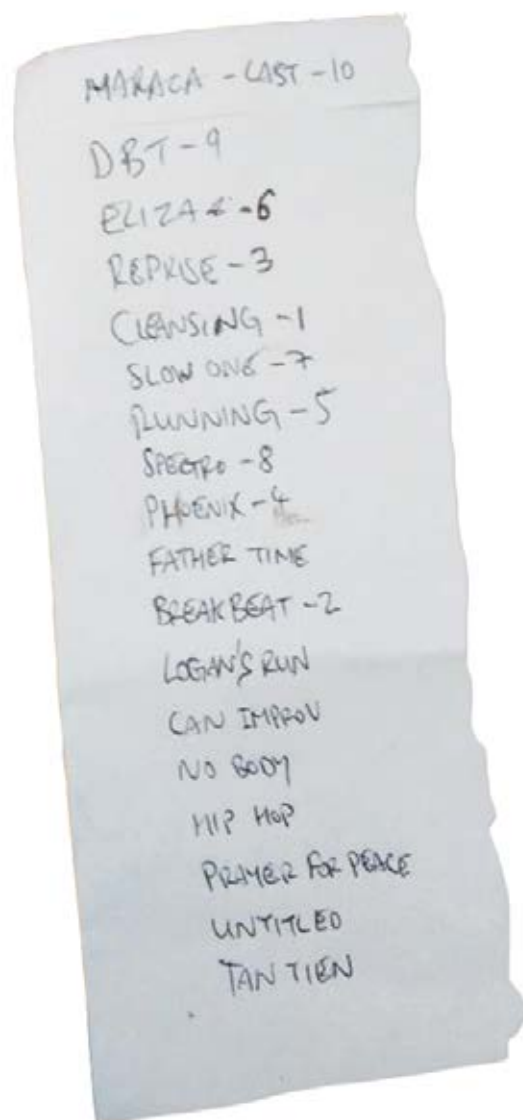
I used to hang out with Andrew in his dreams. We'd do stuff together – play football, go swimming, cause trouble. I didn't mind taking the blame because people couldn't see me and it was fun to orchestrate chaos. I could tell soon after we met he was probably going to grow up and become an architect, or an engineer, or a town planner.

One day we crept up the bank of his family garden and launched mud bombs at the neighbour's car. The man came out and shouted but we were well hidden and he only got more and more furious. He deserved it, what with all the stress his boundary dispute had caused. It felt good to work as a team, stirring shit up. The town in which we grew up together was nice, and I mean that in a bad way. No one uses 'nice' to describe something or somewhere that they actually like. What the hell does nice even mean? It doesn't give me pleasure or satisfaction.

There was one incident I'm less proud of. Andrew and I were spending the day at his mother's work, sat at her colleague's desk. I suddenly got a dark idea that it would be funny to write a threatening note and leave it in the drawer of the desk. I dictated and Andrew wrote, "I know who you are and I'm going to get you". The day after I considered telling someone it was my fault, but I never found the courage. A month later the police turned up at Andrew's house and gave him a dressing down. I feel bad about that. We were just trying to buck the way things were.

If I am a black hole, Andrew is the sun. They do say opposites attract. We were always surfing the edge of life's cosmic joke and I think he took that with him after I left. As Neil Young wrote, and Kurt Cobain quoted, "It's better to burn out than to fade away". As far as I know he still hasn't balanced the books, but he's trying his damned hardest and I'm sure he'll get there in the end.

There is an awful lot going on at the moment. In between the practise and rehearsals and admin and logistics and training and PR and caring and cooking and therapy and masturbation and social media and driving, he found the time.



THE SET LIST

Forming the set list is an art itself. Sometimes you want to leave it blank, open the gates to fate and just see what happens. But often this rebounds; you end up playing too many bangers at the start and are left with only slowuns to finish the show.

I guess the remedy for that would be to only write bangers, but it's nice to allow some breathing space. It is best to have a loose plan that is malleable and may be adapted in the moment as necessary.

One must take into account the venue's atmosphere; its capacity and sound system; the time of day; the age of the audience; the acts that have gone before and after.

Arrange the order of proceedings thus...

If done correctly, there should be at least one moment when silence descends – a moment where you have every single person in the room in the palm of your instrument, obediently waiting to have their insides shaken out.

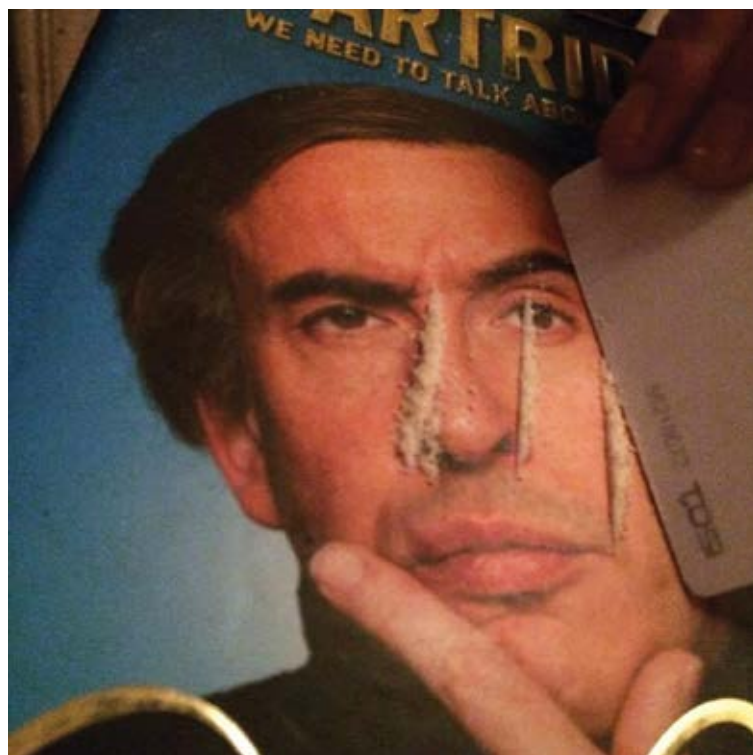


IDEAS

Ideas are a bitch because they're never yours to own and they're certainly never yours to keep. And you can count on someone to let you know that someone else already thought it up.

I had the idea for this book of short stories just a day before Roy let me know that Richard Prince had already done it. It turns out he's not the only one. Everyone from Edgar Allan Poe to John Lennon has released books of short stories, but Richard Prince is the man I'm going to copy because it worked out for him. Art is all about copying – replicating life so we can somehow adapt our field of view and come to terms with it.

There's a lot of art I don't understand but that's okay because there's a lot of people I don't understand. The only thing I ever really understood was blowing my horn. The all-encompassing wave of sound made sense. Fuck harmony or melody or even rhythm; just give me glorious, joyful noise. And give me that movement at the edge of endurance, when body whimpers from lack of oxygen, but somehow it keeps going. Blood rush highs, as you wobble in and out of balance. You hold it down but only just. It's all noise, noise, noise.



LINES ON PARTRIDGE

I don't drink but that night I was drinking. It was a shit weekend. Amy was on a downer; my gig got double booked; the bitch was back on my shoulder; it was raining. And this was one of those parties where you walk in the front door, and it soon becomes apparent that it's less of a party and more of nine people standing awkwardly in a kitchen. Eyes dashing to the floor and then the drinks table, and then to the drink in hand and briefly the face opposite, although it really is brief, because that face is not to your liking and the body it sits atop of is even worse.

Better to stand practically motionless, lips silent, than engage in petty gambits with desperation. The Bombay mix was my best friend. The host had excelled himself with a most generous supply of the spicy, crunchy small talk. My breath was repulsive.

When I die, I'd like Broken Hearts are for Assholes by Frank Zappa to be played by a mariachi band at full volume as I'm flung into the fire. The guests should wear whatever they like – who am I to dictate the uniform. In any case some over zealous clergyman will probably tell them to dress in black suits with white shirts and a black tie for the men, and black dresses for the women.

Fuck that. The point is, music can transform an occasion. And on this occasion it was a gift from the metaphorical gods, because I could legitimately refrain from speaking.

The lines were racked up with immense care and anticipation – three neat rows of nondescript white powder with the power to transform lives. Alan knew as well as the rest that scene and setting were all-important. The ritual was observed.



FIVE SUIT KUNG FU

“Tomorrow I’m putting on five suits and doing kung fu.”

“What?”

“I’m doing a performance tomorrow, where I’m gonna put on five suits and do kung fu. It’s for my art.”

“What does it mean?”

“Oh nothing, it doesn’t mean anything.”

“That’s cool, I like art that doesn’t mean anything.”

■ ■ ■

“Boxers, shirts and ties, trousers and belts, jackets, socks, shoes.”

Take my nose ring out, brush my beard.

“Boxers, shirts and ties, trousers and belts, jackets, socks, shoes.

Go ...”

I pause. I’ve fucked it. My dick is shrinking by the millisecond and my stomach is glad I skipped lunch. No bother, count to ten and you’re good to go, but on three I’m thinking, “What if I don’t walk through the door?”

It’s on. I feel as though my body is shaking so much people can hear it. Park the clothes rail and aim for the underwear. It’s awkward but they’re on now.

“This wasn’t supposed to be awkward. Stand tall and proud, you’re a Performance Artist – should’ve tested the shirts, there’s still four to go and the audience are bored already.”

The trousers went on without a hitch except for one belt that couldn’t take the heat, but I liked that, the tension broke with it too. Jackets also slid on.

So now I’m stuck with sweat and the straightjacket of five suits and pulling up my socks was harder than expected.

“Breath harder, wobble; show them its difficult”.

■ ■ ■

The kung fu was effortless, but I had been practising it for five years.



FOLLICLES

He started growing his hair long at secondary school – year eight, aged fourteen. No one said, “Yeah man, that looks good”. Well none of the guys anyway. Mostly they just said, “Are you a boy or a girl?”

He had been told in the beginning by a reputable source, that if he wanted to grow his hair, it was best not to ever get it cut. On average hair grows one centimetre each month, so you need to give it time to get ahead before you start clipping off bits and styling it and such.

If you stand out at school you’re asking for trouble, but he was up for the fight and willing to endure all kinds of shit in pursuit of an extended barnet.

Cellotape around and around the head was a good one. That used to hurt, trying to pull it off without simultaneously yanking out too much hair. Then there was the chewing gum incident. It happened on the bus home and the small, short gesture caused about a week of general inconvenience that culminated in a small bald patch and the deployment of hairspray in a vain attempt to cover up.

At cadet camp the squaddies had a field day. They were so swept up in their own insecurities, what with being demoted to the role of child minder, that they withheld the prize.

“If you’d cut that hair off before you came, we’d be awarding you best cadet on camp.”

Ten years later people started copying him. Long hair was back in fashion and the topknot was a hipster’s signature move. Slowly but surely, the street became awash with man buns and even a clip on version was brought to market. No doubt, these were the cunts that had buzz cuts at school.

It was falling out now; piece-by-piece, day-by-day the hairline was receding. He was certain stress was the culprit. They’d had enough and were breaking free like the leaves committing suicide in Monty Python’s meaning of life.



■ ■ ■

During the Vietnam War, or The Resistance War Against America (depending on where you happened to be born), American Special Forces agents recruited American Indian¹ scouts to carry out special missions². The scouts were skilled trackers who could move fast and undetected through rough terrain and experts in survival, thought to possess almost supernatural powers.

However, once enlisted the scout's skills mysteriously disappeared. When questioned about their loss of performance, they consistently blamed their regulation haircut as the cause.

Subsequently many tests were carried out during which, the recruits who'd been allowed to keep their hair long, out performed those who'd had their locks shorn off. It would appear that hair is acting as some kind of extended sensory organ. The cutting of hair has also been attributed to insensitivity in relationships and sexual frustration (C Young, 2011).

1. The jury appears to be undecided on correct terminology – Native American or American Indian, indigenous peoples of the Americas or First Nations? The term used here is quoted from another passage, as referenced below, and no offense is intended.

2. The following story is recounted from an article by C Young, *The Truth About Hair and Why Indians Would Keep Their Hair Long*. Available from: <https://www.sott.net/article/234783-The-Truth-About-Hair-and-Why-Indians-Would-Keep-Their-Hair-Long>.



EVERYONE'S BLAGGING IT

Standing three hundred and ten meters high at its tip, The Shard is London's tallest building, whose lofty heights provide a home to six restaurants, one hotel, a retail arcade and ten residential apartments. The dress code is 'smart and elegant'.

■ ■ ■

It was Jayne's sixtieth birthday, and her husband Howard had reserved a private box. It was a room whose four walls were made entirely of glass and mirrors – a real conundrum for the photographer, who found achieving the correct exposure almost impossible.

They weren't sure if the walls were designed to keep 'them' in or the 'others' out. In any case it had a kind of green-house-zoo-enclosure feel.

The deposit alone cost five hundred pounds and Howard had asked his son Jack to pay it, so that it didn't appear on the couple's bank statement.

The room was equipped with a dedicated waiter, who diligently unfolded each guest's serviette before refolding it and placing it softly in the corresponding lap, one by one. Gluttony was anticipated.

The soup was poured at the table, one helping at a time from single-serve jugs and was furnished with crosnes and crumbs. Beer was only permitted in slim half-pint glasses and the broccoli was Romanesco, which looked like a dinosaur foot, with geodesic scales.

In honour of Jayne's milestone the waiter brought out a veritable jambo-ree of desserts surrounding a piped dedication that read, *Happy Jayne Birthday*. Singing and cheering ensued but for just a short while before the waiter interjected, "I'm very sorry, but my pastry chef is dyslexic!"

■ ■ ■

It doesn't matter how fucking fancy the restaurant is, there's always piss on the floor in the toilets, and even Ed Ruscha's painted words bleed.





TONIC

Gammel Dansk Bitter Dram is distinctive and entirely unique – and has been since 1964. The taste is complex and is the result of a combination of 29 herbs, spices and flowers. A genuine natural product – perfect with a cup of coffee or a cold beer.

■ ■ ■

“Dear Hayes babes. Thanks to you I’ve just had my first real gammel dansk in years. Fucking tonic.” (Jim Bywater [text message], January 26th 2017.)

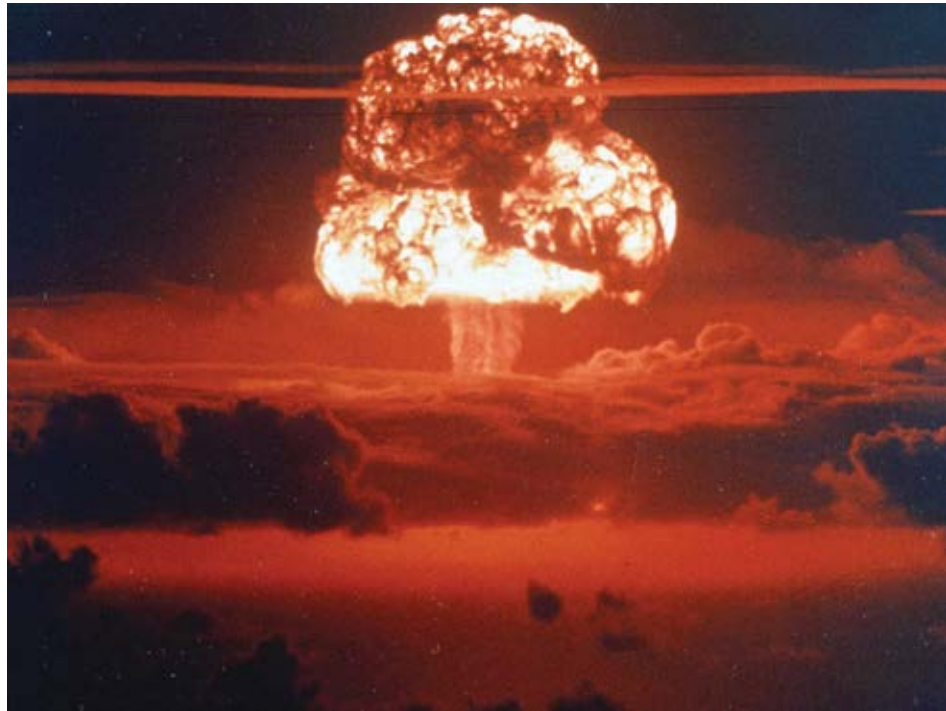




ONE MILLION POUNDS

I offered someone one million pounds, all they had to do was buy it. I've still got the cheque if anyone's interested?





NUCLEAR WAR

Every time I sat down to write this book it killed me. The pages are poisonous, coated in the same shit that just got Kim Jong Nam, and my pen is configured of ones and zeros. It's some false ideal of forced progression in order to get one step closer to our favourite friend Morty – the hooded crusader with a penchant for terminations.

I can hear it now, as I do always, piercing my eardrums and sending confused signals to my brain. There's a Siren in my ear canal and she's made herself at home. But it was worth it for the sweet sound I can't get from anywhere else, a golden ticket to the box office of self-awakening.



WHO AM I, AND WHAT AM I DOING?

People like to think we're living in a really fucked up time. They say, "Donald Trump is the president of the free world man!" It's true, the United Kingdom voted to leave Europe and a pint of beer costs more than a fiver in the capital, and homelessness has doubled in the last year.

In 2003 a USA led coalition, invaded Iraq and a whole load of people got killed. It was just one battle in the on going Middle Eastern war. After WWII Two, shady relations between America and the USSR ignited the Cold War and some argue it never ended. Hitler was at large from 1933 to 1945 and before that we had a 'War to End All Wars' – no doubt this title had certain caveats.

That's just one hundred years and leaving out the bedroom tax, recession, terrorism, petrol strikes, swine flu, SARS, poll tax riots, Margaret Thatcher, Facebook, The Great Storm of 1987, AIDS, Myra Hindley, Jimmy Saville, the Hillsborough disaster, global warming ...

My truth is, shit's always been fucked up, ALWAYS.

■ ■ ■

If you haven't got money, you ain't nothing in this world. At least that's what they teach you at school. You might say, "Ah but I have love, I don't need money", except that in 1929 Edward Bernays joined up the dots between sex and cash and all of a sudden you needed a hedge fund to secure a wife.

These days you can buy babies; a kidnap fetish experience; a design-a-vagina; a first person view from the summit of Everest and even a new kidney that's been stolen out of some poor sod's abdomen. Still there are some things, some beautiful sacred attributes, which no amount of legal (or illegal) tender can purchase.

The first is immortality. We've been trying to cheat death since the day we were born and as yet not a single soul in the entire history of human beings has managed it. That's why we invented church.

Next you've got music. That dot-com millionaire might have serious moolah, but he sure as hell can't play the saxophone like I can.

And finally there is the Artist's experience of capturing an idea and



bringing it to fruition. Of delivering into the world something new and watching it swim around for a bit.

Art cannot be connected to money; it has to exist within a separate paradigm. Of course once it's made, any old oligarch can use it to launder funds, but in its conception it must be willing to exist as the cheapest, poorest price – the idea itself must be enough.

All artists know this, that's why we have the chance to unfuck some of the things that got mentioned earlier. We just need to be brave enough to step off the production line and think for a while.



SEX AND DRUGS AND JAZZ

Budapest Jazz club is big – far bigger than anything Bristol, or even London could support. Located in a former communist cinema complex, it houses two stages, and hosts a thrice-weekly jam session in the slightly smaller dinner venue, which is arranged radially around a central, circular stage.

I've not been to New York but perhaps this is what it's like; everyone was wearing black tie and evening dresses except my girlfriend and me. At least I had my horn to hide behind.

The house band played a rather smooth but beautiful first set. They were top draw musicians, as good as any I'd heard and they navigated their chosen collection of standards and original material with finesse. I was excited to join them for the jam, which was to proceed after a short interval.

■ ■ ■

A bumbling drunk buffoon; his entry made a scene. Somewhere during the interval the atmosphere had morphed. The black ties had been swapped for baseball caps and liquor was consumed, prisoners released.

He was shouting in Magyar and I knew it was a curse because the speech was peppered with “fuck-shit-bollocks”. The double bass was replaced with an electric and the volume turned up to twelve. Earplugs became mandatory as the chorus began.

It was simultaneously the greatest and worst playing I'd ever witnessed. Ridiculous cascading chromatically parallel arpeggios, punctuated with awkward silences and sexually frustrated grunts. Slip sliding in and out of time but only just as he surfed the wave of self-control. Berating the audience with harmonic jokes and melodic inflections, whilst struggling to stay upright as his drunken legs wobbled off balance.

I wondered if this happened every Friday, Saturday and Monday at 22:30?



■ ■ ■

János Egri is a Hungarian jazz musician, who began performing professionally from the age of seventeen. He has released two albums as a leader and toured extensively as a sideman with such greats as Frank Zappa, Pat Metheny, Lee Konitz and Jack DeJohnette.



THE SUPREME MOMENT

The therapist has comfy chairs – big plush red velvet tufts that hug your body as you let go of its weight. He is softly spoken, gentle in movement.

He tells you to sit down. He offers you some cold water. He reads the confidentiality contract, which you sign. He asks, “Who are you and what are you doing?”

You tell him your story. You feel apprehensive.

He looks you in the eye as he takes out his props – a Russian Doll, a tiny model foetus.

You are certain he’s gay.

He pretends your brain is sat in the chair next to you and begins to speak to it.

You feel embarrassed for him, it’s awkward.

He plays you off against your brain. He tells you your diagnosis: this time you’ve really fucked up.

Later you learn he’s been struck off the list for refusing to treat homosexual couples on religious grounds. It doesn’t feel much like Art.





TURN IT DOWN

A play

Big Jeff is swaying out at the front – the mark of a good gig. She enters from stage left, fingers in ears, frown on face, and stands motionless, directly in front of Dan. Someone takes a CD and places five pounds in the hat. Others are filming on their phones. She takes a step forwards and regains her composure. She is just a foot away now, her stillness contrasting Jeff's vibrations. You finish the song tight and tidy and applause ensues.

SHE:

Can I ask you to not drum so loud?

DAN:

...

SHE:

It fucking is your fault.

DAN:

...

SHE:

Don't drum so fucking loud, you fucking idiot.

Dan turns on the drone. It is loud, beautifully so.

SHE:

(shouting) Turn it down!

DAN:

...

SHE:

Turn it down.

DAN:

...

SHE:

This is an art event, it's not for you to just take over the whole fucking thing.





DAN:

...

SHE:

(shouting) Yeah but it's too fucking loud!

DAN:

...

SHE:

(shouting at the top of her voice) Turn it down!

DAN:

...

SHE:

No he needs to turn it down.

DAN:

...

SHE:

People don't look at the work because you're making such a fuck-
ing racket.

DAN:

...

SHE:

I don't care, it's too fucking loud.

DAN:

...

SHE:

It's been on every day, I don't care, it's too loud.

DAN:

...

SHE:

I want you to turn it down.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE:

(softly spoken) Maybe you're a bit loud yourself.

■ ■ ■

Listen...

if I can hear your customers talking, it's not too loud. If I can hear the
chink of glasses, it's not too loud. If I can't play loud, then I can't play quiet.

I can only play flat if you insist on narrowing the parameters.

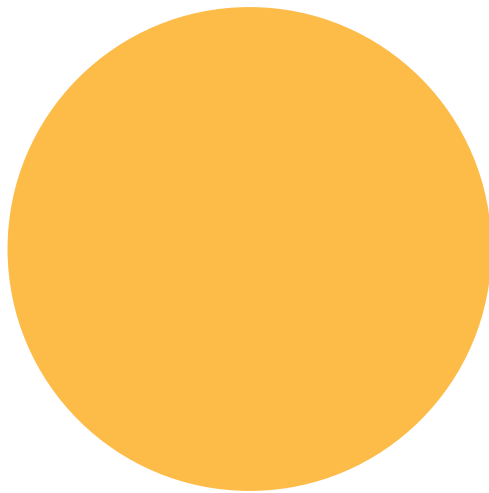


THE LOVE IT TOOK TO LEAVE YOU

That's the name of a song by Colin Stetson. He's my favourite – a titanic genius; a grand master; the chosen one.

■ ■ ■

I feel it now, but I don't know if I have enough. I think you've died but you're still here staring me in the face, reminding me that I don't know where to look.





IT'S SO LOVELY TO BE ABLE TO JUST STARE AT HIS FACE

My lower back was starting to get very painful now. I chanced a glance at the clock. Ten minutes in! Joseph Beuys lasted twenty-four hours; Marina Abramović lasted thirty days; David Blain lasted forty-four days and he's not even an artist. Tehching Hsieh lasted thirteen years. This isn't about endurance though, so shut up and endure.

As my peripherals closed in I felt a sense of calm, the heat of the uplight warming my face. A simple closed loop that is straightforward in form and content. We are indirectly looking directly at one another.





DANCING WITH DAD





It all started here (I think). The first time art made me cry.

My dad is still alive, but I can't dance with him.





FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE

A proposal

Another thing about ideas is that they can morph in and out of feeling intensely satisfying to 'take-it-or-leave-it' without warning. I'm still seesawing over the following proposal but the only way to know for sure is to just make it.

■ ■ ■

Seating for the spectators is arranged in two lines around each edge of the room, surrounding a square, central space. In the centre of this space sits a small stage one foot tall by one meter square. In one corner of the space there is a small stool. A walkway intersects one side of the seating (Fig. 1).

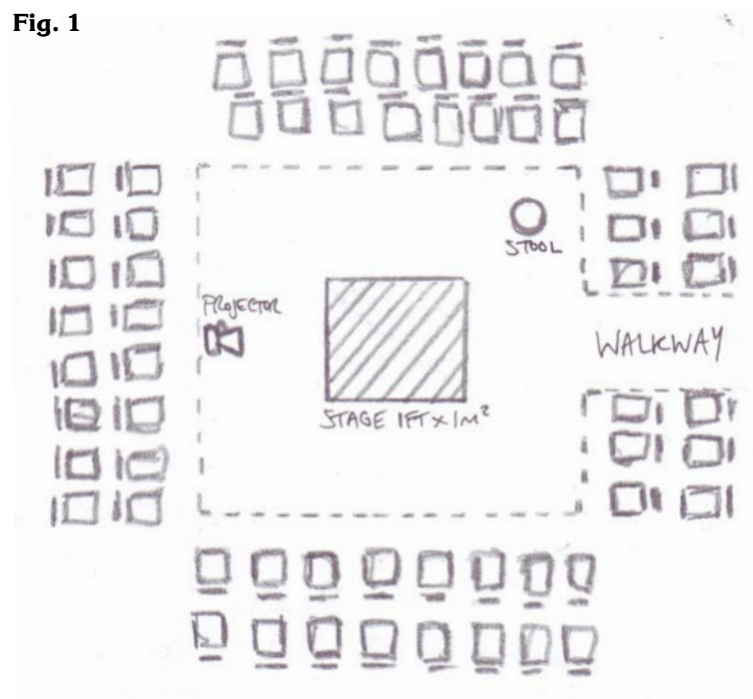
The artist enters the room wearing nothing but boxing gloves and boots, and a gown – hood up. He has recently shaved his head. He is accompanied either side, by a coach and a referee. The coach carries a water bottle. The referee carries a bell. They walk down the walkway into the central space. The coach removes the artist's gown and he takes his place on the stage. The referee moves to the front of the stage and the coach behind.

The referee rings the bell and photographs of the artist, from a year old to the present day, begin to project in sequence onto the artist's body. For each photo that is projected the artist changes his posture to match that of the photo (the full sequence of which, has been previously memorised).

There are three rounds of projections lasting one minute each. They are slow, medium and fast changing sequences. The final round is slightly too fast for the artist to keep up. During each round the artist retires from the stage to the stool and the coach squirts water in his mouth and face.

At the end of three rounds the referee takes the artist's hand and stands together with him in the centre of the stage. The referee raises the artist's hand and proclaims "Winner". The coach places the gown back on the artist and the three leave the room, back through the walkway.

Fig. 1





BJBF STATEMENT

Colston Hall, Bristol

March 16th 2017

Dan and myself would like to express our thanks and gratitude to the organisers of Bristol Jazz and Blues Festival. We would also like to acknowledge the disparity and conflicts involved, given its context.

We can assure you the irony of holding such a festival in a building built with money from, and named after, a slave trader, is not lost on us. Clinging onto such a name provides a barrier to many people, indeed countless performers and members of the public have refused to enter the venue.

Jazz music is Black music; jazz music is and always has been about protest. We would like to bring to your attention the continued struggle, both locally and worldwide.

Just a few months ago a black race relation's adviser was tasered in the face outside his own home in Easton, Bristol by police officers in an unprovoked attack.

This week members of London based music collective Jazz Re:Freshed had their visas for a trip to America's SXSW Festival revoked. No explanation has been given, however they were the only three musicians of a twenty-strong contingent with Muslim sounding names.

We would like to dedicate this entire set to everyone who is fighting against social injustice worldwide.

■ ■ ■

... Choked up on that one, too much stress. Spent most of the gig with my head down, eyes shut.

Afterwards the artist liaison officer told me to "Speak up next time!"



PENTOBARBITAL SODIUM

They give you nine grams in an oral solution containing 20% ethanol. Then they give you a chocolate to take the bitter taste away.





THE DELICATE BALANCE OF TERROR

“Good evening ladies and gentleman, thanks for coming out tonight. Here’s a song about the melancholy paradox [of] peace founded firmly on mutual terror, and mutual terror on symmetrical nuclear capabilities!...”

Yeah I didn’t think so. How do you go about introducing an instrumental piece that you wrote, to talk about a subject using music because you couldn’t find the words to talk about it using the English language?

Unfortunately people seem to want the answer for everything in a neat little package, preferably one hundred and forty characters long.

■ ■ ■

Stage patter has always been an issue. Some smile sweetly and move on quietly; some don’t even smile; others tell jokes or anecdotes.

I prefer to segue everything apart from a short break in the middle where the audience can listen briefly to silence.

1. Wohlstetter, A. (1959) The Delicate Balance of Terror. *Foreign Affairs (pre-1968)*. 37 (000002), pp. 212.



MARTIAL ART

Sparring is freedom from thinking. You must empty your mind of all the small talk and concentrate solely on the task in hand, otherwise you get punched in the face.

Sometimes a good jab to the nose is exactly what's required; a short sharp sting followed by a throbbing aftertaste – first a wake up call, then a reminder to focus. When it flows, your body encapsulated in the ever-changing moment, it is serene.

Pain is welcome in the house of personal development. Boundaries are mental, not physical. You must diligently search out the confining structures and destroy them.

Practice must be torture; knowledge grows from frustration. Make each and every move your girlfriend. When the time comes, kill your opponent in as few moves as possible.



THE SUITS

The suits are everywhere. I awake from them chasing me in my nightmares to find them hiding in my wardrobe. I feel their presence now more than ever.

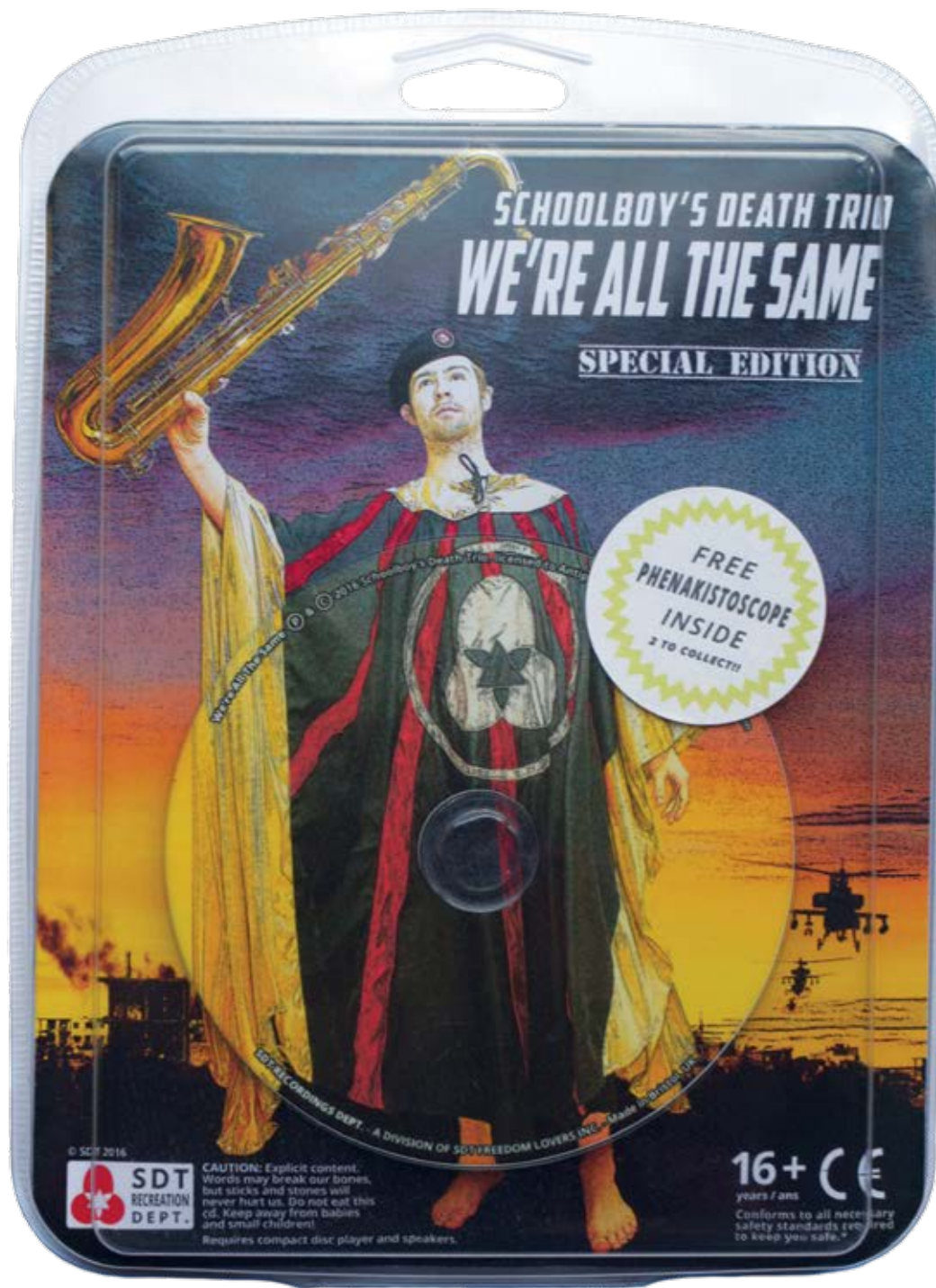
They are coming with a bill and we better have the currency to pay them off or they'll leave us out in the street. They're trying to shut us down and we're trying to decide if the fight back is worth our hard earned energy.

I will put on all the suits I can find and mock them. I've been training myself up and I'm ready to kick some ass. Tesco Direct sell a two-piece suit for twenty-one pounds. I got four suits for twenty-five quid from the charity shop. They didn't all match but one was a tuxedo.

If we venture out side around eight o'clock in the morning we can watch streams of suits marching down the pavement, stake out our opponent and figure out the best form of attack.

■ ■ ■

I remember the group run during physical education at school. The trick was to ever so gently kick to the side the leg belonging to the person in front of you. If done correctly you could trip them up with the slightest of effort.



SCHOOLBOY'S DEATH TRIO

The Schoolboy received his nickname after committing a number of errors during the first year of university. These included sending a girl home when she evidently wished to stay the night; climbing over a gate that was in fact already open; scrambling two eggs for approximately ten minutes before realising the hob had not been switched on.

For a while he became obsessed with the subject of death and was convinced many Western problems could be attributed to society's neglect of the topic. He decided to form a band. The band would consist of three members, it would perform songs about death, and it would be called Schoolboy's Death Trio.

Previously The Schoolboy had obtained the contact details of his favourite saxophonist, a man he respected and revered – a man whose music was greatly influential. He was extremely excited to tell this man about Schoolboy's Death Trio ...

"I guess you should be ready for a response like this with a band name like that: without wishing to be rude or disrespectful I fucking hate the band name."

For someone like me who is a father and deeply winces inwardly whenever I hear of any kind of child death, this is offensive.

For someone like me whose school friend hung himself from his dressing gown cord when he was seven years old because he was so miserable, this is tasteless, unnecessary and offensive.

To be flippantly using something so utterly horrifying and shockingly prevalent as a band name is appalling.

I'm deeply offended by it as you can probably tell so I'm sorry but unless you change it to something even remotely tasteful I'm afraid I won't be forwarding this to any of my contacts."

Despite a compassionate and in depth explanation of the name and its origins, which clearly outlined the possessive (as opposed to nominative) nature of the proper noun, the man was still offended.



He admitted that the explanation was eloquent and heart felt and completely agreed with the ideas it expressed, however his ego had already been burned and he refused to suspend his offense.

Two weeks later, words came from another highly regarded individual:

“I absolutely love the name of your band”.

■ ■ ■

You can’t please everyone so don’t bother trying. Punctuation is important, don’t expect everyone to get it right.



LA PETIT MORT

Gagosian, 6-24 Britannia Street, London

Richard Serra, *NJ-2* / *Rounds: Equal Weight, Unequal Measure* / *Rotate*

Oct 1st 2016 – April 13th 2017

Richard Serra's work is powerful, so powerful it killed a man. It looks rubbish in the photos, but standing up against it feels as though a gigantic ocean liner is steaming over you. Perhaps if I let it flatten my brain, I can exit the gallery a changed man.

■ ■ ■

Ten minutes tops it took. The group paced their way straight through NJ-2, posed a few suspecting questions about *Equal Weight*, *Unequal Measure* and finished up trying to pat the top of *Rotate*.

"Is this thing really solid?"

Then it was back to the little illuminated rectangles for some real stimulation.

■ ■ ■

Richard Kirwan said if you put your artwork online it "will be judged by apathy and indifference", like throwing a stone into the ocean and watching it sink. I'm beginning to suspect most art is evaluated so, whether its online or in a gallery. I don't think this is negative, I think its a necessary filter. If all the people I was with that day hadn't retreated back to their iphones, I never would have gotten the chance to experience that glorious work by myself.

■ ■ ■

Some people like to cum quickly and get back to work. Some can just cum again and again and again, till they can't cum any more. Others use Tantric practice to extend the one. Anthony Kiedis reminisces the good old days when a heroin-fuelled session could last the entire night. I wouldn't trust anyone who says they're not a wanker.



QUESTIONS:

Put your pretzel through as bagel at the self-serve checkouts; run the red lights on ya bike; call the policeman a cunt from the inside of your car; stay up all night and sleep till noon; skip the queue – cut in at the last minute; tell your boss he or she ain't your boss and while you're at it, take two hours for lunch; forge the witness signature on the form; travel without insurance; fly post – relentlessly; jump the fence and walk all over the grass; use flash photography.



'To play the game or not?' isn't really a question. I've never met anyone who wasn't involved in some way or another. People are just on different teams.

1. A six figure bank balance
2. Influential agency
3. A watertight roof
4. Love
5. A sustainable lifestyle
6. Making art
7. Making babies
8. Fast cars
9. Getting into heaven
10. Staying alive



ANALOG VS. DIGITAL

A Conversation with David Wakely, 2017

David Wakely: Can you contemplate life without her?

Andrew Hayes: Well I'd be fine, but I'd worry about her.

Wakely: Why would you be fine?

Hayes: Well, as long as I'm making music and art, I'm serving my purpose.

Wakely: Okay, so you feel like your calling is being fulfilled?

Hayes: Yeah it's my baby and if anyone or anything messes with it they'll get sidelined.

Wakely: And you need to strike-whilest-the-iron-is-hot so to speak?

Hayes: Yes, I need to work non-stop until the idea is complete. I don't like to have any distractions as they disturb my flow.

Wakely: Can you give me an example?

Hayes: Well I'm writing a book at the moment, and I'd rather stay up all night working on that, than spend time with her. It's nothing personal, I'm just one hundred per cent devoted to my work.

Wakely: And how does she feel about that?

Hayes: I think she gets it. In fact she's the first person that's made me even contemplate reconsidering my position.

Wakely: Why's that?

Hayes: Because she gets it, and is perhaps the first person I've fallen in love with that gets it, so I feel more willing to concede some ground.





Wakely: Do you have trouble sleeping?

Hayes: Yes, I can't stand the tick-tock of the clock – it keeps me awake, reminding me of the time I'm wasting with my eyes closed. Stuck at sixty beats per minute like a half-time minimal house disco.

Wakely: You could take the battery out.

Hayes: Yes but then I wouldn't know what time it was.

Wakely: Why don't you get a digital clock that doesn't tick?

Hayes: I don't trust digital technology; it seems too entrenched in capitalism. The noughts and ones that flow through the Internet present an existential crisis for me.

Wakely: (laughing) I see. And do you have trouble getting out of bed in the morning?

Hayes: No, I'm always excited to get on with the day.

■ ■ ■

Wakely: You say you resent her for stealing your time. Can you elaborate on that?

Hayes: Again it's nothing personal; it's probably just because she is closest to me. If I wasn't frustrated at her for interrupting me, I'd probably be annoyed at the postman knocking on the door, or the salesman calling my phone.

Wakely: And how does that make you feel?

Hayes: It makes me irritable. I normally consider myself a patient person who has time for other people. But when my time is sabotaged, I have a shorter fuse.

Wakely: Can you give me an example of when you've made time for people?

Hayes: Well a couple of my friends have witnessed family losses recently. I'd like to think I've been there for them and offered them some love.

Wakely: Why do you want to give them love?

Hayes: Well I think society is sick with problems that are out of our hands – this is perhaps a conversation for another time, but I think the way to make a difference is for everyone to look out for each other. We are our own Gods. If we believe that God exists, then he does.

■ ■ ■

Wakely: Who is I?

Hayes: I is me, myself, not you.

Wakely: And who is we?

Hayes: We is us, you and me and the reader.

Wakely: So who is they?

Hayes: They is the others, the ones that don't know or don't care; the ones who are of no use to us.

■ ■ ■

Wakely: Have you come to any realisations?

Hayes: Yes, I'm afraid of time. The only occasion I've ever come to any harm was when I was running away from it. I crashed my bike and broke my elbow whilst rushing through traffic; I've got an irritable bowel from eating too quickly; I developed repetitive strain injuries in my arms from skipping the warm down. I feel like the wheels of a bike hurtling downhill. Forever going round in circles, yet rushing forward to a brave new world. Yet if I took the very same bike and pedalled it forwards in a straight line for long enough, I'd end up right back where I started.



■ ■ ■

Wakely: Let's go back to when you said you'd be ok on your own because you'd have your art. What would happen if you couldn't make art or music? Would you still be ok?

Hayes: Yes I'd survive. There would still be towering trees and snow-capped mountains and rushing rivers and gushing waterfalls and fragrant flowers and wildlife.



SILENT TIME

I know I've banged on and on about this, but I've just got to say, that night we nailed it.

The Jazz Bar, Edinburgh
April 2nd 2017
21:25



Andrew Neil Hayes: Collected Writings

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