



THE LINING OF
MY BAG, BEDROOM AND
OTHER LININGS...

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Ruaidhri Ryan









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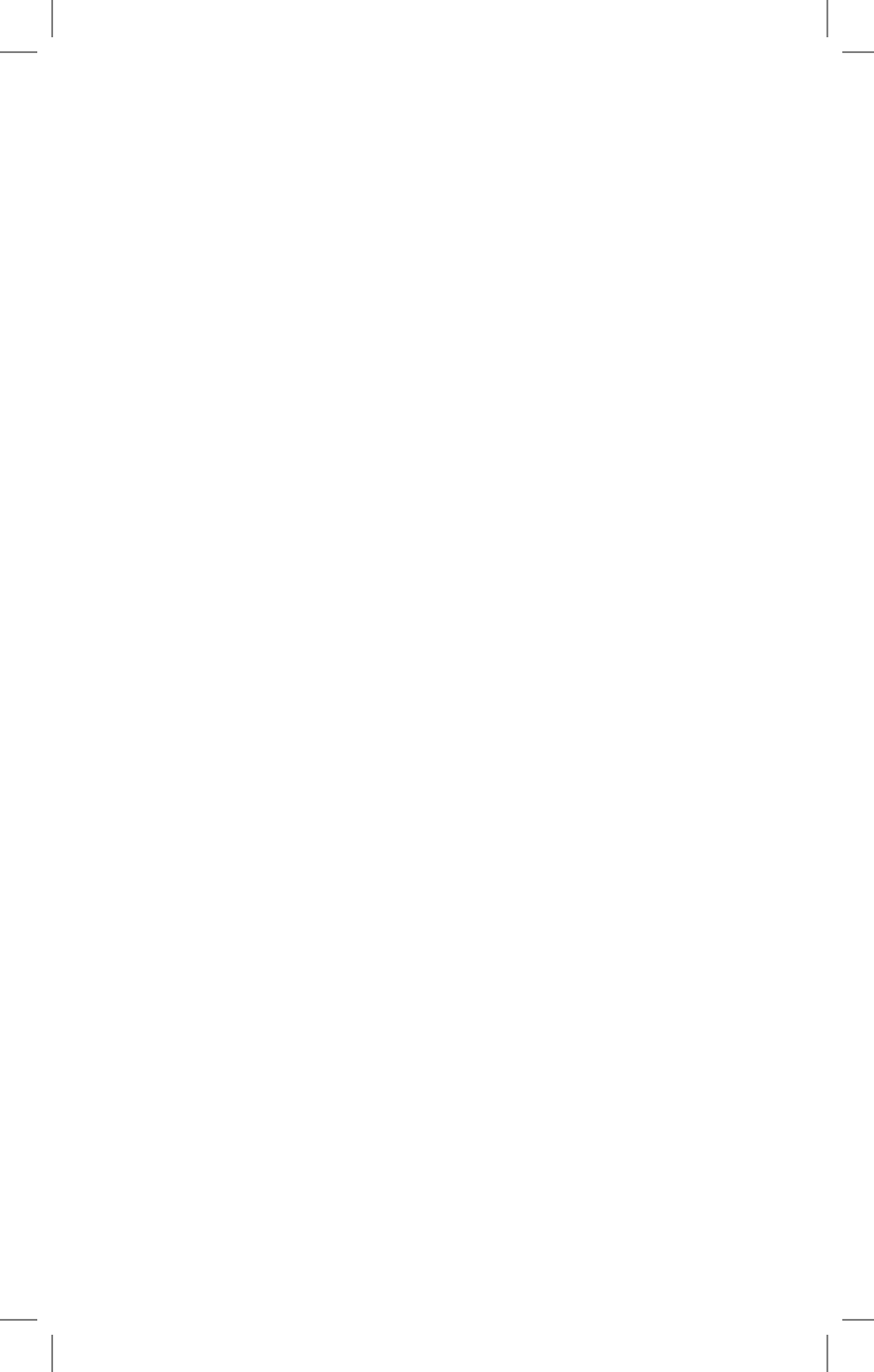
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INTRODUCTION

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I wanted this document to be a haiku: simple and minimal like a Le Corbusier building, but it ended up much longer, and I seem to have adopted the voice of Roger Deakin.

THE SHELF

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The shelf was installed before I arrived, originally I didn't really like it, and for a while considered taking it down. It's fixed to the wall by two white powder-coated metal brackets, which look similar to those you see flower baskets hanging from outside country pubs. The matte white laminated wood is a little worn, exposing peels of MDF, the whole thing seems a little ill considered, but once I unpacked some boxes and began arranging objects on it, it began to grow on me. The basket hangers proved to be quite useful too, because I can hang bags from them, a French wicker basket with leather handles is a gentle container for dirty laundry¹, behind that are two tote bags, a bright yellow Paxton & Whitfield tote bag with grey text and handles². Right now, just spilling over the top of the French shopper are some old boxer shorts from Massimo Dutti³. Hanging on the second bracket, on an old wooden hanger, is a vintage Carrera cycling jersey⁴ behind the jersey is an Ally Capelino bag I bought in the Spring/Summer of 2012. Frank. Utterly beautiful, and since buying it I rarely find myself envious of others' bags! Under the shelf, resting against the wall is a beautiful walnut frame⁵.

On the shelf sit a number of items. Travelling from left to right, slanted at an angle, a small square mirror with rounded corners⁶. In front of the

1 I had thought about buying two, one for whites and one for darks, but decided it was a little over the top

2 I never actually bought cheese from the shop, I went in specifically to buy only the bag, for something like £2.50. I had seen a man wearing a Barbour jacket carrying one and I felt it gave him an air of artisanal appreciation and sophistication

3 The elastic went about a year ago, but the cotton is so good I can't bring myself to throw them away, plus the risk they may come off at any time makes me feel smugly sexy and a little bohemian - joie de vivre!

4 Which I've never worn, and bought knowing I'd never wear it, but as is the fashion of the moment (cycling that is) it fills me with an athletic ambition and displays a nostalgia for an old sport of honour. I always felt cycling owns a kind of feminine manhood, solitary endurance on winding roads in the Swiss alps, a mechanical purity. Plus the jersey is red, white and blue and I'm a fan of the French tricolore.

5 A carpenter friend of mine, Matt Hayes, handmade me this as a gift for my twenty-fifth birthday present. I intend to place in it a simple etching of a projection beam I produced in my first year of study at the Slade

6 In fact, this mirror was taken from Andrew Mania's residence in Bristol, with whom I lodged. He had a peculiar bathroom with a window that was between the shower and the first floor landing, between our bedrooms. I always felt he might, and probably did, catch a glimpse of me in there, so I took this mirror and placed it on the mantelpiece in the small room I had there. It was the first time I ever had a mirror in my bedroom and I quite liked it.

mirror is an oil burner from Muji, in which I usually burn cedar wood, but I've run out of tea lights. Lined in front are a row of mussel shells; I love their colour, particularly of the inside, the dulled shine of blue and white marble. Alongside are two purply-blue Rochefort beer caps⁷ and a set of French francs, arranged tail side up, in monetary order; 5c, 10c, 20c, 1/2 franc, 1 franc, 2 franc, 5 franc and 10 franc⁸. Behind are some sunglasses, left here by a lover⁹. To the right of the sunglasses is an Old Ford, stainless steel tankard designed by Robert Welch and a matching toast rack¹⁰. The toast rack is currently displaying a postcard that my mother sent me from a recent excursion to the peak district with an Australian friend of hers she met in Saudi Arabia before I was born and a postcard from a girlfriend of mine who was visiting family in Rome. There is also a curious green book that looks like those old American journals you see in movies¹¹.

Blue-tacked to the wall above is a postcard from 2 Willow Road, a National Trust reserved property, which was once the home of Erno Goldfinger. The image is of his bathroom sink with a bar of soap on it, an old tap on a white

7 These are from a pair of beers my elder brother and I shared on a balmy night in Leicestershire. It was very strong. We talked about cycling a lot, he loves cycling. The typography on these beer caps is wonderful, in the centre is a large number 10, in white. It reminds me of the house number tiles you find on buildings in France. I was supposed to turn these old caps into brooches or badges and send one back to my brother, but I never got around to it

8 I always loved the franc. The mathematics was easy as a kid on holidays in Brittany. 10 francs equalled 1 pound. They are a nice size. I particularly like the 5-Franc piece. As all the coins, the head is a tall woman with free flowing hair and a long, cotton, almost biblical kind of gown, or tunic? But its quite tight fitting on her, maybe its wet from the sea? Anyway, she's walking whimsically down the beach with the sun setting behind her. A lovely looking walk, a bag of groceries in her left hand maybe? On the flip side, around the edge is the French motto - Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité. In the center, with a greater relief, is a bouquet of flowers, corn and olive branches? It looks like a gentle altar display for spring harvest, or Julius Caesars crown. Above, in a Belle Époque typeface is the number 5 This is the nose of the coin. If I were to ever have a tattoo, it would be of this number 5, lonely but proud, elevated above the madness

9 I was going to omit this fact because they are not within the aesthetic scheme of this display, however, their blatant anomality draws attention to the fact that I have had some recent sexual accomplishments. They are also pretty cool sunglasses so one could tell she had good taste in fashion

10 These beautiful items have been gifted me by my auntie and uncle who are architects. Each birthday and Christmas I am excited to add a new item to the collection and eat the homemade jam or chutney they usually come with. I stopped using these items in my present shared accommodation because I'm afraid they may get damaged. One day they will be used properly, as intended. The experience of the meal will be heightened using these uniform pieces and the use of them assumes an unaffected persona

11 Papier d'armenie, bought from Labour and Wait on Redchurch Street. It's a sweet little booklet containing strips of peach paper, which you fold in the shape of an accordion, light and then blow out enough to allow slow burning. "Since 1885, Papier d'armenie is the oldest deodorizer of the ambient air" - I have a vision of it being used in provincial French hospitals by nurses in sky blue cotton dresses and white pinafores, wrought iron spring beds and coarse brown bed sheets as old French men with black moustaches and stripey pyjamas moan

square tile and a ceramic cubbyhole for perfume. Above that is a wooden clothes brush¹². There is a box of matches and a lighter¹³. An old Duralex carafe, $\frac{2}{3}$ full of water, contains Dutch lilies bought from Columbia road market on Sunday¹⁴. Next to the flowers is an old medium format Rolleiflex¹⁵.

12 Which I've never really used, but jogs an idea of a groomed English gentleman or an old Saville Row tailor brushing James Bond's shoulders before he steps into the maroon padded room for a meeting with M

13 one of which I should remove because sat side-by-side they mock each others histories and capabilities

14 I apologise for this lie, I haven't bought flowers for about a month because the market is saturated in the summer weather and I feel like too much of a poser. Temporarily in place of the flowers is an old brown medicine bottle (which in actual fact is a Purdey's bottle with the label removed - they look great, and the drink is refreshing, I recommend getting one!)

15 It's actually a Microflex, but I tell people its a Rollei because of the Doisneau/Sieff kind of references. Parisian café scenes, black and white people kissing, naked women wearing thin lace

THE BEDSIDE TABLE

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The bedside table isn't actually being used as a bedside table, to my disappointment. It stands with its back to my wardrobe and its face to the walnut picture frame, quite a way from my bedside. It's a very handsome piece of furniture, I think¹⁶. It is simply rectangular in shape, slender. Constructed with unstained plywood, with a slight sheen from a beeswax coating. The edges display the stripey lines of the plywood¹⁷. The top is clean and backed by a little four-inch wall upon which I have stuck a postcard with a still from *À Bout de Soufflé*. The legs are made from eight pieces of one inch stainless steel square tubing, TIG welded together with stainless steel¹⁸. It's actually less of a table and more of a cabinet. The door has a small handle on it, made from the same material as the legs. Inside, you will see beautiful gold Häfele hinges¹⁹, which are hidden within the plywood and allow the door to be opened 180 degrees. The interior also has a shelf, which allows for A4 sized books to be stored up right and trinkets to be stored atop²⁰. The cabinet also has a little slidey shelf drawer, again with a handle. This shelf can be fully withdrawn and used as a tray²¹. On top

16 ...but I am a little biased

17 I quite like this in 'trendy', 'industrial chic' furniture, revealing not only the face of timber but also the materials construction method

18 and relentlessly polished until my fingertips were bleeding

19 When extracted, these clever little hinges look a lot like gold cufflinks and I almost wish they were, they are so very cute!

20 When designing, I thought the cabinet would be full of books and magazines "of the moment" i.e. what I would be reading in bed right now, and the upper, smaller compartment would house an array of sexual products. I don't actually own an array of sexual products, but I thought it would be fantastic to have Deleuze and Guattari in the same cabinet as condoms and dildos. Right now, I think the cabinet is full of old lenses that I'm mustering the motivation to sell, some photographs and carpet samples

21 This shelf represents a great deal to me. It conjures a scene of a young couple in bed together, a lazy Sunday morning; the girl has long, mousey brown hair and wears a French nightshirt with nothing on underneath. Her face is soft and a little puffy from her sleep during the night. She rubs her face in the blue and white cotton pillowcase with frayed edges. Her white legs are wrapped up in the bed sheets, she stretches and wriggles. The boy rubs his eyes with the back of his right hand and his hand through his messy blonde hair. She affectionately ruffles/rubs his hair. He pulls himself up in the bed, his abs tensing for a moment, and the stringy muscles in his skinny shoulders. The light is cool; streaks of orange are bursting through the Venetian blinds, landing on the wall behind Lulu? Clemence? Chloé? He turns to her and drops his head down to kiss her warm shoulder, which is breaking out from under the duvet. He throws his right leg up, out of the bed on to the wooden floorboard,

of the cabinet is an enamel soap dish containing some seashells²², a book called *Why People Photograph* and a yellow pencil branded with *Museum Fur Moderne Kunst Frankfurt* and the beginning of another word which has been eradicated from the sharpening of the pencil²³. To the right of the cabinet is a three-foot high rubber plant with big leathery green leaves²⁴. The cabinet backs against the wardrobe²⁵, hanging from which is an old canvassy rugby jacket²⁶, weathered navy blue with a Loughborough Grammar School logo embroidered onto it and a white nametag stitched into the collar, reading Rory J. Ryan.

reaches to the bedside table for his glasses, looks at the Braun clock, 8am. He sits on the edge of the bed for a moment, the dust motes, illuminated, dancing around him. He wears only white Y fronts, he reaches to the floor to pick up an old, worn rugby jersey/fisherman's jumper that he sleepily pulls over his head, his hair is pulled down by the collar. He blows a little sigh through his lips, which makes a gentle purring sound. He leaves the set. Re-focus to the girl who spreads her naked arm across the crisp sheets, she turns and pulls herself up; she pulls a dog-eared paperback from under her pillow, something like *The Sexual Behaviour of Young People*, something with a nice cover. He reads the Hockney Autobiography. She licks her thumb and turns to her page. Or maybe an iPad? French newspaper? Cut. He climbs back into bed, she's eating a buttery croissant from an enamel plate, or a nectarine, he's picking up a steaming cup of coffee from the shelf, they are talking about something deep and meaningful, or the smell of the morning or something, but we can't hear what they are saying, we hear only the soundtrack, Sylvain Chaveau? Nils Frahm? Piano, violins maybe? Rhye?)

22 Which I collected on a cinematic day trip to Whitstable with a beautiful Italian girl I had been seeing. We hired a red Fiat 500 from the Hertz in St. Pancras Station and we ate ice cream and oysters. On the way home we stopped in a petrol station in Moorfields to fill up the tank. It was about midnight, but still warm which gave the petrol fumes a comforting flavour. We sat in the McDonalds next to the petrol station, we ate Big Macs and talked about the days adventure, I felt like I was in a Hopper painting

23 I've never actually been to Frankfurt, so God only knows how I became the owner of this pencil, but anyway, its a really great colour and it's branding projects an international cultural interest and it looks as though it was last sharpened with a carpet knife, rather than a pencil sharpener, which feels rugged, a kind of relaxed, primitive academia

24 I saw an interior photo of Maison de Verre (House of Glass) on the Architecture Associations website, they were advertising a group trip. The image reads like this, left to right; enormous bookshelf, industrial red iron girder, Bauhaus looking sofa, 8ft rubber plant, Swedish/Dutch rocking chairs, in the background there is a black grand piano with wild flowers (maybe dried?) in a vase, a wall of square windows. When I saw this photo I set it as my iPhone home screen background and bought a rubber plant from the market in hopes of emulating this interior.

25 an ugly IKEA thing

26 a little like a Fisherman's Cagoule

THE WARDROBE

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I have always had a special relationship with clothes; I think I began to understand how they could make you feel and act when I entered the sixth form at school. My brothers and I were fortunate enough to go to a public school, which had a uniform. We always had hand-me-downs, or uniforms bought second hand from the Parents Association store. A grey suit, pale blue shirt and house tie. The sixth formers wore a black suit, white shirt and upgraded house tie²⁷. When I was 17, my mother bought me a new suit for my sixth form years, brand new. We went to Marks & Spencer in Nottingham. It was quite a light fabric with a lovely lining, of similar colours to the Louis Vuitton pattern. This suit changed everything for me. I saved up and bought myself some black Chelsea boots²⁸ from Clarks. I always had my shirt tucked in, top button done up, hymnbook²⁹ in my right breast pocket and timetable in left. I felt like a smart chap, and even wearing casual clothes, I don't think I wore a collarless shirt for a few years. I completed my studies with two A s and a B, and I thank that suit³⁰. Because of the angle of my bed to the wardrobe, I can't actually see that many garments, but peeking out I can see a short-sleeved tropical summer shirt³¹. I can also see a folded up Breton striped jumper, some rolled up towels, a blue and white striped seersucker short sleeve shirt and a pink button down Oxford shirt³². On top of the wardrobe is a cream Panama

27 they were also allowed to walk across the quadrangle in front of the main building, quite the privilege

28 Inspired by Alfie

29 I'm in a struggle with spellcheck here, are we sure hymnbook is one word? Is it not hymn book? Possibly hymn-book?

30 and my Mum!

31 I bought this on a trip to Brighton. It's fabulous, covered in blue illustrations of parrots. I wear it with the short sleeves rolled up, this minor adjustment ensures people know you're in control of what you're wearing

32 I have a New York based dream that one day I will collect all my clothes from a launderette, pressed and ironed and tied up in brown paper by some twine with a little bow. One day, I'll have an important date and I'll rush to the launderette to collect my *favourite* shirt, they will be closed, but the owner, who lives above, hears my exclamations and will lean out of her little window, with a flower bed resting on the sill, and she will shout down to me "Mr. Ryan, I'm sorry, we are closed" and I'll say, "Oh, but Mrs..." Ummm, Mrs. Goldstein, or no, Mrs. Allen (Woody Allen ref) "Oh, but Mrs. Allen, I have a date tonight and you have that white shirt you say I don't take enough care of!" "Oh Mr. Ryan" she exclaims, "If you are meeting a girl, that is very good, I will be down right away".

hat, a slightly wider brim than usual³³ and a brown fabric band around it³⁴. The contents of my wardrobe are really very precious to me, each and every item has plenty of stories to share; where it was bought, whom it was supposed to impress, why that button might be missing, or that stain exist. The wardrobe itself is a little disheveled, not really a shrine to the materials in store, but it's simple, it was free and it has a kind of rattan charm!

33 to counter my height...

34 There is a simple line drawing by Hockney of a little al fresco mid-morning garden scene. There is a cute circular iron table, an iron chair with a curly back - one, which looks wonderfully rustic and provincial but is probably quite uncomfortable to sit on! Slung over the chair is a linen blazer. On the table is a book - I can't remember the title - an opened bottle of Vichy water accompanied by a short hexagonal crystal wine glass and a panama hat. I love this drawing, and bought a Panama hat!

THE WORK DESK

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Between the wardrobe and the desk, at the end of the thin room, are a pair of vertical windows that open outwards onto a balcony³⁵. This windows light the room³⁶. The desk stands next to the window, a very basic white MDF laminate tabletop and red metal legs³⁷. Oh, I almost forgot, I can hardly see it, but I know between the window and the table is a metal set of drawers with a paper lantern on top³⁸. To sit at the desk is a wicker chair³⁹. On top of the chair is an ugly cushion with an Andy Warhol quote on it,

35 I will often draw up the Venetian blind and climb out onto the balcony for a coffee, tea, cigarette, biscuit, ice cream, cut my toenails - whatever distraction! The wooden deck gets warm in summer and its views of London include the Shard and NatWest Tower to the West and Canary Wharf to the East. It provides a glorious backdrop to any conversation, in person or on the phone

36 In the morning beams of yellow light cut through the blinds and leave a graphic pattern on the wall which fills me with excitement to press on with the day

37 It's from IKEA, I bought it around six years ago as an undergraduate and it has followed me through numerous cities now

38 I suppose these drawers are sort of tool drawers? Or for archive? I found them in a warehouse, which was closing down in Loughborough and piled them into my car. They are extremely useful, filled with stationery, paper and tax forms, they help to keep me organized and they look industrial - chic

39 I adore wicker chairs. I relate them quintessentially to my Grandpa (Oh! I've just opened a packet of chocolate digestives and changed the ink of my pen, so apologies if my tone should change). They are dark chocolate biscuits, rather than milk, so, hopefully I should still sound relatively grown up) My Grandpa, yes, specifically 'Pa', not 'dad' or 'father'. This is because that's the kind of man he is. A 'Pa' is far gentler than a 'dad', which sounds a bit hard. He is still fighting fit though. I feel that he has always existed in my memory, as some sort of icon. Tall and extremely skinny - probably due to his singular remaining tooth which means that his source of calories is transported via cups of tea with six sugars, and biscuits that he can only ingest by means of dunking. He has a fine head of thick, white hair, which he combs back and cuts himself in a mottled mirror. I think going to the barbers for Gramps is much like going to the dentist for most. He has an incredible, full white beard, which he grew in the RAF as some sign of protest and he has never shaven since. A distinctive, long, slender nose hangs over his moustache like a soft plastic cliff. Large alert eyes and huge, shopping bag ears, he looks quite the character. We visited them a lot as children, to Highwood Lodge, their cottage in the middle of a forest in Kent. Surrounded by wells and permeated by ivy, the cottage was as eccentric and mysterious as Granny & Grandpa. We would sit in their garden, which always seemed to be in bloom, Grandpa would sit in a wicker chair, smoking, eating biscuits and drinking a small glass of wine. I would draw his beard. I remember once I was drawing the garden and, quite unannounced, Grandpa announced, "My garden is an oasis and everything outside of these walls is desert" I'll never forget that. There is also an enchanting black and white photograph of Grandpa, taken by Granny on one of their youthful trips to Florence. Grandpa sits at a wooden breakfast table, which is adorned by a tray and silver tea wares. It appears as though this setting is in some sort of cloister outside their bedroom. Behind Gramps is a big, old wooden door and to his left are two large open windows, the one closer to the camera has some plants spilling out of it and both have 50 degree rays of sunlight cutting in, across the walls. Grandpa sits upright with his right forearm perched on the edge of the table, casually balancing a cigarette between his index and middle finger, a trace of smoke is visible in front of his face. He wears a cotton shirt. He looks as though something may have just caught his attention or

which I think I was given by an auntie one Christmas⁴⁰. On the desk I can see a stack of paper, which have on it sketches for my next installation, and a deck of index cards⁴¹. Behind the papers is a Duralex glass⁴². The glasses look most cinematic when filled with iced water, a slice of lemon and left for a moment so that condensation is given the opportunity to form on the outside. This glass is filled with Caran d'Ache colouring pencils⁴³ and a couple of cigars⁴⁴. Also on the desk sit a couple of Moleskine notebooks⁴⁵

imagination, as he looks calmly, but purposefully, out of the window. I think I must feel about this photograph as Barthes does about the *Winter Garden Photograph*, and I think my Grandpa is sat on a wicker chair.

40 I generally try to hide it under a blanket. I continue to use it because it improves my posture. It will be soon replaced by a Collier Campbell fabric

41 I like to write notes, or names and numbers or the titles of films on these. I used to use Post It™ notes, but I discovered I kept sticking them to the bottom of my computer and I never really disposed of them. They would amass upon one another, in a fashion that made me uncomfortable

42 These glasses are manufactured in an array of sizes, from the small Gigogne Tumbler a 3.75 ounce glass, which one will find in any chic East London espresso café, to the larger Picardie Tumbler at 16.9 ounces. I believe the one on the desk is a 8.5 ounce. Supposedly the "ultimate drinking vessel created by man", I must agree that I have a terrible soft spot for these glasses. I suppose they too remind me of the Hockney drawing. They sit very nicely in the hand, they are also smooth but clean cut, ultimately they make water taste better. I'm particularly fond of tilting the glass up to one's nose, absolutely emptying the contained fluid and reading *Made in France* on the bottom of the glass. I have a similar sensation when cycling my brothers bike, when looking down to the handlebar stem and spotting the burnished steel headset which has embossed *Made in France* in a typeface like a rounded Calibri, it makes me want to cycle faster

43 Caran d'Ache are possibly the most satisfying colouring pencils in the world! I received a tin box of 12 pencils when my father returned from a conference in Switzerland. I always wondered at what point he thought to buy them...in the airport probably! Anyway, I was so excited to use them, such rich colours, though I could never understand why the tin said they were bendable. I attempted to bend two and nearly snapped them in two. On quizzing my mother on the matter she said they were not *bendable* but *blendable*, and that you could brush over the marks made on paper with water and treat them like watercolour paint. I remember the tin very clearly, a cool blue alpine scene, a Matterhorn shaped mountain, a wooden lodge and a saturated, punchy red, proud Swiss flag.

44 These cigars were received from my uncle Gerard who found them whilst emptying my deceased Grandparents house. He discovered a sealed box of King Edward Cigars, God knows how old they are, but each one was also individually sealed, so at the last Ryan Family Weekend* we broke the seal and all had one.

* The Ryan Family weekend came about as a result of the death of my Grandparents and there being no annual location, nor time - such as Christmas - for the family to get together to over-eat, and over-drink. The AGM just passed was held in a beautiful Yorkshire farmhouse with a reading room, billiard table and enormous kitchen complete with livestock hooks hanging from the ceiling. One night, following a lengthy walk through the moors, punctuated by pit stops to a healthy hipflask of Port & Brandy, it was the 'kids' duty to prepare dinner. I took responsibility of the dessert and produced a tarte aux pommes, with absolutely no previous experience in pastry... Needless to say, it was with *great* surprise to the entire family that this extremely drunk relative managed to create such a beautiful desert, though I'm not certain which tasted better, the desert or the surprise. Following dessert, we retired to the living room where a great log fire, set in a stone hearth, fogged up the windows and we drank Cognac and Whiskey and smoked Granddads cigars.

45 I'm not sure about the truth of their declaration that their notebooks were used by Chatwin and Picasso, but I hope one day they will see it fitting to add my name to the list

next to a wireless Bluetooth keyboard and mouse that operate the 22-inch iMac. Above this, hanging from a nail in the wall, is an old wooden clipboard⁴⁶ and on the clipboard are a couple of postcards⁴⁷ and some cheques, which for some bizarre reason I haven't cashed yet. I think I can spot a stack of DV tapes next to my computer, containing the rushes of my latest film. To the right of the computer is a 1TB GDrive⁴⁸. Sat atop the Gdrive is an inferior 'passport' hard-drive and a few empty 35mm film canisters which I keep ahold of as they are useful to keep stationary in.

46 I acquired this clipboard from a job I had in Bristol, it was the first time I found myself on the set of a film. The organization was desperately underfunded and during the first commission there, I was called to be Assistant Director. I was incredibly nervous, being only 22, but this clipboard, which I had pegged my shot list, gave me an air of confidence. It is a fact that a person with a clipboard appears to know what they are doing. I now use this same clipboard on every shoot I work on

47 one of these postcards is from the Bauhaus Archive in Berlin, a wonderful interior, Walter Gropius' office at the Bauhaus in Weimar, 1923

48 I needed an external hard-drive to back up my work for sometime, but hadn't anticipated forking over so much money for one. As I was stood in the Apple store, I was seduced. I got to speaking with a 'Genius' in the store about the shop layout. He told me that Apple had bought an entire quarry in Italy to ensure they had enough slate (or granite) to lay the floors in all and future stores. Incredible! Imagine being so convinced by an aesthetic that one buys an entire quarry! How marvelous!

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS

~

I am thrilled that chests of drawers are still referred to as a *chest of drawers*. A chest full of drawers, wonderful. I am also rather thrilled with the chest sitting in my room, manufactured by Homeworthy⁴⁹ a petite art deco design in sky blue Formica⁵⁰. The frame and side are steam bent beech and the legs are small dark spindles with gold feet. When all fully inserted, the three drawers look like oversized closed Venetian blinds. The top drawer is for underwear, the middle for T-shirts and the bottom of trousers⁵¹. On top of the chest are a collection of neatly laid out books, a new print of Luigi Ghirri's *Kodachrome*, a book on cinematographers, *Migraine Hotel* by Luke Kennard, a 1980's print of *The Complete Style Guide* by Mary Spillane, the most optimistic book on style in existence, and Fernando Pessoa's *The Book of Disquiet*⁵². Behind the books sit a circular pair of sunglasses⁵³, a small

49 I'm not actually sure who 'Homeworthy' are, I just got up off the bed and slid open the top drawer to find out who had made them. Their logo is a little disappointing, a sort of cross hatched coffin shape with a yellow rectangle in the middle with 'Homeworthy' in a stretched Times New Roman typeface, underlined with 'Guaranteed Furniture' in a 50s script font

50 I discovered the chest in an antique shop in Bath, but couldn't afford both the chest and the delivery charge, so I carried them to the tiny Bath stone train station, carried them aboard the train and hiked them the two mile walk home from Bristol Temple Meads

51 It has always been this way for me, since childhood. I suppose it's how my mothers mother arranged hers too. I only became aware of the arrangement around the age of eight. My school uniform, which at that age was black leather shoes, long grey socks with two blue bands at the top, grey shorts and blazer, blue shirt, a grey & blue tie and blue tweed cap, was always put out for us by mum. Every day, when we returned home from school, my mum would have placed some neatly folded casual clothes on the coarse carpet that lined my bedroom floor. I suppose she did that to encourage us to go and play in the fields at the back of our garden. I remember one day announcing to my mother that there was no need for her to lay out clean pants with my casual clothes. I had realized this meant additional washing, which I wanted to spare her. That mentality evolved into me getting my own casual clothes from the chest of drawers and, thus, discovering the intricacy of their organization.

52 still unread

53 These sunglasses look like a beautiful pair of 1950's Cutler & Gross eyewear, but on closer inspection one will find they are in fact from H&M, around three summers ago!

TT02 puncture repair kit⁵⁴, a small chrome Zéfal hand pump and a rusted Pastilles tin⁵⁵. At the rear of the chest sits an antique pistachio green Bush radio⁵⁶.

54 These teal kits are brilliantly designed. So economical that the packaging is also used to apply the product
55 In this tin I keep spare keys, emergency tobacco, surplus foreign currency and sexual protective devices. I found the tin in a flea market in the Loire Valley. It's cream, battered around the edges with blue graphics reading *Pastilles Vichy-État* on the top

56 At about a foot wide and seven inches tall, it looks like a small briefcase. When I first spotted it, at a market in Somerset, I thought to myself 'if that radio doesn't work, I'll purchase it and use it as a lunchbox.' Fortunately though, it does work, and delivers wonderful sound, though I must replace the battery... A few weeks before I found the radio I had bought a stunning Pashley town bike. To me, this bike represented beautiful cycles along country lanes and whimsical picnics in fields dashed with wild flowers, with a French girlfriend; I thought the radio could play into this dream. As it turned out, this dream remained just so, the reality was I was lumbered with a heavy, slow, expensive, three geared bike that I cycled exclusively along the cobbled streets of Bristol to work and home, invariably in the rain. I sold it

THE STRING SHELF⁵⁷

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On the bottom shelf proudly stands the rest of the Robert Welch collection, a small sugar bowl with wings on the left, in the middle a cute milk jug and on the right a larger teapot. The middle shelf supports a Canon 5D Mark III and a pair of binoculars⁵⁸. To the right of the binoculars is the light tan leather case they are transported in. On the top shelf are a few books, prized books. These include one from John Wood & Paul Harrison⁵⁹. I also have a copy of *The Clock* by Christian Marclay⁶⁰.

57 I had ben dating a Swedish nurse, Clara, who lives in Gothenburg and she owned these wonderful shelves. They hung in her apartment, on the outskirts of the city, like a sophisticated Ladderax unit. She corrected me and informed me they were by a Swedish designer called Nils Strinning. I Googled him and found that the String shelves became an interlocking unit that could fill entire walls, entire homes even. A string shelf comprises of two metal ladder brackets, attached to the wall, and very convincingly laminated shelves with teeth that attach to the rungs of the ladder. You can build a wall system, or office space, by interlocking a series of brackets and shelves of various sizes. I stopped seeing Clara after a while but found myself in Stockholm for a job some months later. The cameraman and I had decided to stay to explore the city for a few days after we had completed our work and I found a set of shelves in fine condition in an antique shop - the new ones feel a little cheap - and I bought them. When we returned to the apartment we were staying in, I realized they were too large for my suitcase, so, when we approached the terminal gate, I wrapped the shelves in a large sheepskin coat and took them on as hand luggage. The bottom shelf still has the price tag on it - 1200 - I don't remember the Swedish currency, so I have no idea what that equates to in Sterling

58 A very special pair of binoculars. When my Granddad passed away I asked for one item from his estate, these binoculars. They encompass one of the most vivid memories I have of my Granddad Sausage. He caught me creatively playing with his Black & Decker workbench in my father's old bedroom. Instead of getting angry with me, he invited me over to the window to take a look at another 'toy'. I sat on his lap in the cool afternoon, by a large thin-glassed window and explored the fields that backed his perfectly maintained garden. I was so excited to see the surroundings magnified; it is my first memory of optics

59 Whom I have been given a lot of books by for my work for them between 2010 and 2012 as studio assistant

60 This book contains a still from every minute of Marclay's Golden Lion winning film *The Clock*. Possibly my favourite work of contemporary art. A 24-hour film comprising of thousands of extracts from movies where clocks are visible or characters refer to the time. This film is synchronized with the city in which it is being screened and the carefully collaged film operates as a fully functional clock. I first saw the film for three hours at the White Cube in Mason's Yard with my dear friend Sophie Rose Asquith. I think we may have taken a picnic? Since, I have tried to see the film wherever I can and for as long as possible. I think I may have eleven hours left to see now. I had bought this book from Mason's Yard and took it to a talk Mr. Marclay was holding at the ICA on the Mall. He signed it for me

THE BED

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The previous tenant left the bed here. I like it. It is a little short though⁶¹. Double sized, made of an unknown hardwood and painted an off-white; it is neither feminine, nor masculine, but rather handsome. Covering the mattress is a double duvet inside a seersucker bed sheet from the White Company. Attached to the headboard and connecting the bed to the wall is a carefully designed DIY shelf, which boxes in the radiator behind the bed. On the shelf are some books, a spider plant in an old flower pot illustrated with Sedum, a framed picture of my wife, a grey angle poised lamp, a tin of Ricola Swiss Herbal Candies and a Diptyque fig candle⁶².

61 Your writer is 6 foot 2. I had considered sawing off the end board; I had done this to a bed in Bristol, which seriously depreciated its value when I came to moving out.

62 I'm really very sorry to lie, none of these items exist, but it is my intention to build this little box shelf. I'd love to add a piano black rotary telephone, pushing the room into a New York loft vibe... or similar to Carrie's bedroom in *Sex and the City**

*I can't believe I would finish this short story with *Sex and the City*

THE LINING OF..

NOTES

BOOK

Written by Ruaidhri Ryan
Designed by Lloyd Parker

With thanks to Katie Jackson

VIDEO

Directed by Ruaidhri Ryan
Filmed by Ed Tucker
Second Camera by Ruaidhri Ryan

Girl Imogen Freeland
Boy Ruaidhri Ryan

With thanks to Bruce Jackson
Felix Massey
Thomas Ormonde
Jack Williams

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