

Jetsam



Jarvis Cocker at Gavin Turk's wedding

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Louisa Buck



his shoulders for most of the ceremony. After midnight, as the revellers adjourned to Charlie Wright's in Shoreditch, it became less of a moot and more of a full-blown rout.

No children allowed

Hopes of a jolly family day out by the seaside after the opening of Tracey Emin's show at Turner Contemporary in Margate were cruelly dashed, with Her Eminence stipulating that during the activities she had organised for the weekend of the unveiling of her exhibition there were to be "no children or babies at Tracey's request". This despite the artist encouraging daytime attendance by being present in the (very child-friendly) gallery from noon until 2pm on the Saturday after the private view, and despite organising a fleet of shuttle buses to the lavish lunch catered by Mark Hix and hosted by White Cube at the house of her friends Hamish and Carole McAlpine on the cliffs at Broadstairs. Such King Herod-ishness tested the loyalty of those art-worlders with offspring—some of whom even boast Emin as a godmother—with those reluctant to be parted from their progeny setting up a chain of covert crèches in hotels and B&Bs along the south coast.

The art of olive oil

It is no secret that Vicente Todolí, the former director of Tate Modern, is a lover of the finest food and wine. He co-edited a book with fellow art gastronome Richard Hamilton on their mutual friend, the legendary chef Ferran Adrià, and even appeared in *Decanter* magazine. But now, over a year since his liberation from museum matters, we can all share in Todolí's taste for good things with the launch of Tot Oli, a limited edition extra virgin olive oil, which comes from the four hundred olive trees planted with foresight 14 years ago by the man himself in the mountains of his native Alicante. He may describe this gastronomic endeavour as a "hobby" but this is a very serious enterprise.

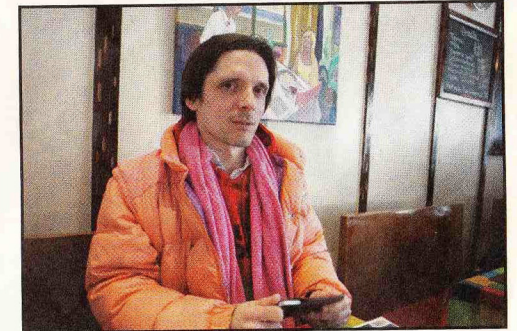
"pairs perfectly with any dish", after one taste it is an act of will not to simply drink it neat.

Winning women

In what appeared to be a refreshing riposte to the continuing male domination of art awards, the sixth Catlin Prize—given annually to a promising new UK graduate—was this year presented to a former Slade student, Julia Vogl, for *Let's Hang Out*. Her cheekily interactive work encourages visitors to create a social space by attaching coloured carpet tiles to floor and ceiling, with each tile coded to a specific activity, such as blue for tweet, black for daydream, navy for call mum and yellow for, ahem, masturbate. Then there was more endorsement for the sisterhood with Catlin's newly established Visitor Vote Prize, selected by the public from ten shortlisted artists, which was awarded to a City and Guilds graduate, Adeline de Monseignat, for her disconcerting sculpture involving a pulsating ball of fur inside a glass sphere. However, female friendliness soon dissipated at the prize-giving ceremony when Stephen Catlin, the Catlin Group founder and chief executive, presented Ms Vogl with her £5,000 award while remarking that she was not only a good artist but also a "very pretty one too". He then, seemingly oblivious to the hisses and boos from the audience, went on to give Ms Monseignat her envelope with the observation that: "Tonight's my lucky night, being surrounded by two such beautiful girls." Thankfully he was a safe distance from one of Ms Vogl's yellow mats.



Vogl's winning mats



What does Deller have in store for the Giardini?

in Lyme Regis, but Jetsam is pleased to report that, with his latest venture, Mark Hix has returned to the streets of Shoreditch and the gritty bosom of the art world. The Tramshed is situated opposite the Rivington Bar and Grill, which was Hoxton's number one artist hangout when it was opened nearly a decade ago by Hix in his former Caprice Holdings incarnation. This new enterprise seems set to become a similar magnet, with Mr Hix opening a gallery and reading room in its basement. "I was originally going to leave the space empty, and stock it with art books I'd been gathering from junk shops," the energetic restaurateur told Jetsam, before revealing that, after running into Niru Ratnam in the street, he decided to invite Frith Street Gallery's associate director to augment his day job by curating shows in the new subterranean space, which goes under the frisky moniker of Cock and Bull, and is devoted to artists of all ages who do not have gallery representation. However, although there will be no food on offer down below, the gallery's title ties in to the eatery upstairs, which offers just two dishes of chicken or steak. This limited fur and feather menu is further underlined by The Tramshed's one concession to the high end, in the form of an eye catching new formaldehyde work by Damien Hirst, featuring a cockerel sitting on the back of a bull and made especially for the restaurant. Although Hix covered the work's

A fairytale wedding



Turk and Curtis tie the knot

Gavin Turk and Deborah Curtis may have described their performative, carnival-esque wedding held last month at a Tudor mansion in Bexley, south London, as a moot, but despite torrential rain it turned out to be more of a hoot—especially as the ceremony was officiated by a young gentleman sporting a feathered headdress that gave him a distinctly owlish look. Appropriately for an artist renowned for his powers of self-transformation, fancy dress prevailed, with the groom carrying out three costume changes, culminating in a Kabbalistic, alchemist outfit, while Ms Curtis was resplendent in a paper Vivienne Westwood dress painted by the artist and designer Tanya Ling. Despite the bride appearing on BBC radio's "Start the Week" to invite the entire nation to their nuptials, and although the event was also to raise funds and

Richard Hetherington

Deller's howdy biennial