

Among many various and hilarious highlights from my addled memory of the NRLA...

Craig Richardson, Euan Sutherland and I were at the Riverside studios. We had been in our space for about six or seven hours; Craig and I gently moving objects and candles around, very slowly while Euan was standing, rock still, with a bucket on his head.

We suddenly realised that time had flown by and so had our audience. We decided to sneak out and into Alastair McLennan's installation. We always wondered what Alastair, our hero, must be doing on his 'down time', during those 48 or 72 hour epic performances. We, after all, were only disciples.

So around the building we went, and into his space we crept. There was Alastair, in full paramilitary gear, the space strewn with shopping trolleys, hospital ephemera and the great man?

Well, Alistair was nonchalantly sipping a cup of tea! He nodded a brief hello and carried on with his tea-break.

The magic?  
Undiminished!

Douglas Gordon