

I first met Wulf Treu on a warm early Spring Sunday in 2008 at the re-opening of the Victorian bandstand in Arnold Circus, Shoreditch, London. We were introduced - I told him I liked his name - and he bought me a book from one of the stalls selling stuff to help pay for the bandstand's renovation.

The book was Peter Barham's *Closing the Asylum - The Mental Patient in Modern Society*, and it was signed "To Damien" from Wulf Treu along with a cartoon he'd drawn. The image seemed to me to be asking one big question:

Who's really in charge - the parent or the child, the government or the people, the giver or the taker, you or me?

What I love about the work is the powerful sense that there is a kind of cold war still going on in Wulf Treu's head. The work is warm, perverse, innocent, and dirty. It's also very funny, even when it's going for the jugular.

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