

Aesthesis

International journal of art and aesthetics in management and organizational life



Strati
AESTHETIC DISCOURSE
IN ORGANIZATIONS

Bereson
UNWRAPPING CHRISTO

Verdi
ART FASHION CITY

Warren
ORGANIZATIONAL
TOPOPHILIA

Scalfi
UNTITLED 2004 # PARIS

Pope
iDREAM.....

Poulson
PORTFOLIO

Nuur
WE SHARE AIR

AESTHESIS: INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF ART AND AESTHETICS IN MANAGEMENT AND ORGANIZATIONAL LIFE

This journal is published by THE AESTHESIS PROJECT: The Aesthesis Project was founded in January 2007 and is a research project investigating art and creativity in management and organizational contexts. The project has its roots in the first Art of Management and Organization Conference in London in 2002, with successive conferences held in Paris and Krakow. From those events emerged an international network of academics, writers, artists, consultants and managers, all involved in exploring artistic experimentation and intellectual exploration in the context of management and organizational research. The Aesthesis Project will be developing extensive research and artistic projects internationally, with academic research fellows and associate creative practitioners, publications and consultancy.

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Nicholas Pope is represented by the Bernard Jacobson Gallery, London. He has represented Great Britain at the Venice Biennale, and exhibited at the Tate Gallery. His major public work *Justic Column* stands in the New Law Courts Complex in Utrecht, Holland.

The essay 'I dream..... Seven Deadly Sins Services 1 mile' is about the generation of an idea – an idea that became a business concept for a motor way service station. The Service Station is a pure synthesis of art, commerce and religion, and is a collaborative project between sculptor Nicholas Pope and Peter Vaughan, a director of leading European architectural design consultancy Broadway Malyan.

The concept of The Seven Deadly Sins Service Station is an attempt to create a site in which an existential experience of moral reflection can be had, as a cathedral once inspired a thousand years ago. The concept was generated out of a period of personal existential oblivion – through an excruciating vortex of memories and emotional impulses. Nicholas Pope, up until the early 1980s, was a rising star UK sculptor, exhibiting internationally and mainstream London galleries. A bout of creative fatigue drove him to spend time with the Makonde wood carvers of Tanzania, where he contracted a rare virus. Left undiagnosed for years, the virus almost completely destroyed him, mentally and physically. The ten years that followed were a journey through oblivion, then back again, recovering lost tracts of memory, a sense of place and self, and a grip on the value of life. Why believe in life? Or in art?

The Service Station project began with a vortex of images in unrestrained drawings. As a retail park, service stations are one of the most frequented places on earth. Pope asserted: 'The service station is pure transaction and bodily functions: the moral vacuity of the place demands attention. It is humanity caught in a trap – the grip of capitalism – and all its sensually pleasurable modes



© Image by virtual artworks [London] 2003

of necessity and vulnerability'. Pope's original concept was for a dual-site service station, with deadly sins southbound and virtues northbound. Each architectural element represents a virtue or vice: the car parks, pride and faith; the unisex toilets, covetousness and hope; the shops, lust and charity; the restaurants, envy and justice; the games zones, gluttony and prudence; the filling stations, anger and temperance; the travel lodges, sloth and fortitude. The two-site project was not sustainable, either practically or conceptually: 'What is virtue? What is vice? It is almost sinful to be scrupulously virtuous...it is the door to pride, which is the root of all sin'. The Service Station has now evolved into a one-site complex, and is a more integrated experience. It will be the place for the manifestation of every motive, of sinfulness and virtue. In The Service Station of the Seven Deadly Sins there are rooms and places to cater for all the senses and all forms of craving, from the routine to the perverse. The design strategy in operation here is an 'architecture of experience', where the space is mapped out in terms of regions of impulse, sensibility and emotion. It combines retail outlets for every form of commodity, with lounging, sleeping and meeting areas for all manner of imaginative encounters. Provoked by the orifices and entrails of the building interior, every dark visceral motivation of the visitor will be exposed. Invoked by the array of consumer services, every desire would be catered for, and virtuous resistance pushed to its limits. The sensory envelopment of the interior will slowly disinvest the consumer of social protocol, revealing a vulnerable moral equilibrium.

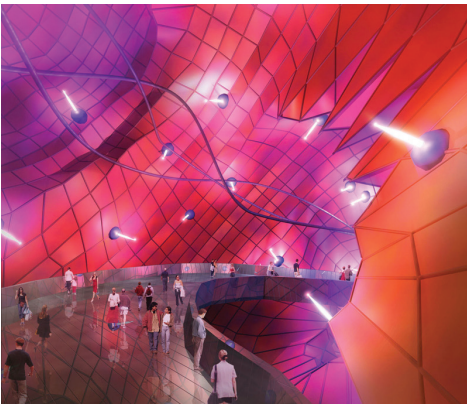
The station is part of a series of three major public works, including an Oratory and a Recycling Centre (see facing image). It would have an estimated daily visitor rate of around 21,000, or 7.5 million a year, and occupy the land mass of a major motorway interchange. At present it exists in the form of paintings, drawings, imagery and a business proposal. The project plan was included Birmingham's bid for the European City of Culture, and is now attempting to locate sponsors. An existing site was considered for renovation, but given the expansive structure a fresh land area is required. The Service Station will be dazzling to the eye, as its skin of highly reflective glass and solar energy-collectors mirror the sky and refract all surrounding light. It announces its presence for miles around, like a medieval cathedral.

'I Dream.....' offers an insight into Pope's road back from oblivion – via a mnemonic exploration of a fragmented belief system and sublime iconography inherited from a provincial English childhood – to the Service Station of the Seven Deadly Sins, postmodern future where art, business and religion join together in tormented unity.

//Jonathan Vickery

“I DREAM..... SEVEN DEADLY SINS SERVICES 1 MILE”

You need to imagine yourself, whatever age you like, whatever gender you prefer, on the side of the A449 in Herefordshire, East England, wanting to hitch a lift north somewhere, Manchester, let's say. It might be today, some of the time; some of the time it will be 30 years ago; times in between, too. So there you are, standing on the side of the road, early in the morning, breathing out steam, beating your arms across your chest, thumbing of a lift. Poor you! The one you are destined to meet is me.



Picture it as one of those split-screen movies. You on the side of the road; me opening the door of my Marina car, (ought to be something sharper, really) tipping an attaché case over the headrest. Like a robot I'm out of the house and into the car, off to skirt Ledbury, past the Stanley Spencer cider barns, the I-Spy tree seat away towards the M50. Spring landscape, hedgerows greening up at last; the two of us about to meet who knows with what damaging consequences for either.

But the scenario doesn't yet quite cover the interior map. The screen has to divide again. In this adjusted arrangement three films are now poured simultaneously: you on the M50 roundabout, footprints in the frost, looking for that lift; me heading in your direction, retuning the radio, and now, in a third pane, me again, out of the house as before same automatic nervelessness, only this time I veer past the bonnet of the car, crunching the 24 paces across the stone chippings

driveway into my studio, there only to imagine what I am now about to describe - this journey to the Service Station of the Seven Virtues and Seven Deadly Sins. Already you have been turned down by how many? 63 cars? 14 freight wagons and now fumbling for that first cigarette. So it ought to be with some trepidation then, gathering foreboding, that you stand there, just as you now sit where you are sitting no doubt, beginning to feel - well - uneasy? Who am I to say! As for me, as I see myself, I wade in a stream of silver flux. I sit behind one or other steering wheel, belted to my driving seat, condemned to motor in the Marina or in the icy vacuum of the sculptor's studio. Once I sat here - whole days sometimes - contemplating how little effort it would take to make something, and how I was the only one in the world incapable of that tiniest of acts, falling asleep at last, head lolling against the safety straps.

So to remind you, there you are pacing up and down on the roadside, thumb stuck out, and here am I, transfixed, immobilised, a crystalline tingling in my

calf muscles, a frost-jewelled morning flashing by, a rising sun in flight behind the Severn willows. Or else the landscape of my own ideas is whizzing by, bridge girders, lengthening shadows, a starfield, doing nothing but motoring, incapable of anything else.

I remember once, driving along this same stretch of imaginary motorway, travelling through life when a smash was happening, two things ahead colliding side to side, spinning away to left and right, and, through my inability to act, or to think fast enough to turn or swerve, just flying through it all, mortal dangers left and right shaving away - I remember that terrible feeling of elation, having escaped so much by doing and being nothing but momentarily lucky.

How did I get here - do I mean on the motorway? - I mean wanting to build a motorway service station? - Why this preoccupation with a place of rest on the side of racing nowhere?



Imagine you are an art student on your way back north to College – twenty/ thirty years ago. It is your misfortune to meet me today, and in an unusually convivial mood, at that. I lean across to the passenger side and push open the door so that you greet me in an oddly submissive pose, one arm extended. I suppose I need you here to stop me sinking, to help me to stay awake – that's probably it. Or more truthfully there is this ghastly impulse sometimes to tell all, some wild moment of conviction that it may be interesting

Here the three screens merge into two: in the first the sculptor alone in his studio paring his fingernails, examining the back of his hands like those TV surgeons who know their nerve has gone – it's probably a film still! – and the action in the other two segments now converging: 1., the hitchhiker from the point of view of the slowing Marina and 2., the Marina slowing, as seen by the temporarily thankful hitchhiker - you!

The two now introduce themselves – and of course, when we see them together, faces front on and side by side, from the outside, well naturally! they are two makings of the same person – Pope the mature artist at 50; Pope the young artist at 20 – the one about to regale the other with his life – the one about to cringe at the confessional appetite of the other; the other about to weep at the facility and boundless opportunity of the one.

So somewhere north of Strensham where the carriageways begins to rise out of the flood plain, a cautionary Camus-like tale begins. How the memories flash. When I was about your age, I start to say, everything was going fine: work went into galleries, the right people seemed interested, it was as straightforward as that. The art went out, the cash came in. Life had a buzz. I can almost hear the hum it had. I had ideas – who needs more than that? I had some good friends, a few heroes – Brancusi, George Fullard, Hemingway, Gilbert and George, Siegfried Sassoon – most of the population of Africa! What I admired in them was usually some aspect of certainty, directness, distinctness. It drew me. Nothing like today. And the sculpture I made I'd like to think it had something of that clarity – but always in some peril – threatened by gravity as a rule

– is there a psychiatrist in the house?
– So I made (dangerously) Stacked Lead, (precariously) Dumb Bell, The Arch. They were good honest structures brought close to breaking strain. I used to pride myself on the titles too – verging on commands. What do you do, you think? Stack that Lead! Dumb That Bell! It was my nature then. At any rate, my career had a charmed beginning. My progress had sufficient daring about it to be noticeable, but also (I know it because I wanted to allow it) – at the core that English joke – you might want to say that wrecking element of Englishness. Well I had a journey-path. I can picture it now; I can retrieve it as a flavour on the tongue; it returns to my mind's eye like any other memory, on the motorway of life ...(Don't underestimate the potency of these cliches please.

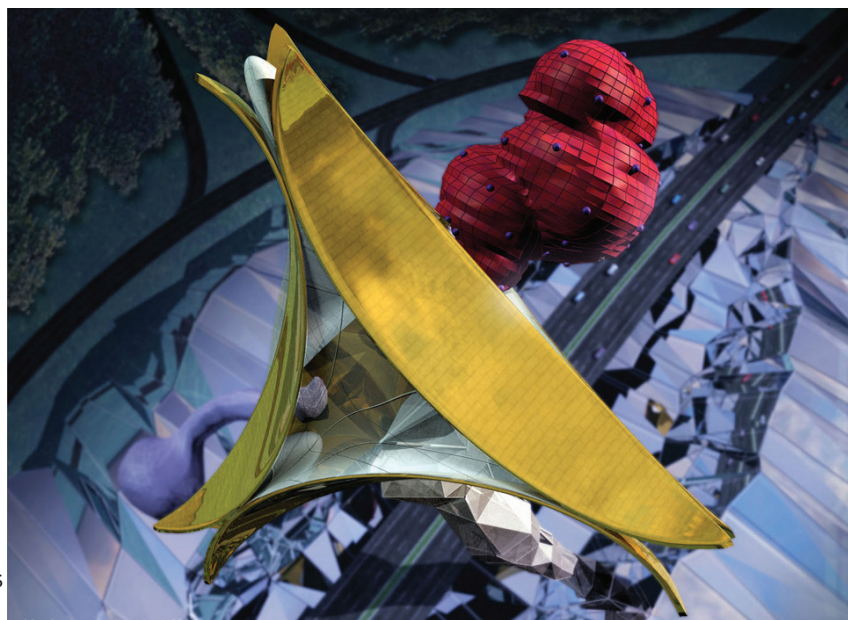
They'll keep cropping up and they are very seriously meant. I'm going to push cliché to the breaking point - where cliché becomes glittering confusion.).

The swamp of emotion inside the careering family car – I think of that often. You are hitching a lift at the side of the road assailed by the noise of passing traffic, the elongated pulse; compare that now in your imaginations to the interior sound of family motoring

-- the arguments, the bickerings, the murderous jealousies bound together and strapped behind a rocket engine and shot across the countryside. Imagine these releases multiplied, one per car, each unique in pitch, in memories, in consequences, when all the roadside historian hears is 'vush-vush...vush'. Pope's doing Ok (vush!) Bucharest, Israel, Dar es Salaam, vush, vush.

Well one day I was in some sort of smash. I can tell you about it particle by particle, but don't worry. I've spent a good part of the lifetime since reliving it from one chair or another. Drunk at the wheel possibly; complacent maybe. I don't know. Changing radio stations, chipping away one day – (let this be a warning to you dear boy – it's heading your way, are you warm?) – when suddenly

it went, crushed out and with it a way of thinking and life ... smash ! from the least expected quarter. As you prepare to overtake, suddenly where it shouldn't be – doing 130 – a silver coupe drawn by plumed black horses. All over suddenly; the studio reduced to smithereens and splinters. Swerves...sweats...chills...on fire...all in a matter of moments.....But since I was not quite dead as a result. "No no. I'm Ok / Really. I'll - er - just get home and go to bed for a few months. An early night will do the trick." So I check the mirror more often! Or I'll drop the speed. I check the old work to drive out a passing amnesia, Odd Elms...Mr and Mrs Arnolfini...Stone Stack...Large Chalk... look through sketchbooks see what used to be...Or I try to root out the previous moment of confidence. I feel my vibes.



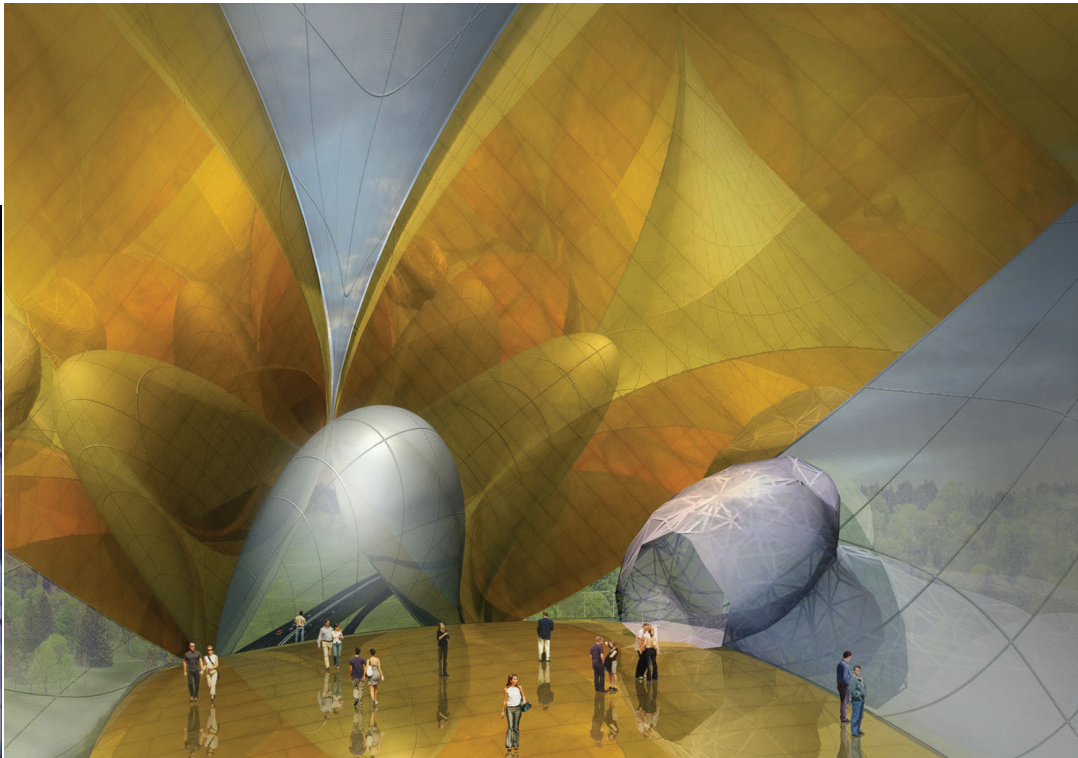
I look at the backs of my hands. "Take over Dr Kildare would you, I can't operate with these". And on 12th November 1987 I locked the operating theatre. I might have torched it.

"Well I don't know about you but I need to stop for a piss – fancy a coffee?"

So heart in mouth, the terrified hitchhiker and his captor (who is himself) drift up the slip-road let's say to Frankley Services in the dead centre of England and of everything – into that nether world where every wayfaring feeling and susceptibility is neglected or denied. Here are Rolos, the all day breakfast, Chubby Brown tapes, snowboard simulators, laminated menu cards. By contriving different lengths of stay at the sweets boutique the two of you – (me

and me) – escape the embarrassment of simultaneous visits to the urinals. You contemplate escape but remember there's nowhere worse to find a lift than on the sliproads out of Frankley, which peel away in so many disappointing directions. So we rendezvous as arranged in the coffee shop where my harangue continues.

Well, even after this crash of mine, spiritual, neuropsychological, physical, any crash you like, the road carries on, the journey must continue somehow.



Well, even after this crash of mine, spiritual, neuropsychological, physical, any crash you like, the road carries on, the journey must continue somehow.

One must retune, try adjusting the rake of the seat, try stuffing a cushion into the small of the back and every so often visit these places of excruciating delight. Just look around you – see this teapot with its perfectly cock-eyed hinge, this confluence of coffee, a single river with twenty different names, this columbarium or “checked by Gaylene” lavatories, the onrush of people, the politics of the hot food queue. And how are these like an oak wood column...simply carved?

Well, here's the thing. These maligned places, soft targets all, represent a defining moment in English culture – not only in my impoverished creative life. Not only the pivot of a million moments of family crisis, not only the location where the human race discovers itself as a blank, not only an emblem

of estrangement or levelling. I mean we both know what the smart artist's cynical eye can bring - those Martin Parr photographs of English life ravishingly exposed, the inside-car paintings of Maerten Cool – all those open carcasses of man eating Renaults – but actually to be here, you and me, at this plastic table taking in that view of the carriageway as the April rain washes the frost out of the ditches, this character approaching with a glue-filled mop – it surpasses representation.

Even a few moments ago – well years perhaps – I might have taken some material or other and manipulated it slightly to create something else – clay changed by modelling and fire – wood by removing particular bits - and sometimes on the journey I'm faced with apparitions of past work – *Myself in Difficulty* – *The Conversation*, *Mrs and Mrs Pope with Holes* – (how we cried when that one went!) – or perhaps – your concentration now starts to skip. You hear me in snatches through the worry - same in the studio, I say – a tiny event refocuses the eye – is the best the worst and the worst the best?— where's the line to be drawn? – well how close are you to the nub of it if you go to the very edge and draw back? – how scarred is the inside and how scarred the road? And now here we are in this chapel of refuge from all feeling. Can you imagine finding love here, young Pope? That you might gaze across to the cutlery dispenser and see some gorgeous Polynesian? Do you not fantasise about sex in one of these places? Would that not be truly apocalyptic?

And these Bunyanesque cliches of mine. They're all worth airing. I can't think of anything more cementing than the Christian geography of the England I grew up in. I remember motoring through England before there were motorways in the regions, how the winding A-roads connected towns, and in between the towns, on the B roads, the constellation of villages, every town and village with its church. School trips we made to Betjemanesque parish churches or even to admire only the stained glass at one end – to Fairford, say, not for the Concorde or Harrier tests, but for the wool church with its fine traceries. And these encounters were the bedrock of English art history. God!



As I've been composing this for you, I've kept beside me *The Shell Country Book*, published in 1962, written by Geoffrey Grigson, he of the *Englishman's Flora*. I don't need to tell you about the world it describes; I'll just list a few of the plates: Cherhill white horse, curlew in the snow by Roland Hilder, those drawings of shells and sea anenomes by Tristram Hillier on the verge of presentable English surrealism. Among the prelims there is a poem by Michael Drayton, there are snippets on saints, on the aurora borealis, on barrows, on dykes, on forts, on the names of rivers, on the look of clouds – yes – on scents and smells – on blossom as food – on objects 'for the fancy' and – yes – on country writers and painters from Donne to, Hardy, Varley, Cotman. For intensities of twilight, stars and moonlight, fullness of fertile shapes, choose Samuel Palmer, Wise Old Grigson says; for the simplest and purest forms of landscape take a little Nicholson.

Here's another platitude, as I warned you – to indicate how those books of the road – this one among the last and prettiest – were the embodiment of a sort of literate England, connecting church to map, map to road, journey to erudition. Siegfried Sassoon's landscape was to be found beside the A36 at Heytesbury, Spencer's by the A4094 to Cookham. Piper's A12 at Woodbridge, Henry Moore's A650 around Bradford – well near enough.

This was the way the comfortable English family went, simmering inside its Ford Cortina. It was all dreadful middle England shit of course, but it was potent enough to define the country's cultural identity. And the psyche of every generation since the middle of the 20th century was soaked in it – those mass copulations that fed the grammar schools and the public schools – which fed the art schools and so on – all in the shadow of the church tower and the meandering lanes between church and

church – on the downhill runs – slipping into idle, making by numbers or is it making by instinct again....certainly life punctuated it or punctured it....fucking blow out more like, and then what came along....contrition....slow driving....checking the mirror – well not for me to decide – just for me to do, I unlock the studio. I peer inside. I make differently – think differently – more dangerous? – less dangerous? which is it do you think, young Pope?

So to remind you once more of the convoluted scenario: here you are at Frankley, one of the grimmest of all motorway service areas, unable to escape my company, no doubt feeling that tremor all unwary hitchhikers feel when they begin to know that they have taken the wrong lift. Only in this case the nub of the mistake is that you are riding with an older version of yourself, looking back as you look forward – worst of all that both of you are...well...me! And now at this Midlands wayside shrine within earshot of Frankley Beeches, Old Pope starts to tell you how he pulled back from the brink. First you'll make ten, Ten Commandment pots, you say – then the Ten Commandments again only this time 'in flight', winging down from heaven to splat into the world. Perhaps you'll be passing a kind of judgement on yourself. Every two hours you'll retreat into hypnosis, you'll have learned how to bring yourself to that momentary restorative quiet, but on the slide in between times, every two and half hours, you'll be so whacked out, so done in, that the little part of you that cares won't give a shit what the yet smaller part of you that still thinks – thinks. And when you try to make anything, you'll make it the way you make it, not as the result of any arty calculation, but because it will be the only way of making you are capable of – strapped in and motoring – one direction – no destination. Well you might plough off the side; you might choose to stop at the services for that occasional welcome hypno-break. But otherwise, only onward. No choice except no choice. Terminally.

It will go on like this for quite a few years – these pilgrimage metaphors pressing in. It will be almost as if one night while sleeping, dreaming you were back on the plane, some vagrant village cleric passed by the house, Clint Eastwood style – a whisky-priest! – tried the studio door and found it locked, calmed poor Janet, your tormented wife, reassured poor Mary, your pissed off child, climbed the stairs spurs jingling, whispered to you as you slept, dribbled a great gobbet of bible talk into your upturned ear. And for some reason, perhaps because of the deep down religiosity of English art and the insistence of that Christian cultural landscape I described before – interior and exterior – in car and out car, your disordered brain will start to work, down in the depths somewhere, between two filaments of broken wire, a tiny bluish spark...The Apostles Speaking in Tongues...thoughts about belief...about the commandments, will begin to parade themselves...did I ever believe in art...in what all those years ago? – at school in chapel, in the school studio...John the Baptist...Out will roll the Chapel of Heavenly Space – Yahweh and the Seraphim.. The Cassock and the Choirboy. Out very slowly, oh so laboriously, no panache! You work slow – you think slow. Sometimes sentences will take minutes to get through; sculptures will seem to stand still between verb and – Your wife and daughter, who tear their hair but stay; one day you'll even recover enough common sense to wonder why. Let's not forget dear old Bluma here, and all his mates...the Zeigarnik effect...of course, its more complicated, but I like...things get better if you leave them...

And so on and so on, up to this point when we find ourselves together here, listening to me – or else to you – describing in a few slides what it may one day be like to visit the Motorway Service Station of the Seven Virtues and Seven Deadly Sins, in where I've brought all to mind. My groundwork so far has included many drawings, diverse meetings with captains of industry, with the designer of DeLady, the first female urinal to have gone into commercial production – by Sphinx of Maastricht – and extending to discussions about the 'hoverings' of urinating women. It includes also a brochure made with an old friend, who spoons words into my mouth. You and he will meet on the motorway – but don't really meet...since nothing ever happens – but of course you know him well, he's a fellow hitchhiker. There's probably something in the travelling – the journeys to and from, that's as instructive as anything that gets said or done. It seems like something else and then something does happen...do we get...(I imagine you tapping the hearing aid here). Oh yes, my writer wants me to include a quotation from Jean Luc Godard around here. No doubt he thinks I'll need to get a laugh by now.

He found it in Al. Alvarez's introduction to an edition of Laurence Sterne's syphilitic deathbed masterpiece A Sentimental Journey. Alvarez, you will know, is another failed suicide, the passionate friend and biographer of a more successful one, Sylvia Plath. Alvarez furthermore gave up writing for poker and mountaineering – for high risk sports which he then wrote about! – otherwise to pour erudite scorn on the artistic establishment. The quote of Godard's is from the Godard who had just finished making Le Weekend – that great car crash film – so fantastically pretentious that having seen it once when young, you remember it forever. In this film of mine Young Pope saw it the day before this fateful meeting with me. It haunts him horribly as we drive along.

The quotation goes “Le moral c'est the travelling”, which will no doubt translate as something gravely French but to me means “the journey is all there is”. I want to think about the road...the journey...my road, my journey or your road, your journey...I want to be political...can I get political with a cheesecake...a urinal...hovering over the niceties of ladies qualms...how we shit...were it goes...why we go anywhere...sugar peas from Zimbabwe...foot and mouth up the motorway...an escape route to another world...so easy to zoom off...so exciting always...not quite like the whoossh of a plane, but always something at the end of the journey...and then, the end of the story...the Recycling Plant...Death...with all your sugar peas or whatever...everything catches up with you...those still left come and watch you go...ashes to ashes...dust to dust...into the earth...a cup of coffee at the service station, even a gateau...a moment in the chapel and then into the recycling plant...or Section 106 Regeneration project...Oblivion...all your chattels or perhaps just yourself...of course this is still just a wild idea...but in the drawings it goes something like this...three great blue bosoms recumbent in the landscape of Elgar, fiery orifice replacing areola, with steps going up and people climbing, carrying the odds and ends of life...a check out at the top making sure they or it has done enough time...sorry Nick - too soon...more life for you yet...more spare parts...more pigs innards...dogs...chests of drawers...bits of string...paper bags...plastic bags...more and more all being refused a chance to be recycled...so we come back...I shall come back...belief in something is better

than belief in nothing...I love it when I meet someone who has a belief...pretty well whatever...just some belief...it's the non believers I can't stand...Belief Robes...I believe or do I...Believers...I make a Service Station or do I...I dream...I doze...Christ...I've said too much...I've driven too close and phew...there's nothing there...a near miss again or not enough...back to the “is it right or wrong”...so why the big words...you've seen them up on the screens...anger...love...envy...lust...temperance...fortitude... then there's death... oblivion...belief...drawings, sculptures, all revolving around words...like rolling out clay or sharpening pencils...signs along the way...A449 out to the world and on the way back home to the studio where all my needs are satisfied...all my dreams resolved or perhaps they might be - does there need to be a connection, why must there be that crazy opposite...private activity...public exposure, and if it's to be public...how public...is the gallery sufficient or just a rather less private form of exposure...is the andyone insularity of a Service Station perhaps even more private...everyone with their private thoughts...like a shrine...Stations of the Cross everyone with their private dreams, which they then make public...tell someone...under their breath...intoned by rote...I have sinned ...studio ...chapel ...service station...death...recycle...resurrection...life after death. More big words I know so little about, but I am determined to find out...I felt good when the Apostles were finally lit, surrounded by my studio friends...James... Andrew...some odd shapes for other people, the multitude...perhaps it will be the same with the service station...some odd shapes...some strong words...some simple materials manipulated like clay...big hands though...helped by architect...designer... structural engineer...builder...workmen – all fingers and thumbs, squeezing and out will pop a shape...it can work...Justice Column worked...a tiny model 27cms high...Alberti's pointing system...zip...architect...structural engineer ...designers...engineers...builders and Richard the spray concrete man...voila...25meters high 180 tons later, within 2.5 cms plus or minus of good old Alberti's drawing...computer Andre...so much intervention but the private shape's there...flowing lines amongst the architectural jungle...Justitia up there above everything else...as it's always been and probably after thinking carefully, where it should be...do I really want to cock a snook at society...do I want to be naughty and outrageous about Justice - how do I feel if Mary was raped... how do I feel...but then do I want to bow down and agree...genuflect to the structure, who is justice...No, I want to suggest the fine line between right and wrong...the slit...so close when it's my idea against Janet's in the car...family arguments - public arguments...right and wrong, so close and so far...swerve...where the hell did that come from...so will I do it...reconfigure the ordinary experience of driving...will I twist it slightly like a sausage of clay into a coil pot...have I given you some context...is there a path between Mrs and Mrs Pope with Holes...Stacked Lead...The Ten Commandments Pots...Judas Font...Justice Column...I doze...I dream...Jesus...the Service Station of...blimey – is that where it really began...NDOTO...“in your dreams”...in Tanzania...the Makonde carvers – dreams to reality, in abstract form.....“Daaaad...your winkers are still going”... //



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