

The Thames started moving.
Someone in Oxford is running a bath.

Allison Katz

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[Mr. G. Cowther, editor of The Economist from '38 to '56, advised young journalists to “simplify, then exaggerate.” *Apply this to painting.*]

Two Rooms.

- Two paintings surround an oversized ceramic plate.
- The plate is a dish.
- The dish is a watery basin.
- Waves inside the basin coast into letters, reflecting back onto the surfaces of the paintings.
- In the bath, I have no name. I am a motif.
- Caricature has value, it has a certain psychology; and all this from only a few linked shapes...
- The movement of one thing affects the other, no matter the distance between them.
- Each new painting dislocates the one before, as in a game of curling or boules.

A collection is equivalent to a fieldwork notebook.
A collection can be used as an instrument of divination.

*Most alive when on the back of his motorcycle. When he is driving and I am holding on! Compared this once to the sensation of being inside an orangery, in a distant note *why*? I can't remember now. Possibly related to seeing citrus wintering safely behind glass. What remains is: I think my best thoughts as we whiz thru the city. I take in street names and the colour of facades. Mortlake, Isis Close, Edith Row. No matter how fast he goes, I can still see inside every window, glimpse every lit room; and there are an abundance of luminous rooms, for people here have a penchant for leaving their drapes open in the evening. The Boltons, Cavaye Place, Cranley Mews. I am taking notes. Titles. I am writing whole pages of an effervescent novel, not necessarily remembered, but v. good. The Cut, The Pavement, The Common. The Hope and Anchor.*

I often dismount these rides with tears in my eyes. He sees them; and every subsequent trip takes a little longer to complete the route, dragging it out for my benefit, roping thru London. Follow brown Thames past pastel Albert Bridge, and soon its Dolphin Square, Millbank, Pimlico. Double back to World's End, The Hand and Flower. I'm mechanized, randomly generating code, thousands of binary combinations. My body recovers from motion, not without a little buzz, but once inside, blank again. Stored somewhere. Retrieval later. Empirical. A classical thing? When telling a story, something true is always more interesting.

A collection of paintings are displayed together in a room.