

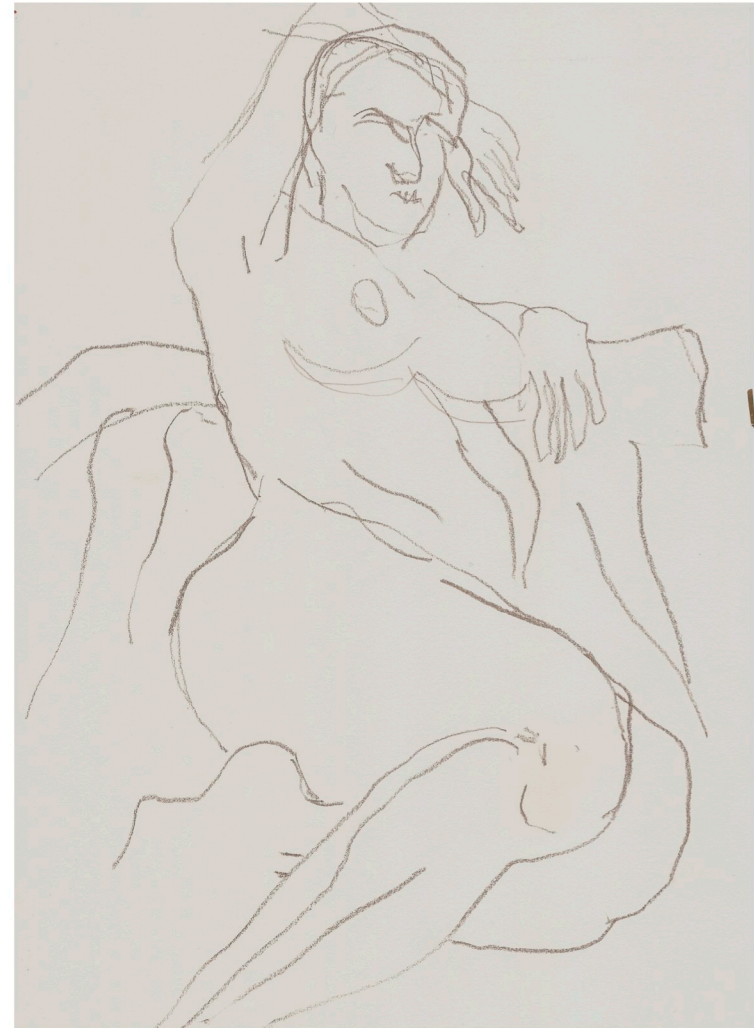
We leant on a kitchen sink in a basement in Brewer Street.
The subject eventually revealed the all

It was a romantic work. Me on a bench wrapped in a soft grey
blanket

'I exist as I am, that is enough, if no other in the world be
aware I sit content, and if each other and all be aware I sit
content'. (Whitman)

The blessed not-I of love
We both looked out the window but I only saw him.
The self transcended
A not-self, a new born not-self.

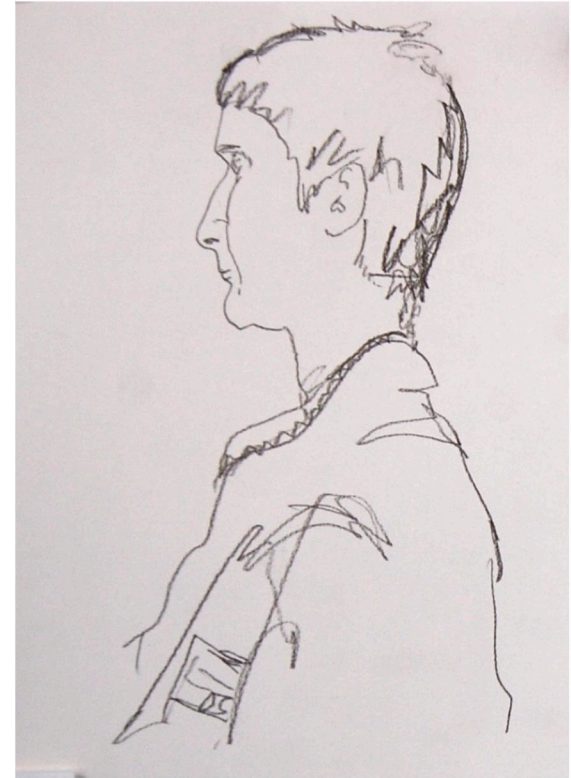
Sometimes, I was so very sure that he loved me.....
I wanted to be held in the lighthouse beam of his gaze.
Released from my own throttling embrace.
Now, I think, it may have been more of a glance.
He painted without his glasses.
Nothing between him, the subject and the canvas.



Quo Vadis. Whither Goest Thou?
Whither Goest Thou Henrietta?
The sun shone. The snow froze.
Michael didn't want me to go anywhere but
Johnny was a Goya and Norman a
Michaelangelo
Without a thought we became lovers.
I had been Audrey
Now I was Henrietta

'Down Mr Bone, I tell you down Sir'
A dog barked
A voice through a French window
I didn't meet a man until I was nine years old
This family of women.

I've seen
He had red hair and was called Ginger
This terrible monstrous red-headed creature
I wanted to meet him very much.



Durability. Consistency. Legacy.

The everydayness of the every day, the one day, the no day, the everyday.

Human time flows around them.

An abiding world of beaker, lamp, vase and plate.

Form and function of form unchanged.

Their being consisting neither in change or as the subject of change.

Un-momentous.

Forgettable

No breath. No air.

In my grandmother's house

Aevum: an improper eternity.

All possibility of human presence expelled.

Who can live like that?

I dropped out

My house became an ancient hospital as we fixed each other.

Burglary my obsession

I dropped out.

Two saucers, a bottle of whiskey, a child's Stradivarius and the sun rising on a perfect day.

Stan tore past me and said 'run' and when I say 'run' I mean run.

A middle-aged man in pyjamas shouted 'stop thief'

A milkman joined in the chase as did the newspaper boy followed by a lanky policemen looking a little like George Formby.

He said 'you don't know what time of day it is, do you love?'

I concurred that I did not

Eight radials form the spider's web pattern of Holloway gaol.

Sounds of hysterical unhappiness.

I said 'I can't possibly go in there. Please take me somewhere else. I was locked up into a cell the size of a matchbox.

One tiny window.



Divided space. Receding space. Convergent space.

In my grandmother's house the river Ouse was almost always in flood