

EXTRACT: MILLY THOMPSON

*Puppets always make me feel wretched.*

Why?

*I don't know. The larger they are the worse it gets. I think it is their objecthood. They feel encased in forms that misrepresent them. I find it humiliating. It is as though they are buried alive then made to perform. And they are always mobile, never allowed to be static.*

I like art that stays still and does nothing, artwork that daydreams, goes off on a tangent or loses the plot. Do you remember that beautiful painting we saw in London of a giant ladybird? Her spots as love hearts, sitting with a cigarette, blowing smoke rings into a green impossible sky filled with wonky clouds...

*But this sculpture you were describing, is it public art?*

Yes. On her approach, as a low mist trails her feet and wraps itself around the base of the work, it appears to be a single rose thorn, pointing skyward. Astonishingly black and plastic shiny, like treacle. As she rounds the sculpture, she finds that it is indeed plastic and shiny and really *is* meant to represent a pouring of treacle.

*Of treacle?*

The upright prick of the thorn is not a thorn at all but treacle pouring from an invisible point at the sculpture's apex, as if out of a crack in the cloud above, falling in an elegant camber towards the oval below, glancing outwards pregnantly. At its base the skein of treacle amalgamates with the oval shape - the bowl of an enormous spoon - finally reconciled into a meniscus of sheeny blackness at about the height of a sofa. It is like some huge day bed, though covered in soft black leather, almost inviting - with its vast size and materiality - some kind of louche

activity, perhaps not the sort of activity much thought about by those who pass unseeing through the atrium of the office building on their way to work.