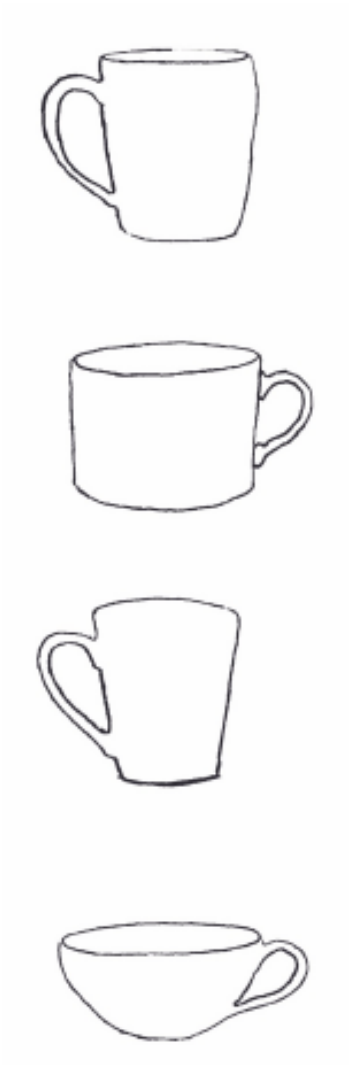
I know what I like

Lovely mug ugly mug



I've changed my mind on the mugs

My lovely mug: I just like the colour. It really cheers me up. I bought it in the deep darkest part of a lockdown and it reminds me of my front door growing up in Birmingham which was before I was six, and it was was that colour. It really sticks in my mind. It was a really happy time. I remember things from that house that are spatial specifics of a pre-six year old. It's a sunny yellow. Its not neon. It's real. Its quite natural. It definitely evokes a feeling.

I don't think I'd wear it because it wouldn't really suit me. I have had a bright yellow scarf like this before but with my skin it's not right.

I like the size of it, the lightness of it, It's bone china.I like seeing the liquid through the china. It holds the heat for the length of time you drink the tea. It's not too big, It's just about the right size. it's verging on a bit too big handle, but it's the perfect amount of tea for my stomach. It's satisfying. That's really important. If it's too small I would have to make two cups of tea. I like that is not too heavy and clumpy. It's really important to me that it's not thick lipped.

There's something quite perfect about these ones

It has to have meaning. I inherited these little cups from my mum. I really enjoy drinking out of them in the morning, for coffee.

It is such a felt thing for me. There is the aesthetics, the colour is important, and these are a nice color but I think there's something quite perfect about these ones. They're very tasteful. Theyre are not something I'd never buy for myself, because I'm not actually that bothered. I think my mum inherited them from someone else because I don't think she'd have bought them new either. They're a bit posh.

It's almost unbreakable. It's so well made. It's rock solid, but really fine. And it's light. So it's hard and it's light. But it's got an annoying handle. It has been properly glazed: lighter inside than outside, so you get all these amazing shadows. Its a thing of beauty. Branksome: they clearly know what they're doing in terms of pottery. It is a piece of art.

If I could change he colour, I would have it a very very pale pink

I find myself lifting the cup and my little finger goes up

it just goes up unconsciously, and I think: is it just counter balancing the weight, or is it inherited fussiness?

My granny might have done that. Not my mum though. She was a sculptor. Her hands were really strong, and she wasn't someone that was terribly fussed about finesse. She was more like: shove it here, grab that, you know: here's your mug of tea. Actually, though my mom really liked bone china, I've inherited that.

I've had quite a clear out, so I haven't got the ugliest mugs

I had one as a leaving present, with some caption on it. Something like '*sorry you're leaving*' and I thought well at that point, I wasn't really sorry I was leaving and I don't want to be reminded of that on a daily basis . It was brand new. There's nothing wrong with it, but I couldn't live with that. That moment had gone.

I don't like captions on mugs or T-shirts. I've got a mouth to speak. Clothes or things speak for themselves. (With exceptions - I have got a good T-shirt with *'disco'* written on it in metallic pink!) I don't like slogans. I don't like statement T-shirts or personalised number plates. It realy undermines people's intelligence, I think.

I have got one remaining ugly mug from Sainsbury's or somewhere like that. It's trying to be funky. It's trying to be a nice mug but it ain't. It's so mass produced. The colours aren't quite right. It's hung around because it's not so bad. it's not so offensive. It's getting there though . My tolerance is going !..My snobbery has increased massively as I've got older. I'd rather have less but niceness. .When I was younger I probably cared less, and it was just in the supermarket when I was doing my shopping - and I thought: I need a couple of mugs, they're nice.

KEEP CALM AND CARRY ON
1
Oh what a
brew-tiful
morning
REED
30
HEINZ
Hey honey
HEINZ
Cream of Tomato soup

Shared workspace: the mug graveyard

I've been going into the office at work. It's a big office. Normally there would be like 100 odd people. We've been taken over by big organization, (we were small organization), so we all moved in at the same time into this shared space. What I noticed was the cupboards full of everyone's ugly mugs, I reckon from home so even more so, that reinforces, you know, your leaving mugs are there.... There's tons: a whole range of unwanted mugs essentially, gravitated to a communal workspace, because I suppose they're useful, but they're just pretty horrible.

There are certain ones that I seek out. I'm like :"where's that one that is sort of the right size, and the right fee?" I, and okay I don't like the design, but it's not quite so yuck to drink out of.

Other people bring their own that they keep in their lockers or they have them on their desks. Maybe some people think they are bringing a part of home, so they bring their favourite one.

In a sea of desks there are little bits of peoples personal detritus, in clusters.

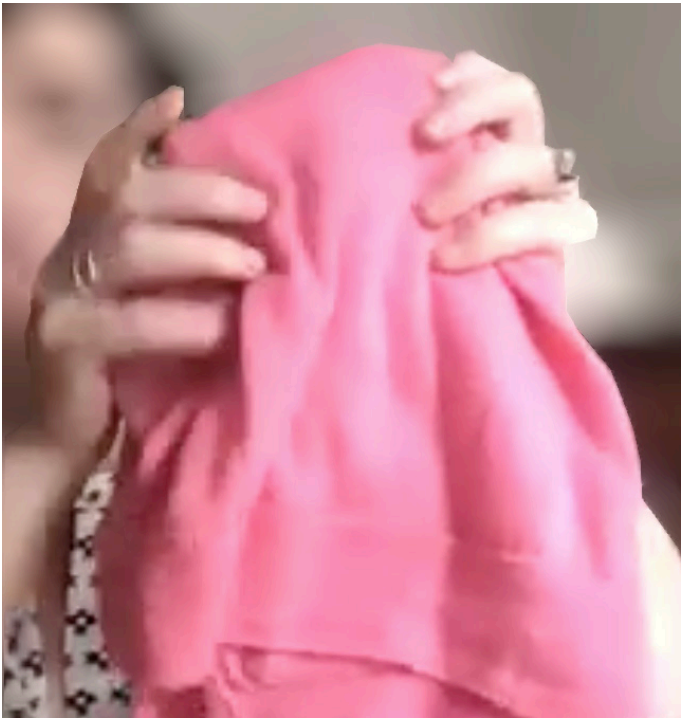
In the lockdown when we were all stuck at home things became really important

When we were all stuck at home a lot, for me, all the objects that were surrounding me, I was spending a lot more time with, because of the nature of the lockdown. So they were much more present. Rather than me just coming home and going off again. You are so steeped in the objects around you. So the relationship to them is much more intense than it would be if you were having a more fluid mobile life.

(As I've got older) I've got more selective, definitely, absolutely: hundred percent. Its not that I can't tolerate things but in my my home environment, where I can have control, I'd rather have one nice mug than a load of rubbish ones.

You can get it wrong for yourself too. That's where the living with an object for a while comes in. Then thinking: you know what? - I can live without it. In fact I'd probably be better off without it.

With clothes, I'd say: 80% of it, I don't wear, but t I like it so it's around but I'm probably not going to wear it. (Clothes) are on another level, because you're putting those objects on your skin. You can't get closer than that can you?



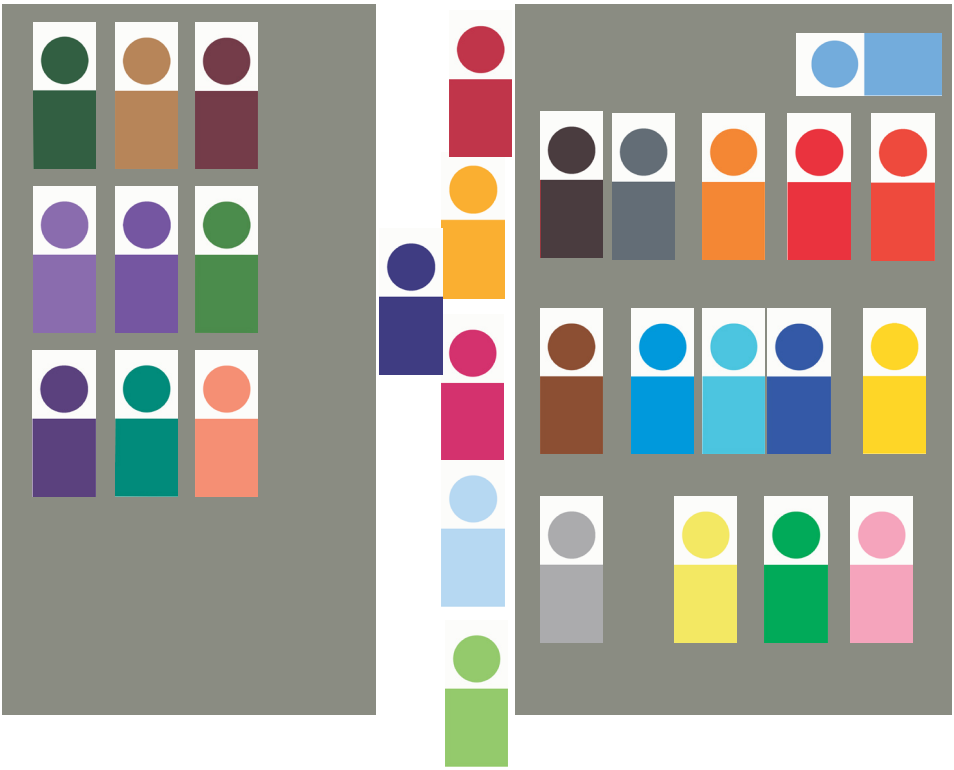
Not the right pink

I had a pink sweatshirt when I was probably about 10, with letters that you could iron on. So I had my name on it in velveteen letters. The pink of that was slightly salmon pink which I like because I don't really like baby pink. I keep wanting to wash this (new) sweatshirt. I want it to fade a bit more. Its so strong. It's so particular isn't it? Whatever colour reference I've got going on. that means probably nothing to anyone else.

I've got a thing about salmon pink, I do like salmon pink. I had a salmon pink cardigan that I wore till it had holes in the elbows. I wore it all around the world, when I was traveling. It was always in my rucksack. It felt like a little bit of colour. It was soft, it was really lovely (cashmere or something) and it had a nice little collar. I had got it in a second hand shop. I was so attached to that. It literally fell apart on me.

It was such a a particular pink. I've been in search of that salmon pink. I've been on so many websites trying to find something similar. I got this pink cardigan thinking it was going to be the replacement- but it's not. It's gone.

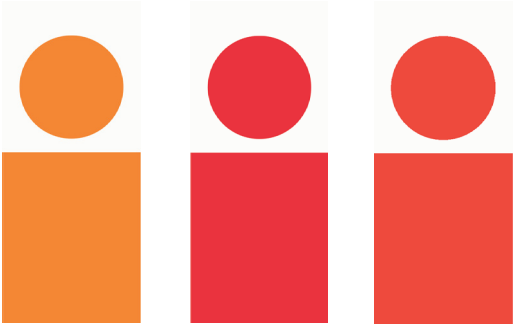
Colour



My initial choices

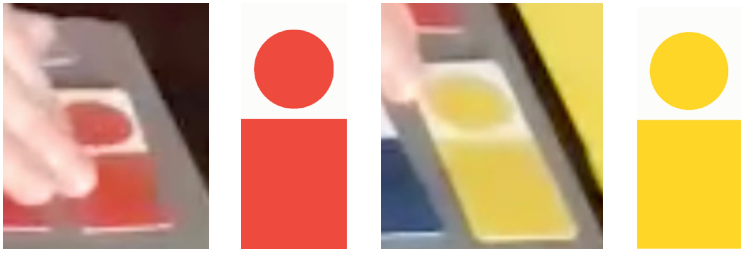
Likes on the right and dislikes on the left - the ones in the middle are borderline.

What's interesting is just looking at the pure colour as a sample. There's no texture, It's not on something, there's no depth to it. It's just a flat colour.



I love these colours

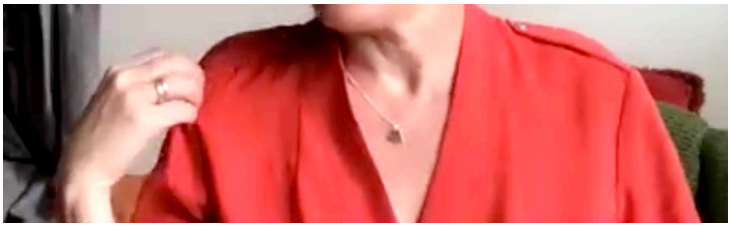
I love these colours, and the colour that, my top is , this orangey red.

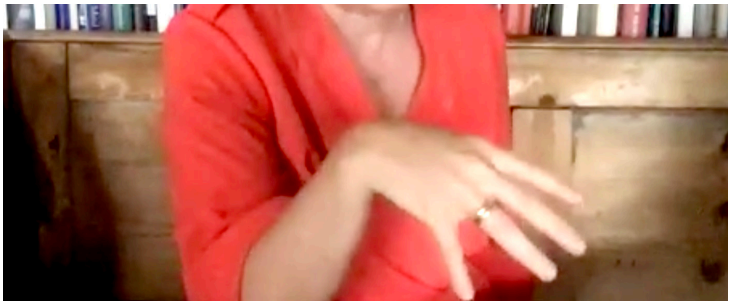


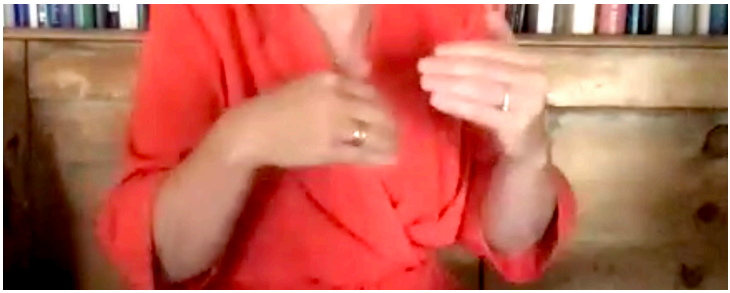
My favourite colours at the moment

I would say my two favourite colours at the moment, are this fiery red and that egg yolk yellow. Thinking about this fiery red: I think i've liked it for a long time, I had a friend ...she was amazing with colour. I remember, she would always wear, (it's that early 20s,when we were all going out raving), a kind of bright fiery red, that would really stand out in the early morning, as the sun comes up . It was definitely of an era . I have really positive associations with it. We would all glean stuff from second-hand shops and car boots. You could get these cardigans and jumpers. They must have been from the 50s or the 60s. They would be that colour and they were really vibrant. It was just that colour which would jump out. I think my sense of colour, around that age, I started getting into bright colours. Before, it was much more muted.

When I went to India traveling because the sunlight in India is so different, everything looks bright. Particularly in places like Rajasthan where they wear these fluorescenty orangey yellows, very different to other areas in India because of the light. When I came back to England everything was dull because of the light because everything is diffused through the clouds. But the cardigans - still looked vibrant in the British light. They kind of glowed of their own. They didn't need the sunlight to bring them to life.







I haven't worn this for years

I just thought this morning ..If not now, then when? I really like the colour. I was thinking about colour, and then I thought I actually quite like it. My relationship with clothes and colour really reflects how i'm feeling I think, on a daily basis. Sometimes I go through tons of stuff ,(but) this morning I just went for this - like a beeline, it was really strange. When I'm not feeling good, all the colours go much darker, much safer. I don't want people to look at me. Very muted and boring.

Going to work back into the office, which is a different environment, you have to be a bit professional looking and that doesn't come naturally to me! Sometimes I can walk out the house and be like one of those batty older ladies (no one to regulate them or feedback.) They look a bit crackpot. Other times I don't care and (I'm) just shoving combinations of things together which I've never done before, and then it feels really exciting? Yes, clothes are great.

I had this dress when I was growing up, and it had an apple on the sleeves, a little 70s dress. The apple was bright red, I loved that. For me, clothes mark time more than anything else. An item of clothing will stick in my mind throughout my life. It's the way I will remember. More than I remember a date or a name, I will remember that I was wearing that then, or that cardigan was in that decade..

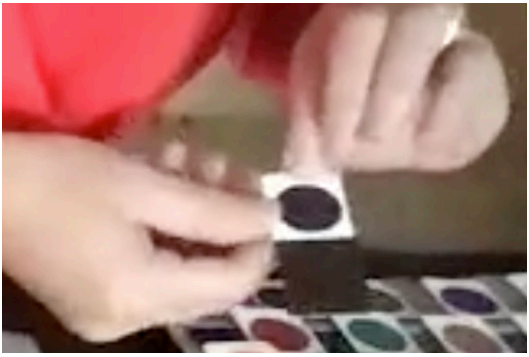
I'm not even sure if that's black is it?

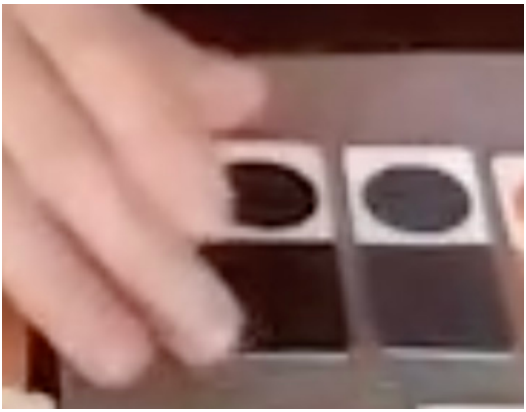
It is more like dark brown I don't know what that is but I like it. I was a bit of a Goth at one stage. I wore a lot of black. That was cool, that monochrome kind of art school look. Colour seemed a bit naff and a bit kind of flamboyant, over-expressive. So when I was at art college everything was pared back, pared down, monochrome.

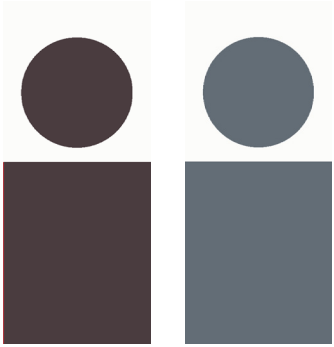
There's this thing called **Vantablack**. It's the blackest black that's ever been invented. I'm quoting from this, it says: "...*in practical terms, this means that it's impossible to distinguish the form of an object coated with it - the dimensions disappear* ". Isn't that amazing?

"*So black that it makes other supposedly black things like phone screens, coats, spectacle frames ,glimmer murkily by comparison. .. it'd akin to looking at a piece of sky from the dark side of the moon, or a spot from the depths of the ocean.*"
(The Secret Lives of Colour, Kassia St Clair, 2019)

I was quite interested in (that) is it non colour? I don't know how to describe it even, -- just what it does to your brain, that kind of blackness?







I like these: they're sort of safety colours

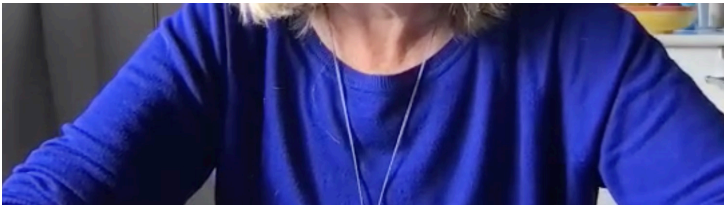
Colours to fall back on, to retreat into. These are sort of cave colours Caves are dark places where you feel safe, where you can dwell . I am wondering about how we inherit these sorts of frames of reference, language and where it originates? Because you would naturally retreat into a forest as a place of safety if you're in danger. I get really drawn to those colours. I talk about it a lot in the psychotherapy world : about the shadow and how people fear the shadow, and actually how we are in a world where you put on lights as soon as it starts to get dark and then you're in this sort of falsely lit, artificially lit environment.

So we're trained to be afraid of the dark and you avoid it at all costs. I'm really interested in the idea of night walks because you get attuned to the light, you get accustomed to it. You think it would be really terrifying, but actually its not. I was reading this book called the Darkening Spirits - about learning to sit in it, as it gets dark, without putting a light on, and exploring what that feels like. I'm quite interested in not being afraid of the dark and kind of going into it. It being a place where it might be both a place of safety, but it's also unknown, and the fear we have about what is unknown. I guess i'm a bit of an explorer so i'm interested in the dark.

I went exploring on my own on the beach

The tide went out and there's this deep dark cave....I had to cross all these rock pools: .. slimey green, amazing colours of seaweed. I really had to hang on and tread carefully and it was all a bit like sketchy when you're an urban dweller like me.

I dared myself to go in and it was one of those ones that were quite deep. I didn't have a torch or anything with me and I was just sensing, noticing, how I felt as I kind of edged in. I felt the adrenaline going as it got darker and darker, and I couldn't go into the deep darkest bit because I had this innate fear! But it's completely irrational, because the tide had come in and gone out and there's nothing lurking in there? It was really instinctive...we're programmed not to go into the unknown essentially...it was pitch black - it was really dark, it was like looking into a dark well.

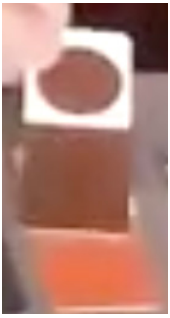


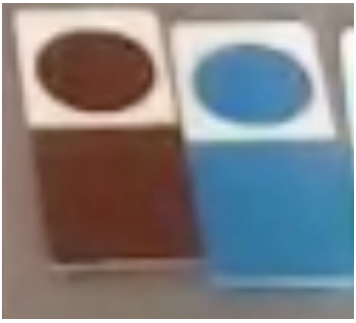
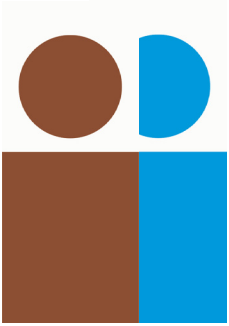
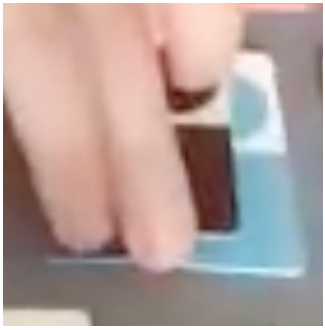
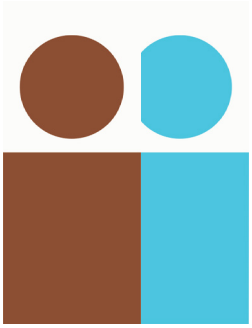
I love this green

I had a dress that colour. This billiard table green is fresh and in terms of my colouring I think it goes with my skin tone. So there are colours which i'm noticing that I like, but I would never wear, but I would like to have objects that colour around me, which I think I spoke about before.

And then I look at you, for example, wearing that electric blue and I love that jumper. I've got envy, but it's you wearing it not me, so it would look very different on me.

I'm always curious about that: how something can look one way on one person and another way on another? We're in this culture where things are sold off the peg and you get an image, or you see someone wearing it. But people are so un self- aware generally, that they will think that they look like that picture, or that thing or that person because they're wearing it. When actually skin tone, shape. eye colour, hair colour all of these are a comprehensive, and I think something that's very personal.



This is more of a poo brown

It's not so nice on its own, but it's quite good, with certain other colours

How your relatiohsip to objects shifts through phases

The shoes thing. I've got a real shoe fetish, I always have, and I think it's from being on the floor looking at my mother's shoes and trying them on from growing up really young. I'm always interested (I'm not the only one that has a thing about shoes) but I noticed with different relationships I've been in - I went through a whole decade, where I'd be going out dancing and clubbing and it was trainers only because we were out all night!

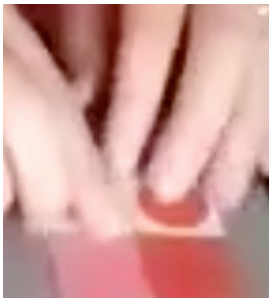
Out of that relationship, I then started getting into dressing up again and I (thought) yes! I'm gonna wear heels, and whatever I wanted, a bit more quirky. It's very interesting how it shifts through phases isn't it? Your relationship to objects, people and things?

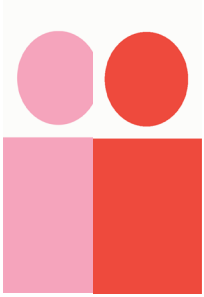
(Working with children and families) particularly if there's poverty. If I wore something new, then you're going to make people feel envy or uncomfortable. Or if it was something (that has) currency like trainers, Or if you look too sort of grown up....that wouldn't work either. So all the staff were a bit casual, a bit funky.

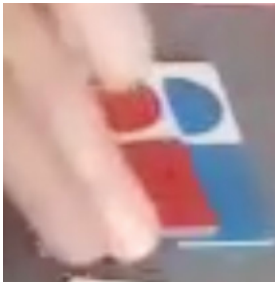
When I turned up at this place in London, I was told off, I felt like a child, for wearing trainers! But I'm working with kids and I have to sort of jump around sometimes? I think there is something about being playful and not grown up that's at play, that I definitely have to straddle sometimes and battle with a bit.

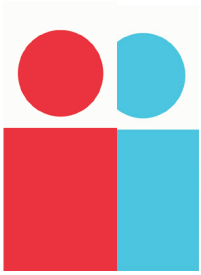
Some people naturally look really grown up all the time and men seem to find it easier. This guy that suddenly rocks up at work who's come in as the assistant director. He's your : shiny shoes, white shirted,clean shaven, sort of *'dynamic'* (!) kind of person. I really have to see through all of that, because it triggers me a bit.

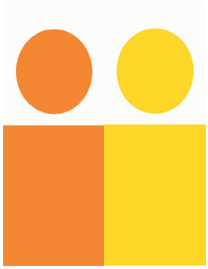
I'm mesmerised when I see people on the tube going to work. I look at them and think how did you make yourself look like that this morning? Because no matter how hard, even if I tried, I find it really hard to look neat. I'm a natural sort of scruff, but I'm much more comfortable like that, because it leaves options open and there's something about being very neat and tidy that makes me quite nervous.









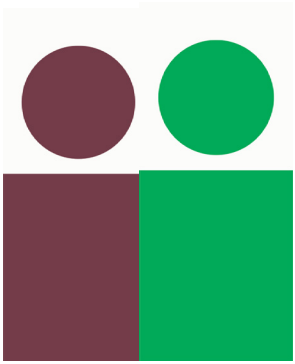


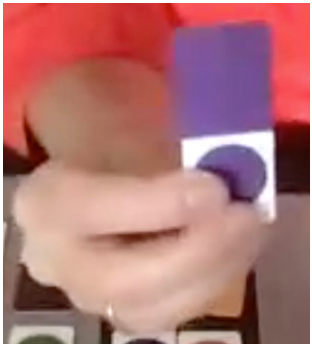
There are certain colour combinations I like

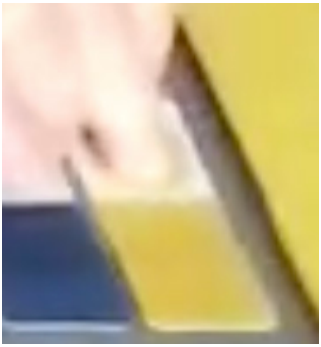
Generally clashing. I love these two colours together: the red and the pink

Some are so standard they become boring …those two colours together: the sort of turquoise and the red... but again that's quite 80s isn't it ?

I'd have that (yellow and orange) in a caravan - have maybe cups and plates? I like the brightness of it, and I could quite easily have that. I like colourful things in kitchens, in particular.



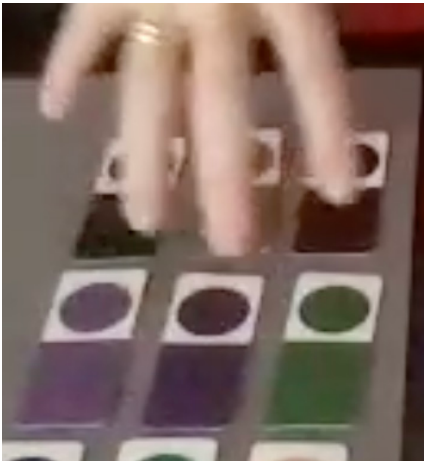


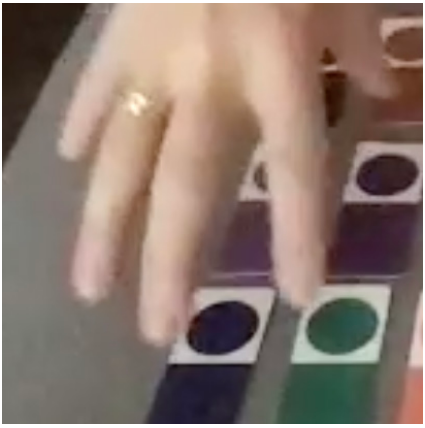


Yuk- I'd never have green and brown like that together

And if you work with kids, then you wear loads of colour. Which seems a bit naff, somehow childish?

I remember on my psychotherapy training, one of the tutors had a puffa coat that colour (purple). I absolutely loathed it and I slightly loathed him as well! It was associations : he wasn't a horrible man, it was just the look. He wore those shoes that you get from Morocco that look like banana shaped leather shoes with his coat. He had a ponytail as well, so he had the whole combination. He could have become a hate object for me!

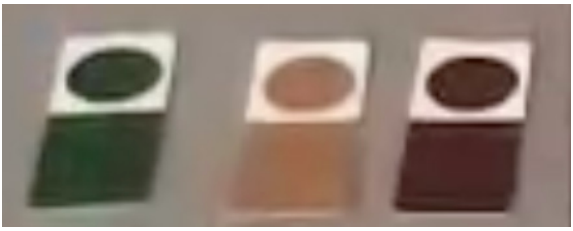


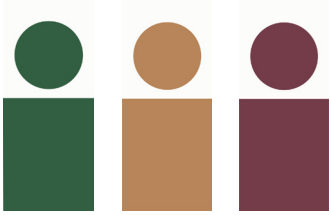


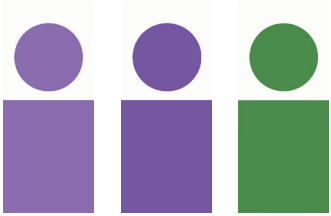
These purples and greens

I look at them, when I was growing up, (I was born in '69). These colours: I remember paisley.. and purples and greens being like the 60s, and yuk yuk yuk! We were like 70s kids and that was like ugh!

My mum was very particular about colour and aesthetics. She had a very strong sense of taste. So, I guess that's influenced me in a positive way, but sometimes I would react against it as well. So she would be much more these colours actually, and in some ways I look at them and think yeah they're sort of Liberty colours aren't they? They are the middle class colours.







I really don't like these 'auberginey' colours . I have got a dress I picked up in a second-hand shop recently and I put it on and its really ,an amazing fit, but the colour.. it's the associations I have with churches: heavy, old, velvety. I don't like purples

They're the kind of royal colours I don't really like much. Old people colours: they are like death colours to me.

And that green i'm not so keen on.

I don't like these purple ones

Boat blue

This is making me think of something. When I had my first flat that I lived in on my own for a very brief period, a studio flat. It was first time I had somewhere that I could paint. It was mine. .. (and I thought) I'm going to choose the colour.

I was fixated on trying to find this boat blue - that's what I called it. It wasn't turquoise, it was this colour that boats are painted and in the it was more turquoisey, because I couldn't find the boat blue. But I loved those colours at that point. That was in my late 20s and I think they remind me of holidays.

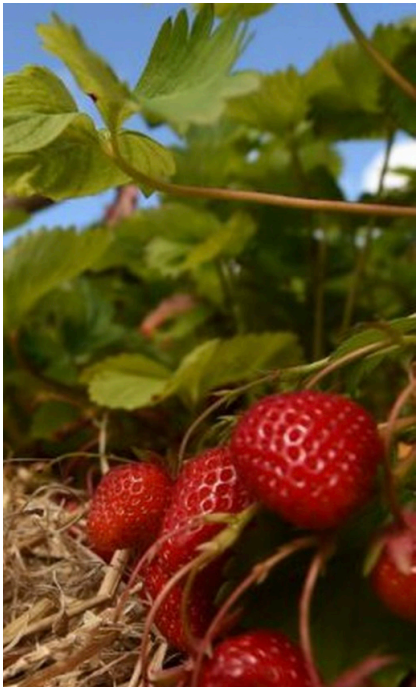
And again, that sunlight that you get at the beach, and I think the blue was so specific, and I was hunting for it high and low, even in objects.

Finding colours in objects

I really like the pink handles on these. I found them in Emmaus in Brittany, and these amazing these set of pink bowls. I really love the fact that they're really worn as well. They've got I spoon marks and stuff inside them. But it's the story. I mean they're not mass produced they're in a second- hand shop.

It was while I was visiting my sister, so it's a bit like a souvenir, but it's also finding something that someone else hasn't got, that was definitely colour based. No one else has got them and it's very me. You haven't got that pale pink on your pallete.

It's not being dictated by fashion or trends. It's about discovering something. That's the beauty of second-hand shops or car boots isn't it? You are literally hunting, and it's personal, so it's not being given to you. You're having to activate your own kind of hunting instincts.



Hunter gatherers : Explicit and implicit thinking

Just like hunting. We are programmed to find berries that are bright coloured. I love fruit picking. I used to go fruit picking: apple picking, grape picking, strawberry picking.

There's something about what do they call it? 'explicit thinking' . In this book (The Master and his Emissary : The Divided Brain and the Making of the Western World, McGilchrist, 2009) he talks about explicit thinking and implicit thinking. Explicit is like what hunters used to find things. Hunters and gatherers- on the ground..you use that part of your brain. It's very sort of scouring and specific, whereas implicit is more the kind of poetic big thinking, big brushstrokes.

Orange and Pink

I've just been sprayed in a surf cafe by one of the waiters, who tripped holding a big bowl of red tomato salsa. I'm wearing that salmon pink top....it sprayed all over me, and I'm now speckled orange and pink.! Its a really good combination! ....It was really funny, - I definitely want to laugh about it. Orange and pink.. I've always liked that combination, but it was a really abrupt reminder.!

I just bought myself a sun bed from B&Q for half price: Fifteen quid- bright orange! I'll take a picture. That's another color update!

Personal Space

I would like to be on a ridge somewhere in the Himalayas

With the wind going over the top, whistling through the trees and someone singing. It's really strong image. It's a moment in my life. I was with my boyfriend, he was really ill and we're in this Gandhi Ashram. There was no one else there, apart from this really amazing singing voice just coming through - almost being carried on the wind, from next door. It was the most beautiful voice I've ever heard.

I don't know if it was the combination of where we were, or the fact that we were kind of stuck there, and it was transporting. I don't know what it was, but it was ethereal, and it has just stayed with me. It was absolutely a really strong image and I think that was a place where you'd want to be if you were sick, or old, or dying. There was a sense of spaciousness. The singing - there was something really timeless about it. There was movement, and space and light and beauty.

All that time to reflect, in an environment of your choice, with the things around you that you love: distilling all the good things from life

Personal space for me: - its an 'alive' thing,

I just think it moves around. I don't have a fixed space. I love my flat. The secure base - it's the first time I've ever lived on my own actually: the last couple of years. Developing what I like to have around me. I have never really done that before in such a considered way, and it's either my age, or the fact that I've just stayed put for longer, and there's no one else sharing the space. I really like it as a process, and it also drives me mad, so I move things around a lot.

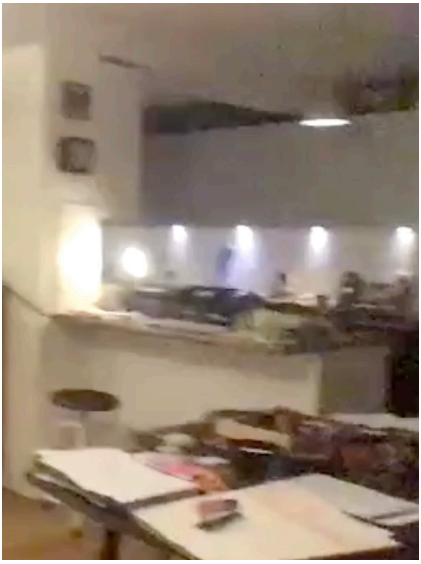
So that's why going to that Charlotte Perriand exhibition - just reminded me of function and simplicity and I guess my relationship with my flat, particularly during lockdown has just been changing all the time. I've moved furniture around, I've had things out of cupboards, I've put them back and it's my relationship to (these) things. I don't know if it's the things in the space or how the space feels when I rearrange the things.

I love this flat and I know that it's the flat as a whole. I like it because it's up high. There's a view. There is a natural light and I can open the windows. So if you take away those elements.. I know what I don't like - and it's dead space.

I like to be able to have a connection to the external world. Whether it's having the windows open, a wind coming in. That's why I like that place, I was referring to right at the beginning. I love a bit of movement. There's nothing worse for me than a room where objects stay in the same spot for years on end and there's a clock ticking. So that's stagnant space.

I'm much happier with mess. Things moving around, things breaking apart - coming back together in a new arrangement. I just find that more alive. So it has to be alive.

I've been thinking about the fact that it's so specific: a favourite place or places in your home and it just changes so much.



That's where i've been sitting there talking to you

That perch is where I sit. On those quite uncomfortable stools. I ran a group from there, last night. I quite often work from here, even though there's a table (over) there and I've actually got a desk (over) there, which is not functioning very well - so I don't use it.

So yes, here on this whatever 'ledge' inbetween the kitchen and the living space, (well it's all living space). I think it's the height, - it's also close to the kitchen. I don't know, but I quite like - not facing a wall. There's a bit of room around it.

I sometimes sit in a chair like that in the evening, maybe, but only if i'm watching something? I am not very good at just sitting in a comfy chair, just for the sake of it.

This is my new very functional hallway which I'm really pleased with.

Very organized and it's like what hallways are meant to be..!

I've been having a bath every morning which feels really indulgent but that's a real favourite space actually: the bath, hot water and the bath. It's really comforting. I can't bear a long bath, I just have a nice dip but hot - really hot, but I can't hang about - a bit like can't sit in a comfy chair - I'm just too twitchy.

The Balcony

I really love to just sleep with the door open and windows open

Wherever there's an interplay of light and air. You know, when you see the light coming in and across the walls,

You get the movement (I just noticed this when I was ill) all these things, all kinds of details. That feeling of being connected to the outside space gives you...it means you're not dead!

There's a sense of something bigger and that's so important for me. Just to have that, even if I am just looking out, you know, I know there's an 'out' - it's not just all internal.

And I come out here in the morning and I can gauge the temperature

That tree - changes with the seasons, so I (have) instantly got this connection. So its a like being a bird. I just sit on the step

The ideal

Was when I borrowed the camper van this summer. That was like the ultimate in being both contained and mobile. So: both secure but also connected.

I think we're quite nature deprived in the city relatively, - unless I am out on my bike or whatever. So it was like a real hit and it gives you such a lot - things in a natural environment, quite a wild one. The Pembrokeshire coastline is wild. It's not tame in any way shape or form, and I think it just does something which - I think I was starved of, pretty starved of. So it was just a really good feeling.

At one point, when I was parked in Pembrokeshire on the edge of a cliff I could see the sunset and the sunrise from having the door open on the van.

So I had this sort of view. I could be lying in bed really cosy. It was like the ultimate kind of experience. It was **quite blissful** to be honest, it was just heaven. Because it was so exposed and contained simultaneously.

If you think about the cave - it's a link to something almost ancestral. It's like a home that's always been there - that we've inherited. It is a link to the ancestors. I can imagine someone you know, thousands and thousands of years ago, probably doing exactly the same thing as I was doing. Or maybe living in there. There's just a real connection deep down somewhere and there's a beauty too - there's no tat or clutter.

sunrise

sunset

ART TREASURES OF ITALY
HENRY MOORE
RODIN
SPANISH PAINTING
LES PAREILS DA VINCI
BRUEGEL

One thing that I battle with is inheriting

It's lovely to inherit people's things but - they can weigh heavy and it becomes stuff? There's always what stays and what goes, and what's me, and what's them. And you know being kind of in a shrine - it doesn't feel healthy. So there's something about that cave - I love when a space - there's this beach - (Carbis bay in Cornwall) and the tide comes right up high, so you get this clean beach. Every day. It's like **refresh**. It's just like the same feeling of freshly fallen snow.

I think when you inherit stuff and spaces and they become well trodden - there's something nice about the constant - but .....there's a tension isn't there? - about that being a burden or when is the right time to get rid of something? Is it stopping you living or is it enhancing your living? Recently I've been taking a lot of my Mum's art books to the studio. So removing them out of the home space, putting them in this more neutral space. I'm very conscious that a lot of them, I'm starting to look at quite differently. So they've gone from more subjective (like with my Mum) to more objective? I don't really like Henry Moore - it doesn't interest me. I'd rather have Sohie Tauber-Arp, or Charlotte Perriand of Sophie Calle and that would reflect more of me.

So I'm finding myself developing, - a bit more editing, just getting back to myself, four years on, after my Mum died,. And actually, I was thinking - oh it's just a book? And actually it's quite relief to - just get rid of some things

I think (it) ebbs and flows... sometimes things really clutter up don't they? Then other times you just want to have a cull and get rid of everything, and remember who you are. I think it is linked to different stages of development. We are never stagnant. There might be things we've liked for years and years and years- there's some things that just stay with you, almost life-long and there's other thing! But it has to do with a particular time, or memory, or place. But I like the evolution. I think basically **I like flux and I oppose stagnancy**.

But (also) the whole concept of a secure base - I am big on attachment, so I get really attached to people and places. So there's a real contradiction in that.

I think there's something about having agency and pioneering your own ground. When people are really overwhelmed with grief there is such a fear of losing the essence of that person. If you could distill a person... I remember wanting to just distill my mom and have a kind of like 'essence of Mum'. I just wanted to not lose it - and what were the ingredients that were particular to her? Stuff - is just flotsam and jetsam - it's just not that important ultimately, but I think what I'm finding more is I am coming back to myself.

Where you gain ground is in agency, and **knowing what you like** and as a different generation, you will have a different frame of reference. I will have a completely different frame of reference to N.

I think the most important thing for me is to stay open, not to get too fixed or stagnant - surrounded by dead people's stuff, and lose who you are. Feeling alive is what's important and how do you do that? Without losing your mind! So that's where this stuff comes in handy because it pegs you down.

So often in life we get influenced by other people's taste ..

When I was a kid I had collections of things, and in my bedroom -it was like a grotto

Stickers, rubbers that you put on pencil tops, whimsies..... At one point, I hit some developmental stage, and I literally came home to my 'grotto' - took all the stickers off the door, solemnly packed every little object into brown paper bags, and labelled them. I have still got them. I was going to make a catalogue of all my childhood objects and get them out and photograph them like museum pieces and put little titles underneath. Because I thought it deserved a catalogue - having kept it all this time. They're the most ridiculous objects, but when I was a certain age **I loved them**. So they meant something to me at particular age, but now they're just like stuff that you get in a souvenir shop. Generally I bought most of it in either joke shops, souvenir shops, - and lot of it was novelty and of a certain age.

I think what you appropriate is really Interesting isn't it? What you see that other people have and you want for yourself and you shed that like a skin don't you, as you go through life.

I like these colours and the potential space.

Bit too big though for me.

Need to set up a commune