

Arriving at the titles

Linden's writing is very visual; I made lots of note drawings as I read. The image that stuck out of the writing, that I kept repeating in my sketchbook, was the sacred oak leaf. Linden wrote about sacred groves; the building's pediment took my brain to ancient Greece. My brain was extra willing to travel to Greece because it was the middle of summer devoid of sunshine. I looked at images of ancient oak wreaths made of gold and thought about William Golding's book *The Double Tongue*, in which a priestess at Delphi goes on a mission to raise funds to fix the roof of her temple.

When I was working with the clay I was thinking that once the lid comes off the building the sacred thing inside it will get out. When the church is sold to a rapacious developer the roof will come off and whatever occupies the sacred space inside will float away; a new roof will be fixed on and it will be an empty husk.

In my studio I cut out oak leaves from a piece of fluorescent card (I wanted to evoke the glow of gold). As I cut each lobe of the oak leaf small bits of card fell onto the table - the space in between. I noticed that these were shaped like a tac, like a nail. The nail was what had originally intrigued me. Corroding nails and sacred leaves cut from the same thing seemed like they were two halves of one thought.



Gold oak wreath with a bee and two cicadas, 350 - 300BC, The British Museum.