



GET BACK

During a recent experiment in psychik landscaping and superimpositioning I discovered a sacred alignment based on maps of the area where I spent my formative years. I initiate a rite to determine the longevity of memory, to discover a new route, an east end passage back to where I once belonged. I copy each map onto transparent sheets and manipulate them until an alignment appears connecting locations. I join the dots and escape in time as if by magick the lines between the locations form the outline of a new model summoned to define its own space, perhaps it was something to do with the carving of the great god Pom on the bottom left quadrant of the device. This giant sacred shape now hovers over part of my childhood forever. ⚡

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