

*Hand to Mouth* still gives me a distinct frisson even now as I think about it. There is lots of movement in the swirls inside, the interrelation invokes a kind of palimpsest of different life dimensions, each spinning off into chains of metaphors and narratives. There are disturbing but also very erotic sides to all the contrapuntal activity as one heads downward. Erotic references to both sexes, to procreation, to painting, to the filigree texture of hair and brushes, to wombs and codpieces, to decentred genitalia, to ghosts and tatoos, to pubescent nipples. I do laugh about the vase which has this odd way structuring the chest and breast bone region, the coolness of its colour and the absence of flowers and growth lift out of the erotic conundrums below into a refreshing push upwards - it's a very spiritual, liberated sense of lightness which extends in the oddest humane (not entirely angelic, I mean) way up beyond. Some parts of the work scare me, but I can calm myself down with other parts. I like looking and living with *Hand to Mouth* more than any other visual object I've ever possessed. The title of the show, *Counterpoint*, is perfect. I am still experiencing the contrapuntal ebb and flow of the interlocking media, lines, subjects, representations. Such finesse and warmth.

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