The words are from *The Poetics of Space*, the book by the French philosopher Gaston Bachelard, which quotes other poetic texts as the starting point for a discussion about our experience of interiors, our homes and cupboards.

Artists tend to love this book, because it gives you a reason for making pictures of things in your house, or building little huts and filling them with stuff, or making darkened rooms for people to creep into; doing all the things which we love doing, frankly – as kids, as adults, and as artists. The book offers the friendly vagueness of poetry whilst hinting at the intellectual rigour associated with philosophy – just what you need as an artist to support doing whatever you want to do. Artists make their work, and then quite often quote this text as if to explain it.

My thought was to do it the other way round, to put the text at the heart of a work, make it central, and have the work kind of illustrate it, in this case by doing an outdoor thing – driving a car – in an interior space. I had only half anticipated the extent to which simply repeating the text would drain it of its meaning, reduce it to just a string of words, but my hope was that the context would restore that sense, visually. This particular passage, which quotes Rilke, seems to be about how mostly we prefer to be in a cosy interior rather than in some big emptiness where we might lose our bearings, but that sometimes it gets a bit much and we need to get out more. Well, could the interior I seem to be talking about be the interior of the car? Or the interior of the building beyond it? Because, compared with the interior of the car, the building seems pretty spacious, almost as big as the outdoors, in fact. Especially when you see a car being driven round it. Except that actually manoeuvring the car indoors and trying to drive it at any kind of speed suddenly makes the space feel very confined indeed.

In the end, you want to be changing someone’s view of something, and in this case, it’s the space you are now standing in: the same space as I experienced, but a different view of it. You’re here, but the car – and I - have gone; and Gaston Bachelard has left the building.

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