

Emery Blagdon

By Richard Wentworth



The next time you see a small circle of metal glinting in the surface of a piece of wood, think of all the nails that have ever been hammered home in the world. The nail, chieftain of the wire tribe, always carries with it the weighty sense of purpose of the individual who drove it through the timber. Amidst the swift rain of repetitive blows (and on to the next one, and the next one and the next ...), imagine all the thoughts and all the human reverie that has accompanied this

immense catalogue of willfulness. Silly of us onlookers to call it mindless work.

Encountering the work of **Emery Blagdon** set these feelings running in me. When you return home after this exhibition, take a piece of wire and bend it, bend it twice, thrice, four times, continue on. Whatever are you thinking? How do you feel?

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