





# LEO

## Back to Nai-Cha

For  
Benita and Sam



## Introduction

LEO arrived at Highgreen in Autumn 2011 to become VARC's thirteenth artist in residence. He had previously lived between London and Berlin and came to Tarsset with a European city-dweller's perspective. He had been looking forward to finding out what it would be like to live alone in an isolated rural community, but quickly realized that this didn't mean that he would be able to live quietly. Attracted by the Monday morning singing sessions in the Village Hall and Scottish country dancing evenings, he soon joined in and became a neighbour and friend to the people of the area.

LEO has sought and gained advice and help from local people in the creation of his artwork. He worked alongside two dry stone wallers to learn the basics of this very skilled craft before tackling his 20m+ *Curious Wall*. We also hear the voices of five local residents as characters in the narrative that forms part of LEO's *Rumpelstiltskin* audio-visual installation.

LEO came to Highgreen with the intention of making a personal response to the specific location, to situations and to create dialogue within his environment. The body of work he has produced suggests he has achieved exactly this - it is an eclectic mix of making irreverent marks in the landscape, playful but thought provoking statements and investigations that bring together materials in surprising ways. He references high and low culture in an exhilarating mix that makes us question our assumptions.

Besides developing his own work throughout the residency LEO has also devised and hosted a range of workshops, taken a drawing class and given a talk at the Village Hall with a member of the education staff from BALTIC Centre for Contemporary Art.

In the winter term LEO visited West Woodburn School to lead Olympic Board Games workshops. During this time he also ran a series of night photography workshops, followed by outdoor sculpture workshops in the spring.

With gentle guidance and encouragement - but high expectations - participants were gratified to produce some fantastic work. An enjoyable informal exhibition day then allowed participants to finish their pieces and display them for friends and visitors.

Later in the spring, groups from Newcastle came to Highgreen to explore and make art. Young people with autism spectrum disorders from both Thomas Bewick School in Newcastle and Thornhill School in Sunderland visited in May. With a great team of staff, volunteers and carers from the schools, along with artists and assistants, the students enjoyed a range of activities led by LEO, including shelter building in the woods, making stained glass panels and suspended mobiles, as well as eating baked potatoes around a camp fire.

In March, LEO had given an illustrated talk about his work to members of the art group at CRISIS Skylight Centre in Newcastle. In May, fourteen members visited Tarsset to enjoy seeing LEO's near-completed *Curious Wall*, a walk back to Highgreen and an afternoon of drawing before heading home. The glorious sunshine made for a very enjoyable day, and one that for some provided the first occasion out of the city for a long time.

We have all enjoyed having LEO as our VARC artist in residence this year; with the wall, he will also be the first whose work we will be able to enjoy for many years after the artist has moved on.

Janet Ross, Project Director  
Visual Arts in Rural Communities

Previous page: *Landscape Portrait II* (2012), digital photograph  
Facing page: *Fell Burning* (2012), digital photograph





## LEO: Be Curious

### The endless procession of myth

The recent work of London/Berlin based artist LEO has tended to adopt a chameleon-like range of guises and visual idioms. From a pit miners banner declaring 'What I'm trying to say is you're not listening' to a temporary sales sign promoting 'Modern Art At Post Modern Prices!', LEO's work often takes the form of a shifting, ambiguous, authorial voice which occasionally adopts - or is channelled through - pre-established forms of visual communication. Another common thread in LEO's practice is the literary allusion, with many of his works exploring and reimagining fairytales, folk lore and mythology. It is with these manifold ideas and reflexive approaches to art-making that LEO embarked on his twelve month residency at Highgreen, an opportunity to explore, work in response to, and collaborate with the specific context of Tarsset.



Whilst in the city we are constantly bombarded with the information and images of advertising, commerce and political gestures, in the sparsely populated hills of the Northumberland National Park, texts and forms of visual communication are rare at best. In this context - of the seemingly infinite wordlessness of nature - road signs and hand-painted notices become amplified, resonating to our innate human compulsion to communicate. It is here on the crest of a quiet hill overlooking Highgreen and the valleys of Tarsset, that we encounter LEO's *Curious Wall*. Literally built into the landscape through the traditional technique of dry stone walling, *Curious Wall* is a subtly camouflaged intervention into the setting, the local history, customs and cultural codes.

With gentle assertiveness *Curious Wall* compels the viewer to engage with the work, their location and experience of reality with an open-minded curiosity. If chanced upon without knowledge of its progeny - as by a hill walker, farm hand or unsuspecting wanderer - the intentions and interpretations of the message may be as numerous, relative and changeable as those who encounter it. Maybe it is an invitation to be curious about this specific context, its people and the distant hills? Or the anonymous, overlooked characters who built these walls, their personal histories and political - or ulterior - motivations? Perhaps *Curious Wall* is an assertion that we ought to adopt a continual, child-like curiosity - one which is open and free from pre-determined concepts and paradigms?

It was in a newspaper headline that LEO originally came across the phrase 'Be Curious', referring to a speech given by the theoretical physicist Stephen Hawking on the event of his 70<sup>th</sup> birthday:

"...Remember to look up at the stars, not down at your feet. Try to make sense of what you see and wonder about what makes the universe exist. Be curious..."<sup>1</sup>

Above (top to bottom):  
*Kicking over an Andy Goldsworthy  
Sculpture, Hersvikbygda, Solund,  
Norway. September 1st 2005*  
Digital photograph

*Curious Wall* in progress

There is a poignant collision here between the text, its origins and its subsequent reappropriation by LEO during his residency at VARC. Whilst Hawkings extolls the virtuosity of being curious, it is ultimately, as with all scientific enquiry, as a means to an end: namely, as a process which leads the individual towards new, but finite, explanations for the nature and operations of the universe and that which makes it exist. These explanations, it is presupposed, must adhere to the 'proven' laws and paradigms of existing science. The ultimate aim of curiosity in scientific endeavour is always rooted in the belief that there is total explicability for the phenomenological universe, one which will be arrived at through cementing a final and inevitable 'Theory of Everything'.

In contrast, however, the period of research undertaken by LEO at Highgreen was not conducted with the intention of revealing empirical truths or finite answers but rather as an open-ended journey into the unknown, the ineffable and, potentially, the unresolvable. *Curious Wall* does not direct us to follow any previous lines of enquiry, it is ambiguous and open enough a statement that it implores the viewer instead to be continually curious about a universe of infinite subjectivity, change and possibility. Built into the fabric of a wall once used to demarcate a landowner's estate and reminiscent of urban graffiti, *Curious Wall* evokes the issues of ownership and property. In one of his prototype stone walls the reference to graffiti is made more explicitly through the appropriation and restaging of the popular 'THC' graffiti tag which frequents many of Berlin's public spaces, from underpasses and U-Bahn carriages to the walls of Checkpoint Charlie. By exporting the visual lexis of the graffiti artist - loaded with political dissent, the disavowal of property laws and resistance to social control - into the rural idyll of Tarsset, LEO seems to be surreptitiously questioning the role of ownership invisibly at play, even here in the heart of rural Northumberland.

There is a telling transition in topography which takes place between the encounter with *Curious Wall* - upon the expansive, open hill top and LEO's other piece *Rumplestiltskin* which we meet in the dark, enclosed



Above (top to bottom):  
*THC, Tarsset Burn* (2011), digital photograph  
Photograph of graffiti in Berlin



Above: *Rumpelstiltskin* (2010), video still  
Facing page: *Rumpelstiltskin* sketchbook study

interior of an empty stable. From the rafters hang four mobiles of brightly coloured, translucent acrylic, vaguely reminiscent of the mobiles which dance above babies' cribs. As the mobiles slowly turn they cast luminous, shifting projections onto the walls of the space. Elusive shapes and numinous motifs slip in and out of focus; the crown of the king; an intestinal string of sausages; a wide-mouthed, amorphous hermaphrodite; a golden ring; a cross.

From the earliest cave paintings to the imagery of pre-Christian mythology, storytelling and image-making have lent humanity the visual symbology, or fleeting embodiments, of its forgotten and buried impulses, fears and desires. By condensing the imagery of the *Rumpelstiltskin* story into signs and metaphorical symbols - where meaning becomes implicit and subjective rather than representational and explicit - and by exploding the narration into a manifold, layered babel of perspectives, there is a sense that *LEO* is destabilizing the singular, omniscient perspective of the narrative and invoking in its place the eternal, ever-shifting archetypes at the core of all story-telling. In *Rumpelstiltskin* the story, and the characters which occupy it, have become almost as mysterious and mutable as its underlying, primeval themes of parenthood, estrangement, longing, and domination.

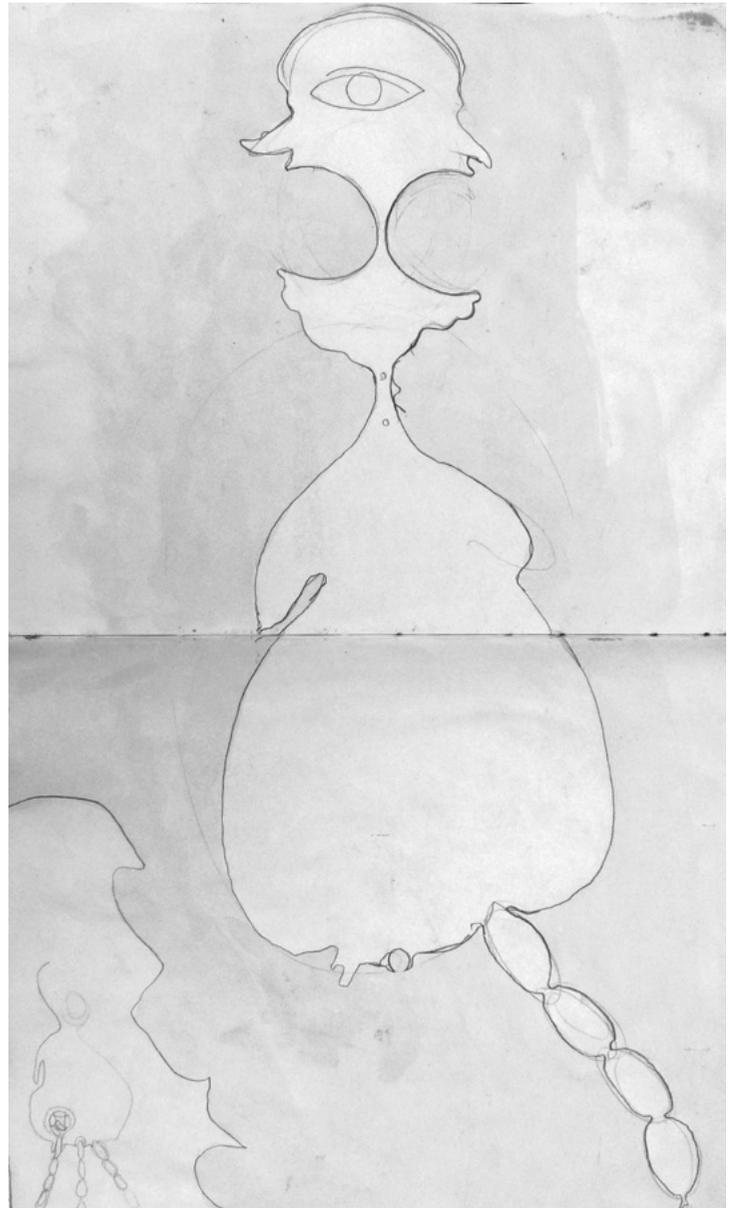
Whilst *Curious Wall* and *Rumpelstiltskin* may seem almost antithetical in form and content (outside vs. inside, singular vs. pluralistic etc.) what they both invite is a fluid, open-minded and tireless state of curiosity. In 'being curious' we will be able to overcome the tendency to filter the world through existing conceptions and actually penetrate the substance of reality. For instance, if we are curious about this landscape we will overcome the romanticising tendencies left by our artistic and literary forbearers (the Pre-Raphaelites, the Romantic poets, the Brontës, etc.) and see the place anew, for ourselves. If, with a curious mind, we re-examine our common stories and histories - from which many of our morals and notions about good and bad conduct are based - perhaps we can uncover the enduring influence of mythology, religion and the unconscious and then, upon identifying these, supersede

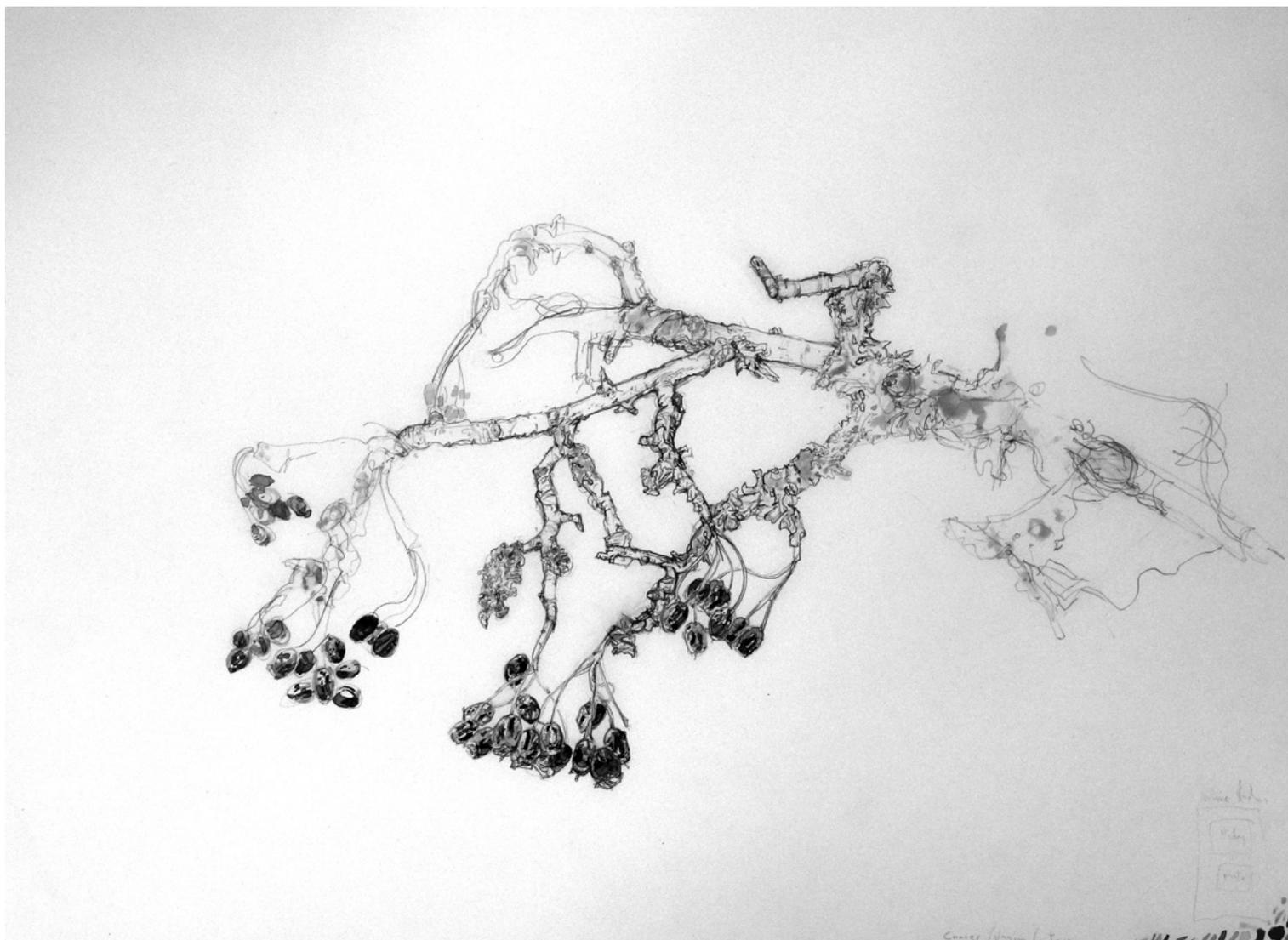
them. At the end of the residency at Highgreen what all of LEO's works encourage - directly or indirectly - is for us, the audience, to break from the intellectual constraints of the paradigm (science, religion and art) and to think for ourselves, with insatiable curiosity.

Iris Aspinall Priest

References:

\*1 Professor Stephen Hawking, Cambridge University, speech 8 January 2012  
Reported, Guardian Newspaper 10 January 2012





*Nature Study, Hawthorn I* (2012), pencil and gouache on paper, 30cm x 40cm



Top to bottom:  
*Nature Study, Hawthorn II* (2012), pencil and gouache on paper, 30cm x 40cm  
*Portrait with available means* (2012), mixed media on paper, 30cm x 25cm



*Landscape Portrait 4* (2012), digital photograph



*Nature Study* (2012), digital photograph



Photographs showing progress of *Curious Wall* construction



*DSW Model – NO (2012)*  
Dry stone wall model, sandstone, 33cm x 16cm x 13cm





Above and previous page: *Curious Wall* (2012)  
Reconstructed dry stone wall 14m, total length of work 40m



*DSW Model - THC (2012)*  
Dry stone wall model, sandstone, 42cm x 7cm x 15cm



*DSW Model - YES (2011)*  
Dry stone wall model, sandstone, 38cm x 7cm x 13cm



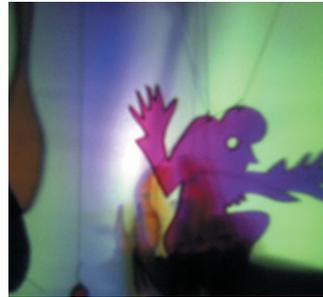
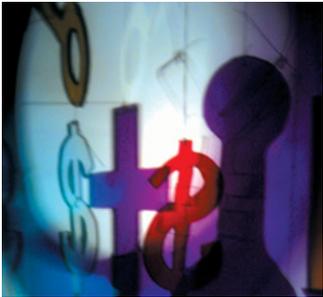
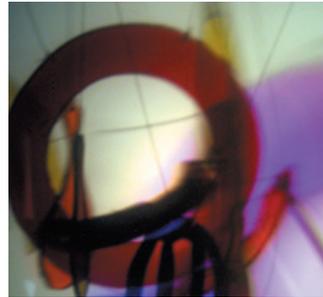
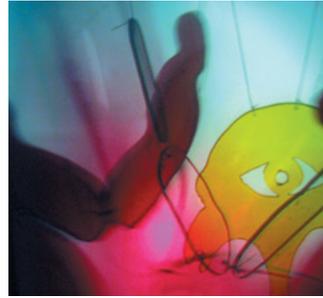
*Bird and Moon I* (2012), digital photograph



*Open Gate* (2012), digital photograph



*Burning Fell III* (2012), digital photograph



Above and following pages:  
*Rumpelstiltskin* (2012), mobile light projection and sound installation









Previous and this page:  
*Rumpelstiltskin* (2012), mobile light projection and sound installation



# Rumpelstiltskin

The following texts are based upon the original 19<sup>th</sup> Century translations of the Grimm brothers' story. Written by LEO, they have been narrated and recorded and form the sound element of the audio-visual piece Rumpelstiltskin exhibited at Highgreen, summer 2012.

Rum - pel - stilt - kin  
Rumpelstiltschen  
Rümpentrumper  
Hofenhütel  
Purzinele  
Hüpche/Hüpche  
Rumpelstilz  
Knirrsicker  
Hans Donnerstag  
Kiodin/Ridon

Once upon a time.

Once upon a time  
In a certain kingdom  
Once lived a miller, a good miller  
Once lived a poor miller;

Once upon a time in a certain kingdom lived a vain miller.  
In this kingdom once upon a time lived a miller's wife, the poor miller's wife,  
the poor vain miller's wife.

In a certain kingdom once lived a poor miller who had a very beautiful  
daughter. The miller's widow had a very beautiful daughter whom she was  
very proud.  
The vain and proud miller.

Not only was she beautiful, this miller's wife's daughter, she was also  
shrewd and clever. She was moreover, exceedingly shrewd and clever; and the  
miller was so proud of her, that one day told the king of the land.

Now it was that one day the king happened to be passing and the miller,  
miller's wife, widow, told the king, while  
delivering flour to the castle;  
As the king happened to be riding by the mill.  
On a day that the miller had to go and speak to the king, and to make  
himself and herself and his wife seem more  
important, spoke of his daughter and how,  
That his daughter could spin gold out of straw.

In exaggerating his daughters talents, told the king that she was able to spin  
gold out of straw, that from straw, that from flax she could spin gold, golden  
thread.

Now this king was very fond of money;  
The king said to the miller, that is an art which pleases me well, if your  
daughter is as clever as you say, bring her  
tomorrow to my palace, and I will put her to the test.  
This greedy king

And on hearing the miller's boast,  
In hearing the miller's wife's widow boast of his, hers, this beautiful  
daughters abilities, his avarice was excited, and he ordered the girl to be  
brought before him.  
In his castle.

Then he led her to a chamber;  
And when the girl was brought before him he took her to a room which was  
quite full of straw;

Then he took her to a cell, gave her a spinning-wheel and a reel, and said,  
now set to work, and if by to-morrow morning early you have not spun this  
straw into gold during the night, you must die;  
Where there was a great quantity of straw, gave her a  
spinning wheel, and said, "All this must be spun into gold before morning as  
you value your life."

The daughter, the girl, told the king that she can not spin gold.  
It was in vain that the poor maiden, the beautiful, clever and shrewd  
daughter, in vain declared that she could do no such thing, the chamber was  
locked and she remained alone in the cell.  
There upon he himself locked up the room and left her in it alone.

So there sat the poor miller's daughter, and for the life of her could not tell  
what to do, she had no idea how straw could be spun into gold, and she grew  
more and more frightened.  
More and more frightened.

Until at last she began to weep.

She sat down in the corner of the room and began to lament over her hard fate;  
Sitting at the wheel she wept and wept with no idea what she should do.  
When on a sudden the door opened, and a droll-looking little man hobbled in,  
and said;

"Good-morrow to you, my good lass, what are you weeping for?"  
"Good evening mistress Miller, why are you crying so?"  
"Alas!" answered she, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I know not how."  
"What will you give me," said the little man, "to do it for you?"  
"My necklace," replied the maiden.

He took her at her word, and set himself down to the wheel; round about it went merrily;  
The little man took the necklace, seated himself in front of the wheel, and whirr, whirr, whirr, three turns, and the reel was full; then he put another on, and whirr, whirr, whirr three time round, and the second was full too.

Whirr, whirr, whirr till the morning.  
And so it went on until the morning, when all the straw was spun and all the reels were full of gold.  
And presently the work was done, and the gold, all spun.

When the king came and saw this, he was greatly astonished  
And delighted;  
And pleased:  
But his heart grew still more greedy of gain.  
He had the miller's daughter taken into another room full of straw, which was much larger;  
And he shut up the poor miller's daughter again with a fresh task,  
In another much larger room full of straw and commanded her to spin that also in one night if she valued her life.

Then she knew not what to do, and sat down once more to weep;  
The girl sat crying and not knowing what to do.  
The girl knew not how to help herself and was crying, when the door opened again, and the little man appeared, and said, what will you give me if I spin that straw into gold for you?  
But the little man presently opened the door, and said, "What will you give me to do your task?"  
"The ring on my finger" replied she.  
So her little friend took the ring, and began to work at the wheel, till by the morning all was finished again.  
Again began to turn the wheel, and by morning had spun all the straw into glittering gold.

The king rejoiced beyond measure at the sight.  
The king rejoiced, but still 't was not gold enough.

Still he had not gold enough.

The king was vastly delighted to see all this glittering treasure; but still he was not satisfied, and took the miller's daughter into a yet larger room, and said,  
"All this must be spun to-night; and if you succeed you shall be my queen."  
In the course of the night, spun, but if you succeed, you shall be my wife.  
"Even if she a miller's daughter be," thought he, "I will not find a richer wife in the whole world".

As soon as she was alone the dwarf came in;  
The manakin came in,  
And said, "What will you give me to spin gold for you this third time?"  
"I have nothing left" said she.  
"I have nothing left that I could give," answered the girl.  
"If I spin the straw for you this time also"  
"Then promise me," said the little man, "your first little child when you are queen."  
"If you should become queen promise me your first child."  
Not knowing how else to help herself in this strait, she promised the manakin what he wanted;  
"That may never be," thought the miller's daughter; but as she knew no other way to get her task done, she promised him what he asked, and he spun once more the whole heap of gold.  
And for that, he once more spun the straw into gold.

And when the king came in the morning, and found all he had wished, he took her in marriage.  
The king came in the morning, and finding all he wanted, married her, and so the miller's daughter really became queen.  
The pretty miller's daughter became queen,  
And the pretty miller's daughter became a queen.

A year after, she brought a beautiful child into the world.  
The year after the king and queen had a beautiful child.

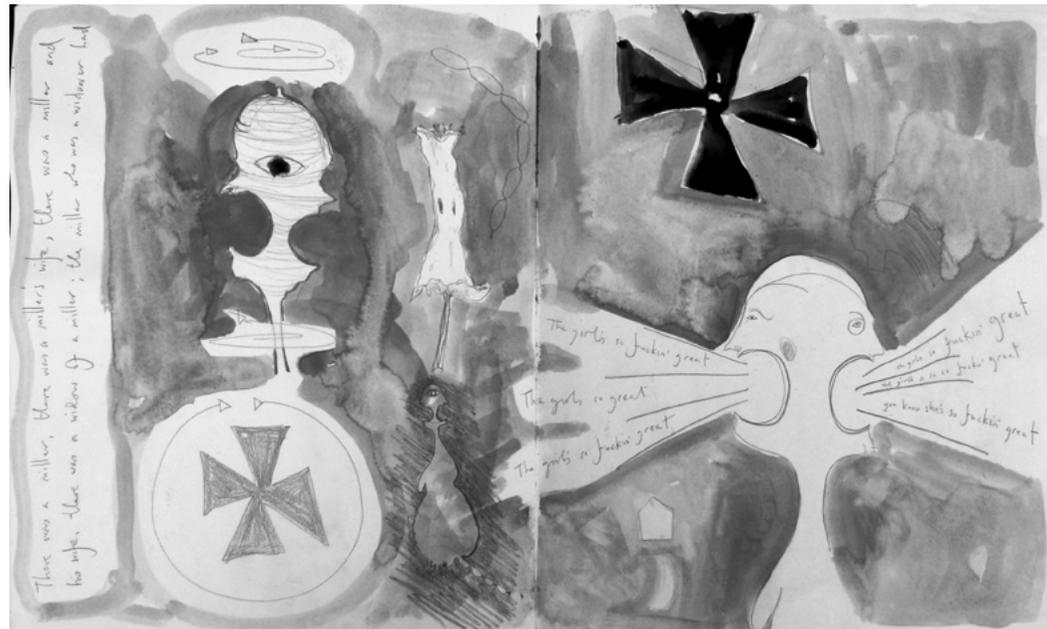
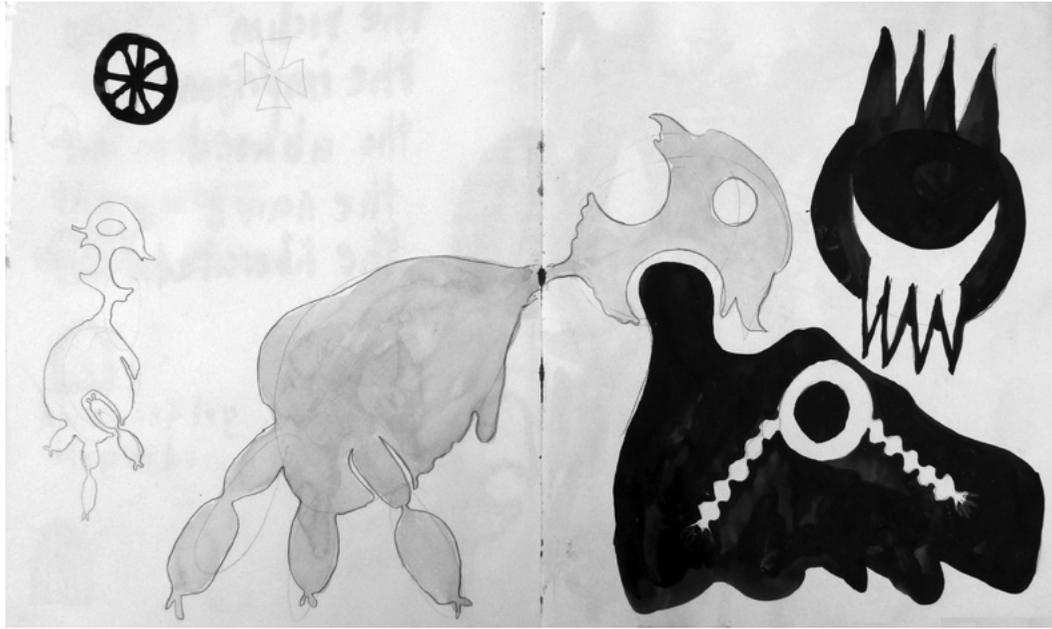
At the birth of her first little child the queen rejoiced very much, and forgot the little man and her promise;  
She never gave a thought for the manakin.  
But one day he came into her chamber and reminded her of it.

But suddenly he came into her room, and said, now give me what you promised.  
"Now give me what you promised."  
The queen was horror struck.  
Then she grieved sorely at her misfortune, and offered him all the treasures of the kingdom in exchange;  
If he would leave her the child.

The Miller  
The Millers wife  
The poor miller  
The poor millers wife  
The millers widow  
The vain miller  
The millers vain wife  
The millers proud wife  
The proud miller



The millers wife  
& her  
husband



But in vain;  
"No. Something that is living is much dearer to me than all the treasures in the world."  
"No. Something alive."  
Then the queen began to lament and cry, so the manakin pitied her;  
Till at last her tears softened him, and he said;  
At last her tears softened him, and he said, "I will give you three days' grace, and if during that time you tell me my name, you shall keep your child."  
"I will give you three days time", said he

So the queen thought the whole night of all the names that she had ever heard;  
Now the queen lay awake all night, thinking of all the odd names that she had ever heard, and despatched messengers all over the land to inquire after new ones.  
And she sent a messenger over the country to inquire;  
A messenger was sent far and wide.

When the manakin came the next day;  
The next day the little man came, and she began with Timothy, Benjamin, Jeremiah;  
and said all the names she knew, Casper, Melchior, Balthazar;  
One after another;  
And all the names she could remember; but to all of them he said, "That is not my name."  
On the second day she had inquiries made in the neighbourhood as to the names of the people there;  
The second day she began with all the comical names she could hear of, Bandy-legs, Bunch-back, Crook-shanks;  
And she repeated to the manakin the most uncommon and curious; Shortribs, Sheepshanks, Laceleg;  
And so on, but the little gentleman still said to everyone of them, "That is not my name."  
The third day came back the messenger;  
On the third day the messenger came back again, and said,  
I have not been able to find a single new name;  
The third day came back one of the messengers, and said, "I can hear of no one other name; but yesterday as I was climbing a high hill among the trees of the forest where the fox and the hare bid each other good night;  
But as I came to a high mountain;  
High up a mountain at the end of the forest;  
There I saw a little house, and before the house a fire was burning;  
I saw a little hut and before the hut burnt a fire;  
And there outside the little house was a fire;  
And round about the fire danced a funny little man;  
Quite a ridiculous little man was jumping,  
Upon one leg,  
And sung;

He hopped upon one leg and shouted;

"Merrily the feast I'll make  
Today I bake, tomorrow brew,  
To-day I'll brew, tomorrow bake;  
Merrily I'll dance and sing,  
The next I'll have the young queens child;  
For next day will a stranger bring:  
Ha! Glad am I that no one knew,  
Little does my lady dream,  
That Rumpelstiltskin I am styled.  
Rum-pel-stilts-kin is my name!"

You may imagine how glad the queen was when she heard the name. And when soon afterwards the little man came in, and asked, now, mistress queen;  
When the queen heard this, she jumped for joy, and as soon as her little visitor came, and said, "Now lady, what is my name?"  
"Is it John?" asked she;  
"No!"  
"Is it Tom?"  
"No!"  
"Is it Conrad?"  
"No!"  
"Is it Harry?"  
"Perhaps your name is;  
Can your name be Rumpelstiltskin?"  
Rumpelstiltskin?  
"Some witch told you that! Some witch told you that!" cried the little man.  
"The devil has told you that!"  
The devil has told you that, the devil has told you that, cried the little man;  
And dashed his right foot in a rage so deep into the floor, that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out.

And plunged his foot so deep into the earth that his whole leg went in;  
And then in a rage he pulled at his left leg so hard with both hand that he tore himself in two.  
Then he made the best of his way off;  
Then he flew out of the window on a ladder.  
While everybody laughed at him for having had all his trouble for nothing.  
for having,  
for having,  
All his trouble,  
All his trouble,  
for nothing.



## For a King

No one ever saw him come and no one saw him go  
Infamous throughout the land, but how could that be so?  
All he did was save the girl from her foolish pride  
T'was not he who cheated, tricked and lied.

Chorus

*For a ring he saved a life and a fortune made,  
For a chain he saved a life and a future lay'd,  
For a child he saved a life and wealth he gave the maid.*

It was not he who changed his mind and from the bargain repented  
For t'was she who changed her tune, the tyrant's vows accepted.  
Full four seasons turn and nature's wishes granted  
The Past forgotten and the seed of love was planted.

There comes a time when we must face the agreements we have made,  
Honourable men and women stand when the bills and bets be paid,  
Generosity was his downfall from when the deal was laid  
He'd saved her life, he'd made her wife, what reason to be afraid?

But worry he should for this new royal was on the back track,  
The whole court employed to undermine the pact,  
To find his name, no stone unturned or horse given slack,  
Spies abound when wages found or promise of the rack.

Upon his hill, around his fire, a dream our friend enjoyed,  
Thoughts of the future, t'happy times with his child enjoined,  
Unaware a stranger hidden, the deceitful queens envoy,  
Listening in, upon his song, the words his dream destroyed.

Chorus

Do not take the words of the lost for granted,  
For like any cornered rat these should not be trusted,  
Deals made in lust and war are best to be a'dreaded  
Drawn and quartered as likely outcome as nations all  
Divided.

So take thee care where you tread and where thou leave a trace,  
Beware of what you dream and always keep them safe,  
Securely hidden beneath the pillow is the safest place,  
For Things of the night, like all daemons, will always change their face.

Chorus

# Rumpelstiltskin – Girl

Now my sorrows are manifold, for now I am a maiden who spins gold.

'Tis this lass's lot, as with all of women-kind,  
To change dirt to diamond, seed to fruit.  
A pretty kind of slavery is this life to which I was sold,  
Though no exchange of cattle or loot.

What am I to do beneath all this expectation?  
Disappointment always nearing like a mist  
And even though I'm talented and clever and pretty and helpful and useful,  
And friendly and kind,  
And clever, and thoughtful and shapely,  
musical and scientific;  
And thoughtful and insightful and inquisitive and blond.  
Still I cry and cry, for I know not where or how or when or why.  
And where to and what for, and for who, and why exactly  
And when exactly.  
And again when? And who says? And why?  
And how? And when?  
And I can't wait. And they will make me, and I can't help it, or stop it. And  
so I cry again. And sob. And sob and cry, and then dry my tears, then weep  
some more.  
For who can help me?  
And what would I give?  
What can I give. For what it's worth I have nothing and I would give  
nothing. I would give nothing.  
Why should I?  
But still I cry and weep and sob and sob.

For all that is said of the flesh that is all there is. To eat and to bed and to  
bed and to eat, all other is war. And even that is war. And then what? To  
fight for life and fight against death.  
And all else is vanity and greed. And that is all this tale is about; vanity and  
greed, and lust, lust of course, the stream that runs through all the villages  
and towns, bubbling and turning this way and that, and running over to  
stain petticoats and breeches alike.

(pause)

Far from here is no different to here  
That is foolish thought and talk  
As is the gift of womanhood  
Equal to the lie of manhood.  
Nought but calculation, subtraction then division.  
Man, woman, family, state, nation and nations all calculating and all  
dividing.

But at least I won't be unhappy, though I may not be happy.  
And I shall not be poor, or at least not poor of purse  
And for what its worth I will be loved for something  
And surely that is better than being not loved at all  
And though loneliness may wait by the door I will not let her in,  
No, all others but not her.



# Eastern/Idiot's

I'm a non stop talking, a constantly moaning, an always bragging idiot!  
Yes I am!  
A non stop talking, a constantly moaning, an always bragging idiot!  
Oh! Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,.... yes, yes, I am!

How strange my land looks from over the water  
I'll never take that journey there again,  
How odd is the land over the water  
I don't ever want to go back there again.

Keep me safe with the lights on  
Keep me warm with the door locked  
Keep me blinkered in my outlook  
Far from the world view  
Amen

Lost to be found  
Found to be lost

Oh! I do know what I like and I'm so happy to give advice  
But don't ask me what it means and don't ask me to explain

It seemed for the best, a risk, yes, but a chance. It's a chance, a risk, a risk  
we were willing to take. The girl can't stay at home forever.  
It's all part of growing up.

It'll put hairs on her chest.  
If you're scared to go out the front door in case you get your  
face dirty you'll never do anything, never go anywhere.  
That's what I said, that's what I told her.

No, no, we never go anywhere.

We knew if she was nice to the man, the man would be nice to her.  
Make a man of her.  
No, I didn't give it much thought, she's a good girl, good as gold, do anything  
for you. No, we don't see much of her now. But we're happy, aren't we, we're  
happy. I didn't think about it, I didn't know what else to say, I had to say  
something didn't I. He's a good man, a fair ruler, as long as you keep on his  
good side, pay your rent, bills, keep your nose clean. And he needs to be hard,  
show who's boss.

Would I have done different now? If I'd known? I don't know.  
We don't go out much.  
No, I didn't hear that. No, I didn't see that. No, I didn't say that.

I'm a funny little man, she's a funny little woman  
He's a funny little man, I'm a funny little woman

The children are a blessing and with the proper schooling, a vested interest,  
a safe investment, the ticket out of here.

So please don't expect I think for myself when the choice has never been,  
Don't ask any questions, for I'll know not what they mean,  
I work the day long at my dull, dirty task,  
And when the day is through all I want is to have a laugh

Keep me wrapped up, limited, happy and closed-up  
You know so well that's how I love to be.

Oh! I'm a stupid little man  
I'm a stupid little woman  
I'm a stupid little man  
I'm a stupid little woman  
I'm a funny little man, she's a funny little woman  
He's a funny little man, I'm a funny little woman

# Here comes the king

Here comes the king, here comes the king, here comes the far·kin·king  
Here comes the king, here comes the king, here comes the far·kin·king  
Here comes the king, here comes the king, here comes the far·kin·king  
Here comes the king, here comes the king, here comes the far·kin·king  
The far·king, the far·king, the far·king king

who gives a damn  
when the dough rolls in  
and the breads on the rise  
and sand goes sky high  
and the tithes break the backs  
and oil gushes  
and gas pushes?

lying on my back  
between a pair of native thighs  
dollar signs in my eyes  
with the locals cry and hue  
sign of progress : for me but not for you  
call the army in  
call Bin laden in  
call the dust man in  
to clean up all my mess  
move onto the next  
consistently cause distress

for whatever it takes  
the wealth is  
and the power is  
the steaks  
arm in arm we make no amends  
use all, foe and friend  
no apology and no amen·d's  
for the rules are mine  
and if they can't understand  
I'll talk really really loud  
When offered the the golden fleece  
golden child  
or Golden goose  
we'll fark it for all its worth  
leave it dying in the dirt  
move on to the next

take a holiday  
take a cruise  
go on safari  
move to the kunt·tree.

Here comes the king, here comes the king, here comes the far·kin·king  
Here comes the king, here comes the king, here comes the far·kin·king  
Here comes the king, here comes the king, here comes the far·kin·king  
Here comes the king, here comes the king, here comes the far·kin·king  
The far·king, the far·king, the far·king king

Da war einmal ein König aus Baden Baden  
der fand eine Wurst im Bade  
Mit einem Messer sie ward geschnitten  
und in der Pfanne gebraten  
Welch' in Glück, sagte der Herr, dass ich schmecke so lecker und gut,  
dass ich schmecke so lecker und gut



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## About VARC

Visual Arts in Rural Communities has funded and managed a programme of twelve-month artist residencies since 2000. It also initiates projects and funds projects proposed by artists in the region.

Through the residencies, funds and projects it aims to offer artists opportunities to develop new work, and benefit to the community and visiting groups through creative activity and engagement with art and artists.

As always VARC would like to thank Cynthia and William Morrison-Bell for their generous support of its work.



Visual Arts in  
Rural Communities

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Above left: Leo in Tarset village hall  
Facing Page: *Moon and Gate* (2012), digital photograph





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