

From: **Sam Bakewell**
Date: Thu, 19 Mar 2026 at 15:56
Subject: The Text
To: Tommaso Corvi-Mora

Dear Tommaso,

As ever, I'm sorry for the delay on this. Seems despite my intentions I'll never change.

The works are pairs, odd couples. Single colours / textures, one validating the other. I hoped each would be the most 'extra' version of itself it could. Be it gaudy, seductive, tacky, gross, lusty, etc, giving it its moment, but still sitting in some relation to its partner to make a whole. It's romantic.

I think it's the show I've been trying to make since uni but didn't have the balls to. Some are simple to the point of being childlike, stripped out and immediate as I could make them. I think I was trying to be honest with myself and to be braver. I guess all things are relative.

I thought a lot about conversations Alison & I had about her dad James Britton and friend Myra Barrs work on the early development of language in young children. The idea of the brain being a sea of intention and each uttered attempt at language being a new island in this sea. Only once it's manifest and out there can you tell if it's even what you meant or wanted, but it has to exist to add to the landmass. Least that's how I remembered it. So this was me trying to unpick myself and work to a barebones language.

I was trying to find that place where something stops being haphazard, unintentional play, and just does this *other thingness* - thing. Like those Twombly plasticine sculptures he made at Jupiter Island - shit but also kinda fucking amazing. You couldn't replicate it, I tried. It just works or it doesn't.

And in this instance I hoped for something that was borderline nothing becoming something through proximity and duality with another nothing. That Imageless Icon thing where minimalism, post-minimalism, mono-ha, arte povera, anti-form & new materialism might cross. Highbrow and a bit crap at the same time.

I think I also turned Lawrence Weiner's work *The response of an object to contact sufficient to lead to a change in inherent quality (vis inertia)* into a bit of a base mantra while endlessly producing them. If there is no more, then there is this.

Some were hard won and laboured over, others easy and first-thought-best-thought. Together they make an inventory or full deck of material possibility. I wanted them to be small and domestic - toilet art to go with my lack of affinity for big art, and crafty as fuck.

I think I also enjoyed the idea of them being vestigial - leftover or outgrown obsolete parts or appendages to craft or art. I certainly couldn't see them clearly.

Ultimately I was just trying to shut up and listen to what was already there...

Someone told me not all shows are finished, that some are just where you are at a point in time.

The quintet is a memory from a good day. The 'leavings' were made from the scraps of this round of making, sanded and fired the night before we installed. Seemed like a good place to end.

In leu of ever finishing with time to invite someone, I think this email is the text.

Sam x