



LANDSCAPE

PORTRAIT

STILL LIFE



Alexandra Harris

OBSERVANCES

‘If you rise at dawn in a clear sky, and during the month of March...’ So begins Tacita Dean in her voiceover for the 1995 film *A Bag of Air* (fig. 1), adopting a storyteller’s tone of both wisdom and mischief. The words sound ancient and familiar, like a medieval proverb. She readies us for a spring rite; she’s going a-Maying in March. It may be unusual to find a contemporary artist evoking seasonal folklore, but Dean doesn’t do it by halves. It’s not enough to ‘rise at dawn’ in the sense of getting up early to meet a lover in the woods; her ‘rise’ is an ascent in a hot air balloon, from which a bag is held out to collect air from the ‘upper ether’. She recites an alchemical recipe, an incantatory ‘how-to’ guide that is outlandish in its demands. It is both ridiculous and beautiful.

In any recipe, the quantities matter, and Dean has a gift for finding means by which to measure intangible phenomena. The counting is part of the meaning. When she says that a thousand bags of air are needed to begin manufacture of the promised golden elixir, she is giving both a general indication of ‘many’ and a precise quantity, a magic number like the thousand and one nights, the twelve books of an epic or the fourteen lines of a sonnet.

The artist we encounter here is drawn to ceremonial magic, and the elaborate solemnities she devises require the coordination of cameras, balloons and clear dawns. She is also wry, unfooled, pursuing the spring air as long as it delights her, no further. What she says is March madness, hokum, hot air that rises, but genuinely celebratory: it makes us smile in the blustery wind.

Though her art has been extremely diverse in the twenty years since *A Bag of Air*, Dean caught and tied in that short film elements she has kept on working with, things she has ‘distilled and prepared’ in her laboratory. Looking into the darkrooms of the film-processing plant in *Kodak* (2006), for example, we may still reach for the language of alchemy she introduced early on. And we are likely still to marvel at the impossibility of pinning down her tone.

Dean focuses on the aspects of landscape that were most elusive for the painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries working on solid, static canvases: the movement of light, the sound of the wind. She composes her film frames like paintings, and often holds a viewpoint steadily over a minute or more. But these are moving pictures: the branch of a tree shifts in the breeze and darkens as an unseen cloud goes over the sun. Dean marks events in the life of

Fig. 1
Tacita Dean
A Bag of Air
1995
Film still



Fig. 2
Tacita Dean
Disappearance at Sea
1996
Film stills



land and sky. It might be the daily process of sunrise and sunset that she honours, or human acts of walking, working, performing a rite. Or it might be the two in tandem: a person marking the dawn. Like Paul Nash aligning a stone pillar with the moon in a kind of sympathetic magic (fig. 3), or Richard Long plotting routes symmetrical in miles and hours, or Robert Smithson making in Spiral Jetty what might be the temple of a sea-cult, or Julie Brock lighting beacons that will be extinguished by the tide, Dean is an artist whose method of observation entails disciplined forms of observance.

2. SUNSET

Disappearance at Sea (1996; fig. 2) is a counting-out of time through a single dusk at St Abb's Head lighthouse in Berwickshire, though it feels representative, as if it might stand for all dusks. Time is measured out in the regular clank of the revolving lighthouse lamp. The camera is so close that the glass fills the screen. What we see is the lightbulb, as yet unlit, and sunbeams catching on the deeply bevelled edges of the glass, sometimes splitting into the spectrum. A glimpse of the headlands beyond is turned upside down by the convex lens. We might want to turn and look over the bay, but we must watch the world in the mirror of the lamp. The sun is increasingly orange, low enough to bulge and glow in the

Fig. 3
Paul Nash
Pillar and Moon, 1932

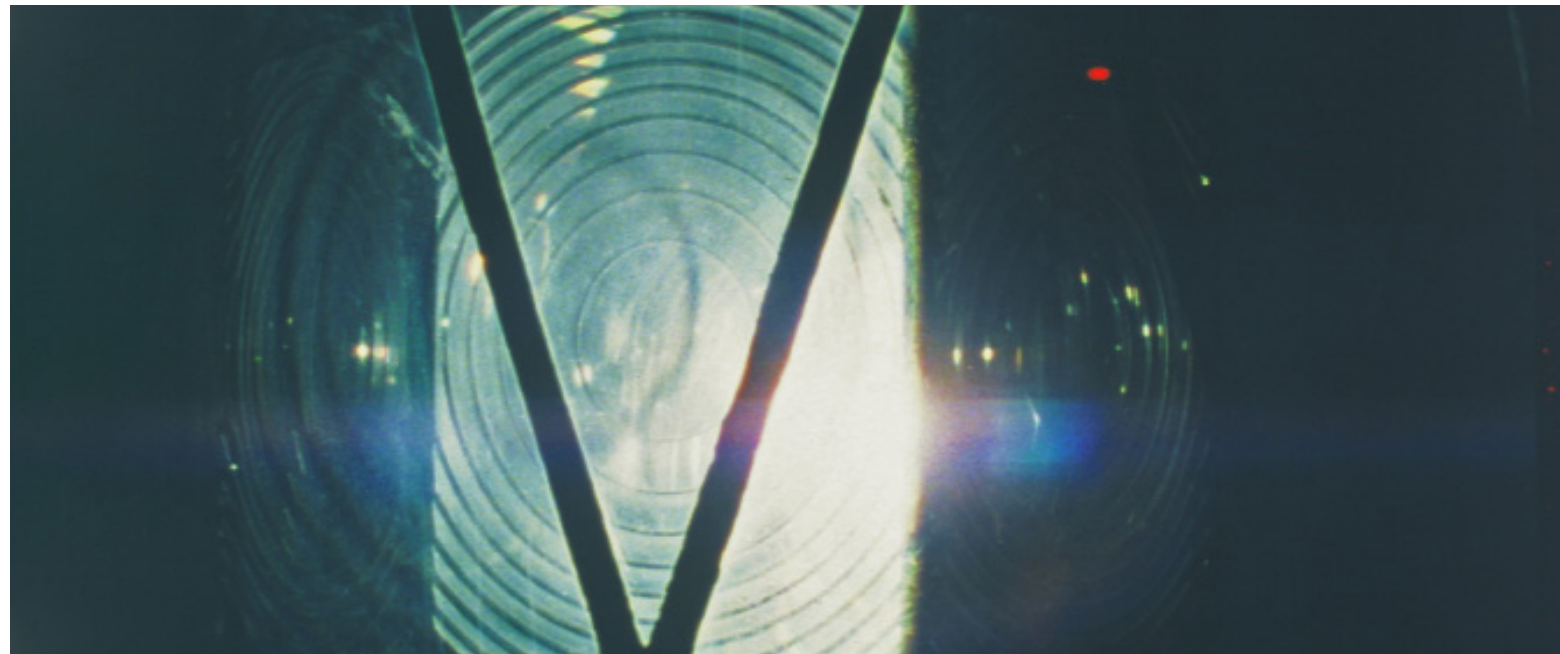




Fig. 4
Tacita Dean
Banewl
1999
Film stills

refracting atmosphere. The turns of the lamp measure out the time of the sunset, ticking like a metronome, though the sun will move to no tempo but its own.

Which artist dares make pictures of a sunset? Turner put an end to it by making sunsets blaze so potently that only amateurs and holidaymakers – and Monet – would try to catch the flaming sky in two dimensions.¹ Tacita Dean doesn't mind; she has something new – and very old – to show us. For several minutes her camera holds in balance the bulb, not yet lit, and the sun, now nearly gone. There is an axis between them, and an invisible line of tension. We know that power will pass from one to the other; in the relay of day and night, the bulb will take on the task of illumination. We wait for this moment; the bulb and the sun continue side by side as they near the still-point of perfect equilibrium, which is the point between day and night, and also between nature and artifice. Dean's presentation of this most Romantic subject is a work of classical geometries.

The sun gives way; the bulb shines out, dimly at first since there is still light in the sky, but with gathering force. Then, in the gloom, the beam passes over the distant water. From out there it must appear as landmark and warning, but from where we stand it is a searchlight, scanning. Now we hold in balance the idea of human beings lost out on the water and the daily setting of the sun, a 'disappearance at sea' so orderly and regular that it has no place in the headlines, but which – filmed like this – has the capacity to hold us expectant, waiting, as if there's no knowing what will happen.



3. ECLIPSE

The midday sunset of the eclipse in 1999 demanded another kind of observance. Everyone knew in theory what would happen, but no-one could predict the weather for the precise moments of totality, or what the darkening would look like, or how quickly the temperature would drop.

There had been no full eclipse in England since 29 June 1927 (fig. 5). Virginia Woolf took a train from Euston to Yorkshire that day and stood with other pilgrims on Barden Fell. As she waited, she felt as if she were part of an ancient rite. The gathered tourists had become primeval men and women ready to 'salute the dawn'. 'We had put off the little badges and signs of individuality', she wrote. 'We were strung out against the sky in outline and had the look of statues standing prominent on the ridge of the world.'² One imagines them there – Virginia Woolf and Leonard beside her, Vita Sackville-West, Ray Strachey wrapped in a blanket – recognisable faces turned into Greek caryatids or Easter Island figures, representative human beings keeping vigil as they look out over the valley.

Dean chose not to stand with the crowds in 1999; if there is human drama in *Banewl* (fig. 4), the film she made during the eclipse at Burnewhall Farm in Cornwall, it is in our own feelings as we watch – positioned as we are by Dean in a cliff-top field of Friesian cows. The drone of an aeroplane above, not



Fig. 5
June 1927, People on Giggleswick Hill
Getty

visible through the clouds, is our cord of connection to others who are watching and waiting, like us, knowing that something extraordinary will happen.

What does expectation in a landscape look like? Through the first half of *Banewl* we scour the screen for a change in the light. Clouds move across the sun; clouds move in front of other clouds. Blanket skies do not usually command so much attention, or seem so freighted. The swallows are first to sense the change; then, slowly, the cows lie down, sensing a change in light and temperature that suggests the coming of the night.

The action is both epic and very ordinary. What we see as the light returns is the silhouette of a cow's ears. We may remember Gloucester's warning in *King Lear* that 'these late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us', or the association between eclipse and horrifying blindness in *Samson Agonistes*: 'O dark, dark, dark amid the blaze of noon'.³ But Dean's eclipse is neither portentous nor horrifying. The plane drones on, a cockerel crows, there is no imminent disaster.⁴ As we study the painterly composition of cliff-side field and grazing herd, Holman Hunt's glowing and ominous painting *Our English Coasts* (1852) may come to mind. But the Friesian cows of Burnewhall Farm are well tended and well enclosed, there will be no straying over the edge.

Dean continues filming in the aftermath, which lasts too long. We fidget. Totality is the mid-point of an eclipse that takes several hours, but once the visible world has returned to coloured solidity we feel the plot is known, the drama over. Time opens without direction. This courting of our boredom is Dean's answer to the return of normality as Woolf described it. For one unified moment, all life's little plots had been forgotten. But necessarily we turn back to daily things. Having seen the earth dead, and seen all recoveries rolled into one, having witnessed something she would keep watching again in her mind's eye, Woolf looked forward to roast beef and pineapple chunks and fell asleep on the train journey home.⁵ An eclipse is a memento mori – like a rotting peach in a Dutch painting. Only in the aftermath, in the mixed cheerfulness and boredom of undirected daylight time, do we work out where, in the composition of our imaginations, to place that shadowy reminder.

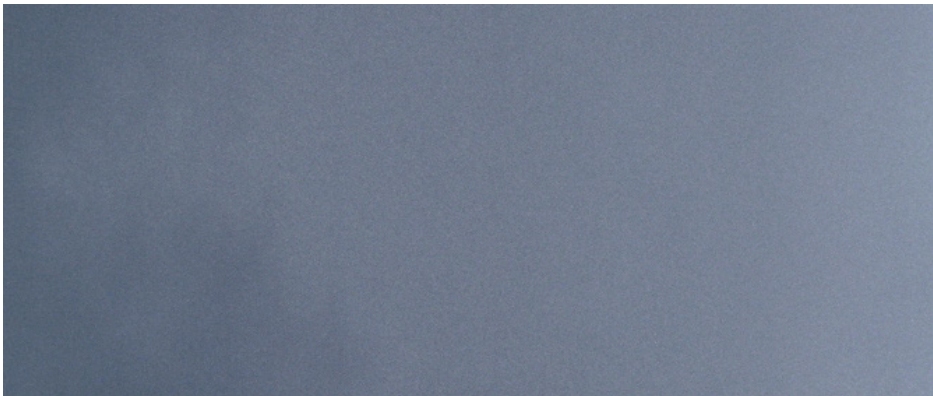


Fig. 6
Tacita Dean
Totality
2000
Film still

4. BEACHED

'All the things I am attracted to are just about to disappear', Tacita Dean says: the sun in the moments before eclipse, concrete sound mirrors left over from the 1930s, out-of-date factories, elderly men, the setting sun, the 'slow fire' of chrysanthemums 'late in the day, in the year', 'a red so dark it glimmers and would go out', in a late poem by Michael Hamburger.⁶ Whole histories of decay seem to wash up in Dean's ruin studies, but she approaches the time-honoured subject of dereliction in some idiosyncratic ways.

For one thing, Romantic ruins are not usually set against palm trees, yet in *Teignmouth Electron* (2000; figs 7, 8, 10) we watch the wind tear through the



Fig. 7
Tacita Dean
Teignmouth Electron, Cayman Brac (general)
1999
Colour Photograph



Fig. 8
Tacita Dean
Teignmouth Electron, Cayman Brac (J.G.Ballard)
1999
Colour Photograph

ragged branches of palms on a tropical beach. The eponymous boat, a 40-foot trimaran, lies aground on Cayman Brac, rusting slowly on the scrubby dunes a few feet above the waves. Part of the fascination is in the boat as a negative space – a hull once made and sailed by the failed businessman Donald Crowhurst who thought he could win a round-the-world race, reported false coordinates, and drowned himself when he knew he could no longer sustain the act. He has left his relic, as the saints left theirs, and a surprising number of visitors want to pay their respects. Dean, who once pursued three pairs of St Agatha's breasts through Italy, makes her pilgrimage to the Caribbean.

The boat has beached a long way from its starting point and destination. Teignmouth is a town on the English Riviera where retired holidaymakers parade on the seafront, coloured bulbs are strung between lampposts, and begonias flower in carpets around the ornamental yuccas, neatly tended. Teignmouth and Cayman are overlaid in the mind's eye like a double exposure; one thinks of Nash's double exposure photographs, and of his particular kind of surrealism: a bedstead in a Swanage field, say, the magnetic comedy and sadness of the wildly



Fig. 9
Paul Nash
An iron post, a bed-head and a stone wall near Swanage
Undated
Black and white negative, 12.9 x 8.1 cm
Tate Archive, MC1425



Fig. 10
Tacita Dean
Teignmouth Electron, Cayman Brac (flares)
1999
Colour Photograph

displaced (fig. 9). Here, as often in Nash, a manmade object sits in the long grass, smooth and synthetic, not easily decomposing. Dean's film, which makes no comment, keeps watching the boat, and the palms, and the disused telegraph pole that carries no wires and makes no connection.

It's not like looking at the remains of a temple at Tivoli glowing in the delicate pink and gold dawn of a Claude Lorrain, or Turner's watercolours of Tintern Abbey, or John Piper's paintings of bombed churches – or is it? Lingering over the faded letters of a painted name, the film prompts enquiry as to whether anything here is 'picturesque', and why. Many of the questions posed by Piper in his 1947 essay 'Pleasing Decay' resurface here, in this unexpected place far from the crumbling stones of Europe.

Piper had long been attracted to weathered buildings that show the marks of time and habitation. He had read Ruskin on the 'voicefulness' and 'mysterious sympathy' of ancient stones, and followed in the steps of John Sell Cotman around Norfolk churches, which were in Cotman's time like over-ripe fruit, 'ready to drop'. Visiting abandoned houses to paint their walls against dark



Fig. 11
John Piper, All Saints Chapel, Bath
 1942.
 Ink, chalk, gouache and watercolour on paper,
 42.5 x 55.9 cm.



Fig. 12
Paul Nash
Monster Field
 1938
 Black and white negative, 8.5 x 12.7 cm
 Tate, MC1296

skies (fig. 11), he placed himself in the genealogical line of those drawn to the melancholy beauty of ruins.⁷

In quite different circumstances, Dean has sought to understand her fascination with the moribund. On Cayman she wonders at the beached end of a lost cause, the remains of a mock-epic. She lavishes her energies on the pursuit of a failed, long-gone odyssey. Piper loved to record the odds and ends of low tide: ‘water-logged sand shoes, banana skins, cuttle fish, dead seagulls, sides of boxes with THIS SIDE UP on them’. The lettering on the side of a boat might catch the eye, he thought, ‘with the same punch and prominence as “Le Journal” in a Picasso still-life’.⁸ His seaside collages were meeting points of landscape and still life, where matchboxes, bottles, relics of lives, become part of the salt air and the insistent wind. Dean, studying *Teignmouth Electron* in the Caribbean, dwells on an ungainly shape, no more pleasing than a dumped tank, a piece of synthetic waste that won’t crumble gracefully, Cayman bric-a-brac. But it is voiceful nonetheless. Because we know its provenance, it is a kind of portrait: a life-story left as flotsam among the sticks and stones.

5. HOMEMADE MAGIC

Dean is a collector of cosmic wonders: she’ll cross the world for an eclipse or the grandest of mountain ranges or the green ray that flashes, in very rare conditions, from a setting sun. But she likes to keep ordinary things in view, and to interrogate sensations of homeliness. The everyday objects on a desk or a studio chair acquire talismanic intensity in her art, while things we have never seen before start to look oddly familiar.

A giant tree might come towards us in a gallery, button-holing us with the insistence of an old acquaintance. *Majesty* (cat. 4) shows the Fredville Oak in Kent, estimated at eight hundred years old and still mighty. *Crowhurst* (fig. 14), from the same sequence, is a portrait of the Crowhurst Yew in Surrey, whose venerability is of another order again: four thousand years and counting. They reach out from the photographic paper with the waved arm of an old man who has remembered the story he wanted to tell. Like the Ancient Mariner, or one of the elderly artists Dean has often filmed, they shuffle forward on crutches and rest their swollen limbs.

When Nash photographed some particularly gnarled and disfigured tree stumps in Gloucestershire, he called the resulting works *Monster Field* (fig. 12). His dead trees lead posthumous lives as descendants of the dinosaurs. The stumps, as he saw them (and delighted in them), were leering ‘personages’, arrested for a moment in their stalking, liable to continue once our backs are turned. Dean’s trees are more avuncular than monstrous. Pressing forward, pushing out from



Fig. 13
 Tacita Dean
Monkey Puzzle
 2006
 Gouache on photograph



Fig. 14
 Tacita Dean
Crowhurst
 2006
 Gouache on photograph



Fig. 15
Tacita Dean
Michael Hamburger
2007
Location photographs

their blank, overpainted backgrounds, these voiceful veterans are closer to Samuel Palmer's great oaks at Lullingstone than to Nash's desiccated beasts. But like Nash Dean is attracted by a strong sense of recognition, a discovery of compelling connections between herself and the trees.

The experience of uncanny homeliness is one that Dean has often commented on and tried to understand. She has looked at Nash's paintings with 'wistful longing', feeling that she knows the places he depicts and could return to them.⁹ Why should she feel so at home when they are idiosyncratically strange? Dean writes about Nash's 1934 *Event on the Downs* (cat. 60) as if she was there on the cliff above Swanage, when a cloud became a flint and a tree stump pointed to the chalky cliff and a tennis ball thought of rising in place of the moon.

W. G. Sebald, a writer who has interested Dean for many years, has described similar experiences of feeling at home in places that have been made by others. When he visited, for the first time, the Suffolk house of the poet Michael Hamburger, Sebald felt he had been there before. 'But why was it that on my first visit to Michael's house I instantly felt as if I lived, or had once lived there?' Sebald asked himself.¹⁰ When Dean chose to film Michael Hamburger's home in 2007 (fig. 15) she was paying tribute to Sebald as well as to Hamburger, and she was exploring the strange workings of familiarity. Standing vigil in Hamburger's apple orchard as trees pass from sunlight to shadow, watching through doorways and windows as Hamburger moves among his furniture and eats his dinner, Dean evoked the sensation of both visiting and belonging.



Fig. 16
Tacita Dean
Pie
2003
Film stills

From her own studio window in Berlin, Dean has looked out on surroundings that are very ordinary, and yet seem meaningful the more one looks, the more one remembers and recognises the scene. In *Pie* (fig. 16) she films magpies in winter trees, going about their twilight business while traffic rumbles past somewhere close behind us. One for sorrow, two for joy, three... ten... fourteen – what do fourteen magpies portend? Dean's interest in superstition is often the prompt for days and weeks of looking, and it may be that the magic is in the observation. The four- and five-leaf clovers, of which she has an impressive collection (cat. 5), are spoils hard-won from many miles of grass. These are found objects like Nash's 'personages'; perhaps clovers appear to Dean as personages announced themselves to Nash. But the vitrine of clovers proudly displayed is a record of Dean's patient looking, as much as it is a shrine to lucky chance.

Patience has won her luck. Patience can make the seemingly impossible happen, even at the kitchen table. For instance, a ship can appear inside a bottle, in full sail. How is it done? Filming a maker of model boats at work, Dean shows the magician to be a good-humoured man in a polo shirt, with *The Archers* on in the background while he carefully glues and sews. The rigging is folded flat as the hull is pushed through the bottleneck, and then, at the moment of truth, the sails are pulled upright with a hook. It's crafty, yes, in the sense of trickery, but mostly it's a matter of craftsmanship. The finished work is presented for inspection, sitting on a wipe-clean tablemat. A ship in a bottle is to Dean no mere trinket gathering dust on a seaside windowsill, not merely charming but a powerful charm.

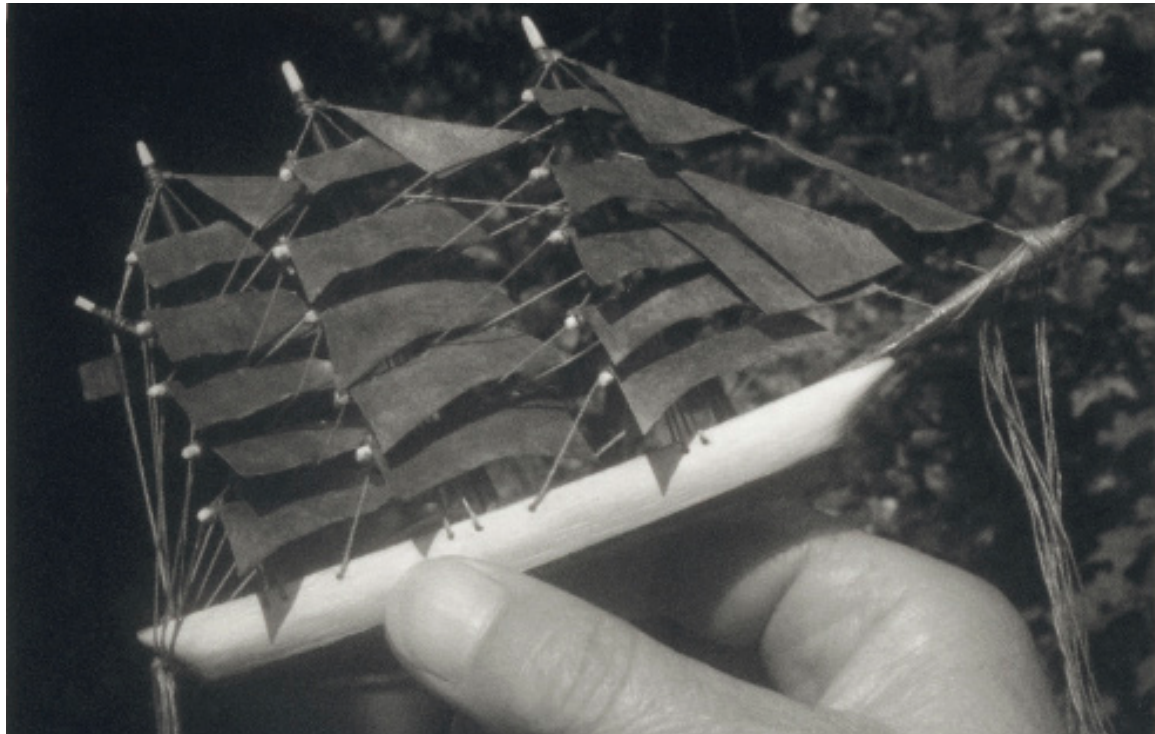


Fig. 17
Tacita Dean
How to Put a Boat in a Bottle
1995
Location photograph

6. SAILING

Whether it was coincidence or not one never knows with Tacita Dean, but the pairing in 1995 of her video *How to Put a Boat in a Bottle* (fig. 17) and short film *A Bag of Air* recalls a pair of sonnets written in 1812 by Percy Bysshe Shelley. He had been working on revolutionary propaganda and had had two tracts secretly printed. Seditious material like this could not be openly distributed, so Shelley devised his own methods for sending his words out into the world. He was living in Lynmouth on the North Devon coast, and though he was several days of tedious coach-travel from the political centres of London and Bristol, he was at least close to the sea.

He rolled his pamphlets, stuffed them into bottles, and sealed them in. A witness saw him row out some way from shore and drop the bottles into the current. His ‘Sonnet: On Launching some Bottles filled with Knowledge into the Bristol Channel’, marked the occasion, and took the form of a charm or secular prayer sending the bottles on their way: ‘Vessels of Heavenly medicine! May the breeze / Auspicious waft your dark green forms to shore’. Shelley imagined Liberty herself as the wind driving ‘the emerald group’ along over the waves. His method was more symbolic than practical. He was entrusting his words to the accidents of time and nature, employing the sea itself in his campaign for freedom. Some days later, a revenue officer found a sealed wine bottle floating near the entrance of Milford Haven, and cracked it open to reveal Shelley’s *Declaration of Rights*. The breeze had not in this case been auspicious: the Heavenly medicine had sailed straight into the arms of the Law.



Fig. 18
Tacita Dean
How to Put a Boat in a Bottle
1995
Video still

That same summer, Shelley tried another method. He tied his pamphlets to hand-sewn hot air balloons, small bags of silk inflated over flames. In a sonnet, he commemorated one of these balloons as it sailed away, a ‘bright ball of flame’ making its way through the ‘gloom of even’. The balloon fire might fade ‘like a meteor’, but the fire of the words, the flame of Liberty, would glow on, ‘a beacon in the darkness of the Earth’. In these homemade rites of water, fire and air, a passion for ‘Knowledge’, in the form of political enlightenment, converged with a faith in the power of symbols and the currents of chance.

Shelley’s bottles and balloons waft and glow in memory as one watches Dean’s films. The differences between the two artists’ ambitions and tones almost overwhelm comparison, and yet there is a breeze that blows from Shelley’s work through generations of artists deeply read in Romanticism. Launching words into sea and sky, Shelley was performing a kind of writing on – and with – the water and the air. He dreamed of air travel, and wanted to rise at dawn like the fragile fire balloons he launched from Lynmouth. He liked to watch sycamore seeds with their spinning wings, nature’s helicopters, flying away from their parent trees. ‘Make me thy lyre!’ he bids the West Wind in his most celebrated ode, asking the wind to sound through his body as if he were a stringed instrument. This making of art from air is part of the long tradition that stretches back behind Dean’s insistence on the medium of chemically processed film, on which images are made with light. Each exposure is a meeting with the sun, ritually timed and measured. And that Romantic tradition is there, too, behind and beneath Dean’s interest in forms of flight.

She has been repeatedly drawn to artists of the air. Nash, whose asthma precluded him from flying, projected himself upward in imagination into the airforce planes he was commissioned to paint, and into the ‘aerial flowers’ he transposed from earth to air. In the strange skies of his art, the billowing petals of magnolia blossoms become the blowing sails of flying galleons, scudding along with the clouds. Dean has studied the art of Peter Lanyon, who learned to fly in a glider over his native landscape of West Penwith. Lanyon had never been much interested in the classical perspectives of landscape oriented around the axis of a horizon. Looking down from above through miles of blue, he painted currents of air so that we feel the uplift of a thermal, and the silent, vertiginous distance stretching beneath us (fig. 20). In the glider, Lanyon was both still and moving, held on up-drafts that allowed him to levitate in the mobile air.

Sebald wrote of Thomas Browne’s prose enacting the movements of flight. His reading gave him the sensation of Browne ‘rising higher and higher through the circles of his spiralling prose, borne aloft like a glider on warm currents of air ... The reader is overcome by a sense of levitation.’¹¹ Sebald himself sometimes rides the thermals. In a passage of *The Rings of Saturn* that Dean particularly admires, Sebald moves from the heavy earth to imaginative flight. ‘I

Fig. 19
Tacita Dean
A Bag of Air
1995
Film still



Fig. 20
Peter Lanyon, **Thermal**
1960
Oil paint on canvas
182.9 x 152.4 cm

Fig. 21
Tacita Dean
Applaud it to the clouds
2016
Spray chalk, gouache and
charcoal pencil on slate



Fig. 22
Tacita Dean
LA Exuberance 3
2016
Hand-drawn lithograph



Fig. 23
Tacita Dean
LA Exuberance 15
2016
Hand-drawn lithograph



sensed quite clearly the earth’s slow turning into the dark’, he writes, and as the earth turns he stares into the distant clouds over the sea. ‘I gazed farther and farther out to sea, to where the darkness was thickest and where there extended a cloud bank of most curious shape’, and this shape prompts a memory of a long dream-walk through mountains ‘just as remote and just as unfamiliar’. It was unfamiliar, yet he recognised it: ‘it was a scene that felt familiar in an inexplicable way’.¹² In fading light on the Suffolk coast, the clouds become the mountains of a long-ago dream.

Dean has spoken of working ‘slightly under the conscious level’, but she creates the sensation more of height than of depth.¹³ Heady forms of shape-shifting occur. Watching the lighthouse lamp for many hours as she made *Disappearance at Sea*, she started to see in it the face of Donald Crowhurst. As a watched cloud changes forms from weasel to whale, as a chalk drawing on a blackboard shifts from a ray of sun to a mountain pass, the lamp became a recognisable face.

Writing about another of her heroes, Cy Twombly, Dean quoted ‘The Long-Legged Fly’, Yeats’s extraordinary evocation of a meditating mind. For Yeats, here, the mind moves over rather than under the stream of conscious thought; it skims upon water, held on the meniscus, between sailing and flight:

Our Caesar is in the tent
Where the maps are spread,
His eyes fixed upon nothing,
A hand under his head.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence.¹⁴

1. See for example Oscar Wilde’s essay ‘The Decay of Lying’, in which Vivian asserts that ‘nobody of any real culture ... ever talks nowadays about the beauty of a sunset. Sunsets are quite old-fashioned.’ *Intentions* (1891) London, 1911, p. 40.
2. Virginia Woolf, ‘The Sun and the Fish’ (1928), in *The Essays of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 4, Andrew McNeillie (ed.), London, 1994, pp. 519–24, 521.
3. William Shakespeare, *King Lear* (1.2.112); John Milton, *Samson Agonistes* (1671), line 80.
4. I am indebted to Flora Skivington’s discussion of *Banewol* in her PhD thesis, and especially the comparison she makes with the raging energy of Nash’s *Eclipse of the Sunflower* (1945). Skivington, ‘Tacita Dean’s Representation of Time in the British Rural Landscape’, unpublished thesis, University of Oxford, 2013.
5. *The Diary of Virginia Woolf*, edited by Anne Olivier Bell, assisted by Andrew McNeillie, vol. 3, London, 1980, p. 144.
6. Dean quoted by Marina Warner in ‘Footage’, *Seven Books Grey*, vol. 3, Göttingen, 2011, p. 33; Michael Hamburger, ‘Roses, Chrysanthemums’, in *Selected Poems*, Manchester, 1988, p. 83, one of the poems Dean has chosen to read in public.
7. John Piper, ‘Towers in the Fens’, *Architectural Review*, 88 (1940), pp. 131–34, 131.
8. John Piper, ‘Abstraction on the Beach’, *XXe Siècle*, 1 (1938), p. 41, and ‘The Nautical Style’, *Architectural Review*, 83 (1938), pp. 1–14, 1.
9. Dean on Paul Nash, *In My View: Personal Reflections on Art by Today’s Leading Artists*, Simon Grant (ed.), London, 2012, p. 71.
10. W. G. Sebald, *The Rings of Saturn*, Michael Hulse (trans., 1998); London, 2002, p. 183. Mary Jacobus, in *Romantic Things*, Chicago, 2012, pp. 36–56, discusses the ‘dense layering of memorial and reciprocal citation’ in Sebald’s writing on Hamburger and in Dean’s film *Michael Hamburger* (2007).
11. Sebald, *The Rings of Saturn*, p. 19.
12. Sebald, *The Rings of Saturn*, pp. 78–79.
13. Dean quoted by Marina Warner in ‘Footage’, in *Seven Books Grey*, p. 17.
14. Dean in *Cy Twombly: Cycles and Seasons*, London, 2008, p. 40.