

Saturday 15 Sept. Everett

To: tomput@halcyon.com
From: James Flint <flint@dial.pipex.com>
Subject: silver wedding
Cc:
Bcc:
Attached:

Dear Janet and Ed -
While I learn to do Email Jim
cleaning up my files and thought
I'd just send you some stuff - perhaps of
background interest - Jim

Tom,

Well, how about your silver wedding anniversary? If I knew how to do attachments I could send you all the info on the possible coming show ATOMICA that I have been deluged with. Big concerted effort to keep the old ATOMIC exhibit together in some reborn form for a show next year in New York and then, possibly to Sweden. Like, I'm really done and want to move on but... it means so much to everyone else involved that I don't have the heart to break it up. I hope you and Linley understand. (wedding presents)

Other than being dead broke things are going great. My last week and a half are booked pretty solid with the presentations and meetings I was hoping for and I think I can hold myself together through it all.

I called Don on Saturday to ask if could wire me a couple of hundred dollars. Unfortunately he has been laid off but thought he could send something and pick me up at the airport on the 25 th. He has been trying to track down Robin steadily but to no avail. As you said the last time we were together, something about it being but one click in the 10,000 life karma wheel.

Really looking forward to having a visit with you when I get back. Hell, I'm in such good shape right now you could even have me out to the house.

And I know I sent a long email to myself via you, and I didn't re-read it after the spell-check, but just sent it, kept no copy, and deleted it. I hope it was not distressing to you in any way - I certainly didn't want it to be, I just was stressing out and needed a relief valve. Thanks for "receiving" it and, when you are older, you will understand. I thought about asking you to forward the missive below to Lanny or Helen Slade as I haven't there email addresses with me but forget it, it doesn't really matter. It's been my choice to be out of touch. All best to you and your family and I hope the mighty Sea Lancer is plowing the waves every weekend.
Jim

Things are going well. I came over this trip to start again from scratch: zero degrees Kelvin, $k = ?$. Seeking a way to create a sculpture using nuclear process - not a conceptual "cargo cult", but neutron capture: Transmutation. All gages set to zero: The contemporary art scene; Imperial College; Research institutions; Industry and whether I'm up to it or not.

I've been doing well; no missed meetings, no voice-raising, no acrimony. "Like, you know, I'm going to do this sculpture... how much or little do you want in." I'm just radiating good vibes all around (well, maybe a few neutrinos, but they are very hard to detect).

(Speaking of neutrinos I spent a most pleasant day Friday at Oxford with Dave Wark, who partnered with me on the sci-art grant last year. His team at SNO

[two kilometres underground in a nickel mine in Ontario, Canada] just found the long-predicted, but 30 years missing, ones and the neutrinos have more mass than Dave and his mates who are floating around ecstatically with Nobel Prizes in their eyes. Dave's coming into London Wednesday to catch my presentation at the National Museum of Science and Industry. He's a great guy).

To date:

My sense of commonality with the contemporary art scene, never great, has diminished.

IC; on the fifth floor (Rector's), they love the publicity I gardener with my exhibits and lecturing at other schools - but they have their sculpture. I can keep my office and title. At the Reactor Centre they will do anything they can to help me except let me use the reactor. At IC's Radiation Safety Unit, Mark will do all licensing applications and technical support. Floor Zero on the lift, Blackett Lab's shop. I've been going there often. When I first walked in the door it was like I'd been out on the loading-dock for a smoke. Everyone greeted me by name. My acceptance here means more than all the invitations to all the 'avant guard' opening shows in London. The Blind Fish of Blackett Labs died in February, this year, and by all accounts was the oldest living tenured member of the IC community. Two years ago I push-pined a gilt drawing of The Blind Fish up on the bulletin-board in the lunch room and it is still there. My shop-mates (not art curators) matted it and 'laminated' it by running it through a poly-vinal coating machine normally used for coating atmospherically reactive metals. I can't believe that no one nicked it or the few tools and the hand-mulled paint-pigments that I left in a communal shop cabinet. All still right where I left them, undisturbed. In a shop of thirty people.

As always I'm way under-funded for what I'm doing but, trying to find symbol in metaphor (or vice versa), I have a true story. Thursday I went to the bank down the street to change my last two one-hundred dollar bills for my Friday trip to Oxford. After a long wait in line the lady at the exchange cage informed me that "Sorry, new, very good, counterfeit \$100 bills have just hit London and all banks have stopped taking them, as of yesterday, until further notice". I went next door to a bookmakers and changed them without trouble, other than a rather disadvantageous rate, but the story is so me.

Working with BNFL is looking better and better and it is my first choice. F*** the arts. My remaining time is booked with meetings, interviews and presentations as I need to leave an indelible impression in many minds.

I believe everything is in place and I have accomplished what I came over here to do. Budgets, time-lines and contracts will have to be managed from the States when I get back 25 July. (Yikes, that's almost here). Managing all this with no address, telephone or email will present some challenges, and I know rapid and timely manoeuvre will be vital to success,... to keep everything moving before entropy takes over and it all slows to a halt. Other than that:

(...something, something...duh, dah, duh...)

"...I'm studying nuclear science
an' I love my classes,
Got a crazy teacher
an' he wears dark glasses,
I'm getting good grades an'
the future 's so bright --
I gotta' wear shades...."

(... a partially remembered popular song from the mid-eighties)

See you soon, and to all of you who helped so much, ^{to} make this trip possible, a
100 megaton thanks.

Jim