

Spread out beneath us lay one of the most densely-populated regions in Europe, with endless terraces, sprawling satellite towns, business parks and shining glass houses which looked like large quadrangular ice floes drifting across this corner of the continent where not a patch is left to its own devices. Over the centuries the land had been regulated, cultivated and built on until the whole region was transformed into a geometrical pattern. The roads, water channels and railway tracks ran in straight lines and gentle curves past fields and plantations, basins and reservoirs. Like beads on an abacus designed to calculate infinity, cars glided along the lanes of the motorways, while the ships moving up and down river appeared as if they had been halted forever. Embedded in this even fabric lay a manor surrounded by its park, the relic of an earlier age. I watched the shadow of our plane hastening below us across hedges and fences, rows of poplars and canals. Along a line that seemed to have been drawn with a ruler a tractor crawled through a field of stubble, dividing it into one lighter and one darker half. Nowhere, however, was a single human being to be seen.

*A. J. Lewis*

# Spread out...(text)

Tess Jaray

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## Not on display

**Title/Description:** Spread out...(text)

**Artist/Maker:** Tess Jaray

**Born:** 2001

**Object Type:** Print

**Materials:** Paper

**Measurements:** h. 84 x w. 64 cm

**Accession Number:** 31409Hi

**Historic Period:** 21st century

**Production Place:** London

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