

“RING MY BELL”

1990 Ongoing

Sometimes old thoughts, old gestures come back to haunt, but sometimes they comeback more akin to Proust’s Madeleine—as something special. These old thoughts and gestures are recorded on legal yellow pads . . . Yellow pads remind me of the taste of that Madeleine, and that Madeleine is a bell . . . a bell at a gas station. They used to be called Service Stations. An attendant, hearing the bell ring, would come out of the garage and pump gas for you, clean your windows, and if requested check your oil. But it is the bell that alerts him. And it has a unique tone, this sound that connects you to the service rendered. Then there is the waiting . . . Not waiting on the attendant, but waiting in line for gas at the local Amoco for hours during the gas shortage. Finally our turn, after each predecessor in line rings the bell. All that ringing now seems unnecessary with the line and waiting and all. It is then that I realize it is weight that triggers the bell, the weight of car pulling in, or a curious kid learning the magic of Service Stations, while waiting for gas.