

A Proposal – M86

As the end of the year is culled, we invite a fresh adventure. A journey, to the heart of the UK landscape. A journey, through the blood metaphor. We propose: a one-week road trip in which we will visit the site of all 86 of the service stations on the UK motorway network. This adventure as nothing more than another failed work of art.

A collective experience that no one quite wants, but is the stop-gap in our fantasy of the ideal journey. Is our youth made raw, not by the tarmac itself, but by a race against the potential site of a new cultural geography. Talking weddings at the picnic table on the side of the road. Screaming likeness as we're here again and again. Temporary insanity brought on by in-car air-conditioning.

We have fresh evidence that what doesn't work about London, is the voice. Ian Sinclair and the Orbital is only just beginning to be over. Network coverage and the pain of break-up. Radio 4 in the black back of your sleep. They'll never employ you again. I feel like I've already taken this road-trip. And I wish I hadn't. As culture is drained from the city, or rather as culture drains the city. The suburbs are falling into place. Leave now or you'll never rewrite the A-Z.

We're not selling service anymore, we're killing time, while we clean the open windscreen and bid for sweets. Our empty practice is only subject to ideal invention and a tank of unleaded petrol. As the proposed Road Chef-Moto merger spells the end of Welcome Break. We're lost in the hinterland called MIKE. Without any idea of the actual distance, we only know that it's still a very long way. And so we're desperate. We only know, we're making magic again.