

Rebecca Warren's Helmut Crumb.

The subject is one of a number of family members who were involved in a supernatural road traffic accident. Firstly witnesses are sought in connection with a presumed, or previously Caucasian, female who answers to the name of Tuffbuns who was seen fleeing the scene. Christian name, Cathy or Cathy Tuffbuns TM. TM because the homogenous arse, legs and knee-high boots of the subject are occasionally rendered in an urgent lumpy crosshatching witnesses describe. Several accounts refer to bubbling shellac ink lovingly embracing each tumescent part lending a sausagey gloss to this black pudding of a hit and run. Each articulated point of the leg subsequently appears to have offered the next step in an ascending series of submissive misjudgements (as one old sergeant said, "if a drawing of the person is nine tenths of the law then come to me my sweet"). That's just one half of the automotive crime wave homunculus we're after, the deviant Uncle Crumb part. How did this springy sex trampoline blend with her Bonnie or Clyde and turn into clay and in a muddy scramble climb out of the crater? Be warned, the resultant former duo is no Uncle Crumb. The new predatory name is a ribald conflation, Helmut Crumb, the sex crazed string bean cartoonist crossed with the dripping Amazonian fantasy of Helmut Newton. He/she/it/they are block after block of battered and sagging clay and they're on the run as one.

In an incident such as this the fatal and unintentionally comic incompatibility of desire with reality takes the form of an exaggerated and generously apparent post collision moulding and slapping. The artistic damage waiver cruelly insists on liabilities in the way that a drunken joke runs long into the night. What appears to be the case is that the state of mania that made this possible called forth an alien presence embodied in a dismembered and fitful iteration of rapidly wilting maleness. The terrified gaze of passing motorists is now embedded in this striding, lurching 'fembot'. Instead of officer Umberto Boccioni's taught arcs of maniacal progress (a veritable Tuffbuns of a cop who's run into a roll of gold lamé in the wind) this creature (if we can call the two criminals made one that) is happy to stare down the driver of any gleaming roadster of mock fascist pig sculpture even if being mown down is a distinct possibility. Helmut Crumb's disregard for the competition, for fashionable posturing, is all the more startling as the inertia had mangled the wreckage like well-pounded dough.

A wholesale trashing of the strictures and indulgence of automotive convention is carried through in the plinth Helmut Crumb sits on. The tiny wheels at the base are reported to remain as if the moment of impact is still being resolved, a moment of carefree wonder. Just the right mixture of creative and wounded rawness spurs on their two-man/woman crime spree; it's a truly dysfunctional relationship. This pre-empted the grandiose gesture they made shortly before the apparently near fatal trip. They had made a wonky maquette and got some noble workshop to laboriously cast it in bronze. It seems that the whole of nineteenth century figurative sculpture is getting it in the neck too (in the most affectionate way possible of course). The haste and the aggressive smashing together of names and words is a way of lightening the slightly overwhelming fact that the way in which this alibi correlates with others is far more robust than it should be. From the overarching framework of the SHE organisation (led with otherworldly bombast by H Rider Haggard) horrendous familial interbreeding has impacted on the general motoring public in a way that must be stopped.

Petunia

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