05/05/2010

Wed, 05/05/2010 - 12:00

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Checking out
Prompted by a discussion on the radio this morning I have been thinking about the joy of office romances - the snatched lattes in the canteen, the jokes about other staff, the unscheduled lunches to discuss "work." Now, from my pigsty on the hill, it all seems a very long way away. I have just spotted my office romeo, dressed in a red anorak, pinning what look like meringues to the roof. He tells me they are gesso-coated frames for his new oeuvre (a collection of paintings of mythical beasts) and they need to dry. On the radio programme they were saying how attraction in the office lies in the fact that everyone is showing what they are best at doing, and you never see them washing-up or pushing a trolley around Tescos. Or wearing anything other than a suit. But location is all, and out here, in the wilderness, a man dressed in a suit looks strangely vulnerable; like a mole coming out into the daylight, or a badger in the headlights. The standard attire
of mud-coloured clothes, adorned only by a rugged tan and bristling arms is all that is required to be thought a god in these parts - especially when pushing a shopping trolley around Waitrose.