F. J. Bergmann - Corporate Art Collection

The easel-and-ladder apparatus was designed to be portable, so that the old fellow could trundle it onto the escalators without assistance or otherwise attracting the attention of an internal security enforcement manager.

Despite the bad taste prevalent at the administrative levels of the business structure, his installations of canvas murals were welcome, if poorly understood. Each vice-president was under the impression that another department was responsible. The paintings always depicted a troupe of boys in red masks and socks, gesturing angrily, surrounding a sleeping giant.

When the elderly artist ran out of water to clean his brushes, he would drag the heavy jug to the roof garden and wait patiently, surrounded by glowing hibiscus and a multitude of tame finches, all hoping for rain. He never left a scrap of himself behind.

first appeared in *Right Hand Pointing*