



My oldest memory of Poppy is you rolling her out of the drive way for me photograph you on. She was parked next to some other fancy car in the garage. You straddled her bonnet. When I took the photo a garbage truck drove past, so all three vehicles ended up in the shot along with the gaping hole in your crotch.

My most vivid memory in Poppy is you in the drivers seat and me sitting backwards in the passenger seat, My back against the dash. We were at some kind of takeaway carpark in Hamilton. The national was playing. We were discussing the complexities of our new romantic feelings for each other, I remember we said we needed to have an “adult” conversation about the situation, agreeing that enough was enough.

My most recent memory of Poppy was when she died on the side of the road in the coromandel, which meant I had to rescue you and also conveniently meant you had to stay the night with me. Turns out she was some kinda cupid.

If I write about the car do I have to say I liked it?

It was always hot and kinda trashed but it also saved me several times when I was locked out or needed a giant sculpture moved. I think that might say more about Karl than the car. But he loved it and I guess that's good enough for me.

The following script forms part of my eulogy for poppy. Its is, in essence an idea I had in her earlier this year of a series of macarbe performance works performed by Damien Hirst. For me, that car seemed to always spark ideas of retribution in the wake of eschatological and environmental collapse.

The final act of Damien Hirst.

## Blind

A speculative piece of the actions of one Damien Hirst (b. 7/06/1965) in the years following his public apology for his actions as an artist as follows:

"As a human being and artist living in the civilised world, I value human life above all else and abhor all acts of terrorism and murder," he said. "I apologise unreservedly for any upset I have caused, as a direct result of my practice as an artist, particularly to the families of the victims of the events transpiring that awful day"

In an interview with the press, mostly composed of journalists for tabloid papers, Hirst stated:

"I resign from my position as Damien Hirst the artist, effective at the public unveiling of my final work"

A crew of videographers hired to document the performance were instructed to only use their phones as a means of documentation, and by no means were to interfere with the performance. A team of paramedics were stationed at the opposite end of Piazza San Marco, otherwise known as Saint Marks square, the site for Hirst's final act as an artist. The performance took place during Acqua alta - the periodic flooding of Venice as a result of king tides and rising sea levels - specifically 666 meters from the site of "Treasures of the wreck of the unbelievable" - Hirst's 2018 attempt at hijacking the Venice bienalle through a sculptural occupation of collector François Pinault's palatial spaces in the Most Serene Republic, the Palazzo Grassi.

In the performance Blind, Hirst uses a silver and ivory hammer, itself a fabricated replica of the papal hammer used when a pope is suspected of passing into the next world. The hammer, used by the papal cohort is tapped three times on the popes' forehead, if this action illicitly no

response, the pope is decreed dead. Hirsts' papal hammer and approximation of this ceremony was used instead to drive down two cast bronze pyramids. The pyramids were lodged in the eye sockets of a cast bronze half death mask of Hirst, which was worn by the artist during the performance.

The final act of Damien Hirst, an act of resignation and atonement. A decree of annihilation of the maker.



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Poppy

★★★★★ 2274 reviews Rating Details

**Categories:** car, red, mature, semi-retired, smoker, likes pets, casual rides, short trips, long trips, drive thru, beach responsive, Rosé Unleaded 91



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**Hours:**

Tue-Fri 11am - 9pm  
Sat 11am - 8pm

**Good for Kids:** Yes

**Accepts Credit Cards:** No

**Parking:** Street

**Attire:** Casual

**Good for Groups:** Up to 5

**Price Range:** \$

**Takes Reservations:** No

**Delivery:** No

**Take-out:** Yes

**Waiter Service:** No

**Outdoor Seating:** No

**Wi-Fi:** No

**Good For:** Nihilistic Bents

**Alcohol:** Preferably

**Noise Level:** Average

**Ambience:** Catastrophic

**Has TV:** No

**Has Radio:** No

**Has Air-Con:** No

**Caters:** No

**Wheelchair Accessible:** No

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**Review Highlights**



★★★★★ 6/25/2019

"Car smells like lasagne and flowers."



★★★★☆ 9/20/2019 - Updated review

"Over enthusiastic driver, peculiar experience."



★★★★★ 6/25/2019

"Beautiful bespoke steering wheel cover"



★★★★★ 6/25/2019

"Extremely reliable, always there when you need them"



★★★★☆ 9/20/2019 -

"Close calls, would ride again"



★★★★☆ 9/18/2019 - Previous review

"So much sand, felt like I was at the beach"



★★★★★ 6/25/2019

"Corners a dream"

trademe  
motors

seek

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Some say love is like accord  
an invisible bond that is forever  
unbreakable



We all drove out to the heads from three different places

It was New Year's Eve all meeting at one car park  
we walked down to the sand, it was dusk the night was blue  
the sea was black  
we drank whiskey and sang auld Lang syne in the shallows

We slept in our cars, and when we awoke you opened the white door  
and crawled out with red eyes