

# Richardson

*by* stephen hastings-king

Inwardly and outwardly, Richardson is extraordinarily large. There is a hallway so long that the far end appears to twist. At regular intervals there is a painted medieval battle scene. The location has been transposed onto a fairway. The knight has been replaced by Richardson. In each he wears a different pastel. The swing of a golf club is always landing a fatal blow. The small white ball lay just beyond. Perhaps the Richardsons pose the question: What is golf? Perhaps the alterations to the original scenes only happened in Richardson-space; the adversaries continued to think themselves in another place but now detached from the battle that had given that place its sense wander around as if they had never seen it before and it is by accident that each got in the way of Richardson's swing. Speculation is a virus. Elsewhere is a swimming pool. The temperature of the water changes from warm to cold depending on your attitude. Richardson knows that you only find what you are looking for.

