



Equator

For some time I had in my mind a hypothetical image of a Toyota pick-up. Driving in the country between Brecon and Merthyr Tydfil on an overcast May afternoon, we followed a red example south for five or six miles on a rising and falling road—through woods and across open moorland, along the wooded slopes of a reservoir and through the village of Pontsticill in the parish of Vaynor. The undulating line of six white letters became a reference for both our relative distance and orientation.

From a series of photographs, with Judith Thomas, 1993.

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