

Lost Property

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The phenomenon known as ‘Ingres’ Violin’ refers to individuals who, as well as being known for their talent in one field, also excel in another. Just as Ingres was a prodigious violinist, Sir Anthony Hopkins is a composer of symphonies, Pierce Brosnan an accomplished painter in oils and Geena Davis an Olympic-grade archer. What patrons may not know is that I, in addition to being the custodian of Lost Property here at The Open Arms, am also a qualified Surrealist. It’s true that I only recently received my diploma from a higher education provider in Aldgate, but technically I am allowed by law to enter any property in the UK and arrange its contents into a series of hilarious and unexpected juxtapositions. It was our head barman, Ron, who set me on this path. ‘You want do something with that,’ he said, when he saw the mess my Lost Property collection had gotten into a couple of years back. When I replied that I’d been meaning to tidy it up, Ron shook his head. ‘That’s not what I mean,’ he said, whipping out his phone. ‘Look.’ He showed me a picture of an old-fashioned black telephone with the handset removed and replaced with



a red plastic lobster – the work of a famous Spanish artist, he reliably informed me. His name meant nothing to me then, but my evening course in Aldgate has long since rectified that. Suffice to say, when my classes began I lost no time in ‘curating’ my items into a more interesting arrangement. But credit where it’s due: it took Ron to see my

potential, and for that I shall be forever grateful. All of which is apropos of the item pictured above, which was found under the pool table after Tuesday night’s pub quiz. I have to say, I’ll be sorry to see it go, reminding me as it does of my cultural enlightenment, but if anyone knows who it belongs to, give me a call.