

LEGAL EAGLE: BREAK-DANCE... WHAT A FEELING

Author and solicitor Andrew Foley-Jones paints the town red after hallucinating during a meeting.



At a meeting in an office block, taking an elevator to one of the top floors, watching the city through the glass, other buildings reflecting this one and others around, patches of sky, a plane moving overhead, billboards pixellating, blinking over, blinking over and over.

At a reception a woman at a desk, an abstract painting, a rubber plant, an exit sign, a fire extinguisher, some magazines on a table next to a leather sofa.

The receptionist leading me into a corridor and past a fire escape and into a huge oblong room filled with pods and lines of people staring at screens, some with spreadsheets, some with graphs and columns, some with websites, some sending and some receiving emails – all these people staring blankly at their screens, like androids.

A meeting with some lawyer and some accountant who joins us, all pinstripe and brown brogues like he has fallen out of Vanity Fair, and he is droning on about amortization and goodwill and he is opening a briefcase with a gold-plated clasp and he is struggling with it, and I am thinking, 'Just open the case,' and the case is so plastic looking and I am looking at him and he has developed a huge hammerhead and in my vision I am sitting here with this accountant who has taken on the appearance of a hammerhead shark and is pointing at a column of figures and pointing an opaque fountain pen that is, to be fair, quite credible and he is telling me we really need to complete by the end of the next quarter and I am nodding in response very slowly, and just staring at his hammerhead as I nod. Beyond him through the huge window I am watching a faint sun, very pale, moving in and out of ribbons of grey cirrus clouds and, beyond this, a patch of very pale blue sky crisscrossed with paper trails. I am turning back to the hammerhead and he has returned to his human form and is telling me that the due diligence threw up nothing exceptional and it really is quite unspectacular and there is no reason why this cannot be completed by the end of the next quarter.

I am saying, 'We can do only what we can do,' for no reason in particular and he is saying, 'I completely agree, we can only do what we can do,' and I am nodding at this

and the lawyer is saying, 'We can only do what we can do,' and outside a plane is advertising something and behind it a banner that says in large red lettering: "This is not an exit".

We complete the transaction (the purchase of a nightclub) and my client invites me to the grand opening. I am greeted by ladies dressed as bunny girls who are insistent I take a flute of pink fizz as I am taken on a guided tour of the establishment.

Past a blur of bodies swaying as one, worshipping the DJ, god-like on a stage pushing his hands towards the ceiling and a chandelier that shimmers in the reflective neon that is flashing across the vast expanse of dance floor.

Onto a further floor where there is a sheet of glass changing colour to the beat of the music, a wave of bodies moving this way and that.

Into a VIP section and canapés and more champagne and more bunny girls and a doorman surveying the room with a head like a balloon and the stance of a baboon (although I did not tell him this).

After exhausting my bodily weight in the pink stuff, I indulge in some antics on the dance floor and realise that my caterpillar (which I had perfected in the eighties) is no longer so perfect; I reflect from the position on my belly on this flashing sheet of floor. Still, my client seems to be enjoying seeing his lawyer attempting to pull off a one-handed handstand and then a bit of robot. Indeed, some fellow revellers attempt to emulate such moves; the whole floor suddenly becoming all eighties and street.

The next day, an email from my client to my assistant detailing the antics of last night are round the office quicker than you can say RUN DMC.

There is, I suppose, a moral to this tale: if you are going to indulge in some very public behaviour that could cause some not insubstantial public embarrassment, at least wear some form of disguise – a back to front base ball cap perhaps.

Contact Andrew Foley-Jones on 01745 536 030, email afj@macjones.com or visit: www.macjones.com Andrew's first novel *Seductive Amoebae*, will be out later this month.