

LUXURY URIO US NIGHT

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A FALACY: A shadow's occupation: the provision of substance to the un-illuminated, dark side of a form.

A TRUTH: Illumination is possible without recourse to illusion, the illusion of shadow.

AIM: For shadows to be released from their purgatory, to move freely, independent of objects.

BACKGROUND: Existence of freewheeling forefathers, hunter gatherers, filigree foragers,

tied to no fixed point, fearless, free. Fables received, past down, disseminated, describing a dark world, a regisseur of shadows, a harbourer and protector of shady communities. Stories that spoke of a gradual recession of this nocturnal gloom, transforming a safe environment into a fretful landscape, making vulnerable and perplexed what had been certain and sure.

Jeopardy!

Hunter becoming hunted, a solution needed. Mimicry, fastidious movement, appropriation, affectation, travel less, put down roots, return to a base, a home, a sanctum, a sanctuary, a prison. Cloak yourself in what you know, become the familiar, rotate around an object, define a routine, your nest, compromise your will, shrink your horizon, lose your world.

Imitate surfaces, textures. Assimilate knowledge that pertains to invisibility and thus to survival but despair –OR- reject these thoughts and descend into the earth via caves and mines, burrow into the soil previously scavenged, cast asunder, forsaken, hopeful.

SOLUTION: An Investigation into the profundity of time's passing and its relationship to the world of objects through the construction of a grand time piece. An attempt by the dissatisfied shadows to understand what they have lost in choosing to mimic and thus pretend, compromise and thus concede, turn inwards and thus shrink. The timepiece would be a new start, a lasso to reign in the past, a guiding light to illuminate the future. A crux that would determine how much life the new life, that was actually old, would have in it. A reunion with the burrowing revolutionaries that fled into the caves in order to retain a sense of worth and a vestige of self respect that had long since departed their miming cousins that washed abjectly on the surface of the earth like flotsam and jetsam controlled by the sun and its conspirator the silvery moon.

The construction, the timepiece: an attempt to unpick the relationship between night, light, shadow and repetition. Not a clock, watch or digital display of numbers but an instrument to visualise time as experienced inside the mind and its effect on the tidal flow of emotive thoughts weighing down the shadows. On the outskirts of town a plateau, the construction site: a few miles east-west, double that north-south, sharp fringes of raised ground was its skirting, desolation was its mise en scene. Punctuated, protruding rocky deposit became cliff face, twisting and turning, inverted bellows, concave carapaces, crystalline surfaces, mossy lichen, an irregular patina, slate grey, sappy ochre. South west: a large lake fed by mountain rain. The ground high in minerals, various in its hues of sienna and rich glossy umbers turning maroon in warm sunlight yet black at dusk.

Unhooking themselves, coat from a peg, sliding: oil globules across a warm skillet, stealth, anticipation, rivulets of darkness mutating into streams, shining like ice in the warmth of a newly formed dusk; impossible to count the shadows, barely perceptible in the gloom, avariciously abundant. The plateau seamless with the lake hugging the shoreline of shadows shimmering, both, in the moribund moon, a glacial drift, full was the landscape with contorting aberrations.

The shadows separated. Some headed towards the shelter of the cliff face whilst the majority moved silently towards the centre of the plateau.

CENTRE PLATEAU: Shadows aligned into neat rows, stretched out flat, elongated translucent sinew maximised tensile strength. Icy conditions, unconscious shadows, some prostrate some upturned, thin manta ray mouths, crooked and broken slits emitting dark slush oozing in time with faltering lungs, rigor mortis invading the slim, leaf-thin membrane of darkened filament.

CLIFF BASE: The rousing melee pooled at the base of the cliff, shuffling and writhing like minnows in a net, thin sheets of silver leaf, glazed muscle sliding and spreading towards the centre of the plateau: a field hospital employed in a battle between ghosts and ice.

Frozen shadows become laminate, become structure, become time piece. Pulling, heaving, shoving, building, lifting, forming, opaque, sharp, blunt, shear, real, silhouetted against the night sky. Drawings, frottage, maquettes, poems, diagrams, recipes compared against what had been built, cross referenced for accuracy producing alterations for efficiency.

But how to get one part of the time piece ∇ onto the other Δ ? It was achievable when horizontal \geq but not so when vertical $\nabla\Delta$ and up-righting the fully formed horizontal was out of the question. An emergency meeting, a pressing need for a solution: that logs be inserted beneath the structures and rolled towards the lake, floated out into the open water and cast adrift in an orchestrated manner, sinking with the aid of ropes and pulleys, into position at the bottom of the icy water. That was done and it engendered this:

Lichen and moss have begun to grow upon the precariously grounded organic pantheons. The ropes long discarded lye draped amongst sea sponges and coral. Slithers of a reluctantly conceived shadowy spectre shimmer charismatically in the dappled light, tugging gently against the shackles that bind them to the timepiece. What had been an abundant submarine terrain now lies abandoned filled as it now is with tombs, insignia to some failed longing for clarity and freedom. Whilst on dry ground against the forms abandoned by the architect makers slide replacement shadows performing the task abandoned by their predecessors who roam the dark lake in search of space without light, without form, without shadow, without time, miming maquettes memorandum in their minds.