

The Child in the Meadow

This work is inspired by the painting 'Morning' from Philipp Otto Runge's great work, *Times of Day* (1809). This was a painting sequence that consisted of four allegorical scenes " *Morning, Day, Evening, Night* " depicting a universal, elemental mythology. The images, tall as altar paintings, showed earth and sky, figures, flowers and stars in geometrical compositions. Their forms and colour schemes were carefully calculated. They were to be displayed in a purpose-built sanctuary, accompanied by music and poetry.



At his early death, Runge still hadn't completed the first picture, Morning. He suggested that the unfinished canvas should be cut up into its more or less finished parts. Later, it was. One of these pieces shows a naked baby lying on the ground. It comes from the middle of the bottom of Morning. As a fragment, it was given a new title of its own, *The Child in the Meadow*.

The new arrival is like a creature landed, fallen from the sky, an extraterrestrial materialising on earth. Equally, it's like a flower growing out of the fertile ground and opening to the sun. And because the fragment is tightly cropped, the whole picture belongs to the baby. It lies there, isolated from any wider human context, in a world of its own, a small thing but wholly self-sufficient.

The Child in the Meadow in *Halfight* conveys the newborn as comfortable and relaxed lying in the grasses looking out. There is 'self containment' with abstracted red forms, the emotions are subconscious, symbolized, in possession of a kind of truth.

Daylight

Similar to the truth we find in *Daylight*, a factual, striking reality that for the most part declares all or nothing.

An Instant Heaven

While the image is ambiguous the forms become starting points for a broader context.

Halfight

There is absence - a natural separation of the sum of two parts.

The Little Death

This particular work was created to set solid the 'black hole'. Curious to know whether one could actually ever get out of a black hole. The answer is yes, one can get out but it takes billions of years. There is a lot of stretching and pulling along the way but whatever falls in, is recycled into energy and particles and if you examine carefully what comes out of a black hole you can reconstruct what was inside. So the memory of what falls into a black hole is not lost forever, just for a very long time.

Some of us are so obsessed with the past that we die of it. It is the attitude of the poet who never finds the lost heaven and it is really the situation of the artists who work for a reason that nobody can quite grasp. They might want to reconstruct something of the past to exorcise it. It is that the past for certain people has such a hold and such a beauty...

**Louise Bourgeois
Fantastic Reality – Nixon**

Nightlight

I had many encounters with the dark and always found it to be a confronting and strangely intimate phenomenon. I did enjoy those subdued nights with a soft amber glow or spots where the dark would sit married to a party of twinkling, dancing fairy lights. The dark would open up, it seemed to hold a magic, a promise of something different or unusual.

Nightlight – The Installation

Twenty furry balls of varying size sit on the ceiling. Space is irrelevant they could be tightly squeezed together or spread out to form a landscape. They are essentially the culmination of anxiety. The flowers are closed but open out as they fall from the gap. The yellow flower alive and vibrant is quite changed.