SACRED GROUND

'It occurs to me that sometimes we make homes where we do not belong.'

– Megan Mayhew Bergman, 'Another Story She Won’t Believe'

A flock of migrating birds helps us better understand the liminal areas of the page. We cannot put into shapes or words the ideal of collective inspiration.

We foolishly thought it possible to create using machinery, but emotion seeps to the surface and we couldn't understand people or make people understand us.

As always when looking at something, others were trying to find a shared sense of allegiance, producing derision and amazement in equal measures.

We use both ancient and new technologies to promote a harmony that warms the heart, a melody that makes you smile. Select map to view full size.

Excavating the backyards of our home beneath the drifting clouds, we are building a model of interdependent, yet self-sufficient and harmonious living.

You don't have to look very hard to be transformed into something else, but in the derelict caravan of life no place is as important as the boundaries we transcend.

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THE WORLD WE DESIRE

A continuous process transforms consciousness, adjusts people to abnormal conditions and encourages them to pursue and commit to the expression of emotion. Stories without facts are possible; facts without stories are not. There is no common vision, so we are always off balance.

In terms of current beliefs about the world, we find them for ourselves through precise examination and moral integrity. We challenge the elevation of works of art to precious objects of reverence and expect no fiscal repayment, prefer to listen to whispers in the air and move from fragment to fragment.

The danger is of running out of ideas before you run out of time. Habits of the mind derive from practices developed over millions of years, an extension of the long-standing tradition of forced labour. The pulse of life must be sustained and we must seize the imagination; what is being made is no concern of ours.

It is as if time is standing still, dependent on where the viewer happens to be, generating theoretical difficulties and problems of interpretation. On the outskirts of truth lie contradiction, reticence and ambiguity. They look ridiculous, built up from a series of random blobs and lines, but they are all we can agree on.

The difference between outside and inside is obscure, gravity outweighs levity almost every time, and both are indications of complexity. I want to suggest we interrupt the trip home for a moment of reflection, rendered possible by uncertainty. It may be in vagueness that potency lies; the world that awaits us is not the world we desire.

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