The idea of extending beyond my own garden into the great wilderness at my back door seemed inevitable. Gradually something developed becoming almost a ritual - perhaps as a token of thanks to nature so that further mountains became home to more and more of my sculptures until now over 50 of my sculptures are sitting in a wilderness of over 5000 square kilometers on top of mountains, hidden valleys and so forth and a feeling that each one linked to another by invisible lines across the landscape, as do the sculptures standing in my other peoples gardens. The clay I use is essentially rock, granite, worn by time and weather, carried by rain and stream and eventually to become sedimentary clay - reformed and burnt once again - a kind of rock or stoneware sculptures, so returning it in its new form to its old primeval earth mother does not seem too strange. Walking through this vast wilderness for days - often sleeping on top of mountains - to find a place for a sculpture, is an experience full of endless sources of inspiration and inevitably led to new ideas in my work - a circle of give and take. Usually I select a safe, unobtrusive place where it will not be blown down the mountain side or get kicked over by a passing deer. It is then photographed in it’s surroundings and with a view to other places of sculptures which can often be eight or ten in number. the particular day and time as well as the weather is recorded as is any significant features of the journey. Only then do I finally place it in its niche where it is left to its own future.
Lochan Creag Faoilinn
Loch Eriboll

Sunday 27-10-1996
10am

4am on a bright clear dawn - the full moon hanging over Foinaven - at low ebb - tide almost out - a large circle was started - 3/4 on the way out on the newly washed sand - 333 floating stones - in varies sizes, colours and textures, was placed. - Baptised as globerlites. The circle was completed - ready waiting for the tide to turn - just as the sun was rising over the sand dunes - 5/45am - the sea reaching the stone circle, dispersing and transforming the circle in to new shapes and pattern - the globerlites never resting long as the tide moves back and forth, floating rolling and settling again and again - forming new pattern, as the sea moves back and forth - getting closer to the shore all the time - clinking together - a few heading out to sea. 9.30am the last of the globerlite crashes on to the shore line as the tide start to turn with a sudden burst of waves - leaving the stones scattered along the tide mark - clean sand and freshly washed op seaweed - a few stones heading out to the horizon to strange shores - maybe. Then comes harvest time - gathering the globerlites - to be returned to the newly created pond - outside my work shop - to circle round the fountain.
New moon - 2 PM on a bright sunny day - tide low, almost out - when starting to place 333 floating stones - ¾ way out on the sand in a long line following the curve of the beach - like a string of beads - 416 feet long - crossing a small stream. - 4 PM the floating stone line ready for the tide to turn - 4.30 large dark threading clouds gathering above the dunes - getting darker and darker as the turning tide at 5 PM - 5.30 the first flood of the sea touching the floating stone line - dispersing, transforming and floating them - as a downpour came flooding down from the Skye - lasting through the whole flood of the tide - the onlooker with video cameras fleeing back home. - Big tide moving exceptional fast - the floating stone across the stream, heading out to sea - a performer started - flying stones - hurtling through the air, towards the shore - standing, running in the sea to my waist, in pouring rain - Martina at the receiving end. - 9 30 full tide turning to ebb leaving the globerlight scattered in along spread out line on the shore line - the tide taking a few with it out towards the horizon. - Gathering the globerlight - to be returned to the pond circling safely round the fountain.
Transformation
1994 - 2004

This work has evolved from my ceramic sculptures which utilise rocks and sediments collected during walks in the Highland Landscape. My work is therefore of the land in inspiration and origin. Since 1994 I have consciously documented walks by direct alchemical process where the walk and the rocks collected during the walk are fused to gatherer into an 8 inch square ceramic tile.
Stepping through the silent moor - stones and bones on dark soft peat - sculls with no eyes, watching me go by.
Slowly disintegrating - some preserved in acid peat - some go through hell and fire - solidifying for posterity.
Death is just a transformation from pain and joy of life - returning.