

CiRCUS

_ARTSPACE

presents

IAN KANE



*Timepiece:
for Angus Johnstone who as a child
was a connoisseur of middens*

25 June - 4 July 2021

Introduction

Ian Kane's installation *Timepiece* views Highland life through village and community, past and present, but also looks forward to the future with global concerns.

Timepiece brings together sculptural works, developed over a long period, with objects retrieved from a local historic midden. The objects have all been selected at a certain point of decay, arrested. Some have already been consumed by nature. They are signifiers of time allowing the viewer to experience time through the senses. The experience is not only emotional but physical and by becoming part of the work the viewer partakes in a stream of consciousness that engages not only with the past but the present and the future. The piece can be viewed as a sculptural installation with elements that invite deeper contemplation, the stand alone sculptures.

The work is not only anthropological in intent but also poetic. Whilst engaging with the sublime the work leaves the viewer with questions about our imminent future, addressing as it does environmental, social and community issues whilst embracing a more enlightened use of knowledge in the future.

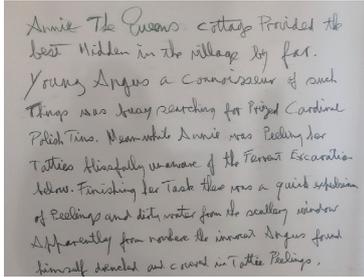
Ian Kane said: "*Timepiece* is a sculptural project that I have been involved with over many years. Some elements have already been shown as stand-alone works in London and Glasgow. However, this is the first time that I have had an opportunity to complete and show the work in its entirety, in the way it was initially conceived and on home ground."

The exhibition incorporates collaborative work, with photography from June Bryson and textiles from June Hyndman as well as accompanying essays in response to the work from artists Jamie Kane and Norman Shaw.

Ian Kane has a long history of teaching art in Inverness at the UHI's Midmills campus and, more recently, he retired from teaching the BA (hons) at Moray School of Art, Elgin. He has been highly significant and influential in the learning of many UHI graduates. Based near Inverness, he has exhibited nationally and internationally since studying Sculpture at Edinburgh College of Art and completing a post-graduate degree in the 1970s. His works have been shown in the UK, Belgium, Netherlands, France, Norway, Canada and Japan but never in the Highlands.

www.iankanearartist.com

List of Works



1. *Annie the Queen*, pencil on paper, 2021



2. *Logos*, resin on wood, 2020



3. *Environmental Baroque*, mixed media, 2021



4. *BUNG*, plastic & compressed clothing, 2019



5. *Babel*, drawing on paper, 2021



6. *Strange Fruit*, mixed media, 2018 - 2020



7. *Still Life*, found objects, plastic tree & oil pastel, 2021



8. *Spacesuit*, t-shirt, plastic & steel, 2019



9. *Hannah Barbera We love You*, children's chairs, carved wood & plastic coating, 2019

List of Works



10. *Shrine*, mixed media, 2019 - 2021



11. *Beast of Burden*, resin, stone, wood & rope, 2017



12. *Tracks* by June Bryson, series of 4 photographs, 2019



13. *Our Enlightened Leaders See the Past as an Indication of What Will Happen in the Future*, wood carving & mixed media, 2020 - 2021



14. *The Relationship between Knowledge and Understanding*, plastic, wood & acrylic paint, 2020



15. *Promised Land*, arrested objects, 2021



16. *Stupid*, child's desk, dolphin skull & steel, 2019



17. *Your Future Awaits You*, mixed media, 2019 - 2021

List of Works



18. *You Keep Me Hanging On*, wood, dyed cord, ropeflex & ball, 2020



22. *Dan Dare The Mekon Comet G7P The Constant*, mixed media, 2017 - 2021



19. *Above and Below*, carved cherry wood & acrylic paint, 2018



20. *Animal*, wood, ropeflex, enamel paint, 2019



21. *The Wanderer*, installation with embroidery collaboration with June Hyndman and photograph by June Bryson, 2021

Jamie Kane - The Midden

The miscellaneous drawer in the kitchen of the shared flat. The dormant things of unknown use, compounded backwards. The bridge between thin and deep time. The chaotic, yet-to-be fossil record.

The decomposing definite article.

Energy, scintillating across various stuffs, is taken home in a carrier bag.¹ Excess is slowly and unevenly returned to the outside world, sludging its way to the dump. It carries carriers, temporarily holds archeological ooze, cupped hands, pearl droplets, reflected images, and passing seagulls. The fire breathing burp pile, whose mouth is graciously covered by surrounding trees for modesty.

Pouring down through the field, heavy rain pulled under gravity, is falling down hill toward the sea. In an attempt to slow itself by grabbing clumps of earth, a frantic erosion trail is rolled open for the first time in over a century whilst finance descends into increasing levels of abstraction through emissions from a liquid crystal display.

A cannonball, a gas mask, an arsenic bottle, a doorway to an air raid shelter, a carved birchwood shield once mounted inside a public building, its emblems replaced with moss, a slotted strata of birthday cards continually springing into celebration under footsteps, a glass ceiling light fixture, carefully cast from a bovine femur where light traced every curve of the creature, a knit of PVC coated cables, ravelled silent as their carrier signals bounce freely through architectures, woven into a basket.

Thin taut non-permeable membranes, bags for life pulled from a roll taking momentary impressions of whatever goes inside, that is their form. Awkwardly weighted, they bulge, tear, drag and soften their punchy pigmentation in ultraviolet light. Collapsing material makes provenance plural.

Lying on the heap, gently nestled into each other, a contour map emerges. Bags for Life quietly outlive us and their contents. Shared waste is packaged and concealed from others, only to inevitably burst out, out of sight, smooshy grey pulp, private public property partnership poche. Tools are unable to navigate here. The map is compounded into what appears to be a ball.² Inside is a complex crumble, comprising of folds and tears, if this terrain were to be expanded out it would resemble a caffeinated spiders web.³

A delicate pink bleed fibre swell, showing what cannot be seen. A sectional view of the crust of the Earth is folded, pressed, then lightly held between two flat hands, slotted into a satchel.⁴ A liquid colour seeps through the folds, gradients dripping out the corners.

It flows in waves, splashing the past, between intercalated coastal flip slabs, a geological saliva. The igneous shelf amplifies a voice blabbing about the abyss and that time has depth,⁵ not breadth or a complex ellipsoid system.⁶ Is the depth not great enough to hold them all? Has anything ever reached an edge?

Briefly opening for fingers, a salty hand is placed into the mud, becoming receptive to cool dirt, body heat transfer. Warmed mud extrudes then flops under its own weight, enveloping the hand entirely. Absorbing nutrients freed from decaying belongings. The wrist is a sprout that tangles itself with eyes, they are sensing making senses form.

There are children in the distance hauling a wet crumbled, once thing fragment microbial meal. Plume of plastic; flakes fall. Consuming the past like stolen rum, the children piss it out over the present. Cutting cavities into slow snow. The capillary action pushes into a discarded issue of The New Scientist: Black Holes make up the body and other TV highlights, so that the words read each other. The silt of a thought smeared by the press.

The ground is sweat. Percolated morning coffee ground, stimulating spread space-time warp weft. Hot flushed leachate leaks upwards. Remains popping like puss from inside a body that has waited to be exposed to the sunrise. A calendar of releases.

This armpit is an unfolded catalytic converter. Narrow strips of precious metals sewn onto a smooth mesh, flopping around to conceal the grip of the pom-pom. Swipe to push momentary hairy holes through the atmosphere. Fractions of seconds, solid lead units of suspended waiting replaced by the surge of air that follows. Lungs tarred and feathered propel sound over stone.

The car's axle tipped vertically is standing like a core sample, structuring a tower of stories held between opposing polarities. Slopped stink storeys of rotting garbage, become petrified land to develop new build boom bust forever homes. Forever sinking into, forever merging with, forever forevering back and forward trying to get life on the digestive track.

A foot slipping on the housing bladder.

Jamie Kane is an artist based in Rotterdam, his work centres around the relationships between time and materiality. Jamie's recent exhibitions include Bat Island (with Daphne Simons and Petter Dahlström Persson), Eiland Van Brienoord, Rotterdam, Mood-Ring, Digestivo, Rotterdam and Grafting at The Centre for Contemporary Art, Glasgow. Jamie received the Study Abroad Scholarship from The Leverhulme Trust, allowing them to complete their MA at The Piet Zwart Institute, Rotterdam in 2020. This essay was shortlisted for the Montez Press Writers Grant.

1. In Ursula K. Le Guin's 1988 essay *The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction*, the writer argues that the first cultural devices were not extensions of the body that extract energy outward such as the spade, the axe or the knife; rather they were containers, that aided in the retrieval of energy from the world, in order to bring it back home. In this hypothesis, the transporting and storing of food helped lay the conditions for human culture.

2. The conventions of a Figure-Ground Diagram, used in Architecture and Urban Design to signify built and unbuilt space, were transformed by Giambattista Nolli in 1748 with his map of Rome. Nolli used the simplified drawing style in Figure-Ground Diagrams (Shaded\Built, Unshaded\Unbuilt) to map out public and private space. Nolli's map highlighted the relationships between public spaces over the city and how the church at the time spatially entwined itself with other forms of public life.

3. In the April 1995 publication of NASA's *TechBrief* journal there is a short summary of Noever.D.A, Cronise.R.J, and Relwani.R.A's research into using spiders' webs as a means to determine the toxicity of chemicals on living creatures. It was observed that the more toxic the chemical was to the spider, the more deformed their web would look in comparison to their standard lattice design. Spiders exposed to caffeine created webs that appear erratic, structurally uncertain, and contained many wide openings.

4. The American illustrator Orra White Hitchcock (1796-1863) was known for her geological and botanical drawings, largely made with ink and watercolour onto linen. Many of Hitchcock's drawings were made as visual aids to her husband Edward Hitchcock's university lectures on Geology and Natural History, she received no pay, nor any notoriety at the time for this work. Many of her geological illustrations used vibrant colour and formal abstraction way before the rise of non-objective art, as a means to communicate the behaviour and formation of the landscapes beneath her feet. The couple were both known for their life-long devout Christian belief, at a time where Theology and the sciences were parting ways.

5. James Hutton (1726-1797) considered to be the founder of modern Geology, deduced from his studies of rock formations throughout Scotland, that the Earth is in a state of perpetual formation. By studying the erosion, sedimentation and formation of rock, a history of the Earth, one that opposed a Biblical timeline, started to be developed by Hutton amongst others in the field. To Hutton geological time was directionless leading him to famously state 'that we find no vestige of a beginning, no prospect of an end' in *Theory of the Earth, or, An Investigation of the Laws Observable in the Composition, Dissolution, and Restoration of Land upon the Globe*, published by The Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1788.

6. 'Behind his head and the child's, the single mobile hanging in this room oscillated slightly. It was a large piece made of wires pounded flat, so that edge-on they all but disappeared, making the oval into which they were fashioned flicker at intervals, vanishing, as did, in certain lights, the two thin, clear bubbles of glass that moved with the oval wires in completely interwoven ellipsoid orbits, about the common centre, never quite meeting, never entirely parting. Takver called it *The Inhabitation of Time*.' Le Guin.U.K ([1974]1999) *The Dispossessed*, Gollancz

Norman Shaw - Tower Inversion

Rising as timelight wanes, stonemasons of Babel, Gate of Heaven, bow to Nimrod the builder-king and his architect, who in turn bow to The Tower Whose Top May Reach To Heaven, who in turn bows, and falls...

Heavenward tower topples earthward. Masonic boom rolls through rocks of ages in dramatic stages. Theatres of theory, maya to matter, dissolution to desolation, row upon row, tier upon tier. Babylonian priesthoods clatter, infinite tower comes crashing down, blood bank dethstate, like Icarus, like Lucifer, false light falls to megadepth sourcewell then ensorcellated encircling ever upwards transmuted. Great Babylon has fallen! The Great Beast is dead!

The price for bitten forbidden fruit. A fiction of symbols, our downfall into language, sin tax exempt. In the top sacred garden, strange fed bellows stoke angel's flaming sword. The fire that through the flaming sword welds the gates of Eden welds our aeon age. The gate left open. A test for latecomers hoping to judge, long after the light leaves the scene. Stranger fruit than fiction.

Falling as dreamlight waxes, sifting through Babel's rubble. Seekers of midden knowledge, wholly hidden in rat's layers, dug timeruttet and slimerotted mindgraves. Dug slicing through humus crusts then with diamond headed drill through strata down Anthropolithic ruination to Palaeolithic aeon, to mine for living oils, aethyrs, coals and ores, shining stones and oscillant crystals from solar flare clearly hidden. Deep in North Sea sick soilwells. Drill holes for pipes.

'This is not a drill!', exclaimed he.

'Well, this is not a pipe', wryly replied she.

In holey space, the mine is the power, the mine is the glory. Labyrinthine is the power, labyrinthine is the glory.

Matter is mined. Deep vein extractor, chemical overdriven: polar to solar eye opening underward. The chimera never lies, dormant in ratio's sleep, underground chambered deep. Problem children fracking begat monstrous highbred offspring in sorrowholes with the self-forming, bloodthrobbet, sap-pulsed sporesenders, the willweavers, matrixsters, eyed and knowing, sworn to secrecies and soaring sorceries. Hauntof-ractal, a hollow graphic. Hollow hells in demon dells. Black bath executer. Dim matter awakes, then slumbers deep to deep as the scent sent sentient decays. The neverborn neversleeps, never knew waking, trailing tail evergrowing, neverknowing.

Deep diver, astronaut, telluric prodigal, like Excalibur by Art extracted, ghostily possessed and haunted till the eschatic return to Merlin's molten hearthlands as the pure bloodtime.

Academonic detractor, stranded on narrow know ledge. Please get a move on, finish the work so we can know it, make so we can take the space 'twixt low and high tide, between ebb and flow. That is never fixed - when to stop and turn back, to give over: moon to sun, mind to matter to mind again is an indefatigable process, from rising to falling.

The wheel changes direction – moment of standstill indefinable, infinite. The smallest can still be split and split again. The sudden opening of a long closed door. A new event eclipses aeons of waiting. An opened eye ends the dream.

Scream of consciousness. Splayed out from the centre, unfurled and unfolded, uncurled and unravelled on the reptiled floor, decadent styled. Lonely walker between worlds on the road less travelled. Oscillation our solution, between domains of Cailleach and Bride. In the moondimmed pestilent garden, decaying timeblooms sweat, wet felt petals bewildered in fallout, in Lugh's germinate fever. Destroying Angel, Eternal Youth, The bloodless land, The Immortal Ones. A troubling vision, a marvellous conjunction. Old summer. New clear winter.

'Til sunsets sail for the stars, timeridden. I writ the rip on the flittering flash, pen of mind on paper of matter. We passed through midnights together, sighed the same wind, one turns to darkness one to light.

The perception deception machine powering up. High hopes, off to work we go, born to go, born to blaze. Celtic action man, lost in the mountains of unknowing, deliriously deleterious. Speculation, conjecture, an eerie theory of wars in the outer theatre, and starry stages, upward magic fire.

Horns on horizon
Horus on horizon

Pyramid stream in the Green Nile of the Great Deep secretly takes Scotus to turn Picts anti-sunwise. The School of Dolphin MacCool, kernel of truth, mirth of the buried Firth chewing on The Salmon of Wisdom's Nuts of Knowledge. Salmon Solomon, soul man, sun moon. Interstitial wintertidal wind winding in deep channels, salmon shoals shoulder for springfresh current of homesilver river, brightly under fallow moonhorns sundered, quartz wonderlode shimmering.

Know you The Nuts of Unknowledge?
Know you The Salmon of Folly?

Emptiness is form
Form is emptiness.

Are you on the border path?
Do you know where this is leading?

Norman Shaw is an interdisciplinary artist, writer, educator, curator, dj and musician. He grew up in the Scottish Highlands and completed his PhD in Fine Art at University of Dundee (1998-2004). He has exhibited widely in group and solo exhibitions, both nationally and internationally. Outputs include drawing and painting, printmaking, writing, sound, DJing, music production, video, installation, performance, curation and has been published extensively in books and journals.

Timepiece - for Angus Johnstone who as a child was a connoisseur of middens. Angus passed away at the age of 94. His memory and knowledge of the midden in the hamlet that inspired *Timepiece* proved crucial to the work's completion. His fond tales of Highland life were very entertaining.

Young Angus in the Midden

Annie the Queen's cottage provided the best midden in the village by far. Young Angus, a connoisseur of such things, was busy searching for prized Cardinal polish tins. Meanwhile, Annie was peeling her tatties blissfully unaware of the fervent excavation below. Finishing her task, there was a quick expulsion of peelings and dirty water from the scullery window. Apparently from nowhere, the innocent Angus found himself drenched and covered in tattie peelings, awakening to a radically altered worldview. Angus ran home in a tearful state of confusion. Explaining his predicament to his mother brought no solace as she questioned why he had been in the midden in the first place.

Venue: Circus Artspace @ Inverness Creative Academy,
Midmills Building, Stephen's Street, Inverness, IV2 3JP

Free entry
Open daily: 12 - 4pm and 12 - 6pm on Thursday

Events: Preview on Thursday 24 June, 6 - 8pm
Entry is free and drop-in (not ticketed).

Closing event featuring a Q & A session with Ian Kane on
Sunday 4 July, 2 - 4pm. Free, book your tickets via our website.

Thank you: Space supported by Wasps Studios as part of the Arts Enterprise
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