

Wine and Water

The Hours

I intended this intervention at the Fundación Amelia Moreno as a footnote, a brief comment, drawing attention to one of the many potential meanings offered by the wine jars in El Dorado.

As the previous installations had focussed on the upper part, which I inevitably find myself associating with the idea of individual aspirations, I wanted to concentrate on the part below the white shelf (perhaps a platform for the conscious mind and will). I felt that the whole might provide a starting point for reflexion about the relationship between the “upper” levels of our experience, and the vast regions of power that connect it to the hard matter of the ground, where time passes inexorably, but where there is vivifying contact with the spring, the fountain.

Starting from the shelf (at the points where it is suspended from the girder near the roof by iron bars), blue, red, black and white cords descend to the ground, where they are held down by lead fishing weights, and rise up to the next bar, in a cyclical march that leads along this dry road in La Mancha to an oasis of frivolity, the fountain of age. A measure of connection with the upper regions is provided by the cords that follow the bars up to the girder. The groups of lead weights, different in size, number and arrangement, and visible only on closer inspection, create micro-landscapes that correspond to the individuality of each jar.

The Fountain of Age

A blue rope light falls in a tumble from the roof of the water deposit, reflected by the mirror covering the back wall. In the space between the three posts hang transparent blue shower curtains textured to suggest splashed water droplets. The curtains leave a space above and below, so that the lights and their reflection can be seen in two ways: naked and clear-cut; blurred through the curtain.

The austere procession of wine jars leads to an oasis of frivolity.