

Elsewhere

Suppose the particularities of place are being submerged beneath the deadening gloss of post-modern unification: anaesthetised through processes that cover surfaces and forms unique to where we stand, leaving us nothing more than virtual realities. Such propositions can numb our sensitivity to what we see. They can disarm our pleasure and affection for those moments when the forms and spaces that surround us become suddenly clear, relative and meaningful. Trying to describe such moments is an illusory possibility: an unknowable that makes life more enjoyable.

I hope that occasionally we can see through the solid constructions that surround us; that we can defeat our own expectations and leave behind the pessimism that says all worlds will look and feel the same. The complex histories, the very rub of the world, may be too varied and our responses too valuable to disregard.

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