

A black and white photograph of a rugged mountain landscape. In the foreground, a small, light-colored tent is pitched on a rocky, uneven ground. The middle ground shows a wide, rocky valley floor. In the background, a large, craggy mountain peak rises against a pale sky. The overall scene is desolate and high-altitude.

Lotte Glob

Environmental Installations

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The Ultimate Rock Garden

Over 75 locations throughout the Highlands of Scotland - 1985 - 1995

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.



Floating Stones

333 Floating stones in 111 lochans throughout the Highlands of Scotland - 1994 - 2004



Lochan Creag Faoilinn
Loch Eriboll

Sunday 27-10-1996
10am



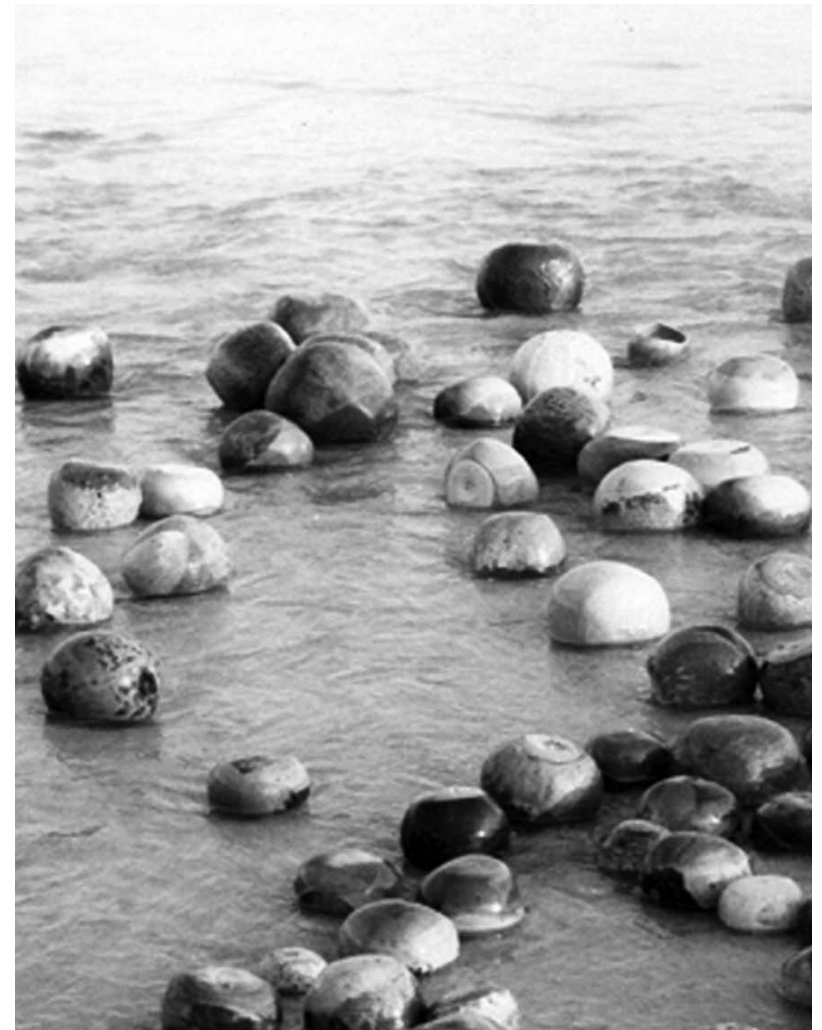
Dog barking – walking up the hill at end of Loch Eriboll – sounds mingling with water running down the hill – a mirror-still lochan at the bealach – 3 stones floating at 10am – a layer of streaky clouds – sun appearing – going and coming – spotlighting the peaks of Foinaven – Strath Beag in a cover of golden lightamber – wild grey incision of hillside – rushing down the little streams – trotting on through sheep and heather – heading for Leàn Chàrn – a mouse scuttling under a rock – one brown trout with a splash, hurrying up the river – another trout to follow – wisps of newborn mist sailing past – below Cranstackie’s peak – nearly stood on a snipe – little flies and insects buzzing in the warm air – another snipe away in a hurry – a sitting rock with view to lochans – three grouse ahead – another burst of sunlight – sounds ringing from burns all around – up slippery slopes of schist – covered in lichens – raven calling from above – dot of black in the blue sky – a roaring stag on the horizons – deer running down the slopes – dozing on a cushion of soft moss, warmed by the sun.



Sea Circle

Balnakiel Beach 17th May 1992

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 globberlites. 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 globberlites 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. 9.30 am the last of the globberlite 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 globberlites - to be returned to the newly created pond - outside my work shop - to circle round the fountain





Floating Stone Line

Balnakiel Beach 29 August 1992

New moon - 2 PM on a bright sunny day - tide low, almost out - when starting to place 333 floating stones - $\frac{3}{4}$ 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 down pour came flooding down from the Skye - lasting through the whole flood of the tide - The on looker with video cameras fleeing back home. - Big tide moving exceptional fast - the floating stone across the stream, heading out to sea - a performers 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 globberlith scattered in along spread out line on the shore line - the tide taking a few with it out towards the horizon. - Gathering the globberlight - 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.



Integration - The Silent Land

1996

Stepping through the silent moor - stones and bones on dark soft peat - skulls 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

