

Dear Robert

On the morning of August 1st, 2021 I awoke in the shadow of Caernarfon Castle. Echoes of the Roman Empire drifted in the air as I gazed at the site where once stood the 'fairest fort that man ever saw'.

As I made my way further west the car floated across the Menai Strait, landing at the shores of Dark Island. I lay 13 hexagonal 12-inch mirrors on the limestone rocks in a hexagonal arrangement. Seaweed and small ponds of water lapped over the mirror surfaces. Sky and land, wet and dry, fused in the timeless reflections in which past, present and future became one. Yet the ever-changing present lapped at the planar surfaces, folding disorder and order, as sense and nonsense interlaced. Between the hexagons lay the land of a lost primitive world. A material world that exists in a time and space outside of the linguistic libraries we endlessly construct.

As the car headed northeastwards thoughts of Babel shimmered on the distant horizon, and visions of Borges Library began to engulf my thoughts. A library or 'universe' built of never-ending hexagonal galleries. Galleries, each with twenty shelves on four of its walls: 'each shelf containing thirty-five books, each book four hundred and ten pages, each page comprising forty lines, and each line eighty characters in length'. The library contains every combination of letters in no particular order. Everything that has been or ever will be said is contained within one of its chambers. Somewhere in this almost indefinite world lies a book with the truth of the world.

In a crevice-like chamber of Cathedral cave slate mine, as thoughts of Schwitters's cathedral rippled in the breeze, I placed twelve mirrors in a closed hexagonal arrangement. Tree and sky fragmented in the mirror planes, the land in the negative interior coagulated into one of nature's own hexagonal forms. Planes of slate stood in opposition to the mirrored surface exposing the veil of illusion that lurked in the mirrored world.

As the car headed northward to St Fillans in search of the 'quiet land' I found myself trapped in the cartesian abyss of the library. I imagined searching room after room and slowly through a systematic search building up a picture of the 'true' workings of the world. A search that would become ever more efficient as human intellect grew. I dreamt of a search based on endlessly improving technologies detailed in the pages of the library. Technologies through which humans would for the 'common good' master and 'dominate' the library.

In the disused railway tunnel just next to where St. Fillans Railway Station once operated I placed twelve mirrors. Tree and sky mapped out a parabolic space on the tunnel floor in which inside and out were folded, fused as one. 70 years since the tunnel closure yet still the dark black walls echoed the industrial age and the ceaseless striving to control nature. A cornucopian catastrophe that threatens our own existence.

As the car headed to Loch Eerie tragic reflections on the apparent human necessity linger in the air for if the universe is indeed a library it's a pure manmade illusion in which all else is excluded.

The car arrived at the loch and I placed the thirteen mirrors in a planar tessellated arrangement along the shore. Eerie tidal waves lapped at the shore as the liquid mirrors became disrupted by distinct droplets. On a rock, next to the shore, a plaque spoke of a friend and in the bushes beside lay his old fishing rod, whose line traced a path on the shore whose echo was etched on the surface of the loch. As the skies darkened a large rock shattered the unwelcomed 13th mirror into an infinity of shards, whose fragile reflection lay shattering the sky.

12 mirrors in hand I set forth for the Isle of Skye, dreaming of a new library, rooted not in linguistics but in the primitive sediments of the earth. Outside the Cave of Gold, hexagonal spires

towered from the earth, nature's ideal cracks formed into endless hexagons founded not on human self-delusion but of ancient basalt spawned of the earth.

As the car headed northward collapsed spirals swirled in the air, spirals built not of iron but forged in rock and land. Memories of Bolivia and the Red Lagoon gyrated in my mind, as I recalled it was once a place you thought to place your spiral. I walked across the magical paradise of Claigan Beach and the once red but now calcified coralline seaweed threatened to calcify all that it touched.

I stopped the car at a small clearing on the edge of the B884 and placed the twelve remaining mirrors in a grid-like arrangement in the grass. The vegetation floated on the surface in the flat reflection of the overcast sky.

As the car headed southwards back to England Nietzsche's words "What do I matter?" swirled in my mind. I stopped on a ridge near Littondale and scattered the 12 mirrors along a stone wall. Mirrors whose unreachable reflections were lost in the flat grey skies. Skies that closed the hexagonal worlds. For once there was not the mirror interior but the material world that mirrored the flat distant landscape as it kissed the distant horizon. In this cold eerie still silence thick air enfolded the lands as it cast a memory on the canvas surface within my mind.

As the car glided southwards nomadic paths returned on themself and in the monadic mind now inseparable from the car Nietzsche spoke of how

'On some remote corner of the sprawling universe, twinkling among the countless solar systems, there was once a star on which some clever animals invented knowledge. It was the most arrogant, most mendacious minute in "world history," but it was only a minute. After nature caught its breath a little, the star froze, and the clever animals had to die.'

Yours sincerely
Patrick