

A surreal, multi-colored landscape painting. The scene is dominated by vibrant, swirling colors: deep reds, oranges, yellows, and greens. In the background, a cityscape with domed buildings is visible under a dark, stormy sky. In the foreground, several figures are depicted, some on horseback, appearing to be in a state of conflict or a dramatic scene. The overall mood is intense and chaotic. The text "BETWEEN HELL AND HIGH TIDE" is overlaid in the center in a bold, sans-serif font. The word "BETWEEN" is in red, "HELL AND" is in orange, and "HIGH TIDE" is in yellow.

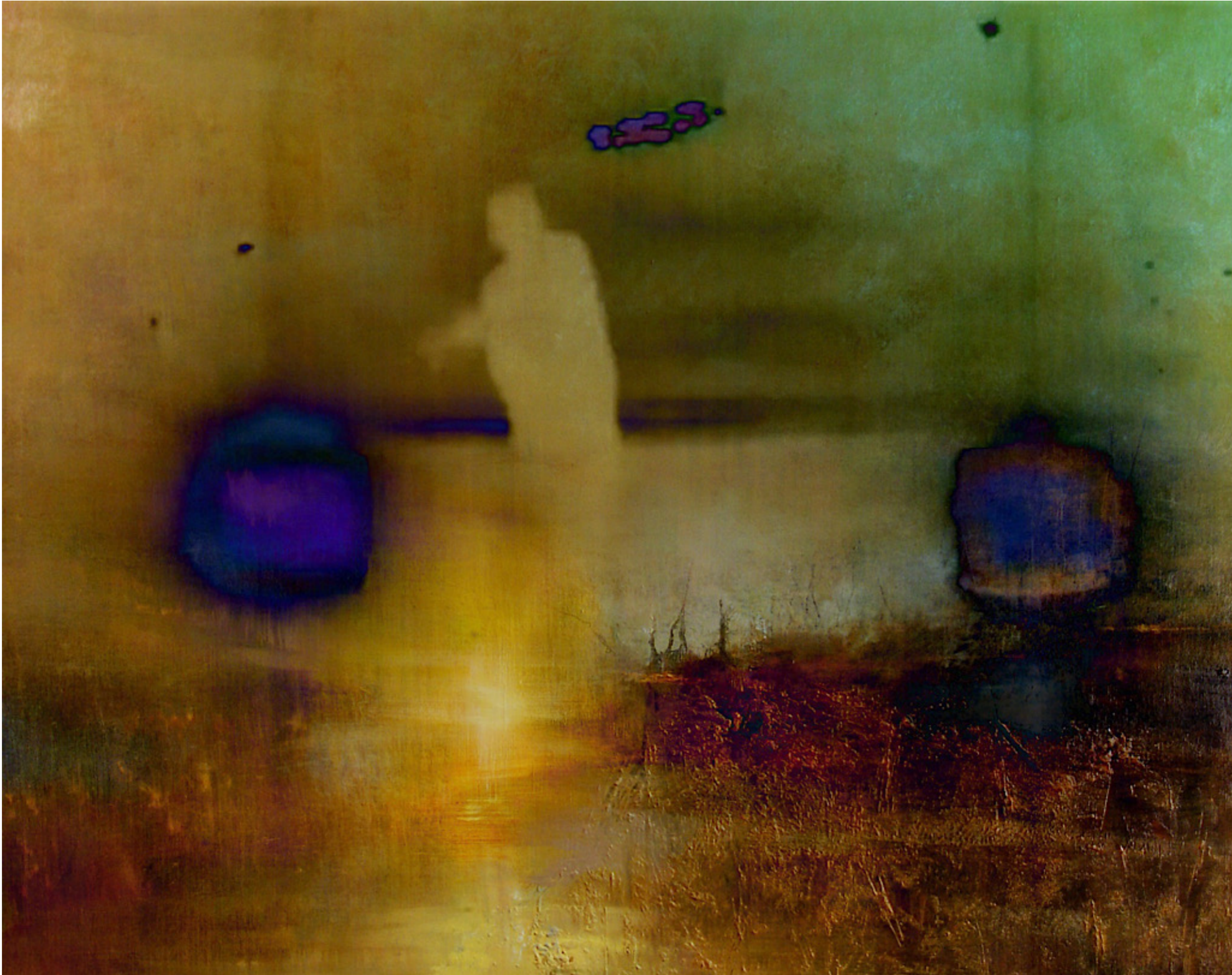
**BETWEEN HELL AND
HIGH TIDE**

BETWEEN HELL AND HIGH TIDE

1816/1988

Time circles around. As you get older, you get caught up in the loops. Suspended in Gaffa, if you will. They pulled the rug out, but what they never knew: your feet didn't touch the floor. You tumbled despite them, not because they pushed you. The times when you were young which gave you the greatest sense of freedom, tie you the tightest in later life. Float out the door. How many hours have you been sitting there, watching the tide? You didn't know the sky had so many shades of blue, did you? You watch the sunrise with a greater sense of awe when you are fifty than when you are fifteen. By the time you are older, you understand how ludicrous it all is. Life isn't an abstract notion anymore. It's a one off, unrepeatable, act of insane defiance against the odds. Back then, it was merely something you did. You left your imprint in amongst the pebbles, the hollow shape where your heart should have been.





Wisdom is the accumulation of bruises from all the trapdoors you've fallen down. In 1816, the summer never came. All across the world crops failed, people starved and societies teetered on the brink. For months on end days were reduced to a miserable twilight. By 1816 the deal/steal was done. The commons were fenced, ordinary people were starved from their homes, the migration to the factories and the slums began. Manufactured destitution facilitated the industrial revolution. In short, our world came into being. 1816: a year with no summer. Sunsets and starvation and frosts all year. A gloom without end, smoke in the sky. In 1816, Turner painted incredible blood-red sunsets. They were not works of the imagination, but documents of the end of days. The last of freedom and of hope. The year they took what little you had left. The victory of industrialisation and the defeat of nature. A year when the sun rarely rose, when it set in blood. Do you remember dancing the night away on a beach? Do you remember watching the sun rise over the ocean?

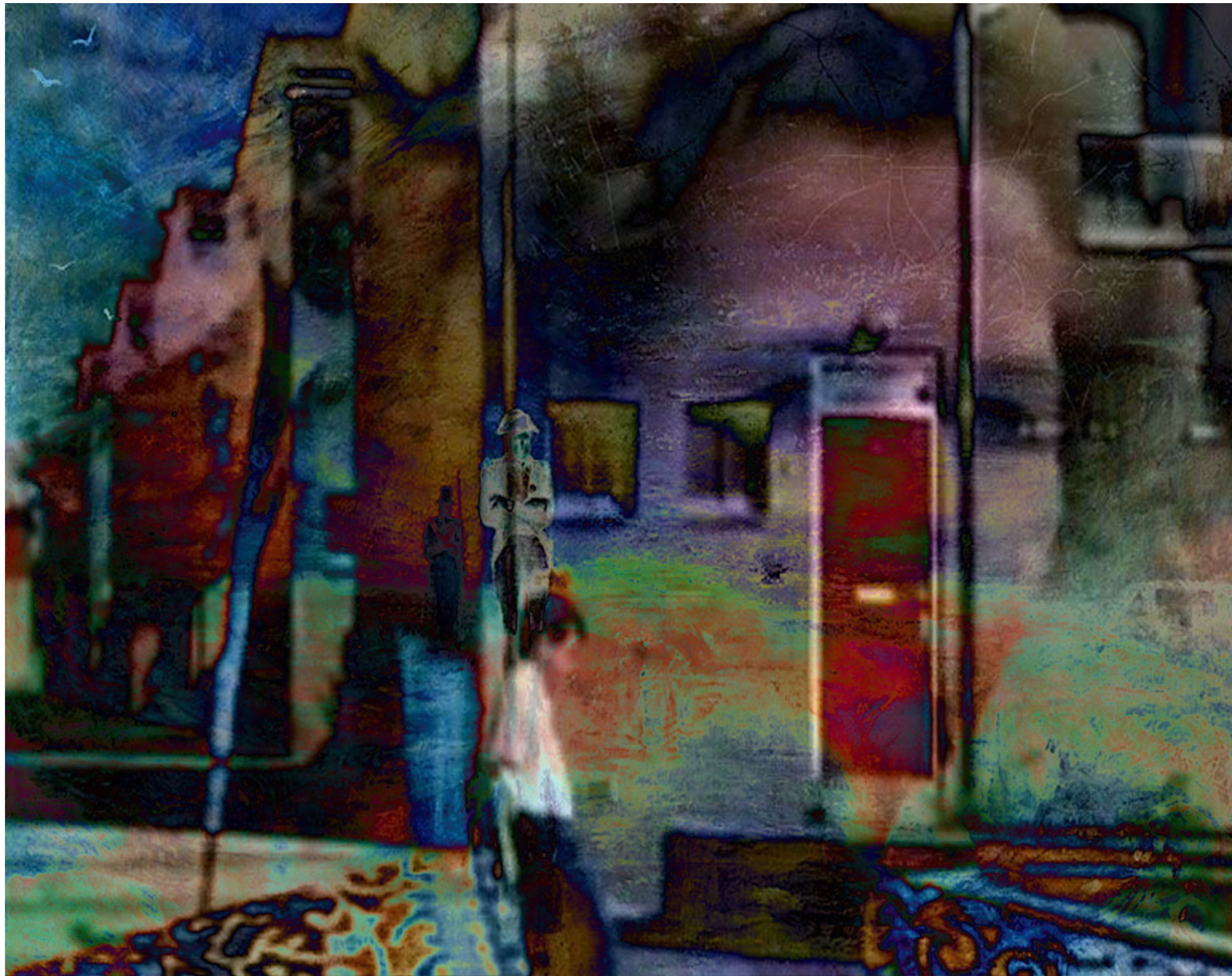


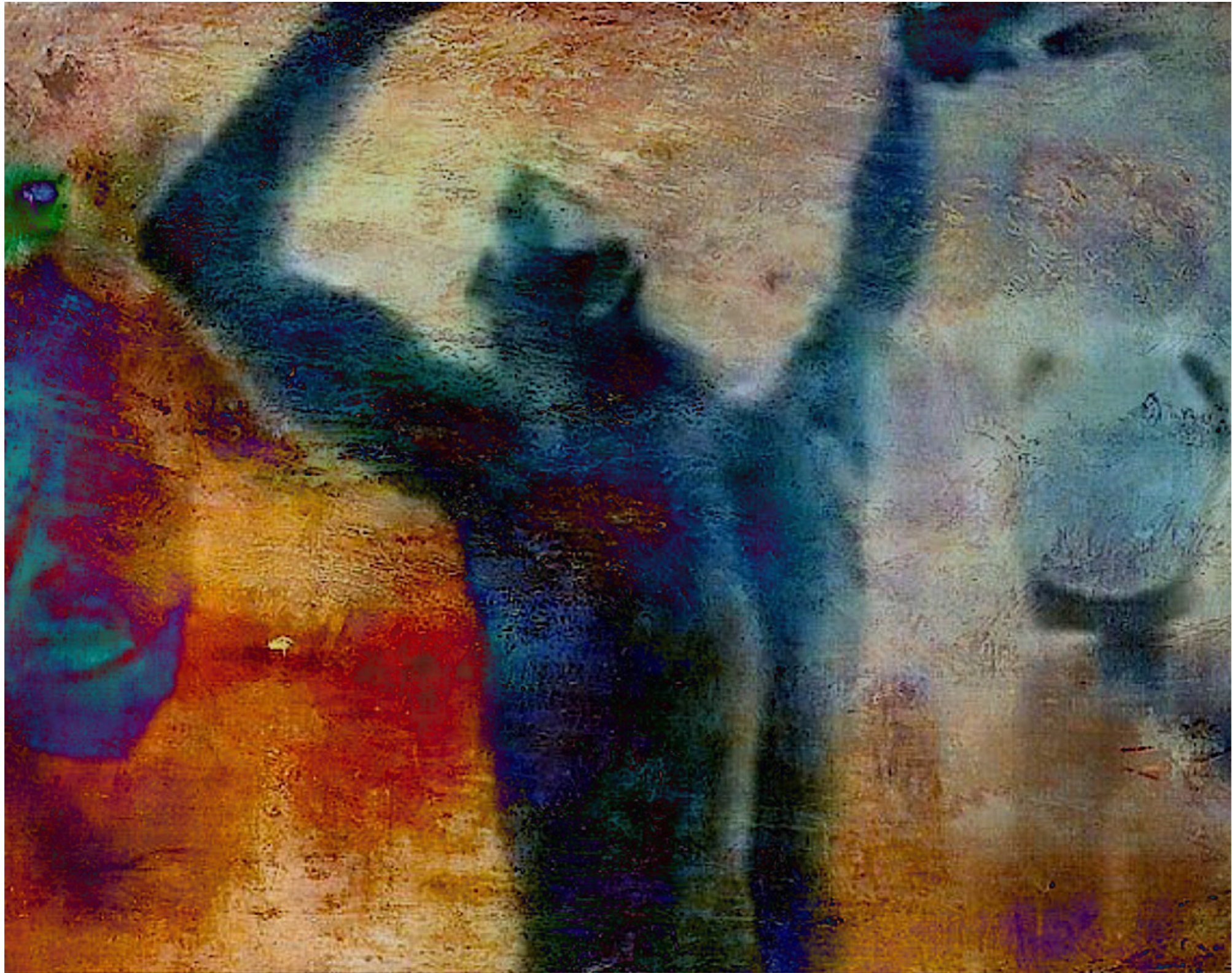






Do you remember who you were with back then? Do you know what happened to those people? They'd take you away if they thought it would give them an inch of an advantage. A whole year to survive and nothing more. Between the years 1988 and 1991 the world came apart at the seams. In truth, it had been doing so for decades, but the fractures could no longer be denied. Just for a while it seemed anything was possible. Little came of it, of course. They doubled down. There would be no route to freedom. Not then, not ever. Greed took over and rode over the planet as if it could never end. The roads kept on being built, kept on destroying, unchecked, untrammelled. The rivers were turned into canals and navigations: straightened and deepened. Every inconvenience – measured by bank balance and cash flow – eradicated.





There are no comparisons to be made between 1816 and the late 1980s. The two random dates merely bring together interesting visuals. In their confluence however, certain truths become apparent. We never learn from our mistakes. We never truly break with the past. You saw it all, survived nonetheless. You danced the time away. The years and the wrinkles you never knew you had. Danced the sun up. Charmed it into the sky. Danced it down again. Danced to forget their pitiful state and to remember who you were, before. Wisdom is not knowledge, but accumulated error.

