

SALT TEARS

Frances M Lynch in collaboration with Dr Maureen Young

STONE

"If the tenderness of womankind is a constituent element in the character of every noble and brave man, so is the strength and judgement of manhood equally inherent in the nature of the perfect woman"

Stone, Iron, sodium, magnesium, Aluminium, Manganese, Potassium, Calcium, Titanium, Silicon, Oxygen, Stone.

SOLO

The stone Tower of the Chief of Clan Campbell
Perches atop the portcullis of Edinburgh Castle
Its Arches remember the Kiss of the Maiden
The Head of Argyll

The Stone Lodge of the Chief of Clan Campbell
Nestles hard by the portcullis of Stirling Castle
Its Grand rooms remember his Lady's own daughter
Sophia, "fair sunshine" so dear to Argyll

Sophia sits sewing, embroidering her train
Surrounded by purple and "pretty things"
- a fine harp, and hangings, and cellars of salt that will soon burn her eyes
"for the great love she bears" the head of Argyll

That head with a bullet hole made in a game he played with his jailors

"throwing the bullet ball it lighted upon a stone and with such force started backe upon the Lord's head that he fell doune and lay dead"

A remarkable surgeon restored him to life
with a mind not quite stable and a great need of sleep.

As climate change brings increased rain, the need for stone repair accelerates. Stone needs to be matched not just by its appearance but by its properties. Stone has a growing role as a durable, low carbon building and conservation material. Yet fewer than 10 Scottish quarries now provide continuous supplies of STONE.

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WATER (moisture analysis)

Hydrogen, Oxygen

His whisky distilled on the shores of Loch Fyne, finding the cracks in the roof of his head

Dividing

Dissenting

Trinketing

Libelling

Lease Making

The Test - An Oath taken

"only as far as it is consistent with itself"

Treason

Perjury

Prison

Death

Prison

Escape

WATER (thermal imaging)

Sophia walks, a lantern before her

Passes beneath the portcullis of Edinburgh Castle

A clown with a wig, head bound up like a fighter

Carries her train of exquisite embroidery over the stones

to the Tower of Argyll

"You came an angel in the case to me, Expressly to guide and set me free"

An exchange and a parting of passionate sorrow

Her salt tears splashing the stone of his cell

"for the great love she bears" the head of Argyll

Sophia walks, a lantern before her

Passes beneath the portcullis of Edinburgh Castle

A clown with a wig, head bound up like a fighter

Loses his grip on her train of exquisite embroidery

which falls in the mud at the feet of Argyll

Sophia slaps the clown with the wig,

gives full vent to her anger as a guard looks hard at him

then thrusts him away like a poor simple boy

The danger not over till well out of sight

Of the Tower of Argyll

Through the cold dark of winter

As Hope ran to Holland his Lady's own daughter

Her punishment softened from scourging and whipping

Confined in a prison Sophia, *"fair sunshine"* so dear to Argyll

'neath the Tower of Argyll

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SALT

Salt Tears

Quartz, Picromerite, thenardite, illite Hydrogen, Oxygen, magnesium potassium sulphate, sodium

Across the Sea Salt Foam
Three ships sailed returning
To a Rising that failed

From Argyll's Lodgings to Argyll's Tower
From the fair town of Stirling
To a castle that lours
his Lady's own daughter
Is thrown in the Tolbooth
with lowly companions, their stench and their fleas
Sophia, "fair sunshine" so dear to Argyll

Salt from herrings, seeps through stone
Argyll sleeps so sweetly
Wakes for the 'Maiden', calm and serene
The kiss of the 'Maiden' kiss is the end of Argyll

"Though my head fall this is no tragic story, Since going hence I enter endless glory"

The Stone Lodge of the Chief of Clan Campbell
Nestles before the portcullis of Stirling Castle
Its bare rooms remember his Lady's own daughter
Sophia, "fair sunshine" so dear to Argyll

Sophia sits sewing, embroidering her train
For a marriage long yearned for
not blessed with children, a bitter salt ending
"for the great love she bears" the son of Argyll

The stone Tower of the Chief of Clan Campbell
Perches atop the portcullis, in Edinburgh Castle
Its Arches remember the Kiss of the 'Maiden'
The Head of Argyll