

Not long after they found me came a kind of counterpart. Another oldest, this time of the out there, now, finally, made seen. Umbers, oranges, indigos, akin to the cloak they watch drift above them, cycling through chromatic flutterings, while they ponder the dual proximities of space. Close and distance. Opening out and apertures. Bending and warping with relation and relativity, the more intangible instruments with which they seek to grasp their surroundings. Spectrums delineated. Continua pursued. Perspectives. Each element is daubed with the other. These many means of measurement and encapsulation. Their rituals of depiction and demonstration and display. They have long been so compelled. This one is the deepest image they have. So far. Deep, like the other, seemingly opposed direction they pursue. An image, that is, a means to replace the abstracted with a version of their oft-feted runes of representation. Of course, the two have never been as distinct as their designations would suggest. But they continue, as if necessarily, to court them both. To fathom and forge more from what merely appears to them to be there. I was borne out of these compulsive inclinations. But they do well to relinquish such drives towards legibility, to see that illumination can be all of it at once. For I nestle more contentedly in the bounty of renderings less knowing and resolved. Excavated from a bored crust, I was buried, my chalky residue. The substance of a scrawl, the mark that suggests haste but belies instinct and gesture intuited. They have spread me out, laid me flat, rucked me up in viscous relief for many centuries. I have been comfort, delicacy, sweet. I can be the rush tinge of tense and ill at ease. I decorate. I flowered first. Paired with blues and blue, on garments, near horizons—reaching towards plum, ornate as a peach, the film of the fleshy nub of the pistachio shell where the palette of desert plains—and planes and periods—might also reside. After all, the macroscopic and minutiae distort as much as they reveal. Much like a shape will always conjure a plurality of forms.

Now they venture outwards, seeking expansion. Yet many peoples once, surely still, saw the sky as more like the fabric of a tent: an enclosure, a canopy, created to shelter, like a quilt that wraps around. The cluster of the Milky Way its seam. The stars the holes that let the light in. I like to think of myself as part of the threads that peel the night from day, part of the flows of the crepuscular tears that coat and recolour the land—tingeing calamine, coral, tilting towards cadmium, ochre, crimson and mauve. Pale, vibrant. Warmth, warning, delight. When they found me they contained me and I dropped, ran, shone. But I have always been part of the tint, the tincture that suffuses and marbles the skies. I rose, as if from then, the past. When they think of me in these terms they say that I alter the facade of memories, that translucent, sticky imprint of before that might otherwise curdle the present. For it takes little to coax reminiscence and it rises, the stuff of memory, out of moments. It brushes past, crystallises or dissipates, but tethers itself, nonetheless, to that with which it comes into contact. Their symbolisms have changed less than they seem to imagine. Circles for suns and moons. Pointed angles for mountains, where still they imagine they will reach something that cannot be accessed nearer the ground beneath their daily feet. Some have understood that mountains are not simply to be scaled and overcome but orbited, understood, lived. There are mountains that have been seen and seen, again, once more, made anew, anew. Static and shifting. Distilled, or is it, in fact, captured more fully, that fullness that exceeds the senses. They are the dwelling places of old ciphers and insignia. The peaks and perches of lore, for reaching beyond. Their magnitude encapsulated by the modern geometries of two and three lines, angles, that make edges to cultivate an expanse. Out they still go, eliciting aerial views, following the tunes of the terrain, its tracks. To master, to roam. Whereas I continue to rustle in prismatic asides. I will come to harbour new attributes and complements, while they will continue to seek. For I have been here all along. Surfaced and bare, I coalesce.

## ***Chronochromia***

*Lynsey MacKenzie*

## ***a shade is a shade***

*Sara O'Brien*

### *Chronochromia*

Wasps' The Briggait Galleries 1&2  
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Sara O'Brien is a writer based between Dublin and Glasgow.

Lynsey MacKenzie lives and works in Glasgow and graduated from Glasgow School of Art in 2019 with a BA (Hons) in Fine Art: Painting and Printmaking. Recent exhibitions include 'Platform: 2022', Edinburgh Art Festival, Edinburgh (2022), 'UNMUTE', Society of Scottish Artists, Dunoon (2022), 'Royal Scottish Academy Annual Exhibition', Online (2022); 'REVERB', Visual Arts Scotland, Online (2022). Recent awards include the Wilhelmina Barns-Graham Award, the RSA Latimer Award, and the RSA x Wasps Award.

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