

Then I walk round to the landward side, to view the sculpture, as if I were looking out to sea from over the shoulders of the Widows and Bairns...



Friday  
14/10/1881  
(horror)

Saturday  
15/10/1881  
(fear)

Sunday  
16/10/1881  
(resignation)



From here the timeline of the widows and bairns flows in the same direction as the text, the paradox vanishes, and I feel a bit more comfortable. But that doesn't last, because I very soon find myself imagining the horror of that storm and the small fishing boats being smashed to pieces on those rocks.

So the thing is, that when you view the Widows and Bairns from behind the figures, the order of these events makes sense in terms of our everyday experience of clocks, and reading and writing, and it helps us to imagine what happened, but when we view the work from in front of the figures, the timeline makes no sense... or does it?

Then when I view the end elevation of the sculpture, I notice that it looks almost like a giant book, standing on the edge that would open to reveal pages of words and letters; and from here, the small [female] figures look almost as the spine of that book. Female as the spine of the text?

All of which seems to confirm that there is an unwritten and unspoken, symbolic, textual connotation of Widows and Bairns, that reveals itself when, prompted by the artist, we look into the idea of 'unfolding timeline'...