



What are the women - *not really signifying, but actually symbolising* - if we read their gestures as we would a [time]line of text? From the seaward side we are looking 'inward' - so to speak, 'towards the very nature of our psychic connectedness with the objects that constitute our worlds'. It's almost as if the figures are pleading with *you*, the erstwhile supreme being of the text, to look into your soul - to see yourself struggling in the storm that now hits us. In what *symbolic* language will we scream... for help?