

It is common knowledge that many supernatural creatures dot the Scottish highlands. They come in various shapes and tempers; some are considered friendly, while others are absolutely evil. I am mainly interested in giants, especially the ones you can find in a bay in northern Scotland. Raw, awful beauties, stoically carrying their massive weight, temporarily on suspension and devoid of purpose, these heavy beasts project sheer industrial magnificence out into the firth, their makeshift habitat, while patiently awaiting their next deployment into deep sea waters.

Among seabirds, dolphins, and fisher boats along the shore, these giants do not mimic so much as weirdly flatter their surroundings, evoking ideas of Romanticism: imagine a band of stumpy, heavy-legged Eiffel Towers, coyly hiding their functioning pumps and pipes under the guise of billowed denim—dark skirts—a valley of the dolls in the sunset.

Like vampiric fossil servants, these steel krakens are mining black gold, leeching ancient sunlight, constantly sucking to nurture our every need, our endless hunger, our never ending thirst for fuel. They are feeding our fantasies, transporting our wishes, channeling our ideas of individualism and independence. Purified, tamed and molded into shape, the fluid fruit of their labor allows us to express the feeling we got used to calling freedom.

Lucie Stahl, 2019

*(This document was automatically generated by Contemporary Art Library.)*