



**EQUINOX IN THE BUCHAT :
A CELEBRATION**



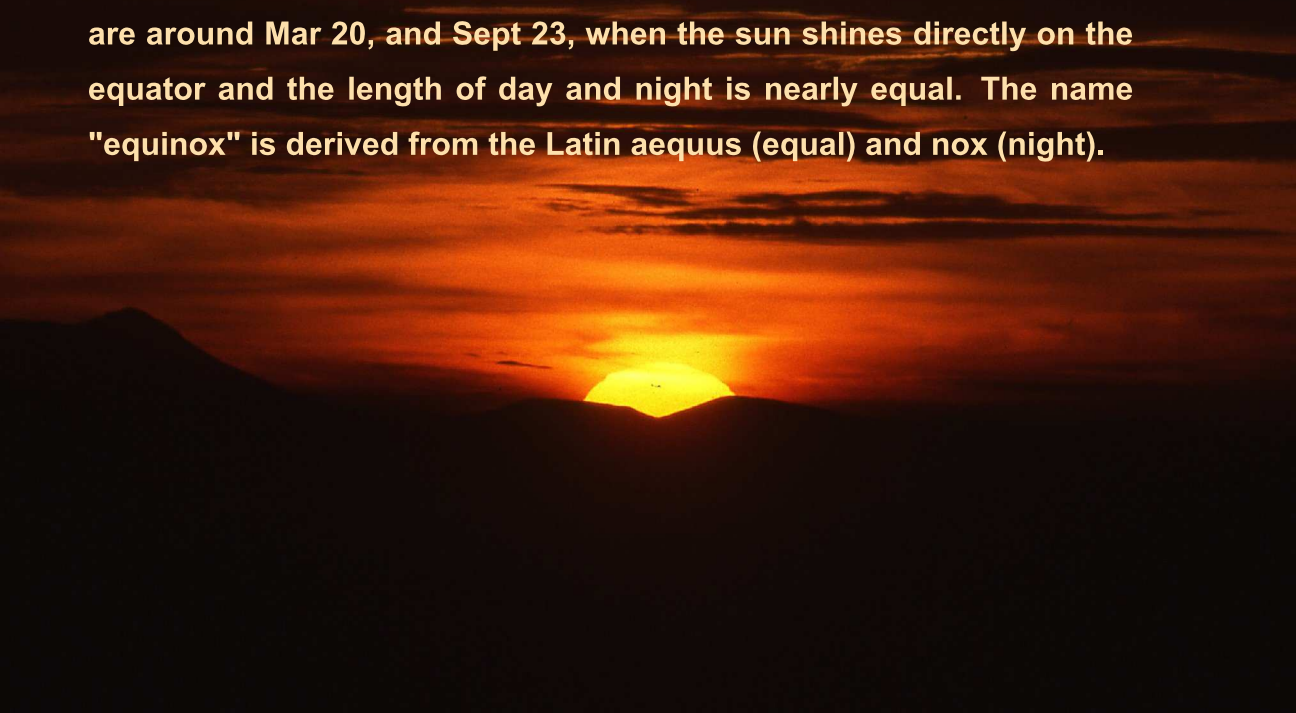
Equinox in the Buchat : A Celebration

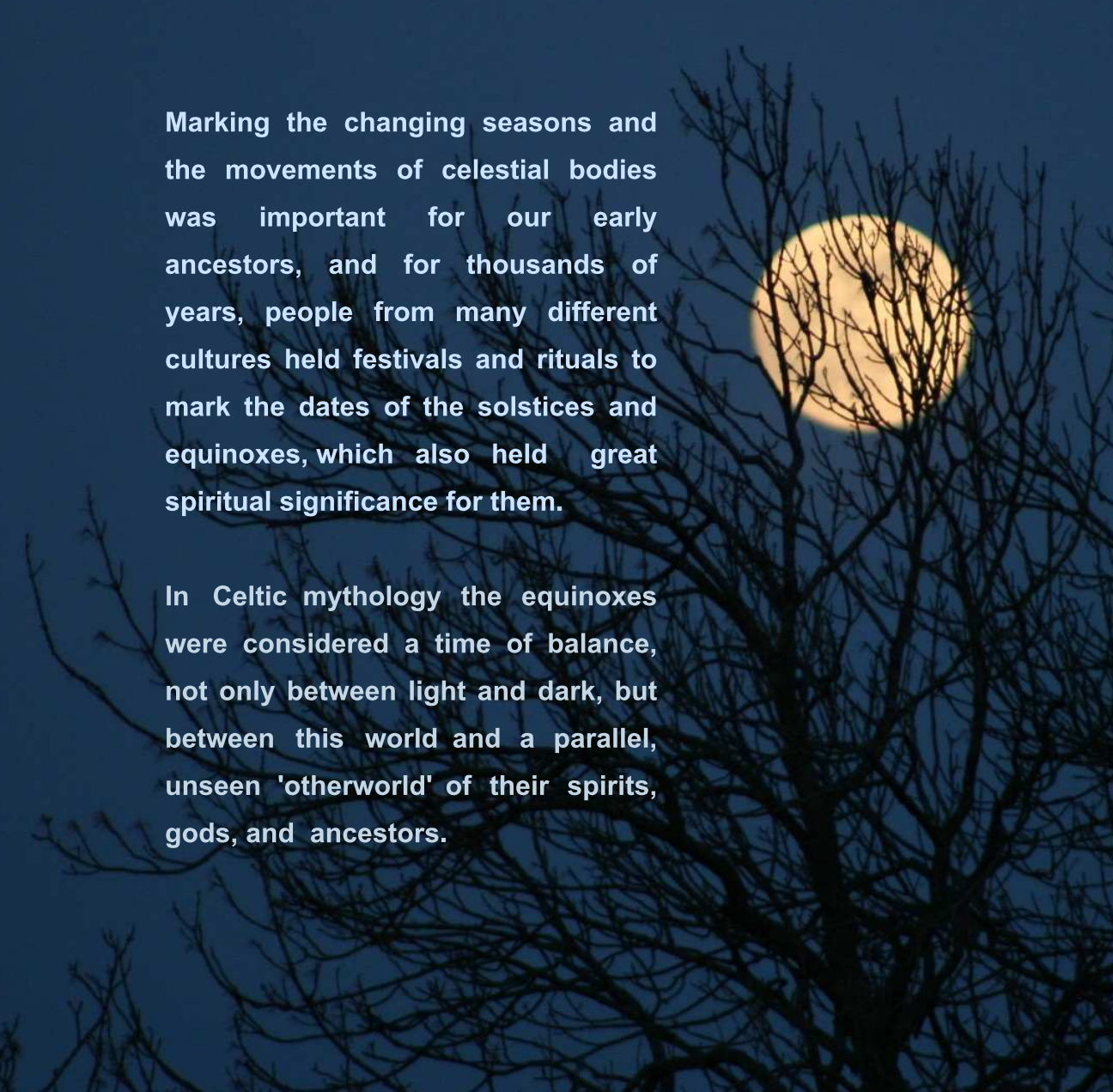
Written and designed by Gill Russell

This book tells the story of a community art project to celebrate the autumn equinox on Sept 22, 2012. The project was held during 'Art in the Buchat'- an exhibition for North East Open Studios at Glenbuchat Hall. A giant installation of more than 100 individual colourful wind mobiles was created and hung over the River Buchat, with a personal wish for the coming winter attached to each one. A celebration took place, with drums, bells and poetry readings. A straw salmon was placed in the river, marking the equinox and the passage of time into winter as it floated down the river.

E Q U I N O X

There are two solstices and two equinoxes in the year. The winter solstice is the shortest day, around Dec 21, when the sun rises in the south east and sets in the south west. On the summer solstice, the longest day, around June 21, the sun rises in the north east and sets in the north west. The spring and the autumn equinoxes are around Mar 20, and Sept 23, when the sun shines directly on the equator and the length of day and night is nearly equal. The name "equinox" is derived from the Latin *aequus* (equal) and *nox* (night).





Marking the changing seasons and the movements of celestial bodies was important for our early ancestors, and for thousands of years, people from many different cultures held festivals and rituals to mark the dates of the solstices and equinoxes, which also held great spiritual significance for them.

In Celtic mythology the equinoxes were considered a time of balance, not only between light and dark, but between this world and a parallel, unseen 'otherworld' of their spirits, gods, and ancestors.





'ART IN THE BUCHAT'

OPENING EVENT IN GLENBUCHAT HALL





Creating begins.....





























equinox













Jake explains the Equinox with the aid of his 'Pathetic Planetarium'...











Fire exit



Please feel free to handle the samples

Illustrations of birds

GAP



Gill reads...

" The autumn equinox was known as 'Alban Elued', 'Light of the Water'. To celebrate this special day we bring the bright colours of summer and our wishes for the winter to the light of the water, our river, which marks the passage of time flowing, as the seasons change from light to dark "



Isobel reads a poem



" The air is different today
The wind sings a new tone sighing of changes to come
The harvest gathered
A flower, a nut, some mead and bread
A candle and a prayer
Returning the fruits in thanksgiving "



ARTWORK TO
CELEBRATE
EQUINOX
SEPT 22





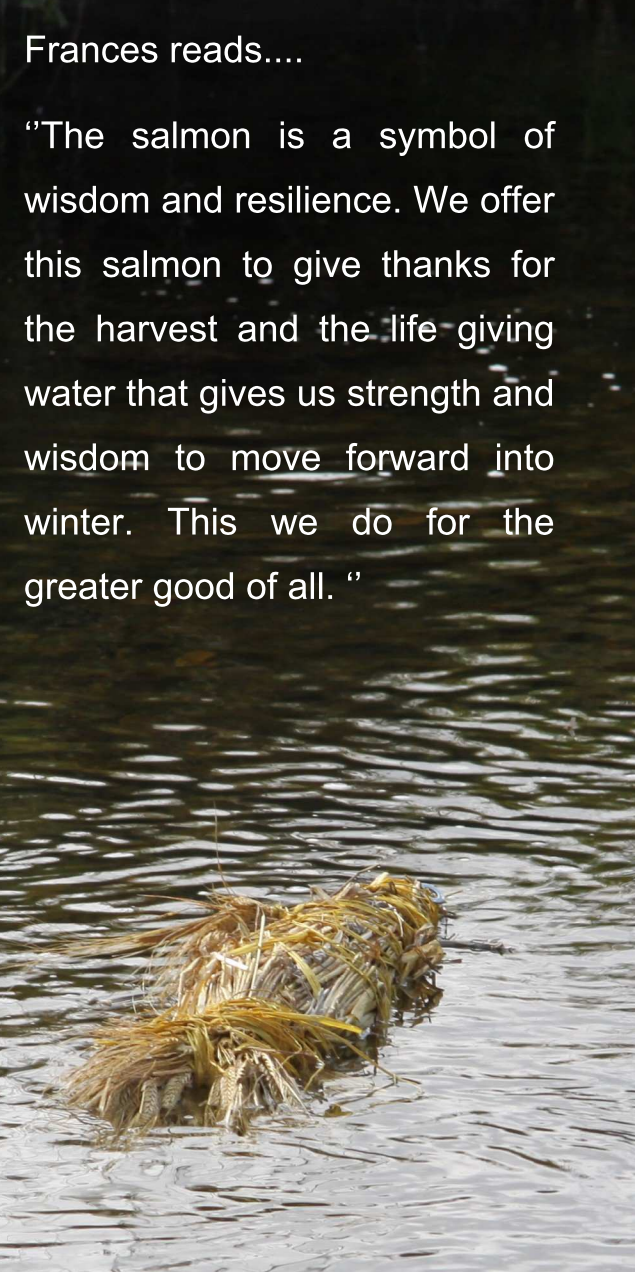






Frances reads....

“The salmon is a symbol of wisdom and resilience. We offer this salmon to give thanks for the harvest and the life giving water that gives us strength and wisdom to move forward into winter. This we do for the greater good of all. ”





Equinox

This same night
Equal under the stars
Raised our callow moon
To heaven.

A door over the river
Swung wide from bank to bank.
Suspended flags like prayer flags
Caught the last wind of evening,
Sent their brief words upward.

Day and night come face to face
On the waterside
On one hand, a year spun out
On the other, darkness rising.

In this way, the seasons grind
Growth against decay,
Green stem against dry,
Ripe buds shriveled to seed heads falling.

Time turns the wheel
On which heaven is pinned;
Turns the key, the hinge, rotates the sky,
While meagre, thinning night scatters,
In fragments among the dark-adapting stars.

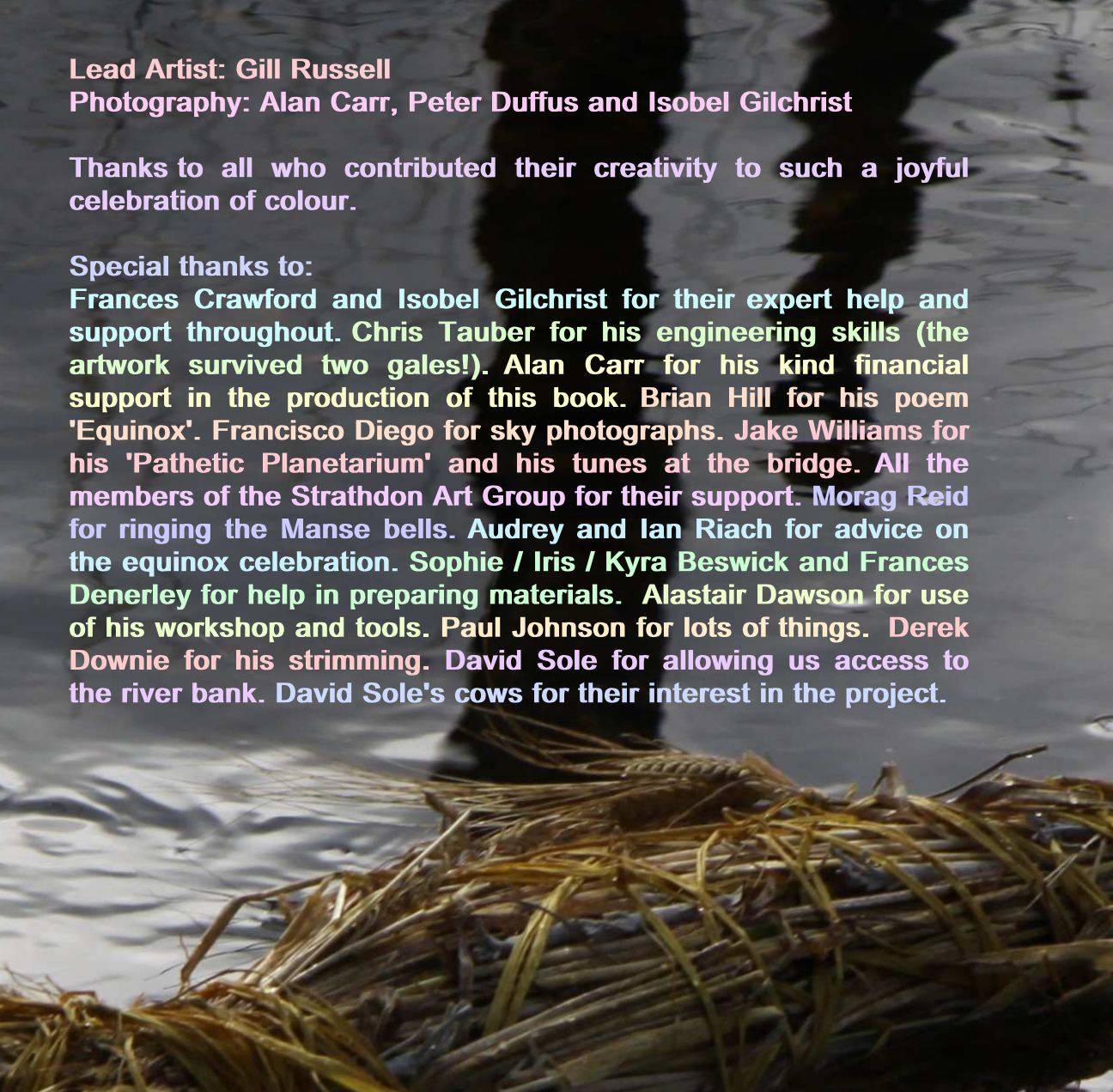
The doors which open now
Open upon other water.
The space between worlds,
Lightless on the farther shore,
Lets yesterday seep back
As tomorrow's flood rises.

The night sky is a sky we see
Altered with bleak or unknown suns,
Brittle moonlight falling.

The secret of the equal night
Is how time changes in it,
How difference amounts to nothing.
We are endless in its darkness:
All places. all futures,
Like patterns, or like constellations,
Shapes we have named,
Plausible destinations.

In the end, the faces we wear,
Squinting across that trembling river,
Will be recognised by others unknown to us
The harvests we reap will fill granaries in another
place.
The sun will cast shadows where we have not walked
And the river
Still running
Flows to a sea
Drowning itself in sorrows
We will not weep for.

Brian Hill, 2012

A photograph showing a person's legs and feet inside a wicker basket floating on a river. The water is dark and rippled. The person is wearing dark clothing and shoes. The basket is made of light-colored wicker and is filled with straw or reeds. The person's feet are visible, wearing dark shoes. The background is the dark water of the river.

Lead Artist: Gill Russell

Photography: Alan Carr, Peter Duffus and Isobel Gilchrist

Thanks to all who contributed their creativity to such a joyful celebration of colour.


Special thanks to:

Frances Crawford and Isobel Gilchrist for their expert help and support throughout. Chris Tauber for his engineering skills (the artwork survived two gales!). Alan Carr for his kind financial support in the production of this book. Brian Hill for his poem 'Equinox'. Francisco Diego for sky photographs. Jake Williams for his 'Pathetic Planetarium' and his tunes at the bridge. All the members of the Strathdon Art Group for their support. Morag Reid for ringing the Manse bells. Audrey and Ian Riach for advice on the equinox celebration. Sophie / Iris / Kyra Beswick and Frances Denerley for help in preparing materials. Alastair Dawson for use of his workshop and tools. Paul Johnson for lots of things. Derek Downie for his strimming. David Sole for allowing us access to the river bank. David Sole's cows for their interest in the project.





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