

dancing with the unknown

A DIARY

on a clear day
a dancer enters the studio
and claims there is dance in my work
I am making
fast and furious
two exhibitions in Japan - my first solo shows
anxious, urgent, consuming time
I am intrigued because dance seems remote

three months... a year... three years later...

surrounded by clouds...
I am still pondering, musing upon the idea of dance
to accept that inert, hard objects may contain movement,
doesn't seem so difficult
but dance?

do we dance with clay? and in my case, with the wheel?
what place choreography? what is my dance?

'Fluid Series 4'
This page:
Detail of jug.
Opposite:
Detail of cup.

I look first to the past...
to the Buddhist sensibility
of my Japanese teachers' who spoke of a pot having
character or personality;
to my Australian teacher' who spoke of clay and the
wheel as significant others

...then to metaphors...
clay as flesh
responding to touch
reflecting touch

objects as bodies
to engage with
to hold, mouth, caress

making as love
a quest for fulfilment
eternally and unavoidably tied to the unknown

