9/18/16

Krowswork

The Elements: Water

Sept –Oct 2016

*Between A Rock and A Soft Place*

Show Statement

There is no such thing as being stuck between a rock and a hard place.  Life has a way of responding and, inevitably, something always moves.  It is just like water finding its way – as if that hard place is secretly a soft one, and at a certain threshold, will surrender, and even, miraculously, make space for something new to emerge.  Life wants, unceasingly, to flourish.

This is creativity in action, in trauma, in life, and in art.  Artist’s drive themselves into a corner, begin to think they are stuck and somehow, miraculously, maybe in a flash of inspiration, discover a portal through the wall or a way to bend they didn’t know was possible.  In so doing, they create more room to take their creative process further.  This creative stream flows like river over a stone – casually and constantly reforming the shape of the stone with every pass.  In my own work, I am always in search of finding the way to slide into this creative stream.

The work on view here at Krowswork is a meditation on the power of the creative practice to emulate water on stone in healing, softening and accepting capacity.  This work is not only a reflection of my own personal story but, hopefully, also serves to draw an understanding of and empathy towards one’s own relationship to pain, burden, power and even death through action, humor, and curious unprejudiced exploration.

Over the past few years, I have developed a process for myself to interact with both objects and landscape intuitively.  This practice has manifest through video, performance, sculpture and photography.  It is an integration of meditation, movement and art-making, and comes on the heels of the realization that I need to *prioritize the* *unknown.* I have found that the more authentically I relate to what I do not know, the more profoundly the work is able to relate to the viewer.  I am eager to *share* in this discovery that artwork can bring forward.

All the work in the gallery was made in July 2016 in Sedona Arizona while on residence at the inaugural Sedona Arts Colony, co-run by The Sedona Art Center and Verde Valley School.  I am deeply grateful to have had the opportunity to participate.

*Opal*

*Opal* is the name of the deer below my feet.

I found her leg while walking with my dog

The leg was on the red dirt

in a small clearing below a red ridge

We had seen the view:

The campus below, in white stucco walls

The road beyond, cutting black across red and green

And the famous red peaks, stones stacked like children’s blocks, teetering and still

Turning,

Her leg was before us.

We stopped

in crackling shade

And sat

Animal  Animal  Animal

Animal  Animal  Animal

Animal  Animal  Animal

In the studio

The three were one

And sometimes two and one

And sometimes one and one and one

Days later

My dog and I returned the deer leg

To where the coyote had dismembered it

To where the mountain lion had devoured it

Animal Animal Animal

Animal  Animal  Animal

Animal  Animal  Animal

Upon the return

I saw what before I had not known

I saw: Opal

The leg had no story

No body

No antlers

No family

No name

Before her return

When the dance of her form came complete

We saw her

And were without speech

Hearts wide and in wonder

Today

I call back to Opal

I want to learn more from what she might have to teach

I am here

Asking:

Animal Animal Animal

Animal  Animal  Animal

Animal  Animal  Animal