

Grandmothers

The Grandmothers body of work happened accidentally at the beginning...as I was throwing a cup, my fingers slipped and one cup went bad, I took it off the wheel and put it to the side...it looked like a skirt...on second thoughts I attached to it another piece of discarded clay from the throwing, a curly cut off bit that looked like a lacy trim, and I started building a person.

As we age, our faces change, more lines and folds appear and hopefully we become a bit wiser... I always felt a connection with Old Ladies. I come from a Family in which we look after the elders being them relatives or not. My Father at the age of 89 still went to feed people in hospital, my Mother always has an Old Lady to go and visit and help and she is a young 83 year old!

At home we had the plates with the gold rim for holidays and a few remnants of Grandmothers and Great Grandmothers dinner services. They all tell a story, of meals in big family groups and celebration of traditions around the table.

My life has been enriched by these Old Ladies (and occasional Men) my parents were looking after, starting from my real Grandparents, they told me stories, fed me yummy biscuits, gave me wise tips on life and I have learnt so much from them!

With this project I want to remember some individual person that left a mark in my memory, and celebrate the ancestors in general that I feel are "out there somewhere" looking down on us.

Each figurine starts in a random way, but gains an expression, a gesture, an action, a name: accidental shapes become characters, they are telling a story, they are actors in the play of life.