

Sculpture By the Sea

Friday 28th October 2022

We were up early this morning and in the 6.31 train out of Engadine, heading to Bondi. I plugged into my iPod for the journey and the first program was *Poetry Unbound* and a delicious little poem of writer block by the Polish poet, Adam Zagajewski. The poem was *Transformation* and the mysterious “you” left dangling at the end engaged our host. I have an additional possibility... that the “you” he craves might be the reader!

“Transformation” by Adam Zagajewski, translated by Clare Cavanagh:

“I haven’t written a single poem
in months.
I’ve lived humbly, reading the paper,
pondering the riddle of power
and the reasons for obedience.
I’ve watched sunsets
(crimson, anxious),
I’ve heard the birds grow quiet
and night’s muteness.
I’ve seen sunflowers dangling
their heads at dusk, as if a careless hangman
had gone strolling through the gardens.
September’s sweet dust gathered
on the windowsill and lizards
hid in the bends of walls.
I’ve taken long walks,
craving one thing only:
lightning,
transformation,
you.”

“Learning about Constellations” by Dzukogi, on the other hand, is about the death of his baby daughter. That phrase, “the broken eggshell of his heart”, hurts but the solace is her becoming part of the universe. “Baha is not dead”. She is emerging into a new constellation. ..”walking her way into myth....

... the energy of a clock that never stops moving backward

“Learning about Constellations” by Saddiq Dzukogi:

“Today Baha is not dead; she is twelve years old,
sits beside a flower vase, presses her thumb to the clay.

Her heart buds into a magnificent sun,
waterfalls its warmth all over her satin face.

Taller than all her classmates,
in the corner she leans her head to white paper,
carves moons out of her notebook,
while other children

sit and listen to the teacher. The class
is learning about constellations.

She takes colors off a flower, folds it to her skin.

A chameleon gathering quotes from leaves,
she questions daisies, reveals all suggestions
when he stares into her eyes.

Baha grabs a speck of darkness,
molds it into a moth and places it in the darkest point
in his eyes. He sits close to his daughter in the yard—

joins her and the moths. Baha is not dead—
she is walking her way into myth, a world
of new constellations where buried milk

nourishes the placenta to heal

his broken bones, broken eggshell of his heart, mend
each back together with the energy of a clock
that never stops moving backward.”



Our journey today took us to *Sculpture by the Sea*. We were walking it before 8.00, before the crowds and before the heat. We were not there ahead of the joggers and fitness walkers and we were certainly not there ahead of the dog walkers.



Sculpture by the Sea has not been operating for the past two years of lockdowns so it was good to be back. Somehow, this year, there were more large installations, more steel, more timber and less of the miniature. There also appeared to be more space amongst the exhibits.



Paul Hay- Trip Hazard



Marina Debris – Just a Drop in the Ocean¹

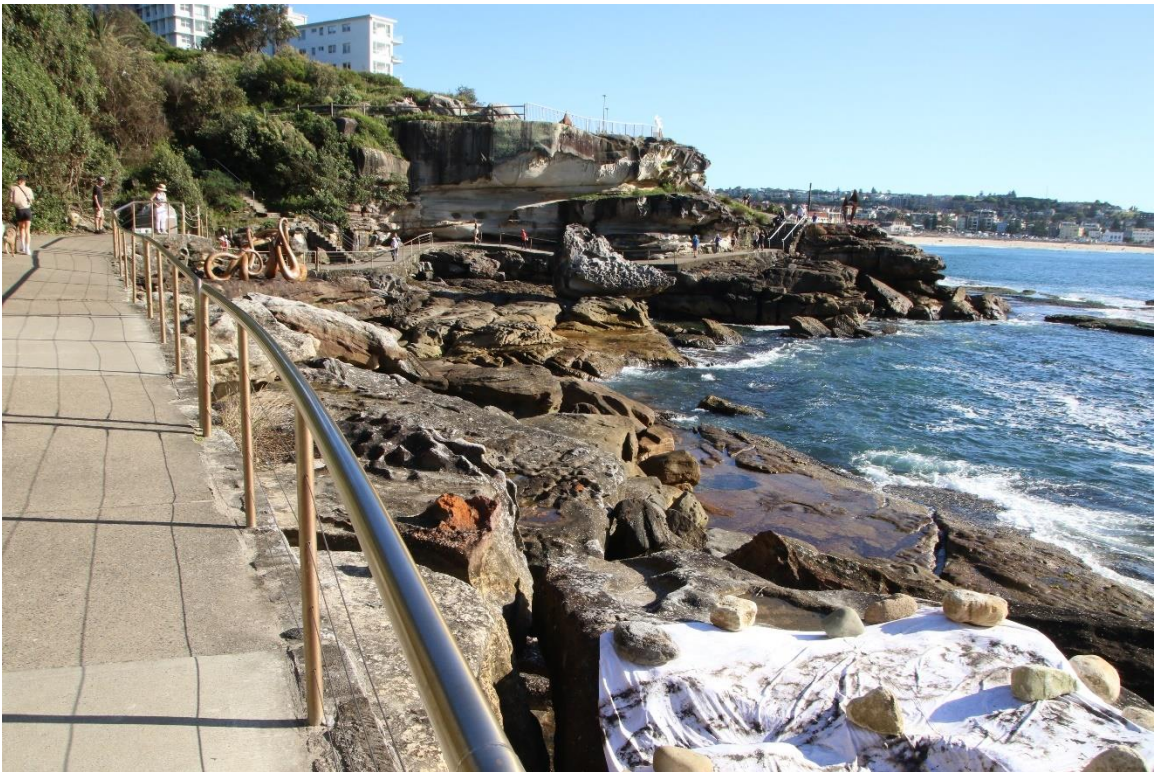
¹ Does she really give herself that name?



Oleksii Zolotariov – Wind Rose



Sally Kidall- Bunker Down: Survival of the Fittest





Caper White



Naja Utzon Popov – Continuum



Koichi Ishino – Wind Stone: Threshold of Consciousness



Donna Marcus - Pivot

As always, the Marks Park headland had some standout pieces and many attracted my eye.



Bruno Catalano – Benoit

I am not convinced by the notes in the catalogue. This is someone dislocated from his roots



Joel Adler – Lens

But I made sure that I did stop off to see the memorial to the many gays killed in gay hate crimes. This was apparently a well-known gay beat and therefore a place where those with murderous intent gathered for their “fun”! It could be deadly.²

²

https://www.waverley.nsw.gov.au/top_link_pages/news_and_media/council_news/news/waverley_council_and_acon_unveil_the_bondi_memorial



Ayad Alqaraghholi – Our Love Touches the Sky

The reference to the flying kite, still tethered to the ground, limits their flights of fancy



Greg Johns – Horizon Figure





Keizo Ushio – Oushi: Infinity



Dmitriy Grek – Contemplation

One of several Ukrainian artists represented this year!



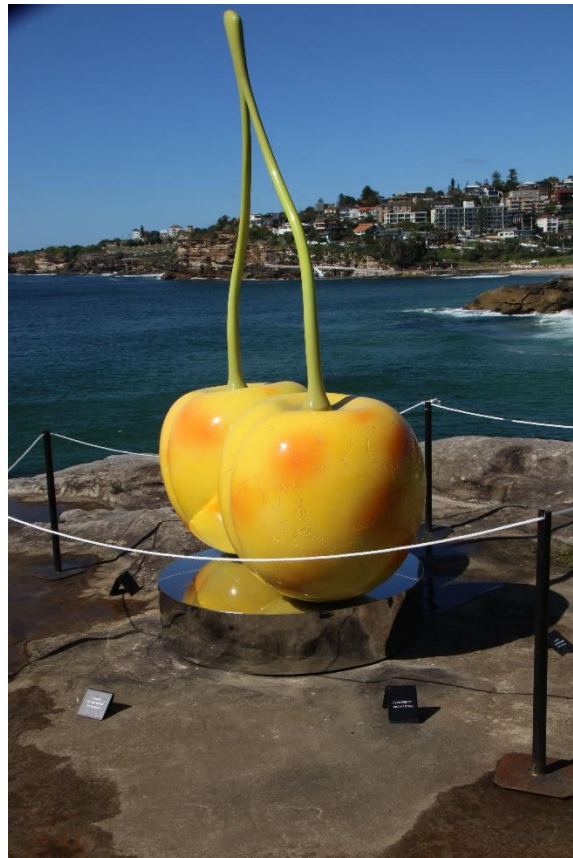
Peter Tilley – Spellbound by Shadow



Tom Buckland – Bruce



Leonardo Cumbo – Trap for Dreams



Nikita Zigura – Global Warming

The walk around the next cove into Tamarama always has some nice touches too.

But, let's face it, that beach is the end point and it is usually stocked with goodies.



Po Chun-Liu – Green Iron Man

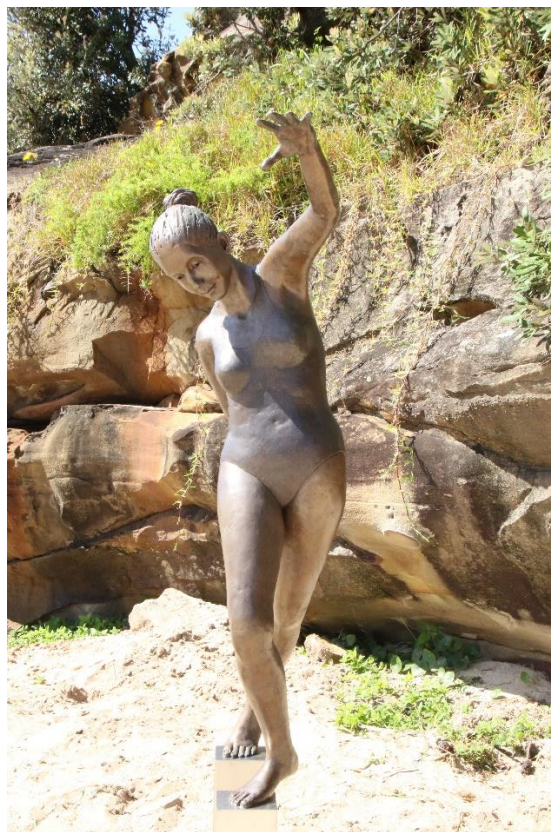


Capto Collaborative – Shell Resonance





Detail from Keeping the Balance (Sue Corbet)





Heinz Schmid – The Sound of Clouds

After a large mango smoothie, under some tubular bells, we caught a bus back to Bondi Junction, a train to Central and another to Mascot where we walked north to a display shop of various laminates, collected some samples to decide what would become our kitchen top and returned to Mascot station. By 12.55 we were on a train out of Wolli Creek, heading to Engadine.

A late lunch on the balcony was followed by playing *Between the Tides* by Takemitsu.

Brian Everingham

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