

Judith Stewart

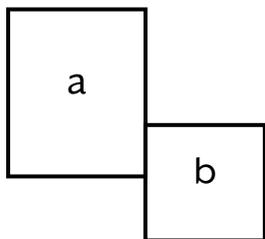
My sculptures are half about materials, and half about form. Clay has a beauty of its own. It holds texture, edge, and rich natural surfaces that can be wonderfully surprising. In hand, a slab of clay is flexible and yielding, naturally tending toward organic contours. Joining one section of clay to another, a human form begins. It is an intuitive way to work, very open to what the clay suggests. At the same time, my empathy for the beauty of the human form, and what it suggests, makes the final decisions.

The demand put upon materials to hold form, and the hope that a human presence will emerge, is for me the fascinating part of making figurative sculpture.

“Finding” Rancho Linda Vista, at a time in my life when I was “searching”, was like having good fortune all in one place, at one time. I came to RLV as a guest artist in 1991 and in two weeks knew I wanted to stay. Andy Rush responded to my question “how does one get to stay here?” by saying, “everything happens through people”. I went from being one individual to being one among many. I learned that everyone has an opinion, and that it was not only OK to be wrong, it was a relief not to have to always be right.

RLV has given me a place in the large home that is Rancho Linda Vista, a small house with a mountain to contemplate from my kitchen window, a studio for art, other artists and good people for companions, gallery openings and music in the barnyard, and Ranch meetings where everyone speaks their mind. I live in nature, with ancient granite boulders, parades of wildlife, battles with prickly pear, earth to dig in, a nurturing of manzanitas, buckwheat’s, native grasses, and any small plant that volunteers. Our rules are pay your rent and take care of your house. We do not need a rule that says — Love This Special Place.

One unforgettable experience of this place was being up on the parapet roof of El Deseo, where one can see the far landscapes in all directions. I saw the evening sky with two perfect spheres, the sun going down in a blaze behind the mountains to the west, and the moon rising into the deep blue sky in the east, in perfect balance. It felt like my arms were reaching out, conducting a symphony of nature.



a. Unknown Figure
bronze edition # 1/5

b. Sister
ceramic

c. The Stepper
bronze edition # 3/5

courtesy of Davis Dominguez Gallery, Tucson, AZ



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Informational text panel with a diagram and descriptive text.

