

KAREN AIM
MEMORIAL ART
SCHOLARSHIP

Presentation of a sculpture by Kate Bevan
at Orkney, 2nd September 2012

KATE BEVAN

SCHOLARSHIP RECIPIENT

2012

The torso of the woman is extremely feminine, emphasized by the exaggerated waist and hip difference. She is built with wire, paper mache, bandages and plaster.

The decision to use fabrics as the major component of the neckpiece was in recognition of Karen's love of textile design. The chosen materials are both natural and man-made; red cotton corduroy, cotton and lycra velvet, PVC, and leather/suede cow hide.

Each of the fabrics and features of the neckpiece carries their own significance for the overall artwork. Overall, the neckpiece represents the five stages involved in the process of grief.

The red cotton corduroy, placed over the heart, represents the anger felt by those suffering grief. The cotton and lycra velvet, a soft, vulnerable fabric, represents the stages of depression a grieving person must overcome. The PVC, a stiff, reflective material, represents the personal denial grief brings to those who have lost someone. The double-sided cow hide is a beautiful fabric, combining a mixture of soft and hard exteriors. This is used to represent the bargaining of those suffering grief, both in the rosettes and in the fishtail plait falling down the middle of the torso.

The rosettes on each of the tiers of the neckpiece reinforce the femininity of the entire piece, as well as displaying each of the fabrics in a beautiful composition — weighing on the heart of the woman. The plait is bound in a way that stresses the intertwining of each side of an argument in bargaining. The knot at the bottom stops the bargaining, and lets each of the threads loose to show an acceptance of the loss.





WHITE TORSO WITH FLOWERS

We give our children a key to our home
the young will mature and make their own nest
you never stop loving your own flesh and bone

To become ourselves we all need to roam
with experiments to make, limits to test
we give our children a key to our home

To cling like a barnacle makes them a stone
no poise and purpose to surf on the crest
you never stop loving your own flesh and bone

Some face their future by smashing it down
seek love in drugs or violent quest
do we still give them a key to our home?

There's always a risk our child may drown
the call in the night brings a distress
you never stop loving your own flesh and bone

Your dream is broken with a whispering groan
the white torso pins our flowers on your chest
we give our children a key to our home
you never stop loving your own flesh and bone

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