

Authentic Space

Elizabeth Turk

There is space between well-worded explanations and fully comprehensible meaning. It is in this space that I find "authenticity." It is here that content is "felt" before intellectualized. My need to speak in a language addressing the layers, the paradox in living, leads me to art. This is authentic. Carving calms me. The focus gives order to thought and emotion. The artifact, the sculpture that remains, is a structure so extreme it seems to defy the constraints inherent to its own material. Seeking edges to laws guiding the physical world gives organic material a voice. This voice feels authentic and larger than myself.

Throwing my sculpture into the ocean or other environments, humbles my intention. I can't *not* do this, even if they break.

This is the only vocabulary which allows me to exhale and live optimistically in the face of the fragility and incoherence of life.

It's as much a refuge as it is a resistance.

Images:
Eric Stoner



