

No.	Title	Price	Materials	River Reflection	Poem	Further notes from the River Diary	Glaze
1	Day 1 4/7	\$410	stoneware clay, glazes, gas fired	Murky energy, more me than the river. Foamy frothy. The day feels yellow. Rhythmic lapping waves.	<i>Álmair/ My Dreams</i> Spirit of the poem is one of murkiness and confusion. Yellow faces looming out of a fog. A haunting dream, a churning.	After carving trial pebbles (limiting in scale!) Coiling was ideal today. A smooth surface appeared. Peaceful process. Antidote to mental murkiness.	I wanted a tranquil greenish/yellow glaze. The crystalline elements underpin the dreamlike quality. Smooth to touch.
2	Day 2 5/7	\$460	stoneware clay, glazes, gas fired	Light drizzle. Grey pockmark texture on water. Drip drop. Cloudy, no sun. Moody grey. Kayaking man looks joyous despite rain.	<i>Szerelmem zúgó tenger/ My love the rushing ocean</i> Talks about smooth foam on the water, his soul paddling, up and down in the undulating boat of his reverie.	The image and texture suggested by the poem was grey. Recurring paddling theme across both river and poem was interesting.	I wanted today's 'pebble' to feel like a rock pulled from the sea.
3	Day 3 7/7	\$425	stoneware clay, glazes, gas fired	Clear calm day, light ripple. "A real letting go." Today's river message is clearly 'go with the flow!' There's an ease to today.	<i>A világktól elvonulva / Leaving the world behind</i> A quietness, the desire to hide, to nest in solitude. A disenchantment with the world.	Echoes my own desire to seek solitude in nature and live humbly on a hill. Today's piece was the first departure from the pebble form.	In retrospect, I can see how the shape is like a place to hide. Could be shelter for a sea creature in the ocean.
4	Day 4 23/7	\$495	stoneware clay, glazes, gas fired	Sunny, reflections. Distinct beautiful contrast. Lovely heavy ripples.	<i>Szeptember végén / The end of September</i> Through the metaphor of seasons passing, the poet laments his own mortality, love and loss.	'Reflections' is the theme of today. The river and the sky, the poet and his life. I think today's form subconsciously mimics the silhouette of a head.	I went with the glaze that most spoke to the form and the theme of reflection.
5	Day 5 25/7	\$375	stoneware clay, glazes, gas fired	Rain. Full cloud cover. Interesting 'wormy' patterns in the water. Steel grey against sand.	<i>No poem today. (Couldn't access book.)</i> Proceeded without poem because the energy still felt strong today and the marks really spoke to me.	The absence of the book made me realize what a crucial part it plays. I missed it. Its a key part of finding the energetic direction for the piece of the day.	I wanted to capture a duality in the glazing of this work. And the idea of looking down from above.
6	Day 6 29/7	\$445	stoneware clay, glazes, gas fired	Algal bloom very strong today. I'm shocked. Water feels sick. Spotty, foamy. So many dead fish. Theme is death.	<i>Mi vagy keblem? What lives in my chest</i> Metaphor of room/furniture used for what lives inside his chest. Heart=Table. Mention of bubbling and foam. Ghost/death.	Both the river and the poem focused on themes of sickness/death. Precarity is what stood out to me. Today's piece is geometric with a teetering base.	The glaze needed a more industrial energy. Metal/ rust, harshness. Not natural. Man's effect on nature.
7	Day 7 30/7	\$495	stoneware clay, glazes, gas fired	Less foam and froth but water remains yellow/brown. Day is cold and windy. Sickness of water/ pollution/ climate.	<i>Csalogányok és pacsirták / Nightingales and skylarks</i> "Sínlődik az emberiség, A föld egy nagy betegház," Humanity is languishing. The whole world is a sickbed/hospital. That says it all really.	The final stanza of the poem speaks to two types of birds/ people. Songbirds and doers essentially. Time for action, not just talk.	The piece felt like a skeleton, of a fish or a shipwreck. Something that has sunk to the bottom of the sea. The green hints at the cause/ the blight. Toxic human influence.
8	Day 8 1/8	\$495	stoneware clay, glazes, gas fired	Water is amber. Massive dead fish, biggest I've seen! People are fishing in the yellow river. Dead fish litter the sand.	<i>Élet, halál... nekem már minden! / Life, death... it's all the same to me!</i> The poem speaks of hopelessness and desperation. A resignation to death and suffering.	So dystopian to see people fishing in a foaming yellow river littered with dead fish. Today's form is a screaming mouth/ gasping fish.	I wanted this piece to be both harsh and beautiful, like nature. Rust and water. I painted oxides onto the greenware. Layers.
9a	Day 9 4/8	\$425	stoneware clay, glazes, gas fired	The water is not yellow/ brown today. Cold wind, clear day. Theme is clarity, cohesion and strength.	<i>A csillagos ég/ A star-studded sky</i> He talks about beauty in his life, better than he could even dream. Water looks better today. I feel more at ease to make something beautiful.	With the water being more clear today, I could see the beauty that abounds again. Coloured shells, rocks. Little treasures to celebrate.	With the last three days highlighting the brutal human impact on the water, today is much needed respite. Celebrating with a bright glaze.
9b	Day 9 4/8	\$495	stoneware clay, glazes, gas fired	Same as above, two pieces were created this day. I think I felt a lot of joy and relief at the (momentary) improvement.	<i>A csillagos ég/ A star-studded sky</i> The second piece, the long tubular one echoes the other part of the poem, one of connection. Like a tunnel or a telephone to another realm.	I really liked the idea golden thread of connection. A device to speak across planes/realities/time.	I glazed it intuitively. Rocky on the inside, smooth and clear outside with the bold strip of colour, sitting on little rock feet.
10	Day 10 6/8	\$510	stoneware clay, glazes, gas fired	Water brownish-green today. Flurry of shadows. Calm. The clouds reminded me of weird dreams last night.	<i>Szeretek én.. / I love..</i> The poem revolves around his dream of being in love with a heavenly being. Steeped in Hungarian folklore. Interesting theme emerging today.	I made today's piece very intuitively, first rolling a big slab, pressing repeatedly into it and then rolling it into shape. Totally organic process. Joyful.	Inside mimics earth, outside air or water. I wanted there to be a conversation between opposites to wink at the idea of distance.
11	Day 12 8/8	\$395	stoneware clay, glazes, gas fired	Sparkling weather, golden colours. Pulse of the day is calm but vital. Today feels a bit full circle.	<i>Világoskék a csillagos éjszaka / The starry night sky is light blue</i> What a nice poem to finish on. Celebrating love and a life well lived. 'Why sleep when you couldn't dream something as beautiful as this life?'	I kept today's piece simple and organic and reminded myself to just have fun with it. It's nice to return to a round form.	The day felt quite golden, offering a beautiful closure to the time spent at the house and by the river. I wanted a warm honeypot feeling. Gratitude.
12	A Cosmic Exchange 23/7 - 11/9		This cluster of forty three works are described in detail on the other side of this pricelist. For sale individually \$144 each.				

Fruzsi Kenez

SOURCE AND STREAM (THE RIVER FLOWS BOTH WAYS)

The Pebble of the Day // I was really clear on wanting to establish a daily ritual that would allow me to engage with the residency experience, the site and the river as deeply as possible. For me, this looked like creating a daily 'metronome', a routine I could repeat every day that I was here to make as much room for magic and happenstance as possible.

I knew it had to involve physical interaction with the river, engage with key Hungarian poetry in an authentic way and result in outcomes made of clay, using no tool other than my hands.

Metronome of the day: Bypass the house, go straight to the river, get the pulse of the day. What is the mood of the water? What is the weather, what colours and energies are present? Be still, listen. Observe, make notes and remove nothing from nature. Return to the house. Make a pot of tea. Hold and speak to the 19th century poetry collection by Sándor Petőfi. Ask it (in Hungarian) to offer a poem that captures the energy of the day. Open it by feel, read the poem, drink the tea. See what parallels are drawn between the poem and the notes made by the river that morning.

Time for making! Choose which clay to work with. With no preconceived outcome, intuitively form a 'pebble of the day' that encapsulates and responds to the energies distilled through the filters of the river, the poem, my consciousness and hands.

The only other rule is to start and finish the making of a piece on each day, which is quite a task when making large works, in clay, in winter. This parameter was set to contain the unique energy of each day.

I also set myself the challenge of working with glazes that were completely new to me. I created over 200 test tiles during the residency period to achieve the rocky, textured, fossilized results.

A Cosmic Exchange // This work is an organic result of spending time by the river, observing both the water, and the surrounding environment and human impact.

Every day I found (and frequently disposed of) discarded litter from plastic bags and bottles, to bags of dog excrement left by owners. I observed people collecting shells and rocks, and fishing. Essentially offering a very poor exchange: Rubbish for ocean bounty.

This doesn't include the ever-growing effects of the algal bloom that resulted in foaming, frothy water and dead fish littering the coastline. Watching this environmental devastation unfold was very confronting.

The forty-three objects that make up "A Cosmic Exchange" are my offering, and a way of digesting this experience as though to say "Take this piece from the gallery, something that was created with the intention of being collected. But in exchange, leave what doesn't belong to you. Resist the temptation of pocketing that pretty object from nature."

The primary intention behind this work is to encourage a discourse around our hand in local environmental issues and to review our collective micro-contributions which are not limited to littering, and extracting objects from nature for personal gain.

