

## **Ruminations on Food & Art – Where is the Love?**

When we cook with our hearts, when we enter the flow of the flavours; when the preparation of ingredients becomes a meditation – as we chop and season and taste and savour, our food becomes our art.

For what is art but the soul's song to itself – named as Art in the eye/ear/mouth of the beholder, the creator – and the beloved friends and family. The form, the content, become Art as they are given and received with Love.

Every time we truly experience an art form it is like a love affair.

Our chest flutters, our minds clear, there is nothing for a moment or, two... three... more... but the divine relationship between the One and the Other, brought together as One in our recognition of this deepest connection.

Perhaps this is why it feels so gluttonous, so tumultuous and exhausting to view a whole gallery, let alone one of the great galleries or collections of our times. Perhaps this is why we must savour one or two works at a time.

Like the richness of a meal where dishes flow one after the other in dense delight.

Sometimes, there is harmony and flow like in the love/heart/art of a fine cook with a calling, a love for her work and, better still, for those she is serving.

How rare for an exhibition nowadays to be like a good meal, with flavour, colours and textures coming harmoniously together; for there to be love in the work and respect for the recipient.

It seems much of what we see nowadays is so full of fear as to be alienating for the viewer in the extreme. Either blankly avoiding our gaze and dire need

for sustenance – with conformist space, emptiness without meaning, a pretend-vague avoidance of dialogue behind clever icons and a thin veneer of sophistication.

Or harshly gunning us down with anger and aggression. “ If I am loud enough, you won’t see how scared of you I really am.” Perhaps understandable in a competitive “marketplace” with such thin hope for patronage or livelihood.

Better, then, that we learn to cook for each other with love. That our art is in our homes and, like the best of love or bread, is made fresh every day.

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3.36pm Sunday 10 March 2002