



After I Fall Down the Stairs at the Golden Temple



KERRY LEVY

23 JUL – 9 AUG 2025



Kerryin Levy (b.1992) is a ceramic artist based on Peramangk Country (Strathalbyn, South Australia), working primarily in hand-built ceramics that echo the forms of human, botanical, and animal bodies. Her practice explores the relationship between body and landscape through the tactile and gestural qualities of clay, with surface markings and traces of touch acting as metaphors for memory, connection, and place.

Levy holds a Bachelor of Visual Arts (Ceramics) from the University of South Australia (2014) and completed the Ceramics Associate Program at JamFactory, Adelaide, in 2018. She has undertaken international and national residencies, including the Shiro Oni Residency in Japan (2018) and The Ghan Artist in Residence (2019). She has been a finalist in several major awards including the Siliceous Award for Ceramic Excellence (2025) and Adelaide Parklands Art Prize (2023, 2025), and is a recipient of the Arts SA Creative Endeavour Grant (2020). Her work is held in the permanent collection of the Shepparton Art Museum and private collections across Australia and internationally. Levy's work and writing have been featured in a number of publications, including *The Journal of Australian Ceramics*, *Milk Decoration*, and *Sunburnt Journal*.

We acknowledge the Gadigal people of the Eora nation, the Traditional Custodians of the land on which this gallery stands. We pay our respects to their Elders past and present, and recognise their continuing connection to land, waters, skies, and culture. We honour the rich artistic traditions that have existed on this Country for tens of thousands of years, and we recognise that First Nations people are the first artists, storytellers, and custodians of culture. We are committed to listening, learning, and working in respectful collaboration with First Nations communities.

After I Fall Down the Stairs at the Golden Temple

There's a moment in Mary Oliver's collection of poems *A Thousand Mornings*,
where she writes of forgetting a word.

*'For a while I could not remember some word I was in need of,
and I was bereaved and said: where are you, beloved friend?'*

It's a small, tender grief – to me, it stands for something larger: the fragility of memory,
the ache of absence, the slipperiness of language when you need it most.

This collection of work embodies that kind of moment. Formed in the throes of early motherhood
when time folds, identity blurs, and words escape. These sculptures represent gestures
of steadiness and surrender. While the chaos of life continued at the edges, in the quiet of
my studio, I worked steadily with my hands. Clay has always been an anchor: physical, immediate,
and insistently present, a mediative experience as I roll and attach coil upon coil.

I first came to ceramics through the potter's wheel, drawn to the rhythm and repetition of making
functional vessels. For years, I focused on utilitarian objects made to be held, filled, and used.
As my practice evolved, I found freedom in working beyond the constraints of utility, drawn instead
to the open-ended possibilities of sculptural form. Hand-building sculpture offered new possibilities:
a slower, more meditative experience of making. Still offering rhythm and repetition, but allowing
for interruptions and intuition, for letting the form emerge in its own time, coil by coil.

At its core, *After I Fall Down the Stairs at the Golden Temple* is about process – how things are held
up, stitched together, or braced just long enough to take shape. The 'props' that once only
temporarily supported my more precarious works are no longer discarded. Coated in gleaming gold,
these once-humble supports are now exalted. In their awkwardness and urgency, they reveal the
quiet scaffolding beneath any act of making or holding – whether it's a sculpture, a memory, or self.
The marks of the maker are visible, but unlike the uniformity of the patterns that emerge as I join coil
to coil in the making of my sculptures, these 'props' hold the memory of their quick,
haphazard construction and placement.

Blue spheres – bright, smooth, and deliberate, balance along ridges or are lodged between joints,
heightening the visual tension and suggesting a balance always on the verge of shifting.
Working at a larger scale offered a deeper engagement with surface and texture, and forced me to
slow down, observe more closely, and stretch the limits of my patience – as clay often demands.

These forms have an inherent connection to the human body that formed them and the landscape
from which they came. The story of its creation is written on the surface of each piece. Fingerprints,
thumb movements and soft cuts mark the clay with a kind of anatomical cartography
of ridges, creases, spines and slopes. There's movement in the surfaces – a fluidity in the glazes
and lustres that ripple with light and shadow. These are bodies in space: clustered like strangers
at a bus stop, or at temple. These forms carry a weight, but in their negative space, new,
quieter forms can be found.

Making this work meant paying attention. From a toddler's fascination with tree limbs, to how my
baby's head nestles perfectly in the curve of my shoulder, to the fluid movements of birds
through the sky. It meant drawing with coils like Matisse with his cut-outs, assembling
and reassembling forms into new, unexpected compositions. It meant listening to my mother
describe my grandmother's faltering memory, losing the names of things, losing the words
that once came so easily to her in daily crosswords, and wondering if one day, my muscles
would lose the memory of making.

But most of all, it meant continuing. Letting each piece reveal what it needed to stay upright.
Honouring the parts that ordinarily go unseen.

~ Kerry N Levy, June 2025



The Hidden Life of Trees, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze, silver leaf, epoxy
88 x 45 x 25 cm
AUD 4,800



Where the Light Enters, 2025

Stoneware clay, glaze, silver lustre, epoxy, silver leaf

91 x 46 x 30 cm

AUD 4,800



Your Heart is a Muscle the Size of Your Fist, 2025
Terracotta clay, glaze, gold lustre, carnauba wax
77.5 x 40 x 20 cm
AUD 3,800

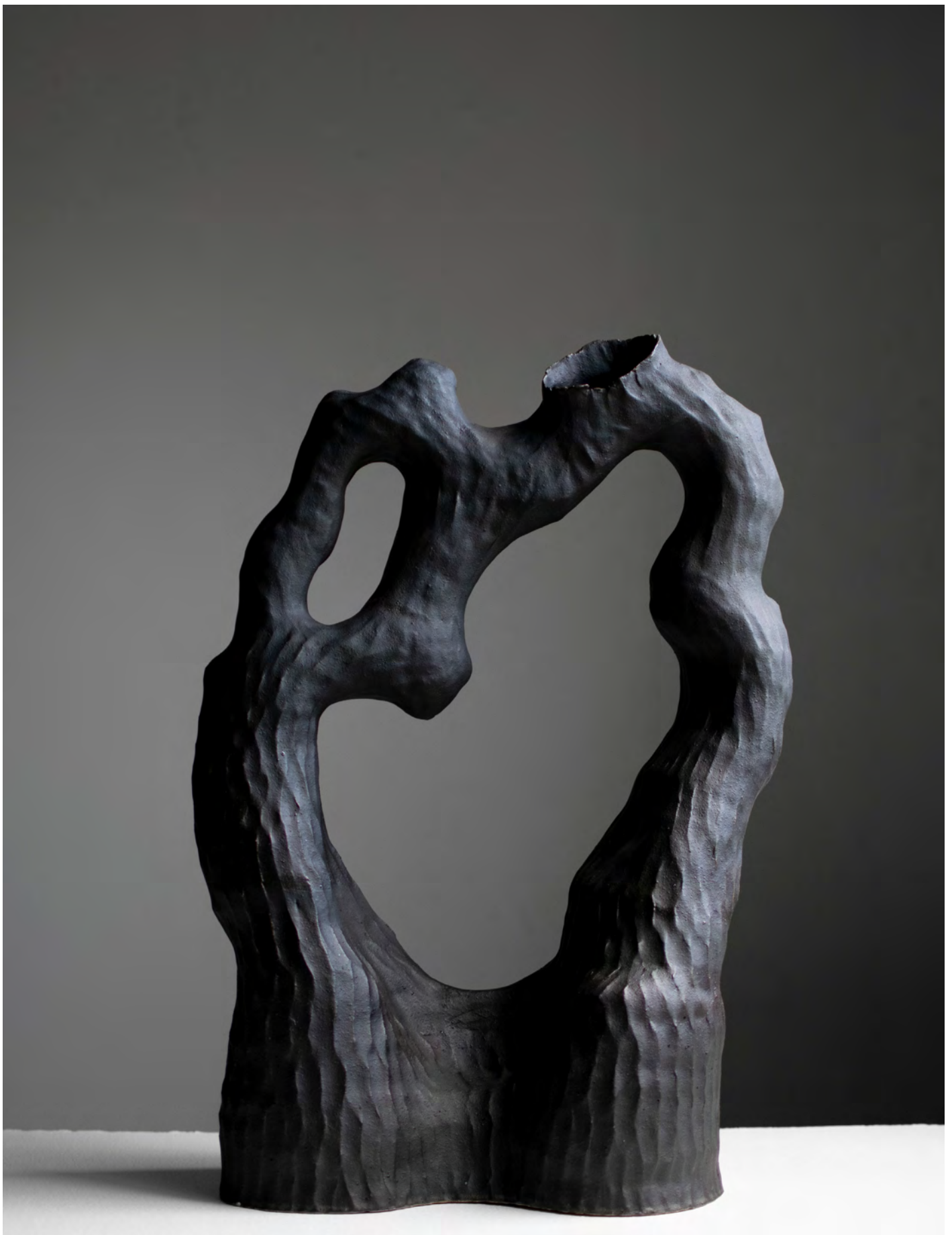


Moth, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze
83.5 x 33 x 19 cm
AUD 3,800



"These forms have an inherent connection to the human body that formed them and the landscape from which they came."

~ Kerry Levy



Harp Vessel, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze
55 x 38 x 15 cm
AUD 2,400



June, 2024

Stoneware clay, glaze, gold lustre, carnauba wax

34 x 22 x 19 cm

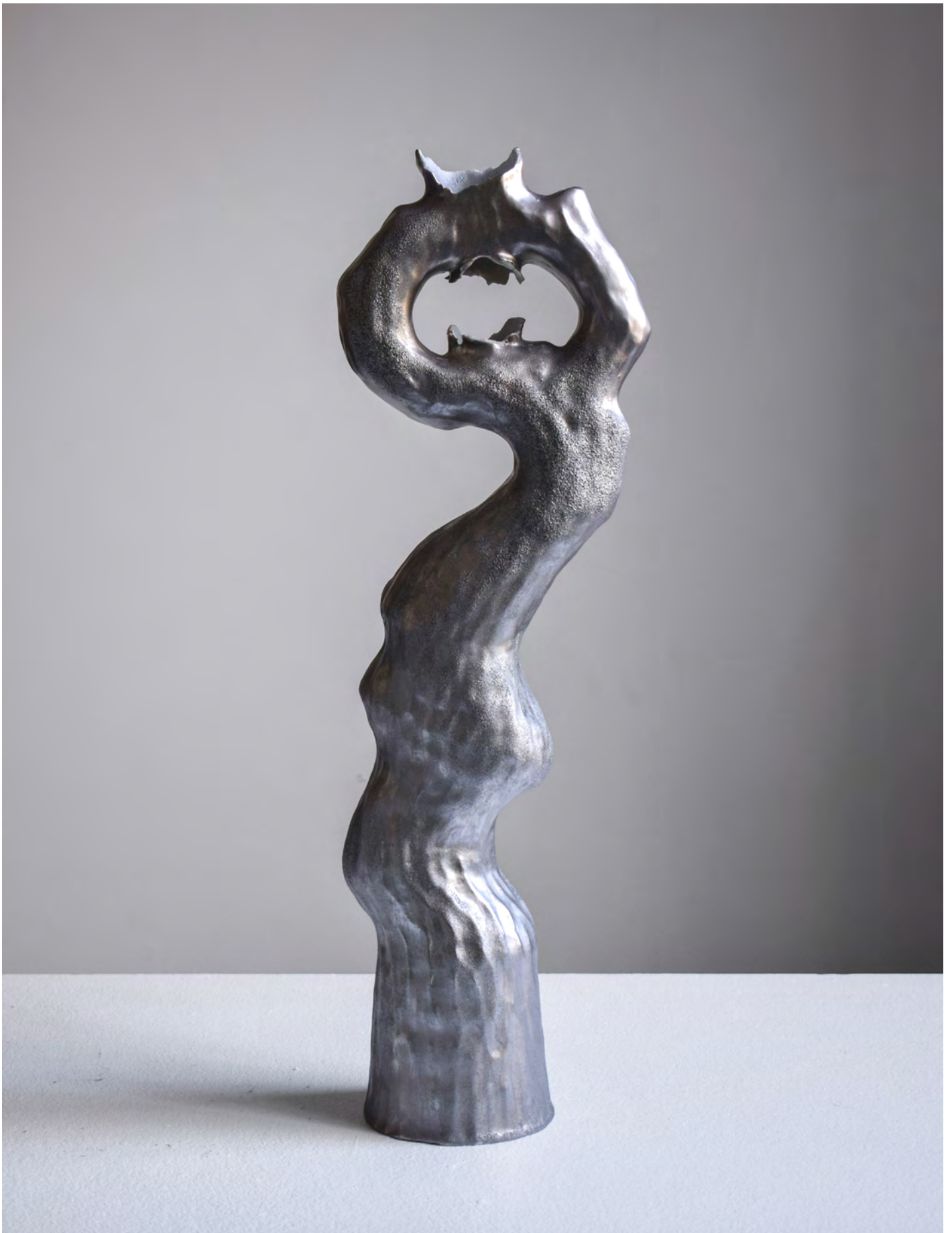
AUD 2,200



Crescent, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze, silver lustre
55 x 17.5 x 12 cm
AUD 2,000



Atlas, 2024
Stoneware clay, glaze, gold lustre, carnauba wax
36 x 20 x 14 cm
AUD 2,200



Moonrise, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze, silver lustre
52 x 17 x 11 cm
AUD 2,000



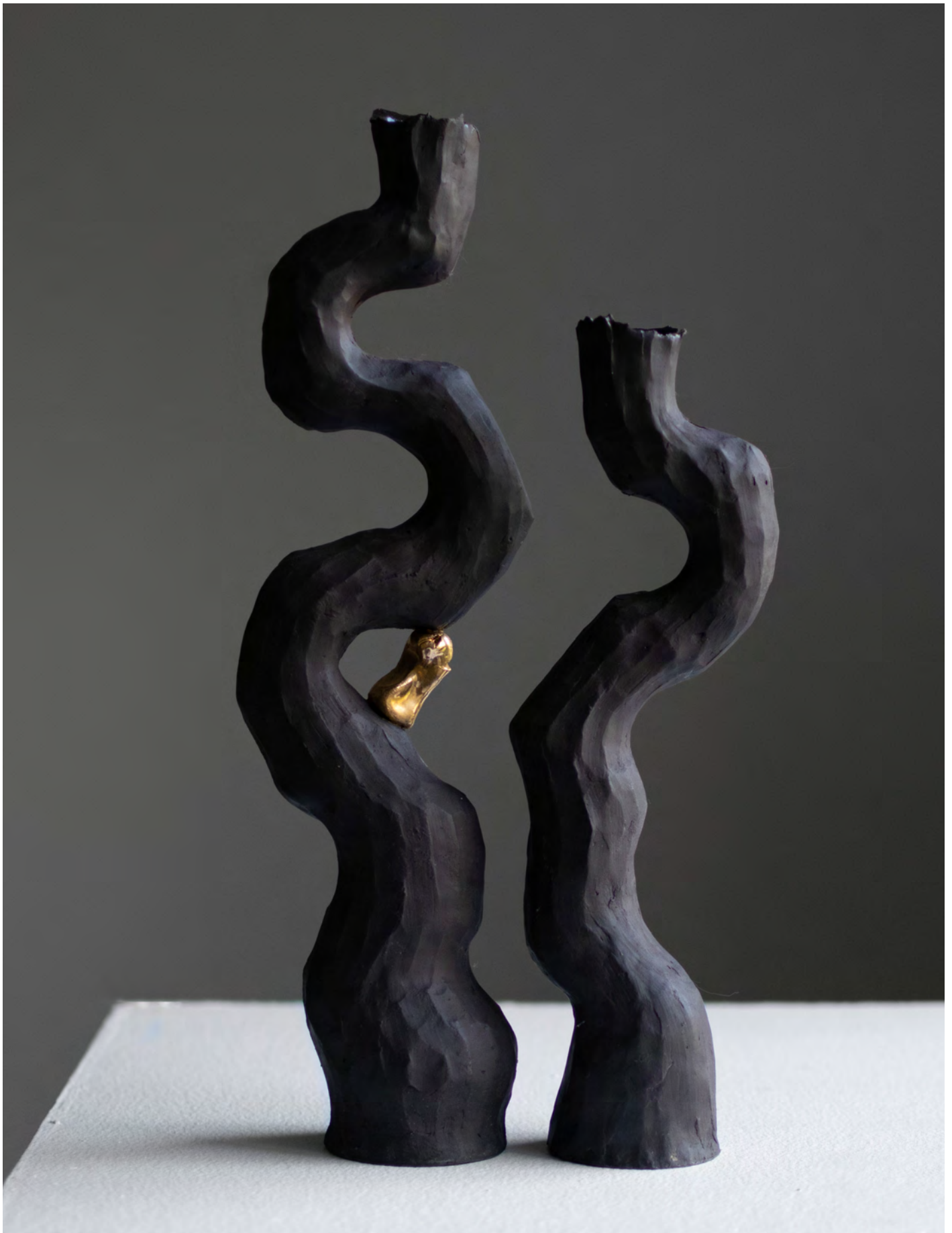
Erosion, 2025
Terracotta clay, glaze, gold lustre, carauba wax
40 x 24 x 20 cm
AUD 1,800



A Thousand Mornings, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze
88 x 27 x 11 cm
AUD 1,600



Lily, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze
73 x 18 x 11 cm
AUD 1,400



In Pursuit of The Sun, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze, gold lustre
34.5 x 10 x 7 cm
AUD 1,600



Leaf, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze, silver lustre
56 x 35 x 4 cm
AUD 1,200

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Reverence, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze
37 x 9 x 7 cm
AUD 1,400



Hummingbird, 2025

Stoneware clay, glaze, silver lustre, carnauba wax

31 x 32 x 6 cm

AUD 1,400



The Stream, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze, silver leaf, epoxy
41.5 x 15 x 10 cm
AUD 1,000



"While the chaos of life continued at the edges, in the quiet of my studio, I worked steadily with my hands." ~ Kerry Levy



Second Sister, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze
30 x 13.5 x 6 cm
AUD 900



Swallow I, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze
37 x 21 x 4 cm
AUD 900



Swallow II, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze
42 x 18 x 4 cm
AUD 900



Rivers, 2025
Stoneware clay, glaze, gold lustre, carnauba wax
36 x 16.5 x 2.5 cm
AUD 900

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and I was bereaved and said: where are you, beloved friend?*

~ Mary Oliver, A Thousand Mornings



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