

major
practical
project...





illustration

typography

paper engineering

interpreting text

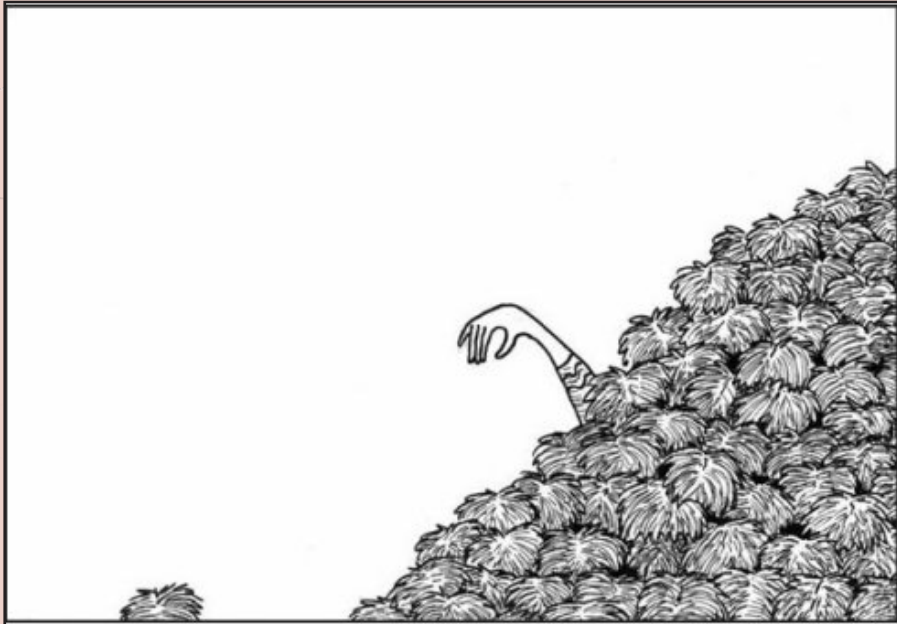
book art



illustrate
to dance...



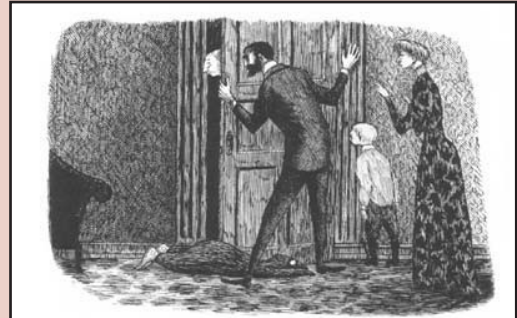
stephen gammell



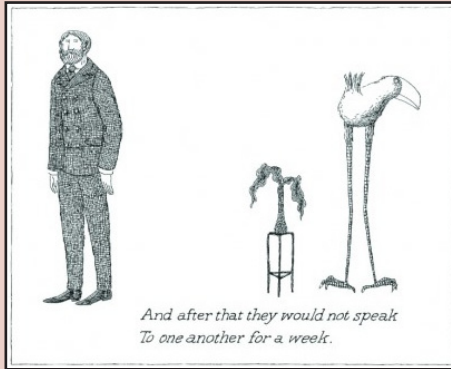
By morning, the mass of mewling fluff had become quite suffocating.



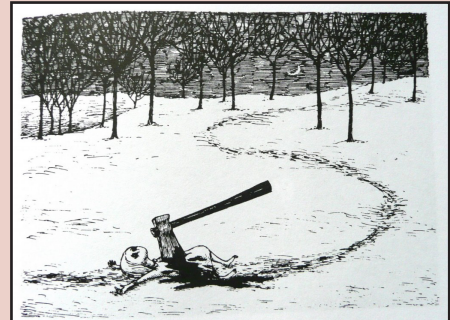
Seventy-nine years ago there were three cousins whose names were Rose Marshmary, Mary Rosemarsh, and Marsh Maryrose.



Every Sunday it brooded and lay on the floor. Inconveniently close to the drawing-room door.



And after that they would not speak to one another for a week.



K is for KATE who was struck with an axe

edward gorey



ballet posters



ballet costumes

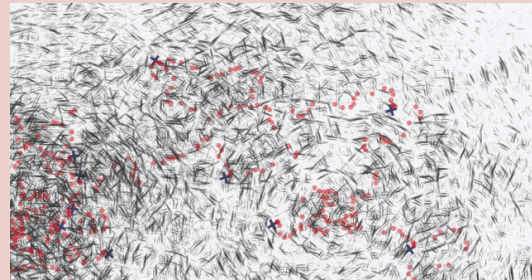
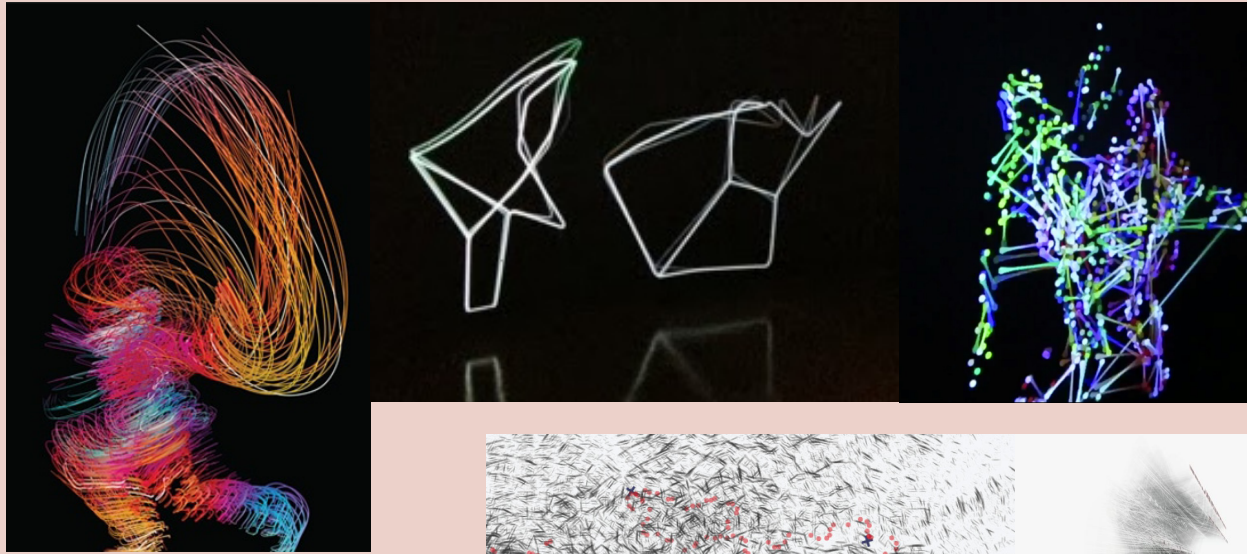


ballet fabrics



julie chen - book art

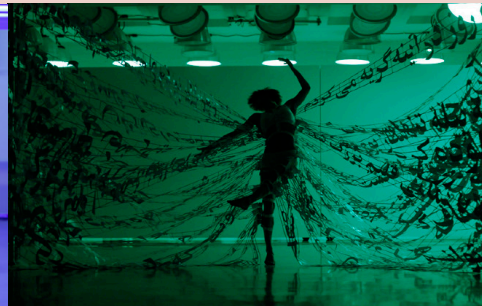
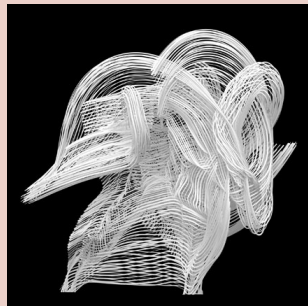
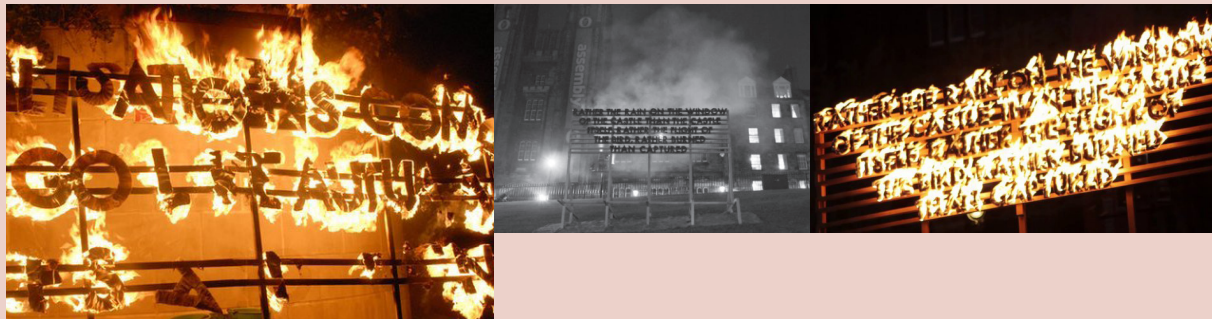
universal everything/la dance project



diana lange - processing

poetry visualised

robert montgomery - edinburgh fire poem



elton heath - listening with my eyes

poetry visualised



illustration experimentations



illustration experimentations

benesh movement notation



the language of dance



next steps...

To fully explore all the areas outlined above

To do some sketches of dancers from life

To explore other artists who have captured movement

To look at more people who have visualised poetry

To explore different materials as a means of communicating movement

To examine each couplet in detail to extract the meanings and emotions

To explore how my findings can be visualised into a final piece



to dance...

To illustrate the poem in such a way that the complex emotions and psychological pain are communicated

and

To create a new typeface that captures these same emotions using the Benesh Movement Notation as a source of inspiration

to dance ...

The little girl was trapped in the room
With nothing to keep her alive in the gloom.
Just the book of the dancers, the dances, the dance
Stretching high, swooping low, contorted bodies and arms.
How she longed to escape this dark scary place
And dance on the stage, feel the lights on her face.
She said to herself, 'One day that will be me,
I'll be a dancer, and I will be free.'
But the walls just got closer, and the dark darker still,
Yet she'd look through her book and the room seemed to fill
With light from inside her, and passion, and rage,
'I will break free from this prison and dance on the stage.'
She studied those dancers, recreating the moves,
Determined to break down the walls of the room.
She learnt every position, every role, every part
Till the dancers on the pages were firm in her heart.
The chance finally came, as chances will do,
The chance for her dream to finally come true.
'Please dance on our stage,' the bright poster sang

'Anyone welcome, anyone can.'
As she put on the skirt she'd crafted in lace
The walls could no longer hold her in place.
She imagined herself as a swallow in flight
As she stepped on the stage, felt the crowd, felt the light.
As the light warmed her skin tears rolled down her face
Repeating the pattern of her ballet skirt lace.
'Now I'm out of the room the dancer is me
I'm finally dancing, I'm finally free'.
She recreated the scenes of the dances she knew
And as the little girl danced her confidence grew.
But the crowd were just staring at the tableau she made
This was not dancing, this still masquerade.
She kept holding each pose for just the right time,
Then she'd turn the page in the book in her mind.
She stood frozen in flight for the audience to view
For she never knew that to dance was to move.

danny michael