

name : Suzumi Noda

I made my artwork with wool in the 1980's. In order to know the culture of sheep I visited inner Mongolia. The nomadic life is simple and homely with respect to their self-sufficiency. I became aware that I shouldn't go out of my way to use imported wool because I can get more familiar materials from the daily life around me, for example, packing materials, labels and other discarded rubbish. I live in Osaka, which doesn't have fields which yield wool or cotton. I use junk materials to recreate more delicate and sensitive objects using my own knitting technique whereby I can easily deconstruct and reconstruct.

I use junk materials but I think we shouldn't make light of junk materials. New ideas, new thinking emerges from new ways of juxtaposing junk materials which have lost their value, with exclusive materials - for example, in my current work, I combine fabric pattern cards which modern weaving technology has superseded, with very expensive lacquer thread. For me, this concept is a new way of working. Through fusion of disparate materials, the value of the exclusive and the throw-away, the expensive and the cheap, come to have the same value.

If I had lived more than a hundred years ago, I would have only had the option to create with natural fibres and other natural materials like lacquer. But I live in the modern consumer society of Osaka, so it's more important for me to use the multitude of things available to me in the suburbs. There's an abundance of colours, of amazing fibres and textures all around me, so I utilise them as best I can.

One after another, we create so many scraps. This is so difficult to stop. I live a fast-paced life, even though I yearn for the nostalgia of linen, cotton and other natural materials. Where I come from, natural materials are limited so I know I have to use them wisely.

It's impossible for me to create artistic expressions solely through natural materials because I live in the metropolis. I don't think this is being out of touch with reality. Art is reality. I am confronting my reality and expressing this through my work.

Some artists admire rain, flowers, the beauty of the landscape but even though I appreciate the beauty of nature, at the same time, the state of modern ecology forces me to question this surface beauty. Is the water falling from the skies really safe? Is the water really clean? Is it healthy for humans?