



## ARTIST STATEMENT

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### Quilts

I trespass in abandoned houses. I spy on the people who once lived inside, watching them through the telescope of time. I get to know their histories in fragments, in fiction, and in retrospect. Their ghostly voices speak to me from the ruins, telling me why they celebrated, how they loved, what brought them joy, what gave them pain, what they wore, what they ate, why they fled. Later in my studio, I digitally merge and manipulate the photographic evidence scavenged from these forgotten homes. I then break these images apart and print them piecemeal on recycled fabric: scraps from my late grandmother's church quilting group, each with its own forgotten history. I stitch the pieces together to create compositional wholes before adding my own speculative story in acrylic paint. In the end, each piece is no longer image alone, but is image and object in quilt form.

### French Knots

French knots are a meditative undertaking for me. My hands make them automatically, freeing my mind to count repeatedly to ten and wander in between. The knots I make are absolutely, completely, entirely and only themselves and only about themselves. They are freed from the weight of imagery. Their existence is self-referential. I make them as a physical embodiment of my own questions about the value of making itself. As I stitch, I ask myself questions: Has a painter ever counted her strokes and assigned value to a painting based solely thereon? How is the value of an *idea* quantified? What really is the true value of a French knot? Can I pay for a cheeseburger with French knots? Or, perhaps more appropriately, a craft beer? Does it matter whether or not *my* hands make the stitches? How does the value change when stitched by another? Is value contained in the product or in the process? Does the hand really matter?

I never reach any concrete conclusions from any of these questions, but continuing to make new work drives me to continue asking. Or vice versa.