

This body of work shows curated assemblages drawn from a lifetime of making things and accumulating materials. I seek connections and new relationships among objects. A range of emotions floods my memory — from pain and weariness to astonishment and amazement. I try to understand myself and in a practical sense, “get my house in order”. In many cases, this recontextualization gives them a totally new spin. Something so old can be fresh. I am reframing and reconsidering the relationship I had with this work. At times, It’s amazingly dramatic — one moment I am burdened by “stuff” and the next, I am buoyed by some forgotten treasure. I am investigating time and memory.

Ever since I was five, I was a maker of miniature objects. I made the BIG things that I coveted, but I made them in miniature. Perhaps it was a way of possessing them and having control? The things I craved were not in the toy shop; they were the decorative arts in the museums or the beautiful homes I visited — furniture, pottery, rugs. I started with fabric, wood, and paper clay — making things and arranging them in boxes, drawers or just in space. Then I found real clay, specifically porcelain. Its plasticity took me on endless adventures. The divine process took me away from this world. And then the fired result was like a glowing gemstone which endlessly fascinated me. Burning with drive and ambition, nothing stopped me from pulling that 2D image in my head and turning it into reality in under a cubic inch. This constraint pushed my problem-solving skills, mind, and body to the limit. Ultimately, this broke me and I didn’t touch clay for many years. I pursued a degree in fashion design and became a seamstress. I fully enjoyed the clean and dry fabric vs the dirty and wet clay of those years, not to mention pot loss, breakage, and kiln issues.

I went back to school because I wanted to learn about other media and hoped to find another vision in ceramics. But Capstone inspired a new direction. The recent death of my parents forced me to look through all the collections of stuff THEY left behind. And then I had a momentous revelation... what stuff will I leave behind? I want to use the creations, materials and skills I have accumulated over a lifetime. I will approach it like a treasure hunt — a whole new world to explore. Putting aside the old paradigm of making new stuff, I will make assemblages, thereby re-igniting old creations and making new connections. I get to reframe the pieces. With the benefit of time and wisdom, I get to decide when the object is finished and how it will live on.

For example, a recently completed project is a shadow box lined with mirrors and glass shelves. I filled it with a few primo specimens of my miniature porcelains and some seconds and shards. The numerous reflections represent the endless comparisons I made among the vessels. My tiny pots came from that relentless drive for perfection. They were never good enough. I was always trying to reach beyond, which ultimately burned me out in mind and body. Now, I see beauty and delicacy in the shards. Even the seconds show the journey. I always wanted to hide the dirty work — preserve the illusion that they emerged from the kiln perfectly as a testament to my talent and skill, so NOT true. I could save everything because they were so tiny — a lifetime of experimenting in 3 boxes. Every piece was a test, a stage, a hint of a new direction or reminder of something I should try again. It was all work — tedious, mind-blowing, nitpicking and cat-licking — throwing 20 tiny bowls and pushing the thin walls until they ALMOST

collapsed. Of course, these constant comparisons came from my critical and controlling parents who always saw things I needed to work on. They were just as hard on themselves as they were on me.

Another recent project was using two of my hand-made ceramic heads. They needed bodies so I sewed up two bodies for them. I deliberately made odd proportions like the big hands which accentuate the importance of hands. I placed them with some of my other doll creations in a group hug — Gal Pals in a Child's Wing Back Chair. While I sat in this very chair in their elegant living room sipping ginger ale, Gramma and Grampa would be having cocktails surrounded by a Vlamanck, Utrillo and a Renoir.

So here I go on a new journey. I sort through old memories and creations. This hunt for meaning and understanding in my past comes from a place of great curiosity and the desire to prepare for the next journey. What other revelations will I discover? Who is that woman who made tiny pots for over 30 years. Time pokes me.