

*Our world goes to pieces; we have to rebuild our world. - Anni Albers*

My work is a constant exercise in rending and repairing, in making, unmaking, and remaking. What does it mean to make something beautiful and then destroy it? How do we reckon with the pieces that remain?

My practice is rooted in craft, in honoring the inherent qualities of a material and endeavoring to make something well. I resist, wholeheartedly, the hierarchy that prioritizes intellectual knowledge over the tacit- our hands know more than our brains. At the bedrock of my practice is a deeply essential curiosity. I am interested in the moment when minds are changed, convictions are abandoned, and the world tilts toward nuance.

Textiles have a rich relationship to women's lived experiences. My own experience as a maker began in front of a sewing machine, watching my mother's skilled hands guide cloth through the needle's path. There is a subtle violence to the act of sewing- of cutting, piercing, and suturing back together; there is a psychic violence to growing up- to realizing there is no right and wrong, no good or bad- only confusion. By deconstructing the beautiful and lovingly crafted objects that I spend hours making, I force myself to resist the comforting illusion of certainty. Nothing we make is sacred. Everything is sacred. I find peace at the point of contradiction, of unknowing. When we accept that we don't know, we can begin to rebuild our world.