

The landscape interests me because of the interconnected identities that are tied to it and the stories it can tell us. I find myself studying the ancestry and identity of a people through land-masses and other organic forms as they relate to culture and community. I often research the untold or mostly unknown history of a landscape, what happened and who lived there, and what's left behind. This area of research also enforces a connection to the body as a vessel for understanding which is a frequent reference in my work. I employ a variety of different techniques and processes in order to understand historical narrative and portray a human experience.

My own labor in these new processes has become part of the work and by letting the materials guide the process I've been lead into learning different techniques and forms of expression such as weaving, bronze casting, welding, and other sculptural processes. Any new direction in my work encourages an exploration of form, history, and narrative.

Natural materials such as rocks, logs, and other plant matter find their way into my work as well as found objects, but I mostly use cotton as a root source of material and inspiration. My family has at least three generations of cotton picking in Texas that I know of and that discovery has connected me to the lineage of many others whose families share the same history with cotton and also to the larger story of cotton in America. I've had a string of projects that explored the personal and cultural sides of cotton to include the effects of labor on the body, resiliency, resourcefulness, and South Texas fields. A new development has occurred where I am repurposing old cast iron tools and hardware into representations of cultivation and survival, of place, memory, and family. This new direction with found objects is inspired by a grouping of family heirlooms from my grandmother's garage. She kept the tools her father used to work the land. There's a seed planter, pieces from garden hoes and forks, sledge hammers, shears, and a scythe. The forms of these antiquated objects are so human-like; they're like a gathering of old souls whose friendship spans generations and whose stories, if they could speak, would tell of an earlier, much younger America. I've been collecting other cast iron forms and working them into this new series.