

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose father flew a fighter jet into a mountain in the far off magical Isle of Skye. Her family was silent about this “mishap,” and the little girl grew up without any memories at all. She felt her insides always shifting, unable to stay still. The dizzying circle of existence forced her to vomit out ideas as art.

When our little artist- girl became a woman (but not really); she had her own little artist children who delighted and terrified her. They worked with her and became her muse, causing her to drift, feeling something akin to Sartre’s *Nausea*, in and out of moments existent and non throughout her mother’s time, her time, and her daughter’s time. She loved the physicality of making and all the accompanying sensory sensations. The artist-girl played with all sorts of materials: paints, rocks, prints, tables, electronics, fabric, latex, charcoal, and the list goes on until forever. It didn’t always matter the materials as long as she could reach a state of wonder and awe. A state that brought her to the mountain, but far away from the trauma.