

When I was little, my grandfather would always ask me, “Whatcha buildin’?” It didn’t matter if I was finger painting, playing with play dough, doing math homework, or making doodads out in his shop, in his eyes I was always “building”. To build, construct, make, craft, or create is not only to take different pieces and put them together, but to embed part of your soul into the object. An impression is left by the hand of the maker as long as the object exists.

What is art? What is craft? For a long time, I have felt like I must pick a side, never quite fitting either label. I have decided that I am not only an artist or only a craftswoman, but I am both. My current and future work will engage with these questions and the inevitable insecurities that come with them. The most important question: what is my role and identity within each?