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UNTIL ITS CALMNESS CAN CLAIM YOU

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

by

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This is dedicated to my Auntie Sue, an avid craftswoman, and lover of fabric and sewing.

1954-2022

Thank you to my parents, Archie and Gretchen, and my siblings for your boundless love and support. Thanks for letting me make a mess, helping me make sense of it, and for never questioning my way of processing.

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Abstract

This is an invitation to pause //

This is an externalization of my inner landscape, a highlight of what I value in my everyday and what comprises my lexicon of a sacred space. The following is a journey of nets, quiet, the sacred, space, and the in-between; where I share research and questions that are the foundation for my thesis work, *Until Its calmness can claim you.*

// This is an invitation to find moments of quiet in the noise

1 / Foundations of being

I experience the world in high definition. I *feel* sound, color, smell, and texture. It has taken me many years to realize that my way of functioning and processing does not align with societal standards of “normal”. Even as a young child I’d engage in activities of material exploration. My mother recently told me a story of myself at eighteen months old. She left me alone for a moment and came back to find I had squeezed an entire tube of Desitin diaper cream on the glass side table. There I was, barely able to reach the tabletop, rhythmically smoothing and spreading the petroleum-based ointment across the smooth surface. Dimpled baby hands and arms lost in the exploration of texture and basking in the sensations.

I am grounded in my lexicon of making, color, and materials. How I work in the studio and the moments that happen there feed my aesthetic decisions. Connection points and ways of balancing the weight of the material are informed by the making process and reference textile techniques. The cross beam of a loom is echoed in the support beam of the gallery, which bears the weight of both the room and the work. My material palette has been refining itself over the past two years and has recently come into focus. These materials have been collected, dusted off, and reused with reverence. The ingredients for making are like a recipe that has been handed down, dog eared but well loved. Stones plucked from the river, carried in pockets. Salt sifted through fingers. A net released of its tension and cast into new forms. These materials take on a sentimental patina over time; residue of past performances and installations is absorbed into their core, becoming sacred through use. The poetics of these materials and their compositions shift to the symbolic and spiritual. An ancient conversation of grids, nets,

paper, salt, stones, water, breath, space, light, weight, silence. This is what I call my elemental palette.

How I navigate daily life and experience the world directly feeds into my studio practice and is tied to why, how, and what I make. *My studio* is my sacred space, a place of quiet reverence where I feel safe to explore, to fail, to make a mess, to dive in, and accept the unknown. That space is a reflection of my inner landscape. It is where I forge the tools to build the environments that support me, a form of world building through the lens of hypersensitivity.

Using my elemental palette, I create immersive installations that become a form of sanctuary for me. I create spaces: for quiet, to receive, to find center. I create spaces that are in service to my soul, but I extend the invitation to others-allowing that space to be open-ended-what each visitor needs it to be in the moment. What happens when you are in a sensory quiet place? Do you then feel safe letting your guard down ... to open up, to expand and become more receptive to the world around you? What does it mean to honor the whispers, the delicate moments, and the magic of the in-between?

2 / To cast a net

“I stretch it between my fingers and it glistens, almost weightless after the water has drained away. As orderly as a honeycomb, Hydrodictyon is a geometric surprise in the seemingly random stew of a murky pond.

It hangs in the water, a colony of tiny nets all fused together.

...

Hydrodictyon is a safe place, a nursery for fish and insects, a shelter from predators, a safety net for the small beings of the pond. Hydrodictyon—Latin for “the water net.” What a curious thing. A fishnet catches fish, a bug net catches bugs. But a water net catches nothing, save what cannot

be held... a net of living threads to lovingly encircle

what it cannot possibly hold, what will eventually move through it.”

-Robin Wall Kimmerer, Braiding Sweetgrass

The actions of making a net are intrinsically tied to my cognitive processing. I learn through my making. Thinking out loud, through physical action, I take in auditory stimuli and work through stored information as my hands move. Every knot is a marker of time, a placeholder in a sentence, a word, a series of thoughts strung together. The mesh of the net is imbued with narratives I’m working through, I *will* the material to absorb and share the weight of my emotions. Processing through process. My whole body goes into the forming of a net, I create tension by rocking back and forth as I pull the net, tightening the knots. I use net making as a way to find my center and ground

my practice. If I feel lost or stuck in the studio I return to this known way of making, to help guide my way through the muck of the unknown.

My journey over these past two years can be simplified as a transition from the grid to the net. Since what is a net but a grid held from a different axis? Prior to my graduate research my experiences were based in the textile industry and specifically in woven jacquard design. Within this career, much of my days were spent moving around black and white pixels on a gridded computer system. Often, I would reflect on the absurdity of designing a woven textile on a machine and systems that only exist because of the most ancient development of weaving. The over, under of the weft. The up, down of the warp. The black and white of weaving drafts designating these actions. Because this work was so consuming, the grid leaked its way into my work. My process, then, was rigid and dependent on a step-by-step design approach. This way of working fought against my being, until I was a contorted version of myself that was working from a point of productivity and end goal-driven making. It was a narrative that I believed was my choice and hence it is what I thought was my truth. My path from my former grid based work to the use of nets marks a transition from restraint to flexibility. I found a pathway to letting go and welcoming the unknown into my practice.

The net marks my beginning point. Netting found me, early in my first semester when I was assisting an introduction to fibers class. Until that point, we had worked through the most ancient forms of creating fiber material, felting, and spinning. I was interested in how a simple process and repeated form could develop into a material that held the power to transform from object to symbol. Holding multiplicities: to cast, expand, hold, support, lift, filter. The net is elemental, a foundational technology that is

tied to the beginnings of civilization. Net making was one of the earliest forms of single-thread construction. This is supported by the discovery of a 3-ply twisted cord found in southeastern France, dating back to 50000 BC, the time of the Neanderthals.¹ That is over 40,000 years before the earliest evidence of woven textiles.² There is something beautiful and centering in learning a craft that is essential to humanity and the development of civilizations.



Fig. 1: Salmon seiner drumming in the net. NOAA's Historic Fisheries Collection
Location: Alaska, Icy Straits, 1967.

¹ Roberts, Siobhan. "Early String Ties Us to Neanderthals - A 50,000-Year-Old Fragment of Cord Hints at the Cognitive Abilities of Our Ancient Hominid Cousins."

² Hardy, B L, et al. "Direct Evidence of Neanderthal Fibre Technology and Its Cognitive and Behavioral Implications."

It surprises me, retrospectively, that much of my work over these past two years has been physically marked by net making. It has remained constant throughout my work. Prior to my grad school experience, it was rare for me to continually return to one technique, repeated shape, or form. My approach to making art has been interdisciplinary, never about one technique, but what I found inherent to the process— with net making, both the process and the end result are poetic: there is power in the net! I am drawn to the flexibility of the net and its potential. It is made under rigid structure and tension, when the last knot is tied it is released and the net is free to take form in the air, water, or around mass.

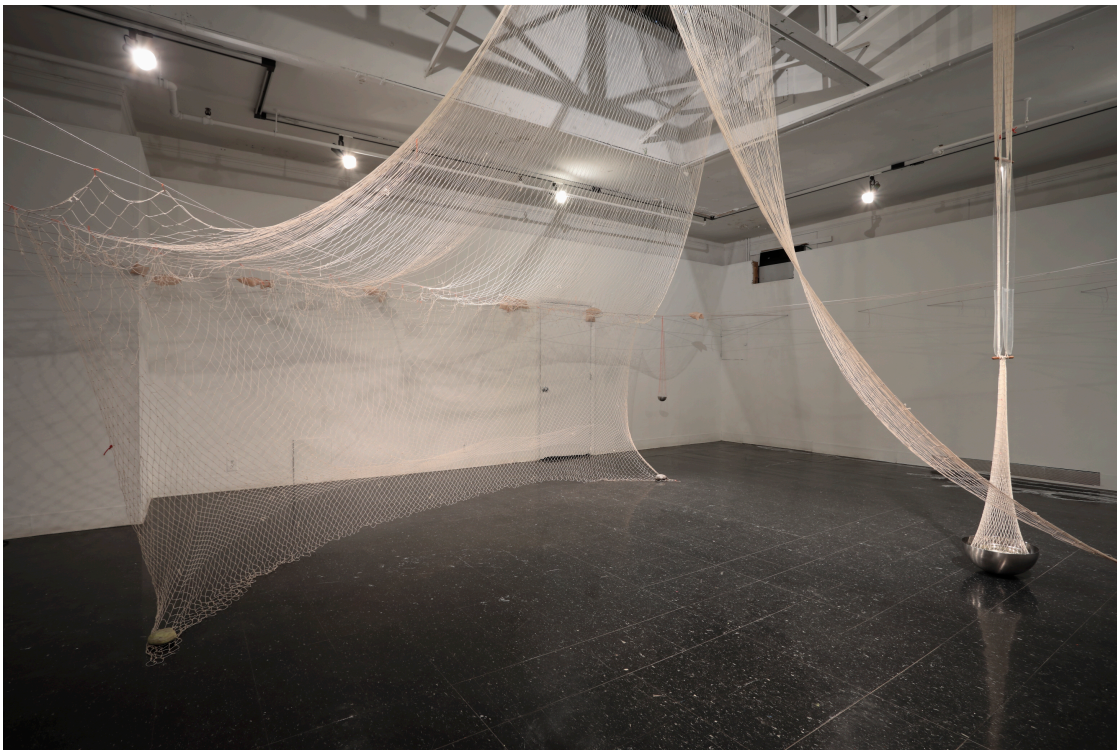


Fig. 2: View of my thesis installation, *Until Its calmness can claim you*

In my thesis installation, *Until Its calmness can claim you*, the net's form is dictated by the boundaries and vertical limits of the room. It is cast over the beam of the room and cascades down sixteen feet to form a horizontal wall. By balancing weight,

alluding to walls, ceilings and entry points, there is a strong suggestion of architecture within the work itself. The open area created within is dependent on tension to lift the material and give room to breathe. The area slowly guides you to its center, where there is room. Room to open, to expand, to reflect, to focus. With its swooping form and curved walls, this net can hold you and protect you. The fine mesh of the horizontal plane filters the chaos and noise of the outside world. A giant sieve, blocking the lateral noise, in order for you to focus on what's of value within.

3 / Into the quiet

On summer mornings as a child, when in Maine, my dad would wake me up to go fishing with him. It felt so early. That in-between time when morning is morning but disguised as night. When it's cool and crisp and a little bit damp despite the season. The stillness of this time is palpable, like the stillness of a big snowstorm. The thick white blanket, dampening the sound. The thick white blanket, beckoning you to stay still. The thick white blanket, a most welcome sight...I cherished these moments when I got to spend time alone with a parent, a rare opportunity in a house full of kids. Sneaking out of the cottage, we'd navigate through a sea of polyester-covered lumps, rising and falling in their deep slumber. A tip-toed and hushed journey to the lake. I wasn't so much interested in the fishing but in the way the world felt different on these mornings. I moved through space with a heightened awareness of myself as a visitor of the waking natural world. I basked in the practice of gently rowing away from shore, careful not to bang the side of the boat and scare away the fish, focusing on my movements - strong yet silent.

I am

a creature

of quiet

and stillness.

I am hyper-sensitive to noise. Sound, depending on its nature, can have a debilitating effect on me, producing in me an emotional and physical reaction. I don't just *hear* sound. I *feel* sound. I *see* sound. I relate this presence of noise to energy. It is one of the many reasons I prefer winter to summer and why my anxiety is at its peak in the warmer weather. The noise and energy of summer seem to be exaggerated by the dense, humid air. A pulsing beat that feeds fire to the flame. The noise is pervasive.

We don't realize how much noise, energy makes, and, conversely, how much energy, noise can take from us. We are constantly bombarded with neon lights, music, information, adverts—noise for the sake of noise. There are few places on earth where there is a break from auditory and visual noise, where humanity has not left its residue. It is no surprise that silence is on the cusp of disappearing... on the verge of being consumed by the fabricated distractions of modernity. By the time you are reading this, it may be gone. Acoustic ecologist, Gordon Hempton, describes silence not as an absence of sound but rather as an absence of noise:

“I think a physicist will tell you that true silence does not exist, not on planet Earth, with an atmosphere and oceans. When I speak of silence, I often use it synonymously with quiet. I mean silence from modern life, silence from all these sounds that have nothing to do with the natural acoustic system, which is busy communicating...”

Silence is not a vacuum. Hempton's ecological work includes preserving “the last great quiet places.” These locations aren't free from noise pollution, but they experience noise-free intervals. One would assume the intervals would be counted in hours, but

fifteen minutes is the minimum for making the list.³ This is the modern measure of silence, mere minutes. Silence is a luxury.

The closest I've been to a segment of noise-free intervals was a late-winter trip to Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge, which sits at the northern end of the Outer Banks. Hiking trails were still closed to protect the wintering seabirds that nest further inland, so I took to the beach. I walked along the shore for hours and encountered exactly five other people on the four-mile journey. I walked the wrack line with the seagulls and smaller sea birds. I tried to keep my footsteps quiet and carefully stepped around seashells, though most were absorbed by the cresting waves and whipping March breeze. To my left was the low and roaring tide, to my right the high pitched wind. By the end of the journey, I felt like a reset button had been pushed by the immense quiet. I emerged back into the world, carrying a bubble of silence inside my chest. Those few hours, composed of many noise-free intervals, provided physical relief and calmness. This is not to suggest that we need quiet all the time but respite and relief from the noise. Without it, like an untrained muscle, we will lose it. Lose the ability to notice it, to place value in it, to protect it.

For humans and most animals, our sense of security comes from listening. Our secure places are generally quiet places because we are able to hear each noise distinctly and are acutely aware when something is out of place. These places hold the power to calm us.⁴ There is an interconnection between quiet places, a feeling of safety, and the calmness found there. Hempton explains what physically and mentally happens

³ "Gordon Hempton - Silence and the Presence of Everything." The On Being Project, 23 Dec. 2021, <https://onbeing.org/programs/gordon-hempton-silence-and-the-presence-of-everything/>. Accessed 10 April. 2021.

⁴ "Gordon Hempton - Silence and the Presence of Everything."

to us in these quiet places, “...*isn't it amazing that our concert halls, our churches, places like that, they're quiet places? They're places where we can feel secure, secure enough that we can open up and be receptive and truly listen. And when we're truly listening, we also have to anticipate that we might become changed by what we've heard.*”⁵ The interconnection we are seeking is between silence and the sacred, they are synonymous. This may be like Hempton said, our concert halls and our religious places of worship but they can also come in the form of libraries, museums, forests... It is wherever we go to get away from the noise and bask in the reverence of what the space holds. When you enter these spaces, voices turn to a whisper for you know you are in the presence of something greater than yourself. These are spaces of restorative reflection. In the quiet of sacred spaces, we can bring the focus back to the essentials.

⁵ “Gordon Hempton - Silence and the Presence of Everything.”

4 / In-between

I come from an Irish Catholic upbringing. I went to mass every Sunday and sang in the children's choir, up until my confirmation age of sixteen. I no longer attend mass but of course I still suffer from the infamous Catholic guilt. For many Irish people, Catholicism acts as a cultural identity and most observe the traditional rituals: baptism, confirmation, communion and confession whether or not they attend mass. While I grew up rooted in Irish American culture, particularly step dance and traditional folk music, I was disconnected from the ancient sacred practices and beliefs that are fundamental to my family's native land. Upon returning to Ireland to meet my father's cousins and to visit the family farm I became interested in the intersection of ancient Celtic traditions in a culture defined by Catholicism.



Fig. 3: Personal photo of Aran Islands, Ireland 2015.

Despite the length of time Christianity has been in Ireland - remnants of Ireland's ancient religions (Celtic paganism and later Celtic Christianity) still exist in the culture. However, rather than pushing against the strict ways of Irish Catholicism, these ancient stories and traditions are absorbed into its teachings. *For example*, Ireland has numerous church-recognized shrines and holy sites, including the many sacred wells that dot the landscape. Such places are intertwined with old folk Celtic beliefs. ⁶ I find solace and connection in the study of Celtic mysticism and spiritual connection in the Irish landscape. It helps me to understand and refocus my Irish Catholic upbringing through that lens. Readings and wisdom that I continually seek out are those of John O'Donohue, an Irish poet, theologian, and philosopher. O'Donohue writes, "In the Celtic world, for instance, there was a wonderful sense of how the visible and the invisible moved in and out of each other. In the West of Ireland, there are many stories about ghosts, spirits, or fairies who had a special association with particular places; to the mind of the local people these legends were as natural as the landscape. For instance, there is a tradition that a lone bush in a field should never be cut down. The implication is that it may be a secret gathering place for spirits. There are many other places that are considered to be fairy forts. The local people would never build there or intrude in any way on that sacred ground".⁷ This is a land that holds multiple truths. I hail from a people who believed, and still believe, the landscape is a living, breathing thing. It's the intertwining of the visible and invisible, the material and spiritual within the human experience that interests me most. So it seems fitting that I speak of my work in terms of

⁶ "Irish Culture" Cultural Atlas, 6 May. 2022, <https://culturalatlas.sbs.com.au/irish-culture/irish-culture-religion>.

⁷ O'Donohue, John. *Anam Cara*. Lindhardt Og Ringhof, 1998.

the in-between spaces. It is connected to our physical reality but it also holds magic and fantasy. I am exploring the intersectional space between the sacred, secular, and spiritual, to create a tertiary space that is all my own.

5 / There is space

Sean nós dancing, meaning “old style”, is a form of traditional solo Irish dance. This freeform expression is characterized by improvised steps and loose arm movements. When you engage in this practice you are entering into a collaboration between the body, music, and space. John O’Donohue describes this tradition of movement, “The dance becomes fluent sculpture. The body shapes the emptiness poignantly and majestically... the dancer mirrors in his body the wild flow of the traditional music.”⁸ I see my work and the way I create with space as a form of dance, moving with fluidity and intuition. When I enter into collaboration with a space, I let it guide me like a partner leading me across the dance floor. In a form of moving meditation, I wander around the room. I move slowly. I move with rhythm, and with intention. I may not know the steps, but I trust in the process. I close my eyes. I listen, taking in the interaction between my body and the boundaries of the room. I formulate questions based on this process. What direction is my body drawn towards? Where do my eyes focus? What does this space hold?

I look to architecture practices and theories to help me understand this relationship between body and space. What I describe above is my version of embodied thinking. Phenomenology is the study of consciousness and the objects of direct experience or, more simply put, the nature of being.⁹ French phenomenological philosopher, Merleau-Ponty, extends the idea of embodied thinking to contain the entire body, “the painter takes his body with him, indeed we cannot imagine how a mind could

⁸ O’Donohue, John. *Anam Cara*. Lindhardt Og Ringhof, 1998.

⁹ Smith, David Woodruff, "Phenomenology", *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* (Summer 2018 Edition), Edward N. Zalta (ed.), <https://plato.stanford.edu/archives/sum2018/entries/phenomenology>

paint...surely a mind could not conceive architecture because of the irreplaceable role of the body in the very constitution of architecture. Buildings are not abstract, meaningless constructions, or aesthetic compositions, they are extensions and shelters of our bodies, memories, identities and minds.”¹⁰ My practice is based in movement, my body's relationship to its environment, and my innate understanding of built spaces. Sometimes the space directly tells me: I want to be part of this work and I will hold the piece. I use the information gathered from these conversations to shape how I want to utilize, highlight, or transform the physical space to compose a narrative and emotional journey for those who enter.



Fig. 4: Composite image showing the movement of the body in the installation space for *Until Its calmness can claim you*

10 Pallasmaa, Juhani. *The Thinking Hand Existential and Embodied Wisdom in Architecture*. Wiley, 2015.

Sacred architecture is distinguished from its secular counterpart by the barriers placed between ordinary outside space and sacred inner space. The structure of these buildings takes you on a journey away from the secular outer realm through a series of thresholds and meandering pathways that lead to the center. The center is generally considered to be the most sacred part of the building. This division between inner and outer realms are also found in representational forms of sacred architecture, such as in West Africa where a circle of stones marks where a diviner sits and no one may enter.¹¹ Using space as my guide and honoring the quiet, I unknowingly mirrored these elements that denote to the outside-this is a sacred space.

¹¹ Humphrey, Caroline, and Piers Vitebsky. *Sacred Architecture*. Barnes & Noble Books, 2005.

6 / Until its calmness can claim you

*You have traveled too fast over false ground;
Now your soul has come to take you back.*

*Take refuge in your senses, open up
To all the small miracles you rushed through.*

*Become inclined to watch the way of rain
When it falls slow and free.*

*Imitate the habit of twilight,
Taking time to open the well of color
That fostered the brightness of day.*

*Draw alongside the silence of stone
Until its calmness can claim you.*

-John O'Donohue , To Bless The Space Between Us

This is a place of refuge. Of space and silence. Of stillness. An invitation to pause...

The space is accessed through a generous doorway. To pass through this doorway is to escape from the sterile hallway that is flooded with a mixture of harsh fluorescents and window-filtered daylight. This coolness floods into the opening until it is absorbed by the warm light emanating from within. This demarcation from outside to inside is unmistakable. Like the sun falling across your face in the morning. Or the feeling of climbing into the car after a long day at the ocean.

Your feet are covered in sand and the warmth of your skin has been made tingly by the freezing Atlantic ocean. Sand sticks to your feet and the crevices of your numb toes. Your dad uses his shirt to wipe off your feet and floss between them. The sand is sharp against your skin as it is briskly wiped away. You let the plush upholstery of the van, warmed all day in the July sun, swallow you up and hold you. A warm embrace. Your senses are heightened by the contrast of hot/cool/ warm of burning sand/freezing sea/ sharp rocks and shells. From the gentle whoosh of the ocean to the sharp silence found after the rolling ruckus of the slamming van door.

The view from the entrance provides a preview of the journey to come. The rectangular room measures twenty-two by twenty-seven feet, the walls are white and the floors are a shiny black linoleum. A vaulted ceiling with covered up skylights adds eight feet of vertical space at its highest point and covers most of the eleven-foot sub-ceiling. This vault is supported by a system of metal beams spanning its length and smaller diagonal

bars shaped in x formations. Focus is drawn to a large net that forms a tension filled composition of curves and swoops. This cream colored net forms a second space, within the space. The middle of the mass, and the bulk of its weight, is supported by the same iron beam structure that supports the vaulted ceiling, supports the room, supports the building. Cascading from an unseen point in the rafters, the net forms a tent-like structure. Curving into view is the foundation of the net which forms a seven foot concave horizontal wall and cuts fifteen feet diagonally across the space.



Fig. 5: Detail of *Until Its calmness can claim you*, 2022

Stepping into the room marks the passing of a threshold, from sterile coolness to an embrace of warmth. This transition is emphasized by the roll of a gentle sound coming from far above. The large entrance gives way to the feeling of being beneath the weight of a false ceiling. Set just above head height is a system of lines that span around the room. From this perspective the lines form a horizon line at the far end of the room and intersect in straight lines to form a circle around the edges. Their cool mauve

color mirrors the shadows that the system casts, creating an illusion of even more lines. This system seems to be based on some unknown logic but its function is clear: to provide support for the horizontal net.

Odd bulbous forms dot the line system intermittently around the left side of the space and invites a closer examination. Upon inspection the forms appear to be filled with air, forming around the intersection of lines, increasing tension on these intersections and serving as a cushion where the lines meet the corners and walls of the room.

A corridor is created by the horizontal net and wall on either side and the line system just above. The path ahead is guided by the horizontal net with its curved form and base that skims just above the floor. Shadows cast by the net fill this pathway and create the feeling that you are entering into the boundaries of its space. You are in that in-between space of outside and inside. The space grows narrower as the journey



Fig. 6: Entering into *Until Its calmness can claim you*, 2022

continues, being unable to discern what's happening through the net coupled with being beneath the overhead lines causes a momentary feeling of claustrophobia.

You glimpse a bright pop of orange pops just as the feeling starts to take root and beckons forward, the corridor begins to widen and the net curves away. A cluster of safety orange strands spill from an intersection of lines, the threads are dense at their meeting point on the support line and become whispers of color as they fan down. The delicate orange strings support a tiny circular net made of natural waxed linen and a small metal bowl filled with a small bit of salt. This curious object hangs just hip height, the instinct to reach out and cup this tiny bowl and net are hard to fight. What is the function of this object? How is it meant to be used? Where did the salt go? Curiosity and exploration brought you the length of the passage and it draws you closer to the center.



Fig. 7: Moving within *Until Its calmness can claim you*, 2022

Turning your body around this hanging vessel you are guided into the shelter of the net. To enter the net you must bow your head. Your body movements mirror the

concave shape of the form and your hand gently grazes the open mesh as you again walk its length, this time from within. The space above your head now feels expansive in comparison to the narrow corridor which you entered through. Your eyes follow the curve of the net overhead from the orange connection points on the support lines towards the vaulted portion of the ceiling. The width of the net gets denser and denser as it climbs the height of fifteen feet into the recessed space. The net tapers and narrows gradually as it dramatically cascades back to the floor.

The edges of the net gently curve as it swoops down toward the edge of the space. You hover your hand just beneath this outside edge and mirror the swooping motion. You feel held in this net. This swooping end of the net is gravitating towards the corner of the space, curving around a composition of objects. A composition that was first visible from the threshold of the room.

All the forms in this space seem to be gravitating to this object, like the magnetic pull of the ocean to the moon. You too, cannot resist its pull. This object is a composition of nets, one net is cast from the ceiling and holds the weight of a circular net below it. This cast net is kept spaced apart by a wooden dowel inserted halfway down its length. Resting on this wooden dowel is a long plastic pouch filled with liquid. The bottom of the pouch is gently curved and ends at another wooden dowel, where the two nets meet. This second net is gathered tightly on the wooden dowel and drops toward the floor where it stretches around an old metal bowl, creating a dramatic teardrop shape. The whole composition is suspended a few inches above the ground.

You investigate this composition of nets closer and focus on the pouches of liquid. The pouch is sewn along the edges and liquid swells and drips slowly from its

seams. Sweating, oozing, leaking, and evaporating in cyclic time of rebirth. You watch as the water pools and gently drips from the bottom of the plastic sacks, and follows the pattern of the net, before dripping into the bowl below. Only this water doesn't behave like water, it is something else, something unnameable. This water defies logic. You wonder what will happen when the liquid dissipates? Will it be refilled? Who tends to this piece? And will the collection bowl overflow and leak beyond the boundaries of this space, beyond the boundaries of the room, and beneath the walls? It seems like it's only a matter of time...



Fig. 8: Detail of a composition of nets from *Until Its calmness can claim you*, 2022

7 / Not a closing but an opening

My arrival at the notion of sacredness in my work and in my research came through a natural progression and a series of realizations, not a plan. From grid to nets. From nets to space. From space to in-between to quiet. The epiphany between quiet and the sacred has brought into focus the things that have been present in my work all along. This journey has been a meeting of the heart and the body. Along the way, I expanded with my nets in order to create space for myself, space to just be. To find the sacred in everything. To find moments of quiet in the noise. This is not a closing but an opening.

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VITA

EDUCATION

- 2022 MFA **Virginia Commonwealth University (VCU)** Craft/Material Studios
- 2014 BFA **University of Massachusetts Dartmouth (UMass)** Textile Design/Fiber Arts,
Summa cum laude
- 2008-2010 BFA candidate **School of the Museum of Fine Arts** Boston/Tufts University

ADDITIONAL EDUCATION

- 2019 **Penland** School of Craft, Penland, NC
- 2018-2019 **RISD CE**, Providence, RI
- 2018 **Women's Studio Workshop**, Kingston, NY
- 2013 **Arrowmont** School of Arts and Crafts, Gatlinburg, TN
- 2010 **MassArt PCE**, Boston, MA

TEACHING EXPERIENCE

- 2022 **Teaching Assistant (TA)**, Intro to Textiles, VCU, Richmond, VA
- 2021 **Adjunct Instructor**, Fabric Design I, VCU, Richmond VA
Adjunct Instructor, Experimental Papermaking, VCU, Richmond VA
TA, Fabric Design II, VCU, Richmond, VA
- 2020 **TA**, Intro to Textiles, VCU, Richmond, VA

SELECTED HONORS & AWARDS

- 2022 **Fiber Artist in Residence**, Appalachian Center for Craft, Smithville, TN (upcoming)
- 2021 **Pentaculum**, Arrowmont School of Arts and Crafts, Gatlinburg, TN
- 2021 **Graduate Teaching Assistantship** (tuition + \$10,000 stipend), VCU, Richmond, VA
- 2020 **Graduate Scholar Assistantship** (tuition + \$18,750 stipend), VCU, Richmond, VA
Studio Assistant, Penland School of Craft, Penland, NC (COVID cancellation)
- 2020 **Winter Residency**, Penland School of Crafts, Penland, NC
- 2019 **Residency**, Vermont Studio Center, Johnson, VT
- 2019 **Work-Study Scholarship**, Penland School of Craft, Penland, NC
- 2014 **Outstanding Student Award**, Surface Design Association, Albuquerque, NM
- 2014 **Scholarship**, Donald E. and Ann L. Walker Scholarship, North Dartmouth, MA
- 2012-2013 **Scholarship**, Barbara L. Kuhlman Foundation, Turnersville, New Jersey
- 2013 **Scholarship**, Windgate Arrowmont School of Arts and Craft, Gatlinburg, TN
Scholarship, Ayuko Ito Memorial Fund, North Dartmouth, MA
- 2012 **Scholarship**, Margot Neugebauer Award, North Dartmouth, MA

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

- 2020-2022 **Fiber Studio Technician**, VCU, Richmond, VA
- 2016-2019 **Textile Designer**, Merida - Fall River, MA
- 2018 **Freelance Textile Designer**, Robert Freymann - New York, NY
- 2016-2019 **Guest Portfolio Reviewer**, Textile Dept, UMass Dartmouth, New Bedford MA
- 2015-2016 **Assistant Jacquard Designer**, Murdock Webbing Co, Inc. - Central Falls, RI
- 2014-2015 **Assistant Designer**, Roberta Roller Rabbit - New York, NY
- 2014 **Textile Studio Technician**, University of Massachusetts, New Bedford MA
- 2013 **Studio Assistant** to Charlotte Hamlin, Fall River MA
- 2012-2014 **CAD Tech**, Textile computer lab UMass Dartmouth, New Bedford MA
- 2012 **Crafts Intern**, Boston Ballet Costume Shop, Boston MA
- 2011 **Archivist Assistant**, Ferreira-Mendes Portuguese American Archives, Dartmouth MA
- 2008-2010 **Library Assistant**, William Morris Hunt Memorial Library (MFA) Boston, MA

PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZATIONS

- Surface Design Association
- Textile Society of America
- North American Hand Papermakers
- AATCC: American Association of Textile Chemists and Colorists

EXHIBITIONS & PUBLICATIONS

- 2020 **Fool's Paradise**, MFA Candidacy Exhibition, The Anderson, Richmond, VA
- 2016 **Talent**, New York Textile Month, New York, NY
- 2014 **Hum Boston**, Independent Art Publication
- 2013 **From the Whaling Museum**, New Bedford Whaling Museum Research Library
- Artisanry Explorations**, UMass Dartmouth
- 2012 **ArtMouth**, UMass Dartmouth art publication
- Artisanry Explorations**, UMass Dartmouth
- 2009 **Print&Paper Exhibition**, School of the Museum of Fine Arts
- 2009 **InsideOut**, School of the Museum of Fine Arts