

Artist Statement: Wringing My Hands in Webs

When Navajo girls are born, spider webs are rubbed into the palms of their hands in the hopes that they will become good weavers like the spider. Spider Woman is the creator of the universe. She brings light to darkness and heralds the end of time. *'Wringing My Hands in Webs'* combines the image of the spider with images of manmade and natural disasters selected from the internet. The images I gravitated towards juxtapose the familiar homes, buildings and neighborhoods where we dwell against the unpredictable acts of nature and politics. Daily routines create a semblance of order and safety until a catastrophic event shatters the illusion that we can separate or isolate ourselves from the rest of existence. Catastrophes are great levelers, wiping away human illusions of power, distinction and control. We are struck by nature's indifference in the wake of disaster and we are reminded that justice, if it exists at all, is the result of human intervention and compassion. It is more comfortable to distinguish our self from nature than it is to feel ourselves as part of it since seeing ourselves as part of it requires us to identify with our vulnerability and mortality. Unfortunately, the privilege of relative safety that we experience in this country, has allowed us to sustain an illusion of detachment from the rest of creation. Over-padded and insulated interiors soften the pound of disaster as it strikes from a large flat screen into the heart of our private lives. Painting is an act of empathy and identification and the process of making paintings is a way for me to give a tangible presence to the glut of non-dimensional images that I am exposed to every day.