

CANDY-COATED

THESIS

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree Masters of
Fine Arts in the Graduate School of The Ohio State University

By

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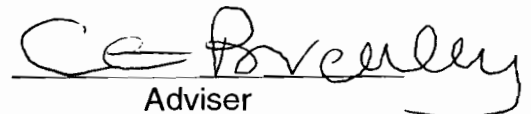
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ABSTRACT

For my thesis exhibition I have created an installation, *Candy-Coated*, in the Hoyt L. Sherman Studios on The Ohio State University's campus. The installation is a fourteen-foot high space that contains a variety of sculptural objects, mixed-media drawings, and paper objects.

I primarily use materials from craft stores like glitter, rhinestones, and chenille stems. In the thesis exhibition these materials have been transformed into objects like tree stumps, small hills, a bird, and paper flowers. In pieces that were not shown in the thesis exhibition craft materials are used in drawings and other sculptural objects.

Candy-Coated is based on memories of my parents' back yard. It is a psychedelic space that relies heavily on formal elements like color and pattern.

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FIELDS OF STUDY

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CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION

Most of the work I have made in the past two years — and the work I have enjoyed making the most — has been concerned largely with ideas of memory and psychedelia. I have remade my family's backyard into a psychedelic forest; I have made drawings that are similarly psychedelic and, which deal with ways of remembering both the past and present. Memory and psychedelia are intrinsically linked for me. I feel that psychedelic art — stemming from a traditional definition of the psychedelic, which references distorted perceptions and altered states of awareness — can function as a kind of distorted memory. When I remember a certain moment I tend to remember only colors. These memory-colors are always heightened and altered in my mind until they become all consuming. Psychedelic art can be similarly all consuming.

I try to deal with formal issues like pattern and color in my work. My patterns come from a variety of places: children's illustrations, Art Nouveau, Chinese plates, fabric, and tattoos. In my drawings I usually borrow the drawing style of these specific kinds of patterns. The colors I use tend to be very

bright. I am drawn to colors that seem to clash or that heighten the intensity of the colors around them. I have a very personal relationship with color — I'm often mesmerized by it or feel that I am falling into colors. .

All of my work is made from a place in which I try to recognize that I have an illness that leaves me in pain every day. I almost never feel good — and this impacts the way in which I am able to work. Some nights I go to bed planning to spend a full day in the studio only to wake up unable to raise my arms or use my hands, which have welded themselves into painful fists in the night. Often my work is made in response to or as an outlet for how I feel.

My thesis exhibition, *Candy-Coated*, is a culmination of these ideas. *Candy-Coated* is an installation based on memories of times I spent as a child playing in my parents' back yard. Inside the installation are bizarre flowers, glittered tree stumps, and other psychedelic objects. The installation combines craft materials and my love of color and pattern to make a bizarre fake world.

CHAPTER 2

INFLUENCES

Memory & Family

The most vivid memories I have of my childhood are bittersweet and center around my playing in the backyard or reading in one of my favorite spots. While I was often happy growing up, I was just as often sad and lonely. I spent most of my time alone; I liked being alone and still do. Even when surrounded by others I would often choose to remain alone with a book. I was simply a painfully shy child. In the garden in my parents' back yard I could make up intricate fantasies and create beautiful, imaginary worlds full of creatures that I wished existed. Inside of these fantasies, I wasn't alone; my creatures were wonderful friends. Within books I found a similar escape. The pages held more than just imaginary creatures: losing myself in them, I could be other people or go to strange, foreign lands.

Daily Life & Illness

While I have outgrown most of my shyness and am extremely happy most of the time, I have debilitating pain every day. I have had fibromyalgia for four years and, unless it goes into remission will have it for the rest of my life. Aside from the pain I deal with, the most frustrating aspect of this illness is that I look completely healthy and sometimes have to deal with people who do not believe that I am sick. Because of this, I sometimes attempt to hide how I am actually feeling rather than try to explain my illness. Often my shoulders hurt so badly in the mornings that I can hardly get dressed. If I sit with my legs crossed underneath me for too long they become stiff and I have trouble walking up or down the stairs at my house. My hands ache and this makes it hard for me to work in the studio because I cannot use scissors or a paint brush, hold an x-acto knife, or squeeze glue out of a bottle.

I make seemingly cheerful objects and drawings to help deal with the sometimes-overwhelming physical problems that I face. I don't think that candy-coating is an act of covering up the truth or creating a false reality — but perhaps just a way of dealing with life that is a bit easier.

The objects, drawings, and installations that I make comfort me. I work in my house whenever I can because it is physically easier for me. When I do this the work ends up sitting on my mantle or hanging off a large plant that I have

beside the fireplace. I get to live with my work surrounding me. Often, my pieces remind me that even though I may be unable to take care of myself some days, there are other days when I am able to make wonderful objects and drawings.

Materials

My practice is grounded in a love for my materials. I use craft materials such as glitter, rhinestones, construction paper, felt, beads, thread, ribbon, glue, and cardstock. I am drawn not only to the visual texture and color of these materials but to the tactile nature of craft materials. I like the smooth feel of cardstock, the softness of ribbon, and the grainy feeling of glitter. At times I use other materials like wire or Styrofoam insulation board to build a piece, but my finished pieces tend to hide structural elements.

Craft store materials have interested me since I was a child — I grew up watching my mother sew and my father refinish fishing lures. The materials particular to these two activities seemed fascinating. I also spent almost two years working in a craft store. This job allowed me to be around these materials on a daily basis; during this time I also learned about their properties and what was possible to do with them.

I have a strange, often uncomfortable relationship with my materials. I create forms that mimic nature out of manmade materials. I rely on the element of touch, repeated touch, to transform them from mass-produced products into one-of-a-kind artworks.

Pattern

Patterns derived from Art Nouveau, tattoos, Chinese art, and floral fabrics are the basis for many of my drawn forms. Often patterned cardstock will be used to integrate these designs into pieces. I am drawn to patterns that appear in domestic situations —the first patterns I loved were on the basement carpet of my parent's house, my mother's decorative plates, and the wallpaper in the dining room. As I've gotten older other kinds of patterns have caught my interest.

I lived in Richmond, Virginia, for almost five years while attending Virginia Commonwealth University and often went to the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, which has a permanent exhibition of Art Nouveau and Art Deco. The wallpaper patterns of William Morris caught my attention and are still my favorite floral patterns. I have integrated Morris's drawing style into some of my own drawings and also have tattoos of his designs.

I am also interested in tattoos; I have fifteen at this point and also enjoy them as flash, the technical term for drawings of designs before they are placed on the body. Many of the classic designs in tattooing — the rose, the dove, anchors, and sacred hearts — are bold images. The kinds of tattoos that hold up the best over time are ones where the imagery is simple. The black outlines of tattoos are also used to keep the images simple and bold. Many of my drawings use both tattoo imagery and the idea of a black line around a simplified or abstracted image.

Color

I use color because I am drawn to it; I am fascinated by colors that clash, that are loud, and that can be overwhelming at times. Color can also be nostalgic, and I try to use it to recreate my own memories. I often find color overwhelming and enjoy this sensation. Color can also function, as David Batchelor describes in his book, Chromophobia, as a fall into color or a movement from one world into another. He writes, "Falling or leaving: these two metaphors of colour are closely related. Their terminologies — of dreams, of joys, of uprootings or undoings of self — remain more or less the same."

I enjoy the unnatural, saturated colors inherent in many of my materials, and while I am careful about the colors that I work with, at times I rely on the set color palettes of craft items to provide a color scheme for an overall project. I do not dye my materials or attempt to overtly alter their natural properties, but prefer to subvert and transform them.

I like color that I can live inside, color that envelops me. Driving home one afternoon in the early fall I saw a bright yellow tree that had started turning before the rest of the trees. It was the particular deep yellow of early fall leaves; I wanted to be inside that tree. The sky was a chalky blue-gray and the rest of the trees were still verdant. It made me want to run through the golf course across from my old apartment.

Color is nostalgic. I am overtaken by it all the time. I remember also riding in a car late at night, feeling rather upset. I was leaning with my head against the window and saw the pastel petals of a tree get caught up in the wind. When the petals fell it was like pink confetti snow.

One of my most vivid memories is of walking down Franklin Street in Richmond, Virginia, away from my apartment at the time and being caught up in the almost-twilight purple-blue sky, the stark winter limbs of trees against it, and the maroon cobblestones that I was walking on. It was romantic and nostalgic, and the moment I was overtaken, I knew that I would always remember the way the sky looked and miss that moment.

I remember my mother's garden and the frenzied riot of the flowers: hot orange tiger lilies, soft lavender irises, pink and red roses, light yellow snapdragons, black eyed Susan's and all of the blazingly colored azaleas. I would walk around in the back yard and look for shards of broken pottery. My collection was arranged by color and pattern; there were blue and green glass, brown pottery, golden buttons. I remember my swing by the old tree that got cut down a few years ago. At night, the only lights out would be from our house. I felt like I was flying into the dark sky, into the trees.

During my job at a craft store in Richmond, I frequently became lost in a long wall filled with cheap 99 cent paint tubes. It was systematic and beautiful. The floral section was the same way. At night, when the customers were gone it was my job to sweep the store. When I passed the flowers, I would watch the shifts of color combinations.

Ways of Working

I tend to work intuitively. I have found after many failed attempts at making a piece that I have planned fairly in advance, that I become bored and never finish it. I try to leave myself options and room to play and fail when working. Often when I begin making a piece it starts as simple play. I roll ribbon or make doodle-like drawings, I see what fake stained glass paint or glitter glue looks like on a couple of different surfaces. When a simple process or material feels like it may lead me somewhere I continue the process until an idea starts to form. In this way rolled ribbon forms a large circle and the circle turns into the top of a tree stump, doodle drawings turn into wild paper flowers, and cut up felt can form a floor of fuzzy leaves.

I am interested in labor-intensive works that are informed by my choice of materials and my investment of self in these materials. I enjoy repetition: repeating one action or a set of simple steps hundreds of times. I allow the

accumulation of these gestures inform the size and shape of the finished pieces.

A productive mode of working that helps me to achieve this is to make many small, portable elements that will comprise a larger piece. In my drawings, I focus on an accumulation of images instead of an accumulation of gesture.

CHAPTER 3

CANDY-COATED

A Short Story

Once upon a time there was a young girl who loved to read. She would read at the kitchen table during dinner, in the tub, in the car, on her bed, and, most often, sunken into her favorite chair. The girl read because she loved to lose herself in books. Nothing made her happier. Her shelves were filled with all sorts of books: the mysteries of Nancy Drew, charming stories of talking animals, and, above all, fairy tales.

One afternoon, after being chased outside by her father, who yelled, “quit being lazy and go outside. You read too much,” she went to a secret place deep in the garden. This garden was not like other gardens. It was full of pathways, vegetable patches, tall, leafy trees, and clusters of luscious flowers. There were many places the girl could have gone to hide: behind the vegetables patch where

the hill sloped down into a thin wood, in the side yard underneath sheltering pine trees, a wooden swing high up on a hill. While she knew and loved each of these spots, the young girl wanted a space where she would be completely secluded.

This spot was a circle of patchy grass hidden from the rest of the garden by small trees, large shrubs, and a particularly flamboyant yellow-flowered bush. Once she had hidden herself away, the girl lay down beside the bush and began to read Alice in Wonderland from the spot she had been forced to leave off at. Soon she was back with the Mad Hatter and his tea party – and nothing could have made her happier.

After a quiet hour of reading the girl felt herself grow drowsy. The birds began to trill a little louder, the harsh heat of the day faded away, the sky turned from a bright, glassy blue to a subtle purple. The girl fell asleep without even realizing it.

When she woke the ground felt somehow softer. As she slowly opened her eyes a strange sight dazzled her. Instead of green grass she lay on soft, technicolor leaves. The young girl sat up and felt as if she had been transported to a world more fit for one of her books than reality. The yellow bush and shrubs the girl had hidden behind had completely disappeared. The space she was in now seemed more like a clearing in the midst of a fantastic forest.

As the girl looked closer at the soft leaves on the ground, she noticed that there were also small, glittery hills on the ground. Around these hills were more of the brightly colored leaves. There were also strange tree stumps that

sparkled. Getting up from the ground, the girl drew closer to one and saw that the usual brown tree rings had been replaced by colored rings that reminded her of large lollipops. As she walked around the first tree stump she noticed a bright pink path that weaved around more of the strange stumps.

The young girl began to follow the path and passed a large, intensely glittered tree that had soft-looking curlicues sprouting from it instead of normal leaves. There were also flowers – many, many flowers. These were as luridly colored as everything else in this strange place.

As the girl stared at the flowers, she began to notice the sound that was around her. The bird's songs, which had lulled her to sleep, had grown into music that seemed eerie in comparison to the world around her. Rounding a corner, the young girl came upon what must have been one of the birds she heard. It was sitting on the back of a gold stump and turned its head to stare at her as if she were the oddity and not it. The bird resembled normal birds only in its shape. Instead of feathers, this bird was encrusted with jewels of every color. Its eyes looked like huge diamonds; the rest of the jewels formed intricate patterns all over its body.

The girl felt like she was living in a dream. She wanted to stay in this place forever; it was as if the world finally looked the way she had always wished it did. Sitting back down on the carpet of leaves, she picked up her book and began to read again. Around her the light continued to grow dim and finally settled into purple. When she looked up from her book the flowers and trees,

which had once seemed so magical were now almost terrifying. The flowers seemed subtly changed so that they now resembled bugs. The tree stumps were full of holes and the bird song was now menacing. Her perfect fantasy world had turned into a nightmare.

She began to run along the path, searching for an opening through the trees that would let her out of the forest. When she again neared the jeweled bird, it appeared to be made of nothing more than cheap plastic rhinestones; the trees were menacing. Racing back to the spot near which she had woken up, the girl spotted a split between the trees. Without looking back, she ran through and found herself in a silent, white hallway. When she looked behind her now, there appeared to be no forest — only another white wall. Facing forward again, she saw a small doorway. Crouching down, the girl gently turned the knob and then slowly peered around the door.

If the forest had been a surprise, this new scene was no more shocking. While the girl did not know where she expected the small door to lead, the closet of her bedroom was the last place she had thought to end up. She was so happy to be back in her house that, for a moment, she didn't even notice her mother calling her downstairs for dinner. Grabbing a book to read during the meal — one that was decidedly not a fairy tale, the girl cast one more look at the closet and wondered if she ever could, or would want to go back to the fantasy.

CHAPTER 4

Candy-Coated

The Installation

The installation I have created for my thesis exhibition is located in one of the studios at The Ohio State University. Viewers enter the space through a low, false door and walk down a short corridor to enter the space.



Figure 1: Front door of *Candy-Coated*



Figure 2: Corridor of *Candy-Coated*

The allegorical nature of fairy tales — like Alice in Wonderland or Snow White — is interesting to me because the characters in some of the stories either choose to leave their world or are forced to do so. I have tried to make the installation reference the seemingly benign worlds that fairy tales often portray. These stories are filled with fantasies that seem comforting at first, but quickly turn scary for the heroines or heroes. In Alice in Wonderland, Alice finds herself in a bizarre and charming world that ends up being full of characters bent on pursuing her. Snow White finds comfort from the dwarves she befriends, but eventually succumbs to a poisoned apple and falls into deep slumber.

The movies I found myself thinking of when trying to picture the finished installation were ones I saw as a child: *Labyrinth*, *Legend*, and *The Dark Crystal*. The worlds in these movies are stylized in a way that distances them just far enough away from reality that it seems possible to believe that they could exist. These films also have an overt use of sparkle and glitter. The glitter has a range of functions: snow, heightened fantasy, a link to fairies, and a sense of the magical. In *Legend*, the world is made of ice — and is very sparkly. In *The Dark Crystal* all of the characters are puppets and exist in another sparkle-filled world. This use of glitter is most prevalent in *Labyrinth*, which I had a chance to see in a movie theater recently. I hadn't watched the movie in several years and was surprised at the amount of iridescent glitter that covers almost every surface. This glitteriness is a device that I have tried to incorporate into my installation because it seemed natural, and I enjoy using glitter as a material.

I have tried to make a world for others to experience. In this world there are glittery tree stumps and fantastic paper flowers. Everything in the world seems to resemble something that might be found on a rainbow colored alien planet: trees are gold and purple, flowers are unbelievably bright, and the insides of trees look like enormous lollypops.

The size of the installation is based on the size of the tree stumps and the size of the room that it is in. I made a majority of the installation in the private studio I had at OSU during my second year. The installation was completed in a professor's studio, which was the same size and proportions as mine. By working in this way I was able to spend almost six months dealing with the creation of the space the work exists in. This extended length of time allowed me to experiment in a way that would not have been possible if I were showing the work in a gallery or OSU's Clean Space. The tree stumps came first and, in the beginning of this project were the catalyst for making everything else in the installation. I wanted the space to be large enough to accommodate the stumps but small enough to feel intimate. It was also very important to me that viewers would be able to walk around the stumps and the whole installation instead of feeling as if they had to stand in one spot so that they didn't step on anything and damage it. When I was making the frame for the space, I ended up making the final room approximately two feet smaller than the room that it was installed in. The final size of the space is roughly eighteen feet by fourteen feet. When choosing the height of the space I had to work around the lights in the ceiling.

The ceiling hangs at around fourteen feet, just under the lights. The more time I have spent inside of the installation, the more I like this height and believe that it is neither too high nor too low.

There are several sculptural objects in the installation: five tree stumps, four hills or mounds of varying sizes and one bird. As I've mentioned before, the stumps were the first objects that were created. I began them by accident when I started adding onto a piece I had made several years before. After I added ribbon to the older piece it began to grow to around one foot. The final piece reminded me of records and Jasper John's circle paintings. It also reminded me of tree rings. I decided to make the first one into a tree stump. After completing the first one, I liked it so much I decided to make four others. The colors in the first tree rings had been very random — I had a large assortment of ribbon, but no definite palette. When I began the other four tree rings, I decided to give them set palettes. One was made with green ribbons; another was blues; the third was lime green, hot pink, and black; and the fourth was created the same way as the first one with all the leftover ribbons.



Figure 3: Green tree stump



Figure 4: Silver tree stump

After the tree stumps I made hills out of Styrofoam insulation board, which I glittered. They were made to sit on the floor and underwent several different incarnations — hanging on the wall, sitting on platforms on the wall, and then entirely removed from the installation — before being re-glittered different colors and returning to the floor. During installation I used them to help create a pathway. I did not have a placement for them in mind when I made them; I only knew that they would go somewhere and kept the possibility open that all, just a few, or none of them would be used.

The last large object in the space is a bizarre bird covered with hundreds of rhinestones. I had no plans to make the bird until I realized that the corner of the space, which a viewer is unable to see without entering and inspecting the hidden space, could use a sort of visual bonus for the viewer. The bird is made out of Styrofoam insulation board that has been painted dark purple. I did not plan the patterns on the bird prior to making it, but allowed them to evolve as I went. During the week that it was made, my fibromyalgia was particularly bad; making the bird became a distraction from the pain.



Figure 5: Silver hill and small blue hill



Figure 6: Purple hill



Figure 7: Rhinestone bird

The colors in the installation are a combination of intuitive choices and planned choices. For instance, when I would make each flower I had all of my paper organized into patterned papers, cardstock, and 'other' paper. I would choose a rough design that I sketch out beforehand and decide which patterned paper I want to use. After that I would sort through the colored papers and select between three and four papers that seem 'right'. Then I would assign each colored paper and the patterned paper to a part of the drawing. I cannot explain how I know — or how it makes sense to me — when colors are 'right'. It is just a feeling of correctness that I get. This same feeling effects color combinations in everything that I make.

Some of the more thought out color choices in the installation are elements like the ceiling, the lighting, the walls, and the floor. I wanted the ceiling to be the color the sky is during dusk, the lighting to tint the space slightly blue-purple, and the floor to be a bright color to contrast with the walls. When I began working on the installation I had wanted the walls to be covered in a purple plastic. However, the closer I got to installing everything, the more I realized that if the walls were white they might help the space be less visually confusing.

As I have worked, the rest of the installation has changed dramatically. In its final manifestation the walls are tracing paper backed by fabric. There are two large trees drawn and then glittered on the paper. One tree is dark blue with teal tiger stripes and the other tree is slightly smaller and is a bright orangey-red with purple tiger stripes. The leaves of the trees are fabricated out of hundreds of

chenille stems bent into circles. The blue and teal tree has leaves and branches that are black and silver; the smaller tree has pink and white iridescent leaves. The stems are attached to a curlicued frame made out of wire and covered with chenille stems to mask the wire.

The remaining wall space is covered in paper flowers that are based on natural flowers, abstracted flower drawings, and bugs. These flowers are very bright, and some have color palettes that clash. Cardstock, paint samples from hardware stores, color-aid paper, wallpaper, and wrapping paper were used to make the flowers. They do not have stems like natural flowers; instead they hover like free-floating birds or insects. The flowers hang at varying heights — from several inches off the floor up to five inches below the ceiling.



Figure 8: Blue tree



Figure 9: Orange tree



Figure 10: Blue tree (detail)



Figure 11: Interior shot of *Candy-Coated* with flowers, bronze tree stump, and green tree stump.



Figure 12: Green and orange flower



Figure 13: Orange and silver flower



Figure 14: Orange and dark blue flower

In addition to the tree stumps and hills, there is a pathway made of hot pink stones edged with leaves, which cover the rest of the floor. This pathway allows viewers to navigate the space without coming too close to anything fragile.

The ceiling is made from bright blue fuzzy material. It is taut and attaches to the metal frame that holds up the walls of the space. The fabric that lines the back of the walls is also attached to this frame.



Figure 15: Pathway of installation



Figure 16: Felt leaves



Figure17: Ceiling

My installation is made from a very personal place. I have based many of the objects in the space and the fantastic nature of the installation on the gardens in my parents' yard. There are several different parts to the gardens: the front yard is terraced and filled with azaleas and other smaller flowers; the back yard had a large vegetable garden, a swing high on a hill, and a pathway along side of cherry trees. My parents were strict, and I was not allowed to have a job until I was 18. I ended up spending my summers alone and would either sit on the back porch or out in the gardens. Because of this I have always had an intense relationship with their yard.

During the summers I would spend much of the day reading; my favorite books were fantasy or science fiction. These stories and the back yard became entwined. The boundary between the fictive reality of my books and that of the back yard would blur. In a very real sense, the world I have made in my installation is the way that I wished and still wish the world looked.

My illness is just as important to me as the memories that the space is based on. I tend to be very guarded about my illness; I usually won't tell anyone that I am sick unless I feel that they need to know. Even when people are close to me, I won't tell them how I am feeling on a particular day. I prefer to keep my pain to myself. Because of this, I like to make objects that are comforting to me or that will cheer me up. I also use my work as a way to cope with being sick. Making pieces that are labor-intensive and sometimes tedious to create takes my mind off how I feel.

The materials and patterns I use both have links to personal memories. Many of the materials I use were ones that my mother introduced me to. When I was fourteen my mother taught me to sew. We made pillows and dresses; I learned to love going to the fabric store. I learned about seam tape and darts, bobbins and thread. A room over from the sewing room was my father's workshop. His favorite hobby was collecting fishing lures from under brush at the lake an hour away from our house and then spending hours repainting them. He had every color of enamel paint; I always liked the glitter ones the best.

In the dining room of my parent's house there is a cabinet full of plates. I loved to look through them in the afternoons. The flow blue plates were my favorites; the indigo blue patterns seemed to be irnbedded in their surface. There were delicate plates with flowers, plates we only put out in the winter that had snowy scenes of farms, plates with tangled vines; some had goldfish, others cranes and exotic birds. As I got older, my mother's collection spilled into the basement closets and onto wooden stands that sat on the upstairs bookshelves.

I am interested in the idea that an object, painting, or space can at first glance seem blissfully happy, but that this happiness can be used to mask deep sadness. I'm interested in the mechanism of memory — how it can distort what was true and insert false moments. Within the installation I've tried to recreate my memories of my parents' garden by creating objects that are made as a result of or as an avoidance of physical pain. The installation *Candy-Coated* combines elements of personal memory with color, pattern, and craft store materials.

Before beginning to work on the objects shown in *Candy-Coated*, I primarily made drawings and sculptures that dealt with issues of labor and materials. Many of my drawings have the same influence of psychedelia, as do cut-out wall hangings that I have created. In these earlier pieces I was interested in creating a visual experience that would help a viewer become lost in the work. This idea led me to make an entire world that viewers would be able to loose themselves in.

The experience of making *Candy-Coated* has shown me that my interest does not lie solely in creating drawings, smaller wall installations, or simple sculptures. The installation of this project has allowed me to push my objects into a more figurative area; I have also become interested in narratives like the one written as part of my written thesis. Overall, *Candy-Coated* resolved many of the problems I felt within my work: I was able to create an environment that was all-consuming for the viewer as well as combine sculptural objects with two-dimensional elements to make a cohesive visual experience.

Candy-Coated has also allowed me to explore questions of memory and family within my work. It would not have been possible for me to recreate the complexity of my feelings toward my parents' backyard without spending the past year working on this installation. The variety of objects and materials used allowed me to create all of the pieces that seemed necessary in the fictive world of *Candy-Coated*. The installation has shown me, more than an exhibition of drawings or sculptures ever could, that the motivation for all of my work, not just *Candy-Coated*, has been an attempt at recreating memories and dealing with my illness.

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