

A Continuation of Love

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Thesis Proposal

How does the memory of trauma manifest itself in the physical body? When the human is exposed to a traumatic event, the memory is imprinted not just on the psyche but also in the body. When I was 25, my husband passed away unexpectedly from a seizure. I was the one that found him and a lot of that memory is cloudy in my consciousness. However, my body responds to specific situations with panic and anxiety because my physical being remembers the emotional response of that day.

For my thesis, I will explore how the memories associated with my grief manifest in my physical being using ceramic burnouts. I want this to be a multisensory experience for the viewer. Visitors will be able to touch objects, smell others, and I am also considering a performative or time based component.

There are two types of memory that our brains process, explicit and implicit. Explicit memories are the facts and events, the hard evidence of a moment.¹ Implicit memories are sensory related, the emotional responses we have to a trauma.² My project will explore how the body experiences memories of grief even when the mind has blocked those memories out.

When I am in the midst of a physical memory, the only thing I want to do is crawl under a blanket and hide. I crave the comfort and warmth, the softness of fabric on my skin, and the weight that gives me the feeling of security. This is why crocheted textiles will be a main component in my work. They are symbols of comfort and care. I will crochet blankets using organic yarn and coat them in slip. During the firing process, the organic yarn will burnout leaving the ceramic shell, or memory, of the original. Ideally these would be human scale. I am looking at different ways of displaying these sculptures. One of which is by using the figurative shape of a person in the fetal position made from clay and covering that figure with a blanket to provide a visual to the feeling that we all have from time to time.

In addition to these figurative pieces, I want to explore how clay can symbolically represent the body. Clay holds onto trauma just like the human body. It holds the memory of our touch. We can manipulate the surface with our fingers, mold the form and shape it, and the clay responds by remembering what we've done to it. Can we then transfer our physical memory to the clay body?

The loss of memory affects many people that experience grief. I am only able to recall the general specifics, like location and time of day, and what my family has told me about that day. My implicit memory however, is much more vivid. I can recall how I felt in that exact moment of panic, the physiological response my body had. I can remember the sounds I heard in the hours following, the voices of my family. I can feel the sensation of tears

¹ Kolk, *The Body Keeps the Score*, 258.

² *Ibid*, 258.

streaming down my face and that heaviness behind my eyes from exhaustion. I remember not wanting to leave my bed, and my cousin Mariah coming into my room and putting her arms around me while I wept.

Even as I write this, my body is having a reaction to the memory. This reaction is because of a development in our evolutionary history. Although we as humans tend to ignore this, we are animals and part of nature. This response that occurs in the amygdala is one that was meant to keep us safe during our early evolutionary period. It is meant to be a way to remember dangerous situations and help us respond to threats. That rustling in the bushes is probably a predator, and our brain has developed the flight, fight or freeze response as a way to help us survive.

My brain wants to keep me safe, but its intent is misplaced. There is no threat or harm that is going to come to my physical being, but my brain is responding to the sensory information in a way that convinces my amygdala that I am being threatened. How can I communicate this feeling, this sense of panic through my artwork? How can I create that tension and explore that emotional space?

Artist Statement

Liz Taylor is a Portland based sculpture artist working in a variety of mediums including ceramics, crochet, metal, and wood. She experiments with non-traditional methods in traditional mediums while exploring themes surrounding grief, memory, the body, and a sense of home.

Her current work, *A Continuation of Love*, is an installation consisting of fifty-five handmade crochet doilies dipped in porcelain slip and fired. They are then assembled together into the structural representation seen here. Surrounding the circular structure covering the floor are porcelain leaves. They are meant to be stepped on and broken by the viewer as they walk toward the structure. The brave are rewarded once inside with a clear floor and a moment of contemplation. You are meant to feel a sense of safety inside the fragile walls, but you can't escape the feeling that the whole thing might come crashing down around you at any moment.

The installation is ultimately about grief, healing, and finding meaning after losing a spouse at a young age. The meaning for this lies in the sharing of her story and provides a different way to think about grief. Everyone is grieving something, but through sharing experiences and witnessing another's grief, we can begin to heal ourselves.

Thesis Abstract

This installation seeks to explore the physical sensations of grief in the body through a structural representation in porcelain. In our culture, we don't often talk about grief nor do we have strong rituals surrounding death. Through this installation, I hope to normalize the conversation surrounding grief and provide a space where one can sit with their grief and not feel alone. This project is ultimately about my journey towards healing and finding meaning after the death of my husband.

Thesis Oral

Hello everyone. My name is Liz Taylor. Thank you for attending my thesis oral. I want to start off today by thanking all of the people that have helped me on this journey through art school. Thank you to my mentor Crystal for guiding me through this process, supporting me and giving me the confidence to execute my vision. Thank you to Melanie and Dylan for helping me problem solve and work through so much breakage and for your guidance through all of the technical components. Without your expertise I wouldn't have made it this far. I want to thank my quarantine pod, Shanna, Elisabeth, and Kaylin, for your support and encouragement and for keeping me sane, fed, and loved throughout this project. And thank you to my family, friends, and teachers that are too numerous to name, for encouraging me to follow my passion and for supporting me along the way.

Today, I am going to tell you the story of my experience with grief. It isn't an easy story to tell, and the grief I feel is still raw. I will stumble over my words, and my voice will probably crack as I tell it. Grief needs to be witnessed in order to allow for healing. We need to feel that sense of community to move forward. Thank you for being here to witness my grief.

Seven years ago, my entire life changed. Three months before our second wedding anniversary, my husband suffered a catastrophic seizure and died. The night before, I was getting ready for my graveyard shift as a blackjack dealer, and Dustin had just arrived home from work himself. We had moved to Vancouver, Wa a few months earlier, and in those days we were working a lot of opposite shifts. We spent maybe 20 minutes together before I had to go. I kissed him goodbye and headed out the door. When I got back home around six the next morning, I found him.

We had spent the better part of eight years together. My entire world was turned upside down. All of the plans we had made for our future were wiped out in a single moment. I felt helpless, alone, and confused. Losing a spouse wasn't something that was supposed to happen to you in your 20s.

Most of my memories around this time are nonexistent. I don't remember who I talked to in those first few weeks and I don't remember the funeral. The brain does this in times of heightened stress, trying to protect itself from the trauma that was happening around me. What I do remember is the way my body felt. A heaviness fell over me, a physical feeling of weight held me down. I couldn't sleep for days at a time and then other times I couldn't get out of bed. I felt broken. My world had shattered around me and I didn't know how to move forward.

Although I was surrounded by family in those early days, I still felt alone. The person I wanted to talk to about it most was the person that I had lost. I thought that no one would understand what I was feeling. I moved back to our hometown in Idaho to be closer to family, but somehow I isolated myself more. I couldn't bear to frequent our favorite spots. I didn't want to see any of our friends because it was just another reminder of the fact that Dustin wasn't there anymore, and I didn't want to see the look of pity in their eyes when they saw me. I tried to bury the depression I was fighting, hoping that if I ignored it, it would go away. I searched for comfort, but found none, and eventually I just put on a brave face for those around me, but inside I was a crumpled mess.

The grief I felt was too strong to handle. It developed into something more, a designation under PTSD called complicated grief. When we are exposed to a traumatic event, such as the loss of a loved one, the memory is not just imprinted on the psyche, but also in the body. Through my thesis work, I have been exploring how grief manifested itself in my physical being.

It is important to understand that grief is not something that you can get over easily. I'm eight years on and the grief of my loss is still with me, and it will be with me forever. I tried to avoid it for a while, but the body remembers. Ultimately, this project ended up guiding me down a path of contemplation and healing. Giving me a way to release some of the grief that I had been holding on to.

When I began to explore grief as a concept for my thesis, I had to start at the beginning. What exactly is grief? The first definitions I found came from three very different places.

The first from Wikipedia, "Grief is the response to loss, particularly to the loss of someone or something that has died, to which a bond or affection was formed." That definition is pretty general. It's very much the prescribed definition of grief in our culture. Someone dies, we feel sad because they meant something to us.

The second definition was from the perspective of mental health professionals and published in *Psychology Today*. "Grief is the acute pain that accompanies loss. Because it is a reflection of what we love, it can feel all encompassing." A reflection of love. That stuck with me. I recognized that in a way, I was afraid to let go of my grief. I was holding onto it because it was the only thing I thought I had left from my relationship with Dustin. If I didn't have my grief, what did I have?

The third definition came from a website trying to sell you a pathway for recovery from grief, The Grief Recovery Method. "Grief is the conflicting feelings caused by the end of or a change in a familiar pattern of behavior." I liked that this definition broadened the meaning of grief to include loss other than death. Grief is such a universal experience, and yet I grew up never being taught how to work through it. As a culture, we shy away from topics that are uncomfortable, and loss and grief and all of the feelings that are associated

with it, are definitely uncomfortable. Why do we have a cultural aversion to talking about grief when everyone has experienced some level of it in their lives? Especially this year. We have all been grieving the losses that have affected our daily lives. Loss of routine, loss of jobs, loss of family and friends. Until we recognize and address our grief, we can't start healing.

Although we don't really talk about grief culturally, we have been taught the five Kubler-Ross stages of grief, denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. A common misconception is that we experience grief through these stages in a certain order. One following the other, checking boxes on a list. These are not linear emotions and sometimes they come around again. If you don't experience one of these stages, or if you cycle through them over and over again, that's ok. Everyone's journey through grief is different and the worst loss is always your own.

After the death of his son, one of the original psychologists that helped define these stages, David Kessler, identified an additional stage beyond general acceptance: finding meaning. This doesn't mean that you have to find meaning in the loss. Your loss is not a blessing, nor is it a test, and it's not about gratitude. Loss just happens in this world. Death just happens. The meaning in grief is found in what we do after. It's about naming meaningful moments. The meaning is in us.

I started looking for meaning through my studio work. I did a piece titled Mementos that was part of a pop-up exhibit in the Commons last year. It is based around the idea that we keep objects to help us remember. I curated a collection of mementos that I hold onto that remind me of my husband and the life we shared. There are photographs, letters, a lock of hair, and other small objects that remind me of a moment spent together. I placed all these objects on the floor so the viewer would have to kneel down to interact with them, creating a sense of intimacy.

During this show, I was surprised by how it affected the people that took the time to experience it. Some spent a lot more time than I had anticipated looking at the objects. They flipped through the journal pages and really took the time to absorb and reflect. I realized that a lot of people were struggling with their own journeys in grief, but didn't have an outlet for expressing that. When I shared my story, it created a way for others to process their own losses. I wanted to tap into that, and create a space that gave people permission to feel grief, and know that whatever they felt was ok.

This became the goal of my thesis project, to create an installation that seeks to explore the physical sensation of grief in the body through a structural representation of clay. I want this installation to give the audience a space to feel grief and know that it is ok. We all have lost, or will lose someone we love. Grieving is hard, and it hurts, and oftentimes because we don't talk about it in our culture, you feel isolated and alone. But it doesn't have to be that way. I want to normalize the conversation surrounding grief to allow for

processing of this complex emotion and to allow for healing. This project is my way of sharing my experience and starting the conversation.

When I began developing and proposing this project, I wanted to focus more on memory and how we physically remember. As I ruminated on the project over the Summer and early this semester, it became clear that the work had shifted into a full on representation of how I recognized my body processing grief.

When I proposed this project, I intended to have more sensory components, like things to smell and touch. But with the restrictions that this pandemic has placed on our lives, I knew that wasn't going to be possible. I wasn't even sure if I would be able to show this in person to anyone. I think that this ultimately helped my process because I was pushed to adapt and problem solve and look at my intentions from different perspectives. I was able to focus on a few components more pointedly.

The title of this installation is *A Continuation of Love*. It comes from a book by Megan Devine titled, *It's OK That You're Not OK*, that proposes a new way of looking at grief. Instead of seeing it as something that we need to overcome, Devine invites us to build our lives alongside our grief. She points out that death doesn't end a relationship, it just changes it. The stories we continue to tell and the memories that we hold onto provide us with a continuation of love, not the end of it.

When you walk into the space, the first thing you can see are porcelain leaves scattered across the ground. As you continue around the corner a structure made from porcelain doilies and cotton yarn comes into view.

The opening faces you, but you can't reach it easily. You are faced with a decision, look from afar, or make the journey through the leaves, crushing them underfoot with each step.

The brave are rewarded once inside with a clear floor and time for contemplation. You are meant to feel a sense of safety inside the fragile walls, but you can't escape the feeling that the whole thing might come crashing down around you at any moment.

Two steel hoops are hung from the ceiling using aircraft cable and act as the support for the overall structure. The top row of porcelain doilies are tied to the steel hoop with the same yarn that was used to make them. Each piece is stitched to the piece above it so the porcelain is carrying the weight of the pieces below. In between each row are strips of crochet netting. These serve to add structural integrity to the piece and to enclose the viewer in a more intimate space.

The walls are made from cotton yarn, crocheted into doily form and converted to porcelain through a process of burning out organic matter in the kiln firing. Each doily was made by hand, mostly by me, but a few by my mother. They take around 40 to 90 minutes to crochet each one. Typically I would make these in groups of 20, crocheting them over the course of a few days.

I would then take these 20 pieces and dip them into porcelain slip and hang them to dry. The porcelain slip is a liquid version of clay that is made from 4 ingredients, Water, Grolleg or China Clay, Silica which is made from quartz, and Nepheline Syenite which is a type of feldspar. It took around 13 gallons of slip to make the crochet pieces and the leaves.

When the crochet pieces are dry, they are able to be handled gently without cracking or breaking. I carefully place them in the kiln and fire them. Through this process, the organic matter burns out, and you are left with the porcelain shell of the original.

The porcelain leaves surrounding the structure are made through a similar burnout process. I collected the leaves from my NE Portland neighborhood, hand painted each with slip, then fired them resulting in a thin fragile copy of the leaf. To reach the structure, you need to walk through and on the leaves, crushing them underfoot with each step.

Early in my grief, and continuing through today, finding comfort is a priority. Soft warm things make me feel safe, but I recognize that it is an illusion I have created for myself. Wrapping myself up in a blanket and hiding on the couch won't keep me safe from my mind or from my body. That is where the grief lives. I wanted to explore this idea and create this structure that looks at the duality of living in grief. As humans, we are fragile beings yet we are also very strong. We break but then we heal, oftentimes stronger than before.

The duality between the hardness of the ceramic and the softness of the natural fiber can be related to the processing of experiences. What is turned into ceramic becomes a shell of the original, a moment frozen in time just like our memories. The softness of the textile, how memories are pliable and able to be distorted by the brain. They are stitched together to mimic the brain and the pathways created through remembering.

Ever since I was a kid, I've known how to crochet. Three women in my life shared their knowledge of this subject with me, my mother, my paternal grandmother, and my great aunt. My mother is the only one of them that I have left. I wanted to honor this skill that was passed down to me in my thesis. Initially I wanted to crochet a large tent structure and turn that into ceramic through the burnout process. I was limited however, in this dream because the sheer size of my vision exceeded the materials and facilities I had access to. I didn't have a room sized kiln to fire it in. Through many hours of testing, pattern making and finding, I landed on creating doilies as components that would be stitched together to create the larger, quilt like structure.

The doily holds an interesting place in our culture, seen as a symbol of domestic spaces and domesticity. Although you don't often find them in homes today, they are highly recognizable. When one thinks of this object, we associate it with homes of our older relatives, a symbol of the past. For me, making these pieces from doilies was a way to express my longing for my past, and the sense of home that I lost when Dustin died.

In his book, *It Didn't Start With You*, Mark Wolynn states that during a traumatic event, our brain processes become scattered and disorganized and the memories of the event

can't be recognized in the same ways. "Instead fragments of memory, dispersed images, body sensations, and words, are stored in our unconscious and can be activated later by anything remotely reminiscent of the original experience." If you don't work to resolve these memories, they will resurface over and over again, causing you to relive the trauma.

Because I neglected my grief, I became more anxious. I found myself catastrophizing otherwise normal situations. My brain always went to the worst possible scenario even though statistically and logically it didn't make sense. My brain had associated death to something as simple as an unanswered phone call.

Crocheting became a meditative action for me. I found that through the repetition of crochet, my subconscious brain was able to reorganize the memory pathways connected to my grief. It's as though with each stitch, I was physically creating these new pathways and connections in my brain. My focus is on counting and my body remembers the motions. It provided an outlet for my subconscious to heal.

Using ceramic burnouts as a process for my thesis was something I really wanted to do. Traditionally, it was seen as a kind of low brow process, and until recently, it was rarely used in fine art practice. I liked the idea of challenging that notion and trying to elevate a novel process in ceramics. I started using leaves and flowers because natural organic matter is easy to come by, and because the process of burning the material can be toxic if you are using anything synthetic. Initially I would dip the leaf into the slip, building up layers. This didn't allow for the detail that I had been hoping for. By sheer happenstance, one of these early leaves split along the edges and into two halves. The interior side had captured an incredible amount of detail, showcasing each ridge and fold of the surface. I started painting the slip onto one side of the leaf and found that I had much more control over the thickness of the ceramic as well. Some of the leaves on the floor are so thin that you can see light pass through them.

I was inspired by the work of Clare Twomey when making the choice to place the leaves on the ground surrounding the structure. Her piece, *Consciousness Conscience*, consisted of unfired ceramic tiles placed on the floor of the gallery space. Visitors had to walk across the tiles to access other parts of the exhibit, recording each step that was taken. I found this to be a very poetic way of recording movement and I wanted to use this concept in my installation. Covering the floor with the leaves provided a way to force the viewer into a place that made them hyper-aware of how they moved their bodies through the space. I want you to feel tense as you move around the room toward the structure. With each step, something is breaking.

Breaking art is something that we are conditioned not to do. Usually when you are viewing artwork, you are not supposed to touch it, let alone walk on it. All of this is planned to make you feel uncomfortable, because grief is uncomfortable. And until we are ok allowing ourselves to feel this way, we cannot address the grief we experience.

When I began making for the project, my failure rate was very high. Over half of my pieces would break and it took a lot of tweaking to perfect this process. I made adjustments to material, switching from stoneware to porcelain, which I had never used previously. I experimented with different weights of yarn, trying cotton thread first then adjusting the patterns to a thicker worsted weight yarn. For the leaves, I had to learn what would fire without breaking. How thick to paint the slip on. How fresh and dry the leaf needed to be so that it didn't change form too much while I was working. I had to adjust my kiln schedules so that I could get the structural support of the crochet pieces, but I also had to develop one so the leaves didn't curl up and crack while they were drying. All of this helped, but I would still open the kiln to see cracked leaves and broken crochet.

The constant breakage, although frustrating, taught me early on that nothing I was making was precious. If it broke, I had the skills to make another. I adapted that sentiment to my own journey of healing my grief. I wasn't precious, but resilient. I had the skills to build myself back up. In a way, the structure before you, is a representation of my own body. A combination of memories and experiences, stitched together and made stronger through my journey with grief.

Although this work is about my personal journey and my own experiences with grief, I think that this concept is accessible to everyone because grief is a universal feeling. We all have or will experience the grief of losing someone close to us. Death is a part of life and unless you close yourself off the world, there is no way to avoid it. This year especially, everyone is grieving something, whether that is a person or a part of your life that has changed, the grief still exists.

I was excited that a few people were able to experience this installation in person, because without the interaction from the audience, I don't think the work would have been completed. The meaning for this lies so much in the sharing of my story and hopefully making you think about grief in a different way. I'm hoping that through this experience, those able to walk through the leaves will remember the feeling and the sound of the leaves crunching underfoot. Remember how your body felt moving through the space, and then realize that everyone is grieving something. Sharing your experiences and being there to witness another's is the only way to heal.

This will be the only time this piece is viewed and assembled together in this way. The broken leaves will be swept up and put away, with the potential for reuse in a future project. The crochet pieces will be separated and stored for now. A few of them will be given to friends and family members as a personal testimony of my love.

This installation gave me a pathway for letting my grief change form. I had felt broken for so long, this process and this piece has quite literally let me build myself again. I have been holding onto my grief for such a long time. I have been afraid to let it go. In a way, my grief had given me a sense of comfort.

It was the all too familiar ghost that appeared in lonely times. Creeping back into my consciousness when I least expected it. Through the process of making I was able to find the light in darkness, finding meaning when I thought I had lost it.

Making this installation has been one of the hardest things I have ever done. I poured my soul into this work, and through it, I have learned just how resilient I have become. Sometimes life doesn't go as you planned it, and it's important to know that even though there are struggles along the way, you are stronger than you think you are. Grief doesn't have to define you.

I'm going to leave you with a quote from a book titled, *Bereavement: Studies of Grief in Adult Life*, by Colin Parkes and Holly Prigerson.

“In many respects, then, grief can be regarded as an illness. But it can also bring strength. Just as broken bones may end up stronger than unbroken ones, so the experience of grieving can strengthen and bring maturity to those who have previously been protected from misfortune. The pain of grief is just as much part of life as the joy of love; it is, perhaps, the price we pay for love...”

Thank you.

Annotated Bibliography

Bendall-Brunello, Tiziana. "Welcome." Accessed January 31, 2020.

<https://www.tizianabendall-brunello.co.uk/index.html>.

- Images: "Wave of Emotion", "Proud", "Lily", "Angel", "Emerging", "Molly".
- Tiziana is originally from Turin in Italy. She now lives in England and part of the time in France. She studied Fine Art and Ceramics at Camberwell College in London followed by a short course in Architectural Glass at Wolverhampton University. This is the artist website for Bendall-Brunello. It has a fair amount of information about the artist and photos of her varying processes, ceramic, glass and photography. Each section reveals an artist statement detailing more about her work.

Devine, Megan. *It's Ok That You're Not Ok: Meeting Grief and Loss in a Culture That Doesn't Understand*. Boulder, CO: Sounds True, 2018.

- This book written by Megan Devine discusses the way we grieve and the societal myths surrounding it. She provides a unique perspective, being a widow herself and also a therapist that treats grieving patients. This book is a collection of essays, guidance, and advice on how to help others going through their own experience with grief.

Doss, Erika. "Death, Art and Memory in the Public Sphere: The Visual and Material Culture of Grief in Contemporary America." *Morality* 7, no. 1 (2002): 63–82.

<https://doi.org/10.1080/13576270120102553>.

- This paper looks at how contemporary American culture processes death and grief through public memorial. Specifically discusses the temporary memorials around Columbine High School and the Oklahoma City National Memorial. I'm hoping that this article will give some perspective on the cultural rituals surrounding death, and what the role of memory is in relation to that.

Graves, Jen. "Ian McMahon Spent Hundreds of Hours Making a Sculpture, Then Destroyed It in Seconds." *The Stranger*. Accessed February 13, 2020.

<http://slog.thestranger.com/slog/archives/2014/08/18/art-was-smashed-last-night>.

- Jen Graves is an art critic and writer for *The Stranger*, a Seattle based newspaper. She has been nominated for a couple of awards including the 2014 Pulitzer Prize in Criticism. She taught at Cornish College of the Arts for 3 years and has been a resident of the PNW for 17 years. This article is written from her perspective as a member of the audience at the performance mentioned above and includes her analysis of the concept.

Greaney, Devin. "A Life Alone." *Virginia Quarterly Review* 87, no. 1 (Winter 2011): 58–71.

- A collection of photographs and an article describing the life of Tom Rose after the death of his wife of 63 years. - Emotional tone, realistic exploration of life after a death, good quotes from Tom about memory and life.

Hanaor, Cigalle, ed. *Breaking the Mould: New Approaches to Ceramics*. London: Black Dog, 2007.

- This book highlights a variety of artists working in nontraditional methods using ceramics. I used this as a preliminary source to discover artists and find works that inspired my own practice.

Horowitz, M J, G A Bonanno, and A Holen. "Pathological Grief: Diagnosis and Explanation.:" *Psychosomatic Medicine* 55, no. 3 (May 1993): 260–73.

<https://doi.org/10.1097/00006842-199305000-00004>.

- *Pathological Grief: Diagnosis and Explanation* is an article written by three doctors, Mardi Horowitz, MD, George Bonanno, PhD, and Are Holen, MD, arguing for a separate disorder diagnosis for pathological grief, or the modification of PTSD stressors to include bereavement. They begin by discussing the symptoms of PTSD that occur in a bereaved person that can help differentiate normal from pathological grief. Discusses grief and PTSD and their relation to the body and how it manifests in bodily responses. Looks at how this reaction occurs within different personality types and to what severity. Written in scientific analytical style from a research study.

James Cohen. "Michelle Grabner."

<https://www.jamescohan.com/exhibitions/michelle-grabner2/selected-works?view=slider#4>.

- Michelle Grabner has a Masters in Art History and a Bachelors in Painting and Drawing from the University of Wisconsin- Milwaukee, and an Masters in Fine Art Theory and Practice from Northwestern University. She currently teaches in the painting and drawing department at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.
- The bronze cast textiles of Grabner have been recommended to me since I began working with crocheted textiles and ceramic. The first time I saw them I went down the wormhole of images. I was fascinated with the amount of detail that she was able to achieve and the scale in which she was able to achieve it. I am interested in her process of making and her use of crochet and knit textiles.

Kolk, Bessel A. Van Der. "The Body Keeps the Score: Memory and the Evolving Psychobiology of Posttraumatic Stress." *Harvard Review of Psychiatry* 1, no. 5 (1994): 253–65. <https://doi.org/10.3109/10673229409017088>.

- *The Body Keeps the Score...* looks at how a traumatic experience is processed by the brain and the effects that has on the body. Kolk begins by describing the biological responses that occur during the trauma and how it is stored in the body as "visceral sensations" and references Freud's statement that "the patient has undergone a physical fixation to the trauma." As Kolk continues, her touches on the symptoms and various forms of reaction to stimulated trauma memories, mental and physical. He ends his paper with a brief section on the medicinal treatment of PTSD and their limitations that have been researched so far.

McMahon, Ian. "Cascade." Accessed February 13, 2020.

<https://www.georgeianmcmahon.com/1st-project>.

- This is Ian McMahon's artist website. It mostly contains photos of his work and videos of his performances. Not much information about the artist himself, save for a CV available to download.

Parkes, Colin Murray, and Holly G. Prigerson. *Bereavement: Studies of Grief in Adult Life, Fourth Edition*. Routledge, 2013.

- Colin Murray Parkes OBE is a British psychiatrist and the author of numerous books and publications on grief. Holly Prigerson, PhD, is the Irving Sherwood Wright Professor of Geriatrics at Weill Cornell Medical College, Professor of Sociology in Medicine, and Director, Center for Research on End-of-Life Care. They collaborated to write this book on grief and how to cope with loss. They offer tools to understand grief as well as insight into the secondary effects grief has on an individual.

Sandy, Mark. *Romanticism, Memory, and Mourning*. The Nineteenth Century Series.

Farnham, Surrey, England ; Burlington, VT: Ashgate Publishing Limited, 2013.

- Mark Sandy explores the treatment of grief, loss, and death through the lens of the Romantic. Using poetic examples, Sandy meditates on how grief and loss speak to our contemporary anxieties about the inevitable even of death itself.

Tanya Bonakdar Gallery. "Ernesto Neto."

<http://www.tanyabonakdargallery.com/artists/ernesto-neto/series-large-scale-installation>.

- Born in Rio de Janeiro in 1964, Neto still works and lives in Brazil. He has shown work across the world in Mexico, the United States, Venice, and London to name a few. He studied at Escola de artes visuais do Parque Lage from 1994 to 1997 and also attended the Sao Paulo Museum of Modern Art from 1994 to 1996.
- What drew me to Neto's work was that it engages all of the senses. His large installations and sculptures fill the space with soft materials, mostly nylon and crocheted fibers. Some of his works envelop the space they are in, like something out of a dream. Others are more nuanced and draw the viewer into them, oftentimes literally. Referencing biomorphism with his shapes, he also includes organic materials in his work. Filling the bulbous forms with spices such as curry, cumin, red pepper, and cloves, as well as styrofoam, lead balls, stones, beans, sand and shells; one can only imagine the sensory cacophony that his work exudes.

The Grief Recovery Method. "The Best Grief Definition You Will Find."

<https://www.griefrecoverymethod.com/blog/2013/06/best-grief-definition-you-will-find>.

- This is a group that provided tools to treat grief. I only used this website for a contextual definition of grief.

Twomey, Clare. "Consciousness Conscience - a Ceramic Installation That Comprises Several Thousand Hollow Unfired Bone China Tiles," n.d.

http://www.claretwomey.com/projects_-_consciousnessconscience.html.

- Clare Twomey is a British artist working with clay in large scale installations. I was inspired by her technique of placing ceramic objects on the floor, forcing the viewer to interact with them, specifically her installation titled *Consciousness/Conscience*.

Wolynn, Mark. *It Didn't Start with You: How Inherited Family Trauma Shapes Who We Are and How to End the Cycle*. New York: Viking, 2016.

- *It Didn't Start with You* describes a new theory in psychology that traumatic experience can be passed down through generations. Mark Wolynn is the leading expert in inherited family trauma and he has worked with patients for over 20 years. This book was recommended to me by a classmate as it builds on the science discussed in *The Body Keeps the Score*.

Young, Kevin. *The Art of Losing: Poems of Grief and Healing*. 1st U.S. ed. New York: Bloomsbury USA, 2010.

- Kevin Young is an American poet and teacher of poetry. Author of 11 books and editor of eight others, Young has been a winner of a Guggenheim Fellowship as well as a finalist for the National Book Award for his collection *Jelly Roll: A Blues*. This collection of poetry edited by Young focuses on grieving and healing. Broken up by the stages of grief, I hope this will provide some metaphorical inspiration for my work.