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A Cup Of Breast Milk and A Warm Chair

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Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College

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A CUP OF BREAST MILK AND A WARM CHAIR

A Theses
Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
Louisiana State University and
Agricultural and Mechanical College
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts
in
The School of Art

by
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ABSTRACT
The work in the exhibition *A Cup Of Breast Milk and A Warm Chair* is a physical and ephemeral connection between mothers and daughters. It explores my personal connection to my maternal lineage. This connection is looked through the lens of common generational roles of women, ancestral inheritance and my childhood memories. I consider what it means to inherit and to be remembered outside of the standard androcentric genealogical structure. My inheritance from my maternal lineage comes in the form of women's work, or handcrafts such as: crochet, knitting and sewing. In creating this body of work, I blend the use of handicrafts and techniques from printmaking, papermaking and carpet making.
INTRODUCTION

The exhibition *A Cup of Breast Milk and A Warm Chair* is a collection of prints and fiber sculptures that explore the physical connections and ephemeral memories between mothers and daughters. It charts the genealogy of three women – my grandma Freda Budd (nee Schierman), my mother Nancy Budd, and myself Carlie Salomons. Exploring what it means to be connected to a genealogy of woman, I consider what it means to inherit and to be remembered outside of the standard androcentric genealogical structure. In creating this body of work, I relied on my memories of childhood, a time of innocence and distinctive generational roles.

We inherit many objects, ideas, and mannerisms from our mother. My inheritance, among many, is knowledge of hand crafts. From my mother I have learned skills that she has learned from her own mother. To be able to learn and pass on crochet, knitting and sewing reinforces a familial tradition that reconnects me to my mom and grandma. Furthermore, I created work that relies on arousing the senses through touch, scale, domestic space and body. Which bring forth these sensory experiences of childhood memories to be remembered and relived from an adult perspective.
MATERNAL LINEAGE

I was raised in a single parent home. My parents divorced when I was around the age of 4, and my mom raised my two older brothers and me. In 1993, my mom moved our family of four from the prairie lands of Alberta, Canada, to the tropical island life of Hawaii. I was seven at the time and solely dependent on my mother.

During a summer in the late 90’s, I was visiting my dad in Canada and came across a genealogy book in his office. It was split into two volumes, professionally bound and containing hundreds of pages of my family history and a family tree of direct descents of the Salomons lineage. It also happened to be written all in the Dutch language. Frustrated by the language barrier, I spent hours following the branches of the genealogy chart until I found my name in volume 1 on page 112 under my dad's name. Once I found my name in this well documented paternal lineage, I was able to trace my ancestry back 15 generations to the first man named Solomon, a shipping merchant. This was the first time I developed a fascination in my placement on my family tree.

My summers were spent mainly in Canada at my maternal grandparent's home. When school was out, my mom would send my brothers and me off on a plane to live with my grandparents for two months of the year. It was during these times, sitting in the living room, I would wander through drawers or flip through photo albums. In a drawer on a small side table was a book titled John and Mary Schierman, A family history 1890 - 1977. Unfamiliar with the names, I opened the outdated book and a slip of paper fell out of the inside cover. This paper opened into a large sheet containing a family tree. Looking through the names, I found my Grandma
Freda’s name, followed by my mom, and then me. When I traced back the names, the lineage stopped at my great grandparents John and Mary (nee Dippel) Schierman. It was a single sheet showing 4 generations, with my grandma’s handwriting adding in the births of the next generation.

What caught my attention about this sheet of paper was the nee Dippel. Unlike my paternal lineage with everyone being a descendent of Salomons, my great grandmother was born Dippel and became a Schierman. My grandmother then was born Schierman and became Budd. My Mother was born Budd and became a Salomons (until she divorced). I was born and remain Salomons.

It was this maternal lineage I craved, to make a connection to these women that shared the same bloodline from the womb but unconnected by name. During the process of mapping my genealogy and investigating my familial history, the erasure of names, particularly the female names has become androcentric. Stephanie Davis best describes this when she states:

The story of a family is told through the passing on of the family name, that mark by which a clan is recognized, from father to son, and this sequence of entitlement and inheritance is what traditionally defines a family beyond the scope of memory and oral history. What is written is the name, which survives. Forgotten are the bodies of women, bodies that birth, sites of genesis, beginnings of narrative and subjectivity.¹

Within many genealogies, a woman’s stories succumb to erasure because of concerns to maintain the patrilineal surname. I started to question my own surname and the relationship I

had to it. This last name I inherited would die with me, as I could not participate in a patriarchal
lineage. Instead, I have become fascinated in sharing the memories and relationship I have with
the women in my family.
INHERITANCE: HANDCRAFT

My artwork aims to make connection to my maternal lineage by looking at my inheritance and personal memories. There are countless ways that I can perceive what my inheritance is. From my genetic appearance, to mannerisms, to my habits but the focus becomes the handcrafts were that were passed down to me through the teaching of my mother and grandmother or what often is termed “women’s work”.

From my mother, I have learned skills that she has learned from her own mother, such as sewing, crocheting, and other crafts. Accessing these skills helps me to connect to the women that have come before me. Utilizing these handcraft processes allows for further investigation into various materials, such as paper and yarn, to construct soft sculptural forms and prints. Ultimately, I begin to develop a visual interpretation of my maternal lineage.

Both knitting and sewing were taught to me from both my mother and my grandma. Many times, I would watch my grandma at the sewing machine, mending holes or fixing hems. From my mother, she would often spread out her knitting needles on the carpet floor, organizing them by size before she would begin her new project. She would later teach me to cast on, knit and purl. We would often sit on the couch knitting scarves in Hawaii for Canadian bound winters.

To speed up the creative production of my artwork, I do turn to mechanical devices such as the sewing machine or the tufting gun but at the core I have an investment to conceive my ideas through the repetitious use of my hands. To craft, to create, to mend, to replicate a process that my mother has done before me. Sylvia Griffin best stated, “Knitting, like sewing, is a
female act of identity creation.”² By creating with my hands, the rhythm of repetition recalls memories of the past. It reinforces a familial tradition that reconnects me to my mom and grandma. At times the work is contemplative and a soothing process for the mind, it also is a demanding physical process of cramped fingers, hunched backs and kneeling for hours which become emotionally challenging.

In my exhibition *A Cup of Breast Milk and a Warm Chair*, the name alludes to the touch and comfort of re-membering. “Re-membering” is a term that Barbara Myerhoff used to describe a special type of recollection. “At its most extreme form, memory may offer the opportunity not merely to recall the past but to relive it, in all its original freshness, unaltered by intervening change and reflection. All the accompanying sensations, emotions, and associations of the first occurrence are recovered and the past recaptured.”

Touch is a sensory trigger to recall memories that time has started to erase. The memories in my show center on childhood moments. As I recall the past, I am the same person as the child, yet I continue to dwell within an adult body. The past then becomes woven into the present.

When my grandma passed away in 2015, I received a crochet blanket that she hand made. There was a comfort to hold something that she physical made. To wrap it around me and tuck it under my body as if she was tucking me into bed as a child. According to Montagu, “Touch is often referred to as the “mother of all senses” as it is the first sense to develop in the embryo and all other senses-sight, sound, taste, and smell are derived from it.” Since touch begins in the womb, a child and mother are connected within the same body until birth. After birth, a child is carried, cradled, embraced and nurtured within the arms of its parents. Breastfeeding directly links the connection of touch between the child and mother. The physical contact

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between a mother and child is a very important element in the development of the baby’s growth. It is found that mothers spend about 60% of their interaction time touching their infants.\(^5\)

Using the sensory interaction of touch is one way of exploring my memories of my maternal lineage. Like the crochet blanket that I inherited from my grandma, I want to recreate a sense of the comfort of being embraced. The visual or physical aspect of touch is intended to be represented in each of my works. This is achieved using textural materials that are soft to handle and could be manipulated to bend, fold or be sewn, such as, wool yarn and paper.

*Image 1. Encircled, 2019, Wool carpeting with polyfill polyester on plywood. Photo by Kevin Duffy*

The wool yarn is transformed into white carpeting with a hand tufting gun. The carpeting is a direct link to the memory of rolling around on my grandma’s white carpet as a child. This carpeting can be seen in my sculptural works *Arm Chair* and *Encircled*. The use of handmade paper in *Resting Place* and the print series *Maternal Lineage*, brings a stiff but still yielding texture in relationship to the carpeting. In my print series, the silhouettes were to be flocked, but with a last minute changed they are framed by a crochet pattern made by abaca pulp. There is a lightness and translucency that contrast against the print. At the same time, it casted a beautiful shadow on the wall.

The artist Alison Saar has inspired the way I think about connections we have with our mothers. Her lithograph *Equinox* portrays a mirrored image of a woman, printed twice and flipped so that they meet by the feet. The lithographs are then hand sewn together with red thread. A vein-like paper is collaged on top to connect the breast of each woman.

A short synopsis of this piece was written in the Oregon Artswatch, stating:

*The theme is taken from Greek mythology: Demeter, the goddess of the harvest stands upright on a groundline and is mirrored by her daughter below, Persephone, the goddess of the underworld. The stitching that links the two together is just below the ground line. Demeter is black against a blue background; she holds her breasts and milk flows in dual tributaries toward the ground. Persephone is upside down, white against a red background and attached to her mother by her feet. Persephone’s breasts are replaced by bunches of grapes and wine flows instead of milk. The collage element is the web of intermingling white milk and red wine.*

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During the Southern Graphic Council Conference for printmaking in Dallas, I had the
opportunity to listen and speak to Keynote Speaker Alison Saar talk about her work. She
discussed being the daughter of a mother who is a well-known artist, Betye Saar. She had memories of play under the print presses as her mother worked on her prints. This exposure to printmaking became a mother’s legacy that was passed down to Alison Saar as she became a sculptor and printmaker herself. She also conversed about her daughter and her relationship to her as a mother. Alison Saar explained that *Equinox* was printed after her daughter left home for college. While this print reflects a retelling of a Greek myth, there is also a personal relationship between mother and daughter, on their separation and interconnectedness.

My interpretation of this print was seeing a mother and daughter reflected by each other. They existed each in their own plane but remained connected. I am captivated by the vein-like netting that connects each woman at the breast. The veining transition in color from white to deep red. Although later reading that the red to white veins was wine to milk, my interpretation is that of blood to milk. Instead of diagraming a family tree and its connection through branches, the veins show that as women, we are not only connected to our mothers by blood but by the milk that nurtured us. That is why in *A Cup of Breast Milk and A Warm Chair*, I want to reference this separation and interconnectedness by displaying various sizes and shaped of breast on the wall. They are made out of wool carpeting with white wool flowing out of the nipples to evoke the breastmilk flowing freely from our mothers. By creating multiple sets of breasts, I am alluding to all the individual woman that have come before me that have nurtured the next generation.
Image 2. *Comfort Boobs*, 2019, Wool carpeting with polyfill polyester on MDF board. Photo by Kevin Duffy

It’s an odd visual to create breasts out of carpeting. Both material and object are significantly chosen, in my case, to evoke a memory of touch. Influenced by Meret Oppenheim’s fur teacup “object”, I was inspired to look to how I can utilize common, personal objects mixed with an absurd material choice. Logic is not necessarily a part of my choice making because I enjoy playing on the surreal aspects of unusual juxtapositions and combinations.

The scale of the breasts I created for the exhibition are created to be larger than life. There are some breasts that may be true to size, but a majority of the pairings are at least 3 times the average size of a woman’s breast. I also created a fiber sculpture called *Encircled* utilizing the carpeting and scaling the work to eight feet tall with three “arms” emerging from the wall and curving down into an embracing position. This intentional upscaling of objects is twofold.

Often what we term as “women’s work” is private, small scale, beautiful and soft. In contrast, western aesthetics perceive monuments to stereotypically exude masculine qualities such as large scale, hard materiality, public and of heroic celebration.⁷ First, I wanted to take the

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intimate act of “women’s work” that is created in the private household and make it visible to the public on a larger scale. This was to conceptualize by blending handcrafted soft materials with a monumental scale. Kathy Temin, who also utilizes fur in her work, achieves monumental scale with her soft and whimsical installations. In her work *Memorial Garden*, Temin is able to create a garden that combines minimalism, sentimentality, materiality, and handcraft to create a garden that is anchored in themes of remembrance, cultural displacement, comfort and hope.\(^8\) Like Oppenheim, Temin uses familiar objects with an absurd choice of materials. It is familiar, but also strange. Also minimalistic in color, the soft, fuzzy texture of fur makes these installations playful. The size surrounds the viewer and makes them feel smaller, more childlike.

![Kathy Temin, Memorial Gardens, installation view. 2012. Anna Schwartz Gallery.](image)

The allusion of childhood and remembrance in Temin’s monumental installations brings me to my second motivation for larger than human scale. By creating objects that are larger than life,

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such as my *Comfort Boobs, Encircle*, and other works in my show, I want to continue the allusion of childhood memory. I want to recreate the experience of being a child again by altering the proportions of object to viewer.
The domestic interior in art reassures us that we are not alone. It confirms our hopes that the family has a life beyond our own. We don’t know what happens after we die. But a domestic interior filled with life connects us with humanity, assures us that there are others like us and that we are part of something bigger than ourselves.

- Gill Saunders
  *Walls Are Talking: Wallpaper, Art and Culture*

My mom rented her house in Hawaii. She may not have owned our dwelling, but she owned everything that made up the interior. She was able to decorate the home as she pleased, sans her three children’s messes. My grandma on the other hand was a typical housewife. She maintained the home and had control of the interior domain. Beds were always made, laundry was hung on the clothesline, the dining table was always set for breakfast, lunch or dinner, and her white carpet never showed any signs of stains or wear. I start to incorporate these furnishing in my exhibition with not just the carpet but referencing objects such as my grandma’s large blue couch.

At Grandma’s house, on the kitchen counter sat a wooden box of the good silverware. It was rarely used and only came out for special occasions. Later on, I learned that the silverware was my grandma’s inheritance or dowry when she married my papa. I also learned that her brother’s inherited parcels of land when they were married. We often hear about these old traditions of dowries with the association of males with land and females with “movables”. Laurel Ulrich argues that the passing of “real” property or land from father to son, secured his own mortality, just like the passing of last names. “Movables” on the other hand included
various household goods, furniture and linens. The women, just like my grandma, could be identified as “movables”, changing their last names and moving between male-headed households.

Image 4. Resting Place, 2019, pulp painting with hand dyed cotton paper with hand dyed wool carpet figure and screenprinted wallpaper. Photo by Kevin Duffy

The domestic space is a dominate visual representation in my exhibition. Often, the home is explored and represented as a space of restrictions and limitations for woman. I wanted to embrace the interior and celebrate the space as a nurturing and creative domain. Both my mom and grandma were proud of the homes that they created and took pride in keeping it clean to raise a family in. I have many fond memories of laying on the carpet floor or sitting on the big blue couch. In my exhibition, I use domestic space to evoke memories of childhood and

the feeling of being protected and sheltered. As the viewer moves through *A Cup of Breast Milk* and *A Warm Chair*, the colors of my pieces move away from being all white to full of color, as the memories start to become more personal.

Similar to Mary Cassatt’s paintings and prints, I am exposing private moments of interior space for the public to look upon. Cassatt is best known for sharing intimate moments between mother and child from a female gaze. These moments are not forced but gently unfold to be true to the experience. In my piece, *Resting Place*, a large blue couch depicts the couch my grandma had in her home. On the couch sits a figure. The figure is not rendered to resemble anyone in particular, instead it’s a silhouette of a person sitting in a relaxed pose. The figure is
carpeted and colored to resemble and blend into the blues of the couch. To a stranger this silhouette could be anyone, but to my family this is my grandma. I share this intimate moment I had with my grandma for the viewer. It doesn’t seem like a big revelation but growing up I always found my grandma on this couch resting or napping. The last year before she passed away, my grandma had a stroke. It left her speechless and incapable of moving around a lot. I moved back to Canada for a year to take care of her. Every day, she sat on that couch, speechless and motionless, content to watch the outside world through the window.

Works by Paul Harris and pieces such as Woman in Pink Gown, evoke a similar style of a figure and furniture existing as one. He utilized a three-dimensional figure that is sewn into the furniture and covered in the same material. One could see the figure as being stuck and becoming just an object. Instead, like my Resting Place, furniture becomes animated by a bodily form. A spirit is embedded into the pieces. It is no longer just a chair, it’s this woman’s chair.
When I see objects in the home, such as the big blue couch, I see my grandma. I see her sitting or napping there, caught in a moment of time. The couch recalls memories of her and although she is gone and I can no longer physically touch her, but that couch remains. This physical loss is represented using soft materials. This choice is best illustrated through Paul Connerton’s words when he said:

Cloth is the privileged material because it is yielding, because it is not stone or bronze or steel. When a memorial is made of stone or bronze or steel the rhetoric of the material implicitly claims that the memory of the dead recorded there will last forever. Cloth carries no such illusions of enduring witness. It is fragile, it fades and frays, it needs mending. It remembers the dead by sewing together mere fragments of their lives. Our monuments were sewn of soft fabric and thread, and it was created in homes across America.\(^\text{10}\)

*Resting Place* is a work that evokes memory through domestic furnishings, body, monumental size, and touch. It is made from materials that are vulnerable to breaking, tearing and decaying. I created this work by combing the private memories of my grandma with the hand craft techniques of women’s work. *Resting Place* reflects my memories, and as I begin to forget the details of my grandma’s face or her voice, I can cling to her by the legacy she passed down to me and use my inheritance to mend the soft materials with a needle and thread.

The body becomes prominent in another work in the show titled *Arm Chair*. It is a play on words as the chair has 20 feet arms attached to it and fills the interior space. *Arm Chair* is intended to be a hugging chair. One could sit in it and physically feel embraced by the arms that animate this work. The chair is over sized and the crib like bars around back is to put the viewer

into the mindset of being a child and to be wrapped up in a mother’s embrace. The arms evoke a surreal imagery that goes back to the use of absurd materials and common objects. I consider this piece to be a mother’s embrace because the arms are long. Mothers balanced a lot in the household, from the cleaning, to hosting, and to family raising. They had their hands in everything. I often like to think of a mother’s arms by how it is represented in the Pixar movie, *The Incredibles*. The mother, made of elastic, can stretch her arms to extreme proportions in order to achieve multiple tasks, including protecting her children. Although, this reference to *The Incredibles* is a comical imagery, it demonstrates that I intend to be playful with my work and express humor. In my experience, the memories of being embraced by both my mom and my grandma were always felt as bears hugs. The chair represents a childhood memory of being swallowed up in the arms of my mom and grandma.

![Arm Chair, 2019. White Ash wood chair with wool carpet arms stuffed with polyfill. Photo by Kevin Duffy](Image 6)
Throughout the exhibition, a screen-printed wallpaper is used to create a household atmosphere. The motif of three flowers is strategically designed to explore the identities of my maternal lineage. In my undergraduate studies, I created a lithograph that explored my maternal lineage as flowers in a garden. Each flower would pollinate the next flower, until the garden was diverse of flowers that represented each woman in my maternal lineage. Since then, I have identified my mom and grandma represented as these flowers. My grandma is a yellow rose because as she said once “I love a yellow rose, but I don’t mind a pink one.” My mother is symbolically represented as the Gerber daisy and I am the peonies. Each flower is in full bloom and of equal visual weight. There is a small lady slipper at the bottom to give my maternal grandpa a small part in the design. They form a diamond shape so that the pattern can be repeated to produce a damask style wallpaper. The smaller design references the three flowers of rose, daisy, and peonies as baby buds under a blooming carnation (my great Grandma).

Image 7. Wallpaper detail. Screen printed directly to wall. Photo by Kevin Duffy
The last domestic representation found in *A Cup of Breast Milk and A Warm Chair* are three framed portraits of my maternal lineage. Both my mom and grandma kept portraits of family members and friends. Their lived-in homes were decorated by the people they loved and cared for. My portrait was often found on a mantle at my grandma’s house amongst my siblings and cousins ascending in chronological order. My intentions of my print series *Maternal Lineage* was to mimic this idea of displaying the portraits of the generations of children and grandchildren. In my print series, I look at representing the maternal lineage of grandma, mother and child to displayed in my exhibition to decorate the walls of the people I care for the most. These prints contain the silhouette of each individual framed by the patterning of a crochet blanket.
MAKING: PRINT, PAPER, AND FIBER

To celebrate my personal relationship with my mom and grandma, I have explored several different modes of making: printmaking, papermaking, pulp painting, and carpet making.

I first consider myself a printmaker. From printing on a sheet of paper, it was easy to transition into exploring different ways to make paper and how it can be used sculpturally. This led me to start thinking in sculptural forms and manipulate materials I became attracted too. With my history of knitting and crocheting, yarn is a comfortable and important material to work with.

For my prints, I developed the imagery by transformation through the process. I begin with a crocheted object and turn it into a drawing. That drawing is transferred to a matrix for multiple hand printing. The act of printmaking generates a lineage to the final image, and parallels how the process of creating can shape the individual outcome of each work.

There are three prints in the series Maternal Lineage, each representing my matriarchal lineage of my grandma, mom, and myself. These were originally to be done as a two layer lithographic print drawn with water tusche. Printmaker William Walmsley has been influential in my use of water tusche. While his work is focuses on the phallic, I am more interested in his textural technique and I often try to mimic his style of using water tusche in my own work. I found that processing water tusche on aluminum plates in the Deep South is extremely difficult, especially at the size I was aiming for. I reworked my process to produce digitally drawn crochet pattern and laser cut them into Masonite board. These were then inked up and print them like a relief prints, while at the same time embossing the paper. The end result became a 30”x42” relief
printed laser cut on handmade cotton paper with flecks of hand dyed wool yarn. The final layer is flocked by screen printing with a tacky ink and flocking with rayon fibers.

My grandma’s silhouette was taken from the picture used in her obituary. My mother’s picture was a photo I had of her with her hair tucked behind an ear. My own picture was bias-ly chosen with my hair up in a bun, like it always is. Inside each figure is an organic pattern of a flower that represents each figure, taken from the motifs in the wallpaper. In the background a different crochet pattern references both the inheritance of handcraft and the physical crochet blanket that I received from my grandma. Each pattern is unique but unifying with the shell pattern as a distinct design in the pattern. Every print is printed with the same color purple ink (a common favorite color) on the same handmade cotton paper with flecks of pink and purple hand dyed wool yarn.

Making paper sheets was not the only papermaking that was done for this exhibition. I also used pulp painting to my advantage to create the blue couch in Resting Place. Using a large wooden frame stretched with window screening, using hand colored cotton pulp to paint the imagery onto the blue base sheet of the couch. This required using paper templates to make sure all three sections would line up. Over 30 lbs. of blue pulp was created with a Hollander beater to complete these paper works and at least 3 weeks of drying time per section was needed to complete the pulp painting. Once the pulp was dry, an overhead projector was used to transfer the image of a sitting silhouette. This was then projected onto a stretched monk’s cloth to be tufted (or carpeted) with hand dyed wool yarn in matching blue hues of the couch. Additionally, a paper framing for the prints was created by pulp painting abaca pulp onto a
screen to create a crochet-like pattern. This was also replicated to create a paper blanket to hang on the blue couch.

The tufting process was also used to create Arm Chair and Encircled and the various sizes of Comfort Boobs. These three sculptural works were done with undyed natural New Zealand rug wool. Various pieces, such as the arms and boobs, were made from creating sewing patterns. The arms and hands were done as if creating a glove pattern. These patterns were turned into custom carpeted textiles that were hand sewn and stuffed with polyfill fiber. The Comfort Boobs were designed in a 3D program to figure out the most natural boob shapes, then also flattened into a sewing pattern. In Arm Chair, the chair was custom made and hand built by me using white ash wood.

The inheritance of handcraft plays a significant role in my art making process. The ability to create something from my hands is a very important concept. I aim to have complete control of my work from the conception of the idea, to the materials used and the final output. This control is seen in my actions of making the sheets of paper, instead of buying it or making a chair instead of reupholstering a used one. By creating the work from the ground up, I can control and manipulate my materials to achieve the end result of something uniquely me.
CONCLUSION

A Cup of Breast Milk and a Warm Chair is an exhibition that peers into the private domestic setting of my maternal lineage. It explores what it means to be connected to a genealogy of woman, not through name but by the inheritance and memory of their nurturing in my childhood to adult years.

I rely on important elements such as touch, scale, and domestic space to stimulate the senses and evoke memory that can be remembered and relived.

The inheritance of “women’s work” has been vital to the creation of my work. I inherited the skills to work with my hands from the mother and grandma. This has allowed me to create a visual interpretation of my maternal lineage that celebrates these women and the connection I have to them.

I also want to become a part of an effort to celebrate and reclaim what has traditionally been called “women’s work” and incorporate craft into fine art spaces. More and more women artists are pushing these boundaries and leaving an inheritance behind for the next female generation. I want to secure some sort of legacy, so I can be remembered for something meaningful and to secure a place for craft. By utilizing my own inheritance of crafting, I hope my artwork inspires and elevates woman’s work as art and a transfer of knowledge can be passed. So that more women and more craft gains exposure in the art world.


BIBLIOGRAPHY


VITA

Carlie Salomons was born in Alberta, Canada and raised on the North Shore of Oahu, Hawaii. She earned her Bachelor of Fine Arts degree specializing in printmaking from the University of Hawai‘i in 2012. Afterwards, she worked as an Art consultant in a small gallery, spent a year taking care of her grandma in Canada, and then finally earning her Professional Printing Certificate at Tamarind Institute of Lithography in Albuquerque, New Mexico in 2016. Carlie will be receiving her Master of Fine Arts degree from Louisiana State University in the Summer of 2019. While at LSU, she has discovered a love for experimental tufting, papermaking and bookbinding. Carlie hopes to keep teaching and making art in whatever path she decides to take with her cat Tusche. Ideally in less humid weather.