

# TWO RAMS

The evolution of this body of work started 13 years ago as I walked down an old country road dragging a stick along. You'd be surprised by the archeological finds you uncover as you walk along after the rain. Bits of old porcelain, pipes, arrowheads and coins. If you venture into the creek beds, besides the spider webs that get caught in your hair, you can find mica glimmering golden.

All these pieces left behind are bits of stories untold. In the Appalachian Mountains you often come across abandoned moonshine stills. They were often assembled and left hastily. They were made of Cobb, rocks, copper coil and barrels. This served as inspiration for part of the story. It represents the outlaw and DIY spirit of the mountain dwellers.

Growing up in the south, there was endless room to roam. It's not like being in the city where you can't touch anything and you walk along a grid. In the country, you can touch and be involved in whatever you like, be it climbing up a waterfall or straying off a path.

Also, many things were abandoned and left to rot. Old cars, homesteads and steps that once led to the doors of great plantation houses long burned down, now leading to nowhere. It was in these places, that I'd think of stories of people who lived there or supernatural things that dwelled in their places.

Violets and salt was born out of this aching and desolate fairytale. The objects are talismans that you would find in many Appalachian or European folk tales. They would be things you might find walking alone in the woods such as an stump where you might find someone sitting or a lantern or a bottle of shine, half buried in the forest floor.

The story is a ghost story, fairy tale and love story but underneath it all it is poem to a fading culture and the wild, free roaming life of the people and outlaws that are my ancestors. That way of life that is rapidly disappearing as the nation is paved over into a desolate desert of lost souls and little nature.