elder brother, elder sister:  
sasquatch held in the basket of memory

the politics of hopelessness is a political tool. eroding belief in mystery, possibility - the ‘what if’ that races in and out in life - creates a crippled populace who no longer care to vote, to recycle, to sacrifice for the common good, to sew a wedding dress or coach baseball.

understanding Possibility, living peacefully within mystery, knowing that there are real, living things - ideas, places, Beings - which mainstream folks reject and perhaps denigrate, is to have hope in the wild. do you remember, traveling into the honest tress, not knowing what you might see?, a deer, a spider, a rainbow?

having an active creative life, knowing or thinking you may know what is not known by a majority population, seeing your relatives in the Wild, feeling free and safe in wilderness, thinking your life has meaning, believing in Love, transformative power, the affect of work, all come from Hope.

twenty-one painted plywood panels, carved in shallow relief as printing blocks, several hundred small one-color prints on recycled previously printed papers, and a signature appliqué blanket piece each illustrate an encounter someone i personally know had with Sasquatch.

5b. sasquatch deer give-away

deer looks into her grandmother’s burden basket, the ghost of Sasquatch hovers. give and take, eat and be eaten.

several hundred hand pulled one color prints, made with old dictionaries, travel guides, and books as art paper, were given away as gifts to honor and acknowledge the sacrifice from myriad beings so that humans may live, such as trees for the paper, flesh and plant beings for food, Supernaturals for health and life.