

I tell the stories of those forgotten. Of those silenced. Of those muffled and muzzled.

I like to call myself a re-membered* feminist, having been born a woman in a highly conservative state. Though my parents encouraged my hunger for knowledge and desire to speak out, all I heard from the rest of the world was silence. Their tight-lipped grimaces at my queries of equality and identity, their judgmental glances at my book titles and “confusing” writings, their loud exhalations and snarky quips all pushed me to be like them: silent, angry, slowly decomposing in learned judgmental rot. The close-mindedness of the town surrounding my adolescence led me, for quite some time, to be quiet, nervous, outwardly loving those with differences and inwardly hating my own.

My work is a rebellion to that town. The art I craft is a resurrection of the inquisitive, knowledgeable, unapologetic women of time and space. Working in the realm of gender and sexuality, exploring its entwining with politic, art, and identity, I aim to provide unity in discomfort and spark genuine query between opposition. I shoulder my learned anxieties about my identity—as a woman remembering her innate strength; as a bisexual unlearning internalized phobia; as a geek finding joy and quandary in historical story and nerdy pursuits—and embrace them all in my work. I want young Rhiannon to see herself within my art. I want folks considered “different” to see their humanity. And within that, I hope, so will those who hold us in fear and judgement.

*Re-member: to reintegrate all dismembered parts into one whole (as defined by Lisa Lister)