

Thank yall for all taking the time to wake up early for my presentation and hear me talk your ear off. My projects carry a lot of my emotional weight so its going to be new to me talking about it.

This quilt is a more personal project than the silly animal guys and print designs I'm used to making. I'm not very comfortable expressing intimate feelings about my personal experiences, emotions, and thoughts in my work because I'm afraid of being vulnerable, especially in a room full of people. Now I'm going to be pretty vulnerable.

I've struggled with short-ish memory all my life. It's a symptom of having ADHD and dyslexia, so it's like a double whammy on my memory. For me, it's weird to say these learning disabilities are a disability because of how common they are. How my mind works has been a mystery to me for most of my life, as I was told throughout my youth that a brain should function to memorize everything. I had to think critically and absorb information exactly like everyone else did. It affects me daily and makes it harder on my past and present identity. I struggled in my

day-to-day, unable to absorb any information or instructions that didn't interest me, and I couldn't focus. Add insult to injury, Spanish was my first language. I could read and write in Spanish, but when going into public school, I had to learn English as well. English made no sense to me. Vowels had multiple sounds, and certain letters together made a whole other sound, like "th" and "sh". Spanish just made so much more sense to me. Because of this, I was so behind that I would fail tests, switch teachers, go to different schools, and almost fail grades. I felt like school was failing me. The accommodations I had in school weren't enough to help me. It took me a while to be literate in English, and still at 22 years old, I struggle with reading and spelling. How was everyone else able to do all these things I should've known by now? Why is it that im struggling while everyone else is able to understand? The academic world made me feel stupid, like there was something wrong with me. Being frustrated about my brain for a very long time led me to make this project about my own (very) personal endeavors with my learning disabilities, particularly with memory, identity, and process.

I originally proposed making 3 big memory quilts that focus on collecting and recreating memories that I would print on fabric and would surround me like a dome. It would follow a more traditional quilt/ printmaking aesthetic. I wanted to make something that looked "professionally made." That much pressure on myself didn't make the project seem fun, and just some other assignment I didn't care about. I want it to reflect like I cared about my work as much as I enjoyed sewing and printing. I was introduced to printmaking in high school, where I had to make my own screens and paint on my own emulsion. Printmaking made me realize the number of possibilities print has opened to me to make designs on almost any surface. Then coming to PNCA, there was so much more to printmaking that I never knew existed, and I set out to learn as much as I could. Being able to print on fabric gave me an idea that I can take it another step to sew with my printed material. I got into sewing only about 2 years ago, and I taught myself from YouTube. I didn't have a relative to teach me, to connect me through craft, as many textile artists do. I had to be my own grandparent and make my own connection with myself. Textiles ultimately changed the direction of my craft and practice

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as an artist. Like me over the course of this project, the final product changed. The main idea has stayed the same, but my motives have evolved into understanding myself instead of copying and printing my past. Instead of a photo album, it's more like a scrapbook. My original motivation for making this was fueled by the determination to prove myself to be honest and forthcoming about my memory. Now what keeps me going is the love and appreciation for the craft that I do.

"Wanting back my memories" is a memory quilt that represents visually how my brain creates ideas, imagines things, processes emotions, and recalls memories using several printmaking methods. As I grew older, life got so fast. I started to forget who I was and the things I did, how I behaved, and what I was interested in. I was forgetting my growth. Being in college in a whole different place made me focus on all the things I would learn and the people I would meet. Now, it's ending, or in better words, I'm starting a new chapter. I used this project to allow myself to slow down to take time on my craft and to try to remember my life until this point. This Quilt reflects how my brain

recalls memories. It shows how getting distracted and forgetting thoughts challenge my reflection process.

You can see there's fabric and found objects layered on top of the original screen-printed illustrations. The surface is a combination of present memories and school picture-day photos to represent each stage of my life. When you think about memories, they feel like they are on the surface of your brain, like they're almost in between your eyes. That's how I wanted to convey how those memories pop up randomly in my head, then spark more visions from the past.

For the first layer of the quilt, it started as just the foundation to create an aesthetic with color and texture, but I like to think it represents my present self. The animals I obsessed over for a period of time, my culture as a Mexican woman, plus the shift in my artwork are who I am right now. The color pallets I liked at that time, and the types of fabric that fascinate me. I go through

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phases of different obsessions, and these interests illustrate the span of six months. The base layer was me throughout those six months, and see how much I change in a short amount of time compared to the other 21 years I've lived.

This amalgamation of fabric and notions almost feels alive because of how irregular the shape is and the layers it has. I intended to make a nontraditional quilt that looks scrappy with inconsistencies, an exposed back, and jagged edges. I want this to be a relatable and interactive piece to create a comforting setting. This thing is all bottled up inside me and has now been released to you. I love the different textures of the fabrics, and I invite you, the audience, to connect with this work as I connected to my self while making this.

The process is unlike anything I've ever done before, as I gave myself the freedom to work as slow or fast as I wanted. I started making little works, appliqué pieces, and printed illustrations at

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the beginning of the fall semester. I wanted to be ahead and take this project seriously. I did a lot of screen printing patterns on fabric, as my original idea was to make patterned fabric of my own to make quilt blocks with, but I lost interest in that idea quickly. It also didn't seem feasible for the time I had. I did a lot of cyanotypes last summer as a way to make quick prints without the hassle of cleaning up ink, and I'm still in love with them. The cyanotypes remind me of undeveloped film or a lost memory, so I wanted to incorporate that kind of disruption of constant significant. I started quilting chunks of the quilt so it didn't seem so overwhelming, as recommended by my mentor. It was easier to just focus on one chunk at a time. I have such a wide collection of fabric from easy access to secondhand resources, so the decision paralysis is an ultimate high.

Mind you, 95% of this project is made of second-hand resources, all of this fabric and supplies I already had or saved from being thrown away. As an artist, sustainability is my priority when making art. I believe that all the supplies you could want already exist. I've always been scrappy and able to find a purpose for anything, but everyone else says that's just hoarding.

Imagine me on the floor putting fabric together like a puzzle, using scraps to fit in empty spaces to create a solid piece. Going back and forth with what pattern and color looks together, or if there's too much warm color in this area, or there's too much blue in this corner, I need to shock it with a floral pattern. I dug in my paper bag full of scrap fabric to find that one piece that I saw a few days ago that would be perfect for this gap, and then it miraculously fit exactly. I could say I pay attention to a lot of detail when my brain is doing something it loves. As I sew everything together, I start to feel more appreciation for the small quilted parts of the pieced quilt, as it feels like a little village in a big world. When I finished the chunk, I started to dig through my collection of printed work and appliqué parts to start layering, but I didn't actually make enough, so I printed more. The majority of the printed fabric is screen printed, but how I made my original designs to expose my screen is simply drawing with water-based pastels on mylar. It creates that crayon texture that the screens capture so well that it's almost nostalgic. I needed more pictures of my younger self, so I pestered my mom enough that she would send me anything I needed, like my picture day

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photos, and she kept a lot of my drawings since the very beginning. You can tell where I get some of my hoarding from. Some of the pictures of me are in cushy, picture frames, like how your grandma would have decorated in the den, because mine did. My grandma also put my siblings and me as her phone background, like that flip phone I made. There are also pictures of my old pets in Polaroid, like how I actually have on the walls of my room, like old friendships that I never wanted to end. There are a lot of houses all around the quilt as a symbol of what home feels like to me and looks like. I applicay this piece of my childhood house as it was the place where everything was so simple and nostalgic. Then, moving homes, where I would spend my teen years, and being a little kid would be over.

I have made many smaller things scattered around the quilt, like different types of leaves to represent change, the ladybugs that were decorated in my childhood room, and pregnancy tests. I went through an ectopic pregnancy while having an IUD last May, and it was a traumatic experience. This quilt isn't just happy memories too. It was very scary as it's one of the worst things that can happen to you while being on birth control. It was the

worst pain I've ever experienced, plus going through the hospital, and then dealing with healthcare shenanigans was so stressful. Even though I never wanted to be pregnant before, this instilled my new fear of being pregnant again. Because of that experience, I was extremely anxious about being pregnant again, so I would take a pregnancy test every so often to relieve my rational fear. After each pregnancy test, I would add it to the tally of every recorded pregnancy test I've ever taken and make 13 tests out of felt, including the evil one (the test that came out positive).

I consider where I came from as an important part of myself, as I carry a little bit everywhere I go.

This Texas flag represents where I was born and raised and my complicated relationship to that state, but I made it a blanket with my little fellas all snuggled up together. Being from Texas to the PNW was a big transition, like a chapter ending, leaving the only place I ever called home.

Finally, after hand stitching all the added charms, it was time to put all four loaded pieces together to get her as one. I figured out very quickly that the chunks would be too big and annoying to put through the sewing machine, so I went back to sitting on the floor

and sewing them together. At that point of adding the finishes together, I was becoming burnt out from constantly looking at it. I was tired, but I finally did it. It used to be just a concept, but now it is right behind me. (talk about how it could be a time capsule and the importance of my wanting it to be interactive) I get frustrated that I don't have control over remembering memories when someone else reminds me of that memory, as if it didn't belong to me. I sensed my grip on my memories slipping, and the anger toward myself for my out-of-control forgiveness. I want control. Alas, this is the closest thing to control and a clear visual of my thought process. This is only the beginning; this is the jumpstart that will do next, exploring what I can do with my skills to share with the world. I hope not to see this project for a long time, as I'm just so eager to make more things that wouldn't have been possible without this project. I put so much energy into this, and what's crazy is I did all of this and all of school unmedicated. Thank you to my friends, family, and mentors. I appreciate all your support through my degree, and I can't wait to be a slob and not have to look at canvas ever again.

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