

Erin Kye
King, NC
erinkye.com

There is nothing extraordinary about this leaf, yet I can't bring myself to let it go. It's been resting on dressers and tables for almost four years. This sycamore leaf went through seven different moves and three cities, until it finally settled into the place I am living now. The leaf is brittle, wrinkled, and torn in several places. Never pressed or preserved, I simply placed it at the top of moving boxes and hoped for the best.

I make work about leaves because I am interested in taking a closer look at the ordinary things in life, and how simple connections can change the values of these objects. Leaves are full of circumstantial irregularities within their perfectly constructed patterns. The different elements that interact with the leaf as it develops makes each one unique to this Earth, similar to us as people. This particular leaf came from a young sycamore tree growing in front of the art building at Guilford College in Greensboro, NC. Drawing and studying this leaf gave me time to appreciate how well travelled it is, and how much I have changed since I first picked it up. The connection of the leaf to the place of origin, and the people I met there, has greater significance than the leaf itself. This woodcut preserves my sycamore leaf.

Feelings of Home

Artists: Kate Mitchell, Katy Collier, Colin Nollet, Erin Kye

We all live our lives in search of a place to call home. Some people find this feeling of home in a specific place, others with a specific person. There are so many ways that we, as humans, attempt to live and control our lives and the creation of a home is simply the way we mark the spot we want to come back to. We are a group of artists; each with our own personal idea of what makes a space a home. We asked ourselves, what does home feel like to us? What do we own that gives us this feeling? While the answers to these questions were different for each of us, the primary outcome was that often times the objects that help us feel at home are not the home essentials.

For Colin, home is a space they can cook and a space that inspires and holds their art.

For Kate, home is where her sister bakes pies and where she learned to play the piano.

For Erin, home is where the light comes through shaded windows. To her, home lives in the vines of a plant, and in the objects left behind by loved ones.

Home is a place, for Katy, of contemplation and creation—a place filled with family histories that are recorded through books, given and received.

Through this piece, we hope to pose the same question of what is home to the viewers.