

IMAGINATION

Rebecca Weed



A Sunday Painter in Old Wyo.

Assemblage. Metal box, gouache, vegetable paper, hand mixed watercolors, watercolor paper, copper tape, bottles, leather strap, old pencil, fossils, pocket knife, plant bits, animal bits, parchment, brass book clips.

Artist's Statement

When I work I am thinking about permanence and impermanence, I am thinking about time and the way we measure it, and I am thinking about what is beautiful. The beauty is in what we do measure, what we can't measure and what we forget to measure.

I was raised in a landscape that has been described as bleak, harsh, empty, even ugly. From the time I was small I took it for granted that everyone could see the horizon. A definitive line where the land overlapped the sky was always in view. When I travel to locations that are filled with trees, buildings, or people that obscure our sense of space and direction I feel claustrophobic.

In this place I grew up an occurrence became a story: A plane overhead the only thing to briefly break the emptiness and silence. Sitting on the ground next to a pile of sagebrush I felt everything; longing, loneliness, excitement, adventure, the smug security that I was in a place that only one person could occupy at any given time. And there was the story. A girl, dirt, and an airplane. And this story goes on and on and on.

Within this landscape, within America, within an ever accelerating world, there is a lack of heroism. There is a lack of signposts that mark our individual time. There is a lack of the archetype, the myth, the importance of presence. These are human constructs and they may be evolving into other manifestations. They may be no longer useful. They may be right in front of me. Wherever or whatever they are I feel the necessity to mark my time; to celebrate a bit, or mourn, to fall in love.

Biography

When Rebecca G. Weed turned six she escaped from her Carnival Themed Birthday Party (complete with bouncy house) and spent three days eating cactus by the river. She was only a half a mile from her family home, but she was rather small and, evidently, hard to see. This adventure was the first of many and won her twelve years in a “reform” school in Colorado where she learned to pick locks and draw. She has won other things since then.

She paid her way through her undergraduate degree drawing erotic images for some company in India (she never learned to spell or pronounce the company name, though the logo is a fish being swallowed by a cat.) After a brief stint selling insurance and living straight she applied for graduate school. The University of Montana in Missoula was the best thing that ever happened to her. Well, second best.

Rebecca returned to Cody, Wyoming. She lives there now in a tiny house with a beautiful daughter, 3 cats, and a box of paints. Rebecca is currently an adjunct professor at Northwest College in Powell, WY.

www.rebeccagweed.com