

She always wore her long silver hair pulled up in a bun at the nape of her neck and as she spoke, she would tap her long, crooked fingers together with the rhythm of her voice. As soon as she began, the hard floor against my body slipped away and I was transported. I don't know where she lived and I can't remember when I stopped going, but her stories led me through the cobbled webs of her life.

Storytelling is an art. If you look and listen, my art tells a story. It reflects my philosophy and passions, places I have been and things I have seen. There is the trash on that beach that I couldn't leave, the story in the news that I couldn't shake and the metal I found that fall day in the alley behind the studio. It's all there. My art is a diary of my life.

In the past few years, I have been fascinated with the science of epigenetics and how art and environments can affect us. Through epigenetics we know that the expression of our DNA can be changed by our environment for better or worse. In an age of technology, fractured populations, war, pollution and global warming people are finding ways to "heal" themselves by changing their environment. In fact, in both South Korea and Japan scores of people go to forests to "bathe" and heal.

Recently, scientists have discovered that viewing art, like nature, has the power to create a similar healing environment. It is this quiet, healing space that I try to create with my landscapes, an environment where epigenetic transformations can occur for the better. We just have to take the time and space to see.

I have a B.S. in Biology from Vanderbilt University and an MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. The intersection between science and art is something I have pursued for as long as I can remember. In fact, within the last few years I have had the opportunity to present my research in art and epigenetics at both the Popular Culture Association/American Culture Association Conference and the Art in Society Conference at UCLA.

We interact with art every day. It pulls us in, pushes us out and can even heal.