

## Susanna Barger

Hopefully, the impression on entering this space is that some book-making scavenger recluse has claimed it in order to unleash their collection. **"A book"** provides delicious material expectations to both flirt with and reject. There is a definition for what **"a book"** is, but infinite possibilities in regards to what **"a book"** can become. With **"book"** as an anchor my narrative brain was able to whirl in any direction the moment- **stitch, weave, sand, smear, gouge, tape, click, stack, snap, link, tear, burn, print, glue, pose-** demanded. Now I have this record; a castaway library scrounged from everything in arms' reach during necessary but involuntary stretches of solitude.

Making is not so much a choice as a compulsion. If I was not exhibiting work I would still be **hoarding photo prints and brown paper and spare buttons and wood blocks and that chair back and far too many scraps of forgotten writing** in the hope of brewing some late-night alchemy with them. Offhandedly, I call my pieces **"cursed"**. **"Cursed"** is a quality most frequently assigned to objects which to me feel uncannily alive. A **curse** is an aura, a connection. In that respect, cursing is **aspirational**. Successfully cursed works **resonate**, even beyond my own **obsession**. **That miserable quest** for resonance **is a trap** I fall into each time I dig out a particularly self-assertive fabric scrap.

As for my role as the artist, I imagine myself, in my eight by sixteen studio/home, as some **Ben Gunn-Spider-Ghost hybrid monster**, spinning and spinning a nest of curses for tomb robbers to finally crack open and **unleash**.