

What does it mean to know me?

Does it end with my name? “Elise Mollie Williams” would be my response.

Then I would ask “What is your name?” You would say “_____.”

Then you would ask me what I do.

I would shake your hand and tell you I am a practicing interdisciplinary artist living in Providence, Rhode Island; but I’ve traveled the East Coast, participating in exhibitions and residencies along the way.

I would tell you I’m currently completing my Master of Fine Arts at the Rhode Island School of Design and received my Bachelor of Fine Arts from the Savannah College of Art and Design.

You would ask me what I love.

I would say “While my interests are varied, I remain primarily concerned with the biological, the automatic, and the visceral. Through adhering complex organic forms to more readily digestible compositions, I create intricate emotionally-charged artworks that explore the interactions between my distinctive biology and the structures they exist within. These structures, which reference both the physical and the intangible, are often challenged and interrupted within my artworks. Through this, I offer myself and my viewers some degree of freedom from the known.

Sculpture, painting, writing, and performance/video works are all integral aspects of my practice, each in direct dialogue with and informing the other.”

I would notice I had gone on for too long about myself.

You would be gazing out the window, longingly.

I would say, “But you know what I love, even more than art?”

You would dismissively say “What?”

I would say “I love you. I love you with the trees behind you. And it’s fall, maybe the beginning of spring. You’re wearing some deep rich green. I’m wearing burgundy. We are side by side. We are hand in hand. We trust that the other notices every fern, every fungus, every abandoned bottle cap and cigarette butt that reaches up from the sea of organic detritus that will ultimately consume them. We trust that the other knows we will eventually be consumed by this very same detritus. We trust that the other sees the shimmering holy monstrosity that is life. That is what I love.”