

*Where the Self Resides* Once, when I was home alone again, I entered my parent's room to fathom its mysteries. Soon after opening their closet, I came across a wooden box containing small jars filled with bright paints. Rummaging further, I found a painting of birds perched among leaves bearing the same colors. As both were clues about who my mother was, I began to imagine what our relationship could be like if I became an artist too. Over time, despite her remoteness, my path in life was drawn, and my passion for making art has never waned. Instead, it continues wax with every "aha" moment I experience along the way. It is the conversations in my head about these cognitive sparks that guide my choice of media, technique and the steps I follow as I develop my work.

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