

Dylan Loftis

I have few answers at present. I know I'm a woodworker. My curiosities are not as limited. How do I tell a good story? Are words necessary? How do I sow dedicated time in the studio and not only reap joy for myself, but yield more than enough to share? How do I balance a committed ethic while still making work that is fun, humorous, and playful? Added to this line of questioning is a wrestling with the fact that I'm a deeply private person longing to move towards making more personal work. That Hemingway quote nags and sticks in my craw. "There is nothing to writing. All you do is sit down at a typewriter and bleed."

But I'm known to pass out when I see too much blood. And sometimes even when I think about it too much.

I'm looking to comics, action figures, and creature comforts from my childhood. They encouraged my earliest creativity and storytelling. Superman and the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles didn't just exist within the same narrative, they regularly prevailed against evil alongside Spiderman and a newly reformed Darth Vader. Blankets were capes, or forts, or just blankets- forever a symbol of protection and safety. Now, my hands are bigger, the toys are different, and the setting has changed, but I'm still playing. The studio is becoming its own world. Tools are coming to life and starting to live their own story. The narrative between object and maker is growing fuzzy. Am I the author or another character being developed and defined as the tale unfolds?