

# DANIELA NAOMI MOLNAR

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## **Artist Statement (Prose form):**

Working with color, water, language, and place, my art explores memory—planetary, cultural, familial, and bodily. These memories are alive in the present and have the potential to shape our future. My work creates vessels in which memories transform.

To access these memories, I make pigments from stones, flowers, roots, bones, glacial melt, and rainwater, each sourced from specific biomes. These pigments create palettes of place that celebrate the earth's imagination and resilience. Working with the earth this way has taught me that memories can permeate across vast timescales and disparate places, species, and generations.

Poems and essays arise alongside the pigments and paintings, exploring the same questions and ideas. The two practices overlap and inform each other.

Though I engage with challenging themes, I see each of my creations as a resilient ecosystem offering sensory immersion, beauty, and the possibility of exchange.

Lia Purpura writes, "I believe we are necessary, and that restive powers need to be touched, moved, acknowledged into being. And that the act of enlivening matters." My work stems from the belief that "shifting restive powers" might be a good role for a human at this time.

Shifting restive powers involves a confusion of tenses and an opening of senses. It involves a relinquishment of linear or easily traceable histories or outcomes, and an embrace of confusion's capacity to heal. My work involves wandering, open-hearted, into the recesses of the earth's memory and using vessels of transmutation—pigments, water, and poems—to shift those restive powers. Because every body is dynamic—homeostatic, never static—I offer these memories bodies in which they might transform. My work is the trace of their changing.

## **Artist Statement (Poem form):**

### **The World is Full**

Our home is filled with forest light, deep-lit and limber,  
impelled by a scent trail older than names : an obdurate light,  
a largest mind. Inside, I slow and layer  
cellulose with bone, iron, glass, leaving a molten, bloody ochre  
to shoulder through the core.  
I add flowers from my mother's field  
where she's made a garden  
and a family grave. I'm painting and my work is to  
bury, change, contain, to make a home for what remains  
orphaned from time and place. Indelible,  
the layers convey, circulate light, make touch.