

About Allison Dalton, Artist, Brevity Issue 54

 brevitymag.com/nonfiction/about-the-artist-issue-54



Allison Dalton is an Associate Professor at Art Center College of Design in Los Angeles, where she teaches project-writing and supports students' writing and research practice in studio art and design classes. She is also an ordained reverend of the Los Angeles branch of the Church of Craft. Her recent work has lately included a cut-paper stop-motion animation and an artist's book reproducing and mulling over objects she inherited from her unknowable paternal grandmother. She has a fiction MFA from Columbia and an undergrad degree in Creative Writing from UC Santa Cruz.



The illustrations for this issue, *aka* the “*Brevity Charm Pack*,” comprise a collection of 18 quilt squares (seen in the illustrations on this page) made of previous work and found images transferred to fabric, then layered with drawings, scans of her hand-knitting, paper, and embroidery.

as used in the issue:

 <div>Wings</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>The Lunch Lady and Her Three-Headed Dogs</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by SONYA HUBER</div> <div>9 Comments</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Toledo, Ohio 1977</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by SEAN THOMAS DOUGHERTY</div> <div>23 Comments</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Wings</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by DAISY HERNÁNDEZ</div> <div>16 Comments</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>The Lunch Lady and Her Three-Headed Dogs</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by SONYA HUBER</div> <div>9 Comments</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Toledo, Ohio 1977</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by SEAN THOMAS DOUGHERTY</div> <div>23 Comments</div>
<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Salvage</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by BETH ANN FENNELLY</div> <div>10 Comments</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Symbolum Apostolorum: The Apostles' Creed</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by LUCINDA ROY</div> <div>3 Comments</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Are Now All That Remain</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by JILL TALBOT</div> <div>2 Comments</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Salvage</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by BETH ANN FENNELLY</div> <div>10 Comments</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Symbolum Apostolorum: The Apostles' Creed</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by LUCINDA ROY</div> <div>3 Comments</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Are Now All That Remain</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by JILL TALBOT</div> <div>2 Comments</div>
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<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Misinformation</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by ALLEGRA HYDE</div> <div>1 Comment</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Backstitch</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by MICHELE MORANO</div> <div>1 Comment</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Like This</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by DAVID NAIMON</div> <div>No Comments</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Misinformation</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by ALLEGRA HYDE</div> <div>1 Comment</div>	 <div>Backstitch</div>	<div>NONFICTION</div> <div>Like This</div> <div>January 14, 2017</div> <div>by DAVID NAIMON</div> <div>No Comments</div>
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Holy

by LORI JAKIELA • January 14, 2017

11 Comments

My mother worries about my soul. She tells me so at her kitchen table, 6 a.m. We're making nut-roll, even though it's not a holiday, nothing to celebrate.

My mother believes bread rises only in the morning. I'm not good with mornings. Last night I stayed up late, reading, worrying.

"Ruining your eyes," my mother says.

Drinking.

I'm hung over.

My mother is dying.

Everything is urgent now.

My mother wants me to know things, like where she keeps the silver, how to shut off the water, how to make a decent nut-roll.

"Who will teach you when I'm dead?" she says, and pounds the dough so hard it makes death seem impossible.

This morning she wants to talk religion, something I've refused to do for years. She brushes flour off her velour pantsuit. She punches the dough like it's a face, mine.

