FIELD GUIDE to CHRISTINA PETTERSSON'S

Pines Cemetery

at Locust Projects

Introduction

In the Pines is a memorial to our landscape which is nearly gone, and characters who once knew it. Now as rare as the Florida panther who inhabits it, the last great swath of our unique Pine Rockland habitat lies almost hidden and certainly sacred within Everglades National Park. Yet until Flagler's train arrived in 1896, most of South Florida was pine. Look at almost any old black and white picture from here and they loom in the background like giant ghosts, so ordinary as to be utterly invisible. It is a powerfully simple metaphor for how history is written, leaving out so much of the actual story, even when it's right in front of us, because few thought it mattered.

Each gravestone within my pine cemetery is a cellar door into the cities of the dead, a portal into a lost piece of history. A way for me to flash their names one more time across the sky. Each one cracks open a whole wide world of meaning. I was moved by how prescient and apocryphal each tale is, wonderful stories of survival, loss and beauty in devotion to the earth. Heartbreak too of course.

It is not merely serendipity that *In the Pines* ended up happening now, in light of recent world events. People are hungry for more. They see the curtains of history fall. Let them all fall. That history was written through the tiny lens of hegemony and economy, leaving out everyone and everything that actually matters about being human on this extraordinary planet. Thus we ended up living in a world where what should be common knowledge by now is instead occult.

Artists are like seismologists interpreting the tremors of the earth. We feel so much, and it's such a pleasure, but Lord it can hurt too. Learning about local history and landscape in South Florida can feel almost lonely. How I long to share my secrets. It is easier than ever to access information through museums, archives, books, etc. all by yourself, and while you don't have to become a super nerd like me, it is a sin to lack even curiosity about the actual history of your hometown. See the rich industrialists like Flagler, Fisher, Lummus and Broward, for who they truly are - villains who destroyed everything that stood in the way of their own hubris and wealth. Discover the small stories instead. They are the ones that matter.

A cemetery is a lasting impression of the collective past, a place perfectly designed to contemplate its narrative and act as a memorial. I have always felt at ease in a cemetery. Let's strengthen our sense of community by honoring the dead. To celebrate history is also to mourn what we have lost, and take back the cemetery for the living. Death is not the darkness, it is the light. We are the ones that shove it into the long night, along with our necessary grieving. After all, grieving is remembering. Come speak to the dead with me.

I am so grateful for the extraordinary support of Locust Projects, which allowed this long term vision to finally come to light. This rare and wonderful place is a beacon too.

You are my home South Florida. For better or worse. May we go forth with a greater appetite to learn about the world beneath our feet.

-Christina Pettersson

The Bahamian Pioneers

Bahamians were some of the first settlers in what would become Miami and played a major role in the development and creation of the city as we know it today. White pioneers from the Northeast benefited enormously from their knowledge and expertise. Consider how profound the Caribbean culture, ecology and cuisine has permeated South Florida, so pervasive as to be invisible, or rather identified as our own. It is seeped into our landscape, from the coconut palms to the mango explosions that herald our hurricane summers. They taught other settlers how to adapt to the heat and mosquitoes of the jungle wilderness, how to grow tropical foods. Black Bahamian laborers built some of our most treasured landmarks in Miami, including Vizcaya. They did the hardest work and received the least credit, clearing land and cutting roads through the jungle, grubbing the ancient saw palmettos of Miami Beach and working the coontie mills, Miami's first industry - processing the tuber of the ancient cycad plant, once a dominant plant of the Pine Rockland, into arrowroot starch - for the benefit of white pioneers building empires. Along with the Seminoles, they influenced the character of Miami's architecture through their great skill and the addition of African and American Indian design elements. The old Bahamian sector of Coconut Grove, commonly referred to as Kebo, still features many of these Bahamian-style homes. We owe a particular debt to the Bahamian pioneers, who with them brought their knowledge of how to survive hurricanes and the harsh conditions of tropical living- and the literal fruits of its labor.

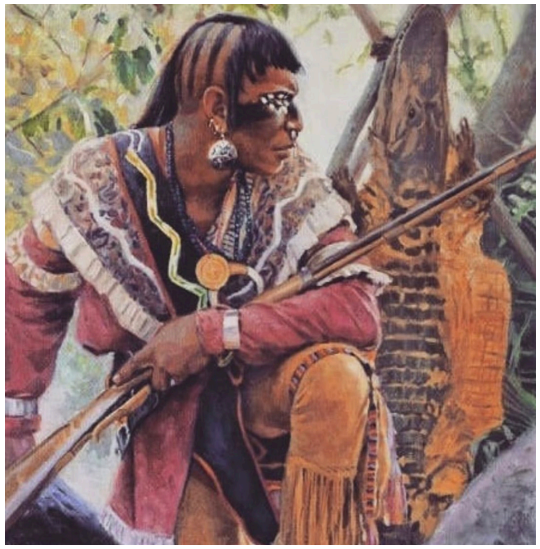
Image: Bahamian pioneers stand outside the Barnacle boathouse, taken by Ralph Munroe. Courtesy of UM Special Collections.

Carolina Parakeet

In many ways, the history of the Carolina parakeet's decline parallels the history of American growth over the course of the 19th century. All that prosperity came with many terrible costs. As the United States expanded and remade the landscape to suit its needs, many native species lost out. The Carolina Parakeet (Conuropsis carolinensis) was the only parrot species native to the eastern United States. It was found from southern New York and Wisconsin to the Gulf of Mexico, and lived in old forests along rivers. It was called puzzi la née ("head of yellow") or pot pot chee by the Seminole and kelinky in Chickasaw. Outside of the breeding season the parakeet formed large, noisy flocks that fed on cultivated fruit, tore apart apples to get at the seeds, and ate corn and other grain crops. Considered a serious agricultural pest, it was slaughtered in huge numbers by wrathful farmers. This killing, combined with forest destruction throughout the bird's range, and hunting for its bright feathers to be used in the millinery trade, caused the Carolina Parakeet to begin declining in the 1800s. A final factor was the unfortunate flocking behavior that led them to return immediately to a location where some of the birds had just been killed. This led to even more being shot by hunters as they gathered about the wounded and dead members of the flock. The last known wild specimen was killed in Okeechobee County, Florida, in 1904, and the last captive bird died at the Cincinnati Zoo on February 21, 1918.

Image: by John James Audubon.

"Happiness may be beneficial for the body but it is grief that develops the powers of the mind." **- Marcel Proust**



Chekika

Every day, people driving along the Tamiami Trail west of Miami unknowingly pass near the spot of one of the most brutal episodes during the Second Seminole War. Its name in Miccosukee, Yatcasaski, means “Hanging People.” It is a cursed place. It was once the hideout of the Seminole War hero Chekika, a powerful lieutenant of Osceola, who was tracked down and scalped by US soldiers after he directed the massacre of Dr Perrine, the pioneer botanist, and others on Indian Key, in 1840 the Dade County seat. Chekika was known as the leader of the "Spanish Indians," most likely a mix of Muskogee and Spanish, so-called because several members of the group spoke Spanish, no doubt as a result of contact with Spanish explorers. Miccosukee oral tradition says that Chekika was Miccosukee. He was described as the tallest chief in the Seminole nation, and very strong, even said to be a descendant of the once-powerful lost Calusa tribe. Chekika's known exploits during the war were bold and vicious. Lt. Col. William Harney, a family friend of Andrew Jackson, was on a vendetta to track down and kill Chekika, and in December 1840, left Fort Dallas with 90 soldiers in a fleet of canoes. Among them was a slave who was formerly a prisoner of the Seminoles. He led the soldiers deep into the heart of the ancient swamp, to find the hideout of Chekika. Instead of wearing their usual hot and heavy wool Army uniforms, Lt. Col. Harney's men are said to have dressed as Seminoles as they dredged through the Everglades in search of Chekika. This strategy worked and the expedition was considered one of the first Special Forces operations in the U.S. Army history. Within a few days the soldiers reached the island hammock hideout of Chekika. Because of their stealth and disguise, they took the hideout completely by surprise.

Chekika was in his garden as he was suddenly surrounded by U.S. soldiers, and waved at them. He probably didn't recognize at first that he was dealing with soldiers who were specifically hunting for him. Realizing there was no escape, he offered his hand to the nearest soldier, and was shot and killed instantly. The killing of Chekika was one matter, but what happened next outraged the Seminoles. Harney hung Chekika's disemboweled body from an old oak tree, along with two other warriors who were captured, tortured, and executed in the same manner as an intimidation tactic. This act enraged tribal leader Sam Jones, who vowed to treat any white prisoners the same. It is said that ever since, the Seminoles and Miccosukees refuse to visit this hammock in the Glades they call “Hanging People.”

Mary Bulmer Brickell

Julia Tuttle is not the only Mother of Miami. For starters, Mary Brickell not only gave more land to entice Flagler to bring the railroad than Julia, she deeded it five months earlier. Mary also lived here for most of her life, from 1870- 1908, while Julia only did from 1891-1898. When the Brickells arrived it was a wilderness populated by distrustful Seminoles. By offering friendship and a way to interact economically with whites and be treated fairly, they pacified the Seminoles. It certainly was unusual then for a woman to be as involved in business as Mary, and some men resented and vilified her. Mary had a vision to make Miami “the garden spot of the world.” As for herself, she didn’t care a fig for fame or appearances. She liked to walk about barefoot and chewing tobacco, and she befriended everyone. Mary gave generously not only to the city but to its citizens as well, particularly the black community. She freely gave out loans she never expected to be paid back, helping countless people become property and business owners. Even at eighty-six, the day before her death, she met with authorities about a subdivision she designed, platted and developed herself, called Brickell Hammock, or more popularly, “The Roads.” The fact that this original mother of Miami has only recently become known is a lesson in how even the founding stories are often wrong, buried by neglectful historians and an uninterested populace.

Image: William and Mary Brickell (Courtesy of HistoryMiami)

“Between grief and nothing I will take grief.”

– William Faulkner, The Wild Palms

Ernest Coe

"He was certainly the prophet, and unmistakably the founder, but what more he was is hard to define. Ernest F. Coe, the 6-foot-tall, spare, courtly gentleman without whose startling vision, slow-burning passion, steely endurance, and indomitable will there would be no Everglades National Park today. And probably no Everglades," wrote Marjory Stoneman Douglas. He "made a nuisance of himself" in his own words, and "was the very figure of a man obsessed." All Floridians owed a great debt of thanks to Ernest Francis Coe, the Forgotten Father of the Everglades.

Arriving in Miami in 1925 at the age of 60, Mr. Coe fell in love with the Everglades. He would roam the Glades alone, with only a walking stick, and was reportedly able to sleep just about anywhere — on the beach, on a riverbank with the alligators nearby or on a bed of leaves in the hammock. Even the scream of panthers never fazed him. One night as he fell asleep a big cat sat next to his shoulder and he "enjoyed the friendliness of the wild thing."

Originally, Coe envisioned 2,500 square miles of protected land, spanning from Lake Okeechobee to the Florida Keys, including marine coral reefs, and the Big Cypress Swamp. This was an extraordinary amount of land to consider, and the prevailing belief was that only spectacular landforms warranted protection. Many of the park's detractors saw the Everglades as flat and filled with loathsome reptiles.

What was eventually approved was half what he'd hoped for. When the park was dedicated, Coe was bitterly disappointed in the final product and resigned from the committee in protest, and refused to have anything more to do with the Everglades.

Image: Ernest Coe on Cape Sable, 1929, photograph by Claude Matlack.
Reclaiming the Everglades online photograph collection.

"Mankind everywhere has an insane desire to waste and destroy the good and beautiful things this nature has lavished upon him." - Charles Torrey Simpson, "The Sage of Biscayne Bay"

Jane Wood / Janet Reno

Florida pioneer and wild woman Jane Wood was one of the most groundbreaking and colorful women of the 20th century, who built her family's cypress and brick home by hand in the pines, on the edge of the Everglades, and raised four kids. Labeled a wunderkind after an early IQ test, she was a free thinker and gifted storyteller who championed the rights of the underdog, in particular the Miccosukee Indians, and shattered barriers during the explosive early years of Miami. She worked as an investigative journalist for decades along with her husband at the Miami Daily News, under male pseudonyms, until she became so indispensable the paper was forced to take her on staff and let her publish under her own name. She interviewed Amelia Earhart, read Proust, smoked a pipe, handled wild animals, downed shots with Tennessee Williams, and was fond of snatching a snake from her purse at some stuffy seminar just to liven things up. Her homestead remains in the family, and is one of the few properties in Dade County with original slash pines. Once called Miami's Calamity Jane, this matriarch of mischief had her ashes scattered on her Biscayne Bay to the reading of poetry.

Among her equally exceptional four children, daughter Janet Reno was valedictorian and debating champion of Coral Gables High, going on to graduate top of her class at Harvard, one of only 16 women in a class of 500. She became Attorney General of Dade County, at 39, and though tarnished for her inactions during the McDuffie rebellion, she never hid from admitting she was wrong. As the first female Attorney General under Bill Clinton she was, among countless other issues, a strong advocate for women's reproductive rights. She never allowed politics to dictate her decisions, famously telling a reporter, "I don't do spin." She eventually came home to Miami, and could be seen driving around Kendall in her red pickup truck, where she lived with her peacocks. She was charming and forthright, a courageous public servant who worked her heart out to do the right thing, and an unabashed sentinel for all members of the community. When she passed away in 2016, Miami rap legend and activist Luther Campbell said, "Black dads knew if they didn't pay their child support, Reno would throw them in jail." As Miami-Dade County State Attorney, she had become a hero early on in the African-American community for cracking down on deadbeat dads. "She was the only white lady who commanded the full respect of black Miami. At the annual Martin Luther King Jr. parades, Reno would get more cheers than the Miami Northwestern marching band," Campbell said of Reno's reputation. "The news Janet Reno passed away early Monday has left many black Miamians, including myself, saddened by her death," Campbell wrote. "She meant so much to the African American community. She always stood up for us when no one else would."

Image: Jane Wood and Janet Reno in their home, Miami Herald

Arthur McDuffie

While researching and building my cemetery to South Florida history, both well known and obscure, inside Locust Projects, another death hammered on the door. On the very same block as the gallery, North Miami Avenue and 38th Street- a corner I have driven past a thousand times - I discovered that Arthur McDuffie was beat to death, with flashlights and nightsticks, while handcuffed, by at least four young Miami policemen on December 17, 1979. McDuffie's skull was "cracked like an egg" by officers who each had a long history of brutality complaints and lawsuits against them, never punished. Court records show multiple accusations of "severely beating motorists stopped for traffic violations", who sometimes required brain surgery afterwards. Yet two of them had just been awarded Officers of the Month. No less than 16 officers were complicit in the coverup, faking a traffic accident by pummeling his motorcycle and falsifying reports to cover up the killing. Ten days passed before an investigation team even bothered to return to the scene of the crime. Ten fucking days. His grief stricken elderly parents had been there for a week already, combing this very corner for any clues to make sense of the horror. They found only his bloodstained chinstrap.

Arthur McDuffie attended Booker T Washington High School, where he was president of the marching band, and went on to become a military policeman in the Marines. He had three small children. He was well liked in his community and his community could take no more. They had already borne a series of horrifying crimes by Miami cops that went unpunished that year - a wrong house raid on school teacher Nathaniel LeFleur, unarmed Randy Heath shot in the head, an eleven year old sexually abused. When the all white jury acquitted his murderers, the fury was raw and swift and the city burned. It shocked the country. It should have changed everything. Every detail from Miami Herald articles forty years ago was awful, but hardest was reading people saying exactly the same things then as now. The same signs being held then as now. The same enraged heartbroken faces.

Images: Christina Pettersson onsite by Logan Fazio

Women's Clubs of Florida

Nobody did more in the early days of South Florida to bring attention to the environment than the Women's Clubs. Formed in 1900 when a group of women began meeting weekly to socialize and read, by 1916 the Miami Woman's Club was the largest women's club in the state, with a mission of supporting education and community stewardship. Members started Miami's library system and pushed for parks when developers threatened to devour the city. They advocated for schools when education was a low priority and real estate a municipal obsession. "The club was really a major force in Miami history up until the modern period," says historian Paul George says, "the backbone of the city, and the intellectual powerhouse behind Miami."

When the women realized that the craze for feathers for women's hats was decimating the wading birds of the Everglades, spearheaded by May Mann Jennings they took a deep interest in the issue and began campaigning for the designation of Paradise Key as a state park. The struggle to establish the Park was incredibly difficult. State and County governments, influenced by powerful real estate speculators and their lobbyists, opposed the Federation's efforts at every turn while speaking nicely about the Federation's project. Their unlikely success created the first state park established in Florida in November 1916, named the Royal Palm State Park. The state's first park would lay the foundation for the eventual establishment of Everglades National Park in 1947, making the Everglades a tourist destination for the first time. Additionally Minnie Moore-Willson secured legislation to preserve 100,000 acres of the Everglades for the Seminole people. An early club vice president, Margaret Pace, locally led the movement to stop a developer from building next door to the Women's Club on Biscayne Bay. That property later became one of the region's top urban parks and was named in her honor. The women were pioneers, strong in their convictions of what they were doing and made it happen.

Image: The Florida Federation of Women's Clubs establishes Royal Palm Park in 1916. Courtesy of NPS.

Sarah Smith McClain, "The Ox-Woman"

South Dade had its share of odd characters in the early days but none more celebrated than the Ox Woman. The Widow McLain arrived in 1907 after her husband had been hanged for killing a man in Georgia, driving a cart pulled by two scrawny oxen, followed by two scrawny hounds. To earn a living, she cut cross ties for the railroad, hauled limestone rock and plowed fields. She wore men's work shoes, carried a huge shotgun everywhere, slept on the floor. Everyone knew the Ox-Woman and generally liked her. She eventually settled at Long Key, now in the Everglades National Park, built herself a shack and farmed, selling her vegetables and occasionally beef. Covered by fresh pine branches to keep from spoiling, her meat had everyone in town lining up to buy this rare treat.

Sarah Smith McLain was one of four giant sisters, whose father was said to have been the biggest man in South Georgia. She lived in Long Key until she heard her sister Hannah Smith, known as Big Six, had been killed at the Ed Watson plantation in the Ten Thousand Islands. Packing up her cart, she set off for the other side of the state - directly across the Everglades from Homestead to Chokoloskee, seventy five miles through the swamp alone. For six weeks the Ox-Woman chopped her way across Florida, walking ahead of the ox cart to clear the way. Panthers, bears, snakes and alligators were fended off by Sarah and her two dogs. She did make it and found Hannah to be quite well. Her duty done, Sarah hitched up the oxen, called the dogs and was off. She started a small farm and lived the rest of her life quietly.

Homestead pioneer Annie Mayhew Fitzpatrick wrote of her:

"Yes, I be the Widow McLain.
My man by a posse was slain.
Neither witty nor pretty
I'm asking no pity
I'm off to my homestead again.
I'm off to my home on Long Key
My pigs and my cow await me.
In the open I cook
Wash my clothes in a brook
I'm the Widow McLain, yes I be."

Image: Courtesy FIU Digital Collection

"Show me the manner in which a nation or a community cares for its dead. I will measure exactly the sympathies of its people, their respect for the laws of the land, and their loyalty to high ideals." -William Ewart Gladstone

Adeline and Bernard Feeney

My maternal grandparents Adeline and Bernard Feeney moved down to Miami in 1955 from South Bend, Illinois, where Bernard had been a law professor at Notre Dame University. Florida's siren call of real estate prompted him to transport his wife Adeline and two young daughters, Carolyn and Dianne, to a small home in Coral Gables, adding five more daughters and finally a son, in classic Irish Catholic fashion. My mother Dianne grew up in a household full of chaos and love, surviving momentous events from Hurricane Donna in 1960 to Hurricane Andrew in 1992, and became the first woman in the family to attend college, at FSU. Six of the seven sisters remain in South Florida. Adeline and Bernard are the reason I can truly call myself a Miami native and protector.

Victims of the Hurricane of '35

This is the true story of the most intense hurricane you've never heard of. The Labor Day Hurricane of September 2, 1935 hit Islamorada with sustained winds of 200 miles per hour and a barometer reading of 26.36 inches for many hours on that fateful holiday; most local buildings and the Florida East Coast Railway were destroyed by what remains the most savage hurricane on record. Hundreds of World War I veterans who had been camped in the Matecumbe area while working on the construction of U.S. Highway One for the Works Progress Administration (WPA) were killed. Their flimsy shacks on the beach were a well known risk, but the then popular impression was that the transient veterans were "diseased" bums and hobos. It was a characterization enthusiastically fed by the media. Authorities simply waited far too long, attempting to send a train even as the hurricane landed, sending it flying off its tracks before arrival. 228 civilians and 257 veterans were killed as their shacks disintegrated or simply blown off the islands, washing up on shores far and wide. When reporters finally got to the shattered work camps, the nation was outraged. Ernest Hemingway, who aided in the evacuation, wrote, "It is not necessary to go into the deaths of the civilians and their families since they were on the Keys of their own free will; they made their living there, had property and knew the hazards involved. But the veterans had been sent there; they had no opportunity to leave, nor any protection against hurricanes; and they never had a chance for their lives. Who sent nearly a thousand war veterans, many of them husky,hard-working and simply out of luck, but many of them close to the border of pathological cases, to live in frame shacks on the Florida Keys in hurricane months?"

Image: Collecting the hurricane victims. National Archives.

Amelia Earhart

Amelia Earhart's last equatorial flight departed from Miami on June 1, 1937, flying over pines in the first light of morning. Her story is nothing short of miraculous, the gal from Kansas who took to the skies and never wanted to come down. So ahead of her time, Amelia Earhart may have in fact dropped from the sky itself, ever seeking to return to it. A feminist before the word was invented, and a fervent pacifist, she chopped off her locks and wore men's clothing because no women's department anywhere sold pants. She was already myth before she disappeared, before a vengeful God, as with Icarus before, said no more, and she fell into the unforgiving sea. The largest search party the world had ever seen could not find this lone female, and are still searching today.

The Miami Herald

FLORIDA'S MOST IMPORTANT NEWSPAPER

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1937

Flier Looks Into Miami Skies Through Which She Rides On World-Circ

INCOME TAX MESSAGE READY FOR CONGRESS

DADE COUNTY PAUSES TO HONOR WAR DEAD

MISS EARHART R FOR TAKE-OFF

THE WEST INDIAN SEAL.

Caribbean Monk Seal

It may seem strange to imagine seals hanging out on the beaches of Florida, but not so long ago, they once did. A sub-tropical marine mammal, the Caribbean monk seal was first recorded by Columbus, but was well known to natives for thousands of years. It is the only pinniped ever to have existed in the American tropics. Long and robust, they grew up to 8 ft in length, with a distinctive round head; large, wide-spaced eyes; big whisker pads and highly sensitive whiskers to help them fish. Extensive hunting by Spaniards, targeted particularly by fishers who viewed them as unwanted competitors, as well as for blubber and food, made them already rare by the 1700s, but the species survived into this century. The last recorded Caribbean Monk Seal in the United States was killed in 1922 off the coast of Key West in Florida. Scientists believe the date of final extinction for this species was around 1960. The monk seal's demise would tragically be due to its friendly and trusting nature. Their curiosity and lack of fear towards humans made them easy to kill. As early as the 1600's, there are records of plantation owners sending hunters out at night to slaughter these docile animals by the hundreds. By 1850, so many seals had been killed that there were no longer sufficient numbers for them to be commercially hunted. Seals that were not killed by hunters died of starvation or could not reproduce due to overfishing of the reefs that sustained them. Florida's shores will never again see hauls of friendly, sunbathing seals.

Martha Frock

Back in the Everglades about six miles from any passable road lived Martha Frock, a youthful sixty-two year old lady took ten acres of swamp and turned it into liveable land. She had never even built a birdhouse before, but she was tired of the city and bought some land without even seeing it. She worked hard to make a homestead without any help or skills. She just wanted to. “I had an awful time building it, I really did. I would put something together and find out it was wrong and have to tear it apart.”

I found out about her in a wonderful little publication called Prop Roots: Hermits, published by students at Everglades City High School in 1979. She was the only woman in the group. “Most definitions of hermits state that hermits are persons who live alone, away from other people and have abandoned society - perhaps for religious reasons. But in no case was religion mentioned as a reason for seeking a life away from civilization. Nor did they avoid or dislike being around people. On the contrary, they seemed to enjoy visitors and were more than willing to discuss their chosen lifestyle.”

“There’s not enough time to get lonely”, said Martha, almost amused by the question. There’s more work around here than you can imagine.” Yet her feelings about her home? “Coming back here’s just

The Darkness of the Night

Over the past 120 years, the once black skies of night fell into shades of gray. The lights of urban development drown out the stars and the planets from our view. 99 percent of the U.S. population lives in areas that scientists consider light polluted and two-thirds of Americans can no longer see the Milky Way from their backyard. Objects that were once easy to observe in the night sky have become increasingly elusive. Light affects our health and disrupts ecosystems. Not to mention more than half the species on earth are nocturnal.

South Florida was one of the last cities that electricity found, first burning in Flagler’s Royal Palm Hotel in 1897. Today the light dome of Miami glows even inside Everglades National Park. With the darkness goes our ability to feel humbled, awash in the glory of the Universe. The night skies remind us that we are a tiny part of this cosmos, gifting us with awe and reverence for this remarkable world that makes us more thoughtful, inquisitive, empathetic, kind and nurturing human beings. Let the power of night restore our kinship with the universe, lessen our fears and make us noble and adventurous once again.

ABOUT CHRISTINA PETTERSSON

Born in Stockholm, Sweden, Christina Pettersson has lived in Miami, FL most of her life. Her last two solo exhibitions, in Everglades National Park and at the historic Deering Estate on Biscayne Bay, reflect her lifelong passions in her hometown.

Recent shows include the Perez Art Museum Miami (PAMM), Museum of Contemporary Art, Miami, Girls Club, Fort Lauderdale, the Art and Culture Center of Hollywood, FL, Launch F18, New York, NY. She has exhibited at other museums, particularly in the South, such as the Birmingham Museum of Art, AL, Columbus Museum of Art, GA, Baltimore Museum of Art, MD, Wiregrass Museum of Art, AL, and the Naples Museumof Art, FL. Her work is in major collections locally, such as the PAMM, Martin Z. Margulies at the Warehouse, Deborah & Dennis Scholl, Frances Bishop Good & David Horvitz, and throughout the country.

She has received the South Florida Cultural Consortium Fellowship thrice, the largest regionally sponsored grant in the US. She received a Fulbright Grant to return to Sweden in 2000, attending the Valand School of Fine Arts in Gothenburg. She has attended residencies at Yaddo, Ucross, Vermont Studio Center, VCCA, The Studios of Key West, Atlantic Center for the Arts Master Program under Inka Essenhigh, and a yearlong program at the Deering Estate. Taking her to remote and historic places, they have a profound effect on her work. Most influentially she spent a month inside Everglades National Park under the AIRIE residency program in 2015. This residency solidified her desire to focus her artwork on the combination of her local environment, history and community outreach.

Pettersson has curated and staged group performances and public programming throughout her native South Florida. In conjunction with exhibitions and organizations such as AIRIE, Girls Club, and various historical entities she collaborates to bring these themes to life in the community- thru walking and bus tours of neighborhoods, cemeteries and the local environment, guest lectures, workshops, book clubs, even shadow puppet performances. These events have allowed Pettersson's work to become a true engagement with the community, dissolving boundaries, utilizing the talents of a variety of people and organizations with limited resources, and educating and delighting by innovative means.

ABOUT LOCUST PROJECTS

Founded by artists for artists in 1998, Locust Projects is Miami's longest running nonprofit alternative art space. We produce, present, and nurture ambitious and experimental new art and the exchange of ideas through commissioned exhibitions and projects, artist residencies, summer art intensives for teens, and public programs on contemporary art and curatorial practice. As a leading incubator of new art and ideas, Locust Projects emphasizes boundary-pushing creative endeavors, risk-taking and experimentation by local, national and international artists. We invest in South Florida's arts community by providing artists with project grants and empower creative careers by supporting the administrative work of being an artist through an onsite artist resource hub and access to pro bono legal services.

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KNIGHT FOUNDATION

The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts

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