

Within a few months after I moved to Minnesota in the early 1990s, I ran to view the Minnesota Museum of American Art's exhibition, "Spirits: Selections from the Collection of Geoffrey Holder and Carmen de Lavallade."

The museum's collection of Haitian, African and African-American folk art treated me to a euphoric experience of color, form and phantasm. Of it all, the Haitian art was my favorite as it is of an aesthetic sensibility that is truly ancestral and pure.

In retrospect, the first time that I viewed the art of Amina Harper, I was taken to the same place of awe and inspiration. Mind you, I knew Harper long before she executed her first rendering of mind and heart into artwork that mattered. I knew her as a knobby-kneed girl, singing, smiling, and loving life as happy children do. She has not much deviated from that personal sense of *joie de vivre* 

. Now grown, her artistic inclinations reflect her special sense of beauty – strange beauty.



