

My drawings, paintings, and multimedia projects investigate relics as kin. The body, forlorn objects, and sites populate my work as I meditate on memories to arbitrate my own mortality. In 2015 I was diagnosed with cancer. Since, I explore my personal mythologies relating to gendered, sexual, socioeconomic and psychological themes. I struggled to confront the reality that my 22 year old body was not immortal, I would not make kids, and that crowdsourced funding was the only way I could manage to get help. Post treatment, I reconciled with these truths through drawings, paintings, sculpture and installation. My work hides from the fear of death by focusing on the present and past, rather than the future.

The fallibility of body and mind are documented in my current work, as is the romanticizing of a hard to swallow fate. Working from memory, I manipulate, redraw and copy my own images. I concede to and document the flaws of my mind to exhibit some kind of agency or ownership over my humanity. My work is a simulacrum of my experience, and has inevitably deviated from the content's source to become something wholly new and real. Objects with their own embodied experiences serve as both subjects and substrates where images work as players or sets. The first level of removal required for this transformation, being the memory itself, is grafted from the initial event. The second occurs when that memory is recalled. Documenting it into a piece is the third level, and finally, the fourth level is initiated by the viewer. This process in flux, and ability to fabricate my own ideas or narratives deeply interests me.

The crossing of fates between objects and myself grew important. In really coming to terms with my own mortality, my Sunday-school agnosticism turned to atheism, but my ache for psychic comfort grew and I began to seek answers through research. This discomfort led to research of Jung, tarot, aliens, religion, medical procedures and biology. I gained a reverence for reclaimed objects. Utilizing found materials grants me the agency to prevent something else from death and give it another chance. I find it redeeming. The protoscientific follies, mathematical systems, diagrams, maps and philosophies of space infest my work and interface with my personal visual lexicon. Found objects work as vessels to be filled by my own ideas or narratives, while undoubtedly introducing residual myth. Their stories fuse with mine, and are shared with you, resulting in something both real and not, yet seemingly divine.

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