



It seems to go without saying that art and culture are not only hidden in the objects we consume and the people we revere, they are also woven into the objects we discard and the people we ignore. Just as broken pottery can become antiquity with time, everyday objects and people can be transformed into gallery worthy works of art. In both my small-scale and large-scale work, I often explore concepts of poverty, inequality, and consumerism. Frequently painting directly on trash and found objects, my art pushes the limits of my canvas and reveals a narrative about the things we choose to consume and the things we arbitrarily throw away.

Mimicking the work of early Pop artists, such as James Rosenquist, I juxtapose text and images to re-contextualize. I examine the seemingly mundane by isolating and reframing unnoticed details of everyday life. Incorporating trash and found objects, I aim to re-purpose and create somethings beautiful and compelling from something that would otherwise be unwanted. In carefully constructed layers of mixed media material I distort, abstract, and exaggerate features for visual appeal and, moreover, to create a dynamic conversation between ourselves and our stuff.

A dear friend once described art simply as, “Making.” Making what? Making love? Making history? Making beauty? “Making” is a gerund - a verb that can function as a noun. To me, this suggests, art is both the outcome and the act. Much like living or dying. When looked at closely, art is often defined by the medium and canvas through which it is presented. But, if artists like Marcel Duchamp taught us nothing else, art goes beyond the surface on which it is presented. When you step back, art doesn’t have a clear beginning or end. Art just *is*. For this reason, I have come to believe if you live your life beautifully – that is to say, with patience, compassion, and tenderness – it too can become an art.