

My interest in art and art making has been inherently informed by my immersion in consumer culture. As a kid, bright colors, luscious surfaces represented pleasure, fantasy, a kind of freedom. Replicating that in painting initially felt powerful, like putting myself at the center of some otherwise one-sided consumerist narrative. Inevitably, one realizes the mirage of advertising: promises that can't ever be kept, products that will never, ever satisfy. With this initial realization—and loss of innocence—comes a kind of panic. What kind of voice or influence do any of us really have?

I see my job as an artist to engage in an ongoing response to the mass produced, the surface- slickness of both consumer packaging and, even more, the digital mirage through which most of us interact (and view art). My work is tangible, textured, clearly handmade, and fragile. The colors assert a kind of voice, co-opting a vernacular, and demanding attention to themselves.

I'm fighting for interaction with the viewer by challenging notions of what painting or sculpture are—pushing this into a kind of performance, or dance, aware of its participants and engaging them in unexpected ways: amorphous, candy-colored sculptures (or paintings?) leaning against walls, teetering on stands, placed outside or in abandoned storefronts, tiny videos on screens popping out of magenta blobs.

I'm looking for ways to subvert the standard space for viewing art (i.e. the white cube) and its own association to commodity culture. I'm striving to create experiences, rather than objects, loci for discussion and participation—*real experiences* that break formulae and tropes of all kinds, whether commercial, societal or art historical.