

ARTIST STATEMENT

I'll say straight out what I am most interested in: that moment when you are told, by a professional, something about yourself or someone close to you that changes everything you see. I'm talking about something that you would not be able to learn from the basic act of seeing. So suddenly nothing looks the same, nothing ever will. Same room, same views from the car window, same yard, same sky, same as before, all altered. The new information, a secret revealed, the diagnosis, is now given over for you to imagine, to sew onto and wind around what you see. I found it pulls you into the interior of your eye just a little, and you see your everyday landscape through the strange abstracted shapes that have just been introduced. And you add onto it everyday, giving some anxieties names and metaphors, throwing others away so that you can still see.

I grew up learning the observable world from freeze-frame illustrations and diagrams, terrariums and diorama and display cases. The photograph taken through the lens of the microscope was set next to the panoramic picture. In museums the painted backdrop merged together with the resin rivers, paper mache stones and taxidermy. The earth and the human skin was halved and recreated in cross-sections, a hair in its follicle as big as a tree, plant roots as complicated as veins. The views through telescopes and microscopes resembled each other and required the same eye-squint. What you saw coexisted with what you couldn't see, and were pictured unequivocally.

We're meant to keep it relative, understand that things are organized for presentation purposes. We try to live within our physical scale and for the most part, we do. But everyone knows that it's more complicated than that, memory plays Alice with us, that our heads take the past and make projections from it. We take what we've seen and change it, it grows, it shrinks, it repeats, it changes color. We find something on a walk or in a book or on the internet and make it our metaphor. We're told about something we haven't seen and make up our own versions. Scale is irrelevant. And we get used to that too.

As a visual artist, I've gotten used to making physical versions of my observed world. I've been recreating nature in my own image, to explain myself. I made environments where everything represented is made out of something else - materials I've always used to explain myself - fabric, paper, applique, embroidery thread, paint, beads, oils, pencil and wax. In the past few years I have been forced through events to try to reinvent my world according to the new things I've found out about it. I've been interested in imagining the canvas effected by an unarticulated underneath, how symbiosis effects the surface, and in cross-sections that try to explain the visible changes, Now I'm more interested in moving backwards from the landscapes skin, where the picture of reality retreats, elements grow or shrink in importance and the interior world magnifies.