FORM & CONTENT

ONE

* oil paint, acrylic paint, charcoal, oil pastel; flimsy, gauzelike fabrics, VHS tape, aged paper
* any color with peach-pink/salmon/coral/mauve added to it
* layers and layers and layers; films of color that bleed into each other and are lifted and pulled to reveal what’s underneath; that subtly hide other elements from view; crumbly; bubbly; creamy;
* hanging, drifting; internal; mush; “family units”
* wingspan, something you can move in and through and around and on top of
* organic and fluid abstraction; fluids; internal landscapes; drops of air
* empathic visual reading; reflective writing about interactions
* sonder, wondering about habitual behavior; coping mechanisms we act out in the middle of retelling an amusing childhood story or stapling canvas to the wall
* I hope for curiosity for others, for wanting to know more about why and how people respond to the environments they occupy; to imagine that each raise of an eyebrow is an entire universe
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* second wave abstract expressionism (Helen Frankenthaler & Joan Mitchell especially); “If I see a sunflower drooping, I can droop with it…and I draw it, and feel it until its death” – Mitchell

TWO

* forgotten napkins, copy paper, exhausted coffee grounds
* warm, glowing; colors of questionable memories and immediately fading dreams; temperatures of realities only you think exist; saccharine; film dust; VHS tape damage on a screen
* the airy sweep that only a squeegee can bring; the grain you experience firsthand in a darkroom; the fragile vein structures of a backlit leaf; organic, fluid, dreamlike, hazy; carved and simultaneously muffled
* a swirling cloud. Lots of swirling, yet so stationary clouds
* something you can cradle in your outstretched fingers
* environments to hide in and hide from others; what I imagine the soul looks like if you were to swish your hand through it or scoop it out like butternut squash from its shell
* imagined conversations repeated and fully lived before they are realized – if they ever are
* to be tossed back into some memory I could never predict, to make a reflective association that I don’t intend
* stage lighting, performative actions on stage, comradery behind the curtain, ability to ‘turn it off’ ; finding safety in the animated movies and shows I’d seek out as a child;

THREE

* unacknowledged fabric
* stage lights in a little theater; saturated viewfinder
* how the air looks when it’s humid and the atmosphere is a place to burrow into; marinated dust bunnies;
* suspended, about to collapse or grow something unexpected
* something that surrounds you, your neck swiveling back and forth
* c l o u d s
* attempts to describe a dormant sense of self and retroactive awareness; find the humanity and humility in a sneeze or a playlist made by a friend
* catching yourself in another world when your first one needs you
* to question what nostalgia actually means and triggers
* fascination for the kaleidoscope of regard you have for yourself; curious about why we don’t ask enough questions or why we assume that any amount of time is enough to be certain about who another person is
* untranslatable emotions/experiences (i.e. words in other languages that encapsulate an entire experience that English requires several words to communicate, like the Japanese word ‘komorebi’ for the sunlight filtering through the leaves on trees); Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows