

On a good day, while doing something ordinary like walking down a hallway, I become aware that I don't understand walking down the hallway. I do not understand touching a doorknob or drinking water. On very good days, I become overwhelmed by the infinite complexity of even the simplest things.

While making this body of work I have been focused on perception and value placement in relation to the interconnectedness of all things. I invest in what is often pushed into the periphery and disregarded and explore the potential of the small, the overlooked, and the barely perceptible. So, I find myself squinting or tweezing at bits of material in an attempt to cultivate a more intimate connection with whatever it is that I belong to.