

Artist Statement

I am an Army brat. Most summers growing up I found myself sitting in a car for long periods of time while my family drove to our new “home.” During this transition, I spent much of my time pondering life in some off-beat way. It was a strange existence as a child. We tried to joke that moving was our summer vacation, but we all knew better. On those trips, I preferred to sit in the back of the car with my head leaning against the window, so I could let my gaze blur as the road sped by, usually imagining a different kind of life. This life-game I would play in my head to pass the time turned into a great source for artistic inspiration. My games were quite fantastical. Sometimes I was a princess with magical powers. Other times I flew anywhere I wanted to go. As I got older, the games evolved to reflect my changing attitudes regarding love, relationships, and idealistic hopes for the future. When we would arrive at our destination, my games would end and I would get thrown back into a reality where my father went off to face various events he could never tell us about, where every day at 5pm I had to begrudgingly stop what I was doing to face the horns blowing as the flag was pulled down for the evening, and I was, yet again, the new girl in school. This shaped my existence as an artist and is one I draw on for much of my inspiration. I may have learned as a child to accept, albeit difficult at times, that life is full of the unexplainable, but as an artist I now know these observations are my launching points for a creative process driven by the rituals engrained in me by my upbringing.

My games now are like puzzles. They are opportunities for me to see my fantasies, disjointed memories, and hair-brained ideas come to some sort of fruition once captured on film. I use ridiculous props to tell a story. I have a fondness for the absurd and set out to create juxtapositions that are curiously engaging. To add insult to injury, I turn the whole shenanigan into a sort of performance for my large-format camera, with its plane of focus often twisted in homage to Scheimpflug, resulting in dreamy images loosely keeping in the long tradition of tableaux vivants. They let me escape the role of photographer/subject to play the role of victim/perpetrator, creator/destroyer, and comedian/heckler. They encompass a duality that is not only a direct reflection of my life, but is also an accepted part of human existence.