There are few moments in my life that are more beautifully sublime than the memories of my childhood. Everything from back then was grand and beautiful. The word childhood encompasses an entire world to me; it evokes a particular feeling of unfettered innocence, a familiar melody and a sixth sense. I can’t help but be reminded of the dining room fantasies that arise from the ashes at the sound of the word—the relatives laughing over a few glasses of red wine, the occasional caterwaul from the younger ones who chose to sprawl out on the rug and play hand games, the scent of cilantro wafting from the kitchen’s cauldron of frothing stew.

Things changed very quickly as I developed into a teenager. We suddenly become fixated upon matters that were once foreign to us as children. Now, the whirring of the season’s first snowfall serves only as a reminder for us to shovel the driveway, and the idea of a holiday feast is accompanied by the arduous tasks of shopping and cooking to fulfill your family’s expectations. New material items gain significance as you age into a young adult, and remnants of the past slowly fall between the cracks.
Old jewelry boxes and picture frames of what once was, gather dust and move from the living room to the study to the basement to the garage.

Nowadays, as a young adult, when my parents rebuke me for something I’ve done wrong, I remember my childhood, including all the little whims and creaks that have become so humdrum as time has gone by, and I feel a need to return to my roots—a return to true aboriginality, to the very beginning, beyond early adolescent innocence. The memories of my childhood aren’t ever lucid enough, and the only thing that returns me to that special world is the thought of something more rustic than I have ever experienced, and that something is nature.

Nature has a special quality of divinity that many in our modern human world fail to appreciate. It is the quintessence of everything physical in our lives. I feel most at home in places of undisturbed nature, able to think clearly and calmly.

I hope to create situations and narratives with my work that the entirety of mankind can relate to, work that spurs viewers to remember facets of their own adolescence. It’s not something that comes to mind often for most people, so it’s beautiful to look back and witness the greatness of past memories and the majesty of nature. For this reason, I also focused my portfolio upon a ubiquitous conflict: the one between the self and the family. This is done deliberately so that others who face similar situations can relate. Problems that develop within the household are common and can easily become a great source of distress in one’s life. Personally, most of my family conflicts involve my parents, and thus they stand as a motif that runs through almost all of my work.

To heal others is my ultimate goal, to bring peace to the calamity that exists so frequently in families all over the world. I believe that the tranquility that is synonymous with childhood innocence can be applied to adult lifestyles as well. In my work I will continue to challenge society to reevaluate the adversities of everyday life and to instill in others a passiveness that is often lost in maturity. I hope that those who view my work will contemplate retrospectively upon the hardships in their own lives.