As an artist, I can label myself as a creator, a dreamer, an avid thinker and a thought provoker. I want to open peoples’ minds and get them to question the world around them through the work I create. I do this using honesty—the brutal truth. As a child, the boiling point of teen angst overwhelmed my entire being; for once I wanted people to not just listen. I wanted them to understand, to question themselves and everything they’ve ever known. Through my work, I expose the issues we as a society often neglect. I concentrate not only on the beautiful parts of life, but deal with the issues that are often hidden in shame, kept a secret or left in denial. Like Confucius once said, “everything has its beauty, but not everyone sees it.”

Even the darker, more disturbing parts of life have the potential to be spectacular and flood to the rim with beauty. Through my concentration of complete loss of control, I hope to expose these somewhat disturbing issues and thoughts people keep to themselves and were told at a young age to silence. Not thinking about bulimia isn’t going to make it go away. Avoiding the topic of suicide or drug use isn’t going to lower statistics or make the world a better place. These issues are powerful and disturbing; the work I create is inspired by the brutal troubles and the frustrating teen angst we all shy away from but know exists.
Though my goal is to uncover the darker issues, I don’t want my viewers to feel uncomfortable. I want them to be able to stare for a long time, to appreciate the different, beautifully disturbing angle I create through my work. It’s about pushing the boundaries of what’s acceptable to display and acknowledge in society; the urge I get to create and expose these controversies is entirely impulsive. Art has never given me a limit or told me to stay inside the lines. Our mouths might often be silenced, but our minds don’t have to follow suit. This is why I choose art. It’s acceptable to take thoughts and feelings and ideas that had been hibernating in the brain, to show them off for the world to see and make them realize the truth about the society we’re stuck in. I want people to understand that it’s okay to be brutally honest and accept the hidden, dark parts of the world, not just the good that’s shoved down our throats. That’s why I choose art.

Art is beauty, art is kind, art is slowly losing your mind. It’s not structured, and it’s not limiting. It’s accepting and it doesn’t judge. It provides substance to the otherwise meaningless, over-processed, material-obsessed lives this world is much too used to. Art provides that outlet we all need but often neglect. It’s the understanding teacher that doesn’t get disappointed when you fail a test. Every time I press my finger against my Nikon’s shutter-release button or pick up a chunk of cool, untouched clay from the extruder, I’m not just creating an idea; I’m creating a part of myself. I’m sharing my entire being, my entire soul with the world. And if being a disturbing, thought-provoking, dreaming and honest freak makes me an artist, then so be it, I wouldn’t want it any other way.