

**STATEMENT**

From tent cities to opulent palaces, I am alternately touched and outraged—yet all the while fascinated—by human invention. For all our attempts at sophistication and control, there is the inevitable random or abject element; the fly in the typewriter. My constructions, ranging from installations to wall works, examine this interaction through jarring juxtapositions of ordinary materials. In using recognizable (and surprising) detritus and surplus from everyday life, these junctures stand as metaphors for the contradictions we witness daily. Obstinate concrete molds itself into voluptuous curves formed by seams in thin organza. The refined shimmer of silk and brocade takes on the quality of innards as it issues forth from industrially stitched rubber. I often rely on raw materials and found objects to function as would text or imagery, allowing the history, function, metaphorical value and/or sensibility of each element to contribute to the work's intent, along with my own investment of labor. My process of creation blends intent with accident. Through both humorously crude and painstakingly delicate handwork, I welcome the random element that exposes the absurdity, beauty, and vulnerability in our well-intended machinations.