

TIME + SPACE + DISTANCE = EXPERIENCE

Distances, quantities and times are containers for individual experience. They are moved through, unstoppable and constantly being demarked, divided and discarded. They are the abstract and ephemeral detritus of our lives, constantly being shed and still containing our trace -- the proof of our existence and of its specificity in time and space. Whether it is an empty bottle, a path worn or a door shut a definite quantity has been moved through, separated and quantified and with it an undeniable experience has been had.

One hundred and twenty feet is a very specific thing -- as are five gallons, a walk around the block and a wall separating two rooms -- yet the possibilities of what those things can contain is infinite in scope. Roman numerals, O.S.H.A., and Greenwich Mean Time merely identify things that already exist. They are the universal denominators that envelope and, thus, define the unique experiences that take place within them. To some, the idea of "eight hours" means a good night's sleep, for others it represents hard-won labor laws and for still others it signifies the amount of time it will take to get from the top of one mountain to the next.

Currently, I am focused on making concretized experience -- actual, tangible, solid -- not representational. It is possible not to possess objects, but it is impossible not to have experiences. The installations, objects, paintings, photographs, drawings, performances and sound pieces explore the standardized increments that bracket our lives, and the experiences therein, in order to eek out what makes us truly unique individuals. They are a kind of instantaneous archeology: distillations, humble three-dimensional manifestations of the abstract ephemera that make up our day-to-day lives.