



You're staring into a dark void, what do you see Charlie?

I envision my art as the obligatory laugh and lingering uncomfortable fear following a misunderstood joke. My work invokes contradictions within subjects both dubiously humorous and revolting. My objects catalyze the viewer's awareness of humor's underappreciated power, a power contingent on revulsion. The duality of menace and enlightenment in humor is my fascination. While sex and violence more commonly overlap in culture and human behavior, humor's multifaceted capacity to provoke is often overlooked. This polarity embodies the irony of our own mortal futility. Life does not exist without death- the ultimate cosmic joke, we are all victims of cruel circularity from birth to death. . Given our inevitable perishing, humor itself seems a cruel joke, or possibly a fundamental necessity for carrying on. We constantly battle forces beset on our destruction, to revert us back to the collective primordial ooze from which we sprang. My art portrays this defining human condition with a comedic, alluring, and grotesque flair. It searches for humorous optimism in mortality and satirizes the perverse nature of our destruction, both at the hands of time and our fellow man. I see my work and life as an exploration of our duplicitous existence, ever in awe of the unanswerable irony we find ourselves born into.



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Mama's Troubadour

