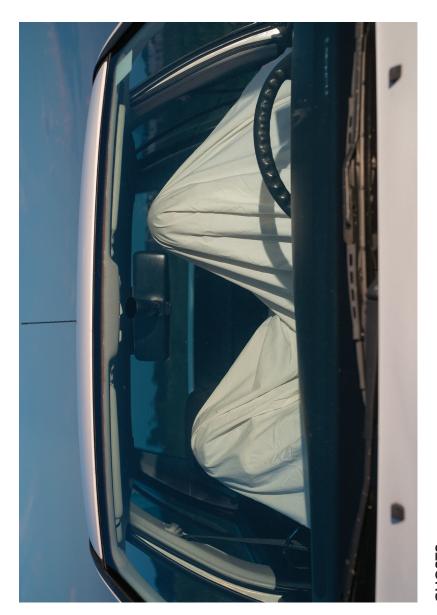
Do the Priest in Different Voices

Artist's Note

My most profound childhood memory involves reading a family Bible. The illustrations, mostly Baroque-era paintings, did not function as a mere visual embodiment of the text. Rather, the pictures communicated in a far more powerful language, evoking both comfort and trepidation. The words of the book provided little interest, but the imagery moved me to contemplate the unseen. It is the pictures I remember, not the words. The imbalance remains when I consider the possibility of a personal faith. While I am ambivalent toward the old established narratives, the semblance of the mythical in the mundane enthralls me. I identify this conflict in the everyday, in objects and situations that are alternately ineffable, laughable, and terrifying.



GHOSTS



THE WALL



YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE



THE PITY