

This recent group of paintings has become something more than just a collection of memories. The paintings have become an integral part of understanding myself and my position in relation to the world surrounding me. The paintings, are less about the pursuit of self recognition and more the result of image-making in a moment of personal turmoil, where I feel stuck among studio discipline, academic duty and reluctance.

These works, instead of solving a series of visual problems, have helped me deal in a cathartic way with loss and grief. The act of painting, that space between conceptualization and the end product is a moment where I can find myself in a meditational state where I can think clearly and confront my traumas.

Instead of the paintings working as links among forms in my past, my present and my future, they are a depiction of my emotional atmosphere. The image is still based on the domestic garden and household objects that had become my childhood imagery, yet a shift to a muted and muddy color palette suggests the colors of an unattended garden on the verge of death. The translucency patterns that resemble generic tropical leaves, work as the veil of dust or the screen that stands between the viewer, the artist and his memories. Line, shape and color come together, sometimes intertwining, blending or colliding in all over compositions as embodiments of emotional chaos in pause.

*I'm interested in a sort of suspension of meaning in the pictures*

-Donald Baechler