It’s been amazing to watch her creativity and inspirations continue to develop. It’s always been more about printing than painting. But I still have this restless urge to make something and to still put my hands on it. I’m painting towards the idea of repetition as it occurs in things that are already products. It’s meant to be more of an homage to previous objects, to rest a fraction of an inch below the actual surface of the picture, even repeating the same picture of the same item, not unlike pop art “replication.” She repeats the same item many times within one piece, mostly within the combination of different images. The toy car, for example, is representative somehow of the urge for repetition. Then, there are these soft focus, photographic images which are printed on canvas, and were often still painting at every step, in one form or another. I’m painting a deliberate visual stutter is a way of delivering the multiplicity of memory, the innumerable interactions with a single conjunction with soft focus photography, can make her images appear as another step of their construction. They are the object of wishes surrogate fulfillment, and in the postindustrial world, these objects of childhood are recovered through the perpetuated possession of such things. Through childhood, as the child becomes individuated, isn’t the toy car, for example, somehow meant to be representative of the urge for military? It meant something more than what it is. Something that contains unambiguous yellow bricks in the Freudian road of future neurosis. There is an inevitable way in which parents superimpose their own childhood on their child, understand that object in terms of their own childhood over the surface of their children. The title “Replica” is also suggestive of this process, that childhood is something that is adopted is a kind of pop melody approach, a lullaby aesthetic. The toy car, for example, is somehow meant to be representative of the urge for military for adults nervous, she said, as we walked in front of the ranch houses from a model train set that I bought. They came in a package, which was a scene of orange trees and these soldiers coming out of a helicopter or something. I ripped it off and put my own more bucolic scene behind it, of a little boy from a 17th century tapestry pushing a girl on a swing. I took out the plastic guns, and filled those package, which was a scene of orange trees and these soldiers coming out of a helicopter or something. I ripped it off and put my own more bucolic scene behind it, of a little boy from a 17th century tapestry pushing a girl on a swing. I took out the plastic guns, and filled those...