I recognize a certain irony in illustration as an art form because its existence and inspiration are predicated on the written word. Though I believe art points to beauty and must stand on its own, my work strives to analyze the nature of illustration. Illustration is a play between words and pictures—two art forms—that creates a harmony enhancing the experience of both. Through a visual dialect, art directs us to a re-evaluation of self, creating that ineffable sense of something, anything, everything lacking in the human experience. It reminds us that perfection is a possibility, but that it is not something that has yet been achieved. That ache is why I create art. Beauty shows us ourselves better than anything else. Beauty allows us acceptance. We accept that we will not experience perfection, but the aching and longing for it is worthwhile as well.

I was inspired by my reading of Cornish ghost tales and my love of maritime history to tell a story that spoke of my experience as well as displayed it. I chose to allow my artwork to inhabit space outside the confines of a bound book and interact with the reader on a larger and broader scale. I wished to make the world of the story real. My art always strives to connect to the past, and thus utilizes traditional methods and materials to take the viewer into a physical space that invokes that atmosphere. By combining the experience of the reader and the viewer, illustration places both pictures and words in a context that allows for a stronger, more emotional interaction. The scale of my pieces transgresses on the space of the reader to allow them greater access and entrance into the story itself.