

I was born in Požarevac, a small town located in Serbia. It was one of many areas targeted during the NATO bombing of Yugoslavia from March 24th to June 10th, 1999. At bottom, the Kosovo conflict was a civil war between forces of the Serb-dominated Yugoslav government and ethnic Albanian rebels of the Kosovo Liberation Army (KLA) who wanted independence for Kosovo, a province of Serbia. To this day, 15 tonnes of depleted uranium from the bombing reside within the soil and still affect the entire region. My parents and I moved to Canada, a country known as a member of NATO since its inception, fearing for our safety.

As an act of self-protection, I'm considering just how much I want to share with the public, and the varying degrees of access that I myself have as someone who is simultaneously both an insider and outsider. There exists a humility in the tight framing and intentionally limited views representing a place that I've been away from and, yet, still feel so strongly connected to. I find myself using violent lines to describe the vignette of recollections from years past. A sense of distraction is present within the chaotic brushwork and in the richness of the paint application, allowing me to quickly grasp onto a fleeting memory, while still in my periphery. There are moments of softness within the blurred lines of the work I'm creating that question the levels of familiarity that I have of once recognizable spaces.

My poor eyesight, oftentimes attributing to headaches and sudden blurriness, has been an obstacle in confidently orienting myself. I often think about the artifacts I've discovered while going on walks: the run-down Yugos, the remnants of half-finished homes built haphazardly by persons who have since migrated, and the steady regression of my own vision as I try to look further ahead. I find complete solitude in the ways in which both the acts of painting and walking grant me permission to reach a destination, licensing an emotional transition from one reality to the next. Power exists within this consensual form of movement, after a forceful evacuation, that enables me to control how my body experiences the world. I'm physically encountering a transient space that allows for the reflection necessary to enter an environment drained of any stresses associated with the previous psychogeographic setting. This has been a driving force in my exploration

of atmospheric terrain, the concept of the void as an intermission or a cavity, as well as the architectonics of time.

Look to your *left*. Now, look to your *right*. What do you see? Has your environment changed within the past week? The past month? The past year? The conversation between walking and painting requires us to slow down, taking into account the steps needed to arrive where we are, both mentally and physically. It forces us to consider those who have informed our personal geographies and how they have compromised our ability to navigate the world. My work represents not only my own views, but also the distant views of an outsider, regardless of bias and misconceptions. We each have multiple disparate worlds, worlds that we're trying to reconcile, that can only be accessed to certain degrees. No matter where we reside, we individually have our own restrictions neighboring the places that are part of us.