

Growing up, my parents told me I could be anything I wanted to be. Specifically this meant I had to grow up and become a doctor or lawyer. Their intentions were extremely admirable considering my father has a high school education and my mother dropped out of high school because of her difficulties with the English language. Perhaps they saw potential in me to be the world's greatest doctor or lawyer, or perhaps my mother was fulfilling every overbearing Chinese mother stereotype?

Trying to be a dutiful daughter by taking pre-med classes my first semester of university, I soon realized it wasn't for me when I failed miserably at chemistry, something I could never tell my parents. Naturally, my next choice was pre-law classes and for 3 years of school I loved it. Especially more so when my cousins were finishing up school and becoming pharmacists, physician's assistants and psychologists, and according to my Chinese family and mother, not "real" doctors. For once I was number one daughter.

Conflict, as experienced from the perspectives of identity, gender and race in my family, allows me to reveal my sensitivities to the tenuous dynamics of family relationships. These autobiographical experiences are a direct link to my understanding of conflict and provide empathy for the subtleties and complexities of domestic relationships. I capture this conflict by exploring the emotive power of domestic objects that fix, organize and soothe our lives. I view items found in the home as intimate witnesses to our lives. By transforming them in clay, I am interested in revealing the beauty, dysfunction and fragility of domestic settings. Whether through surface decoration or sculptural objects, I am baring my sense of conflict in familial relationships and how I long for those same relationships to be something they may never be.