My artistic process and creativity is often sparkled by pain, emotional distress and social injustice. It gets fuel by the visual environment, personal experiences and the people I love.
First, I think about a concept, and I instantly see images of what I want my artwork to look like. Normally, I get these ideas while driving, and I never have a notebook to write on, so I tend to write these on paper napkins, scratch paper, or even my own skin.
Later on, I go back and revise my thoughts to see if these have any potential. Trust me, many times I write ideas that make no sense. Then I do some quick sketches of the final project I have in mind. After this, my goal is to set up a day and time to do my work because I have to confess that I tend to procrastinate, and that is not good. The next step is where I become a little bit crazy, and I start driving up and down town looking for all my props. My ultimate goal is to have props, equipment, cleaning supplies, and everything that I need ready to go, so my art process goes as smooth as it could be. Once I have all the pieces to my puzzle, I wait for the world to fall asleep, and I turn my laundry room into a photo studio, and here, in this tiny little space is where my concept and ideas come to life.