

*There is a moment, early in every painting, when I stop thinking and start reacting. That is the moment I'm chasing.*

I work in abstraction because I don't trust the finished image as a starting point. I trust the gesture: the drip that lands wrong and stays, the line that collides with another and creates something neither one intended. I call this "imperfect perfection." It isn't a technique so much as a rule I live by on the canvas: don't correct the accident, elevate it. Let the surface keep the evidence of how it was made.

That instinct comes from somewhere specific. I grew up Latino in Texas, in a home where music wasn't background; it was how a room organized itself. Tejano music especially: accordion lines that push forward, rhythms that syncopate against themselves, harmonies stacked in layers. I build a painting the way a good Tejano track is built, with looping gestures that work like refrains and repetition that never repeats the same way twice. My palette comes from the same place: electric pink, saturated yellow, deep blue, bursts of green. It is less an aesthetic choice than an inheritance.

For years I worked in finance, in the hedge fund world. I was good at it, and it wasn't me. The turn came through work with neurodivergent communities, first as an educator and later building something of my own, and it came from the inside. I'm neurodivergent myself ("neuro-spicy," as I like to say), and that isn't a footnote to how I make work. It is the engine of it. Painting became a way to translate what doesn't translate cleanly: sensation into structure, impulse into gesture, rhythm into color. Every mark is a record of a moment I was actually present for, not smoothed over afterward or made to look intentional in hindsight.

I treat the canvas like an instrument played live. I move around it, build pressure, and layer until something starts to hum. I'm not composing a picture so much as animating a field, turning a flat surface into something that carries a charge. It is also where I go to quiet down. Painting is a meditative, therapeutic practice for me, the one place where the noise falls away and I can simply be present with color and movement.

My recent series, *Ecos y reflejos*, pushes further into that idea: nothing a painting holds ever fully disappears; it only changes register. Beneath the boldest strokes are earlier, quieter decisions, visible if you look and present even when they aren't the point. I want the paintings to hold contradiction rather than resolve it: loud and still, structured and loose, personal and open to whoever is standing in front of them.

People are often drawn in by the color first. What keeps them there is what the work stirs up: a memory, a feeling, a place they haven't thought about in years. So I don't ask anyone to solve my paintings. I'd rather they close their eyes in front of one, let a memory surface on its own, and then look again with that memory attached. At that point the painting stops being only mine. It becomes a place where my memory and someone else's meet.

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*In the end, I'm not painting what something looks like. I'm painting what it feels like to remember it.*