Portfolio

Sharon Lee

“*Vase*”
Oil on canvas

A memory materializes within me, about my childhood home. The memories of looking down the vase my grandfather had brought from korea, with his sons by his side. Ancient korean furniture decorates our home, blending in with the cold dark hardwood floors. Looking down into the vase, I romanticized seeing a portal of another life, another me dancing in the palace of Joseon living as a princess.

"*Me, Simulated*"
Acrylic on canvas

Simulations are imitating a situation or process. Simulations are imitating life. Simulations are fake, unrealistic, and animated. Simulations are fantasy, imagination, and deceptive. It's to pretend that *it* is there but it isn't. When I first knew about simulations, it was through games—a simulation game in the digital world.

I simulated myself, what I wished I looked like, my house, my boyfriend, my future, my dogs and cats, and my neighborhood. I mimicked myself and my surroundings.

I could drop people in and delete people out. I could use cheat codes and be the richest person in the world. I could download mods, put her in whatever clothes I wanted, and easily get a job and start earning money right after creating her. Build a house ground up and put whatever I wanted inside. But I still mimicked as realistically as possible and started playing as if I were her and she was me.

“*Home*”
Acrylic on canvas

My humble apartment had tiled floors, an in-unit laundry, a queen-sized bed, and a view of the city. Rent was 600.
I got a job as a painter. I get paid 168 dollars a day.
I started spawning canvases out of nowhere and sold them to the “collector” for more money.
My painting skill kept leveling up, and I got better and better.

It took 3 minutes to find him and start flirting. (I went to his house and introduced myself.)
It took 1 for him to flirt back. (He let me inside, now he won't stop calling me) It took me an hour to create and place him in my world.

I started to wonder why I liked simulated games more than other games. Maybe it was because I could create and mold things from nothing to something.

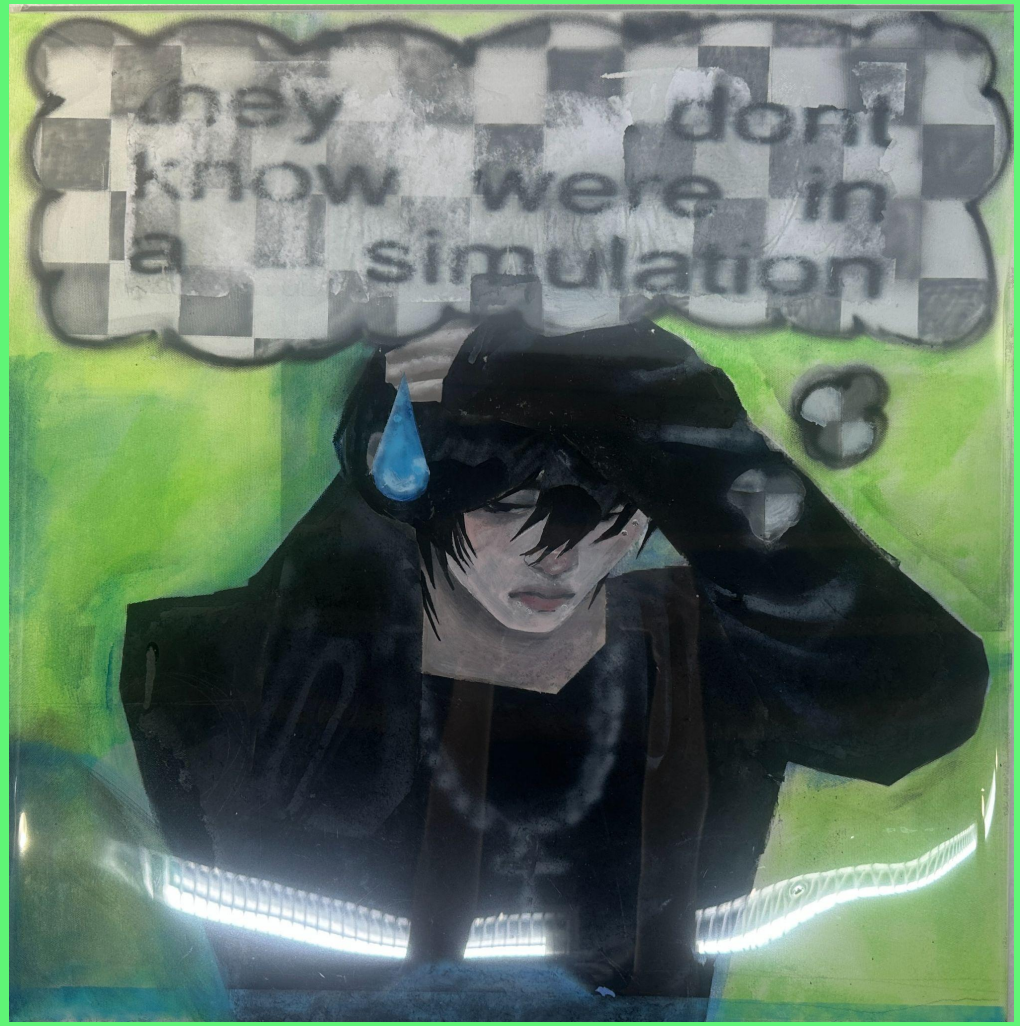
Maybe it was because I could not do those things in real life.

Or I could, it just would not come as easily as it does in the simulation.

Placing myself inside behind the screen was easy. Living was easy.

"*Lover*"
Acrylic on acetate

“*Meow*”
Airbrush and watercolor on wood

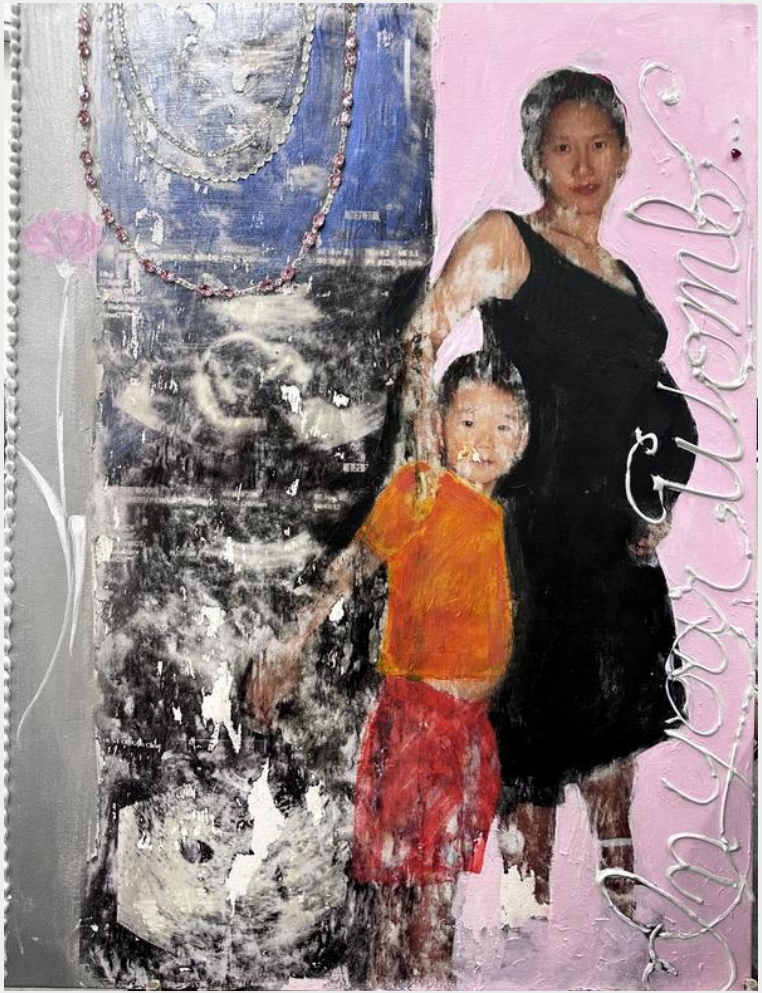


"*they dont know were in a simulation*"
Acrylic airbrush on canvas

"*Cake Tile*"
Mixed media on wood

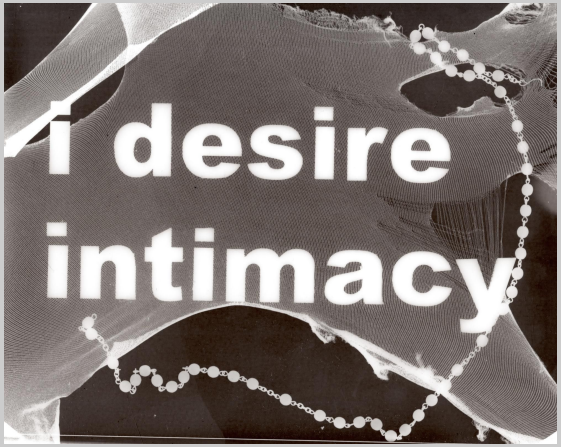
"Airbrush Test"
Airbrush on canvas

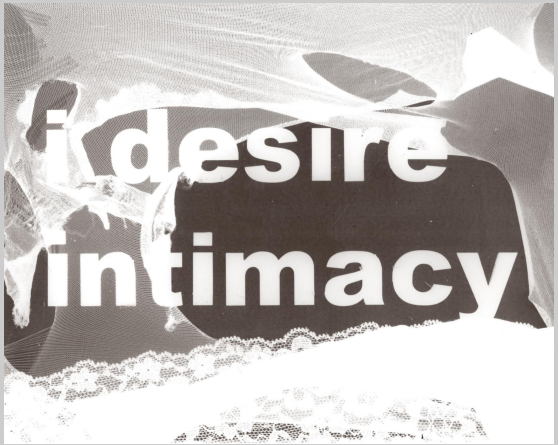
“*bubble RIOT*”
Digital

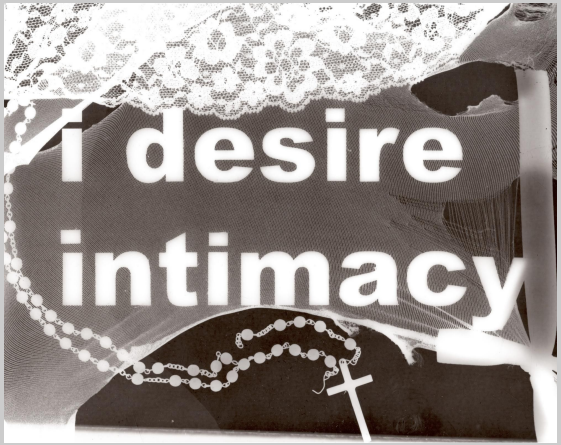


"*In Your Womb*"
Acrylic and image transfer on canvas

"*Kai*"
Ink on cardboard



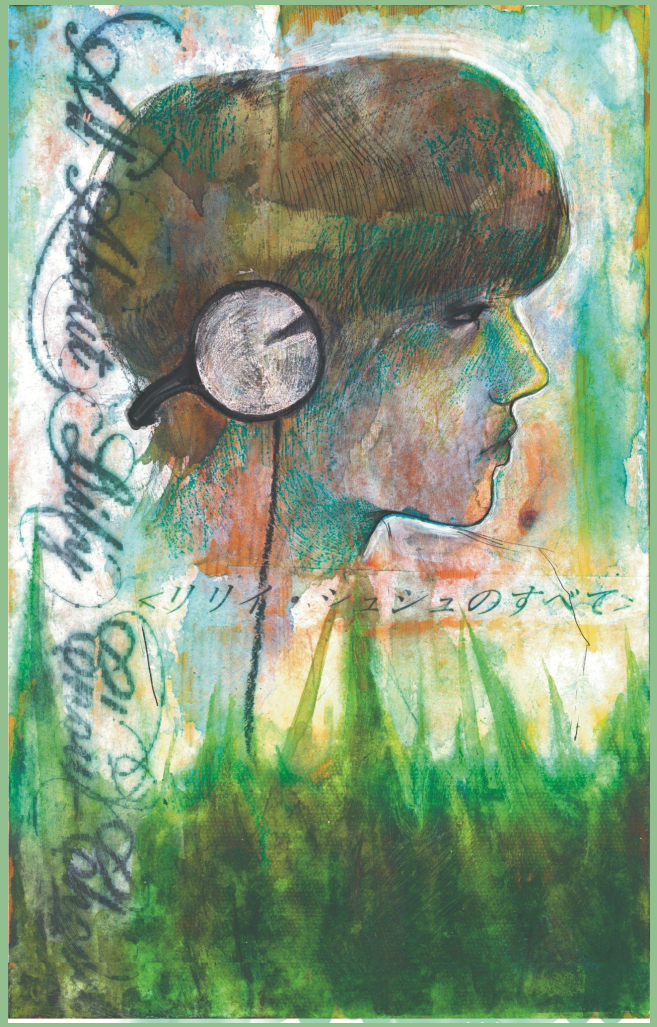




"*i desire intimacy*"
Type exposed on contact paper

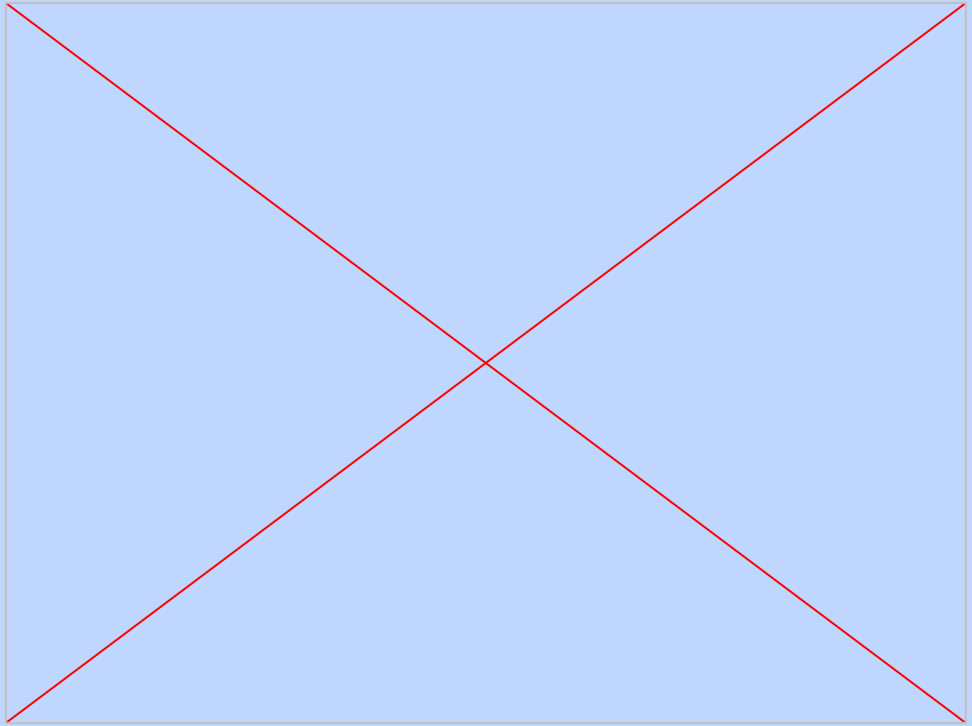
"*Untitled*"
Charcoal

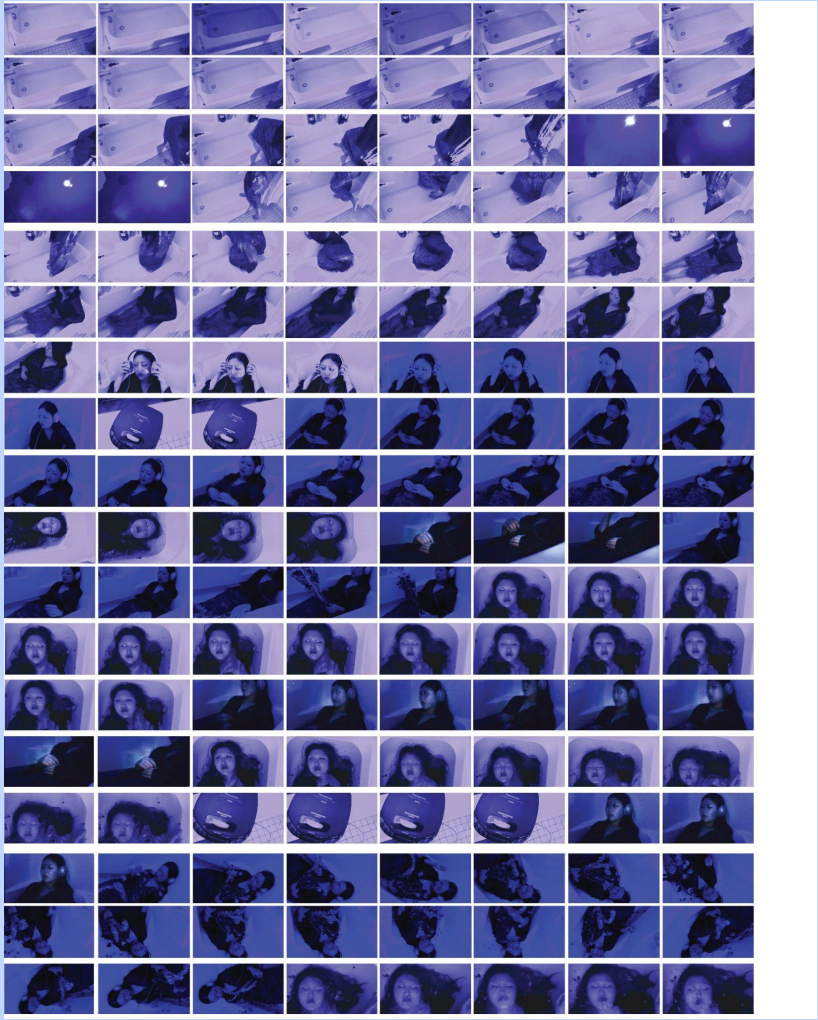
"*Do you feel it too?*"
Mixed media on aluminum sheet



"*Gutted*"
Watercolor on Wood

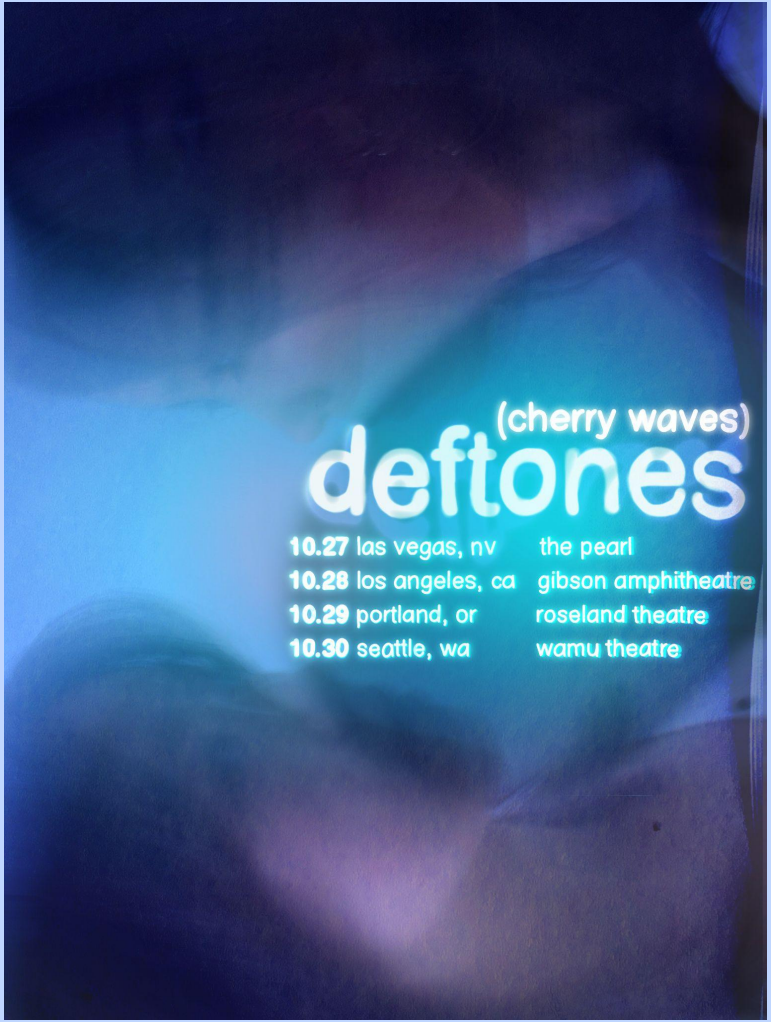
"*Fragile*"
Digital photography
Printed on newsprint

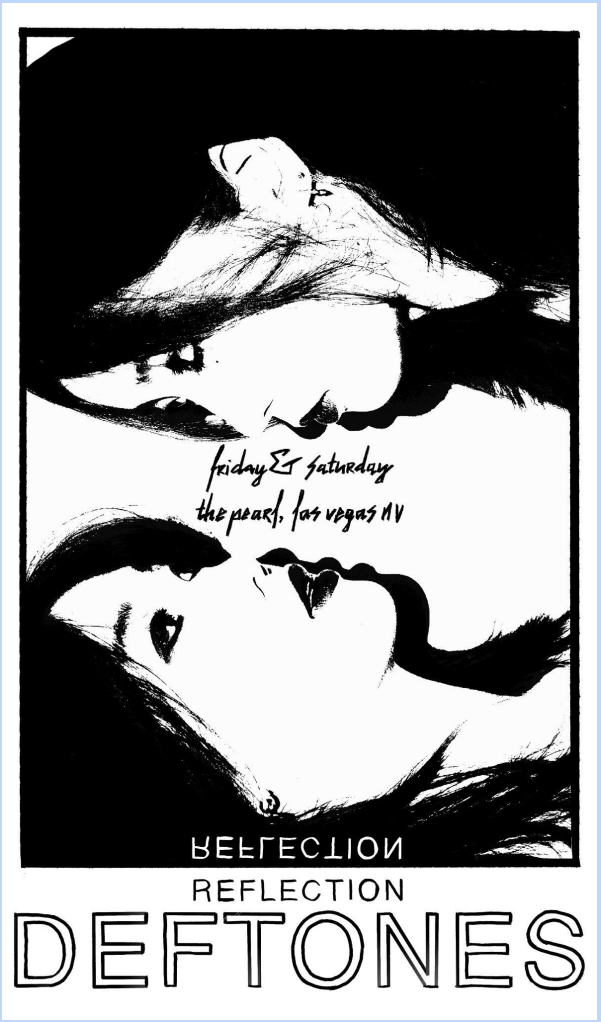




"*Untitled*"
Digital photography stop motion video

"*Izzy and Nicole*"
Digital photographs





"*Poster Design for Deftones*"
Digital photographs edited on Photoshop

"*Piercing Typeface.*"
Digital

“fairy”
Black and White film photography

“fairy”
Black and White film photography

“fairy”
Black and White film photography

“comfort”
Black and White film photography

“comfort”
Black and White film photography

“comfort”
Black and White film photography