

Joseph Cornell was a reclusive artist who penetrated the art industry. He was able to travel to everyone's minds whilst sitting on the chair of his home in New York. He was devoted to taking care of his brother Robert who suffered from cerebral palsy. Cornell never travelled outside of New York. Although he never travelled far, he was a true voyageur. Cornell played with surrealism and Victorian style bric-a-brac. His works are his own poetic theatre, making visual poems using small trinkets- Cornell never lost the sense of magic. It reminds me of those small treasure boxes we had as children where we kept candy wrappers and marbles and other semi-precious items that were dear to us.

"Gratitude, acknowledgement and remembrance for something that can so easily get lost"

" Life can have significance, even if it appears to be a series of failures."  
Joseph Cornell

