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My “Rosebud” moment was a model ocean liner. At three, I was packed into a steam train to the safety of the countryside, far from the German bombs in London, to live out the war with a carpenter. Mr. Page passed his time making intricate models that seemed like he was playing. I remember rolling marbles along the enclosed decks and into the maze of inner chambers. From then on I became captive to the joy of making.

I am impatient for results. My frustration as a former architect was the snail’s pace of indecisiveness and a feeling of incompleteness. As a playful diversion, I began making boxes or furniture and, in the same year, was rewarded with independence. The boxes are constructed from pre-made components, like having the ingredients ready for a Chinese feast. So it is fun putting them together in a spontaneous manner. If not satisfied, just deconstruct, Lego style.

“Landscape” box goes beyond being a place for storage by becoming a destination for discovery. I transform wood into drama and let your eyes do the traveling to imaginary legendary places such as Machu Picchu, Mesa Verde, or some Lost Horizon and eventually into those secret inner chambers.

