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Drawing is the engine; it's the origin of my work and the lens through which I look. Painting finds its way in because I often need to expand and re-purpose the bare mechanics of drawing into the more literal, physical arena of layered shapes and color.

That means that my paintings bear the evidence of their making: overlapping shapes, frustrated attempts, incomplete erasures, hesitation, accidents.

Spaces between forms often wield more power than the forms themselves. More than anything I could plan and execute, I value forms and relationships found by accident.

The prime question is when to stop. I stop when the painting, the total composite, asserts itself as its own reality; when i've found something instead of just a picture of something.