

Narratives in my painting and collage often develop around the intersection of the natural and human-made arenas, a battle and collusion of leaf and junk, tree and tower, star and rocket, tide and debris. For more than a decade I've used snapshots, found images, and prints as grounds in much of my work. These embedded pictures can remain prominent or get buried in the paint, creating an underlying pulse—a call and response between painted and pre-existing image. The picture plane is frequently in flux, creating what a critical colleague has called "your weird space." Recently I have been influenced by my layperson-level reading about the quantum realm, with its notions of entanglement.

My drawings work as playing fields for exploring image and idea. A drawing may come before a painting it speaks to, or a painting may become a study for a drawing. The act of drawing for me is painterly, in that I cover a surface in much the same way that I paint. The compositions arise from what I have interpreted in the studio from memory, although the individual parts may be reassembled into a more fantastical form.

The "Books" series runs in tandem with a collaborative mail-art collage series, "The Corpses," which I began in 2005 with a poet I met at the Millay Colony. It reflects my love of found materials and my thoughts about the book as record, and has become an on-and-off journal of time in the studio (the fired clay dates back to classes at a Philadelphia clay studio and has moved with me over the years; some of the found wood is from my early NYC days scrounging around the Lower East Side). The titles play with my affection for years of paperbacks I cannot part with. Found objects transform the world into material; marrying them to the idea of the book makes me see possible books—records of our experience—everywhere.

Always in view no matter the media is that click of significance: Richard Dreyfuss shaping mashed potatoes in *Close Encounters*, insisting, "This means something."