

I often think of weather as a metaphor for the human experience in a precarious world.

I grew up in Maine, where it always felt as if the weather was all consuming. As if I grew up inside the weather- inside the calmness of flat dawn light on the water, -inside the maelstrom of a snow & sleet windstorm.

Rocks in and against the water and skyline are fiercely beautiful, yet also awkward and humorous in shape and shift. Extreme atmosphere, tides and geological surfaces- both above and below the waterline- wind circulation, plate tectonics and Landsat images influence my paintings. The geological terms "dip-slip faults" and "chatter marks" resonate for me

Recently, I have been exploring pockets of color that resemble acidity and chemicals-yellow and purple smog or the pungent green in a Superfund site. I am interested in the day and night of the underbelly of fog, cold, light dark, foreboding, anticipation, the forcefulness of living in nature that still lives in my mind and in my artwork.