To see a shooting star you need really to be alone, with and in the universe; but having seen it, you long to ask, “Did you see that?” Painting is my way of saying “Did you see that?”

My earliest memories are of gardens and the beach, soiland sand. So though I work in a number of media and genres, landscape is alwaysat the heart of the work.

Recent landscapes explore not just the natural world, butits complicated intersections with the human. "The Sad Villa" series deals also with the role of memory inimagination. The place was real: the grounds of an abandoned Tuscan villa,uphill from the house where my family lived in 1972. Fueled by an early diet ofEnglish children’s literature, my siblings and I trespassed regularly in what couldonly be described as our own *Secret Garden*. Undeterred by locks we climbed overwalls, struck poses in crumbling niches, and fished in decaying pools. Fortyyears later, I fish for memories and manyof the details get away from me. But those I catch make for a newreality with its own truths.

One of these truths has to do with the nature of time andof trauma and how those two elements both batter and burnish us. A recentseries of narrative panels, especially the diptych *For all the Sameks*, (an homage to the painter SamuelBak) asks the viewer to acknowledge our scars and even see thebeauty in them. Otherstill lifes from that series are dark, but offer hope. I show survival as well as our damage. They aretypical of my still lifes in that I use tricks of scale and setting tointroduce an ambiguity which renders the subjects both familiar and alien. AndI set them up as though they were landscapes: islands set in the context of acontrived continent. Islands represent an opposition of sorts: on approach,remote, solitary, unattainable; once on them, knowable and intimate. Bothsolitary and shared.