

The significance of cake. Roses by the dozen. Eco takeout. Cash and Carry. These are fragments in the panoply of consumables, customs, stories and assumptions that shape a life. They circulate in a market of meaning that changes across time and place. From one generation to the next, they generate desire, signify identities and stimulate fears as they frame and embody our human ways of relating with ourselves and one another.

The fragments matter, even when they look like minutiae. They are the foods that bring us together and the food rules that make us strangers, if not adversaries. They are the animals we love, worship, fear or despise. They are surfaces and textures that mean everything or nothing, and the ones that somehow mean both. They are the objects that make us: some make us look good; some make us feel guilty; some tell our secrets; some make us want more.

My artistic practice is influenced by the particular panoply that shaped me, that informs my fascination with the human tendency to project, communicate, and exploit the currency of *things*. Paradoxically, I'm captivated by the tangible qualities of objects—those here-and-now phenomena that speak viscerally, in their own language. It's not the meaning of the flower in the vase; it's how the color responds to light, how glass reflects it and water distorts it, each in their own way, always in flux.

The work of painting allows me to experience an object intimately, explore subject matter through mediated forms, then pick and choose what to render, and how. It also offers me space to question social customs (even the ones I delight in) and to consider discrepancies between cultural codes, human aspirations and actual realities. I'm aware that the translations of reality I construct are themselves consumable, marketable artifacts—bound to circulate and have impacts in ways I cannot predict or control.