

What it's Not

It seems I can only describe my art and my aims by discussing what they're not. I think this is because art, either creating it or experiencing it, is a transcendental portal to the infinite and all descriptions of the infinite are, obviously, inadequate.

My work isn't about my selfish self. It isn't about my pain, my causes, my angst. It doesn't try to make a point and it isn't about what I think art is or should be. I don't try to force or shock anyone into joining "my side" of an issue. "I" am just not that important in the world.

However, I am unique. Whatever insights I develop are mine alone until I, as best as can, share them.

Only the best and highest visions "make the cut" and are worth sharing. Not all of these will be shareable. None of them, also, are separate, but each is a unique insight into the ultimately non-dualistic universe. Some can be expressed visually with my camera, printer, technique, experience, skill and luck. Others come out only musically. Others I can only use words, no matter how hard it is to find adequate one. Perhaps all of them require partial expression from each of these channels I've developed over the years.

My photographs are beyond words, even if they depict identifiable, often commonplace, subjects. If I could say it, I would. They're almost kinetic--when I do talk about them I can't keep my arms from gesturing. They hint at the dots that connect everything even though they don't "fill in the dots".