

This is the Smoke from when the Horses Left

There is a life to form: at once mutable, at once constant, insistent and forever repeatable. "Once upon a time" is the evocation, the start of a story begun somewhere. When marked by visual device it moves from what is known or from what is unknown. There are figures that hold their ground; others uncover and ease toward a kind of transfiguration and pictures are made. Time will hold still or move on. Like x - y coordinates, layers race to hold meaning, or give up secrets. They can emit symbols, again mutable in pace and evolution. The work is always consequential, the amalgam of meaning.

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