For some years now, I have been preoccupied with imagery that suggests innocence violated and violence toward the vulnerable, through depictions of decapitated headdresses, sliced pillows, perforated mattresses or necklaces punctuated by actual bullet holes. Layered in meaning, these images can also suggest beauty born of pain, indulgence of the sensual, and accidental or calculated survival. My works speak to our confused instincts and their consequences, whether on personal or political fronts.

My work has explored aspects of paradox, my attraction to and dread of absolutes, the confrontation between and intersection of conflicting realities. I have investigated relationships between male and female, the material and the ethereal, the sacred and the secular, nature and artifice, the known and the unknown, the destroyer and the destroyed. My worlds have been binary seeking the unitary; the promise of contradiction resolved has always been a lure.

Earlier literary and visual sources included Russian and Byzantine icons, Persian Gulf War battle plans, the maps of Ptolemy, Mercator and Waldseemüller, the Beatus manuscripts of the Pierpont Morgan Library, etchings by Albrecht Dürer and Flemish painting, fairy tales and the predicament of Scheherazade. The narratives and images that they provided often offered structures that seemed inherently rational, with implied hierarchies. I subverted these structures through a variety of strategies. Longitudes and latitudes were removed; topography was obliterated. Names were erased from genealogical tables; pedigrees became impure or impossible. The language of the laboratory was merged with that of the spirit; specimens and souls became interchangeable. The primacy of the rational world was thus challenged by dream and intuition.

More recently, I have turned to exposing, mourning and countering pervasive aggression, whether inflicted by humanity or nature. My recent sources have become photographs I have taken or found of merciless destruction, whether of ancient cedars downed by freak tornadoes or national infrastructures deliberately ruined. I transfer and transform these digital images with my hand, revealing, restoring and regretting what has been decimated through the flesh of my materials, a palette that breathes, and forms that supplant what has been lost. The functional aesthetic that we often associate with modernism and cultures of poverty becomes ornamental. Concrete and asphalt becomes fluid. Rubble becomes renewed — gestures, albeit feeble, at undoing the damage.