

Images. Stills. Still life. It's still life. Distilled life.

Everything we see exists. We can see it. I can see your eyes, but I cannot see my eyes without the help of a mirror. Even this image is not exact, for a mirror is not an object we look at, but a surface we look through to the image of something else. Whether we are looking in a mirror or looking at a screen, what we expect to see, what we are shown, and what is truly there--differ.

I consider myself a choreographer of objects, composing moments of indeterminate potential, each instant a cliffhanger ending. In exploring the space between sentences, in freezing and illustrating the moment between action and consequence, one can loop endlessly between the things that we have and the things that they pretend to be.

All judgments about the future are based on a prior understanding of the world and an understanding of time--the thing that makes it so that everything doesn't happen at once.

After all, there is a long time between now and never.