



I have noticed that for the past few months I seems to be preoccupied with wings. Bird wings, butterfly wings.... it really doesn't matter. I find myself reading documents, prose and poetry, that all somehow end up mentioning wings or speak of flight. I sense this is the beginning of a movement for me. A progression in to the next stage of.....( drum rolls...)..... I'm not sure what. That I honestly can't see the direction of where I will end up seems anti-climactic, I can only hope that keeping with the symbolism of wings and flight, it can only be.... up.

I've been starting to incorporate my new obsession into my figure painting. After all why not combine it with my other obsession, the human figure. I have done a few new paintings that I am planning to put in to the Rage Against Beige show in for the month of March. I'm excited, but yet as all artists feel at the crunch time for getting ready for a show, a little stressed out. I have a few different concepts that I'm trying to finish but I don't think I'll get everything done that I'm hoping for. Such is life, and I guess something to look forward to at the next show or perhaps to view at the gallery.

I am also pleased to say that my art is now being carried at Arts on Atlantic in Inglewood (1312 9 ave SW). It's one of my favorite galleries in the city, and I always find my self in there when I go to Inglewood. There are so many neat things to look at; beautiful books, fine ant and fantastic jewellery (bought myself a new pair of earrings when I dropped all 10 of my paintings of. They are so increadably unusual and cool!). I've very excited that my art is in such a neat place.

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