Sheila Book Text

As an artist, I find it impossible to view my photographs objectively. Regardless of my intentions, the images will always be rooted in context. Like looking at a photo of a group of friends around a birthday cake, I know where I was, who I was with, and the various surrounding circumstances. While the photographs are made with multiple intentions and aspirations, the pictures I create are always artifacts of my lived life.

I first met Sheila sometime in 1975. I fell hopelessly and deeply in love—the kind of love that inhabits one's whole physical, emotional, and intellectual being. A love you read about in books but assume is an exaggeration. We were married for several years. Our lives were integrated, and her presence was woven into the fabric of my work. We separated about nine years later, in 1984. Sheila was beautiful and photogenic. I photographed her often, sometimes casually and sometimes with specific artistic ambitions. Most of the photographs of her were never exhibited. I do not recall ever having that intention.