

About the Inspired by Neil Gaiman writings paintings

I remember the first book I ever read by Neil Gaiman.

I was 17. A friend gave me a copy of *Good Omens* (technically Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett)

I read and reread that book so many times that I killed that copy.

The cover went first, then page by page, it fell apart.

I could recite parts of that book, even though I haven't read it in years.

I did not know then that the 'Death' that had inspired large parts of my teenage gothic-ness was from his mind and writing too.

American Gods Norse Mythology Stardust Nowhere Sandman

His writings make me WANT to believe in something...more. Something extraordinary

I love radio plays: With Dirk Maggs, he makes them. I love the way he reads his own books.

And I can listen to them over and over and over, and find myself musing on different aspects.

My natural inclination is to shy away from creating things in homage to. It is a shortcoming.

(It was only after David Bowie died that I created a piece honoring him, and I'm sad he'll never see it.)\

I did not set out intending to do a series of paintings inspired by Neil Gaiman.

But one day, I saw my Death.

(I know it sounds crazy.)

But I saw her and had a moment of pure, unrestrained belief:

When I die, this will be the face that comes to me,

my psychopomp

and we will speak for a moment before I go on to....?

And I had to paint her,

what I could remember, paint that moment, paint that beauty, paint my Death.

And it wasn't REALLY a Neil Gaiman inspired painting - it wasn't his Death - but he had created this set of beings, made them real by writing them.

Having crossed that barrier, however unintentionally, I could now pay homage to my favorite author.

I could paint Dream - layer by hazy layer, grain by grain of sand - on a bedsheet.

I could paint The Man who forgot Ray Bradbury, which is my favorite short story of all time, which I memorized over years of listening and repeating, listening and repeating.

(from the moment I decided to paint this piece, I did not listen to it or read it.)

I transcribed the story on the back from memory and listened to Ray Bradbury stories as I painted it.)

There is a man in the world today who writes of dreams and gods, of children in graveyards and of angels and demons who become friends and fall in love. I am inspired by him and these paintings are made to honor the stories he tells and to inspire others to find his books and read them.