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After 33 years in New York City, I'm packing up my life into boxes and moving back to where I was born and raised - Melbourne, Australia.

It still sounds slightly unreal even as I write it - somewhere between "big life decision" and "did I just order too many moving boxes?" (I did. Wildly overestimated those double walled 16 inch boxes.)

A few practical things are converging at once. I bought an apartment in Melbourne, fulfilling a dream of owning a home - a NYC shoebox size one at that. I also yearn to be closer to my family after more than three decades away, and I'm at a point in my life where planning for the long term feels less like abstraction and more like something I want to actively shape.

I know relocations tend to invite stories around them, so I'll just say this plainly: this is not a retreat, it's not a conclusion, it's definitely not a retirement. It's a graduation and continuation - just in a different hemisphere.

New York has been my home for a long stretch of time, and as an American citizen I will always carry it with me in ways that are both obvious and hard to articulate, the Bronx spirit is etched into my soul. At the same time, like many people, I've been feeling the intensity of the political climate in the US, and the way it sits in the background of daily life even when you're not directly looking at it.

But the most immediate reality right now is much more domestic: a new 'to do' list every week, letting go of stuff and furniture, using up the last of the ketchup bottle, and two cats who have begun supervising the process with great seriousness, nonchalance, and an occasional side glance of WTF.

They are coming with me.

There's a strange emotional layering to all of this— excitement, nostalgia, logistics, grief for what is ending, and curiosity about what is about to begin. I'm trying not to tidy it into something simpler than it is.

What I do know is that I will be continuing my art practice in Melbourne, and I'm very much looking forward to reconnecting with the Aussie cultural landscape — new conversations, new collaborations, and a different pace of attention. It feels less like starting over and more like translating something I've already built into a new context.



For now, I'm in that in-between space: half here, half there, the shipping container with my life and art has embarked ahead of me and is forging across oceans to a new home, OMG, please don't sink!

So there's no turning back now, only forward as I look to arrive in Melbourne on the 4th of July, a date not only encrusted with stars and stripes but also the birthdate of my dearest mother, who didn't quite make it to see me return.



More soon from the other side of the world....

A New Chapter

Goodbye old friends and hello
to new ones!

As one door closes, another opens. Thank you for being
part of my journey—here's to the beautiful memories behind
us and the exciting adventures ahead!