The large format painting *Barton Springs*. *After Closing Down Time*. again includes personal history and ingrained Texas folklore and history. I did the painting to enter in The 2008 Texas Hunting Show.

That annual Exhibition was moved to Texas from London in 2006. This famous annual exhibition originated in 1981. The first winner in London was Richard Eurich for the representational calm, scenic work *Weymoth Bay*. The first Texas winner of the \$50,000. prize was Francesca Fuchs for her 86 inch monochromatic painting of a stylized flower *Red Blue Daisy*. My work was a finalist in the Show 4 times. The very last, closing down, show was in 2016 as Hunting PLC and other energy related business were experiencing tough times.

One winner was Winter Street Studios artist Kevin Peterson with his emotional painting *Fire*. Artists in Texas quickly learned that only 2D works of a realistic nature and abstract work were being recognized. Nudity, political, religious work, 3d work was excluded. Yes, we complained, but for the chance to win the "big money", we kept entering. The event openings were a big deal and included extravagant entertainment, lavish food and drink for the Hunting PLC guests who were in town for the annual Offshore Technology Conference. We were instructed to "stand by our paintings" to answer any questions the Hunting guests might have.

This gave an me excuse to keep doing representational work not un-like my old professors early Texas Representational, Regionalist work. The Barton Springs painting is about my memories and experiences growing up in Austin with that wonderful spring fed swimming pool/hole which was always there and always a friend. We hung out there in dog days of summer and visited in the dead of winter. A group of my "homies" and I always met there on Christmas afternoon and plunged right in. The water was frigid in summer and ice colder in winter. And, yes, we were often there at, and after, closing down time.

The work envisions what the pool will look like on down the line many, many years in the future. It will still be there. The concrete walkways and stairs will be worn out and broken. The spring fed pool will still be calm and clear and COLD. Some of the metal

diving board bolts/remnants will be rusted and bent but will still be there. The secret salamanders and night critters and birds and owls and frogs and raccoons will still be there hidden in the trees and grass. I will be there, still, hidden and celebrating.

