

A vibrant bouquet of multi-colored roses in a glass vase. The roses are in various colors including red, yellow, blue, and purple. The vase is clear glass and sits on a wooden surface. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green and white.

MY BEAUTIFUL

DARK

TWISTED

CHEETO PROBLEM

BY PARKER I TO

TEXTS BY LIV BARRETT



Embrace Vision



Cleopatra Flow



Halcyon Sky



Fifth Coming

CINEMA

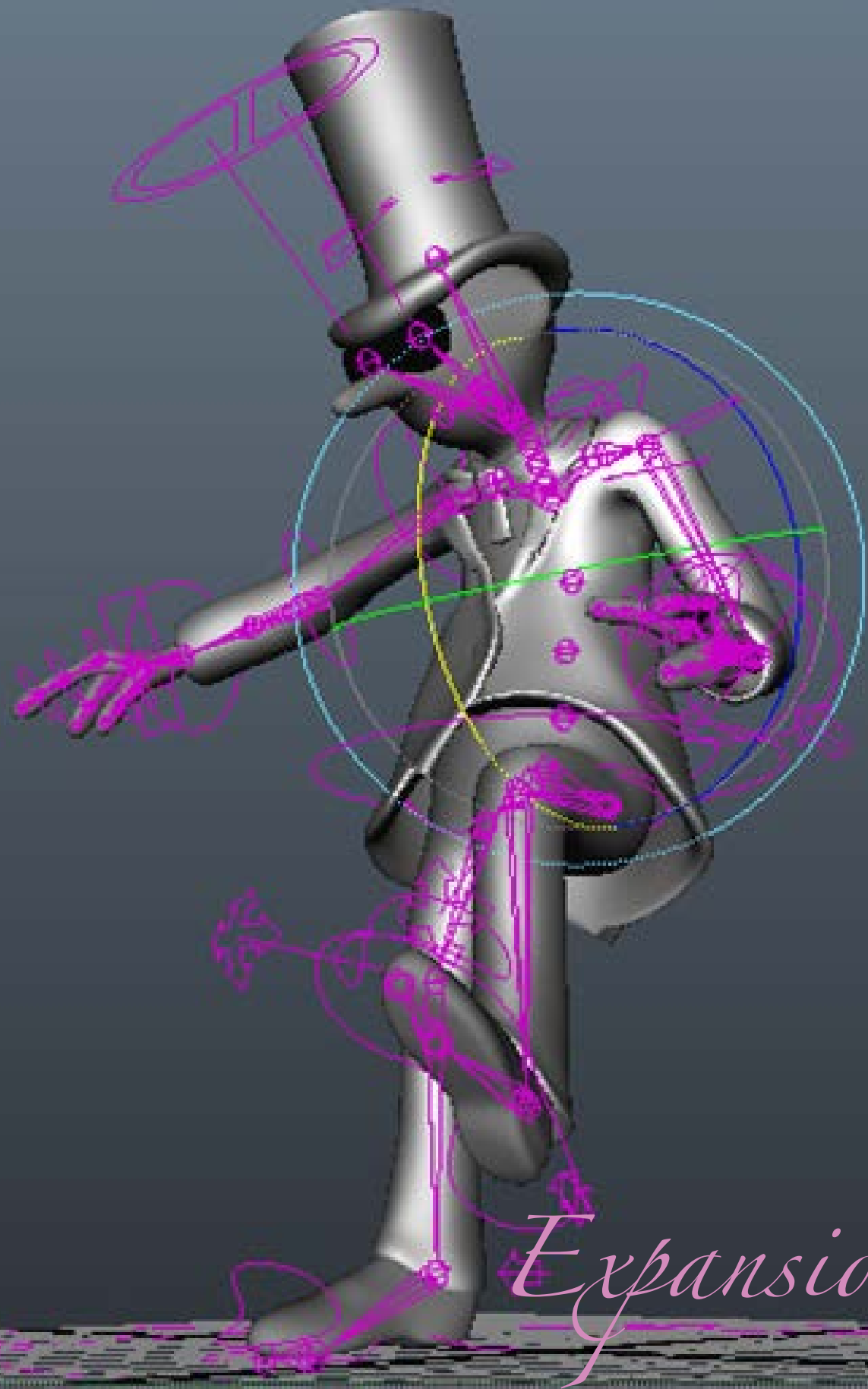
On the Aesthetic Education of Man in a Series of Photoshop Layers
or 'We Live in a Rainbow of Chaos'

The surfaces of Parker's current(/future) paintings arrive like a 19th century botanical garden, where things are joined not by origin or propriety but through the cosmopolitan advantage of relational whim. Composition manifests a style which produces a feeling and this feeling is distinct from the singular intentions of the individual images. Like a complex perfume, these paintings are specific, sentimental, direct and have many sides to experience them from, yet the elements can't be pulled away from each other. Hook-ups graphics, Sturtevant works, Agent Provocateur campaigns, Love Is... illustrations, received emails, sent iMessages, stock images, video stills, typed poetry, flatbed scans of studio snacks, past documentation of exhibitions, Cy Twombly ellipses, Instagram excerpts; these elements are audible but don't announce an independent necessity. The experience of each thing occurs in cacophony with each other thing. These paintings take confusion as a productive means of conveyance. Their complex material strategies enact clear sensorial alliances. Where there are moments of abstraction it is the consequence of manic overexpression; vociferous aesthetic play. This impulse of pushing wildly variant images through each other in Photoshop is followed by a printing process where they're laid over the surface of a topographical image (image-as-contour, formed from ravines drawn through modeling paste), then a burying or highlighting process (depending on the interplay amongst the layers) via sometimes-impulsive and sometimes-programmed applications of paint, polyurethane, jewelry chain. The layers become intimate with each other but remain strange to each other. (When measuring the atmospheric and sentimental influences that a filter may exert, it's helpful to keep the fishtank-as-filter scene in Romeo + Juliet in mind.) On occasions, it seems as though pixels and paint have been melted together, as though they could actually behave in the same way.

Style guide: ..the molten transparency of life itself...

An example of sophistry that Parker (at least a year ago in a conversation) aligned his work with was a Charlie Chaplin impersonation competition in which the 'real' Charlie Chaplin was awarded the prize of second runner-up. In Parker's studio right now (the date is 16 February 2014 and his studio vlog is updated daily on YouTube) there's a painting founded upon the cover of a comic Spiderman: Venom Returns. Where the comic cover is foiled, the painting is chrome. The graphics have been printed over the chrome as they would have been over the foil. Occluding many details of the cover image are thickly laid, gestural swamps of paint. The manner of the paint strokes make them seem as though they were applied extemporaneously, but no, these areas were already mapped out on the Photoshop file that sit beneath them. And in pursuit of the most convincing rendition of the thing (as though paint doesn't describe it's paint-ness enough), they are reinforced with an undercoat of modeling paste to define the painterly texture and with airbrushed drop-shadows to affect greater painterly depth. Like Chaplin's imposters who were more successful at performing his behaviour than he was, the character of the paint has to be exaggerated for the impression to be undeniable. (Painter: 'Cows don't look like cows on film. You've got to use horses.')

*Before the body of the lyrics, The-Dream introduces his most dripping, desperate love song with "This for my twitter page. For my twitter page. Ohh ohhh ohhh aiiii. Twitter page." The song is called *Cry* and given crying is pluvial and Parker's paintings are porous and that giving something a name is the result of absorption and theatricality, the names of these paintings will probably be sourced in Tweets previously made by the artist.



Expansions

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