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bathers
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These images are not real objects. They simply have object-like qualities, like sculptures for a flat screen.

Is there an idyllic quality to the atemporal, contextless space inside of the screen? Or are the images we see more like deep sea creatures. Things one cannot relate to because there is no immediate point of reference to their origin. Out of context, an unintelligible language that returns you to its surface.

I discover these floating images as they bathe in the post analogue ether, an undefined space subsumed in light, capacious and neutral. Designed outside the realm of taste, using scientific objectivity.

The earth, the wave form, the protein diagram... all primary structures that span the micro to the macro. They are impossible to view directly, and are represented only through formal interpretation. This is the impossible task of describing nature in a fixed way. These forms' solidity and volume are pure illusion.

The gradient, the gestural stroke, the drip, the smudge, the crop are used like presets on a drum machine, samples in raw form. These ubiquitous symbolic operations are amassed into specific combinations to form this empirical painting language.

One can not help but project onto this economical structure and imbue it with the expression that is imperative to human nature. This tacit emotion finds a place within the precariousness of reason.

Like a metaphysical apparition, the meaning is tied to its precise incomprehensibility.