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All The Things Left Unsaid

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Thesis Paper: *All The Things Left Unsaid*

I search in my paintings a state of constant glide; meditational state by flooding my senses as my eyes wander from scene to scene onto a daze of perpetual visual stimuli.

They are the frozen amalgamation of its transient state – A crosscut of fog condensing into honey. And the burning shadows of a golden hour vaporizing into electric haze. I try to keep the image in perpetual limbo, confused by their nature, wondering if they will be pickled in the vinegar of the web as digital ghosts or finally disintegrate from being a substance. I want to capture in paint, their transmutation from their digital sources, with all their meanings, colors and sensorial stimuli in order to create a chimera of logic and pleasure. The thick protuberances of hues intertwine like sweaty manifestations trying to escape from one another while living in islands of perpetual diffuseness of trompe l'oeil fiction. I feel the need to create an experience in which the painting realizes its material condition as the object that ages and syncs with us.

Each brushstroke, mark, hue, color, rendering or not rendering, mistake or no mistake, is a chaotic yet balanced contradiction yearning to create an immediate dialogue with its past perception as an object, image, or picture, and the critical moment of realization concerning how the image is being consumed: a macro-sculpture through the physicality of its medium, the translation from its digital

source and its transmutation back to the intangible, floating in this multi-sensorial *mise en abyme*. A picture and an image that could indulge and binge in itself - allowing itself to be consumed for the dialogue between image and meanings, or just simply for its visual pleasure. Or both.

I explore this saturated reality which is experienced through a filter of preconceptions containing signifiers fabricated by culture and our ability to absorb in overwhelming amounts the frenzy cluster of it all. With the hopes that the self while consuming massive information would be able to adapt, compose itself and transform into an eternal gliding. I search in my paintings a state of constant glide. They invoke in me a meditational state by flooding my senses as my eyes wander from scene to scene onto a daze of perpetual visual stimuli – a state of enlightenment through fiction and irony where there is no full comprehension of its logical meaning, the visual stimuli bypasses proxies and hopes the indulgence of the senses, with a pinch of salt on the sunny-side-up that rests over our shoulders, is all we need to be satisfied.

I want my paintings to be more than didactic translation of such pictures. Because trying to understand and experience a painting through a picture is like kissing a JPG of your lover. Yet the virtual image will out-live their impermanence. The paintings will become virtual relics in their own right, and they will too be pixelations of a palpable object. Touch me. Feel me. I am materialized viscosity. I am a tangible whisper of a reality screaming out to be preserved further than the confines of our memory, swimming in the overloading digital stream of disseminated images.

My process reinforces the need for stimuli by capturing still shots from movies that are playing in the background of my computer and saving the advertisements spawning from my browser. My conditioned attention span may be unable to read a five hundred page book, but surely enough can be entranced

by a thirty second video penetrating me with a costumed cat lip-syncing to Marlon Brandon. The synergy between my videos and paintings explore the overwhelming sensation of combined single events of eight-second attention span islands. I wonder if I combine the singular short events I might be able to have your presence. Here now. In the moment. If I am lucky, perhaps for more than a mere two-point-seven minutes. I want to glide and be present. The videos and projections become an intangible sensorial experience, reinforcing the condition of image consumption through linear time. In contrast the paintings are physical manifestations consumed in a self-controlled time, inducing a notion of false reality where they could be touched. Thus creating a sense of truth through mere assumption concerning the palpability of their physical state.

Painting and video become both fictions and realities, floating in the constant flux of dissemination and consumption, the physical and the digital, the tangible and the abstract, the eternal and the ephemeral. I indulge in merging the dichotomy of this relationship, between polar beings capable of understanding and complementing each other, diffusing into each others existence and sometimes tearing apart at their jugular. I try in my work to decode by transmutation the irony, of the hot and cold media in relation to how our bodies regenerate themselves cellularly almost daily, becoming an entire new molecular entity every seven years, and the paralleling refresh rate of a pixel from a monitor or a projection at forty-eight to seventy-two times per second. I feel this is a fascinating yet frightening rate that dislocates the corporeal with the ephemeral, life span against life span. Yet it is all the same, coexisting in different timelines. We perceive the visual echoes of the frequencies and internalize its high rate life span as our own. The ephemeral condition of our dying bodies, crystalized in magnetic transfusion, screaming to be preserved like digital fossils. Glide and be still.