

My paintings are little riddles, hieroglyphs of a world that I am intimately familiar with, yet am still learning the language of. It is similar to moving to another country and not speaking the language. I am learning through experience, through watching what is possible, as it unfolds.

I live in a world of mice and rabbits, of mysterious white bags and owner-less necklaces, of L-bombs and nanobots, flying televisions, and cell phones that hover. My hand acts as a virtual camera, capturing the details of a particular moment, freezing it in paint for our collective memory. The rabbits and mice seem to have very little awareness, if any at all, that I am documenting these observations. It is a bit like being a ghost and traveling to another place and taking pictures, then bringing those photos back to share with my ghost friends. You are my ghost friends. Look at what I have seen.

The inhabitants of each painting often know their own particular meaning long before I do, that is, if I ever do. I don't know exactly why the woman is searching through her bag, or why the mouse clutches its cell phone in silence on the bed. These things are just occurring in their lives. There must be reasons. There is quite apparently drama. Sometimes I look at a painting and I realize that it is a curiously good mirror for the particular day that I am having. Often though, I look and just feel a natural familiarity, then wonder briefly when my friends will grow rabbit ears, or if televisions will ever fly.

Their world - the world in which all of these paintings spring from - it appears to be evolving at an incredibly rapid pace. Often the animals seem to be at a loss for interacting with the technology that is all around them. They are accepting that their phone thinks faster than they do. They are laughing as frequencies dance through them, controlled by physical forces as yet undetected. We can see what they cannot. There are often disembodied robot hands circling through the skies, skimming information as monkeys sleep far below. There are nanobots in the cereal, fruit flies in the memory gear. Love is engineered into bombs and babies: L-bombs and future-flesh. Everything appears to be alive all at once. It is difficult to dissect where the living ends and the engineering begins in this world where bags filled with balloons bring themselves to dinner tables set for four.

Sometimes, like a computer error - a glitch in the programming system, code will spontaneously appear in the corner of a painting. At times I wonder if the computer that knows the answer to this code actually wants me to see it, for me to figure out the riddle of the meaning in the context at hand. I imagine that there are long lists of code invisible behind every painting, lists of code that create every detail. The ones that I see often read as emotional codes, emblems for an easier world.

I have lots of observations about this world - of the non-continuousness of space-time, of a contagion of ideas, of an ability to heal. Of a strange and particular dance between organic and invented co-evolutions. Of the layers of presence, and their relative visibilities. These things are all incredibly interesting to me, and I'm sure that, as I get more adept at translating what I am witnessing, I'll be able to make this world easier for you to understand as well. At least that's my goal.

Until then, my paintings are like riddles. Bunnies sleep as televisions fly.

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