

These paintings are three dimensional in a literal sense insofar as they are physical objects which exist in the world and which one might touch, although, as is almost always the case with paintings, one is cautioned against touching them.

These paintings are three dimensional in an illusory sense insofar as they portray figures distinct from their backgrounds, which overlap with other figures and reflect, refract or block light. Viewers are thus encouraged to imagine that these figures exist in space and have been arranged in a certain way.

These paintings' illusory three-dimensionality is, nevertheless, tempered with a shallow depth of field. There is never a prescribed perspective determined by an image plane with a vanishing point. It is consequently tempting to claim that these paintings bear a two-dimensionality which empowers the multifarious embodied perspectives of viewers on these paintings as three-dimensional objects. But perhaps this is a homology which conflates the formal and the political too neatly.

Two of these paintings portray hallucinatory neon viscera. The third is similarly palpable but its imagery is both more ephemeral and lugubrious or foreboding. Other paintings not present by the same artist portray no less visceral but more muted fleshiness.

This fleshiness may be utterly indeterminate. Or it may feature recognisable protuberances such as ears. Or it may take the wholly recognisable form of two naked figures, one faceless yet facing the viewer, and another facing the wall. Someone wants their hands in the air where they can see them. It seems as if that person is the viewer, interpellated as punitive authority. Looks like the conflation above was too hasty after all.

The imagery of the paintings is simultaneously seductive and repellent, a dynamic which operates in the same way as the paintings' illusory three-dimensionality pulls a viewer in and their planar two-dimensionality pushes a viewer away. Here is a homology which is not dubious, at least for this viewer. It is based on phenomenal experience.

The paintings simultaneously seem to portray snapshots of broader worlds, and worlds unto themselves. They appear as if they could go on forever and yet everything is tightly constrained by the edges of the canvas. They are wholly self-sufficient and yet at each moment they intimate more. In this sense, and not only in this sense, they are like movie posters.

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