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Popasolasonaser

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DiRosa, Michael Angelo, "Popasolasonaser" (2015). Senior Projects Spring 2015. 133. https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj_s2015/133

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Artist Statement

Michael DiRosa

I like to articulate the inarticulate in my paintings, or at least try to, because languages are meant to describe human experiences, new experiences, the old ones and the ones that haven't come yet, and painting is the language I think I most succeed in speaking.

I like to paint what is between the salty abysses of my floorboards such as metal balls, glass cubes, wax flakes, bugs legs, linen tendons, definitely carbuncles, the eyes of needles, forever unforgotten elegies, night watchmen with lanterns, crumbs from a Zaro's black and white, ghosts from the core of the earth, the formidable cold spray of wind on bare skin from an open window at night, scabs, a pile of musical notes, vacant diseases, abbreviated lust, lust for another moment of thinking about happiness, third person stories, rivers thick with sea ice and grayish crevasses, saliva dripped from the accordion player who plays in front of an old theater in an old piazza, a lone mouse eye with the red light of the dying sun still freshly bouncing and refracting throughout its aqueous humor.

I like to make large paintings because I can say more in those spaces, because I like the connection a big painting has with a big stained glass window, and because people are allowed to walk into the paintings, not fret about the perimeter.

I like to use colors that have no realistic basis, but which I can obsessively consider in relation to the rest of the world of the painting, from which I can create an atmosphere of separation and cohesion between reality and imagination, and because I am color-blind.

I like to make representational oil paintings because I struggle with the stigma surrounding them, but I dance in light of the challenge because I feel like it still challenges me, because it takes some justification, something further, something truer.







