

## PRESS RELEASE

### Solo Show

#### **Vassilis H. | Hero of a Thousand Faces**

*June 22<sup>nd</sup> – August 30<sup>th</sup> 2018*

Out of the psyche of sentient man hath come dreams, and memories of those dreams lie dormant in the far recesses of the mind. By inductive method the conscious will springs forth its recollection of fantastical realms and multi-dimensional realities. Here you enter through a portal, its misty entrance a passage to the polyglot of images streaming in and out of focus. Spirit entities and the pleasure of earthly delights abound. The nether regions beckon with lustful temptation and objective understanding falls to the wayside.

This is the world of Vassilis H., a world where the hero has a thousand faces. Beware! Their genesis is the imagoes of a restless civilization and speaks the language of birds. The surrealist argot rules here, festooned with symbols from the Western canon that do battle with chimeras unleashed by the quack science of debased ideologues. Vassilis H. distinct synthesis of Chicago Imagists, Peter Saul, late Guston, R.Crumb, and Marc Chagall are a rich tapestry of emotive color while the high voltage drama of contemporary Greece gives them their fire.

The sum parts add up to a cohesive whole that seem as improvisatory as automatic drawing. They have a gonzo immediacy about them, a personal trajectory where Hunter Thompson meets Walter Benjamin's phantasmagoria.

Seductive maidens abound, both Medusas of the Internet age and the otherworldly Eros of a fecund imagination. Distorted heads and human limbs overlap with the memory of lived experience; an occasional palm tree suggests an oasis from the cacophony of urban life. Animal/human hybrids correlate to Greek mythology and contemporary genetics. A rich carousel of archetypes is concretized by titles referencing contemporary geo-politics. Vassilis H. filters the neo-liberal lens into personal visions of the on-going human condition where, through gradualism, the anima-animus has been turned inside out.

Lest you think these hurly burly paintings are off-the-cuff ruminations the more you look and settle the eye on a fixed point, then expand the viewpoint, you'll appreciate their airtight structure. Foreground-background bleed into each other and perspective is as flat as your smart phone screen.

For we live between two ages; the culmination of man's long fall from Edenic grace and the unfolding early 21<sup>st</sup> century transition into a brutal artificial, scientifically run society. The die has been cast, there is no turning back.

In Vassilis H. paintings we bear witness to our end times as we visually read with astonishment and gasp at the notion that the last chapter on industrial age mass man has truly concluded. Who dares to reject the blasphemous technocratic Gods to board the good ship Noah's ark? For as we see in these pictures, life is much more than a one-way street, it splits in a thousand directions, which way does it go for you? The choice is yours while it's still possible, make your own decision; hve mind or individuality? "I'm for the individual, not the group", said Marcel Duchamp. Agreed. Check mate.

Max Henry