

John Asiago Illuminated  
When birds of prey fly  
at the same speed as your driving

October 14th-November 20th 2022

*“Sim city 3000 on my grandmothers windows xp while she listens to car talk. She would process raw wool clean it dye it with koolaid spin into yarn and weave blankets shawls napkins everything. I only remember lees surrender. And she would never have me use napkins always had me clean my hands on her jeans. And I think of this whenever I wipe my hands on my pants”*  
-John

I posted a photo of the bridge in Poughkeepsie on tumblr, and John messaged me saying that it was his favorite bridge in the world. We talked and realized we were nearby each other. I told him I would be down to hang out. I visited him in Poughkeepsie, and we walked around the city with his dog, Hermes.

He pointed things out to me while we walked around. He knew about the houses and buildings, how they were made and the layers of history they showed and often patched together. Like the boost mobile built in the front yard of a house from the 1800s, which you could still see behind it.

I've followed John on tumblr since probably 2019. He posted photos and never reblogged anything. He had a great eye and seemed to be living in a genuine way, in the world, in nature, and online. But it was more complex than that, coincidences were pushed beyond coincidence: There were photos of construction, building materials behind things like drywall and floors being examined, and compared with patterns in nature. Their surfaces and their form. Furniture and the sky. The trim on roofs of Victorian Era buildings and stitching on LRG jeans were celebrated. The gingham pattern wood leaves across in its thickness when a saw cuts it.

John paints these patterns made out of circles and grids. As the circles and grids intersect, he inverts the color of the overlap. He started making them as decorations for the exterior of his house, like a barn quilt. Then they got more complex, and the materials moved inside. They often look like they are two colors but he only uses one color of paint, the surface optically becoming another color of the pattern. You can see him working on it if you look at them close up, and you can see the surface moving from being left untreated.

The pattern that's painted on the pizza box is solid but overlaid with the grease that's still in the cardboard. There is still cheese that the dog didn't lick off. The opacity of everything just gets weaker, no matter how boldly it got there. Consolidated, sheer. The brain, your camera roll, memory adhesive and goo gone.

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Luke Herrigel