



memories of the atmosphere



*out there,
on the horizon,
a solitary cloud*

A proud cloud caught in the act of looking perfect while it though no one was looking.



lightning in a bottle

How often do you get to be touched by an electric finger from up there in the sky? Sometimes the electrons and protons get out of balance and sometiems you just happen to be in that place at the wrong moment, right time, sort of a thing. So you bottle it up and keep it on the shelf as a pretty object, and remember the atmosphere often.

*WIP
felt and lived
WIP
(left to right)*



alpinglow of mineral creek with the adults after the babies have gone to sleep

A perfect day from a perfect trip. I sit down to paint just at twilight and sketch this out to bring home to Tres Piedras and finish painting remembering the little ones bouncing around the tents and that rain storm an hour before and the crisp air and that cold, cold alpine river. The details melt away and I'm left with this glow of a moment of happiness in a wonderful place.



geological memories of ancient oceans under this same warm sun

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low angle sun rays

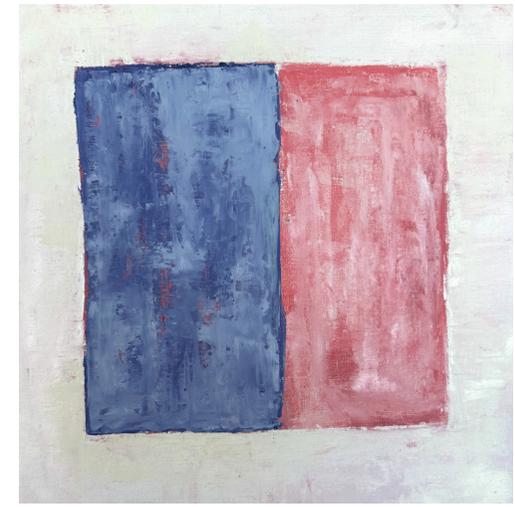
Quisque nec justo a turpis posuere tristique.

Maecenas condimentum tincidunt lorem. Vestibulum vel tellus. Sed vulputate. Morbi massa nunc, convallis a,

seperate, yet delicate, representations of existence

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above the clouds

Tres Piedras, New Mexico looks out to the east over the great expanse which is the Taos valley. The clouds often sit low out there above the Rio weaving through those ancient volcanoes and from the vantage point just a bit into the treeline you feel as though you are above the clouds.



the perfection of equilateral triangles

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the atmosphere's electric finger

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the river in the sky

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the algebra of water vapor

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symbolologies intertwine electronically

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Artist Statement

I went back to Tres Piedras, New Mexico in June to re-negotiate my understanding of the sky. The lightning strike last September has left me leary of that blue ceiling: convinced an electrical confrontation is imminent with every pregnant looking cloud.

I thought I'd paint the clouds and sit with the atmosphere. And I did. And I painted in June and July this collection of memories. I sat out under that big northern New Mexico sky and painted from memory the impression of the moment I was experiencing.

I contemplated time and geology, the cycles of rain which shape the rocks and earth into these fantastic forms. Ancient sea creatures died to form sedimentary rock then millennia later are again eroded back into particles floating in the sea - that Rio Grande will eventually make it to the gulf again. Time scales, memories evolve.

The memory of the earth is entrusted to the basic shapes: outlines of catastrophe and gardens of rebirth. All is

Memory refines forms to their basic emotions and conveys poetically the impression of an event. This collection of memories which is my life never ceases to amaze me.

Forms simplify and the triangles, squares, and circles begin to make an appearance. Those simplest forms stacked upon each other rebuilding empires through the dissolution of the

unnecessary. Abstractions interacting with clarity, the mind is allowed to explore beyond the edges of the composition and insert it's own self into the story. We are creatures existing together in this time and our symbologies intertwine electronically now.

I painted and listened and experienced the wind and the sun and the bugs and the ground. Within the chaos I found patterns, I erased details, I turned form into emotion. I painted the place not by representing it exactly, rather by capturing an experience of working in a place during a time.

The paintings appeared often by themselves though me just working and allowing intuition to guide the brush. The act of painting is transcendental to me, I do not start out with ideas but rather allow the painting to alchemically appear though the application of time spend brushing away at it.

I looked up recently and decided the sky now is ok to me. I've realized I may, or may not, be struck by lightning again but I have to keep living out under this big sky. I explored myself while imbuing each work with the essence of this slope of the mountains, the ponderosa, the mariposa lily's, the ToeHee, and the crow. My memories of that touch from the electric finger from the heavens have now too become fond of that moment, like, maybe it sound't be so bad to be struck again, I've got this great story.

The past always is precious, because it

was perfect, just as this moment is, just as the future will be. Hypnotic balance and tricks of the eye, you have to look to see. These paintings are a celebration of the simple reality that life must be lived, fully, from all angles in order that we might have many, many outstanding memories of the atmosphere.

the memory of atmosphere

*Kyle Parker Cunningham
August 2nd - 31st 2024*

*Sun and Dust Gallery
Canyon Road Santa Fe, NM*

*sunanddust.gallery
kyleparkercunningham.com*