

As an Artist/ housepainter I feel a great kinship with Arthur Parker and I have been following his progression for sometime. My Father, who immigrated from Poland with my mother in the late 1970's left his passionate studies, in both chemical physics and experimental jazz, behind. Without the new language and with the urgency of supporting 3 children he started painting houses, like so many Poles at the time. My mother, a brave romantic, who was forced to leave her career as a Polish Writer and Poet to raise her children in a dry hot wasteland, poured her stories into their little minds and when we had reached a certain age we had our minds filled with dreams of becoming artists/poets/musicians.

But along with the beauty of her stories, some of her bitterness had bled in, aversions for certain things and ideals, e.g. Patriotism, Germans, Disney, Superman, authority, bureaucracy. This last one personally affected me when I realized what it took to become an artist in this country.

Disheartened and broke I took to painting houses with my father. At first I hated it's repetition and tediousness, it's lack of subjectivity; merely painting with the same hog bristle or antique white as told by some white collared anglo looking at me as a tradie, down on my knees painting his skirting boards. Until I found house painting's meditative power, the processes capability to switch my troubles and bitterness to the outside world off and be in a divine empty space, like the space between freshly cut-in edges or the rectangle of sealer concealing a once tragic gaping hole.

The first time I saw Arthur's illicit abstracts, that very potential of soft wet acrylic covering the darker patches of life's wall, which cannot simply be covered by a one coat finish, was for me immediately excelled to the sublime feeling of following one's dreams of expression no matter what the odds.

-Andrei Malarski