

### About Me:

I'm using the U2/iTunes model as an inspiration to get my singing career off the ground. Don't worry, I'm not adding my album to your collection without permission. But the next time you listen to your music files you'll notice that I've inserted myself softly singing along to all your songs. No words? No problem! I'll be mimicking the sound of whatever the main instrument is.

Growing older terrifies me, so to look young and carefree I'm getting my infant soft spots surgically re-softened and an umbilical cord reattached so I can leave it nonchalantly hanging out of my shirts. All I'll be left hoping for is that my ID is prepared to be checked with every breath I take.

"Look at all those lobsters, not a care in the world...wait that one over there has the head of... A HUMAN?!"

*Opening line from my screenplay for Avatar II*

If I had one wish it'd be that whenever you thought of me I'd semi-transparently materialize in front of you and ask for money to get back home.

(THANK YOU!)

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Cover Image:  
*Sunrise Event II*  
Alkyd and Oil on Linen  
2014  
24x47"



**Scott Armetta**

***10a/10b***

**September 20 - November 01, 2015**

**Presented by:**

**GUCCIVUITTON**

**In this body of work I've used imagery featuring abstracted landscapes of Florida as a means to elicit ideas and feelings of enigmatic significance. These pieces have been inevitable ever since...**

...paintbrushes were conceptually invented. Long used as inexpensive children's dolls, they were cherished for centuries as "stick people with hair". Nobody thought of using them to paint with until a neighborhood street comedian was riffing with her improv comedy troupe and used one to sarcastically paint with. To everyone's surprise it worked better than the seashells they were using before that, and "art wands" were created. Today we have the Internet and ABS brakes, but the paintbrush remains a vital part of steampunk culture.

...George Washington refused to lie about slashing a cherry tree using a Freddy glove. Immediately afterward, he became arguably one of the first US presidents. As he crossed the Delaware with his band, he was recorded forever in paint by a passing boatman who sold the painting for nine dollars (two billion dollars in today's money). So I thought, why not paint presidents crossing rivers and become rich myself?

...Da Vinci's last words were uttered on his deathfuton: "Shut up everybody... guess what....when I'm a ghost I'll not only be able to scare people whenever I want without having to use my golden Renaissance scissors to cut eyeholes in my fine Renaissance linens, but I'll also witness my notebook prediction of an affordable whoopee cushion become a reality, bringing endless bliss to everyone, instead of just the nobles of Florence."

...I began working out in earnest. Back then all I cared about was developing one of my abs into its peak condition. I worked at it night and day. I avoided town hall dances and speed dating until I achieved my goal. Going out, I would continually reposition myself as needed so it was the only part of my body anyone would notice. I thought I was a hotshot. Then art happened. I was at a museum gift shop flipping through a contemporary German performance art/video game strategy guide, perusing it using only my flawless ab. I suddenly got a terrible paper cut on its crest and saw that, not blood, but reams of pulsing muscle strands were sloughing out of the small slit, landing on the book and floor, embarrassing me in front of the town dignitaries, including the mayor and city comptroller. Enough was enough. I now put all that energy into trying to convince people to like my paintings.

...Isaac Newton invented gravity with apples. He spent years yachting from market to market, searching for England's most gravity-prone apples. When he finally came across the perfect specimen, he threw it in the air, and on its decent declared gravity to be real, making it law by screaming so before it hit the ground. Fast forward from there and you have my paintings.

...I discovered that a supposed children's fable was actually true. It was dawn on Saturday, so I was rubbing lamps, when a quivering genie slowly plopped out of a lamp hole. At first I was upset and told him to get away from my freshly rubbed lamp. Then he reminded me I had three wishes coming my way. Smacking my chops, my first wish was that he had to honor all three wishes no matter what, which he readily accepted - easy. My second wish was that he be free, which he super agreed to with a twirl in the air. My last wish was that he go back into the lamp forever. All of this made me appreciate, even more than before, not being disturbed by genies, which gave me more time to make art.

...I got into the food truck biz. Everybody on the food truck scene was so concerned with what was served, but not *how* it was served. I noticed that people loved Bikram yoga, as well as burritos. Putting two and two together, why not have them eat their over-stuffed burritos as a crowded group in my sweltering food truck while practicing yoga? I couldn't pick up any radio stations, so I had a blaring radio police scanner instead. What I lacked in relaxing music I made up for in priceless humidity. The sizable income this brought in made it possible for me to give myself enough "me time" to make the paintings you see here.

...I first read the book: *The Secret*. As it taught me, wishing really hard for something made it come true. I could just want to be a good artist with a Lamborghini and a dog better at sports than Air Bud, and it would happen. Unluckily for me, while I was wishing super hard for those things, I got confused and ended up with a dog that had only a passing interest in sports, but who was an outstanding artist and owned the dog version of a Lamborghini (a wagon with a pull rope on it). I don't blame the wisdom of *The Secret*; I blame myself for not limiting my wish to a paintbrush the size of a redwood tree, where one stroke would make a thousand paintings with pre-attached price tags to save me some time. It's too late for me now, but maybe not for you...