

An abstract painting featuring large, organic shapes in shades of blue, grey, and white, set against a background of warm, earthy tones like red and orange. The brushstrokes are visible, giving the work a textured, layered appearance. The composition is dynamic, with the shapes appearing to flow and interact.

REECE KING
SILVER

27 FEBRUARY – 23 MARCH 2019

GALLERY 9

REECE KING
SILVER



REECE KING
Felix 2018
acrylic/enamel on canvas
170 × 130 cm
\$5,000

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REECE KING
Goomp 2018
acrylic/enamel on canvas
170 × 130 cm
\$5,000

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REECE KING
Second Announcement 2018
acrylic/enamel on canvas
170 × 130 cm
\$5,000

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REECE KING
Steezy Eee 2018
acrylic/enamel on canvas
170 × 130 cm
\$5,000

REECE KING
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REECE KING
Double Take 2018
acrylic on canvas
60 × 80 cm
\$2,000

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REECE KING
Alignment 2018
acrylic on canvas
60 × 80 cm
\$2,000

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SILVER

Gallery 9 is proud to present *SILVER*, King's first show with Gallery 9. Reece King (1989) graduated with a Bachelor degree of Design and Visual Arts from Unitec in 2012. Since then, King has exhibited regularly ever exploring a contemporary painting practice in NZ from a primarily formal modernist painting tradition view point.

In the work of Reece King, rarified mediations on the ideals of abstraction get fragmented and tossed like salad. Unencumbered by history, the artist takes a visceral rather than academic route into abstract painting. A series of allusive and mis-shapen attributions give his uniquely constituted language levity. The ingredients have freight, but are neither exotic nor sublime. The repeated motifs never ascend into symbolism, rather King's casual geometry — imperfect circles rendered with perfect insouciance, off-kilter triangles and aberrant zigzags — get put together with a winning ease.

King's paintings are not Jazz age amalgams or painfully wrought pastiches from the age of appropriation. Many artists work from the premise that something is at stake, King in contrast sets an alluring kind of slapstick in motion. He perforates the sanctity of the picture plane: painting holes in his paintings; putting ordinary things together in pleasurable and unpredictable ways, and generally draining the angst from an exercise in authorship. This is the output of someone who likes what he's doing — constantly manoeuvring restless, wriggling form about. It's an attitude that propagates many different kinds of paintings, that are nevertheless consistently incapable of melancholy.

– Richard Fahey