

**J. Parker Valentine and Jay Heikes**  
***Salvador Dalí's Birthday Party***  
**March 6 – April 26, 2026**

[Inside a storefront. A two-person exhibition with J. Parker Valentine and Jay Heikes borrows its title from a series of experimental photograms by Jay DeFeo.]

An exhibition as atmosphere, a tolerance for instability, and an absent monument, titled with a genial derangement of expectation. Meanwhile, kindred spirits may have arrived late but they have arrived together nonetheless. Time is merely speculation, or choreography. This exhibition is not an homage but an afterimage. A birthday party is a climate system for hallucination, a chemistry of intuition and uncertainty. Everything is provisional, including the promise of culmination. Besides, the ancient texts of alchemy always seem to suggest a metaphor, a high-wire act, or prelude to entropy. Read them aloud and try not to smirk. I can't keep my tongue in my mouth, but keep forgetting my lines. Too much punch, a taste of amnesia. What we try to capture with language is merely sabotage. Freely dance in an ozone of confetti of propositions and revolutions. Pirouette with pleasure around the sun, this celebration is no glitch.

And still, no one wants a celebration to thicken into devotion. Save that for the afterlife and its disembodied journey. An inanimate life could be a punchline or the transcendence of a preposterous conceit. If necessary, host a séance set within a room of vapors and relics and fragments of mischievous but tender gestures. Resurrection comes in many forms and motivations, and need not dissolve into the doctrine of a parlor trick. All objects can levitate with a discrete apparatus, or just tie a balloon to a chair.

Upwards, the ceiling becomes a shoreline and the shoreline a rumor that drifts into a corridor where footsteps rehearse themselves without feet. A slow wobble of anticipation and laughter lolls through the dusky hum of a melody that mistakes its shadow for an invitation. As a garnish of starlight clings to the rim of a glassless toast, somewhere a ribbon unspools from no particular gift, braiding the air with unpolished delirium. A slow explosion of matter, paint as sediment in a quarry of gestures. Call it rehearsal, or weather, or appetite. Better yet, call it a misdirection that refuses the dignity of destination. I am fond of this almostness, its tilt toward disclosure that never spills. It has all the ingredients for a cake of sweet humility.

Exhibiting in Minneapolis for the first time, J. Parker Valentine has created solo exhibitions at Misako and Rosen, Tokyo; Sydney Sydney, Sydney; Galerie Max Meyer, Dusseldorf; Wschód, Warsaw; KRIEG, Hasselt; Paul Soto, Los Angeles; Vergez Collection, Buenos Aires; Langen Foundation, Neuss; and Artpace, San Antonio; Supportico Lopez, Berlin; Taka Ishii, Kyoto; Peep-Hole, Milan. She lives and works in Los Angeles where her work is included in the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

Jay Heikes's work has been the subject of solo exhibitions at the Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, NE; the Berkeley Art Museum & Pacific Film Archive, CA; the Aspen Art Museum, CO; and the Institute of Contemporary Art Philadelphia, PA. He was also featured in the 2006 Whitney Biennial, curated by Chrissie Iles and Philippe Vergne, at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York NY. Most recently, Heikes was commissioned to create a site-specific installation of bronze stars at the Obama Presidential Center, which will open in July 2026. He lives in St. Paul and works in Minneapolis.

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