

eva lundsager at
jack tilton and
lauren wittels by
Michael Brennan Eva Lundsager is New



Glow, 1996

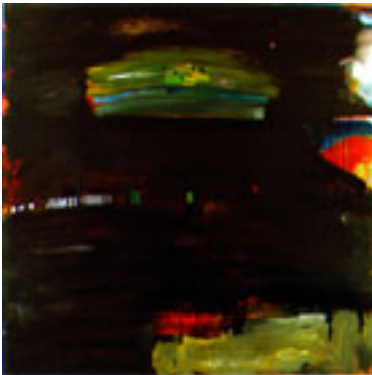


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York City's other art-prize winner, having received the Prix Whanki last year, which will be followed by an upcoming solo exhibition at the Whanki Museum in Seoul, Korea. She is also an exceptional painter, which can be verified sans committee in her current show of large paintings at Jack Tilton Gallery, and smaller paintings installed in the project room at Lauren Wittels Gallery across the street. Lundsager has been successfully developing her personal style of swampy, painterly abstraction for some time now, but her work has reached a level of intensity that is apparent both in her supersaturated colors and in the confident range and precision of her gestures. These are lean, no-nonsense paintings, executed in an exacting manner. They are fuller in feeling and more impacted in composition than anything else she has produced so far. In her last show at Tilton in 1995, there was a gap between the sticky and spore-pocked shiny surfaces of the paintings and the petri dish luminosity of the works on paper. These new paintings sprang fully formed from that gap, expanding and diversifying those twin sensibilities. Full tilt, and fully rotated, paintings like *Glow* and *Play* contain the earthy, transparent broadstrokes that are indicative of Lundsager's new style. Dense, patchy strata sandwich slow-burning pink spots under a downward clumpy pile that is



Play, 1996



Angel, 1996

usually only relieved by the lighter gleam of a sky-white patch above, or a notch of drainage, flowing either up or down, creeping in at the mid-section. *Angel* is a particularly commanding painting with its oasis-like, Cyclopean eye area, advancing out of a raisin-colored, burnt umber dreck, awash with all of the uncomfortable swirl and emptiness indicative of quiet descent into the maelstrom. Another painting in comparison, *Pure*, demonstrates the gentle limpidity of Lundsager's touch with its dental array of brightly glazed color seeping down in a dissipated rainbow chroma from above. Witness the blood orange color in Lundsager's *Spoil*, and realize a total immolation/immersion of blue into red. Oh, you're soaking in it. One of the joys of Lundsager's painting is that in spite of her facility with the medium, and a painter's normal desire to safeguard technique, there is no secret process at work here. Every stroke is obvious in its intention, every movement discloses its own making, so we can all see how it's done and appreciate her decisiveness, or not. Lundsager's paintings demonstrate a great quality of organic abstraction, which, unlike other styles of painting, doesn't derive its evocative power from any fussiness with detail or a preoccupation with cleanliness. And although her works read as organic, they never come across like Joan Mitchell's paintings, saying "I live in Monet's house--now beat it," or like Terry Winters' works, which say, "This is a medulla oblongata. I just cut you." The paintings in Lauren Wittel's project space almost seem to complete a world view. I like *Sunburst* in particular because it reminds me of a giant spider crab I once saw knocking along the ocean floor in a 3-D IMAX movie, unfamiliar and a somewhat scary. More please. Jack Tilton Gallery, Jan. 14-Feb. 8, 1997, 49 Greene Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Lauren Wittels Gallery, Jan. 14-Feb. 8, 48 Greene Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. *MICHAEL BRENNAN is a New York painter who writes on art.*



Pure, 1996



Spoil, 1996



Perch, 1996



Closer, 1996