

NANCY HOFFMAN GALLERY

520 WEST 27TH STREET NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10001

Lynn McCarty

The words flow in one direction, then quickly evaporate or turn to change direction. The strange light of this pandemic, light of uncertainty and the loss and recovery of focus. Illuminating a fleeting appreciation of small yet significant moments and then fading to murkiness.

These three paintings evolved during the first seven months of the changing discomfort. As I slowly processed my immediate realities in my personal life, they each recorded swiftly caught moments of studio energies. Looking back at what I have captured I am wondering if I am painting what I need, what I want to see. Since I rarely start a painting knowing where I want to take it, am I bringing forth desires? A longing for solidity, maybe a search for cohesion and resolution?

One piece is open and almost empty, yet the warmth of color and the isolated shapes conjure up a comfortable safety. The scraps of paint are hovering together, yet moving slightly – adding life to the traces of history and travel carved within the surface. Floating objects, yet holding the center. Another is flowing with restless waves enveloping almost figurative beings. Together moving but different on the inside and outside. Above is clear and soothing, below is darker and cavernous yet with light spots. Leading and following, covering up and revealing. The most layered work was pieced together over the longest time. A dark wandering story full of searching and uncertainty, forgotten commitments and highlights. A map of happenings along the way – until process, material, and voice come to a finish. Surprisingly it becomes a candle like shape, lighting a rainbow, traveling through time. All of them are speaking to isolation and connection, trails and small trivialities appreciated and illuminated. That pandemic glaze I think we all feel.