

ART

Amy Sillman

The splendor of Sillman's new show at the Gladstone gallery lies in its restlessness. Working primarily in oil and acrylic on paper, canvas, and linen, the painter's fecund imagination finds its expression, first, in a number of abstract images made up of bold dark lines that suggest Sillman's interest in collage, less in terms of juxtaposing one texture next to another than in drawing, with paint, one image on top of another, the better to give fuller credence to both. These various collisions are very exciting, and come to rest in her paintings of flowers, which convey some of the lush despair and loneliness of van Gogh's sunflowers and irises but are mostly about the spontaneity that is Sillman's stock-in-trade: the flowers are the visual manifestation of her blooming mind. One could say, if pressed, that the overriding aspect of the show is the artist's passionate relationship to the joy and the sadness inherent in time: flowers bloom and die, just as ideas take fruit and have to end, making room for other beautiful ideas and gestures.

— *Hilton Als*

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