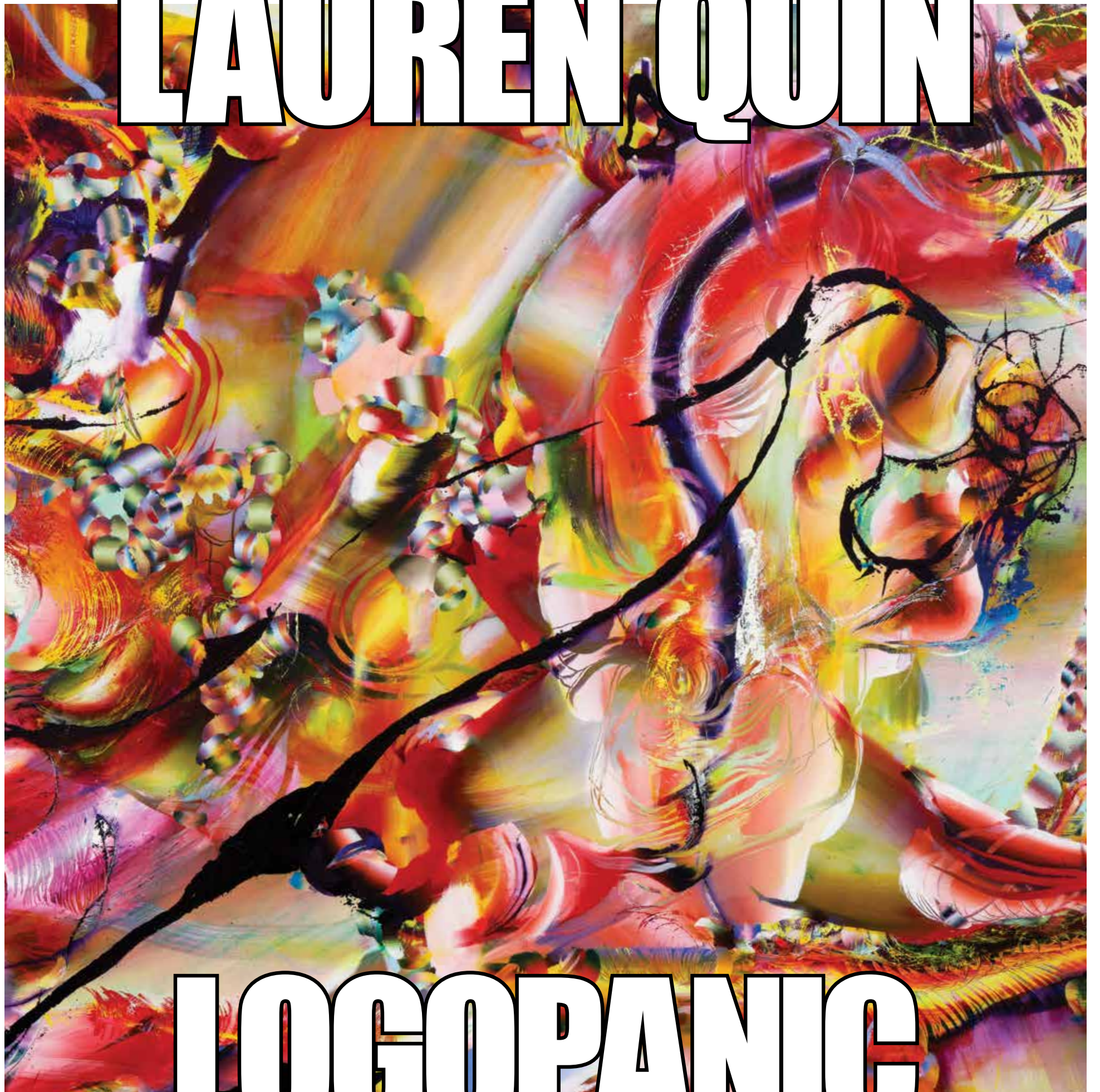


125 NEWBURY

ISSUE 7

MAY 2024

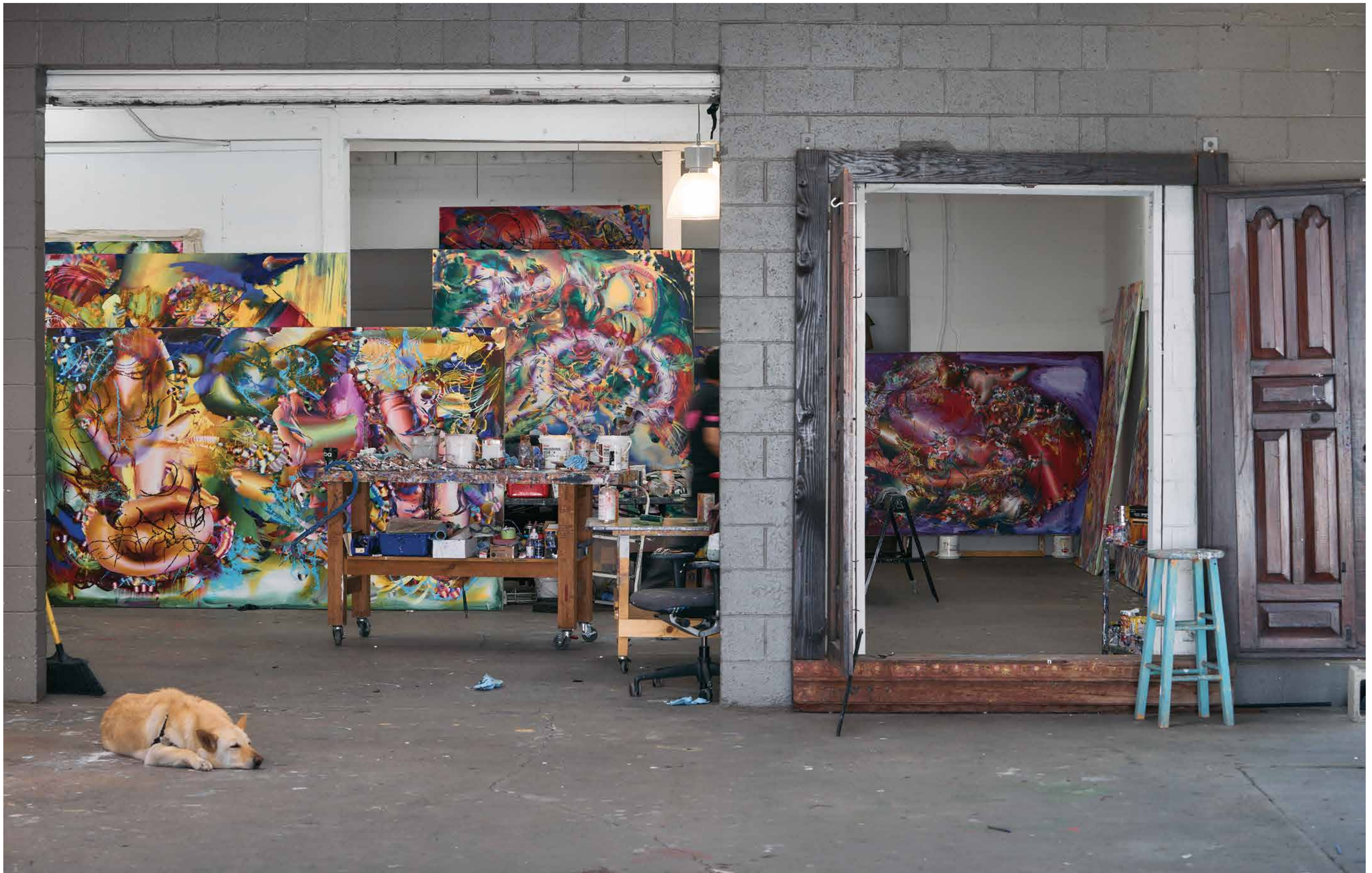
LAUREN QUIN



LOGOPANIC

FREE PRESS





LAUREN QUIN: LOGOPANIC

Arne Glimcher

Chaos is endemic to the process of expressionist picture-making. So many balls in the air, searching for that preconscious model—that “aha” moment. It may be going beautifully and then you come to the realization that your favorite passage is ruining the painting. You can’t save it. Ultimately, you have to overpaint the part in the interest of the whole. You start again and hope you can save the painting. Bill de Kooning once told me that the hardest part of picture making was knowing when to stop.

“I ruin a lot of paintings,” he said, laughing. But at the time, it wasn’t so funny.

Lauren Quin is a magician. She brings order out of chaos and balance out of more moving parts than I could imagine an artist corralling so successfully. Multiple processes are in flux: swirling expressionist storms of brushwork, monoprinted linear passages with lithographic ink to unite forms, excavations of over-painted layers give us a glimpse through screens of the process that makes the picture. The act of making becomes the subject of the painting. Somehow, at least in this group of paintings, with their ravishing turbulence of surface, Lauren Quin knows when to stop.

Two years ago, I was in LA on my way to the airport and stopped at Blum & Poe Gallery. I asked Jeff Poe if he had seen any interesting new artists and he showed me some cell phone images that instantly captivated me. They were pictures by Lauren Quin of which Jeff and Tim were planning a show in the small gallery upstairs. He remarked that her studio was just around the corner, and I asked him to call and see if I could go right over. I only had a couple of hours to catch my plane, but the images were so compelling I would have missed it if I had to. Lauren graciously agreed to let me come to the studio. The paintings knocked me out by their power, intensity, and ravishing beauty. This is what a curator/gallerist hopes for. This is what rarely happens. They were overwhelming, like storms harnessed at the moment of exquisite danger. Within minutes I told Lauren that I would love to show her work in New York and that although this visit was short, I would be happy to come back when she was ready to show me the next developmental phase of the paintings.

That is how it happened, and that is why I am so thrilled to present Lauren Quin’s first New York exhibition.



Trebled, 2024. Oil on canvas, 96" x 96"

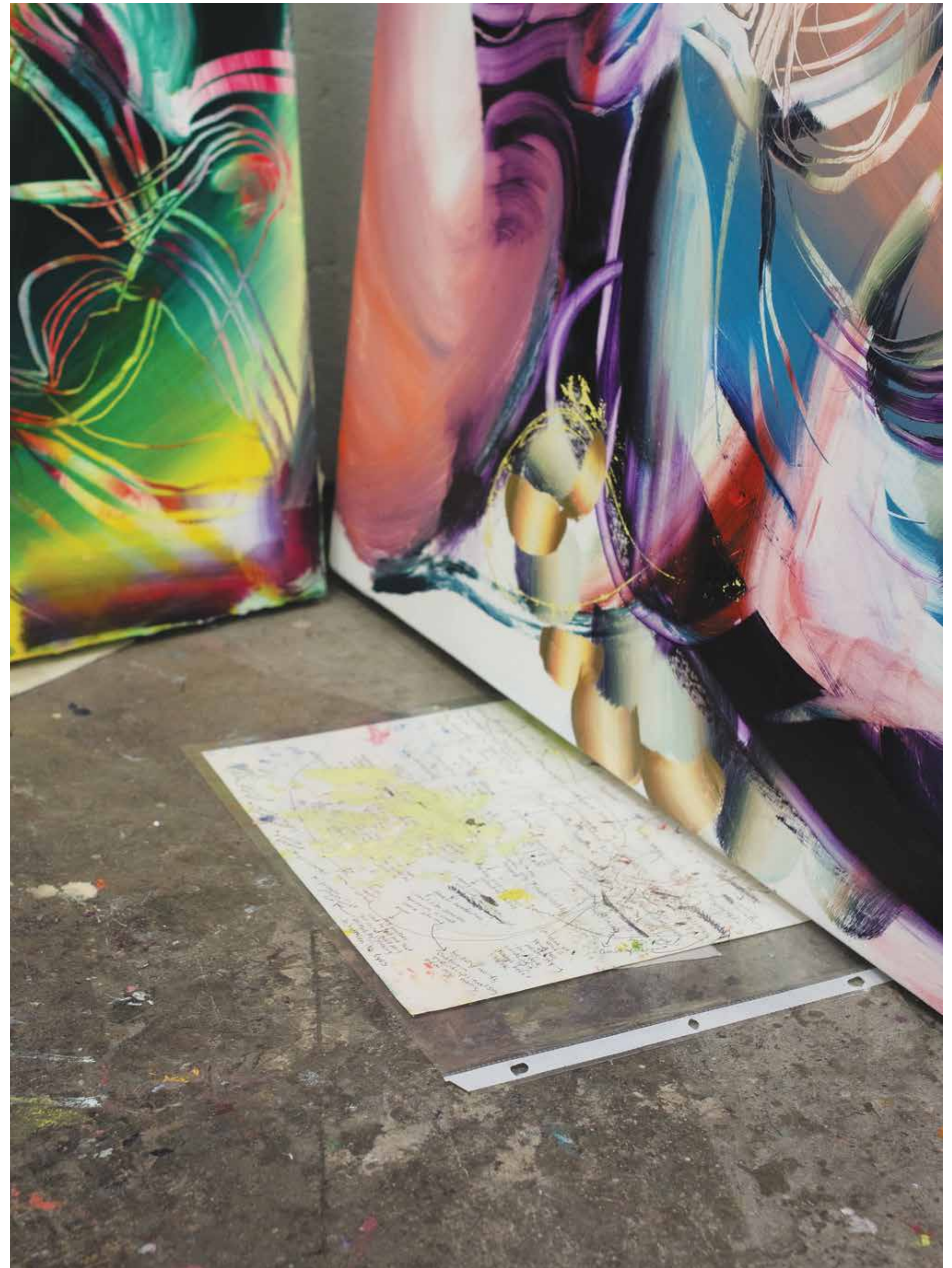


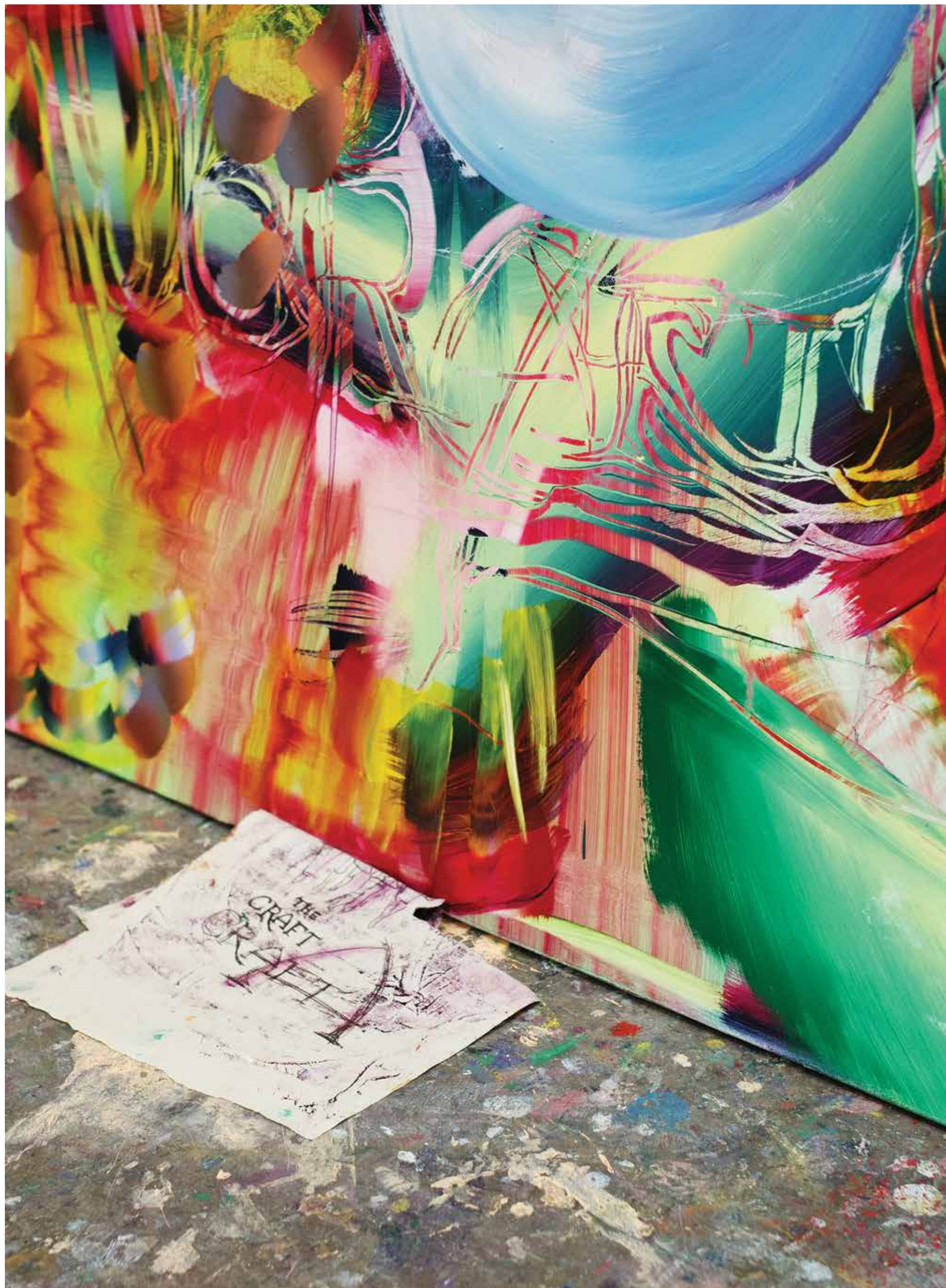
Logopanic, 2024. Oil on canvas 96" x 180"





Third Party (detail), 2024. Oil on canvas, 98" x 180"





WINDSOCK

Oliver Shultz

Lauren Quin's approach to painting is at once radically intuitive and deeply considered, simultaneously sedimentary and archaeological. In her paintings, Quin's forms occupy a kind of fugue state. She builds her compositions methodically, layer by layer, only to scrape through them, carving channels that spiderweb across the picture plane. The paintings are palimpsests; past and present mingle in a single surface, interrupting one another. As much excavated as painted, Quin constructs her compositions from an arsenal of recurring gestures and techniques. Among these are the marks she refers to as "tubes," which she interweaves with skeins and filigrees of color monoprinted directly onto a work's surface.

For Quin, the act of painting involves the risk of getting lost. To paint is to give up a fixed location—in space but also in language. The title of her exhibition at 125 Newbury reflects this sense of disorientation, this anxiety or instability around words and images. The neologism "logopanic" rhymes with the word *logopenia*, a type of aphasia characterized by a progressive loss of the faculties of speech (logopenia derives from the Greek *logos*, meaning "word," and *penia*, meaning "poverty, absence, or lack.") In a more colloquial sense, a logo is a visual and symbolic metonym – an image that stands for something else – and thus "logo panic" suggests a sense of unmooring from both imagistic and linguistic modes of signification.

In this midst of this pervasive sense of instability, Quin orients her practice around an archive of drawings, prints, and carvings, which contain an ever-expanding collection of symbols. A hand, a spider, a vulture, a needle, a skull, the sun—for Quin, these symbols function in myriad ways. At times, they provide the starting point for a painting; at others, Quin will print a symbol onto the surface of an existing composition, or carve it directly into the painted surface, to disrupt or inflect a work's evolution. Often, she transfers her symbols onto the verso of a canvas, where they remain hidden from the viewer, but available to her as she works. The drawings are anchorages, providing fixed points of reference as a composition unfolds, linking one painting to the next. These graphic loci are always evolving and bleeding back into her larger repertoire, seeding new possibilities for subsequent paintings.

Shadows and traces of imagery ebb and flow across Quin's canvases, caught in these relentless currents of form, refusing solidification or coherence. Quin's tubes are tools for abstraction, but they are also tunnels, pathways, furrows, or mouths. A swirl of paint is at once a sun and a cymbal—and also a symbol. Her

paintings are constantly digesting her symbols, subsuming and transforming them wholesale, eroding contours and allowing form to diffuse in suspended animation. "I think of the symbols as windsocks," explains Quin of her drawings, "They are not as important as the direction of the wind, or the wind itself."

What results from Quin's process are manifolds of chromatic and temporal counterpoint—paintings that hold space for a matrix of internal struggles: between the solid and the ephemeral, image and non-image, symbol and cymbal. In this way, Quin is involved in charting a new and deeply self-reflexive mode of abstraction. Skirting the edges of signification and eschewing fixity, Quin's paintings quest for what words cannot contain, circling around meaning rather than seeking to touch it directly.

In Quin's work, painting becomes a kind of intuitive and circular inquiry. Quin's paintings form a system—inside each work lies embedded all the paintings she has ever made. The act of painting becomes like the mapping of a subterranean mine; each individual work offers an entranceway into a vast network of interconnected paths. To encounter Quin's paintings is to lose oneself in this network of palpitations and surges, of spoolings and intertwinings. "When I carve the canvas," Quin explains, "I create a current." Such currents take on a life of their own, sweeping us as viewers into a spiraling visual flow, carrying us inward and outward simultaneously. We are borne along in this writhing turmoil, caught in the painting's internal forces and counterforces.

A generative poetics of addition and removal unifies Quin's body of work—things come into sight only by disappearing. Her paintings recall Heidegger's notion of unconcealment: the idea that truth becomes perceptible only when what lies beneath the everyday becomes unearthed. The paintings posit an equally serpentine relation to truth: they invite into a continual process of embedding and (re)surfacing, concealment and revelation. As viewers, we locate ourselves only by abandoning our bearings—by engaging in a visual *dérive* away from ordinary seeing. At times, the paintings seize our gaze like the claws of a bird closing around its prey; at others, they hold us tenderly in their jaws, like a cat holds its young. In Quin's work, a dialectic of violence and tenderness remains ever-present. Bursting with uncontained energy yet suspended in moments of caress, the paintings invite us to be swept up in them—to forget the names of things, to lose ourselves inside their teeming and fecund interiors. And like the symbols embedded in Quin's paintings, we too become windsocks.



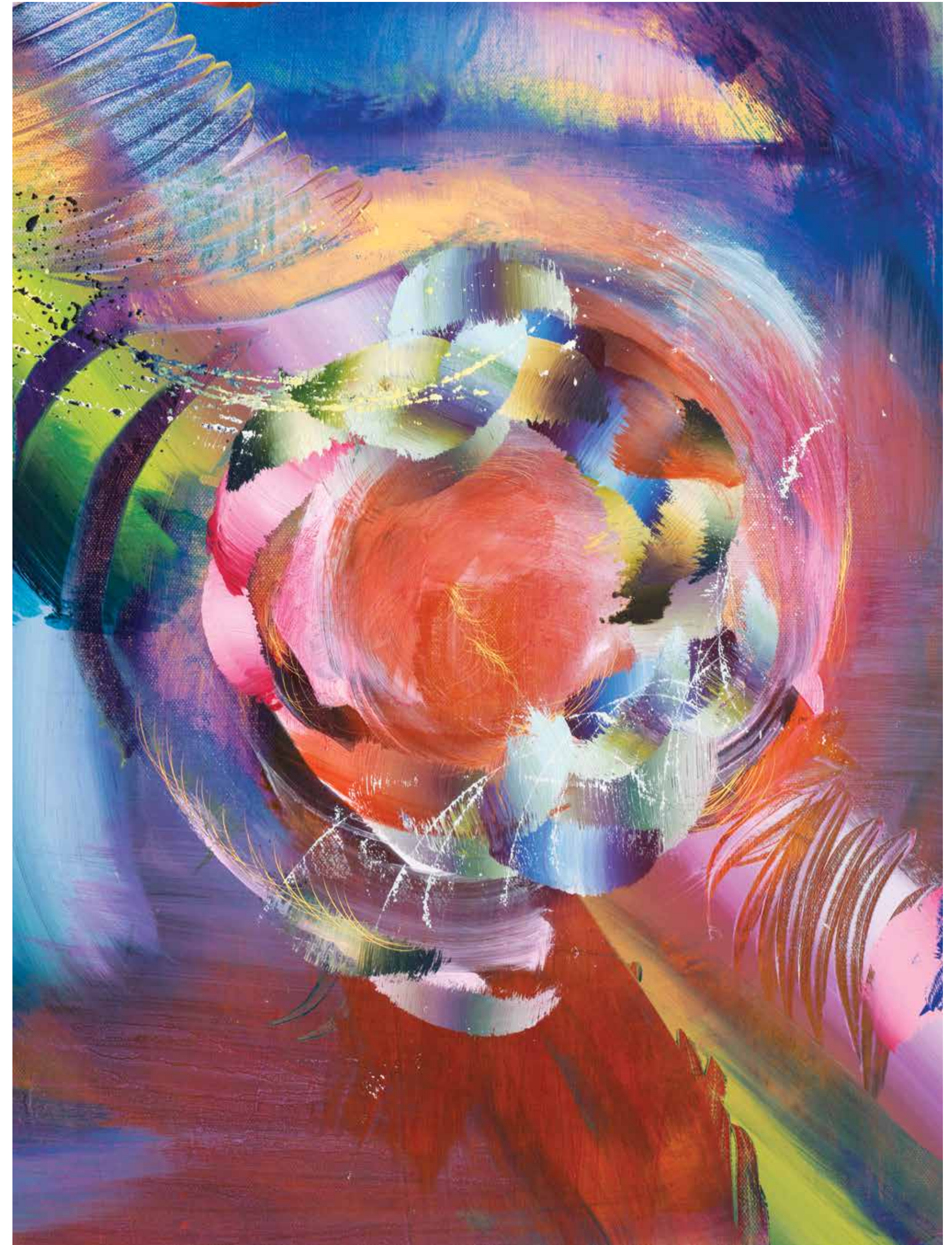
Queller to Queller (Recto), 2024. Oil on canvas, 72" x 120"



Queller to Queller (Verso), 2024. Oil on canvas, 72" x 120"



Soma (detail), 2024. oil on canvas, 164" x 84"

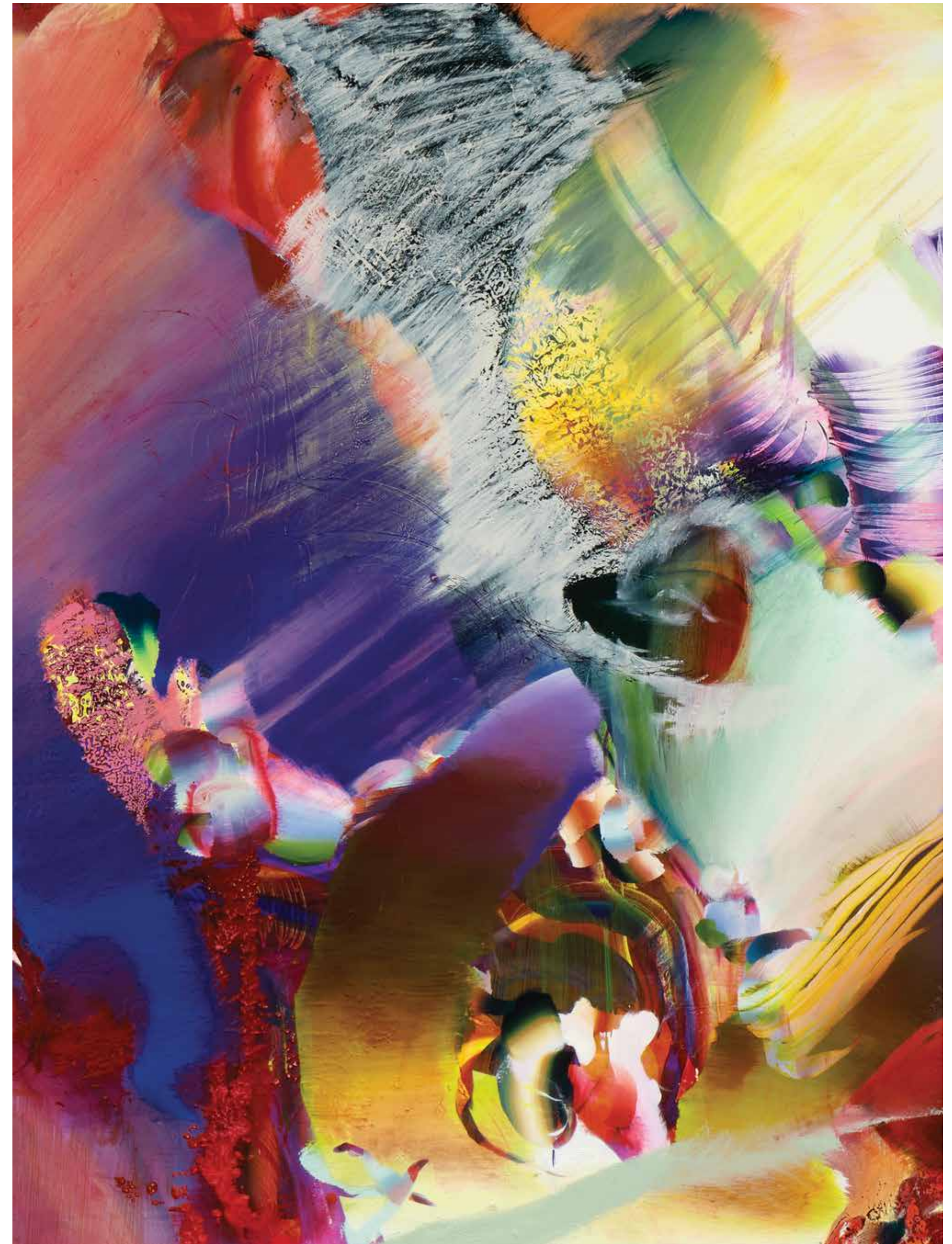
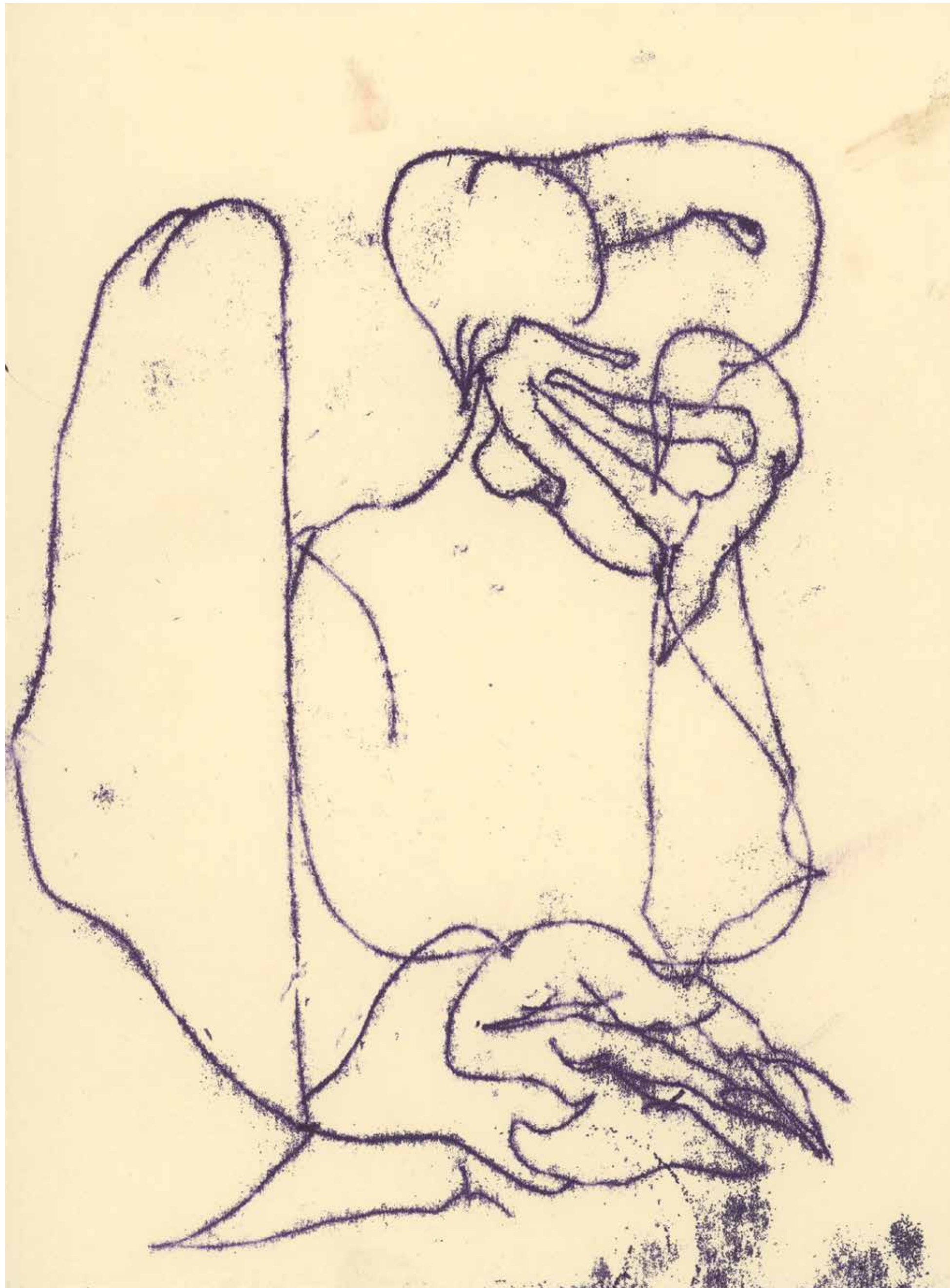


Seed Coat (detail), 2024. Oil on canvas, 78¾" x 98½"





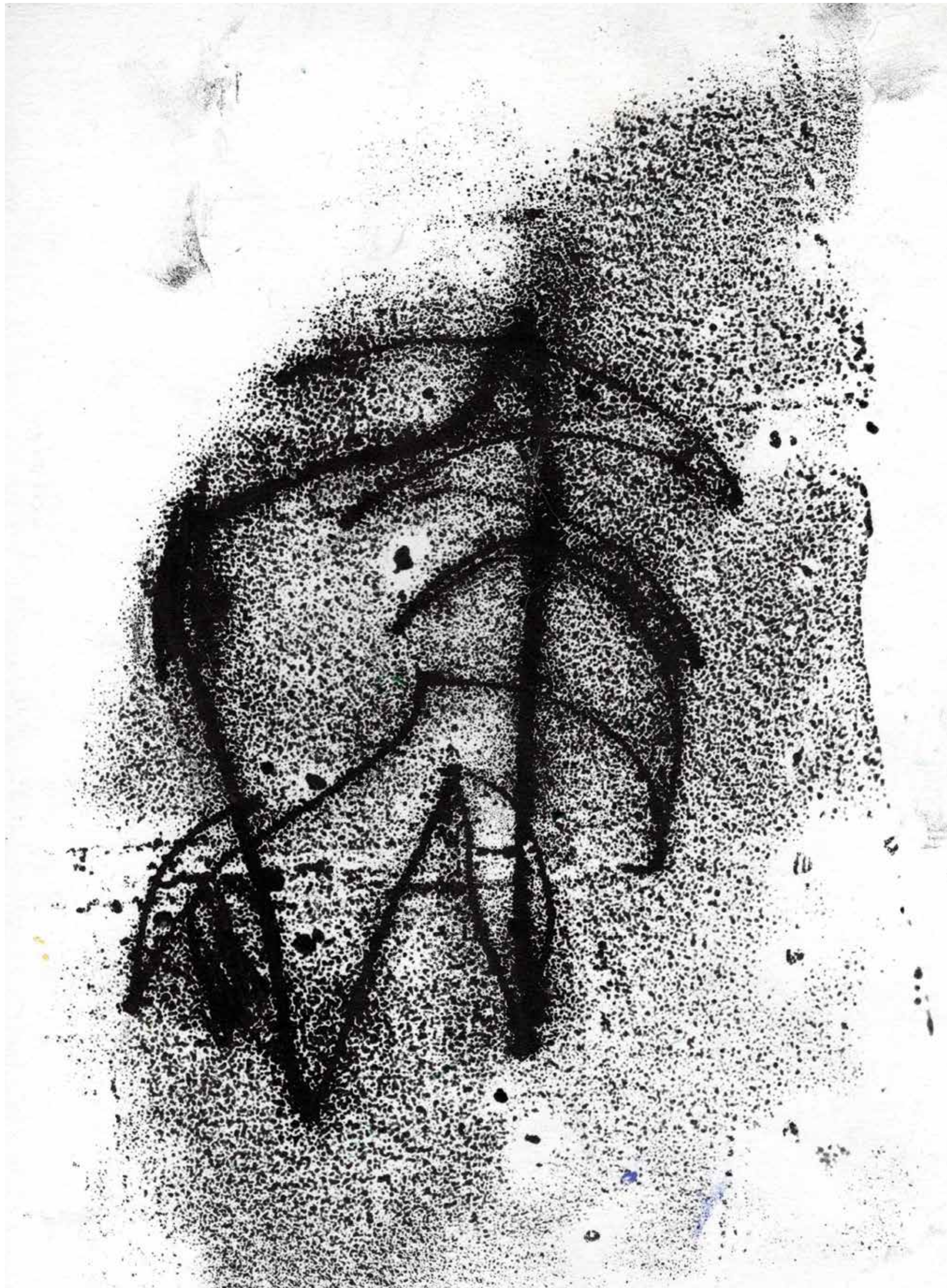
Third Party, 2024. Oil on canvas, 98" x 180"



Shepard's Tone (detail), 2024. Oil on canvas, 98" x 180"



Shepard's Tone, 2024. Oil on canvas, 98" x 180"

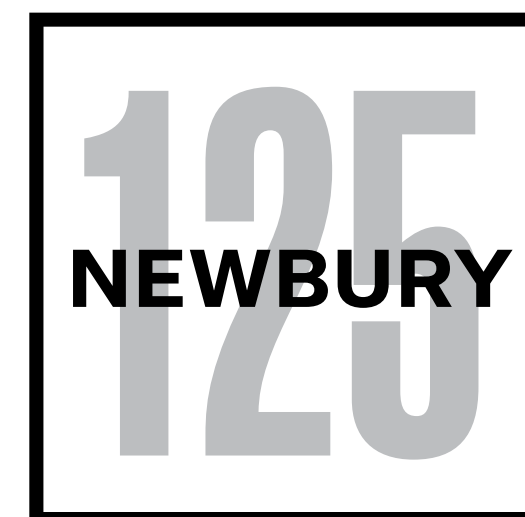


LOGOPANIC

**IS PRESENTED IN
TWO VIEWINGS:**

**PART I
MAY 3-24**

**PART II
MAY 28-JUNE 15**



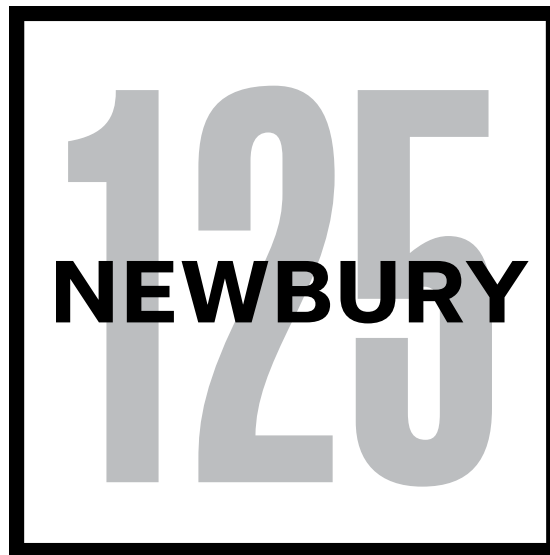


Tapetum Lucidum, 2024. Oil on canvas, 108" x 108"



Seed Coat, 2024. Oil on canvas, 78¾" x 98½"





125 NEWBURY FREE PRESS

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Cover: *Logopanic* (detail), 2024. Oil on canvas 96" × 180"

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