

Every Force Evolves a Form

In Eva Faye's paintings, light is caught in a tender trap between skeins of paint and the raw linen of the picture's surface. A molecular radiance pours out of the work and into the room from molten grids that dissolve and reanimate on the canvas, emitting flashes of pure light that conjure the long night skies of northern Europe, where the artist spent her childhood.

Illumination is crucial in Faye's paintings, delicately evoked by innumerable subtle gradations of the color white. Through layers of abstraction the internal forces of the painting's forms at first resist then acquiesce, coalesce into harmonic configurations. Faye roams freely from macro to micro; what frequently begins as a sequence of small drawings might open up and evolve into a wider take on the natural world, bringing a thousand tiny details into exquisite focus — from a finely etched variant of tree bark to a landscape viewed from far above the earth. Manmade grids and squares collapse and fold back into natural forms, geometry compressed as the controlled chaos of nature imposes its own order.

Elsewhere long controlled spirals, unconsciously mimicking the chains of DNA, reconfigure and re-form, echoes and X-rays of clavicle, instep, the somnolent curve of a thigh, ecstatic shapes the body makes. Faye journeys back into herself, connecting with her art on a cellular level, constantly seeking new variations on the endless dance between abstraction and the pure structures of nature.

Max Blagg

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