

Cries and Whispers by Eileen Mislove

Lines, flower-marks...and a few figures

Eileen Mislove's iconography incorporates the artist's model as a lovely drawing – an innocent, with the smell of death lingering on nearby.

These works employ embraces, but they are between the artist's brush and eye, as her mind searches our recent art and political histories, for a way to frame images that combine the aromas of sexuality, with the stench of an anonymous war - one, where the victims are pictured as apparitions, posing for the viewer's imagination – laid out and displayed as a still life - like decorative forms of our mortality.

Meantime, the explosive, uncompromising metamorphosis of flowers and stems, circulate orgasmic energy without apology.

Hovering between the things one can name and the intangible blots of their circumstances...is chance and her lines - they obey their own immaterial demands on these stained surfaces, with fragmented, liquid staccato motions – a proto-life - forming a botanical field to engage us in her dance.

The breath in these images contains her rapture – the lyrical airs of an ethereal swoon, where the atmosphere is palpable and space is like the membrane of a trampoline – here, we are given an esthetic athleticism that entertains as it instructs.

And if love is the message of her truth - it doesn't forbid us knowledge of the hell we have created - her images are that place we require, to rest and restore our belief in an intelligent hedonism.

Arthur Freed
August, 2004