

Selections from the Permanent Collection

Priscilla Heine, *Particles to Plexus*

Open Sesame



Run, Darling Rabbit, Run, 2011, oil on linen

The buoyancy that characterizes Heine's art is fueled by observation, memory and the sorts of rhythms that punctuate daily life. Her chosen language is elastic and intuitive, allowing the artist to assimilate the many worlds in her midst – music, literature, nature – and translate them into the mental imagery, the emotional landscapes and the sparkling, hot-blooded forms that fill her canvases. Infused with an internal dynamic, the driving force here is the mind within.

Lush and electric, the artist's hand moves with muscular strokes that are plucky and extant. Crisp white contours, and passages of crimson, cobalt blue and aquamarine ricochet amid dissonance and harmony. Images dart between organic figuration and Arcadia, personal metaphor and old Calcutta, jazzy riffs, Samba and troubadours at the seaside or, closer to home, the torsion of an arm or the curl of her wrist. In *Run, Darling Rabbit, Run*, Heine fills the canvas with thickets and

Priscilla Heine's East Hampton studio overlooks a broad hillside covered by scrub oaks and wild brush. It shifts day by day, morphing from gray to umber to green and to lighter green. It's not easy to look away from this slice of paradise, but a slight turn to the left and Heine's woodland workspace erupts in delirious pools of color, swaths of oil paint and cascading lines. Knots of fabric weave through tree limbs and slathers of pigment as the sheer joy of paint and process bursts into a thousand visual synapses. In Heine's studio, one enters the very center of the mind's eye. It is in this light that Islip Art Museum is delighted to examine this compelling body of work in the exhibit, **Priscilla Heine, *Particles to Plexus***.



B: *Early Momentum*, 2010, oil on linen, F: *Intimate Babushka*, 2012, mixed media

bundles of form that twist mightily between chimera and materiality. As she moves between realities, can the rabbit hole be far behind? Indeed, the sense of falling, clutching, floating and fluttering is palpable in Heine's oeuvre, as well as the *joie de vivre* of lucid dreaming, not unlike the writings of Lewis Carroll. And, here and there, human form emerges from within her luscious visual conundrums, slipping in and out of focus as it moves.

Similarly, Heine's sculpture scatters its disjunctions among ornament and sundry textiles, many of which hold keen memories for the artist – her mother's bathrobe, a friend's shawl, her summer frock – each now in the service of an homage to the chroma and shape of memory. The wadding and wringing that generates each sculpture – often addressed with paint or gesso and variously squeezed into boxes or wrangled by twine – mimics the crawl of the artist's hand and, like a mirror, reflects back the pictorial logic of her paintings. Pulsing between tension and release, the sculptures sprout forth from the inside out like vivid, feral bouquets.

Lyrical and poetic, Heine merges abstraction and gesture with insinuations of the figure, of nature and of narrative, and the elements settle easily amid flurries of brushwork, cradled like innocence within this artist's joyful abandon.

Janet Goleas, Curator



Rolling Deeply Vermont, 2010, oil stick on vellum

Priscilla Heine, *Particles to Plexus*

April 11 to May 27, 2012

Opening reception, April 22, 1 – 4:00pm

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Museum Hours:

Wed – Sat 10am to 4pm

Sunday Noon to 4pm