

NEW YORK

Three-Sentence Reviews

by Jerry Saltz
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Lucy Dodd

David Lewis Gallery
88 Eldridge Street / Through May 20

If you want mad stuff, metaphysics, psychedelic color, magic potions, and old idols conjured by an artist who regularly talks about a “journey across the eternal feminine towards the vision of a new world” and “mud-sprouting crystal diamonds,” and the painterly equivalent of a Jimi Hendrix guitar solo, behold Lucy Dodd’s third solo show in this gallery since her preternatural debut in 2013. Dodd, known for caramelized swirling spills of paint spiced and spiked with yew berries, flower essence, and other liquids seeming to create their own visual photosynthesis, here brightens her color, flirts more with rosy reds, sky-blues, and warm ochers, while refining her touch – articulating eyes, facial patterns, animal forms, and giving her huge canvases more space, while moving away from her previously more predominant organized chaos. In the middle of the gallery, 15 usable, shamanic chairs simultaneously evoke an ancient council place and the sort of magical seat any artist might want to occupy in his or her studio.



Lucy Dodd's *Prince Porcupine* (2018). Photo: Lucy Dodd