

SEARS·PEYTON·GALLERY

NEW YORK·LOS ANGELES

Kathryn Lynch

CV

EDUCATION

- 1983 William Smith College, Geneva, NY
- 1990 MFA University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA
- 1991 Skowhegan, Skowhegan, ME

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 2020 *Far Away Home*, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
- 2019 *Stars in our Pocket*, two person show Kathryn Lynch/Paul Inglis, Turn Gallery, New York NY
Hot Days and Night, Tayloe Piggott Gallery, Jackson, WY
- 2017 *Spoonbill Series* curated by Madeleine Mermall, Brooklyn, NY
- 2016 *On the Waterfront*, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
Up at Night, Tayloe Piggott Gallery, Jackson Hole, WY
- 2015 SenaSpace Gallery, New York, NY
Maine, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
- 2014 *Tug Tug*, Tayloe Piggott Gallery, Jackson Hole, WY
- 2013 *Kathryn Lynch, A Silent Language*, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
la vie en tugboat, SenaSpace Gallery, New York, NY
The Little Gallery, Sharon Springs, NY
- 2012 *Kathryn Lynch, Dogs*, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
- 2011 *River Tugs*, Tayloe Piggott Gallery, Jackson, WY
- 2010 *Kathryn Lynch, Choppy Waters*, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
- 2009 *Kathryn Lynch, Her Days and Nights*, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
- 2008 *Kathryn Lynch, Her Days and Nights*, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
- 2007 Nina Freudenheim, Inc. Buffalo, NY
- 2005 *Kathryn Lynch, Paintings: The City*, Alysia Duckler, Portland, OR
- 2004 *Kathryn Lynch, Painting the Town*, Victoria Munroe Fine Art, Boston, MA
- 2002 Alysia Duckler, Portland, OR
- 1996 Charles Cowles, project room, New York, NY

SEARS·PEYTON·GALLERY

NEW YORK·LOS ANGELES

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 2021 *Winter Selections*, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
- 2020 *Summer Selections*, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
Steve Turner Gallery, curated by Kevin McNamee-Tweed, LA
Zwang, C.G.Boener Gallery, curated by Kylie Manning, New York, NY
Empty Circle, Nocturnes, curated by Matt Nassar and Bart Bland, Brooklyn, NY
James Salomon and Brooklyn Home, *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*, Brooklyn, NY
Three Person Show, Kathryn Lynch, John Mosler, Fitz Hugh, Brooklyn, NY
- 2019 A.R.C Fine Art, Amagansett, NY
Colorforms, Curated by Michael Klein, Red Barn, Stamfordville, NY
SPF32, Curated by Madeleine Marmell, 81 Beaver Street, Brooklyn, NY
New York Just Like I Pictured It, Platform Projects, Brooklyn, NY
Sears-Peyton Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
Stars in our Pockets, two person show Kathryn Lynch/Paul Inglis, Turn Gallery, New York, NY
- 2018 *The Spirit of Place*, The Drawing Room Gallery, Easthampton, NY
Dogs, Ille Arts, Amagansett, NY
- 2017 *In My Garden*, Michael Klein, New York, NY
The Drawing Room, Easthampton, NY
The Gallery@1Gap, Brooklyn, NY
- 2016 *Autumn Salon*, The Drawing Room, Easthampton, NY
- 2015 *City Lives*, Shirley Fiterman Center, curated by Michael Klein, New York, NY
Sara Nightingale, Watermill, NY
Making History, Storefront Ten Eyck Gallery, Bushwick, NY
- 2014 Metro Art Fair, Michael Klein Arts, New York, NY
Animalia, Flinn Gallery, Greenwich, CT
- 2013 Southampton Art Fair, Michael Klein Arts, Southampton, NY
Miami Art Fair, Landfall Press, Miami, FL
- 2012 *Aspects of a New Realism*, Arthur Rodger Gallery, curated by Michael Klein, New Orleans, LA
- 2011 Pulse Art Fair, Sears-Peyton Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
- 2010 *The Big Show*, Marsden Gallery, Bridgehampton, NY
Sweetness & Light and Where There's Smoke, University of Massachusetts, Amherst Fine Arts Center, Amherst, MA
Hampden Gallery, Amherst, MA
- 2008 *The Big Apple*, Ken Jones Jr., Easton, PA

SEARS·PEYTON·GALLERY

NEW YORK·LOS ANGELES

- 2007 *Recent History*, Jan Abrams Fine Arts, works of the 70's, 80's and 90's selected by Michael Klein, New York, NY
- 2003 *New Works on Paper*, Victoria Munroe Fine Art, Boston, MA
- 2002 *Catch a Fish*, Glenn Horowitz, East Hampton, NY
Artists to Artists: A Decade of the Space Program, Ace Gallery, New York, NY
- 2001 *Beyond the Mountains*, the Contemporary American Landscape, Curated by Michael Klein traveled to Newcomb Art Gallery, Tulane University, New Orleans, LA; Muskegon Museum of Art, Muskegon, MI; Polk Art Museum, Lakeland, FL; Boise Art Museum, Boise, ID; Fort Wayne Museum of Art, Fort Wayne, TN; Lyman Allyn Museum of Art at Connecticut College, New London, CT—catalogue
- 2000 *New Talent*, Alpha Gallery, Boston, MA
- 1999 *24/7*, Guild Hall Museum, East Hampton, NY
- 1996 *Kathryn Lynch*, Project Room, Charles Cowles, New York, NY
Of Land and Sea, Elaine Benson, Bridge Hampton, NY
New Talent, New Ideas, Charles Cowles Gallery, New York, NY
- 1995 *Five Artists over Five Decades*, William Smith College, Geneva, NY
New Work, Black & Greenberg Gallery, New York, NY
New Painting, Cherry Stone Gallery, Wellfleet, MA
- 1993 *Five Women Painters*, Snug Harbor Cultural Center, Staten Island, NY
Paterson Museum, Paterson, NJ
- 1992 *New Generation Artists*, Cherry Stone Gallery, Wellfleet, MA
56th National Midyear Exhibition, Butler Institute of American Art, Youngstown, OH
33rd Juried Exhibition, Parrish Art Museum, New York, NY
- 1990 *Artists of West Philadelphia*, Painted Bride Art Center, Philadelphia, PA
Inhabited Places, University City Arts League Gallery, Philadelphia, PA

GRANTS AND RESIDENCIES

- 2020 VCCA, Virginia
Moulin a Nef Studio Center, Auvillar, France
- 2019 VCCA, Virginia
Fundación Villapairiso, Spain
Edgewood Farm, Truro, MA
- 2018 NYSCA/NYFA Artist Fellow Award
Foundation Valparaiso Residency, October 16–30th, Spain
Virginia Center for the Creative Arts, Virginia, November 9th – December
- 2009 Spain Residency, October 2009, Joya: arte & ecología: losqazquez
- 1997 Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, NY

SEARS·PEYTON·GALLERY

NEW YORK·LOS ANGELES

- 1995 Marie Walsh Sharpe Foundation, New York, NY
- 1994 The Millay Colony, Austerlitz, NY
- 1993 The Vermont Center, Johnson, VT

SELECTED CORPORATE AND PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

- University of California Berkeley Art Museum, Berkeley, CA
- Microsoft, Redmond, WA
- Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, NJ
- Johnson & Johnson, Princeton, NJ
- Progressive Corporation, Cleveland, OH
- Pfizer, New York, NY
- Millenium Art Collection, Ritz Carlton, Battery Park City, NYC

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- 2019 Winter Romp Drawing Room, Jennifer Landes, Easthampton Star
- 2018 Pure and Simple, Shelter Island Artist, by Samantha McConnel, Hamptons Real Estate Magazine
Landes, Jennifer, "Spring Sneaks into the Drawing Room," Easthampton Star, April 17
- 2015 Segal, Mark, "An Artist at the Mercy of Her Subjects," Easthampton Star
- 2014 Art News Review, Kathryn Lynch at Sears-Peyton Gallery
- 2014 Bunting, Chris, "Three Must-Attend NYC Art and Antique Fairs," New York Post, January 22
- 2014 Dabkowski, Colin, "Echoes of Kathryn Lynch on a Philly Street," The Gusto Blog, The Buffalo News, January 21, 2014.
- 2014 "Kathryn Lynch: Interview, Painter's Table," Guernica Magazine, January
- 2013 Rae, Haniya, "Paint and Die Happy," Guernica Magazine, December 16, 2013
- 2013 Lee, Jonathan, "Kathryn Lynch's Flower Paintings," New American Paintings, December 11, 2013.
- 2013 Turcihin, Olya, "Tugboats To My Heart," Arte Fuse, November 18, 2013
- 2011 Niner, Katy, "Artists subsume imagery within layers of materials," Jackson Hole News, December, 2011
- 2011 Freudenheim, Nina, "Black & white exhibit," ArtVoice, Buffalo, NY
- 2009 Featured Artist, Elle Decor Magazine, June 2009
- 2007 Kathryn Lynch At Nina Freudenheim, Buffalo Rising Magazine, Buffalo, NY
- 2004 McQuaid, Cate, "Painting the Town," The Boston Globe, May 28, 2004
- 2000 Bookhardt, D. Eric, "The Mountain Within," Gambit Weekly, New Orleans, LA. February 2000
- 1999 Braff, Phyllis, "Emerging Artists," New York Times L.I., June 6, 1999

SEARS·PEYTON·GALLERY

NEW YORK·LOS ANGELES

- 1999 Braff, Phyllis, "Up-to-Date Ideas From Emerging Talents," New York Times, L.I., May 2, 1999
- 1992 Lipson, Karin, "Jury's Verdict, Quantity, Quality," News Day, May 8, 1992
- 1992 Braff, Phyllis, "Testimony to Magic of Gifted Installation," New York Times, L.I., May 24, 1992
- 1990 Rice, Robin, "West Philly Artists Paint the Bride," University City Review, Philadelphia, PA, April 1990

SEARS·PEYTON·GALLERY

NEW YORK·LOS ANGELES

Kathryn Lynch

Artist Statement

Kathryn Lynch (b. Philadelphia, PA) paints her surroundings. For her the buildings, streets and traffic aren't just architecture and byways but symbols for the lives we live in an oh-so chaotic world. Her recent views of boats, tugs and the river are images of things we all know and recognize. Expressed with a palette that is masterfully warm and tonal, they are the color of seasons – gray and green and times of day – orange and blue. They are also the symbols of the ongoing solitary traveller in each of us. Lynch's paintings describe the storms we confront, the wind and the rain that push against us and the sun that finally shines.

Kathryn deals with notions of space and light and then with the slightest application of color, a form such as a boat or a tree come into play.

Kathryn Lynch has an MFA from the University of Pennsylvania and has been invited to Skowhegan, Yaddo, The Marie Walsh Foundation and The Vermont Studio Center. She has exhibited in numerous one person and group exhibitions.

TWO COATS OF PAINT

Kathryn Lynch: Allusive Places

By Patrick Neal

Two Coats of Paint

March 24, 2021

Sometimes we see something better when we don't look directly at it. This thought permeated my viewing of Kathryn Lynch's impressive paintings at Turn Gallery on the Upper East Side. Her current exhibition, fittingly titled "Between the Streets," showcases her crowning achievement as a painter: capturing the liminal spaces that define the essence of a given place.

The show consists of city scenes painted simply – innocent, almost childlike renderings of buildings with towers or steeples, a monument, cars on streets, trains on elevated tracks, a boat on the water, a few trees here and there. The compositions are loose and gestural without detail or fuss, but still manage to suggest different seasons, weather, times of day, and places. Undistracted by minutiae, the viewer is free to enjoy terse paint handling that represents scenes while distilling mood, transience, and history onto one plane, like dreams rendering reality as a patchwork. The subjects have just enough specificity to allow familiarity, and the paint delivers emotive power. Many of the paintings resolve around one dominant and evocative color that suffuses the field of the canvas or panel.

Lynch conjures the haze of city lights as seen through gloom or glare, often including bleary reflections on glistening streets. Flourishes of orange or red lights depicting emergency blinkers enliven wan blue and margarine ocher landscapes. Public transportation zips by, seemingly speeding through rain-soaked nights or cool evenings, as though viewed through fogged-up windows. To anonymous environs she imparts a fleeting sense of residents' presence. There is an impressionistic quality to her work, whereby flashes of a subject's character and being, rather than eyeball transcriptions of its features, convey objective reality. I thought of other artists who have evoked New York City's character: painter Loren MacIver, whose haunting atmospherics transform ordinary skylights, fire escapes, and sidewalks into otherworldly specters; novelist James Rechy, whose *City of Night* presents a moody dreamscape in Times Square. All three artists tell a story indirectly, through an allusive lens.

Lynch's oil paint can be thin and washy, as when she depicts a trio of city streets in the evening by way of a Cerulean blue palette, or more heavily scumbled and worked, as with yellows layered over brick red and applied in glazes in the autumnal *Golden Hour*. In that painting, the grill of a train is echoed in the sharp rooftop of a neighborhood building and trees are suggested with a few sweeping stokes. In the vein of Charles Burchfield, *Big Red* is more direct and forceful, depicting the gothic facade of a church or hall. Lynch abbreviates details and forms, so a car, train

or boat becomes a simple glyph. Yet these elemental images can rise to archetypes speaking across civilizations. The paintings *Smoke Stack* and *River*, with hints of a mastaba and fronded tree branches, are rendered in somber sand and turquoise hues, and give off a Mediterranean vibe suggestive of ancient ceramic tiles.

Lynch's small, assured exhibition has a romantic and nostalgic aura, emanating from her naïve style and poetic layering, which involve remembering and repeatedly walking the same paths to revisit a subject or site. Reinforcing this quality, "Between the Streets" is hung in the Turn Gallery's Parlour Room, a 1920s townhouse about forty blocks from the 69th Regiment Armory on Lexington Avenue that housed the historic Armory Show of 1913 and introduced European painting and sculpture to the United States. Indeed, Lynch's show brings to mind early American abstraction and folk art – the period when American artists were starting to escape their provincial past and become players on the international art scene. Her work has a self-taught innocence and bears a stylistic resemblance to such originals as Horace Pippin, Doris Lee and even the Venezuelan outsider artist Bárbaro Rivas, but with the sophisticated abstract reduction of Milton Avery and Arthur Dove.

Many New Yorkers cherish Manhattan most during holidays, when the crowds have disappeared and they have the city all to themselves. The Covid pandemic has had a comparably surreal impact, emptying streets as residents and tourists alike stay home. Lynch's paintings encapsulate this moment, holding the city still and framing it as a character in its own drama. Here factual details are secondary. The essential experience revolves around sensations, memories, and personal histories: time – and life – as it passes.

— NORTH FORK —
REAL ESTATE SHOWCASE

Pure and Simple – Shelter Island Artist Kathryn Lynch

By Samantha McConnel

North Fork

July 13, 2018

Artist Kathryn Lynch does not take it as an insult if you call her work “primitive.” Far from it. Though she prefers to call herself a “simplist” – more specifically a “representational simplist,” she is quick to point out that it is “very hard to be simple.”

Her paintings, she says, look so easy they inspire others to pick up a brush. Then they discover: “‘Damn, that’s hard.’ They don’t understand why it doesn’t work.”

Unlike true primitivists, Lynch underwent formal training, receiving her MFA from the University of Pennsylvania. “I can very quickly get the gist of something, which does take skill.”

Whether working out of her Brooklyn or Shelter Island studios, the artist spends a couple of hours a day walking. It is on these forays that she finds her subjects. She does not necessarily seek out her material, rather she allows things “to stick out and grab me.”

But there are certain subjects that seem to pop up regularly: landscapes and seascapes, of course. But also flowers and cityscapes and such New York icons as tug boats. She completed a series of dog images after her children begged her successfully for a puppy.

Studies in illumination are also rampant. “I often paint night,” she says, remarking on how the light diffuses. “East Coast light especially always has a softness to it where things kind of melt into each other.”

While some have labeled her oeuvre “Expressionist,” she and her friends have coined a term they find more fitting: “Repstract” — a marriage of representational and abstract.

She enjoys the quiet of working on Shelter Island, but mostly she appreciates the art community there where she communes with such other artists as painter Margaret Garrett and photographer Jackie Black. “It’s such a solitary profession that it’s great to put down your brush and be with other people doing what you’re doing.”

A glimpse of her work immediately summons up an impression of Fairfield Porter or Milton Avery. The latter, she says, "is a perfect example of how good simple can be." As for other "dead" influences she cites Alice Neel, Charles Burchfield, Arthur Dove and even Goya. She has also been influenced by such contemporary luminaries as Lois Dodd and Alex Katz. "You know when you look at a picture and feel déjà vu. You feel like you're home, that these are your people, your family."

As appealing as her paintings are, she cringes at the thought they might be considered 'pretty.' "I think they're moody," she says. "A pretty picture of the sun is pretty revolting – saccharine and trite and sentimental. If you're using the sun or water to express darker things or a philosophical view then it is palatable. Sometimes when I paint the sun I think that one day it's going to burn us all up. It's incredibly beautiful but at the same time it's getting closer to us. What you're really doing is commenting on humanity. I don't think you can paint the sun and not have agony in the picture."

Her pieces are in the collections of such celebrities as Jennifer Lopez. They also reside in many corporate and public collections including that of Microsoft; Johnson & Johnson; Pfizer and the Venetian Resort in Macau.



Time and Place: An Interview with Kathryn Lynch

By Amy Rahn

Artsy

March 1, 2016

Over her more than 25 years painting and exhibiting her work in New York and elsewhere, Kathryn Lynch has established herself as a painter whose works harness the lush materiality of paint to gesture towards subjects seemingly beyond the frame—relationships, change, the passing of time. On the occasion of Kathryn Lynch's two-part exhibition, *A View of One's Own* at Sears-Peyton Gallery, I sat down with the painter to talk about her life, paintings, and the curiously dictatorial tendencies of her shapes.

Amy Rahn: How would you characterize your trajectory as a painter?

Kathryn Lynch: The easy thing about being a painter or a writer is you have the ability to do it because it doesn't rely on anybody else. It's you and that art form. So, by just showing up every day to do it you make a pathway...you're not in complete control but it's your process, and it ultimately grows in its own way.

AR: Is there anything about that growth that has surprised you?

KL: I'm always surprised by what my paintings look like. I think when I first knew I was a painter I thought my paintings would be much more severe looking and dark, and when they're pretty I think "who did that?" <laughs>

AR: It's funny you say that because you said somewhere "I paint because we die," that there's an underlying knowledge of mortality in the whole practice of painting. So when you say they come out pretty you're like "wait what?"...

KL: I think my paintings are pretty with an undertone to them. There's a mood that allows them to be pretty because pretty paintings can be revolting.

AR: Do you feel that place influences your work? What role does place play?

KL: It plays an extreme role. Going back to the same place—leaving and coming back—is a really strong jumping-off point for making art. I walked from where I used to live to here this morning, and my memories flew back to other times. Yesterday was tangled in today. I was walking around

with my own history that affects how I see and what I think about. It's the routine of going back to a place that lets you see it clearly. So in order to see it I think you have to leave. When you're in a place you never really know too much about it until later. I think that's true with everything. You don't even know you're happy until later! You know if you're miserable. <laughs> But you don't really know that much until later. Perhaps it isn't what we see but how we feel about what we see—how we internalize experiences.

AR: It's interesting you say we don't know *how* we're seeing, that your own perspective is hidden from you.

KL: I guess that's why there's so much psychology, people are mysteries to themselves and to each other. There is a painting by Edvard Munch called "Two Humans, Two Lonely People" it is in an exhibition at the Neue Galerie now and it has a man and woman standing side by side looking out into the sea.

AR: There are a couple of places where you mention painters that influence you, but what you say about seeing differently makes me think of how the same painter could influence five people but they would all take something different from the same artist.

KL: Oh absolutely. Same thing with reading a book. If you go to a book club, it's very interesting what people pick up in a book that other people miss. The space between people is beautiful and mysterious.

AR: So, I wanted to ask you about influences, but maybe it's more interesting to ask you what *about* your influences has affected you most?

KL: I look at paintings to find kindred spirits the way one goes about finding friends. As a painter I am always looking to learn more. I bet everyone has their 10 favorite books. I have books that I really want to see on my bookshelf because they really meant something. They feel like family. [Editor's note: See Lynch's book suggestions following the interview.] A friend of mine said "Oh, it's called your head on a shelf."

AR: Books that you've loved do seem like friends.

KL: Yes! And you can open them up and there will be something still that you connect with twenty years later in a very relevant way, even though twenty years before it wasn't what you connected to. But they're still your writer. They're still your book. They're a loyal bunch of words you can return to again and again. A great painting does the same thing, it just feeds you more and more knowledge and brings you closer to feeling connected and alive.

AR: Speaking of books and painters, is that part of your process as a painter? What do you keep around you when you paint?

KL: I just keep paints. <laughs> Paints and canvas. I don't need anything around me at all other than paint and canvas and some space. And music, I paint with music.

AR: What kind of music?

KL: Oh, it doesn't matter. I actually play my son's playlist because it's just to get you so you're not thinking word-thoughts. Painting is a zone where words don't affect you. So the music doesn't really matter, but Pop is probably best because it's so easy to not pay attention to. My studio is always a little bit cold too so it's good so I prefer music you can dance to.

AR: I was interested in what you've said about "your shapes." Yesterday I saw an image of Philip Guston's *Painter's Shapes* from 1972. I love the idea that he laid his shapes out like a still life—a psychological still life of his own painter's vocabulary of shapes. You talk about finding your shapes in nature...

KL: Well, the shapes become almost symbols. Shape is symbol. And then once again the symbols of those shapes come directly from the world, but, for example, I think a shoe looks more like a shoe in Guston's painting than it does in real life. At least, it's the shoe I want to look at, and that shoe isn't a shoe, but it's about all kinds of things. It's more a shape becomes symbol which becomes metaphor for a lot of things. To make a simple shape—no one realizes how hard that is. For it to be more than simple, it's the equivalent of someone being a good writer. Anyone can write a sentence, or a story about an apple, but it takes a writer to make a story about an apple a worthy story. That's what art is: being able to take a shoe, and make something out of it.

AR: Are there shapes of yours that have shifted in ways that surprised you?

KL: Yes, for sure. I spent two or three years painting tugboats. I couldn't stop. Eventually I felt "Enough of tugboats!" Someone asked me, "What are you going to paint after tugboats?" and I said "I might be painting tugboats for the rest of my life." <laughs> For me, there will be a time when something grabs me, and then eventually it will let itself go, but while I'm in the grip I just have to follow it through until it goes away and another grip takes hold. Probably my tugboat series was the longest a shape stayed, and they still pop up a lot of times in my paintings.

AR: You've said that the subject is something you "hang the paint on" but that you're trying to get to something else. How does a subject present itself as something to paint?

KL: I know when I have to paint something, but I don't know how I know that.

AR: How does it feel when you know you have to paint it?

KL: A dictator! <laughs> "YOU MUST GO PAINT THAT." Very simple, very clear. There's no putting it off. And then you're in a relationship with it, and then it ends. A lot of my paintings change according to what it is that put me in that mode of "you must paint this." I don't have a formula

for how I go about a picture. It's all related to what I'm seeing at that moment. I'll start paintings very differently from each other—some are fast, some are slow. There are no rules. That's why I'm always a little bit surprised, myself. Some are super thick, some are thin. I don't follow any rules.

AR: I was just reading Siri Hustvedt's essay on Goya "There are No Rules in Painting."

KL: I love Goya. He's the master.

AR: I could tell you love Goya.

KL: There really aren't rules in painting. That's why it's so fun. That's why it's so fun to be my type of personality and have painting be what I do, because I truly cannot follow a set of directions and love working in solitude.

AR: You've talked about scale being something that changes wildly and being related to material constraints and also what you want to do, but I'm struck by this image of the dictatorial thing you have to paint...does it also dictate the scale, or do you paint on whatever surface is there?

KL: My finances dictate the scale. <laughs> I love painting large canvases then switching to small paintings. I just enjoy making marks. You get to really vary them when you change the size around.

AR: How do you vary your marks with scale?

KL: Well, you use different size brushes. Your strokes change. When I'm doing super big paintings, my strokes are wild, and my arm span is full-wing. Then when I'm working small, the marks get smaller. It's physically very different. It's the difference between doing pliés and performing a ballet. Or patch to figure skating.

AR: I've heard you talk about how early in your career you worked all these different jobs and said "If I'm going to be poor I'm going to be doing what I love." Do you think it takes courage to keep painting?

KL: No it would take courage to stop painting because what would I do then? Painting is the only thing I ever connected to and wanted to pursue. People that know me think I'm really brave, but I've always known that my conversation with my own work is more important to me than anything else. I need work for some reason. To be, I need to work. I can't work in offices. It's so easy to be a painter when you aren't cut out for anything else, because there's no struggle. There's no "What should I be doing?" You should be painting. It's very lucky to know you're doing what you're meant to be doing. I have a future in painting that I'd never have anywhere else. My talents are not being wasted somewhere else. There is never an end point in painting only new beginnings.

AR: Why specifically paint? Why not graphite or pastel?

KL: I can be delightfully messy with paints <laughs> I like chaos and disorder. I love really soft charcoal but graphite and pastels don't glide as well. Paint glides and gives you a wonderful feeling of freedom.

AR: This exhibition is two exhibitions, so technically you have them broken up by subject matter...

KL: They're broken up by place because some paintings are inspired by Shelter Island and others are inspired by Brooklyn. Most of the Shelter Island paintings were painted in Brooklyn too, because when I leave a place it's still with me—I keep painting it.

AR: That's interesting because when I see your work I see an engagement with interior and exterior.

KL: Looking out the window or through the doorway?

AR: Exactly.

KL: That's something new that happened. I moved and I had new windows. <laughs> You notice your window more when you move. You notice everything more when you move, so I was responding to new things out my window. I think also it responds to the passing of time somehow. I think all my paintings are about time passing.

AR: Can you talk more about passing time?

KL: It goes. <laughs> It goes faster and faster and faster. I think that I am painting time, painting moments in time so I can preserve them and keep them alive.

AR: You've said previously that you know exactly when and where each of your paintings was painted.

KL: Always. I know exactly everything that I ever even thought about when I look at a painting. The same thing happens when you go back to old photographs, but for some reason it's more real to me when I go back and look at paintings.

AR: When you see a painting, what can you remember?

KL: Where I lived, the age of my children... they're snapshots. It's a recording of time, proof that a certain moment existed.

AR: But it's a very personal, interior snapshot, unlike a photograph. No one else can see what you see in the paintings.

KL: Right, but that's why I know so much about that time. If all the paintings were disorganized I would know exactly the order I painted them in.

AR: When they're arranged into exhibitions like this one that are organized around place, your paintings could appear to be clear in a way that, the more you look at them, they seem less and less clear. They have so many layers of reference and non-reference.

KL: I'm glad they do that because I'm not painting what I'm painting. I'm not interested in recording my view out the doorway with accuracy. I'm recording something, but it's the process of looking out, not the view.

AR: As you're painting the Shelter Island Paintings versus the Red Hook paintings, do they develop differently? Is there a different process for paintings that come from different places?

KL: My inspirations come differently, but I'm not sure how. I'm not in complete control of the process. I don't have a method.

AR: What is it like for you when the paintings leave the studio?

KL: More room to paint!

AR: What if you see a painting in someone's home?

KL: I get so excited it's not in a painting rack. It gets to have a life. I mean, you really want your paintings out. You really want to exhibit them. Any artist or writer has a voice, and for some reason you need that voice heard. I'm not sure why that's the way it has to be, but I want my paintings seen as much as they possibly can be seen.

AR: You were saying the paintings always surprise you—that the process always surprises you. Have you ever been surprised seeing your paintings out in the world, outside the studio in an exhibition or collection?

KL: A lot of times they're better lit. <laughs> When they're put in new places you see things that you didn't see when they were in your studio. Again, you've got to let things go to know what they were—or are. No one can tell you what that is, because that's why we have painting.

Kathryn Lynch's book recommendations:

Interviews with Francis Bacon by David Sylvester

Art in Its Own Terms by Fairfield Porter

The Artist's Reality by Mark Rothko

Pirates and Farmers by Dave Hickey

The Crack-Up by F. Scott Fitzgerald

The Poetics of Space by Gaston Bachelard

ARTE FUSE

Kathryn Lynch: Bright Lights, Illuminated New York City

By Olya Turcihin

Arte Fuse

November 23, 2015

Halos of flickering light within dreamy nightscapes greet you at Kathryn Lynch's new show at SenaSpace Art Gallery in NYC. At first glance, the fantasy blue moonrise depicting summers on Shelter Island places you immediately in a dreamy state. The calm blue colors of the ocean woven with moonlight is breathtaking and keeps you moving towards the Manhattan and Brooklyn night cityscapes. These new works by Lynch are reminiscent of early 20th century paintings, like Georgia O'Keefe's "New York Night" mixed with hints of Edward Hopper. Photographs at the same time by Alvin Langdon Coburn are brought to mind, where Coburn experimented with a quiet, abstract, moody atmosphere at night in early 1900's NYC. In this series, Lynch's paintings, also atmospheric in nature, blur delineations of concrete lines of time and space. In fact, the cars placed in her paintings could be from the 1930's or 1940's. Celebrating the light of night from flickering headlights, streetlights, illuminated windows and the moon, the city's structures and the viewer become entranced.

The back room hosts her smaller paintings, really small gems, mostly of scenes from Red Hook, Brooklyn. Windswept by snow and rain, winter in the city flashes through car window dashboards.

Lynch's new work is personally timely for me. Since moving back to my room I occupied as a teenager, I remember looking through my window right before heading to sleep. My own personal NYC nightscape contains the Chrysler and the Empire State buildings. It is that in between state of reality and dream before you fall asleep that Lynch captures in this show. I feel truly at home in Kathryn Lynch's nocturnal dreamy world.

An Artist at the Mercy of Her Subjects

By Mark Segal

The East Hampton Star

May 14, 2015

It's a good thing Kathryn Lynch is a committed walker, since she doesn't like to drive, and the subway stop nearest her Red Hook studio is more than a mile away. But there is a more important reason for her perambulations. "I make sure that every day I have to walk everywhere," she said recently at her studio, a relatively small but high-ceilinged space in an industrial building.

"As I'm walking, it tells me what I'm painting next. I never look for it. But once it grabs you, you have to paint it. For me, the motion of walking leads to ideas."

Ms. Lynch paints recognizable things, and she always has. "I never switched styles — I need to hook onto reality. Early on I realized my reality is a little off-center, and it continues to be so." One reason she cites for her style is a limited skill set. "You can tell by the way I paint I'm not a skilled draftsman." Her subjects include buildings, boats, landscapes, people, and flowers, and the locations, in addition to Brooklyn and Manhattan, include Shelter Island, where she has summered for 10 years, and Maine, where she recently spent two weeks.

Her flat, simple forms have a blunt, almost primitive and sometimes unfinished quality that situates them between realism and abstraction and suggests painters as diverse as Milton Avery, Fairfield Porter, and Philip Guston without resembling any of them or even, sometimes, each other.

"I don't set out to paint in a particular way," she explained. "When I switch subjects, the painting might demand different strokes and a different kind of painting. You want to feel you're responding in a fresh way. My subjects are in control of me and I'm at their mercy. I never intend my pictures to look the way they do."

One wall of the studio is covered with small paintings, a response to the size of the space. "It's been really fun painting small, and it's funny that with painting, every restriction grows you. When I was in a really big space I was painting 7-by-12-foot canvases. A big canvas allows for risks because you have so much space to move things around. With small ones, it's hit and miss, but you can hit and miss a lot."

She always sketches outside and paints in the studio. “The more you sketch outside, the more the shapes become yours, and what you’re seeing isn’t dictated to you. You get the idea from nature, but it becomes your nature in the studio, where you simplify the forms. Nature’s forms become your forms.”

In Red Hook since September, she lives in a building a few blocks from her studio with her husband, Peter Moore, an architect, and their children, Graham, 16, and Elizabeth, 14. Of her husband, she said, “He’s an architect who went into development who went into debt. He doesn’t do it for the money, he does it to realize his ideas.” Their living room, which is on the top floor of the building, affords a panoramic view of the Upper Bay and the Hudson River from the Statue of Liberty to Lower Manhattan.

Propped against the studio walls were several paintings of the Queen Mary, which she can see from her living room as it glides into and out of Manhattan. In each, only the massive prow of the ship is visible, slicing across the canvas like a blade, with different bits of the city and the river in the foreground or background. “It’s a visual event when she comes and goes. She usually comes in at night, so it’s all lights and whistles.”

Through a mutual friend, she met Maria Andreano of MGA Media Group, a public relations firm whose clients include Cunard. After seeing some of Ms. Lynch’s paintings, Ms. Andreano invited the artist to visit the Queen Mary for a tour next month.

Ms. Lynch also brought out several paintings of the F train and the Smith Street subway stop. “It’s a new stop,” she said, “and it’s like walking up to an industrial cathedral because it’s elevated. You can see all of Gowanus, which is a trash heap. But it’s fascinating because of that.” Like the Queen Mary, a portion of a single subway car represents the train. Its shape, doors, and windows are rounded, abstracted, and almost cartoon-like.

Ms. Lynch was born and raised in Philadelphia in a home where art was appreciated. “We went on house tours. We could skip school when we were in grade school if we went to the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and my mother took us to the Fleisher School of Art for classes. In 11th grade I knew I was a painter. The need for a creative outlet was always with me, and I knew I had to address it.”

She attended Hobart and William Smith Colleges in Geneva, N.Y., where “I had the entire art department to myself, because nobody took art. After college I went to New York because I didn’t have any money and I needed to figure out what to do for a living. After an incredible number of low-paying jobs, I decided I’d be poor working, so I might as well be poor loving my work.”

She returned to school, receiving an M.F.A. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1990. “At first I

was really bummed out because Neil Welliver was the professor, but he turned out to be the most gifted painting teacher. He would come into your studio and say a couple of things, and they were completely right. He somehow taught without teaching.”

After graduation she moved to Greenpoint with some of her friends. “We found a building that somebody kind of claimed and we built out an entire floor. I had a roll-up door looking at Manhattan for \$500 a month. Of course at the time I wanted to be in Manhattan. We didn’t realize how good we had it.”

She has lived in many places, but Brooklyn, and Red Hook in particular, seem to suit her. “Philadelphia was a fabulous place to grow up because of the architecture and the history. It was visually rich. Brooklyn reminds me a lot of Philadelphia, and Red Hook reminds me of the Philadelphia waterfront.”

On a walking tour, the neighborhood felt like a throwback in time, before gentrification, although Ms. Lynch said that rents are skyrocketing as they are everywhere else in the city. Meanwhile, industry mixes comfortably with unpretentious restaurants, shops, and brownstones. There was no traffic, no strollers, no tourists.

A few blocks from her studio sits Pioneer Works, a sprawling factory building dating from 1866 that is now a center for educational programming, exhibitions, publications, residencies, lectures, and performances. Pioneer Works was founded by Dustin Yellin, an artist whose admittedly utopian dream was to “bridge the chasm between disparate disciplines.”

Ms. Lynch first came to the East End around 1983 to visit friends from college. She rented in Montauk in the early 1990s, and then met her husband, who was living in an Airstream trailer in Wainscott. “He had land, but didn’t have the money to build on it.” They bought a house on Shelter Island 10 years ago.

“It’s wonderful because it’s low density. The prettiest parts are all hidden. If you just drive around you don’t really see it. The light is very different from the light on the ocean side. My preference is the ocean side, but my pocketbook is the bay side. You make it work. It’s gorgeous light, but you have to catch it at sunrise or late evening.”

ARTnews

Review: Kathryn Lynch

By Stephanie Strasnick

ARTnews

February 2014

In these oil paintings, all from 2013, Kathryn Lynch captured the tranquility and sheer beauty of New York's Shelter Island in a manner that is both whimsical and candid.

Her series of four 22 by 30 inch paintings of tugboats has the uncomplicated and nostalgic charm of children's book illustrations. *Tug in Greys*, for example, depicts a simple vessel floating on hazy waters. The toylike boat, lacking ornament, is situated in the center of the canvas with nothing but the gray sky above and the murky sea below. In another work, *Tug*, the boat is in the foreground. Absent contours and dimensionality, the small tugboat appears almost cartoonish.

In her landscapes, Lynch paints the view from the shoreline at various times of day, studying light and its effects on perception. In the quaint *Coecles Harbor*, the afternoon sun allows for an uninterrupted view of the waterfront. Kelly-green trees in the distance provide a complementary backdrop for small boats sailing through crystal-blue water. Two tall, painterly trees in the foreground neatly frame the composition. Then, in another harborside landscape, *Pink Moon*, a pearlescent moon illuminates the scene. Here, the water looks gray and swamp-like; the trees in the background are black and unintelligible. This change in light alters the viewer's perception of the scene.

The most enchanting pieces were the night scenes. They capture the intrigue of the seemingly expansive harbor. The large work *Tug in Night*, for instance, features a lone boat navigating dark waters in the dead of night. Shining lights from distant ships provide faint visibility, but nearby forms are indiscernible. Lynch's thick application of paint on paper caused the work to buckle and form wave like ripples. The glossy finish is reminiscent of the surface of the reflective waters. Though Lynch's techniques are highly simplified, her visual effects are captivating.

GUERNICA

Kathryn Lynch: Paint and Die Happy

By Haniya Rae

Guernica

December 16, 2013

The American painter on the terror of a blank canvas, finding inspiration in the streets on New York, and how motherhood has impacted her.

Kathryn Lynch walks for two hours a day through the city, mostly just looking at things. “When I’m walking, I’m working,” she says. This initial gathering of visual information serves as the starting point for her paintings. Often her subjects stem from observed places around Manhattan, and sometimes from observed places along the Hudson river, from the café she frequents, or from her second house on Shelter Island. Her style could be labeled “Expressionist,” finding ground somewhere between abstraction and representation, but it’s not easy to categorize. Her painting “Big White Flower” features a white simplified flower shape, with green gestural strokes representing leaves and a stem fading into a dark background. The flower shape looks like no flower that exists—more like an idea or dream of a flower. There’s a dark undercurrent to much of her work, but it has remained popular not only with gallerists, but with celebrity buyers. (Jennifer Lopez and John Slattery are rumored to be among them.)

The painter’s workspace, in a Tribeca garage studio, is tucked behind another artist’s crates, so that one has to walk through a small pathway to arrive there. The area the path opens out onto contains large and small paintings, mostly oil on canvas, propped up along the walls. Some of the paintings are of large graphic-looking flowers, others are of fireworks, still others are of feet, and some are of trees. A large folding table on the left side of the room is covered with cheap bristle paint brushes and oil paint tubes, pie tins of paint medium mixed with pigment and oil paint. Scattered on the floor are several of Lynch’s recent tug boat paintings—others are currently on show at the Senaspace Gallery on Centre street in Manhattan—but these are done on paper.

“Big White Flower” and several of Lynch’s most recent paintings comprise part of “A Silent Language,” the artist’s fifth solo show for the Sears-Peyton Gallery in Manhattan’s Chelsea art district. It runs through December 21, 2013.

I sat in an old armchair speckled with paint at Lynch’s studio as she told me about motherhood, a New York City that’s constantly evolving, and why she feels the recurrent urge to throw “life events” onto canvas.

—Haniya Rae for *Guernica*

Guernica: New York City and its surrounding areas are a recurring motif in your work. How long have you lived here?

Kathryn Lynch: Since 1983. But I left for graduate school in 1987 and attended the MFA department at the University of Pennsylvania. I returned to New York in 1991.

When I first got to NYC I was terrified to be a painter. I needed to pay my rent, so I was spending a huge amount of time working at jobs I had no interest in. I realized quickly that I wasn't going to be very good at working for somebody else. My first job was calling for institutional reports at First Boston; I had the absurd notion that I could make a lot of money in banking and then be an artist. Most of the time I pretended to make calls and spent most of my time scribbling on a big sheet of paper I found in the supply room. I lasted six months. Next, I decided I was only cut out for creative endeavors, so I worked for an architect, then a fashion photographer, only to realize I could never escape or ignore my passion to paint. I became friends with a bunch of artists who were all working for Buzzy O'Keeffe, who owned The Waterclub. I worked there until I could begin an MFA program at Penn.

Once you know that you will be poor and miserable working, it is very easy to dedicate yourself to being a poor and happy artist. I love a watercolor book by the writer Henry Miller titled *Paint as You Like and Die Happy*. The lack of a promising career made it easy to take out a crazy amount of student loans and go to graduate school. When you dedicate yourself to painting, it gets easier and easier to paint and all your initial fear just disappears.

Guernica: How has the New York art scene changed since you've been here?

Kathryn Lynch: Art has been marketed to the hilt. Prices of art have gotten so high and extreme. People buy art the way they buy stock now, and it's manipulated like stock. It's depressing to see art so commodified. At the same time, it is really exciting to see so many people all around the world making art.

I don't have much to say about the New York art scene, that's not why I paint. I am interested in the work it takes to make a piece of art, not the world around the art market. There is a video by the artist Isaac Julien called "Playtime" currently playing at Metro Pictures that tells it like it is in regards to the high-end art market.

Guernica: Why keep doing it?

Kathryn Lynch: Making art engages you in a solitary process of exploration—I like to keep changing what I am doing. As a painter, I am often painting something I have little control over. To make art I have to be messy and allow for mistakes and failures. I am not in control of my process—maybe I thrive in chaos. Yes, the art market changes—painting is declared dead and then it is declared alive and well—but I am not interested in what is "new" in that sense. The desire to make art is ancient.

What I do like about the current art market is that it is global—more people than ever are artists and I think that's a good thing. If all the world were populated by people in the arts, there would probably be no war [*laughs*].

Guernica: How has New York City itself changed since you've lived here, and how have those changes affected your painting?

Kathryn Lynch: My paintings are done alone in my studio. The city has become more extreme, as is echoed by the art market. The rich are richer and there is a great disparity between the rich and poor. However, this is not what I am painting. It makes me sad, but my paintings are based on simpler matters. I paint because we die. I don't think I'm ever painting the place or the thing I'm painting. I'm painting something that isn't an object-based thing. It's more about time and the passing of time.

I've read about a bunch of painters who say they think a lot about death. I'm the same. I am not a political artist, everything can change around me and I'll still see death and simple shapes and opposing forces. I am always interested at how contemporary books and paintings can feel even though they were created in another time period. Art is timeless.

I once had a studio at the edge of Greenpoint on Manhattan Ave. A bunch of my friends from graduate school got together and took over an abandoned old building. Together we constructed our own handmade housing and studios. We were all so poor but because everyone was so passionate about what they were doing, we didn't really suffer. Cheap rent is very important. Artists need affordable studios and housing. That was a really fun time to be in Brooklyn and I feel there was more [of a] possibility of handmade housing and affordable artist space.

I still love New York City. When you have love for a city, you don't let the changes bother you too much. New York is a walking city. Walking through New York is like walking into infinity—it goes on and on, and although New York changes as you walk its streets, you have that intimate relationship with it, you're able to pass through it on foot. The best cities are walking cities and they always feel like home and help you think.

Guernica: You say that when you walk, your attention is grabbed by potential subjects to paint. What kinds of things grab you when you walk New York these days?

Kathryn Lynch: Really, it happens so subconsciously. All of a sudden something on my periphery will have this activity to it—a liveliness. Something I see as I pass by slowly gets into my unconscious. It's kind of like a mutual dialogue and I don't know what to expect, and I don't know what the next thing I'll get interested in will be. Something happens and then I think, "Oh, that's my subject."

I get flustered when someone asks me what I paint. The truth is I paint flowers, trees, suns, moons, and dogs, and that just sounds so trite.

This is why I know I am not painting these things. These are the subjects I hang the paint on, but I am really painting something there is no word for.

I have to give a talk in Los Angeles soon and I decided to name the talk, "Flowers, Trees, Moons, Dogs, and other life events." Life events: that's what I'm trying to paint. Something beyond the thing itself. Sometimes something dark, or lonely, that captures a sense of time slipping away.

Guernica: Do your smaller paintings inform the larger ones? Do you paint larger paintings from small sketches?

Kathryn Lynch: Yes, my small paintings can definitely inform the larger ones. But not all the time. Sometimes I work really large—like my series of dog paintings. There are no rules; there can't be. Sometimes I'll start really big and then work really small.

When I work small on paper, I feel like I have less to lose. I'm freer. The small paper paintings almost feel disposable. The stakes are lower. But they're also harder in a lot of ways, too. You make one mistake in a little painting and it's right in front of your face. Small paintings don't let you get away with anything. Small paintings have to have a certain amount of power to them or they're useless, whereas a bigger work can acquire a certain drama by virtue of its size or the abundance of certain effects.

Guernica: Are any of your paintings painted from life?

Kathryn Lynch: No. I sketch from life. I never set up an easel and look at something and paint it. Easel painting is complicated, the wind blows and everything flies around.

I never feel the need to paint directly from life. I am painting about life using recognizable things that exist in life. If you were to go to the spot on Shelter Island where I painted some of these pictures, you would see that nothing is right. Nothing is correct in a literal way. The trees in my paintings are all wrong. The tree is not a tree—it just frames something that frames something else. It is just a shape and you think “tree,” but it isn’t.

If I painted directly from life, I think it would interrupt what I’m trying to do. That kind of reporting would feel confining. I don’t want to copy what I see. What I want is to take something my eyes can see and make that thing into a piece of art that gets at what the thing feels like, not what it looks like.

In graduate school, my brush was loaded with paint. My surfaces were as thick as the paint on Leon Kossoff’s paintings. I was so desperate to bring life to a canvas. Now I feel a little less desperate to paint a picture. I know now this is what I do and will always be doing.

Guernica: And there are your flower paintings.

Kathryn Lynch: Yes, my flower paintings are flowers from the summertime. The flowers really existed. I saw them every day during a particular period and one day, on the same walk, I looked at them and saw something more interesting than before. It’s strange and amazing that you can see the same thing as yesterday, but it can strike you in a way that’s entirely new and different.

One time, I did a whole series of paintings of people’s legs and shoes. I was going to lunch where I always have lunch, sitting where I always sit, which looked out at a bus stop. It was the same bus stop I’d looked at for a year previously, but I’d never really looked at the people at the bus stop, you know? I started seeing the legs and shoes as something else—as shapes. The series of paintings I did of legs and shoes were formed by that new perception.

Guernica: Do your husband and children ever come into your paintings?

Kathryn Lynch: No, they don’t. Isn’t that weird?

People have come into my paintings—other people. But I don’t know why I can’t paint my family. No one sits still long enough to be sketched, that’s part of it. They’re so close that you can’t really see them.

Guernica: As a mother, is it hard to keep your practice up?

Kathryn Lynch: No, it isn’t. Children grow you. Painting is responding to life and being a mother expands who you are and what you respond to. If you make more life rub up against you, you have more of a world to make art from. I like what Charlie Parker says: “If you don’t live it, it won’t come out of your horn.” I feel like my paintings are better and bigger because of my children. You respond to whatever is in your life, and the people you have in your life feed your painting. Perhaps I am painting my children. I think I am putting everything and everyone I know in my work.

Because I saw myself first and foremost as an artist, I never thought I wanted children. The desire to be a mother came out of the blue at age thirty-six. Perhaps that I paint makes me more animal than intellect.

The two fastest paintings I ever did, and which I felt were some of my strongest paintings, were done two weeks after each child was born. My children brought out my lioness. When I went to paint after giving birth, it was easy to give birth to a painting, the paint just knew where to put itself on the canvas. In those moments I realized that my painting, and my ability to paint, was very directly related to events and occurrences in my life.

Guernica: Your own mother passed away when you were in high school. How has this affected your work?

Kathryn Lynch: It's why I paint. That's what comes of us—we die. Losing my mother made me really adamant about doing something that I loved to do, making art. When you see someone die that you don't expect to ever die, like your mother, you realize that the world comes with pain and is short. My remedy to all this is to paint.

When my mother was bed-ridden, my impulse was to hang all my art around her. I thought it would make her feel so peaceful knowing that I was going to be a painter. Instead it made her upset. She said, "No, you can't be an artist, you'll starve to death!" But I told her it'd be fine. I think experiencing personal loss like that at a relatively early age instills in you this desire to live the kind of life where, at the end of it, you'll be able to say: "I did what I aimed to do and did it with love!"

Things can't be beautiful unless they're also ugly. Everything that's of interest has that duality. I try and get that across in my work.

And while we're on the big themes: Time. Time is so fictitious. I don't care about the dates of my paintings. I can see any painting in my life and know exactly when it was done. Time is silly; time distorts. The way we document it and the way we think about it has nothing to do with a given moment or series of moments. And memory—that distorts, too. The memories that stick out within the accordion of your personal history are so curious and random.

When I come into this studio and begin painting each day, time and memory fall away for a while and I feel like I'm doing what I'm supposed to be doing.

Guernica: Your paintings are very gestural. How quickly do you paint? And how do you know when a painting is finished?

Kathryn Lynch: I paint very quickly, but a lot of times I'll paint over my paintings—sometimes many, many times. There is often years of painting on one of my canvases. I sometimes pull out a painting and see that I need to begin on it again. I paint something new over the old thing.

Sometimes you know a painting is finished because it kicks you out—you realize there's nowhere to go. You'll put it away and if it bugs you, you'll take it back out.

Often the paintings I pull out and paint over are paintings I am frustrated with. And the minute I start to paint over that painting, without fail, my gallery—Sears Peyton—will call telling me someone is wanting to buy it. And then I have to say, "It doesn't exist!" and I'll justify it by saying that it wasn't good enough anyway.

Sometimes what comes over me is a panic to fill the blank canvas—to make the painting work. A blank canvas is everything you don't want. I don't want life to be meaningless, I don't want there to be nothing on the canvas, no forms or shapes or shades to be discernible. I'm trying to throw life onto the canvas. I will it to be something. One of the things a painting has to do is show that it's alive.



Kathryn Lynch's Flower Paintings

By Jonathan Lee

New American Paintings

2013

Kathryn Lynch is an artist much concerned with illumination. The trees and grasslands and waterways she paints are saturated with the glow of the sun or the shine of the moon; her portraits of New York buildings are abuzz with the colorful artificiality of city lights at night; and her recent series of tugboats show us vessels passing with dreamlike ease through ghostly-bright fog, or else bobbing gently on a shining Hudson, trapped between a giant red sun and that sun's smudged reflection on the river. In all of Lynch's paintings there's an interesting interplay of light and dark, and in the best of her work there's also a sense of enlightenment – a feeling that behind her flat forms and lullaby colors, serious truths are layered.

Lynch's recent show, 'Big Flowers For The Little Gallery,' brought a series of her flower paintings to the white walls of The Little Gallery in Sharon Springs, New York. As with so much of her work, the forms she displayed were deceptively unfussy. She's a self-confessed simplist, an artist who paints what she sees but combines representation with abstraction. She chooses subjects that might flash by in the corner of an eye; she pauses to record them in all their strangeness. An oil-on-paper painting like 'Morning', from 2009, presents at first glance a sky suffused with attractive egg-yolk orange; the spreading light seems set to nurture the cold, monochromatic landscape below. It is only at second or third glance that this intense band of orange seems a little more macabre – in its uniformity and liquid scope, it could easily be the afterglow of an explosion. In a similar vein, the beauty of a night sky alive with ribbons of light in 'Fireworks,' a painting from 2008, at first obscures the viewer's awareness of how vulnerable the boats floating below must be. Fiery embers are pattering down around these vessels like vivid splashes of blood. The prettiness of the scene hides a violence.

The flower paintings shown at the Little Gallery continue this dualism, the romantic and the dark combining. Most of the canvases exhibited are striking for their vibrant liveliness. The paintings are full of passionate reds and the bright yellows of full bloom, bursts of intense color that draw us in with their purity and power without upsetting the balance of the pieces. Lynch's characteristic gift for softness – for rounded edges and smooth lines – adds to the initial sense of

benevolence, and the unusually large scale of many of the paintings in itself imparts a joyfulness: 'Big Yellow Flower,' an 84 by 72 inch painting, insists on warming a room.

But just as Lynch's paintings of tugboats can sometimes suggest, within their stillness, a menacing momentum – a red light blinking as the boat approaches the viewer through the gloom – so her portraits of flowers are sophisticated enough to accommodate a sense of stress. 'Red Flower,' one of the most impactful pieces on display, gives us a flower-head that fixes the viewer with its central, pitted lunar eye. There's something intimidating about being in the flower's line of sight; roles are reversed. Around the flower's eye, petals seem to melt away a little: lines waver and lengthen and, at the bottom of the canvas, red paint drips down out of view, trying to escape the frame.

A sense of threat can also be found in 'Passion,' another flower painting that is as enticing as it is alarming. The dominant color here is bright scarlet and again the paint insists on dripping. Lynch doesn't give a species name to her flower, but the viewer can't help but think of poppies and of what the poppy symbolizes in western culture. There's a suggestion of remembrance, of sacrifice, of bloodshed. The fact that the flower-type is unspecified – that 'Passion' is the only interpretative label we're given – might be Lynch's way of hinting at the anonymity or universality of suffering, or it may simply be a means of teasing us and forcing us to pause. She's an artist who likes to play with appearances. She asks more questions than she offers answers.

One of the other key paintings in the Little Gallery show is 'Blossom Explosion,' in which Lynch abandons bright, spirited floral colors in favor of the arid beiges and greenish-browns of dampness and decay. The crowded flowers in 'Blossom Explosion' press determinedly upward towards an unseen sun. This gives the painting a sense of exhilarating momentum, but also imparts an awareness that only the fittest of these stems will survive. In another of Lynch's flower paintings, a piece teasingly entitled 'Red Hot,' we find ourselves admiring a sultry, fatally pretty flower, but the beauty is still double-edged: we're pretty sure that surrounding plant-life, confined to the shadows, doesn't stand a chance.

One of the things each of Lynch's flower paintings have in common is the wonderful lopsidedness of the forms she represents. Everything she paints is suffused with the air of a dream or a memory and this can give her work a fairytale feel – the best kind of fairytales, the ones that are dark and true. The paintings refuse to indulge any illusions of perfection. Her flowers are allowed to droop and to wilt. They are allowed to be ugly as well as lovely. The sun that gives them life can also kill them. Transformation cuts both ways; things grow and they also turn to mulch. 'There is,' as Lynch has said, 'always something else behind what is being painted.' In her flower portraits, she takes a subject matter that inevitably exists at the edges of cliché and reclaims it, making the flowers uniquely hers. She reminds us of the complex satisfactions of everyday things, and invites us to slow down and take a look.

NEW YORK

First Look: The Artist Who Haunts a Tribeca Warehouse

By Wendy Goodman

January 24, 2012

Artist Kathryn Lynch feels right at home using the back area of this gigantic 4,000-square-foot floor of an old Tribeca recording studio as her art studio. But, to me, the winding trip between wooden crates to actually get to Kathryn's work felt a bit spooky, the only sound being the wind clanking the iron gate outside.

Though the space might seem a little rough around the edges, Kathryn says, "This has turned out to be one of the best places I have ever had as a studio."

Here are some Kathryn's latest tugboat paintings. The river tugs paintings have almost sold out at her show at the Tayloe Piggott gallery in Jackson, Wyoming, up until February 7. She also is exhibiting in a group show at Arthur Roger Gallery in New Orleans until February 17.

Kathryn's next solo show, "DOGS," will be opening April 26 at Sears-Peyton Gallery at 210 Eleventh Avenue (nr. 24th St.) and continuing until late Jun.

The streets of her neighborhood in Tribeca have inspired her work, as has life on the Hudson River and the landscape of Shelter Island, where she and her husband, architect and developer Peter Moore, share a summer house with their two children.

The action at her local dog run is captured in large canvases.

Kathryn Lynch

By Maura Egan

Elle Décor

July/August 2009

The everyday becomes evocative in the hands of this New York artist.

Kathryn Lynch wrinkles her nose when people refer to her work as landscape painting. “That’s like something you get at a tag sale,” says the New York City–based artist, who is more likely to align herself with tortured Expressionistic painters like Francis Bacon and Frank Auerbach than masters of the pastoral Hudson River School. Through her large, moody canvases show the beach outside her Long Island summer house on Shelter Island and the skyline viewed from her studio, Lynch regards her images as abstract rather than realistic. In a process she calls “a combination of remembering and forgetting,” she collects visual data from her daily surroundings, then transforms it into dreamlike depictions.

In her paintings of the Hudson River at night, for instance, the water and shoreline buildings are rendered in impressionistic brushstrokes of cobalt and midnight blue dappled with pale–yellow dots that represent lights twinkling from the bridges and windows. “Kathryn deals with notions of space and light, and then with the slightest application of color, a form such as a boat or a tree comes into play,” says Ken Jones Jr., who has shown her work at this gallery, Mercantile Home, in Easton, Pennsylvania.

The scenes may have a tranquil air about them, but Lynch is an intense person. She decided to become an artist during her junior year of high school when her mother was dying. “I just realized that life was short and I wanted to make a mark, to create beauty,” says the painter, who is included in a group show at Manhattan’s Sears–Peyton Gallery July 2–August 14. Today that means spending long days in her studio, taking breaks only to stroll the city streets, gathering inspiration for her next piece. “When I’m working,” she says, “the whole world goes away.”

The New York Times

A Restless Couple at Rest

By Penelope Green

The New York Times

May 29, 2008

Peter Moore's first real estate venture lasted only 48 hours. He was 19, in the middle of a year off from Columbia, and living with his family in their town house on East 84th Street when he signed a lease on a 5,000-square-foot loft on Lispenard Street, borrowing the deposit money for the \$800-a-month space from his parents.

As soon as it dawned on him that he would have to come up with \$800 every month, Mr. Moore, now 49 and a seasoned architect and New York City developer, hurried back to the landlord, somewhat teary-eyed, he said, to beg for his deposit back. He did not attempt to move again until he was 34. (It was a big town house.)

Since then, he and his wife, Kathryn Lynch, a painter, have moved 12 or 13 times. Neither one is quite sure of the number, although Mr. Moore will describe its proportions as epic. As Mr. Moore has bought, developed and sold more than 30 or so properties to date, mostly in TriBeCa, the couple have lived temporarily in some of them, moving from one nearly finished unit to the next, sometimes from floor to floor in the same building.

They have moved because it has seemed financially prudent to live in the newly purchased house. And there is always the carrot, Ms. Lynch said, of ever more space. They have also moved because neither Ms. Lynch nor Mr. Moore has much of an attachment to what Ms. Lynch described as "the object," meaning furniture, televisions, stereos, gadgets and other impedimenta, and because they share a restless nature. Each of them embraces the clarifying action of relocation.

"When you move a lot," said Ms. Lynch, who is 46, "you don't get old, because the dust never settles."

"When you move a lot," Mr. Moore said, "you become. ..."

Ms. Lynch broke in, "A movement!" Mr. Moore grinned. "When you move a lot," he continued, "you realize quickly how you are burdened by your past, and so you become a ruthless editor."

He described a defining event five years ago, when the moving van was packed to its roof with their belongings, and he realized that there was nothing he wanted to keep except an old tie of

his father's that was sticking out of a bureau drawer. He reached in and grabbed it, and told the moving men to keep the rest.

"It was a great cathartic moment," he said. But three years ago Ms. Lynch and Mr. Moore moved into the top floor of an 1890s brick warehouse on Washington Street with their two children, Graham, now 9, and Elizabeth, 7, and have not moved since.

"Our semipermanent home," Mr. Moore said, sounding not altogether committed to the permanent part.

Mr. Moore bought his first TriBeCa property, an 1880s block-through warehouse, for \$800,000 in 1992. He bought this building for \$4.5 million in 2005. It had suffered a few less-than-lovely renovations over the years, the signs of which were still extant on a recent morning: a black granite kitchen island they dislike, gold faucets, louvered doors in a bedroom.

He has built rooms for the children and walls for his books — thousands of them, including rows and rows of Penguin Classics, their pages toast-colored and crumbly, books being the only possessions worth carting around, Mr. Moore said, besides a good pair of shoes and his wife's paintings.

There are plans for more renovations, but they remain undone. When you move with your family, Mr. Moore said, "your schemes to improve a space become less and less likely. "

(Mr. Moore is also focused on other projects: the old Area nightclub building on Hudson Street near Hubert Street, which he is converting to condominiums, and a new hotel on the Bowery, clad in an Op Art scrim and named the Riley, for the artist Bridget Riley, going up across the street from the New Museum.)

Mr. Moore bought all the furniture here after they moved in — all beige, as Ms. Lynch pointed out. "It's the only color he likes." But she bought the two staghorn ferns mounted on a wall above two of a bewildering number of stereo speakers that are set into the loft's walls.

"Peter says yes to everything when he's doing a deal," said Ms. Lynch, explaining that a friend of his, a guy in the audio-visual business, invested in one of her husband's properties and offered to set them up with a music and theater system. "We've never used it; we can't figure out how," she said. And, sighing, she pulled down a pristine movie screen from a point high on a wall. The investor came a few times to try to teach them, but, in the end, Mr. Moore said, it was kinder just to put him off. "It's a computerized, complex, fully integrated computer gestalt," Mr. Moore said vaguely. "That's not where Kathryn and I excel."

Ms. Lynch and Mr. Moore met in the mid-'80s when he was still living at home. They began dating in the 1990s, when she had studio space near his office in TriBeCa. "I thought we were just hanging out, but it turns out we were dating," she said. They moved into one of his properties, on Laight Street, sometime in 1996. They married two years later.

On Washington Street (a street they have lived on twice), the loft below theirs is more completely stamped by Mr. Moore's aesthetic because he renovated it for his mother, Nonnie Moore. When she retired as the fashion director of GQ after many decades at Condé Nast to focus on the expressionist paintings she had made throughout her magazine career, she moved into one of her son's buildings, on Vestry Street.

When the family moved here, they brought her with them, and it is this felicitous arrangement that has anchored the family for so long. "In a big city like New York," Mr. Moore said, "we have found a way to have an extended family experience." (There are four units in the building: besides the Moore-Lynch "compound," one floor belongs to an investor of Mr. Moore's and a rent-controlled tenant lives on another.)

In his mother's loft, his "peculiarities," as he put it, are in evidence, like wheat-colored upholstery on the little furniture that is there, light switches at the height of pants pockets instead of chest-high. "My father always put switches at 24 inches, too," Mr. Moore said. "It's so you don't have to see them."

His father, Tom, was an architect, interior designer and sculptor who had worked at McKim, Mead & White. He died in 1989.

Like loft-livers of old, before the Wall Street set took over TriBeCa and altered its interior ecology with accouterments like leather-walled screening rooms, six-figure kitchens and wine "cellars," Ms. Moore, like her family upstairs, has very little in her loft besides her paintings, which have loosened up in recent years. Painting, particularly expressionist painting, is a physical act. With the help of a painting teacher who tackles one side of a canvas while Ms. Moore paints the other, she has overcome her diminishing arm strength by mixing lots of water in the acrylic paint. The results are ethereal, cloudlike and rainbow-colored.

By contrast, her daughter-in-law paints richly monochromatic landscapes, mostly urban ones, mostly of the view seen from wherever her studio happens to be at the time. (She has an exhibition through June 28 at the Sears Peyton Gallery in Chelsea; searspeyton.com.)

"If we didn't move so much," Ms. Lynch said, "I'd have nothing to paint."

Ms. Lynch paints in Mr. Moore's buildings, on whatever floor is empty, sharing space with the construction workers, who use a corner to have their lunch and smoke their cigarettes. (It's an

amicable arrangement, only once disturbed by an asbestos removal company worker who removed a canvas from its stretcher and tried to make away with it. Ms. Lynch intercepted him downstairs. “Oh,” he said, flummoxed. “The place didn’t look, uh, private.”)

But the construction crew is always supportive, she said, providing kindly criticism and help when she moves, which is, of course, often. Still, moving a studio is harder even than moving with young children, Ms. Lynch said. And she reckons she has moved her studio more times than she has moved her family.

“It takes a while to warm a studio up,” she explained. Setting up a home is easy. All she needs to do that, Ms. Lynch said, “is the four of us.”