

VIRGINIA JARAMILLO

H A L E S

Frank Bowling, Arts Magazine, November 1970, p. 31





In Virginia Jaramillo's paintings, the handling is deadpan and consistent with that mode known as 'hard edge'. Since moving to New York five years ago her painting has gone from strength to strength. A meticulous craft-oriented artist, Virginia Jaramillo approaches her work with a certain verve which serves as a perfect antidote to an attitude toward life situated in alienation. She eschews the *painterly* which she considers that aspect of 'the fusion of aesthetic theory and plastic image' opposed to linear perspective. Tied to Vermeer as so much of this work seems to strive to be, selective crudeness or physical severity is eliminated through a process of conceptual volition. Acting upon the paint engenders a sort of alarming taint of preselected choice, watchful, careful of the areas to be painted, how painted and the arrangement of those areas to be painted. What bursts the seams of this almost hermetically possessed handling is not just the hundreds of years which separate Miss Jarmillo and Vermeer, and more than just simply the architectural dominance of abstraction defined within the arbitrary linear framing edge, but a response to paint more physical than cerebral. *Green Dawn*, a handsome work done this year casts a shadow or perhaps 'light' over much that can be seen in her studio. This work, some 6' x 7', is a simple but powerful statement about *green*. This just off square-shaped rectangle is a tightly painted, but avoiding fussy, field of green charged with a lightening 'whip' of *acrid* lemon yellow line, undulating across the top right hand corner of the painting with no apparent purpose except dynamite. As green goes, it possesses little which echoes anything *literally* stirring outside paint, and very much the same 'inside'. However, that yellow as thought stealthily bringing back inside the painting much of what was being forced off in order to control the objectness of this slab, ties up a statement of real power. An earlier piece, say the one of 1965: it consists of two

sensuous curved shapes decked out in shiny black, yellow and green paint, vying for attention in shallow relief, which a looping red line, painted in that same thin hard manner, does little to vitiate. In fact, like the shapes and the areas between them, the line comes up in caked thin relief as though the taped demarcation point prevents any involvement from one area to the next.

Virginia Jaramillo, *Green Dawn* (1970), 6' x 7'.

