LOS ANGELES
Frank Bowling
MARC SELWYN FINE ART

“Cooking,” he calls it, but there are other words that come to mind when describing Frank Bowling’s restless, wildly inventive painting practice: spilling, smearing, dripping, brushing, subbing, flicking, sticking, fusing, cutting, stretching, and pasting, to name a few. And waiting. Bowling often works on the floor, flooding canvases with vivid washes of acrylic and oil, laboring the paints pool, settle, and dry before starting them again. He applies thick, gestural curls of impasto that sometimes take weeks to harden into craggy corrugated surfaces. He embeds tiny objects and pigment into thick lamellar forms of pristine foam and wax. Within these frozen streams, delicate veins of color catch the eye and hold it. The expansive paintings that emerge from this diverse, improvisatory repertoire of techniques demand to be seen in person. They are huge, mercurial things—sumptuous and aerial, sumptuous and liquid, spicy and fructuous.

The earliest works in this exhibition date from the late 1960s, when Bowling moved to New York from London. His departure from the UK coincided with a shift in his work away from the figurative, Pop-