

Vittorio Brodmann
PRESS



Critic's Pick: Vittorio Brodmann, Leslie Fritz, 2013
By Quinn Latimer

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LESLIE FRITZ

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The thirteen paintings in Vittorio Brodmann's latest exhibition—with their cast of mutant and misbegotten grotesques, drooping visages, and a swirling, variegated palette—could be described as Sunday comic strips dipped, so to speak, in bad LSD trips. Painted on small, seemingly store-bought canvases, the canvases attest to a winsomely casual, doodle-esque spontaneity. Indeed, so apparently blithe at times is Brodmann's execution that success seems more a happy accident than the by-product of concerted planning.

Some works are, if not compelling, then more appealing than others. Among the latter are those fashioned with poppy blocks of color, such as *Moods* (all works 2013), which features a multiple-headed figure on an orange ground. See also *Flirtatious Trap*, with its smiling blue face, or *Hunger is the Best Sauce*, starring a green goblin-like head and his brown bouffant of hair. Other pieces veer into a handling of paint that appears more muddy and expressive, as in *Scrambled Eggs*, whose pugnacious and brooding panoply of ponderously painted figures seem to lack the conviction of the works mentioned above—but then again, how much conviction can or should a doodle have?

For all this work's apparent levity and casualness, something deeper and more fundamental is at stake. Each canvas seems to depict a private, anxiety-fueled little hell, and this invests the works with an endearingly comic, humble quality. In the dog-like figure frowning in front of a computer and surrounded by disapproving visages in *Deep Insight*, and in the weeping farrago of faces in *Too Many Jobs*, we may recognize versions of our own casual infernos.



Vittorio Brodmann, *Deep Insight*, 2013, oil on canvas, 16 x 28".

— Chris Sharp