



(left) ELIZA GLYN *Electric Hum* 2021
Oil on board, 500 x 600 mm.

(below left) ELIZA GLYN *Play Again* 2020
Oil on board, 520 x 680 mm.

(below right) ELIZA GLYN *Ghosts* 2021
Oil on board, 1600 x 1200 mm.

Dunedin

Eliza Glyn *Low Chroma*

Olga, 28 May–15 June

PENNIE HUNT

The gloaming. These words hung in my mind after visiting Eliza Glyn's *Low Chroma* at Olga Gallery. The exhibition seemed to capture that fleeting period of dusk before darkness truly descends, a transitional time infused with a surreal kind of magic. It was appropriately on show in the weeks leading up to the winter solstice, when the slanting light of a sun that rises lazily is celebrated in a city otherwise infused with a distinctly noirish atmosphere.

Glyn's previous work has lived in the realm of the representational, so *Low Chroma* signifies a departure from the domestic still-lives and paintings

of coastal Otago with which I was familiar. The eight works could be described as 'not quite' landscapes. Their floating contours are evocative of peninsulas and islands, but feel more like the bare shells of an imagined topography, each shape a chrysalis empty and devoid of the life it once nurtured.

The artist creates a kind of metaphysical space in this show, a place in which she experiments with form and feeling. The works are linked by similar elements—long central bars and rounded atolls that evoke tabs and full stops. Paintings such as *Play Again* and *Magnetic Island* create a kind of visual punctuation, as if forging a new language from their reductive shapes. The eye bounces from object to object trying to decipher the code, an experience not unlike playing a retro

arcade game.

In another large-scale work *Magnetic Tic*, the hardboard is made tactile through the crosshatching of a wide brush through oil paint. This creates a backdrop of pixelated static for objects that are both drawn to, and repelled from a thin rectangular partition, something that operates like a strangely translucent magnet. Despite the otherworldly logic at play here, you can sense the divisive tension that sends some forms skidding to top and bottom of the work, while others appear to be slowly drawn inwards.

Similarly, *Ghosts*, another imposing oil on board, explores tactility, this time with weights and measures. The three gumdrop-like forms in blue, green and copper push and pull at the senses. The first has all the dreaminess and opacity of gas, the second invokes the shifting lightness of grass and tussock, while the last has the burnished hue of bright metal. Beautifully ethereal, these 'ghosts' float and delicately settle, while in other paintings another kind of gravity is at work. In *Electric Hum* shapes enter and exit the frame, trains on tracks in another dimension, moving to the sound of a low static hiss.

The transitional world of *Low Chroma*, this realm of an ever-present gloaming, made me think about those beautiful, temporal moments to which, in our haste, we so seldom bear witness. By exploring this very space, Glyn slips between the constraints of time and extends it, recording, as if for posterity, the contours of a dimension at once familiar, strange and new.

