

ARTNEWS

By Andrew Russeth
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At Mitchell-Innes & Nash, meanwhile, Ferris continues to stake out her position as one of today's finest abstract painter with ever larger, ever more exuberantly colored pieces, where shifting blurs compete with crisp, thick pointillist passages. Vibrating with punchy oranges, purples, and pinks, these paintings look like aerial views of futuristic cities, acid-inspired quilts, or glitch-laced JPEGs. Frankenthaler and Gilliam are forebears, but Ferris pushes, with great aplomb, beyond those influences, forging a style that feels bracingly, thrillingly fresh, and one in which space ambiguously slips and slides. In *Marksman and re(lays)* (both 2015), Ferris throws on swirling black graffiti-style lines, whipping the patchy forms on canvas into strange new configurations. I highly recommend picking up the show's catalogue (\$10), which includes a probing conversation between Ferris and German critic Isabelle Graw that begins with the latter making the highly unusual admission that she has only ever seen the artist's paintings as digital reproductions. Someone get Ferris a gallery in Deutschland!