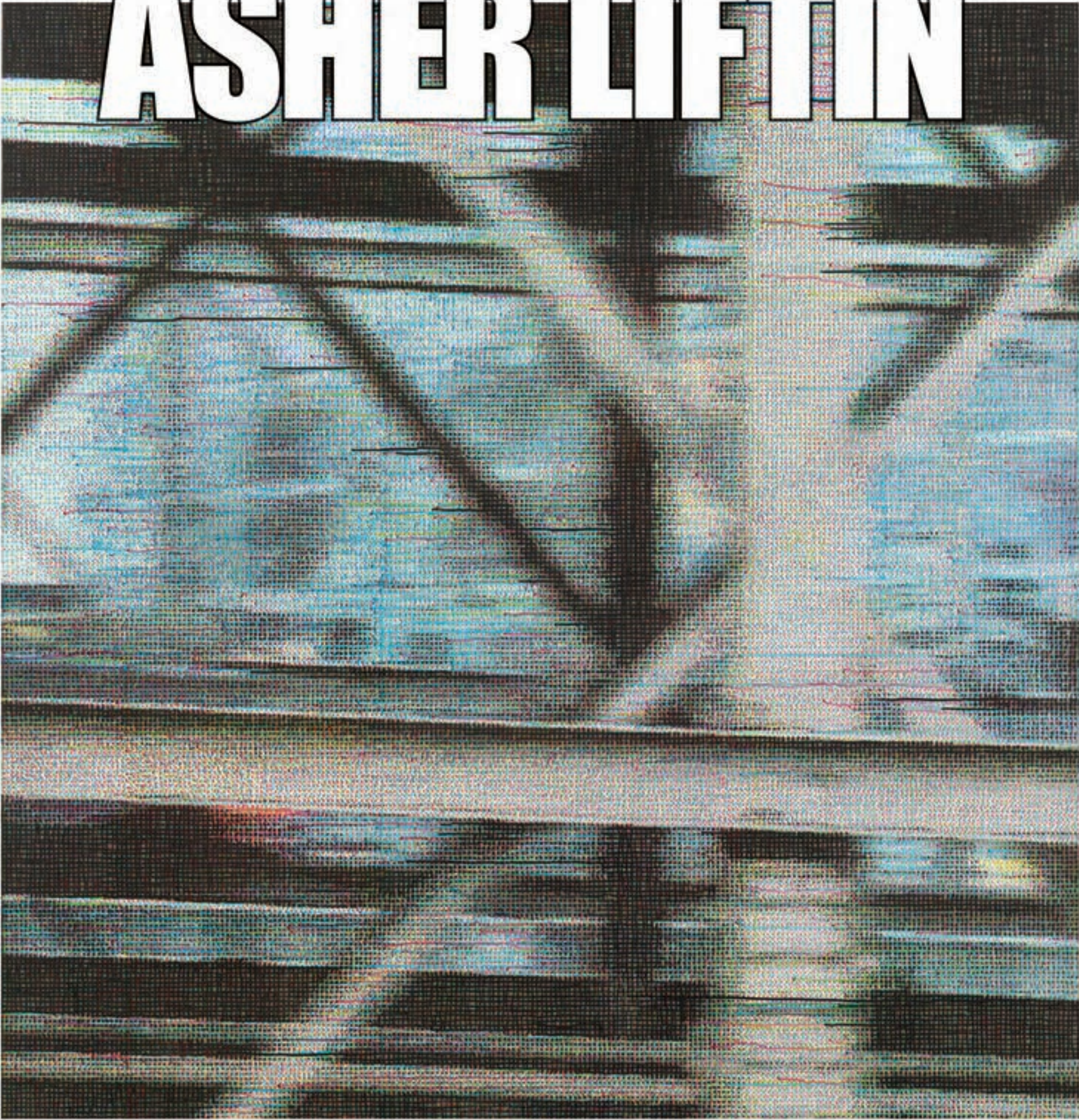


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ASHER LIFTIN



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ASHER LIFTIN: WEAVING INTO PAINTING

ARNE GLIMCHER

In my life, I am often inundated with people asking me to visit the studios of their artist friends. Usually, I agree, not expecting anything to come of it. I've always liked visiting artist studios. It keeps my humility intact.

My assistant, Dylan Siegel, had been telling me that I absolutely *must* visit the studio of a friend of his, a young painter. I had little interest in the proposition, but as I valued Dylan, his dedication, and hard work in my office, what could I do but agree?

After some weeks or months, I am finally on my way to the studio of the young Asher Liftin. Traffic is proving horrific. I am stuck bumper-to-bumper, trying to turn onto Park Avenue, where Liftin's studio is located. (This is the other Park Avenue, the one in Brooklyn.) The car comes to a complete stop in a busy area at the center of a Hasidic community. Little kids in all black swarm around the car, streaming by. It's like I've been transported to another time and place.

I arrive at the studio, ring the bell, and wait. Suddenly, a sprightly creature appears at the door. He bears a striking resemblance to Peter Pan. Could that be him, I wonder? He has a certain sparkle, the youthful mien of a teenager. He seems abuzz with the energy of a hummingbird. Arriving in this strange place and meeting this very particular person has already been payoff for the trip, I think to myself.

Walking together down the hall of Asher's industrial building, I can feel my skepticism. Dylan had shown me photos of his earlier paintings, which were admittedly impressive in technique. Somehow, though, they hadn't reached me. Perhaps it was the representational imagery. Aside from the work of Chuck Close, Robert Longo, Kiki Smith, and a handful of other geniuses, I am more often drawn to abstraction.

Stepping into Asher's studio, I find myself immediately dazzled. At first, I think the paintings are tapestries. I decide very quickly they must actually be photographs. Finally, though, I can see that they really are paintings. Closer observation reveals the remarkable way he constructs an image, how he builds it like Seurat, from iterations of incremental lines woven together. In transparent hues of red, yellow, blue, and black, interwoven lines come together perceptually to form the image. But they also fracture and unwind at the edges of the picture, or drip down from their place in the midst of it, dissolving the grid and testifying to the handmade nature of the object. When the lines break, light streams in, turning background into foreground and reversing the picture plane's logic.

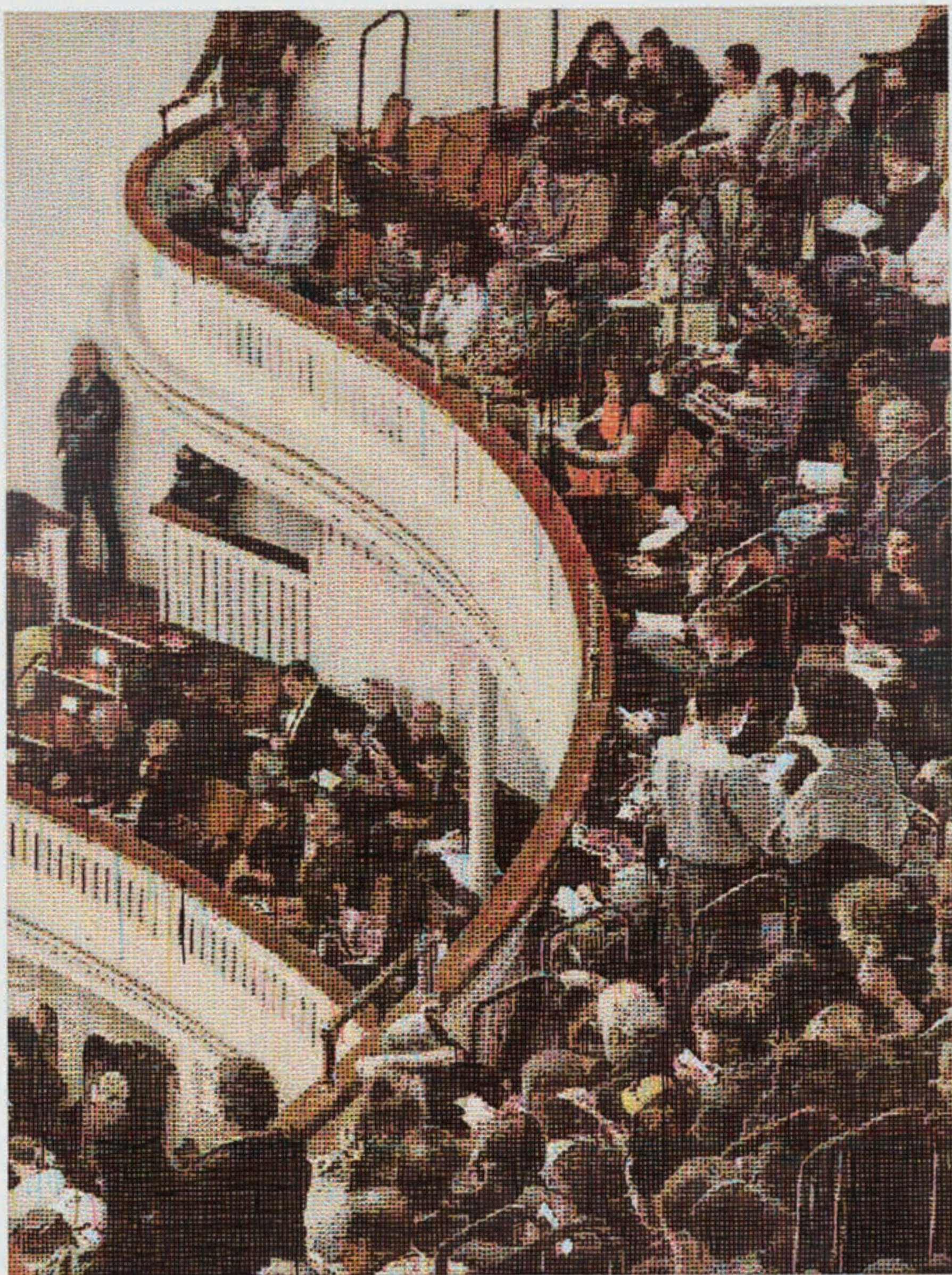
I know now I am having an encounter with something new, something that deals with the fundamental problem of picture-making. Though the images are sometimes seductive, they are more often incredibly simple. A portrait of a friend. A still life of a glass of water on the table. Cars in a parking lot. Often, like the image out of a car window looking through the blurred trusses of the Brooklyn Bridge, they have an almost mysterious quality, a sense of a secret hidden between the stitching.

Like Chuck Close, the paintings of Asher Liftin emerge from an accumulation of iterative marks—lines and dots—in shades of blue, yellow, red, and black, with which he renders an almost photographic image in full color. Yet, as one gazes at the paintings, the image seems to fade, shifting to black-and-white and back again. As the yarn of Liftin's marks changes thickness, coming almost to a breaking point, the space between the marks enters the image, suffusing it with light and bleaching the palette. The paintings suddenly seem filtered, shifted into pastel tones or shaded in a minor key. Color becomes furtive, sifted through vision and slipping away. In certain zones of the painting, light appears so strong as to dissolve the foreground completely, giving the image the pallor of a faded photograph. Blink, however, and it snaps right back to full color.

In another work of Liftin's, a drawing, he depicts two flickering candles side by side. Where he renders the flame's brightest point, the marks seem almost to consume the page. The image burns itself, eats itself away. You can sense in this and other works Liftin's love of Richter.

Standing in the studio, I realize these paintings must have been incredibly tedious to produce. The process reminds me so much of Close. Liftin has discovered a totally new way to find beauty within realism, just as Close did, but all his own. The magic is in the method. His process of breaking down the image—drawing from his own photographs, from snapshots on his phone—only to recompose and reweave it in light as a painting. In this accumulated tapestry of marks, Liftin's images feel heavily laden with the time he spends making them. Yet they also feel diffused, airy, filled with lightness, as if the image were on the verge of disappearing into the ether.

On the drive back to Manhattan, I experience a sense of elation, which for me is rare. I was not expecting this today. I think back to my skepticism about the trip. I smile when I think of Dylan and his young painter friend. There are still discoveries waiting to be made.



Carnegie Hall, 2026. Acrylic ink and acrylic paint on linen. 79" x 59"





Glass Pane, 2026. Acrylic ink and acrylic paint on linen. 86" x 66"





Parking Lot, 2026. Acrylic ink and acrylic paint on linen. 86" x 66"



Ariadne, 2026. Acrylic ink and acrylic paint on linen. 79" x 59"



Lilies, 2026. Acrylic ink and acrylic paint on linen. 86" x 66"

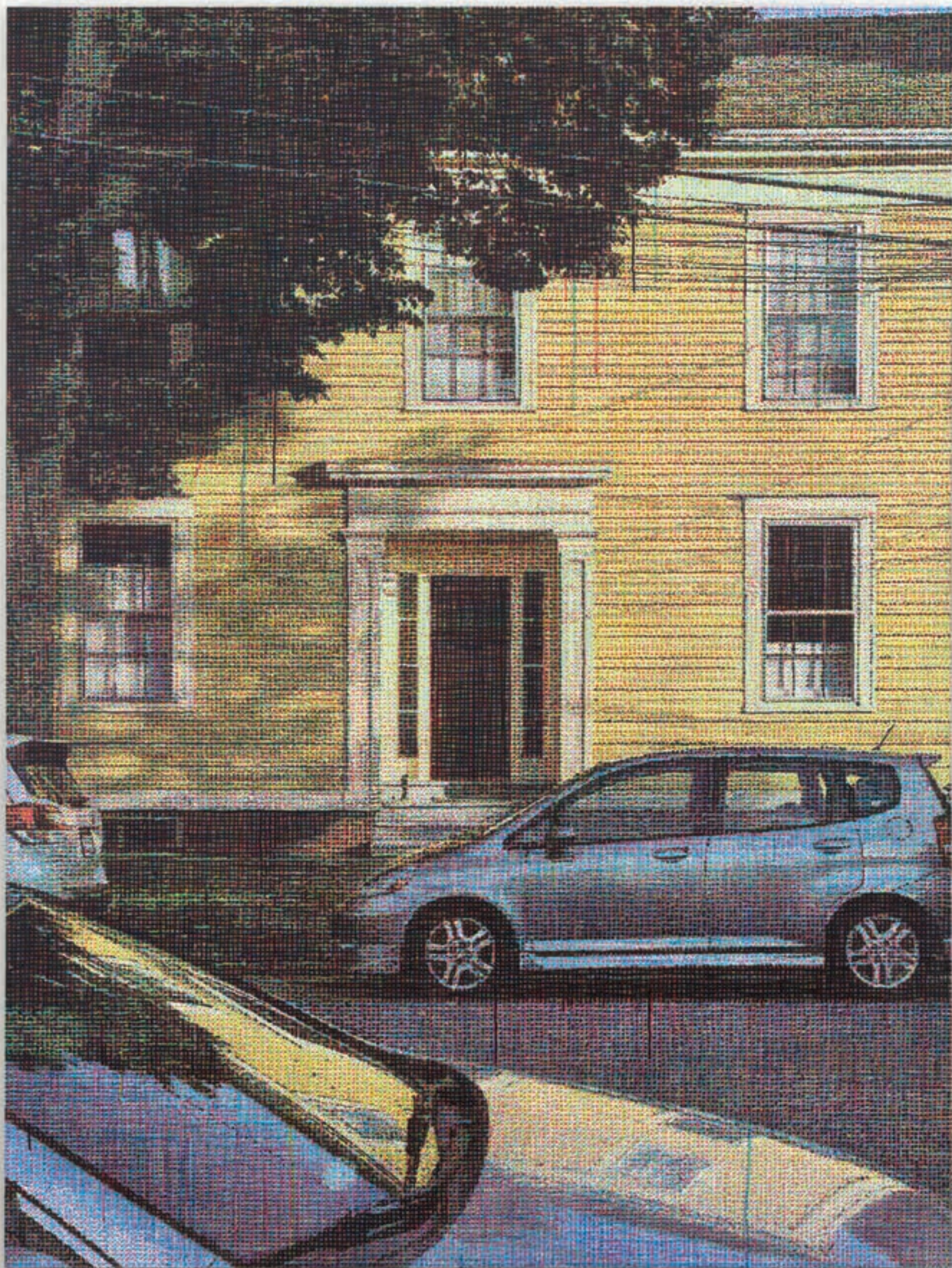


New York Window, 2024. Acrylic ink and acrylic paint on linen. 79" × 59"

**“STUDIO AND GALLERY WINDOWS, PRINTED AND PAINTED, LARGER
AND SMALLER, WHICH CALL TO MIND BOTH THE MODERNIST GRID
AND THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE MODEL OF THE PICTURE-AS-
WINDOW, AN OPENING ONTO THE WORLD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF
ITS NOTIONALLY TRANSPARENT SURFACE.”**

—C.M. ARMSTRONG

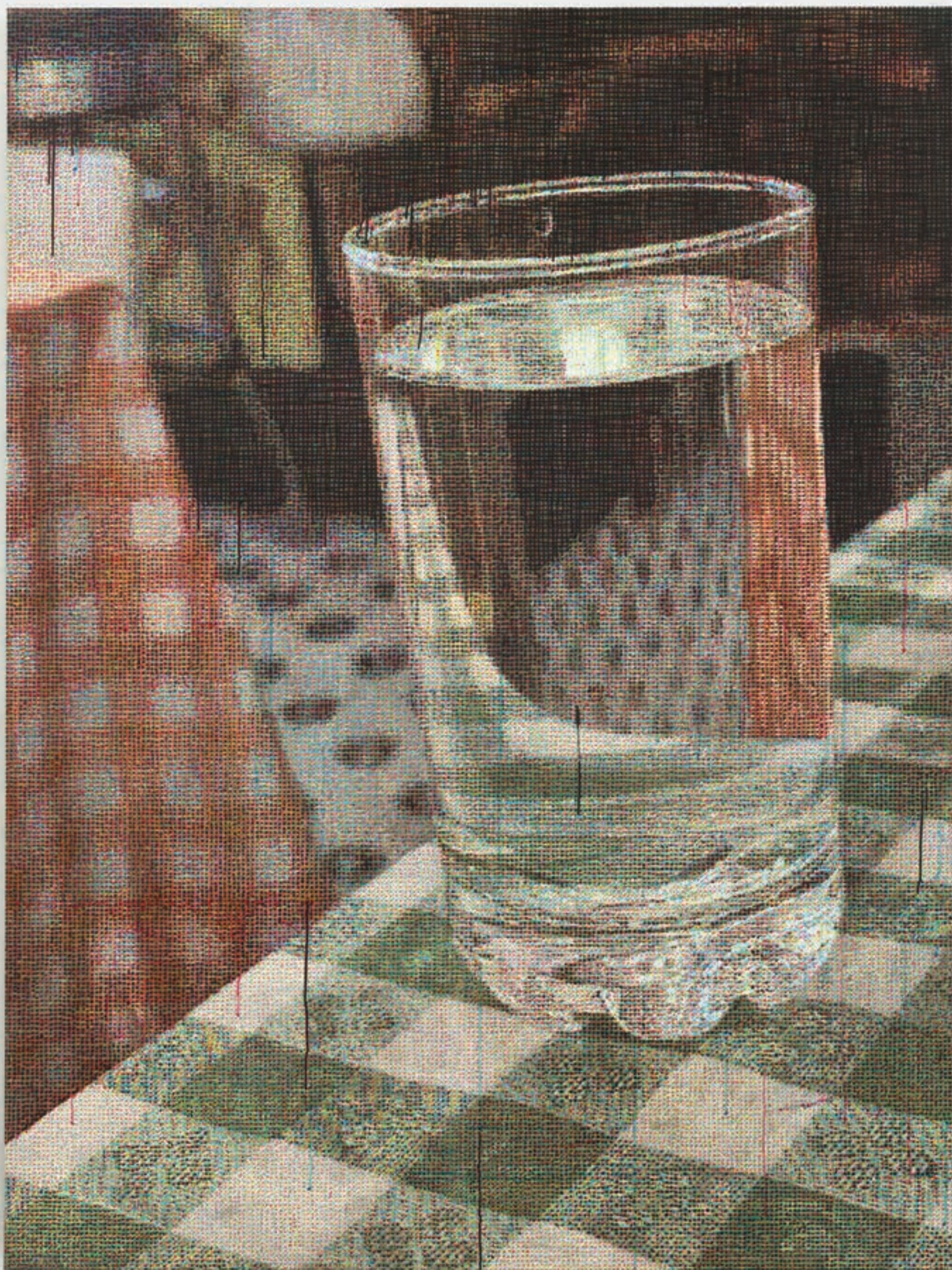




Yellow House, 2025. Acrylic ink and acrylic paint on linen. 79" x 59"



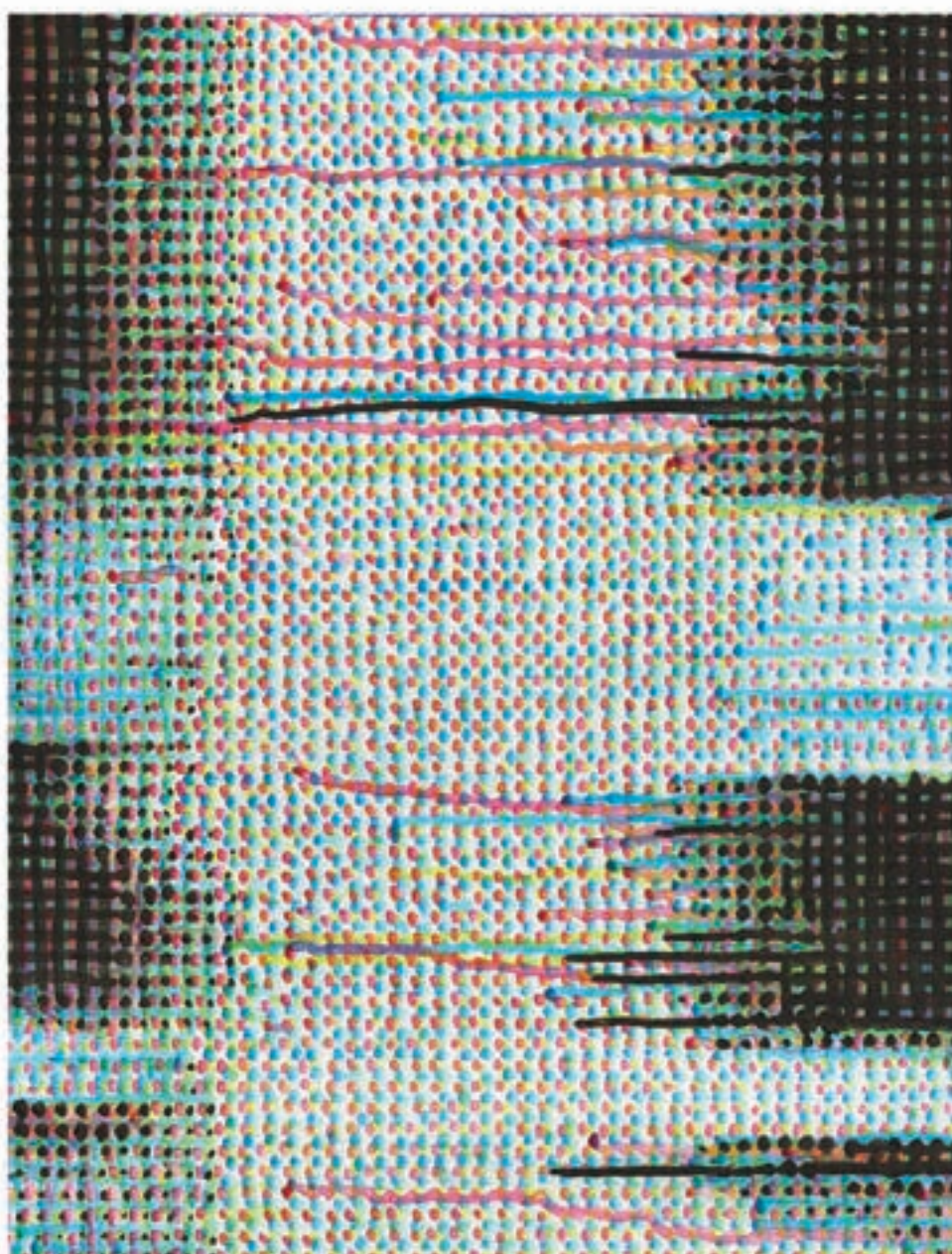
Glass of Water (detail), 2025. Acrylic ink and acrylic paint on linen. 79" × 59"



Glass of Water, 2025. Acrylic ink and acrylic paint on linen. 79" x 59"



Brooklyn Bridge, 2026. Acrylic ink and acrylic paint on linen. 86" x 66"



Brooklyn Bridge (detail), 2026. Acrylic ink and acrylic paint on linen. 86" x 66"

SEEING THROUGH A SCREEN: ASHER LIFTIN

C.M. ARMSTRONG
October 2024

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He begins a painting with a canvas prepared with a medium-grey ground: neither the dark ground of old-style chiaroscuro painting, nor the light ground of Impressionist *“peinture claire,”* but something in-between. He proceeds by projecting a digital photograph onto that prepared surface, blocking out its main forms and, crucially, the highlights on those forms, in white acrylic, before adding in dark tones that—together with the white pigment and grey ground—give the under-painting the look of a black-and-white photograph translated into paint. And then he layers over that foundation a painterly kind of rasterized dot-matrix, in successive strata of colored, water-based inks, carefully prepared on his palette to follow the CMYK (Cyan/ Magenta/ Yellow/ Key) subtractive system of color-mixing. Together those pixelated strata construct the image—a still life, say, of a single flower in a simple glass vase—in much the same way that our eyes, in concert with our brains, construct a recognizable image, from the ground-up, out of bits of raw perceptual data: something that is going on all the time without our being in the least aware of it. Simultaneously, the highlights that undergird that colored dot-matrix—instead of sitting on top as they generally do in the history of illusionist painting—filter and flicker through to give the image, the flower in the glass vase, its optical sparkle, mimicking the additive RGB (Red/Green/Blue) system of the light spectrum, as received by the three types of lightreceptor cones in the human eye, before being processed in and through the somatic activity of the brain.

As the painting’s viewers, in turn, we see that flower in the glass vase as if through a screen: a window screen, a computer screen, a silkscreen or a half-tone screen—really, any or all of these screens are pertinent here. And we start by taking that screened image in from a distance that allows us to see, recognize and understand it as a whole gestalt, processing it from the top down, before moving up close to encounter the rainbow networks of colored and sometimes gridded dots of which its surface is composed, at which point the gestalt of the flower in the vase partially unravels and undoes itself, to become an exercise in pointillist abstraction. That raveling and unraveling are complementary and continuous in the dance between painter and viewer that each of Asher Liftin’s paintings proposes.

From a distance, as if seen through a screen, the canna lily in its squat, round glass vase is a cool painting, as are all of this young artist’s paintings, when seen at a glance or in photographic reproduction. But as we move progressively closer in to its surface, it gathers warmth, not only from the coloristic pleasures of its overlapping cyans and magentas and yellows—which combine to produce greens and pinks, oranges and purples, interlaced with blacks—but also from the ever-more evident facture of the painting, in particular the drips that stream down from some of its details. Those drips, together with the woven, textile-like look of the ink-painted surface, help sustain the unraveling effect that marks these paintings as well: one small colored-pencil drawing of a lit candle metaphorizes that effect quite directly, with a bottom edge that appears to fray, as if each colored line

that makes up the mesh of the image were a separate colored thread, coming apart from the lattice-work warp and weft of its weave. It is at this level that the paintings, too, confront their intermedial constructedness: their fundamental movement between the image-systems of painting, digital photography, printing, drawing—all of which are practiced by Liftin—as they are tapestried together like a loomed piece of Jacquard fabric, yielded from a protocompiler code. (The textilic basis of painting-on-canvas surfaces everywhere, across media, in this body of work.)

The subjects that Liftin chooses to paint, print and draw, along with the manner in which they are rendered, are mediated—screened, we might say—through an array of art-historical reference. First, still life—flower painting, in particular—reminiscent, for me at least, of Edouard Manet’s poignantly simple “last flowers.” (There is also a lovely little drawing of lemons that reminds me irresistibly of Manet’s own late lemon and other single and double pieces of fruit.) Studio and gallery windows, printed and painted, larger and smaller, which call to mind both the modernist grid and the Italian Renaissance model of the picture-as-window, an opening onto the world on the other side of its notionally transparent surface. Small colored-pencil drawings of a female intimate, at once clearly posed and snapshot-like: these portraits evoke the photofiltered paintings of Gerhard Richter, as does the topic of the lit candle found in certain drawings and paintings, such as the one mentioned above. Mannerist bathers, culled randomly, by means of a self-censoring prompt given to an AI program, from 17th-century Italian sources such as the work of the so-called “Il Passignano.” Collaged and swirled paintings that vaguely recall Picasso and Van Gogh. The illusionist gambits of 20th-century Photorealism and of earlier camera obscura painters such as Johannes Vermeer. And through it all, of course, runs the Neo-Impressionist mark of Georges Seurat, and the divisionist color theory that goes with it. Though it is possible to see Liftin’s paintings as connecting the dots between Vermeer and Richter, however, this screening through the sieve of art history does not really yield any secure time-line; quite the contrary. But it does knit together the threads of a mediated vision, in which the image bank of painting and its sister media is imbricated with cognitive process. Asher Liftin is *not* a neuroscientist, and this is not “neuro-art-history,” but his is a practice that everywhere invokes the intersection between art and cognition.

I have always had a special taste for still-life painting, so I am drawn to those works in particular. One little doubled painting of flowers in a vase—on the left side a Photorealist oil version of it, and abutting it on the right side a flipped version of the same image, rendered in an enlarged raster of inked dots—opens onto broader questions of mirroring and cognitive mediation, scaling and iteration. And so, though it is not in the present exhibition, I shall conclude by zeroing in on a slightly earlier pair of paintings that resides in Liftin’s studio, for that pair quite literally doubles down on the same operation of doubling in order to confront those questions with magisterial, even preternatural confidence. Much larger in scale, this pair of paintings of tulips in a vase set against a view out a window, each reflected upside-down in the surface of a glass coffee table with books on it, flips the left-right orientation of the smaller still-life pair, so that now the rasterized, inked canvas sits on the left, hinged to the reversed, Photorealist oil version of itself on the right. This time the rasterized half on the left is composed of a tighter fabric of much smaller pixelation, so that the importance of scale and resolution become pronounced, especially relative to the smaller, more recent pair of flower paintings just mentioned: the smaller the painting the larger and more noticeable the raster, and the closer one is invited to get to the image’s surface and its mediation by and through its weave of dots, while the larger the painting and the smaller the raster, the more one is inclined to back up and see it as a resolved image. And vice versa on both counts.

But in the case of the larger pair of paintings that scalar di-

mension, along with the doubling and reversal of the image, the undermining of its own transparency, its translation of digital photograph into paint, and its pairing of printerly ink and painterly oil, is tied to a more complex meditation on mirroring. The still life's setting against the backdrop of a window is pertinent here, as is the pile of books (with at least one semi-readable title on its spine); the mirror-image of the artist with camera reproduced twice on the convex side of the vase and twice reflected upside-down on the glass table (mimicking a device found in 17th-century Dutch still-life painting); the broad areas of white paint on that table in the right-side version; the blurry white "circles of confusion" on the cushions in the right-side background (subtly reminiscent of Vermeer's work); and the little square painting-within-a-doubledpainting that is purposefully propped against the couch and the window in the back.

Together these add up to a kind of self-reflexive summa of Asher Liftin's iterative experimentation with the relay between painting and cognition: suggesting not only the intersection between bottom-up and top-down mental processing, but also the doubling of stereoscopic vision, the upside-downness of the retinal image before it is righted by the brain, not to mention the necessity of repetition in the process of learning to see. And through it all runs the history of Western picturing, screened through the colored materiality of painterly and printerly pigment. Back up from the surface, and ta-da!, it comes into focus. Move in close, and it comes undone. Move away once more and it all comes back together. But move from side to side in front of this joined pair of paintings, and you see it do both, in concert and in oscillating alternation, over and over again.

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Ryan, 2023. Acrylic ink and acrylic paint on linen. 24" × 19½"

EDITORIAL NOTE

This issue of the *125 Newbury Free Press* is published on the occasion of *Asher Liftin: Recent Work*, an exhibition of new paintings and drawings by the Brooklyn-based Liftin (b. 1998, New York, NY). The twenty-first exhibition at 125 Newbury, it marks Liftin's third solo show in New York and the artist's first project with Pace. Curated by Arne Glimcher, the show is on view from September 18 through October 31, 2026, at 395 Broadway in Tribeca.

In their texts for this issue, both Glimcher and Carol Armstrong allude to the various ways in which Liftin's work investigates fundamental conditions of seeing. This begins with the artist's own photography, which serves as source material. He translates these mechanical images into meticulously hand-crafted renderings, and, as in the art of Chuck Close, decomposes and rebuilds reality in four colors—cyan, yellow, magenta, and black—much the same way a modern color printer produces the full spectrum of visible chroma.

Liftin's paintings, however, are anything but printed. Instead, they are emphatically handmade. Often, his matrix of lines and dots appears almost woven. Carefully depositing successive layers of acrylic ink, the resulting paintings sit on the border between the human and the mechanical. Moments of dripping and trembling in the mark-making interrupt the grid, revealing the organic hand at work.

Having studied both cognitive science and art, Liftin's practice is deeply rooted in image-making and image-processing. At a distance, his paintings lock into place with near photographic clarity. Up close, they unravel, becoming luminous networks of colored markings, attesting to the process of their own creation. This push-and-pull between the completeness and finality is a constant. Liftin's paintings produce a continuous cycle of resolve and dissolve. The paintings are maps of our own perception. As Armstrong puts it, they "do not so much make the world visible" as "reveal the hidden processes that underlie the very possibility of seeing." — O.S.



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