The Veil

Jocelyn Emerson*
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All too soon, one must look to the surface—

and among surfaces—for a continuum residing in layers. Recesses of color coalesce on the canvas, all former matter of details leaking through—

until I see figuration (residual) pressing forward between the few vertical lines—

transparent or dense, I think the idyllic pools at the peripheries of the veil—itself the very form of *tending toward*—(here the blue arriving at weightiness, the red at delayed fluidity.)

Assuming the white border somewhere into my sight (keep it visible, the fabric stretched, mobile) I see, meanwhile, that color has been spreading, all this time (as intended) to its possible edges—