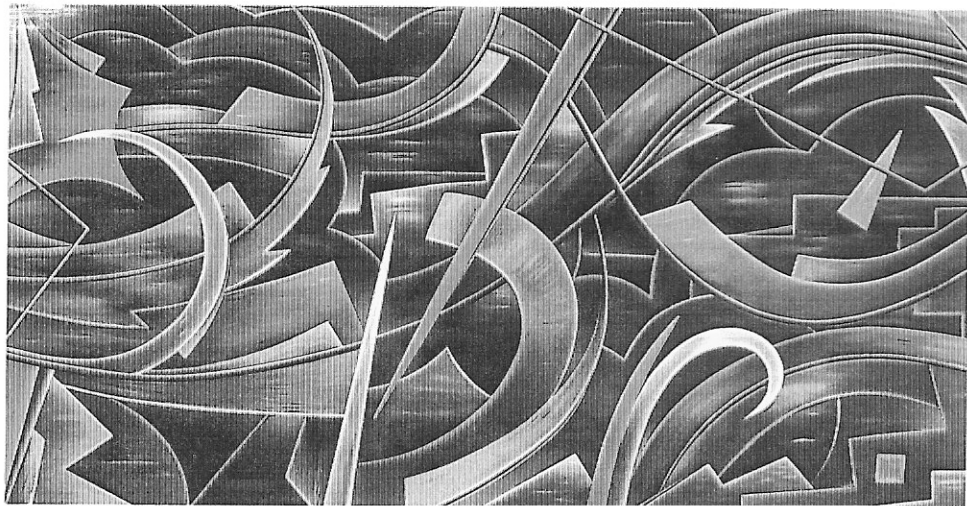


WILLIAM CONGER



The paintings of William Conger are all fugued up, instances of pictorial orchestration so precisely modulated and contrapuntally developed that they begin to suggest a form of visual counterpoint. It isn't that Conger determinedly and assiduously juggles a plethora of elements and shapes into what becomes a chaotic *mélange*, it is that no such unraveling is permitted to occur. Like a conductor surveying a very large array of musicians, Conger must find reconciliation amongst his instruments, weigh values and seek out patterns that can lead to meaning.

This is a great deal more difficult to do than it sounds, and set amidst the fronds, circles, ovals, and peaks that work their way across Conger's canvases is an accomplished judiciousness resulting from long practice. His paintings often have landscape references, but these are dreamy and abstracted images, done in darkish tones and constructed in fields flowing parallel to the picture's surface. Conger's images cascade in unruffled majesty; these are shards at peace, a quilting of disparate urges into a hypnotic whole. His art is predicated on the understanding that every gesture and action calls its own response into being, and, indeed, would be incomplete without it. Conger sees the pattern in polyphony; sweet indeed are the uses of permutation.

James Yood