

## Contemporary Art Writing Daily

*Monday, June 27, 2022*

### Sam Lipp at Derosia, New York



The inherent eroticism of painting was somehow lost along the way. To reconstruct a person by wiping their visage with oiled sable, a recreation of them. Painting someone's portrait: totally cool; building a doll of them: yikes dawg. But Rembrandt's auto-erotica is bonkersly weird. Just because you were trained to masturbate really well doesn't mean 8 hours of masturbation is normal. Getting paid for it at least makes it a job. To really see someone's every inch. That's why you pay for it. But then Painting got big and abstract and screechingly seminal to repress the fay quiet of portraitists and Morandi. And then finally, Richter who embalmed it. But the point being Lipp attempts returning some of the erotics with a labor intensive painting process - a becoming-xerox-machine through sweat, and which these things do, sweat. An erotics similar to early Matthew Barney bdsm drawing restraints, drawing hindered with a jockstrap homoerotic hefting. The hindering provides the sweat to dew on the surface, the lip of Richter's corpse.