The best of Todd Chilton's paintings produce a visual stimulation of such intensity that prolonged exposure is uncomfortable. Too, one is led to believe that the sometimes protracted effort which is required to successfully execute such works is not entirely comfortable for his own person.

Here, the paint is often thick upon the canvas. And, it's Chilton alone who's physically involved in the process of creating the things. He freely admits to failure in his successive attempts to build a proper composition; what didn't work, for him, is (mostly) lost as underpainting or altogether discarded. When so much contemporary craft is noncommittal, there's a pleasure to be taken in the arrival at a definite position after a personal struggle.

"Contradiction" seems a good word to employ (and it's not to be construed as pejorative) when attempting to describe Chilton and his work. He parallels many of the linear patterns of Op; but if Bridget Louise Riley is recalled from the 80's and 90's, Chilton's contemporary channeling is much more painterly than was the historical reality. And while he's clearly interested in geometric abstraction he doesn't fuss with hard edges; there he's like Sean Scully. When the admixture gels, his canvases are thick, vibrant masses of highly contrasting hue and/or value which possess a kaleidoscopic energy. He pulls it off—in Chicago.