



# Silk, Diamonds and a Chicago Girl

Julia von Eichel, Stephen Westfall and June Leaf in this week's Fine Art

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

By Peter Plagens

July 1, 2016 4:54 pm ET



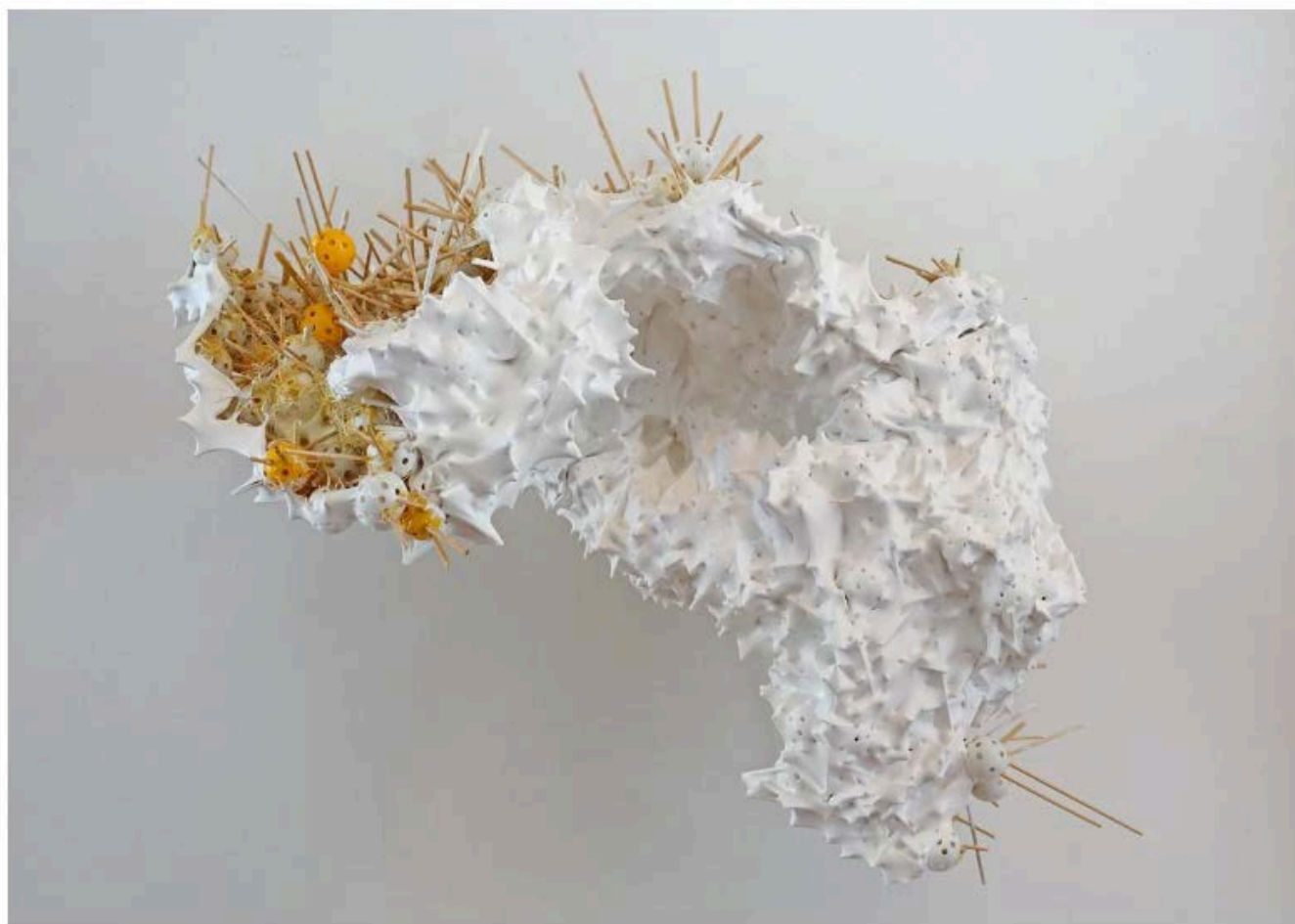
Share



Resize



1



'Tumble Fumble' (2015) by Julia von Eichel PHOTO: JULIA VON EICHEL, WINSTON WÄCHTER FINE ART, NY

## Julia von Eichel: Scream in My Throat

[Winston Wächter](#)

530 W. 25th St., (212) 255-2718

Through July 29

Half a century ago, in the forward precincts of the art world, painting was thought to be the sick man of the visual

Winston Wächter Fine Art, Inc.

530 West 25th Street, New York, NY 10001 TEL [212] 255 2718 FAX [212] 255 2719 EMAIL [nygallery@winstonwachter.com](mailto:nygallery@winstonwachter.com) [www.winstonwachter.com](http://www.winstonwachter.com)



arts: constrained within the rectangle, stuck in its flatness, and condemned no matter how abstract it became to be merely an illusion—a pale imitation (or at best, implication) of real spatial depth. Sculpture, on the other hand, once liberated from the convention of always being on a pedestal, could successfully venture out into the whole gallery (installation art), the landscape (earthworks), and even live performance (Gilbert & George’s “living sculpture”).

But an art form without boundaries runs the risk of losing its center. For sculpture, a big question these days is, “What does it take for conventional sculpture—defined as objects shippable in crates—to be compelling enough to gain traction in the contemporary art world?” Julia von Eichel (b. 1974) gives us an excellent answer: emotional resonance conveyed through an inventive and economical three-dimensional idea executed with just enough craft to give it a genuine presence.

Ms. Von Eichel’s father died in 2012 and, in coping with the event, she began making moderate-size wall-mounted sculpture by stretching silk, coated with gesso, over irregular armatures composed of Wiffle balls pierced by wooden dowels. The result is a precariously graceful white tent with a subtly threatening underbelly of exposed spheres and shafts. It’s a visually arresting metaphor for—perhaps—life itself.