

be sure, but only faux naive; a long, careful look reveals a sure and seasoned hand.

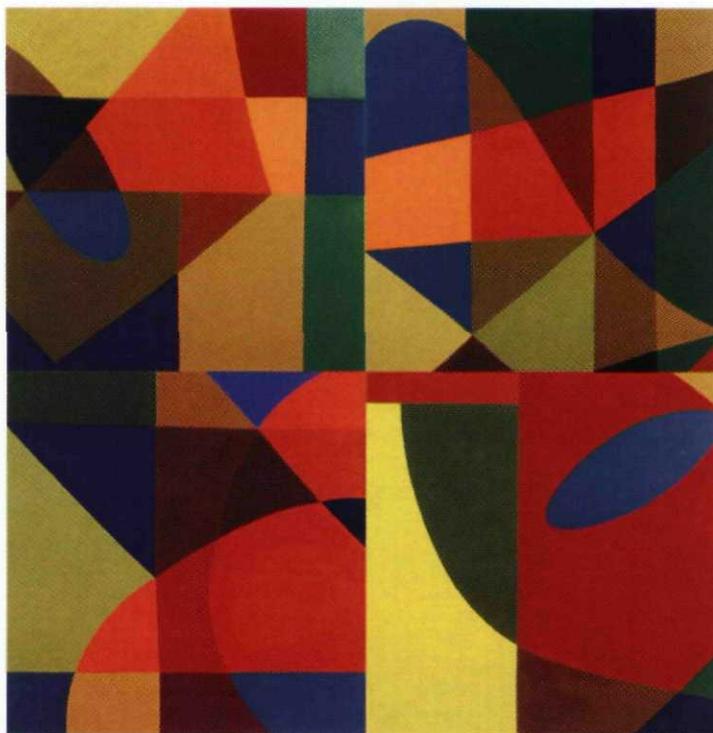
Most of the paintings are of medium size, though two multi-paneled works are grander: *Can Be Joined Any Way* (2002; 72 by 72 inches), in four parts that really can be assembled at the whim of the person hanging it, and an untitled diptych (2001; 60 by 96 inches). Only a few triangles interrupt the mosaic of squares and rectangles within the latter—just enough to convey the impression that the composition is slowly moving off to the right, like a ship's bow. Light yellow predominates around the edges, maroon and brown at the center, giving it a kind of coolness at its heart, like the interior of a thick-walled house on a hot summer's day.

Three paintings from 2004, each 36 by 48 inches, felicitously hung together in the main gallery, conjured up early modern still life. The forms within break down into shapes like fruits and gourds, and some of the interstitial shapes might almost be bits of ground peering through—something of the tablecloth, say, in a Cézanne. Korman's unmodulated colors, placed side by side, bring to mind the way Matisse flattened a space by establishing chromatic uniformity in supposedly disparate elements.

Korman included a number of pastels in which an aggressive black line activates a looping composition in what may be a single gesture. Only a few areas are colored in, and roughly. The pastels recall early works by Elizabeth Murray, Korman's contemporary. They also go a long way toward explaining the energetic quality of Korman's most recent paintings, which break down more often into swooping arabesques and tilting ovals than serenely rectilinear grids. —Faye Hirsch

### Robert Beauchamp at David Findlay Jr.

Although he was a student of Hans Hofmann and drew on the work of the figurative expressionists of the New York School, the real forebears of Robert Beauchamp (1923-1995) were painters who combined phantasmagoric visions with psychological insight, such as Ensor and Kokoschka, and those who delved darkly and mordantly into the grotesque, such as Goya and Bosch. Composed of heavy, swirling strokes of often pure



Harriet Korman: *Can Be Joined Any Way*, 2002, oil on canvas, quadriptych, 72 by 72 inches overall; at Lennon, Weinberg.

color, applied wet on wet, most of this show's 13 oil paintings (and two charcoals, all from the '70s through the early '90s) featured solitary figures presented with both pathos and comedy, as if they were sitting for portraits.

The subject's face in *Girl with Yellow Ears* (1993) is painted in wild gestures of blue and white on a red ground and drawn over with paint-stick nostrils and puckered lips. Encumbered by glowing ears like headlights, she dolefully stares at us with both resignation and expectancy, a psychological complexity characteristic of many of Beauchamp's individuals. The primly dressed boy in *Adolescent* (1991; all the works have such gently satiric, matter-of-fact titles) sits in a dusty Matisse-like interior amid a menagerie of fluttering birds, a hissing snake emerging from a twisting stroke of pure pigments, a baleful owl and other menacing creatures reminiscent of those in Goya's *The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters*. Here, however, they seem to stand as objective correlatives for the torments, self-inflicted perhaps, that the teenager endures.

Beauchamp often employs a palette similar to that in de Kooning's "Woman" paintings, but the surfaces of his canvases are at once more elaborately built up—a cacophonous field of thickly laid-on squiggles, curlicues, waves, smears, streaks, swoops, wriggles, zigzags and coils—and more

insistently figurative. The gestures, though anarchic, are always marshaled in the service of composing a form. Indeed, his work can exhibit a cartoonist's graphic economy and a caricaturist's eye for physiognomic peculiarity.

*Cowgirl* (1989) offers a riotous field of brushstrokes suggesting trees and brush in front of which a sweetly goggle-eyed girl, whose ears are folded like pretzels, poses in three-quarter view. Beauchamp outlines her with an even, curvy line, like a doodle on a page, preserving her from the painterly tempest. In a more fantastical, frenetically painted work such as *Pandemonium* (1985), however, Beauchamp makes the untamed energy of his brushstrokes, in vivid, saturated colors, serve to embody the wildness of his subjects. Beasts, vipers and monsters descend upon a mild-mannered-looking man, likely a self-portrait, while a giant, sinuous snake, limned by several wavy lines of paint, hovers overhead.

Although he may not reach as great a depth as some of his Abstract-Expressionist contemporaries,

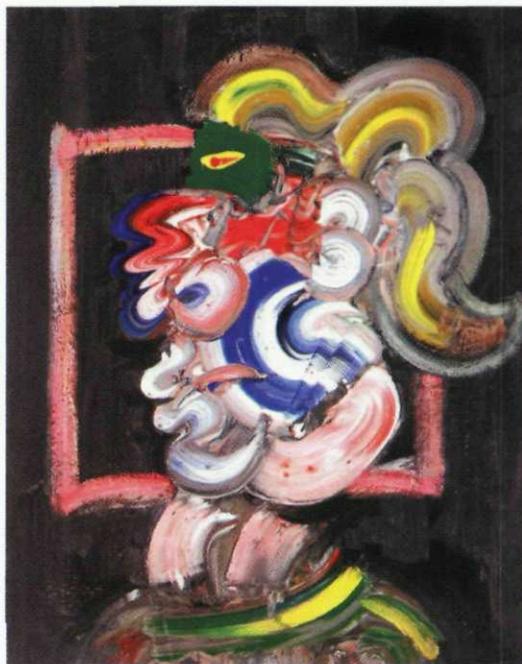
Beauchamp adopts none of their movement's grand, solemn posturing. Rather, the chief impression his work conveys is exuberance and unbridled pleasure in the expressive possibilities of the brush. —Jonathan Gilmore

### Willie Doherty at Alexander and Bonin

Made on the field of the Troubles of Ireland, Willie Doherty's videos and photographs engage the viewer with an awareness of foreboding, of surveillance. In the quasi-cinematic details of such earlier works as *Somewhere Else* (1998) and *Restricted Access (Off the Path)*, 1999, the camera moves through gritty, wasted landscapes, or lingers on some striped length of tape hanging from a branch, markers or general evidence gathered at the scenes of ambiguous crimes.

In the more recent *Re-Run* (2002), panic seizes a man in suit and tie bathed in lurid red light and running endlessly to or from the viewer across opposed screens. Through the increasingly reductive imagery of his recent video *Non-Specific Threat* (2004), Doherty dwells on the objectification of the other, focusing on an unnamed subject whose principal activity is to stay put. A text by Doherty is presented as a droning voice-over, while his virtually motionless subject is examined in a 360-degree pan, deep in a somber palette of black and blue.

Robert Beauchamp: *Outlaw*, 1993, oil on canvas, 30 by 24 inches; at David Findlay Jr.



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