



Claire Corey: *3Z2E29*, 2003, pigmented ink on canvas, 54 by 64 1/2 inches; at Ten in One.

quality of the inks. Visually, the works resemble infinitely lapidary Color Field paintings.

The examples of the small canvases I saw in the gallery had much denser color than the larger paintings. I assume that Corey must have had to learn how to anticipate what the small paintings would look like when blown up. This seems a little like the way symphonic composers learn how an orchestra will perform their scores—there's a degree of speculation involved in the process.

Corey's earlier paintings suffered from an oversupply of both detail and broad gestures. The surfeit of visual information available in the new medium was perhaps so seductive that it seemed to dictate its own esthetic. This problem has been overcome in the recent work, where Corey seems more cavalier in combining her twisted folds of gridlike mesh, pulled ribbons of semitransparent colors and regimented stripes.

In terms of scale, the paintings here ran from 30 by 24 1/2 inches to 45 by 102 inches. There was also a 62-by-75-inch oval canvas. One horizontal painting, *1/2N1*, features icy lime-colored areas that seem the result of a wide virtual sponge swooping through the image and clearing out an abundance of previously established digitally painted territory. Corey then introduces a dark red dot at dead center of the painting to pin these green waves in place and anchor the action. In works like this, Corey has learned to serve forth a freshness and exhilaration that is one of the great sensual pleasures of viewing painting—without really painting at all.

—Joe Fyfe

### Cheol Yu Kim and Mark Milloff at CUE Art Foundation

For its inaugural exhibition last fall, the CUE Art Foundation in Chelsea showed works by Mark Milloff and Cheol Yu Kim. According to its mission statement, CUE aims to display the work of two emerging or under-recognized artists every month; for each exhibition, a seven-person rotating advisory committee nominates and selects two curators who mount the work of an artist of their choosing.

Independent curator and writer Debra Bricker Balken presented the work of Rhode Island-based artist Mark Milloff. Growing up in Florida, Milloff (b. 1953) was drawn to the sea and, later, to *Moby-Dick* (in his artist statement he claims to have read the novel nearly 30 times). His mixed-medium installation, *Drawn up Toward Heaven by Invisible Wires* (2003)—the title is an excerpt from the novel—is a convoluted meditation on the book. Its central element is a vast, wood-framed pastel on paper whose waterlogged drama recalls Géricault's *Raft of the Medusa*. The whale surges out of the water on a diagonal, cutting through the picture, tossing men into the sea and capsizing the *Pequod*. To the right and left of this central image were two large sail-like elements; a fan placed behind each fabric swath created a soft, waving effect. Phrases from the book and various images of the sea were projected from behind onto the cloth so that they were visible from the front. On the floor before the pastel

were two wooden coffins. Perhaps it's fortuitous timing for Milloff, but it seems possible, as Balken states in her catalogue essay, that a presentation of Ahab's tragic encounter with the whale might be read as something of a morality tale by today's viewers.

Selected by photographer Nikki S. Lee, Cheol Yu Kim's seven drawings and single paper cutout (all 2003) are, in contrast to Milloff's agitated theatrical presentation, strangely serene. Kim, who lived in a small Korean village near the DMZ until relocating to New York in 1999, makes intricate drawings (pen on paper or ink and watercolor on paper) teeming with abstract forms derived from missiles, mushroom clouds, warplanes, parachutes, aliens and UFOs. Though filled with military imagery, the works maintain a sense of playfulness. There is a lack of gravity about them—not only do the forms float gracefully across the picture plane, but Kim seems to have a lighthearted fascination with these shapes, repeating them over and over again. One of five drawings titled *Delta Quadrant* (52 1/2 by 96 inches)—the title refers to an area of uncharted space in the TV show *Star Trek*—is a multilane, buzzing, outer-space thruway crowded with sci-fi shapes rendered in atmospheric blue. Kim displays a childlike delight with outer space and a mature concern with form

and content. The three fine black ink drawings, each titled *Drawing for Sculpture*, look like Ernesto Neto's billowing biomorphic sculptures rendered in two dimensions.

Even more impressive was Kim's giant paper cutout suspended from the ceiling near the gallery's rear wall. Contrary to appearances, the cutout was not made in the traditional fold-and-cut technique; rather, the artist drew shapes on paper, cut them out by hand and then used the pieces as templates throughout this work and the watercolors. The cutout, at about 116 by 176 inches, is a delicate and immense project that, like Milloff's, demonstrates the artist's single-minded devotion to his subject.

—Jessica Ostrower

### NEWARK AND NEW YORK

#### Frank Bowling at Aljira, a Center for Contemporary Art, and Skoto

Although he trained at the Royal College of Art in London as a contemporary of David Hockney and R.B. Kitaj, Frank Bowling has had a prime allegiance to the principles of color, scale and composition that animated the New York School. A painter of major talent, he has been underappreciated by comparison with

Right, Cheol Yu Kim: *Delta Quadrant*, 2003, ink and watercolor on paper, 52 1/2 by 96 inches; at CUE Art Foundation.



Below, Mark Milloff: *Drawn up Toward Heaven by Invisible Wires*, 2003, mixed mediums, 12 by 38 by 8 feet; at CUE.



his peers on either side of the Atlantic. These two shows—a four-decade survey at Newark's Aljira Center ("Bending the Grid: Black Identity and Resistance in the Art of Frank Bowling") and a smaller exhibition of mostly recent paintings at Skoto Gallery in Manhattan—amounted to a mini-retrospective of his work. Paintings ranged from dark, clotted, figurative canvases of the early 1960s, with biblical and folkloric themes, through stunningly refulgent abstractions of glowing yellows, orange and reds, to current works that often feature the

rously textured canvases from the 1980s, flecked with metallic-hued yellows and greens, acrylic paint is pushed and pulled on the surface to create an almost sculptural relief. Composed on a human scale, these paintings feature vertical vertebraelike forms with a totemic air.

In the recent paintings incorporating canvas scraps, these layers of signification take on a more concrete form (enhanced by the metal staples and safety pins that hold down the pieces along their pinked and roughly stitched edges). In the 6-foot-tall *Hangingonthelyme* (2000), a blue field caps a bright yellow and orange canvas configuration, suggesting the meeting of sea and sand on a high horizon and, perhaps, colors and textures recalled from Bowling's travels in South America and the Caribbean. In *King Crab* (2000), as in many small works, the scraps of fabric suggest the pattern of a flag, while in *Ashton'sfish—Spencer'scath* (1997), two nearly identical strips of yellow canvas hang horizontally on a red ground like a fish split into matching boned and gutted fillets. In these newer works, named after friends and personal experiences and often constructed from pieces of earlier cut-up paintings, Bowling intimates that art does not so much represent one's memories as collect and shape them into a coherent form.

—Jonathan Gilmore

## PURCHASE AND NEW YORK

### Hannelore Baron at the Neuberger Museum and Senior & Shopmaker

"I have had what I must call a rather difficult time of it during my life," wrote Hannelore Baron in something of an understatement. Having escaped with her family from Nazi Germany as a teenager, she acquired some terrible memories that she was never really able to shake. As these two shows of several scores of her collages and collaged boxes demonstrated, however, Baron was able to put aside the depression, claustrophobia and illness that beset her and fashion, over a period of just 18 years before her death at 60 in 1987, a discrete and compelling body of work.



Frank Bowling: *Guyana Moons*, 2001, acrylic on canvas, 37 by 68 1/2 inches; at Aljira.

Baron used what was at hand—bits of wood, string, fabric—expressly wishing not to waste anything. She cut up copper sheets, inked them and printed from them onto found papers. Her imagery includes fragile stick figures, birds and writing: reversed letters, numbers, parts of words. She was always interested in diaries and letters, and she incorporated their sense of transmitted secrets into her work.

Formally, Baron's works are closest to the collages of Kurt Schwitters, with fragmentary materials, including found texts, arranged in roughly rectilinear grids. Her distinctive space is shallow and airless, with figures and objects pressed into a narrow plane, either physical or pictorial. Elements are only very occasionally brightly colored, and more consistently dark and somber. It is especially unnerving to view her collaged boxes, which feel like mementos preserved by a grieving parent—for example, a construction from 1980 in which she placed a childlike stick figure on musical notation paper stitched to swaths of stained cloth. Components seem carefully selected for pieces of essential information they have rather mournfully encrypted.

Each work urgently presses its particular, mysterious communiqué. In a 1979 collage, a row of blood-red stick figures is juxtaposed to blood-red, off-angle squares resembling a pavement hastily laid. The figures and the squares are set side

by side in the top third of an other sheet, as if they have been excavated from the earth and are waiting to be identified. In the works' frontality and the way their arrangement resembles the open pages of a book, they seem to imply coded texts even where none are present. In a 1978 work, just one of five dark little heads is circled in red, inscrutably singled out. In another from 1982, tiny images, including a red bird and a man in a hat, appear in rectangular outlines like postage stamps and are smudged and overwritten with illegible text as if in cancellation. Everywhere, letters and word-fragments stutter and fail. Yet this was an artist who had found her voice against all odds, producing these elliptical works in abundance for her own personal fulfillment (she was little shown during her lifetime).

The 40 collages on display at the Neuberger Museum, which have stopped at a half-dozen venues over the past two years, were selected by curator Ingrid Schaffner, who wrote an accompanying catalogue, for the Smithsonian Institution Traveling

Bill Thompson's exhibition "Roundabout," 2003, showing five polyurethane works, each approx. 14 inches tall; at Barbara Krakow. (Review on p. 134.)



Hannelore Baron: *Untitled*, 1980, cloth, paper, ink, hinged metal box, 6 1/2 by 6 by 2 1/2 inches; at the Neuberger Museum.

same palette of hot colors as well as irregular sheets and scraps of canvas affixed to a support. These later constructions suggest Rothko-like Color Field paintings but frequently carry submerged figuration in the form of photo-silkscreens.

In several paintings begun in 1966 and reworked in 1999, the imagery is of a general store owned by Bowling's mother during his adolescence in Guyana (he was born there, but has lived most of his adult life in Britain and the U.S.). In others, it alludes to a history both personal and collective. *Middle Passage* (1970), a 10-foot-high canvas of shimmering orange and yellow acrylic glazes, refers to the slave trade in its title; the shapes of the African and American continents are revealed within its layers of paint. But the work is also more intimate, evincing a barely visible, repeated photo-silkscreen of young boys—one of the many snapshots of family and friends that appear as palimpsests in many of Bowling's works. In vig-

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