



View of Tom Joyce's "Penumbra" paintings and "Berg" sculptures, all 2005; at Evo.

intensity. But the well-composed "drawings" (his term) are too polite—because framed—and formally too conventional to convey the desired effect.

Four abstract sculptures called "Berg" (think "tip of") formed the show's core. With each, Joyce sliced a square iron bar, twisted it, and squeezed it between dies almost to the breaking point. Each resulting work resembled two massive, distressed cubes—pulled apart, then shoved together—covered with rusty, velvet patinas. The process formed deep crevices and forced small extrusions, answering negative space with positive. The "Berg" works pit gravity against levitation, their abstract masses evoking architectural scale and recalling Frank Gehry's bulging metallic buildings.

"Bloom" is a smelting term for a spongy iron mass prior to refinement. In two works by that name (30 by 30 by 28 inches), Joyce packed nine vertical units into a square footprint, the tops pushing up in various contours that suggest Art Deco skyscrapers, mountain peaks and bread loaves; their internal articulations also evoke erotic body folds and creases.

Iron inspires in Joyce a deep sense of connection: buried in the earth, it is an element that also flows through our bloodstream. His subtle use of cast-off war materials is ethically responsible, yet without verbal supplements—an artist's statement, reviews—we can't know the invisible history of the particular pieces of iron he uses. Joyce's solution, elegant but partial, was to make hiding part of the work's esthetic.

—Arden Reed

## TUCSON

### Bailey Doogan at the Tucson Museum of Art and Etherton

Bailey Doogan has said that she feels like she's "crawling over the surface of the body" when she's painting. This intimacy may partly explain the arresting quality of Doogan's figurative paintings and drawings. But the impact of her work also has to do with the particular bodies that this artist, who is professor emerita of painting and drawing at the University of Arizona, chooses to represent. Especially since the 1980s, she has turned her unflinching gaze on older women (herself included) and, sometimes, aging men. If, as Doogan contends, the body is a map of everything we have experienced, then her work over the last several decades traces a world that is shockingly underexplored.

The paintings and drawings that made up a condensed one-room retrospective on the Tucson Museum of Art's lower floor—a few spilled over into the hallway,

where a sign warned visitors that the show contained "adult themes"—charted the logical evolution of this fierce talent. From *Tillandsia Recurvata*, an intricate 1975 graphite-on-bristol-board drawing of ball moss, to the brooding power of big charcoal nudes such as *GO (Virgin/Whore)* done some 15 years later, Doogan challenges the viewer to look at what she depicts as carefully as she has.

A companion show at Etherton Gallery included works from 1993 to the present. In her masterful, unsettling oil paintings and larger-than-life charcoal studies, Doogan approaches the body with a spirit of discovery and a technical prowess reminiscent of such 19th-century masters as Thomas Eakins. She applies the same laserlike clarity of vision apparent in her earlier work, but it's tempered here by tenderness and a rueful humor that mocks everyone involved, the artist included.

*Spell V, Titman*, for example, from a 1998 series of large charcoals on primed paper that includes *Spell I, Assman* and *Spell III, Legman*, shows a burly middle-aged man with his hands cupped around one side of his chest to form a very female-looking breast. The man gazes down at this protuberance with an almost childlike intensity. The plain black frame bears the letters TIT in subtle bas relief across the top and MAN across the bottom. A shelf on an adjacent wall in the gallery held six scratchboard self-portraits, all looking at the titman, each one mouthing a letter—first T, then I, and so on. In each, Doogan's head, composed of a network of white lines that in places resemble spiderwebs, floats in the matte black background like a face in a flickering silent movie.

Bailey Doogan: *GO (Virgin/Whore)*, 1989, charcoal and mixed mediums on primed paper, diptych, 72 by 100 inches overall; at the Tucson Museum of Art.



Even more than the Tucson Museum presentation, the scope of the Etherton show made clear the deliberateness with which Doogan has been playing with the history of Western art. You can see Rubens in the handling of painted flesh, Reynolds in the brooding sepia skies in an allegorical series featuring a naked older man and a funny-looking dog, Caspar David Friedrich in the almost mystical quality of some of her landscapes. The references are self-conscious but they don't dominate. What emerges instead, time and again, are Doogan's visual wit and artistic integrity.

—Deborah Sussman Sussner



Kaz Oshiro: *Combo Washer/Dryer #1*, 2005, acrylic and Bondo on stretched canvas, 71 1/2 by 24 by 26 1/2 inches; at Rosamund Felsen.

## LOS ANGELES

### Kirsten Everberg at 1301PE

In 2004, L.A. artist Kirsten Everberg contributed two memorably pretty paintings to "The Undiscovered Country" at the UCLA Hammer Museum. And the glossy oil-and-enamel canvases in her second solo show at 1301PE are so good looking that you can already hear some critics wondering out loud if they're too pretty.

This exhibition, consisting of just a handful of 6-by-9 and 4-by-5-foot paintings, features interior scenes and architectural details from a mix of ancien régime and modern buildings in Nancy, France, where the artist recently participated in a group