

COURTESY VICTORIA MUNROE

**Pastorale, 1990,**  
by 135 by 13 inches.  
Ilova Corporate Center.

ing, Pyrex beakers, card-mâché crystals. As with the challenge of discovering un- of shape and meaning in that makes her work so

1989 work, *When You the Door It Crawls Back* shadow, suggests, Bocanegra's strong personal message. ring of the detritus of sci- and experimentation— and devices for measuring —with handmade models ion calls into question the detachment from nature. wants to remind us, also

ural order. Bocanegra introduces the and drawing by focusing pattern. In *Collecting Evi-* of the objects are painted , which ends up looking a color in *Pastorale* (1990) —a celadon sofa cushion sket, for example, convey of greens. Pattern is also this piece: circles repeat- ves in this composition of like the jumbled field in *Nature Out the Door It through the Window*. Al- has not completely mas- culary, her change of di- g. —Hovey Brock

## Rich

continues to paint s of especially pic- of upstate New York, e late 1970s. Ciarrochi orbed every landscape ude Lorrain to Corot to School to the contem- alists to arrive at sump-

tuous visions—half-natural, half-imag- ined—of the American countryside. Something of Thomas Cole's vision of the Catskills as paradise holds sway here. In the medium-size oil-on-linen *Early Evening River*, beautiful symmetries are created by bushes and trees rendered in the palest forest greens and reflected in the river, while the sky above is composed of daubs of yellow. Ciarrochi's romanticism finds full expression here, as does his clipped but felicitous technique.

Ciarrochi also paints the American West, not quite as fantastically as he does the Hudson River landscape, but the dreamtime approach is similar. The 50-by-70-inch *Rio Salgado* domesticates the West with its neat, formal order and sweet, pink bluffs topped by scrub. *Mesa* is more like a Frederic Church piece, with a mesa colored in shades of light cobalt blue and rose and a tip of foreground scrub made flaming pink by the setting sun.

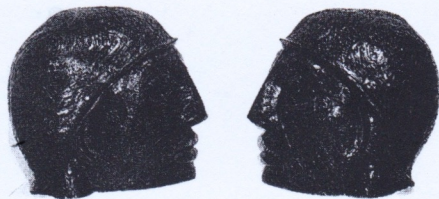
Ciarrochi, in short, imposes his temperament on each of his scenes, as if getting landscape "right" were all just a matter of personal vision. Landscape is indeed the perfect mode for both painterly and emotive expression, and Ciarrochi's work obviously reflects the awe and reverence he feels before nature. The sleeper of the show was *Moonrise*—all black firs, silver lake, sable mountains, and silvery blue moon. One can only wonder—if the American landscape-painting tradition continues on into the future—how this 59-year-old artist will be able to top himself in the coming years.

—Gerrit Henry

## Women at War

### LEDISFLAM

This strong, provocative show brought together works by 18 women artists who have dealt with war in different ways. The title seemed to have a dual meaning. Some of the artists, particularly photographers Lee Miller, Margaret Bourke-White,



PETER BELLAMY

**Deborah Masters, Gender-Head, 1988-93,** hy- drocal, rubber, and wood, 58 by 96 by 24 inches. LedisFlam.

and Susan Meiselas, were on the scene in war-torn areas recording specific incidents and allowing the viewer to provide the commentary. The majority of artists, however, have used their art as protest pieces in a personal war against war.

Sue Coe's powerful photoetching of an Iraqi mother trying to shield a child with her body, a direct response to the Gulf War, is pointedly titled *Bomb Shelter*. Mimi Smith's dress made of camouflage material trimmed with lace hangs below a sign that looks like needlepoint but reads: "Kill Level 1." The title of the piece, *To Die For*, echoes women's chatter about clothes and ironically questions the justification for war: for motherhood and apple pie; the protection of innocent women and children; or perhaps for prosperity so that the survivors can buy more dresses.

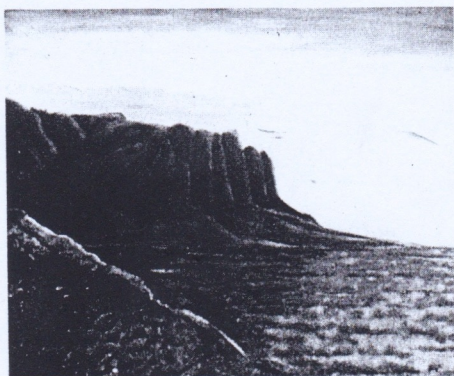
Some artists derided war as a macho expression of masculinity. In *I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas*, Anita Steckel embellished a photograph of Adolf Hitler and several German soldiers standing near a banquet table with large, white penises ejaculating in arcs that resemble rocket trajectories. By contrast, Deborah Masters presented two monumental sculptures of helmeted heads with strangely androgynous faces. Here, women are at war in yet another way—present as the repressed feminine side of the male soldiers and, perhaps, as representatives of the larger society that ultimately makes the decision to send men to war.

—Ruth Bass

## William Clift

### EQUITABLE GALLERY

There is something quietly subversive about William Clift's determinedly undramatic black-and-white photographs. You look at one, expecting to go quickly to the next, but your eyes linger on the picture, even when it shows nothing more complicated than a row of dog-eared law books on top of a cabinet that has some simple patterns worked into it. The wall is white, the books are white, the cabinet is white. But the



**Ray Ciarrochi, Mesa, 1991, oil on canvas, 40 by 48 inches.** Katharina Rich Perlow.