

# REVIEW

Reviews and previews of current exhibitions in New York

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## Second Installment

by April Kingsley

Back again. This time with some friends from the past, and some new people who seem to be doing the right thing for me esthetically. Like **Morgan O'Hara**, whom I'd never heard of, but who was in the inaugural exhibition of the new Gracie Mansion/Fred Dorfman space on Prince Street. (The works went back to the Gracie Mansion/Fred Dorfman Projects Space on St. Marks Place after the opening and can be seen there.) Morgan makes "portraits for the 21st century" of airline captains, shrinks, photographers, accountants, composers and performers, computer whizzes, fellow artists, judges, engineers—you name them—everyperson. The artist claims her portraits—scribbly ink lines ensnarled across the paper surface—"reveal the person's accidents of birth, and give clues to his or her life, work, personality, major preoccupations, sense of curiosity and adventure, and pattern of movement." She should have said "patterns" of movement, for that is what it is she seems to track with her EKG/EEG, seismographic lines. The lines pulse and jump, scatter and spark. They swing, they knot, they loop free and then double back into a snarl. Densities are more prevalent than open spaces. None of the portraits are so telling as those describing Amiri Baraka/Le Roi Jones performing "*I am*", a poem for Addison Gale in Milan in 1992—in which the lines form a powerful, head-like black shape thrusting forward in space—contrasting with the movement of the hands of the Italian translator, which take up a mincing, will-o-the-wisp, one fifth of the page space Baraka occupies. I happen to be partial to drawing that is about line pulsing with life. Morgan O'Hara's lines do.