



Margaret Corcoran: The Garden

In the past, Margaret Corcoran has gravitated towards the intellectual in her work, leading her into some highly abstract environs. Her new work marks a break with such tendencies, its visceral splash indicating new approaches to familiar issues, though with as much feeling as thought on show. The palette is fresh, but the work has psychedelic qualities that suggest alternative realities beyond the simply representational. In *The Appearance*, for example, a woman dressed in white bends over to pick flowers in a meadow below a mountain range, the fairytale atmosphere heightened by a

field of pink, peach and dabs of purple, turquoise mountains providing the backdrop, a scene that might sound garish, but is radiant and even mystical in execution. There's a restrained formality to artificial landscapes such as *The Castle*, above; but in pieces such as *The Last Judgement*, with its violent reds, or *Cherry Mountain*, with its pink and purple skies, her use of colour evokes a menacing wildness in nature. In environments such as these, any human design or sense of imposed form is in danger of being obliterated by flora run riot.

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