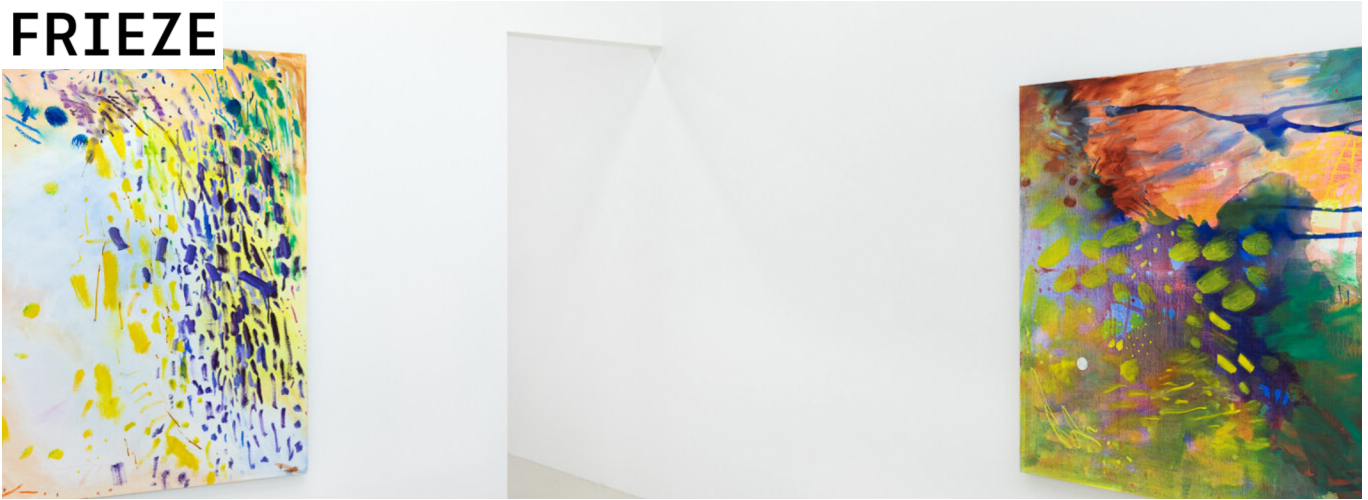


# FRIEZE



In McIntyre's show, 'Pour plenty on the worlds', there is a literal abundance of pouring at play in her arsenal of techniques, which includes spilling buckets of thinned pigment onto canvas in the tradition of Helen Frankenthaler. But there's much more going on: McIntyre combines oil stick, Flashe, acrylic, oil, pastel and printing in the creation of the diverse formal worlds that make up her universe. The works are beautiful but, for anyone literate in art history, the temptation to parse through her worlds holds incredible allure.

Sharp reveals that McIntyre refers to the large canvas *If there is light that has weight* (2021) as 'her [Pierre] Bonnard', an association that had already formed in my mind. But some works also have an echo of James Whistler's coruscating firework picture, *Nocturne in Black and Gold, the Falling Rocket* (c.1875), particularly McIntyre's *Untitled* (2020): a dark, bluish canvas with radiant swaths of greens and reds. Her style of abstraction is familiar – a magpie-like collection of gestures – but there's enough spirit and skill in the *gestalt* to subvert the question of derivation.

During the isolation of lockdown, McIntyre was emboldened to try body-printing: her own naked frame ghosts in the bottom-left-hand corner of a lush painting called *Bathers* (2020). A vivid canvas from 2020 – titled *Fuses* in homage to Carolee Schneemann's controversially coital 1967 video work of the same name – is an acknowledgment of McIntyre's debts. Schneemann's work was seminal not just for its feminist assertion of the female body – offering depictions of her own sexual acts – but for the palimpsestic quality of the footage. Schneemann variously cut, painted, erased and abraded the film to combine the energies of the body with the materiality of the celluloid. The same could be said of McIntyre's work, in which the dissolving and recombining of forms, and collisions of transparencies and densities, are constantly at play.

*Fierce Jewels* (2020) – one of two smaller, lapidary canvases – reminded me of Claude Monet's *Impression, Sunrise* (1872). The painting, whose title is said to have lent its name to the impressionist movement, is a drenched miasma of pale teal and pink; a single dot of vermilion punctuates the skyline. This daub is the sun, a celestial ember burning through the atmosphere, but also a point of pure abstraction. A trio of red dots dance across *Fierce Jewels* and, offset by the periwinkles and pale blues, I'm tempted to see it as a port scene akin to the ones Monet painted at Le Havre in the 1870s. A consummate painter and historian, McIntyre deftly manoeuvres the centuries of painting, adding arrows to her quiver when they serve.