

# The New York Times

## Art in Review

### Rebecca Warren

#### Feelings

Matthew Marks  
522 West 22nd Street  
Chelsea  
Through Oct. 24

A surprise awaits viewers who know the British artist Rebecca Warren for her lumpy, erotically suggestive clay sculptures. Along with five examples of that work, this nicely installed but conceptually thin exhibition includes seven abstract sculptures made of rectilinear pieces of dark steel. Assembled in elegantly formal configurations, they call to mind works by Richard Serra and Anthony Caro.

In several of the steel pieces she has added a small fabric pompom, a kind of feminine grace note. Ms. Warren comments in a gallery press release that "it is as if I was Richard Serra's wife." Meanwhile, her roughly made, bulbous sculptures evoke early-20th-century bronze pieces by Picasso and Matisse but with satirical exaggerations. One that represents a striding woman from the waist down with muscular legs and haunches, big platform shoes and explicitly rendered pudenda might have been based on a cartoon by R. Crumb. She is elevated on a wheeled mover's dolly in a nod to Giacometti. A tall, painted bronze is more amorphous, but has breasts and nipples sticking out in different places as if it represented De



MATTHEW MARKS GALLERY

"The Main Feeling" (2009),  
by Rebecca Warren.

Kooning's id.

Like the assemblages of Sarah Lucas, Ms. Warren's work is a kind of feminist jape, and, as such, the show risks devolving into a one-liner. The play between Dionysian flow and Apollonian order and the question of what is masculine and what is feminine in art are interesting, but finally it is the raw, comic expressionism of her modeled sculptures that is most compelling.

KEN JOHNSON