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ART

Rebecca Warren

Flags at half-staff, Neolithic axes, drooping roses, and human figures can all be found in—or, at least, projected onto—Warren’s new hand-painted bronzes, on view at the Matthew Marks gallery. The British sculptor’s touch is fresh and noncommittal (she models the objects in clay first), and the nine pieces here might have been made yesterday, found on Mars, or recovered from a dig. (The artist is clearly aware of her modernist forebears, such as Giacometti, but her attitude toward them feels blithely referential, rather than reverential.) The choice of brown and petal-pink pedestals—objects so specific that they read as minimalist sculptures in their own right—is a love match with the pieces that they support. Warren has been working along similar lines for almost three decades, juxtaposing haptic modelled forms and sleeker methods of display; here, she reaches new heights of unfussy grace. The glossy multicolor surfaces of her bronzes render them almost as sumptuous as they are aloof—gifts from an untroubled, unconscious mind.— *Johanna Fateman* (matthewmarks.com)