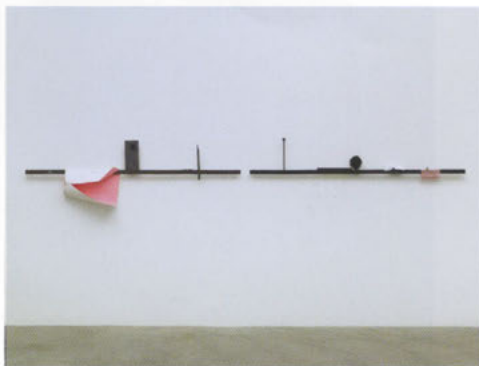


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REVIEWS: NEW YORK

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Rebecca Warren, *You Are Quiet, I Will Be Too*, 2014, steel, pom-pom, and paper, 14¾" x 79½" x 3¾" (left element) and 13¾" x 79½" x 5½" (right element).

## REBECCA WARREN

MATTHEW MARKS  
SEPTEMBER 13 - OCTOBER 25

Alberto Giacometti's attenuated figures must have presented a challenge to Rebecca Warren's penchant for exaggeration. She has addressed more florid greats—Rodin, Degas, Boccioni, de Kooning—and Giacometti's stripped-down vocabulary would offer her less to ridicule. But the allusion to Karen Carpenter in the exhibition's title, "Why Do Birds Suddenly Appear?," revealed that eating disorders, not existential isolation, informed Warren's take on the great Italian's work—and that she continues to hammer away at the boundaries of taste.

*Clouseau* and *When Gauguin* (all works bronze, 2014) have one, randomly hypertrophic breast, at groin height. Warren paints the lumpy surfaces of these undulating pillars with oils. Particularly skinny, *Jeu Jeun* ("fasting game") rests on an expansive base slathered in chalky hues, exaggerating its pathos by emphasizing the space enclosing it. With no base at all, *Basquiat* looks precarious.

Two slender, slight wall works in a constructivist vein and a pair of chunky bronze blobs on dollies provided formal counterpoints, but center stage belonged to the totemic figures. Identical except for nuances of their paint jobs, two works were titled *Long Ago* and *So Far Away*. The cranial contours of the sculptures' apexes were unmistakable, but does twinning the depiction of aloneness halve the effect, or double it?

STEPHEN MAINE