

inches), which is included, sheets of paper fly through the wreckage of a giant building, recalling the events of 9/11; throughout the ruins are what appear to be memorial structures. The Day-Glo figures reappear, sifting through the rubble, perhaps searching for survivors. Here they take on the look of the ghosts of a ruined civilization, as if the collapsing structures stood in for those who erected them.

—Brian Boucher

## Rebecca Warren at Matthew Marks

Rebecca Warren's New York solo debut, this show featured new cartoonily expressionistic sculptures made of unfired reinforced clay on a considerably smaller scale than the works for which she has achieved renown in her native U.K. Trolling the sculptural tradition of expressive figuration for iconic depictions of the female form to grapple with and caricature, the artist has previously confronted Rodin, Picasso and Boccioni, among others. Possibly Dubuffet and certainly William Tucker also feed this work. Warren's relation to her influences is so upfront that it becomes her content.

The stars of this show were some nutty little dancers, most under 4 feet high. *Madeleine* and *Courteille* are take-offs on that mixed-medium freak of art history, Degas's *Dancer, Aged Fourteen*, and they are modeled with the exuberant directness and tactile authority of de Kooning's *Clamdigger*. In each piece, the dancer's big toe protrudes from her gigantic platform heels, her tutu is reduced to a tiny apron and the ribbon in her hair is tied in a bow bigger than her head. Two of her nearly identical sisters are paired under Plexiglas in *The Twin*. *Clark* is a high-stepping cancan dancer with enormous bow-bedecked pumps, bulging calf muscles, flying skirts and flopping breasts. Warren presumably had the Frenchman's *Grande Arabesque* in mind for her *Grand Cru*: one foot is firmly planted in a shoe like a cinder block, and the other points skyward. Her torso

arches down, her arms sweep the plinth, and the ruffles of her tutu, splayed like enormous frantic petals, divulge her fluttering labia.

For some years, Warren has also constructed boxy assemblages. Here, two wall-mounted vitrines seemed ancillary to the modeled clay sculpture, although the smaller, *Pas de Deux*, lends its name to the show. In it, a circle of red neon the size of a softball illuminates a little landscape of lumps of clay and chunks of wood, bits of Styrofoam, twigs and a fuzzy pompom. *In the Bois* is similar, an archly wan accumulation of studio detritus and neon, all 16 feet of it: Joseph Cornell meets Keith Sonnier. Determinedly elliptical, comparatively reticent, the assemblages court the arbitrary but

*Sporting Lady* and *Cologne* are smaller, and brushily painted in tints of green and pink over a blackish base coat in a way that emphasizes their turbulent surfaces. With clay, the most earthbound of materials, Warren evokes a roiling formlessness.

—Stephen Maine

## Marvin E. Newman at Silverstein Photography

This exhibition included well over 100 of Marvin E. Newman's vintage black-and-white photographs, providing insight into his interests while reserving his color work for another day. Much admired for his achievement in the highly competitive field of sports photography, New-



Jin Meyerson: *Landfall*, 2005, oil, acrylic and india ink on canvas, 90 by 120 inches; at Zach Feuer.

are a bit too artful really to put themselves across.

Reminiscent of cartoon fist-fights where the odd foot, nose or elbow emerges from a scribbly whirl of lines are three masses of unpainted clay sporting breasts, limbs, lumps and flowers. About 3 feet high, they are positioned at eye level on white pedestals. The clay in *Louis* has a slightly dry appearance; in *Europa* rough furls seem to have bloomed from deep crevices and clefts. *In the Last Ditch I Think of You* is more generalized and cloudlike, its components abstract but for one conspicuous, large-nippled breast.

man here reveals a breadth of approach, exploring systems such as the grid or drawing on specific genres while adapting the effects of developing technology to his own artistic purposes. A student of Harry Callahan and Aaron Siskind at what was then the Institute of Design in Chicago, Newman in 1953 returned to his native New York, where Edward Steichen included him in a group survey at the Museum of Modern Art, "Always the Young Stranger."

The untitled photographs included in the Silverstein survey are on the small side, rarely as large as 11 by 14 inches, and are identified



**View of Rebecca Warren's exhibition "Pas de Deux," 2005; at Matthew Marks. (Review on p. 183.)**