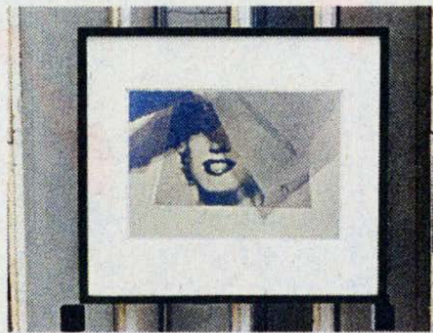


REGEN PROJECTS

Farago, Jason. "Galleries: Rachel Harrison." The New York Times (June 9, 2017) p. C16 [ill.]

The New York Times



COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND JASON MANDELLA/
GREENE NAFTALI, NEW YORK

RACHEL HARRISON

Through June 17. Greene Naftali, 508 West 26th Street, ground floor, Manhattan; 212-463-7770, greenenaftaligallery.com.

Rachel Harrison's effervescent exhibition "Prasine," filled with skew-whiff sculptures in painted polystyrene, is a paradoxical achievement: It appears totally new by treating originality as a nonstarter. Her gnarled art, entangled as it is with the history of sculpture, is also an act of rollicking invention.

As in previous shows by Ms. Harrison, bulky, contorted forms are pigmented with low-gloss paint that looks like stucco, and

then equipped with strange tackle: a soccer ball, a synthetic wig, an image of George Washington or Marilyn Monroe. The allusions have grown denser, though, and more specifically knotted into art history. "Winged Victory" contains a hot-blue mini version of the Louvre's Hellenistic masterpiece and a hot-pink tripwire that echoes the minimal art of Fred Sandback. "Every Sculpture Needs a Trapdoor" doubles down: A mishmash of ecru plates is impaled by a cylinder, then suffixed with a photocopied page from an essay on Sandback by the artist Andrea Fraser. Unlike the avant-gardists of the last century, eager to lay waste to the past, Ms. Harrison treats masterpieces and mass media alike as simply building blocks, chosen for their personal significance and reworked at will; "Bears Ears," a wild clump of mauve polystyrene, is pierced with a USB flash drive loaded with Harun Farocki's films.

How do you create in the face of history, and sidestep pastiche or citation for its own sake? Ms. Harrison answers: by treating

information itself as a material to be reshaped and circulated again. Several works feature a fluorescent green, the same color used on film sets to make digital composites — a further suggestion that this sparkiest of sculptors sees her art as links in an infinite chain of creation.