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REVIEW
Rachel Whiteread
Gagosian Gallery
456 N. Camden Drive, Beverly Hills
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Rachel Whiteread


In this, her first Los Angeles exhibition, Rachel Whiteread is showing a body of small-scale colorful plaster and resin groupings of casts of the inside of boxes and packing tubes, juxtaposed with bronze or metal casts of discarded packing materials such as broken chunks of Styrofoam, provocatively interrupted by rounder objects of uncertain provenance or use.

While retaining a minimalist nature in the deceptive simplicity of their geometries, these compositions radically depart from their antecedents as they embrace the anti-heroic pleasure of domestic intimacies, whimsically explore the tenor of the interior space of the discarded, and gracefully restore the mystery emanating from the silent contemplation of objects that inhabit our daily life.

In the gallery's central space stand three seat-less metal chairs stacked with pastel chalk-like imprints of long tubes. Fourteen small groups, set at eye level on white shelves, animate the walls. Wafer evokes the quiescent flatness of a Morandi still life in the rhythm of its geometries and muted yellows, greens, and slate grays; in Lineup slightly disjointed, truncated tubes jostle and dance in chalky oranges, greens, and grays. Yellow Edge, one of four larger groups on a low bench, is a stunning piece of Minimalist emotion where two translucent resin volumes stand on two cantilevered plaster slabs, each a different tone of yellow. The color is so pure one can almost feel it or taste it or hear it as it stridently bypasses or melts down our mental processes, yielding a feeling of intense and complete visual satiation. Upstairs, another tickle to the conceptual and the synesthetic, stands a luscious honey-colored cast of the inside of a beehive of perfect Palladian proportions. Floating on a white pedestal and inviting exploration of the tangibility of inner space -- gleefully going against the artist's own grain -- a translucent lavender resin dollhouse reconnects us with the empirical modes of childhood pleasure. While seducing us with their inner appearance or formal beauty, large or small, these volumes and their edges are interacting with all of space, inner and outer.

by Stephanie du Tan