



REBECCA MORRIS

An artist who believes in Painting with a capital P.



Rebecca Morris makes abstract paintings that run somewhat against the grain of current fashion. They are heartfelt, as opposed to drenched in that comforting, cynical, isn't-it-all-such-a-gas attitude called irony. Morris believes in Painting with a capital P, and moreover, in Abstraction with a capital A. She's even written a manifesto with lines like, "Whip out the masterpieces" and "Abstraction never left, motherfuckers!" Morris's newest paintings find her reveling in the pleasures of geometric shapes, arrows and sweet nothings. Sometimes, these are outlined with paint on an all-white or mottled canvas, and then filled in with stripes, brushstrokes or daubs. Morris paints on the floor atop a tarp, and the best thing in the show features pieces of that splattered studio drop cloth cut into shapes on top of a gold background— a

move that accentuates the striking negative-positive effect of the composition.

In these offbeat, folksy, messiness-meets-modernism works, Morris displays her unequivocal investment in a personal pictorial language. Still, though her paintings radiate charm and earnestness, they don't quite repudiate the mechanics of abstraction today. She actually follows many of the same rules as other painters of her generation—which is to say that she references art history as much as she breaks from it. But she is fearless in laying bare her flaws, even as she displays her talents. So hurray that she allows her paintings to exist as they are, without qualifications.