

ARTFORUM

CRITICS' PICKS

New York

Sara Cwynar

FOXY PRODUCTION
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In Sara Cwynar's pigment print *Tracy (Grid 1)* (all works 2017), the artist's titular friend reclines in an outfit of pale, foamy pink against a studio backdrop of multicolored squares. The bright, syrupy composition seduces from a distance, but up close you can see its flaws: the rips in the backdrop fabric, the chips in Tracy's nail polish, the web of wrinkles in her shirt, and the hollow, far-off look in her eyes, more dead than dreamlike.

The piece is one of many standouts in "Rose Gold," Cwynar's meditation on color. Throughout a small selection of photographs and one film of the same title, she asks a kaleidoscope of questions, among them: How does color captivate and manipulate us? Why do we react differently to hues over time? As she observes in the film, today we crave Apple products in rose gold but abhor as kitschy and fusty any item in *harvest* gold, a shade of mustard yellow trendy during the 1970s. And while a rose by any other name may smell as sweet, its color can convey a range of feelings, from sympathy to romantic love. It's unclear what Cwynar's *Flower*, a rose in vibrating, acidic purple, signifies. But as an object, it is no less "real," no less natural than the cultivated, hybridized stems we consume by the dozen.

In the second grid photograph on view, *Tracy (Grid 2)*, we see this woman once more before the same backdrop. Her pose is identical, save for her eyes, which stare questioningly out at the viewer, and her hands, which are downturned in front of squares of light, almost fleshy orange. Is she searching for a trace of herself—her body, her skin, her matter—amid the Pantone sea?



Sara Cwynar, *Tracy (Grid 2)*, 2017, pigment print mounted on Dibond, 30 x 38".

— Hannah Stamler