

# GLADSTONE GALLERY

Ken Johnson, "Sarah Lucas 'Nud Nob'," *The New York Times*, March 21, 2014, p. C25.

## Sarah Lucas

'Nud Nob'

Gladstone

515 West 24th Street, Chelsea

Through April 26

How far can you go with an art career based on limited set of pu-

erile dirty jokes? Pretty far, if you're Sarah Lucas, the British artist who since the 1990s has been producing grungy sculptural assemblages and photographs that visually pun on the sexually distinctive features of human anatomy. You wouldn't think her punk aesthetic could lead to monumental sculptures cast in

bronze and concrete, but it has — and with rousing results.

One of the most striking works here is a 17-foot-long squash cast in bronze and polished to a golden shine. Its realism evinces a high-tech process of replication and enlargement, while its long curving form is obviously phallic, a point underlined by the title,

"Florian," a boy's name. In a room of its own is "Eros," a highly realistic sculpture of an erect penis cast in concrete presented on a pedestal of crumpled, painted metal — a compacted car. The walls are papered by mural-size black-and-white photographs of the artist herself eating a banana. Elsewhere in the show are small-

er, polished bronzes that replicate partly deflated balloon sculptures of sad, rudimentary characters with absurdly inflated penises.

Ms. Lucas's amusing if not hilarious one-liners can be read as feminist spoofs of heroic, manly ambition calling to mind Henry Moore, Richard Serra and count-

less other great men whom the art establishment so reverently supports. But they have a deeper resonance, which comes from how they connect the viscerally low-minded and the intellectually high. This they do with terrific economy and shameless panache.

KEN JOHNSON