

# ARTFORUM



Libby Rothfeld, *Car #2*, 2015, cement, rocks, plaster, MDF, plaster, sand, ceramic, resin, 34 x 23".

NEW YORK

## Libby Rothfeld

KIMBERLY-KLARK

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Car parks, Sam's Club, mom's house, Target. At Panera Bread with your sister-in-law. Driving to Home Depot for shower hooks, a towel rack, new batteries. Take some more Tylenol, and you'll still feel like shit. This

stripe of existential cauterization sits at the heart of Libby Rothfeld's solo show—her first in New York—titled "Good To Think With, Good To Think Against." Rothfeld's work acts as a sort of excavation of selfhood from suburban life, an attempt to find distinction within a landscape of mediocre vistas and big-box desolation.

Rothfeld's three floor sculptures, all 2015, are mainly composed of distressed photographs depicting automobile interiors, adhered to planks of MDF with resin, which are mounted on tombstone-like cement slabs. Each work is skirted by sand embedded with small pieces of junk, such as old rubber bands and cracked bits of plastic. In *Car #3*, ceramic hands with pointed fingers on metal rods rise heavenward from a cluster of Subaru stars, while *Car #2* has a row of three demure, bunny-eared fetish figures nestled atop a close-up picture of a grimy dashboard vent. Rothfeld is trying to imbue these banal images and materials with a mythology, a spiritual life—attempting to forge a haunted heart amid some sham ruins.

*Warner Communications*, 2014, is an oil painting of a floating monolith with the Saul Bass–designed Warner Bros. logo levitating before it. It sits on the back wall of the gallery's closet, the floor within it littered with empty water bottles, cheap wire shelves, and flimsy sheets of painted wood. The painting feels like something pulled from a secret portfolio that could've belonged to Jack Goldstein—funny, smart, and in love with a dumb world that barely deserves it.

— Alex Jovanovich