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ART

Brandon Ndife

The title of this young sculptor's new series, "My Zone," seems clairvoyant in hindsight: Ndife's show at the Bureau gallery was slated to open on March 20, the same day that New York's nonessential businesses were ordered to close. Since then, his otherworldly amalgams of the man-made and the organic have languished alone. (You can visit them in the gallery's viewing room, bureau-inc.com, and you should, but know that seeing sculpture remotely can be a frustratingly disembodied experience.) The tone of Ndife's work is oracular, too, as cabinets and shelves, both built by the artist and salvaged, appear under siege by nature, bulging with corn husks, algae, elm roots, and dirt alongside abandoned dish racks and plates. The mood splits the difference between transmogrifying and enduring; an alternate title for Ndife's show might be "Change Is Inevitable." These furniture-sculptures have the talismanic power of Congolese *nkisi* figures, which incorporate seeds, nuts, and plants, and the same restless, phantasmagoric energy that led the Dadaist poet Tristan Tzara to write about "the tender light of objects that talk and dream in their sleep."

— *Andrea K. Scott*