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**Art Review: Nude 'Women' but with Attitude, by David Pagel
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Sarah Awad's bold, dreamy paintings leave the us-or-them attitude of old-fashioned feminism in the dustbin of history.

Replacing divisiveness with come-one, come-all promiscuity, the artist's nudes at Diane Rosenstein Fine Art take viewers on a tour of works by Picasso, Matisse and Degas, as well as David Park, Richard Diebenkorn and Manuel Neri.

Awad pulls it off because she paints like nobody's business. On 16 huge, mid-sized, and modestly scaled canvases, she lays down wild slabs of lusciously mixed colors that collide and make sparks fly.

Speedy swipes of loaded brushes trace graceful curves that make her figures not only pulse with life but seem on fire with desires and minds all their own.

Despite the heat, a sense of cool aloofness pervades Awad's paintings. Her figures are not tasty morsels served up for easy consumption. Like real people, they are complex constellations of impulse and mystery.

Some throw everything they've got into a casual, off hand gesture. Others sit cross-legged and stiff backed, as if their bodies were buildings. "The Women," Awad's L.A. solo debut, shows that when you've got the right stuff, you don't need to leave the studio to make paintings that engage the outside world – by changing it.