Natalie Mazorol
Funreal
November 7, 2026 – January 10, 2027

Natalie Mazorol's paintings are revealing. Rather than seduce with illusion, the paint and its application are happy to divulge a figurative event emerging from abstraction. You are witnessing something come into being. A spectral presence, psychologically immediate but resistant to a legible sensation. I'm still steadying my footing here, walking into another's dream. At least the pleasure isn't complicated.

Bodies are a ruddy patchwork of pinks, plums, mauves and taupes, proposing abdomens, hips, breasts and butts. Arms and legs extend less as limbs than gestures. Heads are either masked or altogether alien, offering only a semblance of face. Eyes, lips, hair and nipples flutter between mark and sign. Blacks, blues and greens masquerade as backgrounds for anonymous figures that aren't so much painted onto the surface as incarnated from it, borne of its sheens and textures. De Kooning slashed and slathered his way through imagery of women, while Maria Lassnig painted the body as if felt from within. Mazorol's figures, conspicuous in their own construction, invite one to ask: what remains of "woman" once you can see she was made?

Or you could have a good time.

Mazorol's paintings are enjoying themselves. Paint is both a sensuous substance from which the figures appear and a vessel for an intensity they do not explain. The face is where Mazorol settles the image. The body is where she can't. Which is to say the mind is still there, just not behind the eyes. The faces get a few marks. The bodies get everything else, layer over layer, scraped, covered, redone and redone until they have simply stopped cooperating.

Funreal is Natalie Mazorol's first exhibition with the gallery.