

Brosnan also deals with illusion. A sculpture stretching across a corner, for instance, is augmented by fake shadows painted onto the walls. The piece in question, *Daemons* (2000), features small, irregular half-ovals made out of masonite that are attached to a wooden stick protruding from adjacent walls. The bright orange "shadows" of this contraption painted onto the walls scramble one's perception to the point where it is hard to tell what is painted and what is three-dimensional, what is on the wall and what is angling into space. Brosnan's work consistently combines both-feet-on-the-floor weightiness and aerial exuberance in a way that's always visually engaging. Like Komoski, he also pulls in multiple allusions, for example, elements of *Daemons* suggest picket fences, gravestones and childlike drawings of ghosts. Such parallels made this show into a lively, rewarding visual conversation.

—Gregory Volk



Bill Komoski: *2/4/01*, 2001, acrylic on canvas, 84 by 60 inches; at Feature.

Bruce Brosnan: *Daemons*, 2000, acrylic, masonite, wood, 22 by 52 by 56 inches; at Feature.



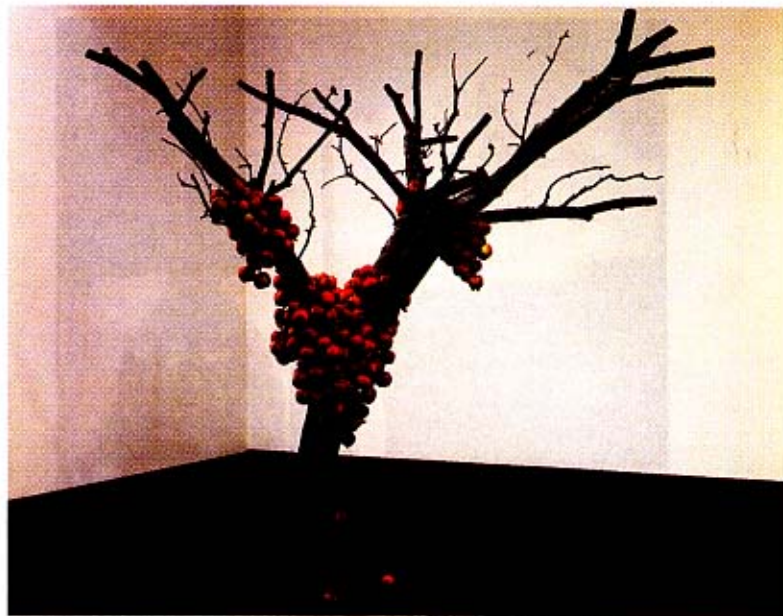
Anya Gallaccio at Lehmann Maupin

One of the things that has always separated Anya Gallaccio from her Brit-pack contemporaries is her celebration of organic processes. Painting walls with chocolate, decorating galleries with flower carpets, constructing a salt tower to be eaten away by the tide, installing a 34-ton block of ice in a pumping station—these monuments to ephemerality were meant to disintegrate, melt or rot, leaving behind only a memory. Whereas Damien Hirst's fish preserved in formaldehyde and Marc Quinn's blood frozen in refrigerated tanks arrest the processes of decay, Gallaccio's works, like *memento mori*, remind viewers that death is part of life.

Her latest show, "Blessed," continued to explore such ideas; however, it also represented a major departure for Gallaccio. She produced, for the first time, works that are "haveable" (to use her term), and the new pieces that resulted from this surrender to market realities differ both conceptually and formally from her previous work.

Many of the sculptural objects in the show embodied a Pop sensibility. In one corner, leaning against a wall, was a tiny bronze cast of a twig with berries; nearby, on the floor, were several life-size bronze casts of lima beans and their shells; in the back room were several cast-bronze potatoes, replete with sprouts. An earlier Gallaccio would have presented real potatoes and beans, leaving them to rot over the course of the exhibition. But now, these organic objects are suspended in time. They are secondary, solid objects based on quotidian originals, like Jasper Johns's ale can.

The most astounding piece on exhibit was a bronze apple tree with truncated limbs to which were affixed 400 real, rotting apples, which attracted fruit flies. The object provoked a slew of associations. Not only does one detect a nod to Cézanne and to New York's nickname but, given Gallaccio's reverence for Arte Povera, a reference as well to Giuseppe Penone, who has exhibited bronze trees with cast leaves since 1999. In



Anya Gallaccio: Installation view of *because nothing has changed*, 2001, cast bronze, apples, twine, approx. 110 by 79 by 59 inches; at Lehmann Maupin.

Gallaccio's tree, the inanimate meets the animate, creating an uncanny quality that will unfortunately disappear upon purchase, when the real apples are to be replaced by ceramic ones.

The overall strength of the exhibition (as is the case with most Gallaccio shows) was the experience of having one's olfactory, aural and visual senses stimulated all at once. In addition to the lingering odor of the scorched plywood floors (the artist's decision), the pungent scent of rotting apples and the buzz of fruit flies were notable. Like most artists working with impermanent materials, Gallaccio has decided to produce salable objects. But one is left wondering if her innovative, signature style has been compromised in the process.

—Maura Reilly

Renée Stout at David Beitzel

Renée Stout's recent show dealt with authority, but not that of the manifest world. Potions, spirits and spells—particularly those of a Creole variety—are her latest preoccupation. In the past, Stout's work has been concerned with inner-city American and tribal African esthetics. Here, her mostly mixed-medium creations suggest things found in the dusty attic of a voodoo priestess. Spirituality and sorcery, not especially popular subjects in the art world nowadays, turn out to be efficacious, down-to-earth ways of address-

ing more prevalent issues of race and gender.

The angry-looking scrawled text on *All Souls House of Prayer* (2000), a cabinet covered with cracked, chipped paint and patches of faded wallpaper, diaristically recounts an incident from the point of view of a woman who had paused in front of a church to examine a sun-bleached chicken bone covered with ants on the sidewalk, only to be rudely interrupted by a man driving by, asking "Hey, how 'bout it babe?" The intrusive voyeur didn't pause to notice he was messing with something (and someone) possibly sacred. His boorishness overrode his ability to recognize the fascinating cycle of life, death and decay before him. A crucifix hangs inside the cabinet, visible through a window mounted in its front.

The voodoo sensibility implied by most of the work in this show is especially pronounced in *Legba's Lesson Learned* (2000). The painting shows a *vever* (a mystical design usually drawn on the ground in ceremonies) for Legba, a deity who guards the crossroads between the visible, mortal world and the invisible, timeless realms. Large, beautiful patches of Rothkoesque black paint overlay mysterious grids of numbers, which make no apparent mathematical sense but rather insinuate that someone is busy figuring something out, perhaps numerologically.

Stout also has a knack for inserting poetic snippets of text into her work, Basquiat-style,