

or simply to touch its silken skin. Other works may be harder to admire at first glance, including the bronze edition of *Enfant au sein* (*Child at the breast*) from late 1889–90 or the ungainly countenances of *Madame Noblet* (c.1897–98) and *Yvette Guilbert* (1895). Such sculptural suggestions at times resemble misshapen lumps of matter, but they have their own slow-simmering potency, as does Rosso's entire, astonishing oeuvre.

—Lilly Wei

ATLANTA

Elizabeth Lide

The Museum of Contemporary Art of Georgia

With a focus on organizing space, Atlanta-based Elizabeth Lide explores how we shape—and are shaped by—our personal past. Her recent, multi-part installation of sculpture, drawing, and stitchery, *Putting the House in Order*, which marked the culmination of a 2015/16 Working Artist Project Fellowship awarded by the museum, investigated the literal and metaphorical influence of memory, family history, and accumulated domestic objects, all of which Lide believes can be both burden and assurance.

How much space does the past assume in our present lives? If memory were tangible, how would its connections manifest? A framed poem by the Chinese writer Ha Jin was integral to Lide's installation. Placed just beyond the airy, white curtains that established an entry

Above and detail: Elizabeth Lide, *Putting the House in Order*, 2016–17.

Built room inside gallery, paper and paper pulp, paint, stitchery, Ha Jin poem, drawings, clothes, family objects, plaster, aluminum vases poured from family objects, record player, 8-mm film, and plaster and paper-pulp vases with human hair and pigment molded from family objects, installation view.

into the gallery, it hung on a wall that Lide designed to reflect the principles of dynamic symmetry. In the text, the poet asserts that his past is as much a part of himself as the shadow that appears whenever he is in the sun. The past, he writes, "cannot be thrown off and its weight / must be borne, or I will become another man."

Lide's attachment to the past is strong. She engages its artifacts deliberately, with an eye to structure as a means of investigating their influence, but always with a light, meditative touch. Here, she transformed the cavernous white museum into a quiet, contemplative, and

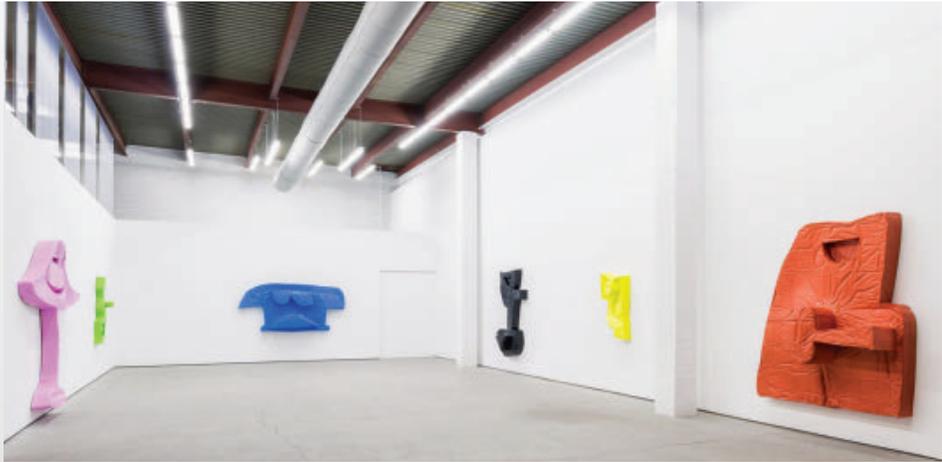
intimate space, an effect achieved, in part, through a centrally located, specially designed room-within-a-room, where these objects—and the order imposed on them—could be considered by viewers with a focus equal to her own. Elegant white-on-white vitrines became reliquaries, directing attention to delicate handkerchiefs, tiny leather baby shoes, sewing scissors, and Lide's father's stethoscope.

Subdued color was another unifying, calming factor—baby dresses and christening gowns in hushed ivory cotton batiste, generations old and all but transparent with time, or whispery silk slips and gowns in the

palest pastels. Lide introduced more color into her drawings—grid-like, reticulate, or shard-like shapes, like memory—which she calls in her statement "architectural, but unrealistic; shapes without function." Though welcome pops of bright red completed collected paper, and an occasional tangerine, ultramarine, or geranium pink made its way into the stitchery on pieces of tattered quilting displayed in embroidery hoops, Lide's overall palette reinforced the abiding effects of time and memory.

Lide revisits the past and brings it forward into the present in a meditation that, though it could have easily been otherwise, never dipped





Left: Daniel Boccato, *laxface*, 2016. Epoxy, fiberglass, and polyurethane, 55.5 x 31 x 12 in. **Above:** Daniel Boccato, installation view of “creepers,” 2016.

into the maudlin or nostalgic. Partly owing to the skill and respect with which she reinvents inherited or accumulated objects—acting on them, in turn, as they have acted on her—Lide steps into the same shoes as the poet Ha Jin. Wall-high columns of overlapping, tobacco-brown sheets of paper inherited from a friend formed an anchoring installation along the museum’s back wall. (Lide was born and raised in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, tobacco country.) Lide claimed the pages for herself, inscribing centering circles of gray on each sheet, suggesting wholeness, repetition, and timelessness.

Lide molded some of what she calls the “finer” inherited objects—crystal vases and pitchers, southern crockery, jugs, and ice buckets—in aluminum, pastel paper pulp, or plaster—then reinforced them with strips of fabric and her daughter’s hair. She arranged two dozen or so of these sculptures on a single shelf, above which 8mm home movies from the 1940s and ’50s flickered in a silent, bright loop of smiles, Easter dresses, and summer days—lives,

fleeting and ephemeral, like time itself, anchored by artifacts imbued with a personal sense of their enduring impact.

—Donna Mintz

BROOKLYN
Daniel Boccato
The Journal Gallery

Brazilian-born Daniel Boccato’s first solo exhibition in New York presented a fascinating demonstration of pluralities in terms of the linear logistics of fate. The exhibition consisted of half-a-dozen brightly colored, monochrome bas-reliefs in resin-soaked, cast fiberglass. The quirky silhouetted forms belie the sophistry of their facture—faux naïf that is neither faux nor naïve. Boccato builds poorly constructed molds in order to create intentionally “bad sculpture,” in the vein of so-called “Bad Painting.” Conceptually, this essentially disingenuous inherent contradiction is like staring into a funhouse mirror in which one’s image is repeated ad infinitum. Intentionally stupid equals intelligent equals stupid equals clever. So, is Boccato clever or a jerk? Or are they the same

thing? It is a duplicitous conundrum. He is attempting to capture an intuitive or naturalistic gesture by contravening craft while expertly employing current materials in a sloppy fashion. Maybe it is irritatingly smart; it is certainly not ignorant.

Many 20th-century Western Modernists looked to indigenous tribal cultures in their desire to countermand European conventions of style and materialistic elitism, which they declaimed as didactic and academic, a position that had already become academic by the time of its utterance. In fact, you could argue that Modernism was becoming tribal in and of itself as it hastily descended to the status of the mundane. How was that for a mouthful of artspeak? This is exactly what recent New York art school graduate Boccato is handing us. So, let’s get real. Does the stuff look good or not?

The colors are acidic and nifty, the titles obtusely cute, the subjects ambiguously referential or perhaps wholly abstract within their legions of referents to their own art historical lineage. I actually liked them quite a lot until I started thinking about all the layers of intention, and then I just got a headache.

Millennials, raised on television shows like *The Ren & Stimpy Show*—an amalgam of digital effects and

self-indulgently lousy draftsmanship—make sincerity a tough call. Jeff Elrod’s geeky paintings, for example, are based on the mishandling of a computer mouse. A couple of generations ago, Basquiat told me, “I let my dick do the thinking.” That got him famous and dead in a hurry. Duchamp drew a moustache on a photo of the Mona Lisa 100 years ago. Apparently contrivance will get you somewhere in the art industry. Where it will lead a talented and intriguing artist like Boccato is something I will follow with honestly enthusiastic interest and curiosity. An urbane, ironic, albeit good-natured, masquerading smirk is not a smile. Radical chic is old news. My quaint personal ideal is so old-fashioned, it may be revolutionary—make a masterpiece instead of mocking it.

—Christopher Hart Chambers

NEW YORK
Kevin Francis Gray
Pace Gallery

Kevin Francis Gray’s recent solo exhibition found the neoclassically inspired bronze and marble sculptor making his boldest moves yet in testing the representational ideal of the human figure against a contemporary perspective. More than ever, the exploration of tensions inherent in the dichotomy between figuration