

Jeff Brouws: Approaching Nowhere

Robert Mann Gallery, New York. In his static, unpopulated, bleak but beautiful photographs, Brouws has for some years chronicled the metastacizing sprawl of big-box architecture and golden arches, and the concomitant desiccation of downtown areas. In his persuasive writings, he refers to such places as part of "the franchised landscape." Overall, the tone of this show was elegiac, but a few faintly playful images, also evoking transience and travel, seem less pedagogical, like a shot of the distant, swelling glow of an oncoming pair of headlights, about to pop above the crest of a snow-caked roadway.

—*Stephen Maine*