

resembling small statuettes of Hindu deities; the piece is titled *Over and Over, Little Gods*. Kaczynski also juxtaposed faux-wood paneling with real wood two-by-fours in *4:00 AM*—a possible nod to Duchamp's affinity for pitting the real against the representational, the idea against the object. *Crevice*, a sculpture made of roofing rubber and two-by-fours bearing traces of pink fluorescent paint bore some resemblance to a large animal with a protruding tail.

Brancusi once famously remarked that a great work of art functions like a well-planned crime, and Kaczynski's fabulously orchestrated coup here had to do with a peephole in one of the pieces that looked out at the entire installation. The view revealed all the objects in the show carefully positioned to create a loose but recognizable configuration of Duchamp's *Étant donnés*, making absolute the Dadaist's influence on the show—except that Kaczynski's female is rendered entirely out of negative space. The artist's careful aping of Duchamp's work doesn't titillate but cleverly enforces awareness of his distasteful habit of presenting the female figure as a symbolic void. Throughout, Kaczynski demonstrates an affinity for and surefooted tweaking of subtle currents that have run through the last century's art, but she keeps it intelligent and grubby enough that it feels plenty alive right now.

—Sarah Valdez

Rob Fischer at Cohan and Leslie

Aligned with the gallery's entrance were three elements signaling this Minneapolis-born, Brooklyn-based artist's central concerns. The imposing *Altar* (all works 2004-05) is one of Fischer's signature dumpster-based forms, variations of which were seen in 2004 in the Whitney Biennial and in the Brooklyn Museum's "Open House" exhibition. Upended, paneled inside and out with mirrors that made its bulk disappear, and outfitted with two bare bulbs at the apex, it had an intentionally incommensurate opening the size of a small door. The natural inclination was to walk around it, but through this monumental, functionless gateway could be glimpsed, on the far wall of



Rob Fischer: *Altar*, 2004-05, fabricated dumpster, mirrors, electrical wiring, 146 by 64 by 40 inches; at Cohan and Leslie.

the gallery, *Highway 71 No. 1*, an arresting, enigmatic photograph of a nondescript mobile home apparently engulfed in flames. In the space between was *Summary (Goodyear Ecology)*, a waist-high steel trough that held a load of sodden turf sprouting long, weedy grass.

This latter piece, loudly draining water into a bucket, was also the origin and terminus of a narrow, snaking pipe that circulated water to the glass-and-steel *Greenhouse No. 4 (Repetitive Cycles)*, in which an impressive crop of moss was being cultivated, and through a cluster of shedlike objects called *Chapters 1-4*. Plywood framed with two-by-fours, each 7-foot-high segment was a disembodied, L-shaped section of narrow corridor lit by a single dangling bulb, in which dark, worn floorboards contrasted with patchy white plaster. The space between units was equivalent to the width of the corridors, heightening the claustrophobia.

Like the installation, the photos included in the exhibition have a head-turning immediacy but elliptical meaning. The "Highway 71" series already glimpsed (each work is 42 inches square) depicts a mobile home beyond a snow-covered driveway and junk-filled yard, in a sequence of three blurry shots from a passing car. The prints are meticulously painted to look as if the structure

is burning. Taken milliseconds apart, each contains a wildly disparate amount of smoke and flame. In *Unity Road No. 1-5*, shots from various angles of a trailer home parked on the edge of an overgrown field, yellow-orange flames are the immediate focal point in the otherwise chromatically muted prints. In one, tongues of flame and wisps of smoke begin to emerge from the trailer's windows, while in another, the blaze has engulfed it, and a cloud of thick black smoke rises above the sullen trees into the leaden sky.

The photos may symbolize working-class rage; rural poverty was the ghost haunting the show. There's a strain of black humor as well. Ducking through one of those pointless corridors, the viewer comes into awkward proximity with a pile of crumpled, rusty sheet metal, pipes, old windows and more flooring, stashed in a corner like rubbish. The title is *Abstract Sculpture*. And the endlessly draining and refilling *Summary*, which contains a transplanted tire track in the mud, is as sure a symbol of futile effort as a treadmill.

—Stephen Maine