

The Brooklyn Rail, May 2004, Daniel Baird, “Open House: Working in Brooklyn”

Louise Bourgeois’s two death heads from 2002, made from faded, ragged tapestries wrapped around aluminum, are savage, terrifying, and luxuriant, their toothless-mouth holes emitting silent screams. Though inevitably less ferocious, Elana Herzog’s threadbare chenille bedspread stapled to the wall has a sumptuous melancholy, its patterns revealed by unraveling and disintegration. Bourgeois’s and Herzog’s different evocations of nostalgia, luxury, decay and terror seem appropriate to this moment in time: one can almost see worms eating through these works.