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ART IN REVIEW

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The squarish space at Plus Ultra is small, even by Williamsburg standards, but it is the perfect setting for JoAnne Carson's "Bouquet," which resembles a rose tree infested by several other species of plant, or a giant dyed-flower corsage in a roomy box. All the blooms are big, made of pale turquoise fabric, and most seem anatomically correct right down to the leaves and stamen. Even the most botanically challenged will recognize day lilies, morning glories, sunflowers and cherry blossoms.

But several are completely fictitious, like the large daisy with an eye of lilacs; and a few display mildly sinister malformations. The work's unapologetic decorativeness recalls the late 1970's work of artists like Robert Kushner and Ree Morton. Its fragility and distorted scale give it the giddy beauty of glass flowers or some of Cy Twombly's more attenuated sculptures.

Perhaps a result of grafting run amok or gardening with steroids, perhaps a comment on genetic engineering, "Bouquet" might also be a metaphor for social tolerance and coexistence: it takes all kinds.

This is Ms. Carson's first show in New York in more than 10 years. It is also the culmination of methodical progress -- from painting to painted relief to painted wall sculptures -- into three dimensions. More than ever before, she seems to be in her element.