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has always been greater than the whole. Her brightly colored pileups and scatterings of mouths and ears and shoes and teeth and baby-bottle nipples, sculpted in clay and fabric, manage to be both ghoulish and witty, and give real bite to body art. Now Pondick has expanded her territory, creating an installation in the lobby of the Brooklyn Museum, entitled "Mine," on view through January 2, 1997. (A show of her works on paper is at the Susan Inglett Gallery in SoHo.) Incorporating bizarrely scaled furniture, hundreds of clay ears, a clothesline, and the words I WANT scribbled compulsively throughout, "Mine" is Pondick's most powerful evocation yet of the childish fears and desires, and the all-consuming greed, that lurk behind even the most civilized behavior.

courtesy of Sidney Janis Gallery, New York