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Rescue the Desperate

THAT BOOK
Joe Klein and Mr. Peepers
Meditate on Madam
President and Kitty Kelley

NEW YORK
All-American Weekends

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$2.50
STopping off at Artists Space, I ran across Jim Rittimann's exhibition, "Reconstructions," one of the eeriest sets of creatures since Godzilla rose from the atomic mud of post-Hiroshima Japan. Rittimann, from Washington State, locates the wire-thin bones of real frogs, bats, snakes, mice, and insect wings and carapaces. These he reassembles with such perfect delicacy that the tiny ivory skeletons seem to be strange mutations, pinned to their mats like butterflies and given anthropomorphic gestures (several appear to be dancing). It's as though a race of Liliputians had been designed by Hieronymus Bosch and catalogued by a mad herpetologist. That they were once alive (if not quite in this form) lends them unbearable poignancy. Somehow, precarious life invades them. (223 West Broadway; through May 4.)