

LIFE LINES

Marianne Macy Tells How Suicide Hot Lines Rescue the Desperate



THAT BOOK

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



Art/Kay Larson THE GREAT PLUNGE FORWARD

APRIL 22, 1991/NEW YORK

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 Lilliputians 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.)