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**Gabriela Fridriksdottir,
Daniel Hesidence
and Will Ryman**

By ROBERTA SMITH
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If you thought the abject had ceased to be a factor in current art, consider this weird but effective grouping of three artists and their shared attraction to creepiness, slime and pushing the envelope of humanness.

The entry-level space of this small two-floor gallery is occupied by the hairless, pinheaded gnomes of Will Ryman's "Family Dinner," which includes parents, three children, two cats and a television from which Wolf Blitzer delivers the evening news. Rendered at nearly life size in Plastelina, they all exude an alien, unsettling malleability, as if they have gone AWOL from a Claymation cartoon. A black hand reaching out of the fireplace heightens the air of pale-skinned cluelessness.

Upstairs awaits "Operazione Oesophagus," a small video installation of an ooze-drenched performance by Gabriela Fridriksdottir, an Icelandic artist who has worked with Bjork (her second cousin) on music videos and album covers and is representing her country at this year's Venice Biennale with a more ambitious version of this piece.

Working with a food processor, milk and powdered cocoa poured from a white sculpture of a head, Ms. Fridriksdottir covers herself in

chocolatey goo, which she also drinks and regurgitates; emerges from and disappears into a slimy pod; and makes clever use of pantyhose and a mop head. The net results evoke an earlier phase of human ritual, if not evolution, while displaying considerable debt to earlier feminist artists like Louise Bourgeois, Carolee Schneemann, Eva Hesse and Karen Finley, as well as to the king of Nordic camp, Odd Nerdrum.

An imposing cavelike form made of sewn and stuffed gray felt makes the most lasting impression. Its strangeness of shape and detail carries over to Ms. Fridriksdottir's somewhat gloppy biomorphic paintings enlivened by hairy details. Two are on view and they may be the way to go.

Crowded into the last parlor, the show's coup de gr? is a suite of 26 small paintings of severed heads by Daniel Hesidence. They are rendered in seductive whites, pinks, yellows and browns with much exuberant gouging and flaying of paint and features alike. Reminiscent of the heads of both Fautrier and Tchelitchev, these beings seem less like victims of torture than of hallucination. They push the grotesque toward the visionary, the slimy toward the sublime. ROBERTA SMITH