

best known for her powerfully understated site-specific public monuments, notably the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington. This traveling show focuses on her less familiar sculptures and works on paper and does much to clarify the themes that have shaped her work, from the merging of nature and science to the subliminal play of Asian thought.

These elements are distilled in the three large pieces that form the exhibition's centerpiece. One, "Untitled (Topographic Landscape)," is a platformlike floor piece made of rows of unpainted particle board cut out in swelling patterns, like waves or undulating terrain. Another, "Phases of the Moon," is a line of six convex beeswax disks hung on the wall, each designed to cast a different-size crescent shadow. The third, "Avalanche," is a cone of crushed glass piled up floor to ceiling in a corner of the gallery.

Individually, the works point up several things, including Ms. Lin's art historical models (Isamu Noguchi and Robert Smithson among them) and her gift for extracting metaphorical resonance from the least glamorous natural and industrial materials.

But it is when the works are seen as a unit that they make most sense. Viewed from a certain vantage in the gallery, they cohere into a panoramic landscape of mountain, moon and sea, a panorama crystalline in its simplicity but shot through with implications of change.

The show, organized by Jeff Fleming for the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art and accompanied by a catalogue with an essay by the critic Michael Brenson, also includes maquettes, pastel studies and photographs of several of the artist's projects from the last decade. Some of the entries are primarily archival, but taken together the work is a reminder that in the best public art — and Ms. Lin's is an example — the line between public and personal is all but invisible. (The show travels to the Des Moines Art Center, Feb. 19 to May 23, 1999, and to the Contemporary Arts Museum in Houston, July 17 to Sept. 12, 1999.)

HOLLAND COTTER

Bili Bidjocka, Los Carpinteros and Rivane Neuenschwander

New Museum of Contemporary Art
583 Broadway, near Prince Street
SoHo

Through Sept. 20

The five young artists sharing space on the New Museum's second floor (Los Carpinteros is a three-man group) are making their New York debuts with this show. And although they come from very different parts of the world, they have some things in common: they are all producing low-key, low-tech work that tends to play down, without exactly eliminating, overt references to national identity.

The members of the collective Los Carpinteros — Alexandre Arrechea, Dagoberto Rodriguez and Marco Castillo — are in their 20's

that ran out of funds halfway toward completion, a state of affairs commonly encountered in Cuba today.

Rivane Neuenschwander, born in Brazil and living in London, also incorporates pick-up materials, but of a somewhat different kind. The area set aside for her at the museum seems at first glance to be almost empty. Closer inspection reveals that she has lined a section of the wall and floor with sheets of adhesive tape, which are covered with lint, hair and dirt picked up in her London home.

If Ms. Neuenschwander carried her immediate past with her, Bili Bidjocka, a Paris-based artist from Cameroon, who showed at the Johannesburg Biennale last year, looks a bit further back in time for his. At the New Museum he has created a kind of interior garden, based on memories of his African childhood. A patch of fragrant grass grows in the center of the room; the lighting brightens and dims to suggest the change of day into night; a tape alternates the sounds of music, rushing water and voices talking.

Whether these artists are seen to best advantage in this show is a question. Their spare, reticent art tends to blend together in close quarters and often ends up looking tepid rather than suggestive. But they are an interesting group, and it will be good to see them individually down the line.

HOLLAND COTTER

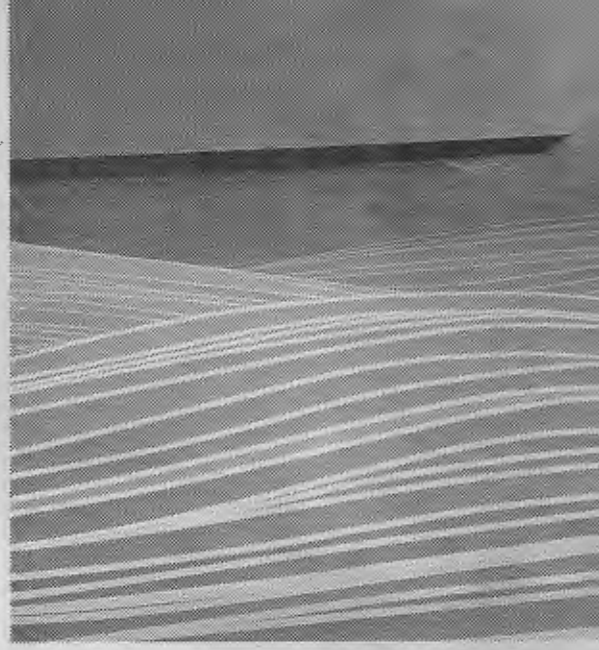
'Educating Barbie'

Trans Hudson
416 West 13th Street
West Village
Through Oct. 3

This interesting but unconvincing exhibition is supposed to be about painting. Instead of paintings, however, it presents sculptures and photographs presumed to have some bearing on the future of painting. The notion of the Barbie doll being educated about contemporary art and theory figures in the show's pretentious catalogue essays but is irrelevant to the contents of the exhibition.

A heavy-handed comment on the death and commodification of painting is a piece by Peter Lloyd Lewis, the co-curator: a nondescript sport jacket on a hanger has three blank canvases attached, each bleeding red paint from a hook that pierces it. The other co-curator, Mark Harris, who like Mr. Lewis lives in England, presents a reproduction of a ridiculous pair of pants worn by the singer Al Green on the cover of his "Greatest Hits." It's amusing but hard to relate to painting.

Other works include a trompe l'oeil dirty snow bank, complete with urine stain, by Graham Durward; Beom Kim's floor-bound canvas with a dog's footprints cut out and resewn into place; Jemima Stehli's photographic homage to Ad Reinhardt in which the artist



A merging of nature and science: An exhibition of Ms. Lin's piece "Untitled (Topographic Landscape)" and, below,

herself, dressed in a black sex costume, is obscured by dark shadows, and Louise Lawler's big photograph of a Frank Stella painting seen through the windows of a glitzy corporate lobby.

Upon reflection, these and other works in the show (though not all) can be related to painting; what painting informed by such a background might look like remains to be seen.

KEN JOHNSON

Monica Majoli

Feature
76 Greene Street
SoHo
Through Oct. 3

Shock is cheap, or so some people would say. But it can be alloyed with other values to powerful effect, as it is in the paintings of Monica Majoli, a young artist from California.

The two startling works that make up this exhibition, Ms. Majoli's first solo in New York, offer a resonant mix of the sacred and the profane. One is a nearly life-size, intensely realistic full-length picture of the artist herself, naked, eyes closed, standing against a glowing orange backdrop and holding a strap-on dildo. The other, a 15-inch circular painting, represents the artist naked and alone in bed, playing with two dildos.

The paintings have been beautifully made. Ms. Majoli devoted two years to each, which shows in the smoothly rendered forms, the incandescent luminosity and the glossy surface of the larger picture. Every element of the bedroom painting, including the ruffled bed and its patterned spread, the louvered windows, the lamp and other objects on the bedside table, is described with the loving attentiveness of a Northern Renaissance painter. But there is something slightly primitive about these works, too; they could be the efforts of a self-taught outsider.

Even as they phy, the painting's aura. In the star artist is like a sa The small pain certain Indian n the erotic and th trically wed.

Sidney Goodman

Salander-O'Reilly
20 East 79th Street
Manhattan
Through Sept. 26

For some fou Goodman, the F and allegorist, h ing the human tures are usual for their image qualities. Like J works out of s humanistic im shake off the ha and he often lap clichés. In this there's a past which the artist scured by the w an all too obvio

Mr. Goodman have an impres sweep. "Passage about 7 by 10 might be an eme in a third-worl tal figures crow while a helicopt couple on a skyh a Mediterranean under a sky of t hard to know w there's compell gency in the wic and in the sme owed realism wi ed.

On a more p Goodman often between men a which he seems In one painting, a silly red hat, re himself, sticks h