

it to happen and therefore it will, logic notwithstanding).

There is a sense of a carefully orchestrated disorientation, both spatial and conceptual. Things overlap, sometimes augmenting one another, sometimes canceling each other out. Circles abound: pipes and tubes and cylinders, buckets and urns, loops of electric wire, the "Spaceball," video images of the earth photographed from space, a tape of off-road scooters racing around a track, a rotating potter's wheel, circular astrological charts (for a fee you can get yours done via computer), as well as a host of cyclical mechanical operations.

It is all rather overwhelming and theatrical, as indeed it is meant to be. Rhoades has energy to spare and a sure way with materials, but the problem remains: is all this hubbub really necessary? How different is work like this from those 19th-century academic "machines," with their self-satisfied grandeur and complexity? Would a narrowing of focus or a sharpening of clarity improve matters, or is a certain profligacy at the heart of the enterprise? This was, to be sure, a lively and spirited installation, but quite possibly a situation where the sum of the parts is greater than the whole.

—Richard Kalina

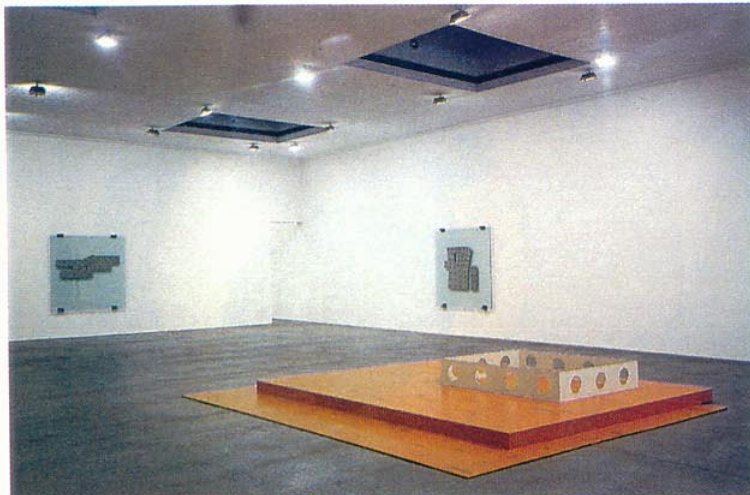
Marta Chilindron at Cecilia de Torres

In her first solo show following five years of collaboration with conceptual artist Eduardo Costa, Marta Chilindron offered three full-sized constructions and five variously scaled maquettes. A New York sculptor

of Uruguayan origin who trained at SUNY, Chilindron has worked for the past 16 years primarily with furniture forms. Most often her "groupings" include recognizable versions of chair, bed, table or bookcase, which she transforms into near abstractions by severely flattening or angling their shape so that they appear extremely foreshortened. Some of the works, like the show's ghostly gray wooden piece from 1985, wedge themselves into the juncture between wall and floor; others are free-standing. In either case, the artist's spatial manipulations result in a strikingly poetic, Minimalist version of these commonplace objects.

Chilindron is clearly interested in the volumetric relations between the components of each piece. *No. 101* (1997), for example, is quite large—112 inches high by 132 inches wide—but compressed into a depth of only 15 inches. The various elements of the work—skewed renditions of an armoire, a bed and a bookcase—intensify the viewer's feeling that the contents of an entire room have been almost completely squashed into two dimensions. *No. 102* (1997), an 81-by-70-by-13-inch maquette made of foamcore, also speculates on the proportional relations of different shapes: a "chair" against a "table" against two flat rectangles (representing a cupboard and a painting). Their uniform white color tends to idealize the basic geometric forms.

No. 103 (1997), the most abstracted sculpture in the show, is composed of three triangular blocks placed in a line on the floor. These elements



Jean-Marc Bustamante: Installation view, 1997; at Matthew Marks.

present a series of slight variations: one end section (derived from a lying-down wall shelf) is solid, the middle unit (from an upright armchair) incorporates an overhanging rectangular "headrest" form, and the third part (from a recumbent desk) is open in its center. Made of a concretelike synthetic material covering a wooden frame, the piece feels monumental despite its moderate size—the tallest element is bit more than 3 feet high.

Chilindron's skillful handling of geometries works no matter what the scale. Even the smallest models for earlier sculptures (two were wall-hung here, two on pedestals) look as though their translation into larger dimensions would be compelling. Several of the 10-inch-high maquettes seem to explode outward from a single horizontal axis, thus appearing massive despite their tabletop size.

The show's title, "Dimensions," suggested the artist's strong focus on the reciprocity between perspectival renderings and sculpture. The viewer is constantly reminded (by odd vantage points and abrupt juxtapositions) that the act of seeing is equally retinal and conceptual. One detects here an affinity both to the object-shadow drawings of Brazil's Regina Silveira and, more distantly, to the mid-century constructivism of Joaquín Torres-García and his followers (this gallery's usual fare). For Chilindron, it seems, the mathematical dialogue of forms constitutes a powerful bridge between the domestic and the metaphysical.

—Jonathan Goodman

Jean-Marc Bustamante at Matthew Marks

The core of this perplexing exhibition by French artist Jean-Marc Bustamante was a set of three quasi-architectural elements (one hesitates to call them a sculpture) in the center of the spacious gallery. Titled *Site II* (1992), the work consists of a slab of steel, incompletely swabbed with a layer of bright orange paint, lying beneath a smaller raised platform, which is also treated with orange paint. In one corner of the platform, positioned so that the three elements form a kind of stepped construction, is a square enclosure whose sides are sheets of steel, painted white and perforated with regular holes like girders from an erector set.

The only other objects visible in the main space were five glass-and-metal wall pieces (*Partition I-V*, 1996). For each piece, a sheet of plate glass had been rather ostentatiously mounted several inches away from the wall by hefty metal brackets. Fastened to the front of the glass with large bolts were metal plates in various configurations.

What was the viewer to make of an installation which offered so few clues as to the artist's intention? Did the glass works offer a deconstruction of the elements of painting, à la Robert Ryman? Was the stepped platform an art work of unmanipulated industrial materials in the manner of Carl Andre? Was *Site II* supposed to mark out a territory? What was the significance of the fact that the orange coating was rust-resistant paint? And why did the

Marta Chilindron: View of exhibition, 1997; at Cecilia de Torres.

