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## "Andy Warhol" Whitney Museum

Almost everything on display in this splendid, though inevitably too small, retrospective, organized by the museum's senior curator, Donna De Salvo, feels, even now, definitively new. The show hits the most famous points—the Marilyns and the Elvisses, the Jackies and the Maos—and some that are lesser known, such as precocious drawings from Warhol's youth in his home town of Pittsburgh. The hundreds of items can provide only a sample of a prodigious output of paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, posters, advertising illustrations, photographs, films, videos, audios, writings, publications, and deathless ephemera. One room is crammed with eighty-four star and socialite portraits as hieratic as Byzantine icons. Elsewhere, many of Warhol's multihued "Flowers" of the sixties adorn his chartreuse-and-cerise "Cow Wallpaper," from the same period. It's like a chromatic car wash—you emerge with your optic nerve cleansed, buffed, and sparkling. Warhol could get away with practically anything because practically nobody believed in his sincerity: people haplessly projected cynicism onto his forthright will to surprise and beguile.—*Peter Schjeldahl (Through March 31.)*

## "Atea: Nature and Divinity in Polynesia" Metropolitan Museum

Installed in a small gallery with midnight-blue walls, this fascinating exhibition of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century religious and ritual objects is named for a moment of tremendous cosmological significance; *atea* refers to the primordial piercing of the darkness, which precipitated the birth of the first generation of Polynesian gods. On view are examples of the ceremonial garb of their chiefly descendants, including a regal headdress from the Austral Islands. Its striated crescent shape echoes a Tuamotuan diagram of the universe; its feather and shell components are believed to function as conduits to the divine. Mythological properties of natural materials are evident and emphasized in all of the artifacts on view; particularly captivating are a bolt of densely pigment-patterned bark cloth from the Cook Islands, of the kind used to wrap sacred objects and bodies, and a coconut-fibre "god house" from Fiji. The portable shrine, a miniature temple modelled after a life-size one, astounds with its intricate woven construction and graceful, double-spired silhouette.—*Johanna Fateman (Through Oct. 27.)*

## "Bruce Nauman" Museum of Modern Art

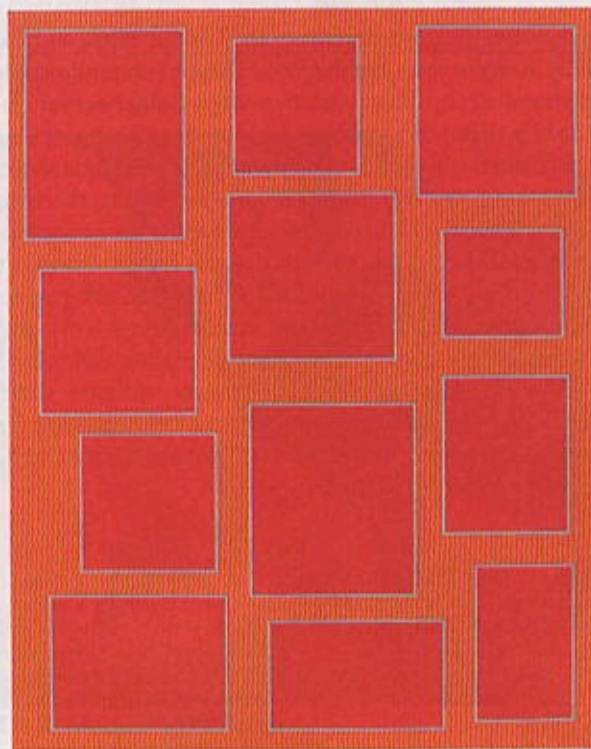
This immense retrospective, titled "Disappearing Acts," which is also at MOMA PS1, in Long Island City, is a discontinuous parade of creative brainstormings that tend

toward engulfing installations of sculpture, film, video, neon, and sound, any of which might anchor the whole career of a less restive artist. Nauman began, in the mid-sixties, by testing an idea that anything an artist does in an artist's studio must be art. He made videos of himself walking in monotonous patterns and sawing on a violin tuned to D, E, A, and D; the tapes are boring on purpose, meant to bring the droning passage of recorded real time into the real time of exhibition spaces. All of Nauman's works are partly—or largely—ordeals for viewers. He is often humorous to the point of slapstick, but never ironic. You can't get in on his jokes. (If you think he's making fun of you, you are flattering yourself.) What does it take to tolerate, much less to esteem, such art? It takes a commitment equalling that of the artist—making of the show an adventure that is as much ethical as it is aesthetic.—*P.S. (Through Feb. 18.)*

## "Maya Lin" Hudson River Museum

The Mohican name for the Hudson River was Mahicannituc—waters that are never still. Lin reflects that shifting nature in a dozen elegant works made of aluminum, bamboo, bluegrass seeds, recycled silver, palladium leaf, stainless-steel pins, encaustic, walnut ink, and, most dramatically, thousands of green glass marbles. The title of the exhibition, thoughtfully curated by Miwako Tezuka, is "A River Is a Drawing." It would seem to be a sculpture, too. The best pieces here are the site-specific installations that put three dimensions through the paces of two. A metal lattice, representing the river's submarine canyon, is a thirty-foot-long graphic suspended in space. As the marbles shimmer along the floor, then flow up the walls and across the ceiling, they become dotted lines on a sheet of paper, a map in the midst of being folded. Lin has been an environmental activist for many years, and

## AT THE GALLERIES



The mid-career American painter **Cameron Martin** established himself at the turn of the twenty-first century with grisaille pictures of barren landscapes that suggested a collaboration between Carlton Watkins's camera in the American West and a Xerox machine. You knew that Martin, a graduate of the Whitney's theory-er-than-thou Independent Study Program, was a very serious artist because his impressive work resisted retinal pleasure. So it's a thrill to see him having serious fun in the tantalizing, full-color canvases—surprise! they're abstract—in "New Congress," his first show at the James Fuentes gallery (through Jan. 13). Each one is a Rubik's Cube for the eyeballs, a reminder that painting itself is an ongoing game, toggling flat planes of pattern and color—a trick of logic, skill, and intuition.—*Andrea K. Scott*