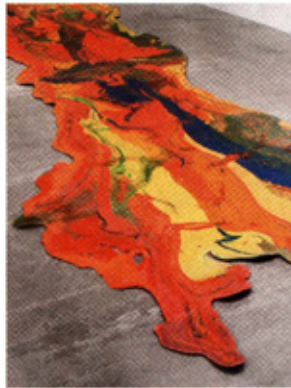




THE NEW YORKER

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK MAKING A SPLASH

Prepare to be floored. The Lynda Benglis show at the New Museum—a four-decade survey of sculpture, supported by high-octane videos,



Polaroids, and magazine clips—is ravishing, radical, and long overdue. Born in Lake Charles, Louisiana, in 1941, the artist came to New York in the mid-sixties to paint when painting was dead and

minimalism was rising. The always irreverent Benglis combined them, pouring pigmented latex right onto the floor in a mashup of Jackson Pollock and Carl Andre. The big oozing puddles erupted past rigid geometries into wild and fecund terrain (the body or the bayou, take your pick). It was a knotty time to make art, and Benglis literalized it in tangles of painted and glitter-flecked cotton bunting, which gave way to elegant arabesques of pleated metal and Zen-punk wonders in glass and ceramic. Lately, she's turned her attention to outdoor fountains made of cast bronze. Dublin's Irish Museum of Modern Art has installed one. Here's hoping the sculpture garden at MOMA is next.

—*Andrea K. Scott*