

ART IN REVIEW

power-play decorum, is accompanied by an undignified soundtrack of porn-film cries and moans.

Unsurprisingly, no executive types can be found on the premises, though other figures can. Under the reception desk, behind a sheet of plexiglass like an anthropological specimen or the relics of a saint, wrapped in blankets, is a sleeping figure with long black hair. Under the conference table is another blanket-shrouded figure, male by the look of his shoes, crouching on all fours, as if he were having sex or maybe hunting for something he has lost.

Along with everything else in the installation, Mr. Heist has created the drawings that form the "corporate collection." They are very fine, and clearly he could make a career on his draftsmanship alone. That he is willing to make it part of a larger, riskier and more challenging project is much to his credit, and it pays off in a sly, funky show that, among other things, floats the idea of converting corporate boardrooms into shelters for the homeless.

HOLLAND COTTER

Lisa Yuskavage

Marianne Boesky Gallery
535 West 22nd Street, Chelsea
Through June 27

Lisa Yuskavage continues to paint sly, soft-porn fantasies of pneumatic women in hazes of auto-erotic reverie. This show is modest compared with more sensational previous ones, but it is still one of the most compelling painting exhibitions up right now.

Larger pictures include "Couch," in which a voluptuous odalisque, nude but for a bikini bottom of shiny colored balls, lolls on a blue chaise under faux-Rococo erotic pictures in oval frames. In "Grooming," a snub-nosed maid in a buttoned-up dress tends the hair of a nude goddess whose loins are swaddled in drapery; a golden-edged, purple cloud bank looms romantically in the background.

Among smaller pictures, painted with a sketchy yet generous touch, there is "Lupe and Lola," at play

together in nothing but garters and stockings. There are also several versions of "Babie," a pudgy, anxious girl in a sheer negligee and no pants who might be one of the artist's inner selves. "Smiley," with windblown hair and a yellow, noseless, crazily smiling face, recalls the scary weirdness of paintings Ms. Yuskavage has made in the past.

Some will say that she is subversively toying with the male gaze; others, noting the melting light in her pictures, that she is mainly a fine painter. Still others might read her overheated style as a spoof of a certain Old World painterly kitsch. Underlying all that is the daring exploration — at once carnal, mystical and funny — of forbidden zones of feminine experience and desire. It all makes an exhilarating, mysteriously ambiguous visual poetry.

KEN JOHNSON

Cornelia Parker

D'Amelio Terras
525 West 22nd Street, Chelsea
Through tomorrow

There is a curious literalism about certain forms of conceptual art. If Hamish Fulton, for example, says he hiked a certain mileage in the name of art, we have to believe that he really hoofed the whole distance. Cornelia Parker, a London-based artist with a considerable international exhibition record, belongs in that category. This show features an installation of rough balls of mud hanging from the ceiling by strings. This creates a pleasing, low-lying molecular field, but the point is not fully taken if we don't know that the mud was excavated by engineers from beneath the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

A series of photographs presents miscellaneous antique metal objects, unearthed by scanner-wielding scavengers and bought by Ms. Parker through eBay. Later she buried objects found in the United States at various sites in England and, conversely, buried English objects in American places. You take on faith that the artist actually went