

**New York Times Review  
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**Huma Bhabha  
ATM Gallery  
511 West 20th Street  
Chelsea  
Through March 18**

Huma Bhabha has a trippy watercolor in the engaging "Exquisite Corpse" exhibition at the Mitchell Alguo Gallery, but its resemblance to the work of Wangechi Mutu is a minus. Ms. Bhabha is much more distinctive in sculpture, as proven by her third solo show at ATM. The three works here move effortlessly between architecture and figurative forms, ancient and modern. Their materials are cheap and practical — mostly air-dried clay, found wood laths and pale blue plastic foam — but always subtly contrasted.

An untitled work evokes a blind, desiccated sphinx while summoning modernism and its trash. Its blazing white freeform face (enamel on air-dried clay) could be International Gehry; its snakelike body is a rusted exhaust pipe. "Museum Without Walls" might be an architectural model of a colossal clay head retrofitted with glass-walled galleries. In both these pieces, blue foam functions as filler, like the rubble of previous monuments inside surviving ones. "Sleeper" is a Frankensteinian idol of approximately life size, made from wood and clay, whose hollow chest cavity may be a dwelling.

Given their apparent funkiness, it may seem odd to call Ms. Bhabha's sculptures perfect, but with their restraint, careful shifts in scale and clarity of structure, they come close. And ATM's tiny space, not much larger than a tomb or a pyramid's passage way, is the perfect setting.

ROBERTA SMITH