Marcel Odenbach and Henrik Olesen

Anton Kern Gallery 558 Broadway, near Prince Street, SoHo Today, tomorrow and Jan. 2-13

Marcel Odenbach's video installation "Herd Instinct" is pretty much about what its title says. The main image is footage of an annual folk festival in Lichtenstein where flower-bedecked cows are brought from pastures through the town streets in a celebration of seasonal change. Overlapping images run behind them: crowds cheering at sports events and rock concerts, or charging, aggressively or in panic, through streets during political disturbances.

Some people find the sociological content of Mr. Odenbach's work heavy-handed. But his videos usually have so much going on that they end up being about much more than the this-equals-that concepts they are based on. "Herd Instinct" implies all kinds of things about innocence and guilt, sweetness and danger, mysticism, humor and realpolitik. With its soundtrack of bells and shrieks and its way of making the ordinary look exotic, it is as enthrallingly manipulative as a Baroque painting.

The work of the young Danish artist Henrik Olesen, in his first United States solo, is just the opposite, visually speaking. His installation is hidden behind a flimsy partition built for the occasion. Over a narrow doorway is stenciled the phrase "laws are straight." The gallery seems to be nearly empty. A pair of huge black leather shoes sits on the floor; inside one the word "authority" has been handwritten. Two tree branches lie together, bent as if in a loose embrace. "Biology is straight" is painted in white on one.

A wall is plastered with printed information about the legal status of homosexuality internationally, including a list of countries where it is a capital crime (Saudi Arabia, Iran, Sudan, etc.). On the side of a waxed cardboard milk carton, where nutritional information or public service announcements often appear, is a report on the frequency of same-sex pairings among male giraffes.

The installation and ideas alike have an adamant, gawky candor. They are like a teenage version of political art. That seems to be the point.

HOLLAND COTTER

The New York Times December 22, 2000 p. 62