



"Red Room," by Lisa Yuskavage, at Boesky.

are bent on cramming together as many notes as possible, but Hall plays the instrument with a jeweller's touch: a gorgeous chord here, a lyrical phrase there, a perfectly placed note ringing in luxurious space. The *Vanguard Jazz Orchestra* holds sway on Mondays.

## ART MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

### METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-879-5500)—After witnessing the atrocities of the First World War as a medic, the German painter Max Beckmann took up Expressionism to "reproach God for his errors." The museum recently acquired the famous "Hell" portfolio, eleven black-and-white lithographs that chronicle Beckmann's visit to Berlin in 1919 during the March Rebellion, when twelve hundred people were killed in two days. The original owner of the portfolio, the industrialist Hugo Stinnes, appears in a stinging caricature as a puppeteer dangling a marionette emperor, surrounded by human skulls and sacks of cash. This series' masterful balance between chaotic and carnivalesque is an amuse-bouche for the artist's retrospective opening at MOMA QNS at the end of June. Through Aug. 31. ♦ A playful roof-garden sculpture—a painted aluminum cottage with a red roof, white and yellow walls, and a blue chimney—by Roy Lichtenstein, the late Pop artist, sits on its own little lawn with a sign warning viewers to keep off the grass. Through Nov. 2. ♦ "Manet/Velázquez: The French Taste for Spanish Painting." Through June 29. ♦ "Art of the First Cities: The Third Millennium B.C. from the Mediterranean to the Indus." Through Aug. 17. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

### MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MOMA QNS)

33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (212-708-9400)—Back in 1964, when Andy Warhol began shooting his "Screen Tests," a three-minute "live" portrait might have seemed like an amusing

but slight conceit. Since then, the burgeoning influence of the format (cf. Thomas Struth's huge projected portraits recently exhibited at the Metropolitan), along with the explosion of reality media, has made those first performances look eerily prescient. They're also captivating, partly because Warhol chose so many charismatic and beautiful subjects, among them Dennis Hopper, Gerard Malanga, Edie Sedgwick, Salvador Dali, and "Baby" Jane Holzer, who does some of the sexiest tooth-brushing imaginable. Through Sept. 1. (Open Thursdays, Sundays, and Mondays, 10 to 5, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

### GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—"Kazimir Malevich: Suprematism" is a concise, bewitching show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures—many of them making their first trip outside Russia—that vivify the artist's revolutionary art and ideas. His definitive "Black Square," from 1915, is in terrible physical shape; it suffered in Soviet archives during Malevich's long official suppression. A tragic air extends even to mint-condition Suprematist works, which, with deep roots in Western aesthetics and Russian mysticism, conjured a Utopia of matter-of-fact materiality and cerebral rapture. Malevich confidently claimed that he worked in five "measures," the fifth being "economy." In the spell of his grandiose and doomed optimism, one can well believe that or pretty much anything. This show is important to any general assessment of modern art. Through Sept. 7. ♦ "Matthew Barney: The Cremaster Cycle." Through June 11. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

### WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

Madison Ave. at 75th St. (212-570-3676)—In this retrospective devoted to the works of Elie Nadelman, more than two hundred sculptures, arranged chronologically, trace the evolution of Nadelman's concerns: from his early busts, which speak to ancient ideals of beauty, to his jazz-era middle works, folksy wooden genre figures of dancers and circus performers with sinuous bodies and gessoed features, to his final postwar efforts, rows of plaster figurines that look like toy-size gods and monsters. Through July

20. ♦ "Paul Sietsema: Empire." Through June 8. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6; Fridays, 1 to 9.)

### BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART

Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—Robert Lesser, whose collection of toy robots wintered at the museum a couple of years ago, has loaned another pop trove: more than a hundred paintings for the covers of pulp magazines, primarily from the thirties and forties. The artists were academically trained illustrators like J. Allen St. John, Rafael De Soto, and Walter Baumhofer, and they worked in a fiercely competitive environment that nourished pictorial testosterone. If you're curious to see the unreconstructed masculine id in action or haven't sublimated a thirst for bound blondes or spurring pistols under titles like "The Grove of Doom," this exhibit is a kitsch cornucopia. Through Aug. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

## GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

### JENNIFER ALLORA AND GUILLERMO CALZADILLA

The artists raise sly questions about the nature of site-specific installation as solar batteries charged in San Juan provide the power for the pink, red, and yellow fluorescent tubes in Dan Flavin's 1965 sculpture "Puerto Rican Light (to Jeanie Blake)." Around the corner, the ceiling flashes from green to yellow to red (it looks like a topsy-turvy dance floor) thanks to a traffic light (in San Juan again) that relays a signal to the gallery in real time. Through July 20. (The Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 212-249-8950.)

### SHARON ELLIS

Charles Burchfield meets hot-rod artist Big Daddy Roth in numinous landscapes by a Los Angeles painter whose surfaces appear airbrushed but are in fact laboriously hand-worked. (Ellis produces just two to three paintings a year.) Each of the four paintings in her New York debut depicts an element (air, water, earth, and fire). Even the water thrums with electric light; the blue ripples evoke flame as much as fluid. Through June 27. (Artemis Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-445-0444.)

### Short List

### THOMAS SCHÜTTE

Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.  
212-977-7160. Through June 28.

## GALLERIES—CHELSEA

### FRANCESCO CLEMENTE

In his first New York show since his 1999 retrospective, Clemente offers pictures so dreamy and sappy that you wonder how on earth he got to be the titan he was during the eighties. Vast trite symbols, most of them morbid, sexual, or art historical, float in vaporous pastel surfaces. The silliest of the lot features a pair of gigantic snowflakes with precisely rendered vulvas at their center: every woman is unique, evidently. The show seems dismissable, but as you leave, you feel a little tug. Is art really a kind of unembarrassed simplemindedness? There's something winning about the suggestion. Through June 21. (Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. 212-741-1111.)

### DAN FLAVIN

Is it odd to think of an eight-foot standard fluorescent light fixture, set at an angle on the wall, as classical art? "The Diagonal of May 23, 1963," the simplest of six spare, white Flavins now illuminating Paula Cooper's vast space, was his first fluorescent. It announced a new beauty, at once melting and stern, that now feels more authoritative than ever. The other works, dating from 1964 to 1995, array tubes (from two to five apiece) in lovely combina-



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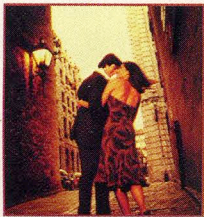
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tions of warm and cool whites. Here was an artist who really made something out of nothing. The show is a plugged-in Parthenon. Through June 30. (Paula Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. 212-255-1105.)

**ELLSWORTH KELLY**

The most joyous show in town is a triple feature: two-part painting-constructions at Marks's Twenty-second Street space, shaped single canvases on Twenty-fourth, and a retrospective of self-portrait drawings on Twenty-first. Kelly's eccentric and august abstraction used to feel marginal to minimalism; here it runs a victory lap. The two-part works (canvases abutted, overlapped, or suggesting a surface folded back on itself) put black and white, orange and green, black and purple, and other clarion color combinations in grand play. The single canvases—typically, polygons with one curved side—are like colored moods: black indolence, blue rashness, purple worry, white ecstasy. In the twenty-eight drawings, made between 1944 and 1986, Kelly sees himself as a shy guy subject to fits of transfiguring style. All shows through June 28. (Matthew Marks, 522 W. 22nd St., 523 W. 24th St., 529 W. 21st St. 212-243-0200.)

**DAMIEN LOEB**

His name has become a catchword for unmerited success, but that doesn't happen to every callow young Photo-Realist. It's Loeb's technique that has kept him afloat in the face of so many critical torpedoes. Slick, precise, radiant, with a faint fuzziness that distinguishes it from airbrushing or Richterish blur, Loeb's touch has a kind of quasi-Venetian finesse. It's lovely. His iconography is a different matter. The borrowings from megaplex favorites like "Alien," "2001," "Poltergeist," "Friday the 13th," and "Jaws" are transparently puerile, almost painfully desperate to come across as a highbrow take. Through June 28. (Mary Boone, 541 W. 24th St. 212-752-2929.)

**MICHAEL RAEDECKER**

This English artist, recently short-listed for the Turner Prize, sews metallic thread through his canvases to make faint, drab images, augmented by washes of mousy color. Their labor-intensive ugliness reads as a kind of contrarian come-on. Most are adorned with allusive, inscrutable motifs: a Turkish tent, a Picasso vase, phallic vegetation, cigarettes. If representational painting has to go to these kinds of lengths to look unfamiliar, maybe it's just not worth the trouble. Or perhaps uningratiating is simply British for sexy. Through June 28. (Andrea Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 212-627-6000.)

**LISA YUSKAVAGE**

The women in Yuskavage's paintings—no longer the erogenous mannequins that irked audiences in the early nineties, but not quite real people either—prowl and preen in a voluptuous, anticipatory haze. Sometime soon, phones or doorbells will ring. In the meantime, these plump, snub-nosed creatures work themselves over in front of the mirror, assessing outfits, bracelets, perfumes, postures. Yuskavage's world suggests a boudoir version of "Waiting for Godot," a place where sex is always feared, desired, imminent, and remote. In an art world that's full of borrowings from literal, in-your-face porn, Yuskavage's soft-core sublime sets her apart. Through June 27. (Boesky, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-680-9889.)

*Short List***JOEL SHAPIRO**

Pace Wildenstein, 534 W. 25th St.  
212-929-7000. Through July 31.

**FRANK TELLA**

Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave., at 27th St.  
212-563-4474. Through June 28.

**FRED TOMASELLI**

James Cohan, 533 W. 26th St. 212-741-9500.  
Through June 21.

**GALLERIES-SOHO****AIDAS BAREIKIS**

The Lithuanian-born sculptor's third show is a sort of goth parade float, composed of shredded Halloween accessories and dime-store kitsch. Manned by leering marionettes whose bodies spurt foam insulation at every seam or orifice, the assemblage has

**BOOK CURRENTS**

*Growing Up Middle Eastern*

The Turkish novelist and translator Güneli Gün grew up on an Aegean island once used to quarantine pilgrims returning from Mecca. In **REMEMBERING CHILDHOOD IN THE MIDDLE EAST: MEMOIRS FROM A CENTURY OF CHANGE** (Texas), an anthology edited by Elizabeth Warnock Fernea, Gün recalls her anger at her parents' refusal



to love Quarantine Island. Her mother missed cosmopolitan social life; her father, a doctor, ridiculed his staff and railed about "the agony of the East," by which he meant the scientific backwardness he believed Islam had 'brought upon' us."

Amid the jarring disruptions of life in Tehran during the nineteen-eighties, Marjane Satrapi could at least confide in her parents. Her comic-book memoir, **PERSEPOLIS: THE STORY OF A CHILDHOOD** (Pantheon), describes her pain at seeing her country descend into fundamentalism and violence. Satrapi was patriotic; she was relieved to see her father cheer when the BBC confirmed that Iranian bombers had hit Baghdad. Later, though, the slogans scrawled on city walls ("To die a martyr is to inject blood into the veins of society") made her fearful that the country's turn toward bellicosity was too extreme.

Firoozeh Dumas's family left Iran permanently in 1976, and missed the seismic shifts back home. In **FUNNY IN FARSI: A MEMOIR OF GROWING UP IRANIAN IN AMERICA** (Villard), Dumas remembers how in 1977 her parents accepted an all-expenses-paid trip to Washington, D.C., to welcome the Shah. Undeterred by a threatening note slipped under their hotel-room door ("Dear Brainwashed Cowards, You are nothing but puppets of the corrupt Shah . . ."), the family finally reassessed the trip after demonstrators attacked Iranians on a lawn near the White House with nail-studded sticks. Their response? To take the first flight back to California.

—Kate Taylor