

Benglis." Through June 19. ♦ "Museum as Hub: An Accord Is First and Foremost Only a Proposition." Through May 1. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM** 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500)—"Stephen Burks: Man Made." Through June 26. ♦ "Benjamin Patterson: Born in the State of FLUX/us: Scores." Through June 26. ♦ "Sculpted, Etched, and Cut: Metal Works from the Permanent Collection." Through June 26. (Open Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 9, Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

"MALEVICH AND THE AMERICAN LEGACY" Kazimir Malevich was the first great artist to make art look like something your kid could do—if your kid had thought of doing it in war-isolated Moscow, in 1915, and was a genius. Bring a mind-set of naïve wonder to this invigorating show of a half-dozen classic paintings by the artist and nearly fifty works by twenty-five Americans, ranging in time from a 1949 Barnett Newman to a 2011 Mark Grotjahn. Like radio waves, Malevich's cracking simplicities of geometric shapes on white grounds seem to have been picked up by the antennae of artists who may or may not have had him consciously in mind. The show proves that those messages are still beaming. Through April 30. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. 212-744-2313.)

Short List

AI WEIWEI: Pulitzer Fountain, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. No phone. For more information, visit circleofanimals.com. Opens May 2. **ROMARE BEARDEN:** Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. 212-247-0082. Through May 21. **WILLEM DE KOONING:** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. 212-421-3292. Opens April 29. **ALAN SHIELDS:** Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-445-0444. Opens April 28. **BRUCE WRIGHTON:** Laurence Miller, 20 W. 57th St. 212-397-3930. Through April 30.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

DAVIS, CHERUBINI

Is it ever a compliment to describe a work of art as "drab"? Not really, but every rule has its exception, and, in this case, these jubilant homespun ceramic-and-wood sculptures—a collaboration between Taylor Davis and Nicole Cherubini—are it. Amorphous, putty-colored slabs of clay are mounted onto wooden bases and hung on the wall; freestanding square ceramics punctured with holes (rolled posters are casually stuck in them) are the color of burnt toast. There are a few snazzy grace notes: crumpled forms glazed in red, white, and blue suggest an ersatz French flag, and a rectangular pink box appears to split the surface of a log. The over-all mood suggests a punk-rock George Ohr. Through May 14. (Newman Popi-ashvili, 504 W. 22nd St. 212-274-9166.)

SAUL FLETCHER

Allusive, enigmatic, and deeply personal, Fletcher's work—color and black-and-white photographs of his friends and family, landscapes, interiors, and collage-like constructions—can feel like an extended self-portrait. In this exceptionally strong show of new and old material, the mood is even more meditative than usual, as if the artist were reassessing not just his career but his life. Pictures of his mother and father, taken nearly seventeen years apart, provide solid anchors, as do several austere wooded landscapes, revisited and reclaimed from his past. Fletcher also returns to the paint-slathered studio wall that's supported his more recent installation work to record his rich, rough-hewn private iconography. Through April 30. (Kern, 532 W. 20th St. 212-367-9663.)

CHARLES MOORE

The intrepid Alabama-born photographer, who died last year at seventy-nine, took many of the most memorable images of the sit-ins, demonstrations, marches, and confrontations that defined the civil-

rights struggles in the sixties. All those photographs are here, in an important and affecting show that focusses on a number of key events, including an early arrest of Martin Luther King, Jr., the furious resistance to the enrollment of James Meredith at the University of Mississippi, and the brutal police response to young protesters in Birmingham. As a *Life* photographer with a wide audience, Moore was one of the period's key witnesses and the very model of an engaged photojournalist. Through May 7. (Kasher, 521 W. 23rd St. 212-966-3978.)

SUSAN PAULSEN

If the aura of cozy domesticity in Paulsen's photographs sometimes seems a bit self-satisfied, it's also unexpectedly ingratiating. This is the good life, centered around family and a house on Block Island, and filled out with still-life details: an antique water pitcher, a trio of gleaming pears, a jar of zinnias under a yellow plastic flyswatter. The repeated presence of a nude young woman throws things off at first, especially since she looks so much like Andrew Wyeth's famous neighbor and late-life obsession, Helga, but she never steps out of the role of artist's model to disturb the tranquil mood. Through April 30. (Bell, 511 W. 25th St. 212-691-3883.)

Short List

DAVID DUPUIS: Eller, 615 W. 27th St. 212-206-6411. Through April 30. **RENÉE GREEN:** Dee, 545 W. 20th St. 212-924-7545. Through May 21. **LISA HOKE:** Harris, 529 W. 20th St. 212-463-9666. Opens April 28. **ELIZABETH MURRAY:** Pace, 534 W. 25th St. 212-929-7000. Through April 30. **"ADDICTED TO HIGHS AND LOWS":** Bortolami, 520 W. 20th St. 212-727-2050. Through April 30. **"L'AMOUR FOU, PICASSO AND MARIE-THÉRÈSE":** Gagosian, 522 W. 21st St. 212-741-1717. Through June 25.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

ALICE CHANNER / JAMIE ISENSTEIN / J. PARKER VALENTINE

This ensemble of three women sculptors is a bit ponderous—all loosely refer to the body—but the artists' differences give the show its frisson. Valentine's handmade vessels are infused with pathos; her mother, who died when Valentine was a girl, made the scratchy line drawings adhered to their surfaces. Isenstein's slapstick sculptures are double entendres: two red-and-white flowers nestled in lensless black glasses suggest cartoon bloodshot eyes (those aren't specs, they're a vase); the drinking end of a straw, jutting from a glass bottle, has burst into flames (that's not seltzer, it's fuel). Channer puts fashion through post-minimalist paces by casting a pair of elastic waistbands in aluminum and installing the results on the wall. Through May 1. (Cooley, 34 Orchard St. 212-680-0564.)

ROCHELLE FEINSTEIN

Even if Feinstein's new paintings didn't have such a great backstory, this would still be the most rollicking show in town. A group of drawings installed in the office (and reproduced in a zine-like catalog) lay out the scenario: while consolidating her studio—and fretting about her twenty-year career—Feinstein hit on a scheme to make a new body of work using only materials she had at hand. This belt-tightening bricolage resulted in abstract paintings that incorporate items as various as Styrofoam, a scrim embellished with gold and silver leaf, a birthday present from the sculptor Rachel Harrison (complete with the box that it came in), and a Craigslist ad seeking a nude model to pose for an abstract painting. Rauschenberg's "Combines" go recessionista. Through May 1. (On Stel- lar Rays, 133 Orchard St. 212-598-3012.)

KATY GRANNAN

Grannan's latest series of portraits, made on the streets of San Francisco and Los Angeles, are real knockouts—among the most powerfully iconic images of this new century, even if they recall the seediness and desperation of Hollywood circa "The Day of the Locust." Grannan's subjects, all identified as "Anonymous," are a mix of drifters, showoffs, freaks,

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK A CUT ABOVE

Bring whatever you think of Romare Bearden to his startling show of twenty-two collages at the Michael Rosenfeld gallery. Your mind will change. The cut-and-paste pictures on the artist's usual themes of black-American and



African life—tenement stoops, jazz clubs, jungle scenes—are supreme art, as fresh as this morning. From late phases of his long career, before his death, in 1988, at the age of seventy-six, they upend a besetting weakness of his paintings: an eternal emulator's will to synthesize all his revered influences, from early-Renaissance fresco to Picasso. Here, the heroes are forgotten in choral cadenzas. Most apt are Bearden's roots in satirical cartooning (he studied with George Grosz in the thirties) and pictorial strategies that are part Cubist and part Netherlandish (Brueghel, de Hooch). A naturalistic scale reigns: big shapes are nearby and small ones are faraway, though all mob the picture plane. This lends coherence to wild disjunctures of photographic and painted elements, with pleasures of tonic color and cunning texture that stagger the eye and stir the soul. At last, Bearden joins the modern pantheon.

—Peter Schjeldahl