

ART

MUSEUMS SHORT LIST

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

"China Through the Looking Glass." Through Aug. 16.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

"Yoko Ono: One Woman Show, 1960-1971." Through Sept. 7.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

"Monir Shahrودي Farmanfarmaian: Infinite Possibility." Through June 3.

WHITNEY MUSEUM

"America Is Hard to See." Through Sept. 27.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM

"Basquiat: The Unknown Notebooks." Through Aug. 23.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

"Life at the Limits: Stories of Amazing Species." Through Jan. 3.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

New York Botanical Garden

"Frida Kahlo: Art, Garden, Life" In this luxuriant installation in the institution's grand old Conservatory, a long walkway is flanked by jacaranda, oleander, philodendron, roses, sunflowers, fuchsia, marigolds, palms, ferns, fruit trees, and many varieties of cacti and succulents associated with the Mexican artist and La Casa Azul, her stunning home in Mexico City. Other plants are depicted in a small exhibition of Kahlo's paintings, drawings, and prints, which combines scholarly integrity, aesthetic flair, and a calculated occasion, as if any should be needed, for a visit to the two hundred and fifty acres of Eden in the Bronx. This is the first Kahlo show in New York in more than a decade—too long, for an artist whose prestige and influence, worldwide, have ballooned in that time. Today, she inhabits international culture at variable points on a sliding scale between sainthood and a brand. Through Nov. 1.

SculptureCenter

"Erika Verzutti: Swan with Stage"

The Brazilian artist's witty New York debut includes a room of small,

biomorphic sculptures based on pears and breadfruit, but the main event is a twelve-foot-tall abstracted swan made of Styrofoam, polyurethane, and fibreglass. In the Instagram-ready installation, viewers can go face to beak with the bird by climbing steps and walking onto a platform. In a related series of black-and-white photographs, a performer serenades another swan sculpture (he also gnaws it, kisses it, and falls asleep on it). In several shots, the performer wears a jumpsuit embroidered with the artist's name, as if she had deputized him to fall in love with her work: a Pygmalion by proxy. Through Aug. 3.

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Robert Frank

At ninety, the great photographer is in an introspective, reminiscent mood. Interior views of his home in Nova Scotia are accompanied by pictures taken in Zurich, New York, and Arizona (where he snapped a pair of glazed doughnuts on a tray, then printed the image twice) and portraits of friends (Paolo Roversi, Eugene Richards, Richard Serra) and of his wife, the artist June Leaf. There are

some recurrent motifs—pictures of pictures, signs, headlines—but, over all, the mood is desultory. Among the brief texts on the wall, one sums up Frank's thoughts on the pictures: "They are quiet / They demand no attention / They are not empty." Through June 13. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 212-759-7999.)

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Emi Anrakuji

The Tokyo-based photographer, who is fifty-two and has been legally blind since her twenties, exhibits a quietly sensational series of black-and-white nude self-portraits taken last year. Whether posing on her bed, in her bathroom, or in a mirror, she remains faceless; her head is either cropped by the camera or obscured by a curtain of hair, which parts only once to reveal a wide-open mouth. The erotic intimation of that image is explored further in four color photographs in which the lens skims so close to the body that the subject becomes flesh itself. Through May 30. (Yoshinaga, 547 W. 27th St. 212-268-7132.)

Rivane Neuenschwander

The Brazilian artist's winning but disjointed show includes pinhole photographs, wallpaper infused with the scent of biscuits, a hanging fern, and a video of a parakeet eating seeds painted with punctuation marks. In some cases, back story helps. You'd be unlikely to guess that six small abstract paintings on shelves are derived from the covers of bossa-nova records by Chico Buarque, who left Brazil during the dictatorship. But Neuenschwander's inscrutability is also a virtue. Hovering beyond language or logic, her intimate works have the lure of a forgotten secret. Through June 20. (Bonakdar, 521 W. 21st St. 212-414-4144.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Pam Lins

If there is such a thing as "post-Internet" art, this ambitious, rambunctious, and beautiful show might be its opposite: scores of glazed-ceramic tabletop sculptures about pre-digital networks. Along a corridor, on shelves lining opposite walls, are endearingly goofy renditions of push-button phones, resting on U.S. Postal Service boxes. (The boxes are "flat rate," a gag about pictorial versus sculptural objects that runs through the show.) On one wall, the pieces are in gray scale, with grace notes of red; on the other, they're all in color. This sets up a marvellous trick in the main room, in which tables full of small abstract ceramics (based on models made in a Constructivist workshop) appear unglazed as you approach them, but become polychrome when seen from behind. The conceptual overload is a bit taxing, but, formally, Lins's show is a triumph. Through May 31. (Uffner, 170 Suffolk St. 212-274-0064.)



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