

AMERICAN FOLK ART MUSEUM
45 W. 53rd St. (212-265-1040)—“Kaleidoscope Quilts: The Art of Paula Nadelstern.” Through Sept. 13. ♦ “The Treasure of Ulysses Davis.” Through Sept. 6. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (212-849-8300)—“Design for a Living World.” Through Jan. 4. (Open Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5, Fridays, 10 to 9, Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, noon to 6.)

FASHION INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-5800)—“Isabel Toledo: Fashion from the Inside Out.” Through Sept. 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8, and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION
1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700)—“Portraits, Pastels, Prints: Whistler in the Frick Collection.” James Abbott McNeill Whistler’s full-length portraits of three ladies and a gent have returned, after two decades in debilitating company nearby, to the Oval Room, where they hung when the museum opened, in 1935, and where they belong. In perfect scale and synergistic splendor, the paintings—“Harmony in Pink and Grey,” “Symphony in Flesh Colour and Pink,” “Arrangement in Brown and Black,” and “Arrangement in Black and Gold”—solemnize the civil union of art and decoration that is a cynosure of the Frick. Like a visual tuning fork, Whistler’s potent aestheticism resonates throughout the collection, with Velázquez, Rembrandt, and even Fragonard, another magus of sheer felicity. Through Aug. 23 (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY
1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (212-857-0000)—“Avedon Fashion 1944-2000.” Through Sept. 6. ♦ “David Seidner: Paris Fashions, 1945.” Through Sept. 6. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8.)

JAPAN SOCIETY
333 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015)—“Buriki: Japanese Tin Toys from the Golden Age of the American Automobile.” Opens July 9. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 6, Fridays, 11 to 9, and weekends, 11 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (212-423-3200)—“They Called Me Mayer July: Painted Memories of a Jewish Childhood in Poland Before the Holocaust.” Through Oct. 1. ♦ “Reclaimed: Paintings from the Collection of Jacques Goudstikker.” Through Aug. 2. (Open Thursdays to Tuesdays, 11 to 5:45, and Fridays, 11 to 4.)

MORGAN LIBRARY & MUSEUM
225 Madison Ave., at 36th St. (212-685-0008)—“Creating the Modern Stage: Designs for Theatre and Opera.” Through Aug. 16. ♦ “Pages of Gold: Medieval Illuminations from the Morgan.” Through Sept. 15. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5, Fridays, 10:30 to 9, Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF ARTS & DESIGN
2 Columbus Circle (212-299-7777)—“Object Factory: The Art of Industrial Ceramics.” Through Sept. 13. ♦ “Gord Peteran: Furniture Meets Its Maker.” Through July 26. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6; and Thursday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (212-534-1672)—“Dutch Seen: New York Rediscovered.” Through Sept. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-369-4880)—“Reconfiguring the Body in American Art, 1820-2009.” Opens July 9. (Wednesdays and Thursdays, noon to 5, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

NOGUCHI MUSEUM
9-01 33rd Rd., at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-784-7088)—“Noguchi Reinstalled.” Through Oct. 24. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and weekends, 11 to 6.)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER
22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084)—“Kenneth Anger.” Through Sept. 14. ♦ “Lutz Bacher: My Secret Life.” Through Sept.

14. ♦ “Jonathan Horowitz: And/Or.” Through Sept. 14. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, noon to 6.)

SCULPTURECENTER
44-19 Purves St., Long Island City (718-361-1750)—“Rashid Johnson: Smoke and Mirrors.” Johnson is a “post-black” artist, meaning that he tackles issues of race from oblique angles instead of head-on. (The curator Thelma Golden has further defined the term as “post-Basquiat and post-Biggie.”) In his spare installation at SculptureCenter, Johnson has placed potter plants in the center of the room and saves the visual interest (and the conceptual allure) for the margins. A wall-mounted, modular shelving unit houses books ranging from the 1968 classics “Black Rage,” by William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs, and “A Poet and His Camera,” by Gordon Parks, to a monograph on Richard Serra—a hybrid of Carol Bove’s bookshelves-as-sculpture and the enigmatic social critique of David Hammons. Through Aug. 3. (Thursdays through Mondays, 11 to 6.)

SOCRATES SCULPTURE PARK
32-01 Vernon Blvd., at Broadway, Long Island City (718-956-1819)—“State Fair.” Through Aug. 2. (Daily, 10 to sunset.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

DENNIS STOCK
If Stock’s name rings a bell, it’s probably because he took some of the most soulful photographs of James

Short List

LARRY RIVERS: De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-262-5050. Through July 31. **MICHAEL SCOTT:** Gering + Lopez, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 646-336-7183. Through Aug. 21. **KATRÍN SIGURDARDÓTTIR:** Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-445-0444. Through Aug. 21. **“BLUE”:** Graham, 32 E. 67th St. 212-535-5767. Through Aug. 28.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

SID KAPLAN
The twenty-two photographs in a series Kaplan calls “Urban Stonehenge” look, at first glance, almost identical. All are views of Manhattan looking west, down a corridor of towering buildings toward a jagged patch of sky and the setting sun. The theme is all the more engrossing for its rich and subtle variations. Emphasizing the buildings’ bulk, Kaplan allows them to recede into a featureless darkness. They form a strikingly graphic, funnel-like frame for the sun, which sits just above the horizon, sometimes as a brilliant blaze of light, sometimes as a pale wafer in the sky. As the city fades to black, the skyscrapers part like velvet curtains, bowing to the sun, at center stage. Through July 11. (Bell, 511 W. 25th St. 212-691-3883.)

TABLES FOR TWO

MINETTA TAVERN
113 MacDougal St. (212-475-3850)—Since 1937, this Village red-sauce relic had sat quietly at the end of Minetta Lane—that is, until recently, when the restaurateur Keith McNally (Odeon, Balthazar, Pastis) revamped the place, with the help of Balthazar chefs Lee Hanson and Riad Nasr. The vibe now is less seedy watering hole, more claustrophobe-celeb. The clipboard-clutching assistant on the sidewalk serves as an ominous reminder that reservations are nearly impossible to obtain; the fortunate few might be granted admittance to drink at the bar and hope a table opens up.

The wait isn’t much mitigated by the cacophonous crush at the bar, where courtly gentlemen serve complicated drinks that convey the modern-nostalgic speakeasy ethos: the Dodd Cocktail, a froth of Basil Hayden’s bourbon, La Fée absinthe, peach bitters, lemon, and egg white, is more fun to read about than to drink. But once you land a table, good things start to happen. On the bistro-style menu, the rightful star is the much talked about \$26 Black Label burger, a custom blend of dry-aged rib eye, skirt steak, and brisket from the Pat La Frieda meat company, which is seared, bathed in clarified butter, and topped with car-

melized onions—cheese is not recommended—on a Balthazar Bakery bun. (There is also a “regular” burger, for \$16, made of what used to be La Frieda’s “premium” blend.) The burger is a deal compared to the decent, if not transporting, dry-aged *côte de boeuf* for two (the same rib eye used in the Black Label burger, for \$90), which comes with heavenly roasted bone marrow and a meagre succrine-lettuce salad.

Other dishes are, for the most part, exquisitely executed, including a bracing *salade de pissenlit*, dandelion greens, egg, and anchovy dressing; *crème billi bi*, a subtle mussel soup (the recipe is adapted from Maxim’s, in Paris); and, for an entrée, delicate trout meunière or a robust guinea-hen special, stuffed with foie gras, sweet-breads, and chanterelles. Although the room starts to feel like a pressure cooker at times, and the staff occasionally betrays a note of mild desperation (there’s barely anywhere for them to stand), for the most part, they keep it together, because, as one lovely waitress said, “There’s no crying in baseball.” (Open daily for dinner. Entrées \$16-\$90.)

—Shauna Lyon



Dean in his Actors Studio days, a few of which are included in this career-spanning survey. Several other images here are similarly lodged in the universal image bank, two of them as counterculture icons: a woman dancing alone, high above the crowd at a rock festival, and a blissed-out hippie couple on horseback in the woods. Among the less familiar pictures, too many are funny but facile visual puns, in the style of Elliott Erwitt. But there are also some wonderfully atmospheric shots of jazz musicians, on stage and off, and movie stars and extras on Hollywood back lots. Through July 11. (Howard Greenberg, 41 E. 57th St. 212-334-0010.)

STEPHEN SHORE
Best known as a pioneer of fine-art color photography in the seventies, Shore shows his black-and-white pictures from the sixties, when he was among the many young artists drawn into the scene of Andy Warhol’s Factory. The photographs here are catnip for Warhol cultists and anyone in need of an Edie Sedgwick or Nico fix, but their appeal isn’t just nostalgic. Shore is a good reporter, and the best of these pictures capture the Factory’s fizzy surface buzz as well as its deeper, darker ennui. He does something similar in two huge recent New York streetscapes here, also in black-and-white, which

ELIZABETH HONEY