

names like Wood's Blue Goddess, the Star of Siam, and the Prickly Waterlily, whose semi-submerged blossoms recall Audrey II from "Little Shop of Horrors." The star of the show, though, is the Giant Waterlily of the Amazon, a night-blooming behemoth whose pads can grow up to seven feet in diameter. The temperature inside its flowers can be eighteen degrees warmer than the surrounding air, drawing the attention of the beetles that pollinate and propagate them. Through Sept. 19. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 6.)

**P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER**

22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084)—"I don't eat pork, but I take Ecstasy," murmurs the female protagonist of Maja Bajevic's video "Step by Step." Crouching in a starkly lit stone corridor, leaning in an arched

**GALLERIES—UPTOWN**

*Summer-hours warning: many galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Others follow the normal Tuesday-to-Saturday schedule. It's best to call ahead.*

**SUE COE**

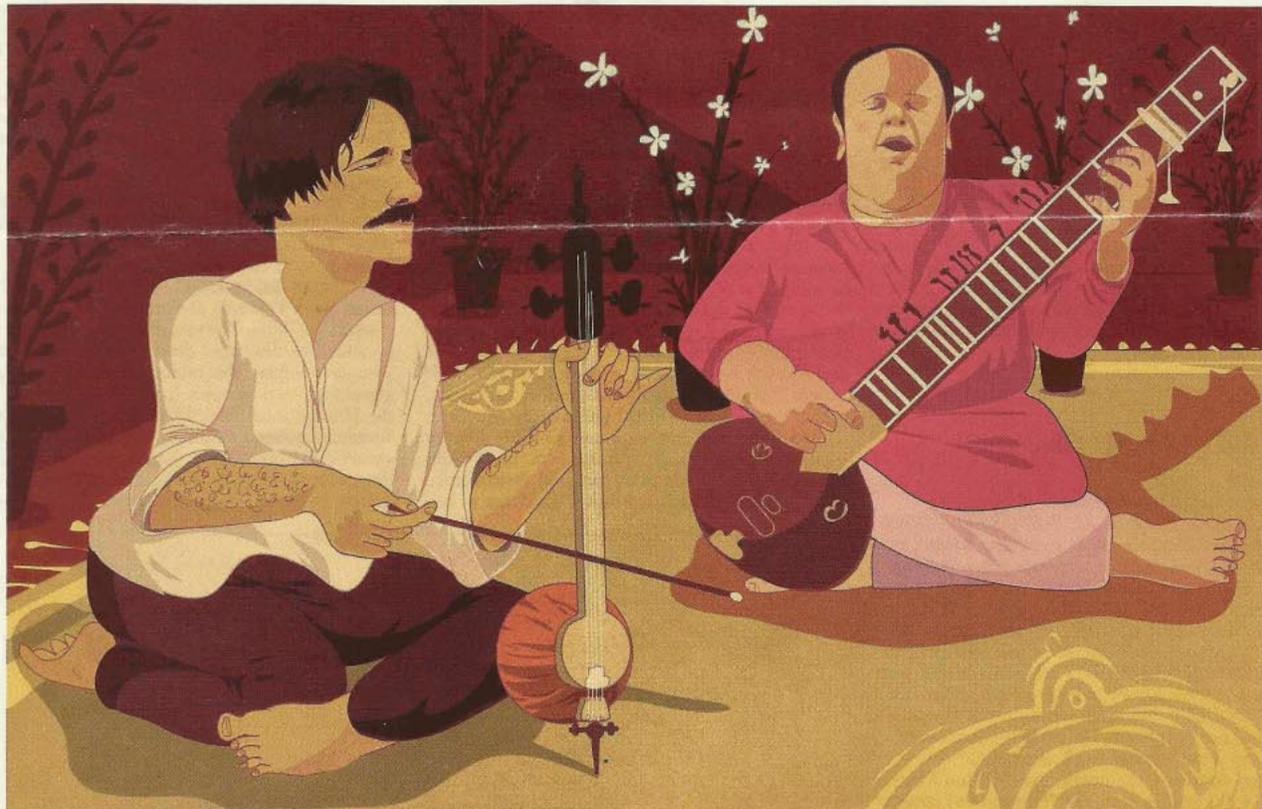
In the traditions of agitprop and political caricature, Coe culls material from current events for her jagged drawings, which attack the plutocrats, tyrants, sycophants, and fools who trample anguished masses under their heels. It's an anachronistic visual rhetoric, but her new suite of eighteen drawings, collectively ti-

formances—sensual, historical, unhinged—expertly balanced by a strong directorial hand. The surprise is Marc Handelman, a recent art-school grad who depicts recognizable celestial effects—a pine tree caught in a corona, a quasar gleam in a nebula—with a strong vocabulary of expressionistic globs and swervy paint handling. Through Sept. 11. (C & M, 45 E. 78th St. 212-861-0020.)

**GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN**

**ZILVINAS KEMPINAS**

Seven industrial fans have been arranged in the center of the gallery to create a vortex of blasting air in which a thin loop of videotape is suspended.



*The world-music ensemble Ghazal performs as a prelude to Mozart's Requiem at Mostly Mozart on Aug. 27 (see Classical Music).*

doorway or window, the black-clad figure recites a litany of contradictory declaratives: "I go to church, I rape women. God is my witness." The piece is heavy-handed, but it has a pulsing, chiaroscuro rhythm that makes it interesting. A second installation consists of thirty stereos set out on the floor, each playing a pop song from a different country. Through Sept. 27. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, noon to 6.)

**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**

144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500)—"Seeds and Roots: Selections from the Permanent Collection," a ramble through the Studio Museum's growing collection, includes gems like Gary Simmons's "Lean/to" (2000), a pastel-on-vellum drawing of a shack blown thirty degrees off vertical by a gale wind; Bob Thompson's portentous 1959 painting of figures obscured by shadows at the edge of a forest; and Alison Saar's "Hootchie Coochie Gal," who shakes her painted rump inside an apothecary bottle. More than thirty pieces are on display, including work by Chris Ofili, Kerry James Marshall, Tracey Rose, and Sister Gertrude Morgan, almost all from the past half-century. The one exception is an 1804 oil portrait of a little white girl named Sarah Maria Coward; it's the work of Joshua Johnson, the first African-American to earn his living as an artist. Through Sept. 25. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

tled "Bully: Master of the Global Merry-Go-Round," delivers a dose of topical fury. A parasitic George W. Bush crawls from Dick Cheney's forehead; Richard Perle watches a bespectacled pig weep in a cell, surrounded by books with titles like "How to Profit from War"; nature scenes are swamped by scatological piles of Wal-Mart's. Through Oct. 16. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. 212-245-6734.)

**PIERO DORAZIO**

The seventy-seven-year-old Italian painter and former Penn professor came to fame in the Ab Ex era, and his works continue to show the opposing instincts of that movement: restlessness and a tendency to work in series. Huge canvases filled with leaning parallelograms of bold colors have professional names like "Le Jazz de Bouffon" and "Rosa, Rosae, . . . Rosarum" (from the Latin declension), but the work is saved from excessive experimental rigor by the softness of its variations. Through Aug. 27. (Moeller, 167 E. 73rd St. 212-988-4500.)

**"BACK TO PAINT"**

This summer grab bag survives its unexceptional thesis ("People are painting again") on the strength of a vivacious gang of big-thinking artists. Julie Mehretu, the headliner, paints in distinct layers, with stripes and boomerangs of pure color lying below and above a beige ground that's scribbled with architectural references and an orgy of ink marks. The effect is crisp and theatrical, with competing per-

The tape rises and falls, moving in an undulating circle around the perimeter of the gallery, bouncing gently off the walls and floor. To enter the circle, visitors wait for the tape to rise and then duck under; it's a bit like playing jump rope. Once one is inside, not much happens. Videotape, which is facing obsolescence in the digital age, becomes a purely sculptural material, although one might imagine a soundtrack emerging from the drone of the fans. Through Aug. 31. (Spencer Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. 212-334-3455.)

**"INNOCENCE FOUND"**

A show in which dewy purity, put under close scrutiny, starts to look a bit rancid. Loretta Lux photographs a little girl in a princess-bride outfit with a far-away expression suggestive of bad things to come; in a suite of drawings by the Clayton brothers, feral-looking children dressed as Power Rangers are admonished to "be nice to animals." The sweet beasties fare no better: David Humphrey paints kittens who are inexplicably menaced by a loaf of white bread, and Tapp Francke's image of an earnest bull terrier is mutely tragic. Through Sept. 4. (DFN, 176 Franklin St. 212-334-3400.)

**"REMBRANDT AND THE ART OF PRINTMAKING"**

Glue stains, watermarks, and pinholes help authenticate prints created during Rembrandt's lifetime (1606-69) and on into the eighteenth century.

MAXIMILIAN BODE