

are all open regular hours, and they are all in the phonebook. There's no better time to look them up.

HOLLAND COTTER

Shirley Jaffe

Tibor de Nagy Gallery
724 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street
Through Nov. 16

The work of the expatriate American Shirley Jaffe, who has been living in Paris for more than 50 years and is now in her late 70's, still dazzles with the jubilant, jazzy bounce it took on at the end of the 1960's, when she began to look beyond the limitations of second-generation Action Painting. Hard-edged but quirky in form, vibrant in color but also alive in black, her flat shapes and squiggles romp on grounds of bright white.

Nothing pairs with anything in her zany canvases, yet the most part they hang together thanks to the subtle and elegant ways in which Ms. Jaffe plays color off color and balances form against form. In one of her best, "The Ferris Wheel" (2001), a rough linear black circle surrounding a robust yellow cross with calligraphic markings is flanked by a bold ochre diagonal that runs the length of the canvas, forming a link with other oddments of shape and chromatics. Pink, orange, red, black, gray, purple and blue, in jagged, linear, square, rectangular and biomorphic bits and pieces, mingle in a wild but savvy orchestration.

Matisse (recently, like him, she did a set of windows for a chapel in southern France), Stuart Davis and other artistic influences can be spotted in the cheerful clamor of Ms. Jaffe's work, but she long ago found her own maverick voice.

GRACE GLUECK

Jules Olitski

"With Love and Disregard"

Ameringer & Yohe Fine Art
20 West 57th Street
Through Nov. 16

Now 80, Jules Olitski was one of the early Color Field painters, known since the early 1960's for the luminous atmospheric hazes of his stained and sprayed canvases. In the late 1970's and early 80's, he returned to the thick impasto surfaces of his beginning years.

The new works shown here — "With Love and Disregard" is from the writings of the philosopher William James and refers obliquely to Mr. Olitski's own feelings about making art — are romantic effusions in which the canvas is varied

They are also nothing if not an argument for a national sensibility, conjuring a host of French films and starlets, notions of French style, beauty and sexiness, as well as the photographs of Man Ray and Brassai. Thankfully, the gaze these images imply is neither typically French nor male. Opening or shedding their clothing, lolling about on beds, upending themselves in chairs, Ms. Rheims's subjects seem to say, "My body may be an object, but it's my object and I'll do as I please."

The contrast of youthful skin and shabby setting may be a little familiar, especially from the French, but enhanced by Ms. Rheims's strong color sense and her subjects' usually bemused detachment, the work still makes a strong impression.

ROBERTA SMITH

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'Sherrie Levine by Dylan Stone'

Nicole Klagsbrun
526 West 26th Street, Chelsea
Through Nov. 16

Appropriating a 1980's appropriation artist's appropriations can create something of a Conceptual onion, and Dylan Stone has given this approach the further twist of his own considerable sense of artistic craft — something that the 80's appropriationists spurned. But careful re-creation is Mr. Stone's specialty: for his first New York gallery show, in 1998, he concocted, mostly out of paint, a 19th-century French sitting room complete with (faked) old master drawings.

For his second, he has taken Sherrie Levine's 1997 rephotographs of Atget's photographs of turn-of-the-century Parisian interiors, deftly reinventing these musty black-and-white images as three-dimensional, full-color tableaux. Shoe-horned, as it were, into shoe boxes, these reconstructions remain faithful to the perspectival foreshortening and distortions of Atget's pictures, if you happen to know them.

But obscurity is a problem. Most of us aren't familiar enough with Atget's images to appreciate the transformation on any plane except the mental one; forget that converting them into color and three dimensions may remove them too completely from their sources, anyway.

In appropriation, the distance between original and copy must be carefully calculated. In Ms. Levine's photographs it was too slight; source and copy were identical, which is why her watercolor

The comic narratives feature a bean-headed surrogate for the artist who struggles with the mundane frictions of his life as an artist. They are as funny visually as they are verbally. "I Have to Get to Work" is about procrastinating to the point of despair. "Who the Hell Do I Think I Am?" is about a multiple-identity crisis.

You might reasonably encourage Mr. Torok to keep up his high-low act. But what if he were to combine the two? The possibilities could be interesting.

KEN JOHNSON

Anjum Singh

Taiwar Gallery
108 East 16th Street, Manhattan
Through Wednesday

With their lucid forms and appetizing colors, the six paintings in Anjum Singh's New York solo debut make an instantly welcoming first impression, though they tend to keep their meanings in reserve.

In one picture, two Coca-Cola glasses stand side by side; one has a crumpled-up pink straw floating inside, the other has a spigot hovering near its center. In another piece the same spigot emerges from a cloudlike mass in the shape of the Indian subcontinent and the straw has turned into an intestinal system. In a third painting, colored lines radiate like air tubes or arteries from a manhole cover. In a fourth, bees trapped in jars float against a honey-gold background of honeycomb patterns.

Ms. Singh, who lives in New Delhi, has said that her paintings reflect the world immediately around her. This may account for her images of entangling systems — honeycombs, tubes — that are half-organic, half-mechanized. It may also explain her repeated images of compromised purity, in a country where clean water can be hard to find, where blood can be tainted with the H.I.V. virus and where the traditional and the modern meet in an adulterated cultural blend. Like many young artists, Ms. Singh thrives on precisely this blend, and she is forging from it an art of visual panache and enigmatic wit.

HOLLAND COTTER

Walton Ford

Paul Kasmin Gallery
293 10th Avenue, at 27th Street
Chelsea
Through Nov. 16

Although Audubon is the inspiration for Walton Ford's super-size watercolors of alarming birds and animals, the earlier naturalist

feeling of paranoid urgency.

Struggling to digest way too much information, the paintings waver comically between ecstasy and psychic disintegration, a state of mind that might be familiar, albeit in less intense forms, to many who try to keep up with the mass-mediated flow of contemporary events.

KEN JOHNSON

Doug Ohlson

'20 Years of Painting, 1982-2002'

Times Square Art Gallery
Hunter College
450 West 41st Street, Clinton
Through Nov. 23

Maybe it was watching the skies change over his family's farm in Cherokee, Iowa. In any case, Doug Ohlson discovered color at an early age. And as a painter he has never needed another subject.

In this show of work covering the last 20 years, his geometrically abstract but sensuous canvases dazzle with surprising juxtapositions in which one color deeply affects the persona of another. In the sequential hues of "Mexico Set" (1985), for instance, a lemon-yellow ground surfaces merrily here and there from behind a dribbly, translucent splotch of green, next to a panel of dense black, flanked by one of radiant pink. Bars of orange in close tones emphasize the pinkness of the pink, which in turn makes the black more brightly.

Over the years Mr. Ohlson's style has gone from hard-edge geometric with high-contrast hues in the 1960's to a much more expressive use today of lighter, translucent areas with softer edges and closer color values. It's seen in the mural-size "Rousillon" (1997), a parade of vertical panels in varying shades of red, orange and blue, most inflected by skinny bars of contrasting or closely related colors, that make an almost musical lineup.

Less playful and more stately is "Lost Twin" (1996), a diptych whose two elements each contain a pair of very similar vertical columns that seem to support each other. One vertical of each pair is radiant orange; the other is warm ochre. Both are set on a ground of ghost colors that echo the main ones. (The title, by the way, does not refer to the twin towers of the World Trade Center but to the loss that is said to haunt a surviving twin when its sibling is stillborn.)

In some of the show's earlier works, the colors fail to hit it off together. Still, there are many more hits than misses.

GRACE GLUECK



ABOVE
PROPERTY FROM THE
THYSSEN-BORNEMISZA
COLLECTION
MAX WEBER
(1881-1961)
NEW YORK, 1913
OIL ON CANVAS
40 X 31 1/2 IN.
(101.6 X 81.3 CM)
ESTIMATE
\$500,000-\$750,000
AMERICAN ART

ON VIEW IN ZÜRICH
NOVEMBER 22 - 25
KREUZSTRASSE 64, CH 8008 ZÜRICH

AMERICAN ART

NEW YORK TUESDAY DECEMBER 3
ON VIEW IN NEW YORK
NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 2
3 WEST 57 STREET

JEWELS

NEW YORK MONDAY DECEMBER 9
ON VIEW IN NEW YORK
DECEMBER 5 - 8
3 WEST 57 STREET

CONTEMPORARY ART

NEW YORK MONDAY NOVEMBER 11 PART I
NEW YORK TUESDAY NOVEMBER 12 PART II
ON VIEW IN NEW YORK
THROUGH NOVEMBER 10
450 WEST 15 STREET

WATCHES & WRISTWATCHES

GENEVA MONDAY NOVEMBER 18
ON VIEW IN GENEVA
NOVEMBER 15 - 18
HOTEL DES BERGUES
33, QUAI DES BERGUES, CH 1201 GENEVA

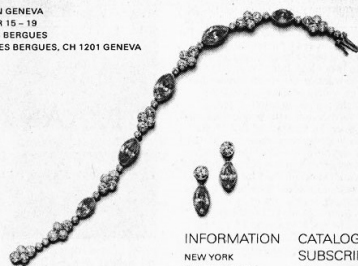
JEWELS

GENEVA TUESDAY NOVEMBER 19
ON VIEW IN GENEVA
NOVEMBER 15 - 19
HOTEL DES BERGUES
33, QUAI DES BERGUES, CH 1201 GENEVA

20-19TH CENTURY DESIGN ART

NEW YORK WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 11
ON VIEW IN NEW YORK
DECEMBER 6 - 10
3 WEST 57 STREET

TIFFANY & CO.
A SET OF
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NEW YORK JEWELS



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VIEWING

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SUNDAY 1 - 5PM
DATES ARE SUBJECT
TO CHANGE

PHILLIPS
de PURY & LUXEMBOURG

ART IN REVIEW

'China Refigured'
'The Art of Ah Xian With Selections From the Rockefeller Collection'

Asia Society and Museum
125 Park Avenue, at 70th Street
Through Feb. 9

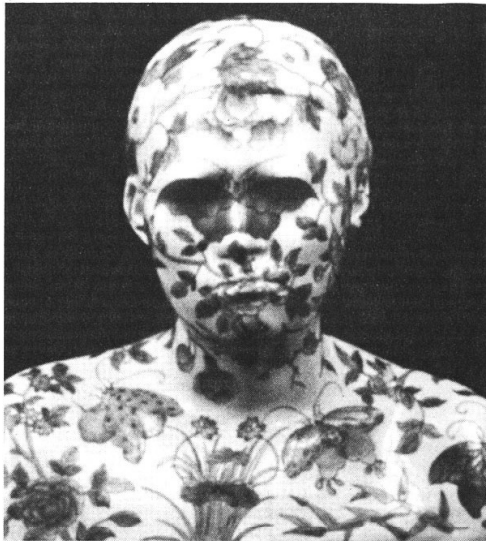
If the Asia Society didn't single-handedly create an audience for new Asian art in this city in the last decade, it has been a major catalyst in that development. And now it is the organizing force behind the first Asian Contemporary Art Week, which culminates tomorrow in an all-day symposium at the society's headquarters.

The last week has seen Asian shows opening at many commercial galleries, and the Asia Society has one of its own, the United States solo debut of the Beijing-born sculptor Ah Xian. Most of the work is from a series of bust-length porcelain portrait heads titled "China, China" that the artist, who now lives in Australia, has been producing since the 1990's, using family members and friends as models.

Each porcelain head is painted with traditional porcelain designs, including landscapes, dragons, flowers and all-over cloud or wave patterns. (Melissa Chiu, the society's curator of contemporary art, has installed several classical porcelains from the Rockefeller Collection as references.) Some of the heads seem to be smothered or injured by their designs; a red dragon wraps around a man's face like a disfiguring tattoo. Others are enlivened by them: a butterfly covers a woman's mouth as if delivering a kiss.

In every case, the potent cultural symbols of an earlier China appear like birthmarks — at once an ornament and a blemish — on contemporary faces from China and the Chinese diaspora in the West, evoking questions. What does "Chinese" mean in a global context? Is it intrinsic or cosmetic, something you inescapably are or something you choose to be? Is appropriation of art of the past a way to connect to that past, or to gain distance from it? Does it create a new Orientalism, giving the West the Asia it thinks it knows and wants? Or is it a signal that an increasingly insular contemporary Western art is having less and less relevance for artists with strong formative roots elsewhere?

All of these issues also arise in very different ways in current shows at galleries specializing in contemporary Asian work, including Bose Pacific Modern, Chambers Fine Art, M. Y. Art Prospects, Plum Blossoms Gallery and Sepia International, all in Chelsea; Ethan Cohen Fine Arts and Gallery Vietnam in TriBeCa; and Gallery ArtsIndia, China2000, Goedhuis Contemporary, Kaikodo and Suzanne Mitchell Asian Fine Arts on the Upper East Side. They



"China, China: Bust 14" (1999), a porcelain head with flower and butterfly designs by Ah Xian, from his exhibition at the Asia Society.

in texture and surface by the myriad techniques, gels and hazy and translucent icelike areas of color or prevail. The paintings combine the qualities of luminosity and density that have been seen at various stages of Mr. Olitski's work.

The titles of a thunderous quartet boldly announce the soulful themes: "Rapture," "Splendor," "Silence" and "Radiance." Cool and fiery discs, lightning fissures, lavalike flows, billowing mists, stagnant pools of color and other dramatic effects suggest empyrean realms. No understatement here: it's an epic effort.

GRACE GLUECK

Bettina Rheims

Cheim & Read
547 West 25th Street, Chelsea
Through Nov. 16

Bettina Rheims's 1991 color photographs of young women arranging themselves and their garments as they please, usually for erotic effect, in cheap Parisian hotel rooms anticipate the ubiquitous in-the-buff photography of the last decade, while suggesting a cross between Cindy Sherman film stills and Chantal Ackerman's classic film "Jeanne Dielman."

copies of Modernist masterpieces work better visually than her rephotographs. In Mr. Stone's tab-leaus the distance is too great, which leaves us with the considerable but conventional charm of the objects themselves. The conceptual framework remains just that.

ROBERTA SMITH

Jim Torok

Bill Maynes Gallery
529 West 20th Street, Chelsea
Through Nov. 16

Jim Torok paints and draws tiny portraits like a Northern Renaissance master. He is also a gifted cartoonist. On large sheets of paper he draws hilarious storyboard narratives about his life as an artist. It's hard to say which are better, the apples or the oranges.

The self-portraits here are observed and painted with magical intensity on blocky little panels. Wearing a different color T-shirt in each, the balding, goateed artist gazes impassively back at the viewer. It could be there is a certain irony in his expression, as though he were thinking how absurd it is to pay so much attention to such an unprepossessing mug. In any case the images are extraordinarily lifelike.

would probably be dismayed by them. They are far more sinister than Audubon's creatures; there is narrative to them, and they sometimes display parts of their anatomy that Audubon would blush to take his brush to.

Apart from all that, they are theatrical characters, magnificently rendered, tricked out with arcane references and done from a satirical-allegorical stance that seems to point to a moral. In one hair-raising scene, a heavy tree bough overloaded with passenger pigeons (now extinct) breaks under their weight, plunging down with a seething mass of the birds as they feed, fight, fornicate and lose fledglings from their nests. Aesop would have loved it.

In another garish drama, a gross, greedy starling perched on a tree branch opens its mouth to ingest a toucan that is surrounded by a bevy of small avian onlookers. Other fauna are not neglected. A cobra is beset by mongooses that gnaw at its coils; an out-of-context panther slinks across a snowy plain pursued by torch-bearing villagers; an ape with a hookah and manuscript papers appears as the aide-de-camp to a 19th-century explorer.

This is truly a one-of-a-kind show. As creator and keeper of this fantastic menagerie, Mr. Ford is that thing frowned on by word hawks: unique.

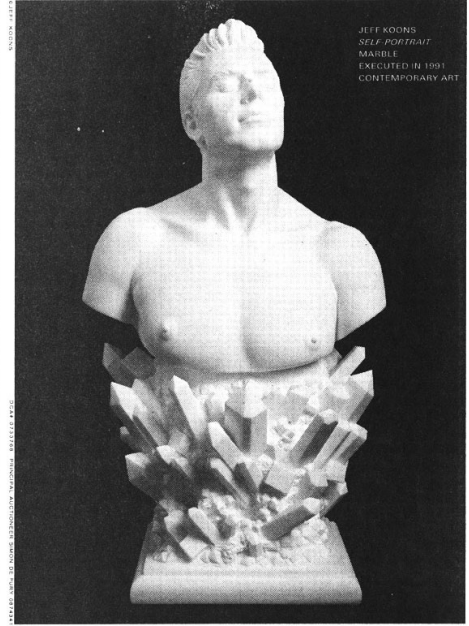
GRACE GLUECK

Erik Parker

Leo Koenig
249 Centre Street, SoHo
Through Nov. 16

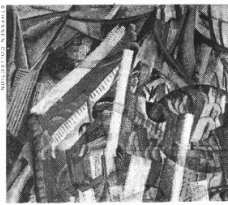
With glaring colors, melting words and psychedelic symmetries, Erik Parker's zany acid-rock poster-style paintings pack an invigorating visual wallop. Each painting has a theme, announced by large letters: "Can't Explain" is about the bewildering politics of the Middle East; "It Takes a Nation of Billions" obsesses about the fast-food industry; "You Paint the Picture" tries to make sense of the art world. Hundreds of little words related to the topic, clumsily hand-printed, misspelled and often dyslexically reversed, are packed into the cavities framed by hallucinogenic rococo that here and there turns into fingers or intestinal viscera.

It is a kind of Pop-inflected primitivism. You have the impression of a teenager who listens to too much rock 'n' roll, watches too much television and smokes too much pot, doing his best to map out the world of today. On its own the verbal stream of consciousness is not so interesting, but it contributes to a



JEFF KOONS
SELF PORTRAIT
MARBLE
EXECUTED IN 1991
CONTEMPORARY ART

FALL
AUCTION
CALENDAR
2002



21-20TH CENTURY
DESIGN ART
NEW YORK TUESDAY NOVEMBER 19
ON VIEW IN NEW YORK
NOVEMBER 15 - 18
450 WEST 15 STREET

SWISS ART
ZÜRICH TUESDAY NOVEMBER 26
HIGHLIGHTS ON VIEW IN GENEVA
NOVEMBER 15-17
HOTEL DES BERGUES
33, QUAI DES BERGUES, CH 1201 GENEVA