

## GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

### THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

Though the Barbizon star (1812-67) has apparently never been given an exhibition in America until now, his rugged mossy landscapes are apt to look familiar, and not just from art-history textbooks. In the later paintings, you can see where Yankee mystics like Inness and Blakelock got their dappled impasto. To contemporary taste, though, it's the early Rousseau that's most compelling. The group of small plein-air landscapes on view (of streams, caves, and rolling farmland) have the sparkling urgency of Corot or Valenciennes. Through March 9. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606.)

### STEPHEN SOLLINS

The crafty conceptualist offers a trio of new projects. A set of quasi-landscapes made from pages of a camping-goods catalogue feels—in true camping spirit—like a little more work than it's worth, but the sequence of drawings derived from "The Sound of Music" is a Duchampian charmer. To make them, Sollins traced the "rest" notations from the sheet music for all eleven songs. Of the long, variably empty sheets, only one is entirely blank. Musicians and German speakers will already have guessed which one it is: "Edelweiss." Through March 2. (Mitchell, Innes and Nash, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 744-7400.)

### STEPHEN VITIELLO

The artist is a triple threat, a musician and curator, who was inspired to experiment with sound installation after collaborating with such artists as Tony Oursler and Nam June Paik. His New York debut opens with a witty suite of sculptures made from damaged loudspeakers, each one broadcasting the sounds of its particular destruction—a cannon shot, a chopping axe, an archer's bull's-eye. Upstairs, feedback from an audio loop of peeping frog chirps—a microphone in orbit, thanks to a disco-ball rotation motor, picks up the chirps from a speaker on the floor—transforming the quaint back gallery with its red-and-yellow windows into a rustic retreat. Through March 17. (The Project, 427 W. 126th St. 662-8610.)

### Short List

#### JOHN BALDESSARI

Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160. Through March 30.

#### ADAM DANT

Baumgold, 74 E. 79th St. 861-7338. Through March 2.

#### WILLEM DE KOONING

Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 744-7400. Through March 2.

#### GRANDMA MOSES

Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. 245-6734. Through March 16.

#### KEVIN ZUCKER

Mary Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929. Through March 2.

## GALLERIES—CHELSEA

### ROB DE MAR

Lilliputian landscapes in the form of sculptures, freestanding and wall mounted, made of steel, model trees, and flocking (among other materials) that suggest the whimsical settings of Dr. Seuss books. Seasons shift; the orange-and-red clusters that punctuate "Autumn" give way to a midsummer swimming hole in "Pond" (the body of water is a petrified mushroom covered with blue flocking). The snow-capped arbor of "Tree Line" offsets the island getaway across the room, an emerald island dotted with palm trees set amid a tangled lattice of pale blue that could be sea foam. Through March 9. (Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. 243-5937.)

### DAVID SHAPIRO

"100,000 Holes," the title of Shapiro's latest work, seems to refer both to the ephemera-hung pegboard from which he built this small room within a room, and the recesses of the mind of its implied inhabitant. Those who enter encounter the detritus of a fictionalized youth, including the boards from a do-it-yourself coffin-making kit and several detailed drawings of tunnel systems, one the Viet Cong's, the other his rendition of the Maginot Line. Their romanticized depths hint at the teen-age profundity that Shapiro caricatures and seeks to recapture. Through March 9. (Liebman Magnan, 552 W. 24th St. 255-3225.)

### JANET SOBEL

For years, a drip painting by Sobel (1894-1968) hung kitty-corner from Jackson Pollock's "Autumn Rhythm" at MOMA; but how many people, outside a small circle of experts, knew that a Jewish grandmother from Brooklyn may have inspired Pollock's famous technique? This egregiously overdue survey (her last exhibition was in 1946) offers a glimpse of various Sobel styles, ranging from trippy Chagallist watercolors to the meandering traceries of her brief abstract phase. The later works, with their fractured, leering rainbows, are so persuasively hallucinatory that one begins to wonder whether Sobel was, along with everything else, a pharmacological pioneer. Through March 9. (Snyder, 601 W. 29th St. 871-1077.)

### Short List

#### GREG BOGIN

Mary Boone, 541 W. 24th St. 752-2929. Through March 2.

## GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

### CAROLEE SCHNEEMANN

In 1964, with the aid of some scantily clad actors and a lot of raw chicken, the artist staged "Meat Joy," a writhing romp of Dionysian excess that scandalized audiences. It's now considered a key work of body art, and Schneemann, once relegated to the status of feminist footnote, recently sold her papers to the Getty Center. A projected videotape of the original and still squirm-inducing performance is installed in the back of this mini-retrospective, which spans four decades. The earliest work remains the most enticing. Through March 9. (P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. 941-8642.)

### Short List

#### TIM HAWKINSON

Ace, 275 Hudson St. 255-5599. Through March 30.

#### MARLENE MCCARTY

Keenan, 3 Crosby St. 431-5083. Through March 23.

## GALLERIES—BROOKLYN

### GARY PANTER

Panter, who won three Emmy awards for his design work on "Pee-wee's Playhouse," has re-created his own adolescent clubhouse in an installation that he describes as "an outgrowth of light shows I did in my garage in the sixties." Viewers can lounge on a low couch and watch Panter's stoners' paradise of light and shadow. They can also peek behind the curtain to find the wizard and his flashlight-bearing assistants in a complex dance around a wooden scaffold hung with paper snowflakes, reflectors, filters, and a disco ball. Through March 18; call for show times. (Pierogi, 177 N. 9th St. 718-599-2144.)

#### "MADE IN BROOKLYN: SELECTION ONE"

Any exhibit big enough to include sixty artists should be too crammed full of work to enjoy. But this show extends over eight rooms, each one as large as most galleries; and the carefully chosen collection feels less like an overstuffed salon than a small museum. Marsha Pels's frosted-glass infants sinking into plump marble throw pillows stand out among many pleasant surprises for a sense-confounding effect as old as

## BOOK CURRENTS

### Got a Light?

Legend has it that in the late nineteenth-century the president of American Tobacco was sitting in his car at Fifth Avenue and 110th Street when he noticed nearby an overweight woman chewing gum and then, in a passing taxicab, a slim, short-skirted young woman smoking a



cigarette. It marked a milestone in the industry's long history of marketing tobacco to women. Tara Parker-Pope relates this and other anecdotes in **CIGARETTES: ANATOMY OF AN INDUSTRY FROM SEED TO SMOKE** (New Press), which details the many ways tobacco has been touted as a quality-of-life enhancer: as a symbol of autonomy for women, for example, or as protection against the plague, in 1665. Most ads between 1938 and 1983 focussed on healthy living; in the nineteen-fifties the introduction of a filter for Liggett's L&M brand was accompanied by the slogan "Just what the doctor ordered."

In **SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES** (Abbeville), by Michael Thibodeau and Jana Martin, a history of design in the tobacco industry, there are Camels, but also Emus, Llamas, Eagles, and Puppies. And brands like Santé, Sincere, Peace, and Hope are counterweighted by more ominous varieties, such as Cancer, Defiance, Death, and Go to Hell.

Smoking offers adventure to the sedentary and wisdom to the innocent; Iain Gately studies the romance in **TOBACCO** (Grove), a sweeping history of the leaf that moves from cigar-rolling factories staffed by scantily clad women in Seville to tobacco farms in what would become Greenwich Village. Despite medical caveats, the popularity of tobacco persists, and Gately finds clues as to why in literary history: Sherlock Holmes puffs through "a three-pipe problem" and Baudelaire "smokes his pipe, allaying heart and mind, / and for tonight all injuries are healed."

—Lauren Porcari

MARC ROSENTHAL