

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum**"World War I and the Visual Arts"**

A stomach-churning George Bellows lithograph of German soldiers bayonetting naked children, three charcoal drawings of mysterious symbols made by Marsden Hartley in Berlin, and all fifty-one ghoulish prints of Otto Dix's 1924 series "Der Krieg" ("The War") set the scene for this impressive array of art and propaganda, filled with troops, trenches, and biplanes. Two small lithographs by the Russian avant-gardist Natalia Goncharova show angels hurling boulders at an enemy city rendered with thick black strokes. In a recruitment poster by the American artist Henry R. Hoppes, a gorilla wields a muddly club labelled

"Kultur." There are intervals of incongruous loveliness, such as "In the Somme, Village in Ruins," a colored-chalk drawing by Pierre Bonnard. But a handful of stark documentary photographs run away with the show. These understated witnesses of destruction are all the more shocking when surrounded by the extravagantly expressive art, inspired by the same catastrophic events. In one image, by the British military photographer John Warwick Brooke, a cluster of dark helmets crowd together in a trench, under a white sky, waiting for the order to charge—a chilling portrait of impending death. *Through Jan. 7.*

Museum of Modern Art**"Projects 107: Lone Wolf Recital Corps"**

The American artist Terry Adkins's dual passions for music and sculpture, and his deter-

mination to entangle the two, defined his singular oeuvre. The conceptual artist, who died in 2014, when he was sixty, made totemic objects inspired by his fascination with such historical subjects as the contested Moorish heritage of Beethoven and the abolitionist John Brown. Sometimes Adkins's sculptures functioned as props. This exhibition focusses on the Lone Wolf Recital Corps, the ad-hoc performance group he founded in 1986, whose ranks included, at various times, Charles Gaines, Sanford Biggers, and Jason Moran—as well as Adkins's own alter ego Blanche Bruce, named for the first African-American senator to serve a full term. The eclectic style of the Corps is illustrated here by a collection of objects and instruments. Vintage megaphones, brass bells, fezzes, and blue sashes fill one display. The center of the room is reserved for a selection of elongated trumpets, which also appear in a neighboring video. It documents "Last Trumpet," a performance from 2013, in which Adkins conducts musicians in a cacophonous, ceremonial, jazz-inspired recital befitting his poetic aim to "reinsert the legacies of unheralded immortal figures to their rightful place within the panorama of history." *Through Oct. 9.*

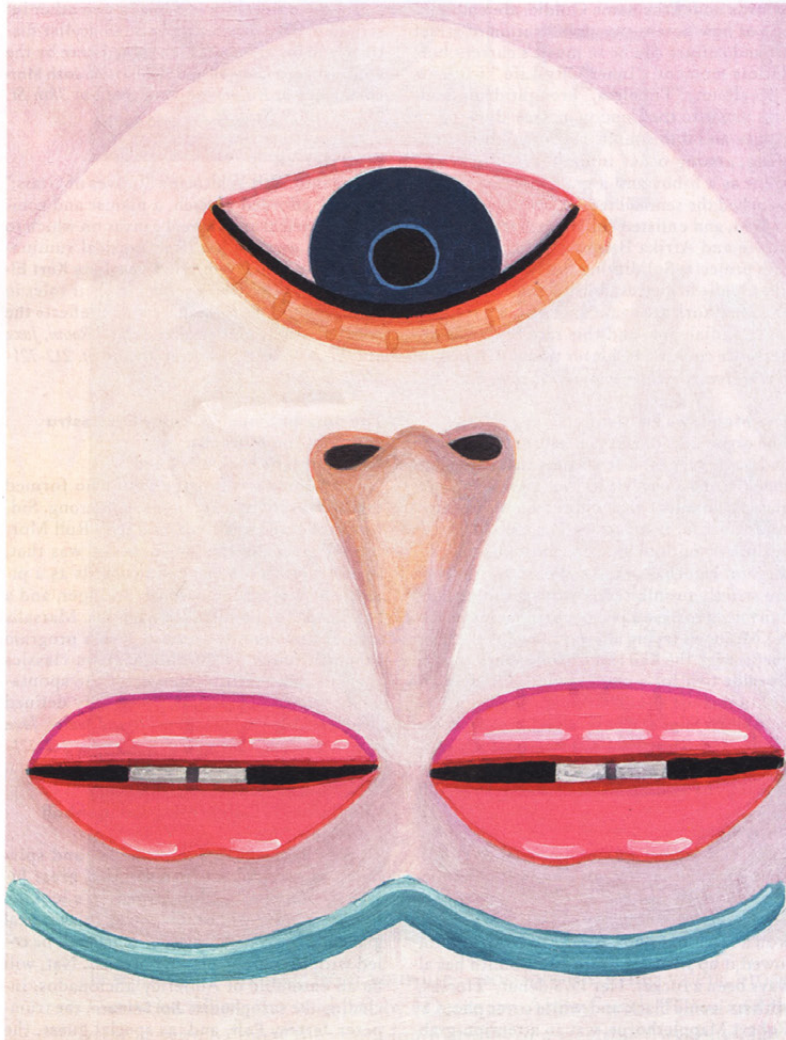
Whitney Museum**"Hélio Oiticica: To Organize Delirium"**

This retrospective of the sorely under-known Brazilian artist is a revelation. Oiticica died in 1980, of a stroke, at the age of forty-two, after early success in Rio de Janeiro, a brush with fame in London, obscurity during seven years in New York, and a return to Rio that, at one opening, occasioned a riot. Along the way, he turned from superb abstract painting to innovative work in sculpture, film, writing, political action, and participatory installation, much of which remains as fresh as this morning. The sand, huts, potted plants, caged parrots, and inscribed poetry of his sprawling "Tropicália" (1968) await your barefoot delectation, should you choose to park your shoes in the rack provided. So do the multifarious love nests (mattresses, straw, chopped-up foam rubber, water) of a more austere faux beach, "Eden" (1969). Works that he made in New York (and, at the time, showed only privately) exalt sex, drugs, and rock and roll—delirium aplenty, yet managed with acute aesthetic intelligence. Oiticica was a great one for planning. His buoyant writings in English, displayed in vitrines and seductively recited through earphones, hatch intricate utopian schemes, often architectural in character. In 1971, he proposed one that involved labyrinthine spaces, for construction in Central Park, called "Subterranean Tropicália Projects." Had he lived longer, we would likely be blessed with a number of landmark achievements in public art. *Through Oct. 1.*

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Stephen Ormandy

Six hard-edged paintings of curvy forms by the Australian artist and designer, who is making his New York solo debut, evoke otherworldly figures and landscapes. In "Sunny for Days," a golden circle marked with a thumb-nail of orange—like a sun being eclipsed by a brighter star—hovers above interlocking puzzle-piece shapes in thirteen colors, from



The Los Angeles painter Brian Calvin plays a Magrittean game with portraiture in "Sleeper" (2017), on view in his current show at the Anton Kern gallery, through Oct. 7.