

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art

"Teiji Furuhashi: Lovers"

In the summer of 1995, MOMA presented eight video works, including this newly restored, room-size installation by Furuhashi, a young artist from Kyoto. Full-scale images of five members of the Japanese performance collective Dumb Type (including the artist himself) fill four walls of a dark room. Motion detectors trigger some of the nude dancers' movements: strutting, running, embracing, separating, posing with arms outstretched. Their bodies are at once wraiths, made insubstantial by technology, and corporeal, aching with feeling. Furuhashi died of complications from AIDS shortly after "Lovers" debuted. He was thirty-five. This restoration is a landmark in the history of new-media art, and an epitaph for an artist who died far too young. *Through Feb. 12.*

Guggenheim Museum

"Moholy-Nagy: Future Present"

The high point of this powerful retrospective of the Hungarian-born painter, sculptor, photographer, filmmaker, designer, writer, teacher, and all-around modernizing visionary is a replica of his "Light Prop for an Electric Stage" (1930). It's a sleek, motorized medley of rods, screens, perforated disks, and springs, set in a box with a circular cut in one side—a sort of industrialized synthesis of Cubist and Constructivist styles. Moholy-Nagy took the original with him in 1934, when, after the Nazis' ascent to power, he moved from Berlin to the Netherlands, and then to London, and, finally, in 1937, to Chicago, where he directed the New Bauhaus school. Two years later, he founded the School of Design, still part of the Illinois Institute of Technology, which the art historian Elizabeth Siegel writes in the catalogue was "his overarching work of art." It was in America, after being given a diagnosis of leukemia (he died in 1946, at the age of fifty-one), that Moholy-Nagy began to abandon rigor in favor of delight, exposing the heart that had always pulsed within the technocratic genius. To be a student of his then must have been heaven. *Through Sept. 7.*

Whitney Museum

"Stuart Davis: In Full Swing"

Davis's ebullient paintings rank either at the peak of American modern art or a bit to the side of it, depending on how you construe "American" and "modern." Davis, who died in 1964, at the age of seventy-one, laid heavy stress on both terms. In the exhibition catalogue, the art historian Harry Cooper, the show's co-curator, quotes a list of self-exhortations that the painter wrote in 1938. The first item: "Be liked by French artists." The second: "Be distinctly American." Davis is best known, and rightly esteemed, for his later work (begun in the forties), tightly composed, hyperactive, flag-bright pictures, with crisp planes and emphatic lines, loops, and curlicues, often featuring gnomic words ("champion," "pad," "else") and almost always incorporating his signature as a dashing pictorial element. Their musical

rhythms and buttery textures appeal at a glance. But in this beautifully paced show, hung by the Whitney curator Barbara Haskell, Davis's earlier phases prove most absorbing. They detail stages of a personal ambition in step with large ideals. *Through Sept. 25.*

Brooklyn Museum

"Who Shot Sports: A Photographic History, 1843 to the Present"

We generally ignore the authors of sports photographs, unless they are moonlighting artists: Jacques Henri Lartigue, whose pictures in this immersive, often dazzling survey depict rich folks at play, circa the nineteen-tens and twenties; Henri Cartier-Bresson, who covered a bicycle race, in 1957, with poetic cunning; Rineke Dijkstra, who portrayed a young Portuguese matador, blood-smeared but happy, in 2000. Then there's Leni Riefenstahl,

whose classicist images of the 1936 Berlin Olympics, from a book made for presentation to Hitler, both awe and sicken. The field's full-time professionals can be every bit as brilliant—the show's wealth of telling and beautiful pictures beggars stamina—but they're cloaked in sports photography's ritual service to the obsessions of a special constituency: fans, who are infected with what Roger Angell nailed, in this magazine, as "insatiable vicariousness." We don't so much look at as sink in to, with glad sighs, Barton Silverman's ground-level view, from 2010, of Derek Jeter stealing third, headfirst in a spray of dirt while the ball arrives—too late—as a blur toward the fielder's glove. *Through Jan. 8.*

New Museum

"Simone Leigh: The Waiting Room"

The Brooklyn-based artist, a 2016 Guggenheim fellow, ruminates on health, history, and the power of black women to self-direct both. The gallery is outfitted with candles, meditation cushions, and a pop-up apothecary stocked with all manner of fragrant herbs. ("It's important to take care of yourself with plants rather than rely on pharmaceutical medication," the



The American painter Jonas Wood kicks off the new season at the Anton Kern gallery with a show of portraits, including this blast from his (and his sister's) past, painted this year. Opens Sept. 8.

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