



The artist Oliver Croy and the critic Oliver Elser preserved “The 387 Houses of Peter Fritz (1916-1992) Insurance Clerk from Vienna, 1993-2008.” The show includes 126 of them.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICOLE BENVIGNO/THE NEW YORK TIMES

Made, Found and Collected: So Many Things

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Poland, where she lived. Although by the time of her death, in 1997, she hadn’t reached her goal, she had made an impressive start, shooting the interiors of 20,000 rural homes. Most, however poor, were packed to the roof with things, their walls plastered with images of pop stars and Christian saints.

Documenting — which is a version of collecting — existing collections like these constitutes a genre of its own in the show. In a 2013 video called “The Trick Brain,” the contemporary British artist Ed Atkins adds terrifically creepy spoken commentary to an old film tour of the personal art collection amassed by the French Surrealist André Breton. Beginning in 2005, the Swiss photographer Mario Del Curto began to photograph the astonishing architectural structures by the Canadian artist Richard Greaves on a patch of woodland in southern Quebec, each an immense assemblage of discarded matter held together by wire, and all now destroyed.

And in 1993, the Austrian artist Oliver Croy and the critic Oliver Elser rescued almost 400 tabletop-scale models of imaginary Swiss buildings from junk shop oblivion. They were all made from cardboard, matchboxes and magazine tear sheets, by one Peter Fritz (1916-1992), an insurance clerk from Vienna about whom nothing further is known. A sampling of the Fritz collection — or is it the Croy and Elser collection? The show deliberately confuses the roles of collectors and artists — is at the New Museum. A group was also included in the main exhibition of the 2013 Venice Biennale, “The Encyclopedic Palace,” organized by Mr. Gioni. Approximately a third of the participants in “The Keeper” were also in that Venice show.

The Danish artist Henrik Oleson was, too, though he’s at the New Museum with different work, his 2007 survey piece called “Some Gay-Lesbian Artists and/or Artists relevant to Homo-Social Culture Born between c. 1300-1870.” A maze of funky digital prints attached to panels, it approaches art history through a queer eye, dividing it taxonomically by such categories as “The Appearance of Sodomites in Visual Culture,” “Female Societies, Amazons, Myths” and “Some Faggy Gestures.” It’s no-such-thing-as-too-much-information brilliant.

It’s also quite personal, as the most absorbing work in the show is. Some of

“The Keeper” continues through Sept. 25 at the New Museum, 235 Bowery, Manhattan; 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org



it has a reliquary air. Howard Fried, a California-based Conceptualist, exhibits the wardrobe of his mother, who died in 2002. The dark, fetid-looking assemblages of the reclusive Hannelore Baron (1926-1987) were made in the security of her Riverdale, Bronx, home but are saturated with a sense of panicked fatalism instilled by the Holocaust, which she had narrowly escaped.

That event is the subject of the show’s single most piercing entry: reproductions of pocket-size pencil drawings, probably dating from 1943, that are eyewitness depictions of the daily horrors of life inside Auschwitz, as recorded by an artist who signed the pictures MM. (The original sheets, found stuffed in a bottle, are in the collection of the Auschwitz-Birkenau

Ydessa Hendeles’s collected photos of people with teddy bears, and the real thing. Left, over 300,000 drawings by Vanda Vieira-Schmidt.

State Museum.)

What emotions propelled that artist’s hand? Fury? Despair? A spirit-focusing, nerve-steadying desire to deliver truth to history? We can’t know. Spiritual love was the force behind the work of the Swedish mystic Hilma af Klint (1862-1944), whose 16 paintings here are the largest number I’ve ever seen in New York, and are alone worth a visit. Her mind was on history, too. She asked that her paintings be hidden away for 20 years after her death, by which time, she hoped, a new age would have the eyes for them. It did.

But if she had not lived a middle-class life and been academically trained, would her paintings now be slotted as “outsider art” rather than classic early Modern abstraction? As it is, the outsider label hovers uncertainly over the Berlin artist Vanda Vieira-Schmidt, who turns out streams of abstract drawings, sometimes hundreds a day — 300,000 are stacked in a

gallery here — in the belief that they prevent evil from destroying the world.

And the label falls squarely on the career of Arthur Bispo do Rosário (circa 1910-89), a Brazilian artist who, after reporting that he’d had a visit from Christ and some angels, was committed to an asylum where, using unraveled clothing and rubbish, he created tapestries, arklike ships and a line of celestial formal wear, all on view in the museum’s lobby gallery.

Yet art isn’t outsider just because it looks that way. If that were true, the market would have long ago jumped on Shiro Ohtake, a highly regarded Tokyo noise-rock musician, who has for decades been compiling cut-and-paste scrapbooks that suggest bulging, eruptive crosses between Rauschenberg “combes” and Warhol “time capsules.”

Yuji Agematsu, his contemporary, would be a big outsider name, too. A New York City resident since 1980, he sifts bits of organic matter from the streets — cigarette butts, chewed gum, pins — and encloses them in tiny cellophane wrappers. The results, which resemble mini-terrariums or museum vitrines, do the heroic job of preserving a culture’s base matter but are as portable and personal as talismans.

As to the view of art’s being essentially talismanic, there’s a museum-within-the-museum devoted to the idea here, in the form of an installation called “Partners (the Teddy Bear Project)” by the German artist Ydessa Hendeles. Designed as an insanely neat, claustrophobically dense ethnological display on two levels, it holds some 3,000 framed photographs, many from early-20th-century family albums, of people and teddy bears posed together, and a few vintage examples of the real thing.

The teddy bear was introduced to America around 1902 — Germany also lays claim to inventing it — as a homage to President Theodore Roosevelt and quickly assumed an independent pop-cultural life. Ms. Hendeles, multitasking as artist, curator and collector, has arranged her pictures in units of classification to illustrate some of the toy’s social uses: political mascot, emblem of class status, embodiment of commercial success, protector of childhood innocence, adult comforter in a harsh universe. (Ms. Hendeles is a child of Holocaust survivors who lost everything in World War II.)

As an object, single or multiplied, it serves the basic function that collecting — call it hoarding, call it installation art — does. It lets us keep the illusion that we can forever embrace, and be embraced by, what is forever fading away.



From left, “Estrela de São João,” by Arthur Bispo do Rosário; a detail from the artist Shiro Ohtake’s scrapbooks; and some of the Wisconsin whittler Levi Fisher Ames’s creature creations.

On the Sidelines: Sport Photographers as Artists

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for inches with the opposing linebacker. In conversation, Ms. Buckland compared the ball carrier to a Picasso Minotaur, for brute power and intent.

“My killer photo,” said Heinz Kluetmeier, the photographer, one of the leaders of the pack in the past generation. Mr. Kluetmeier was punning about the fact that the ball-carrier, Aaron Hernandez of the New England Patriots, is currently serving a life sentence for murder.

During a recent visit to the museum, Mr. Kluetmeier recalled how he caught this primitive physical battle in 2011. He knew the light in the stadium was coming from the left, so he positioned himself to get the best contrast between red and white jerseys.

“And then the helmet came off,” Mr. Kluetmeier added with a smile. He said he knew it was a good photo as he looked through the lens. He made his own luck. The best photographers often do.

A personal note: In 50 years of writing, predominately about sports, I have had the privilege of working with proud photographers who were competing not only against weather and light and time and space and whatever transpired on the field but also against one another, and most importantly, against their own inner sense of style. I saw them hate themselves when they missed a shot and exult when they had nailed the shot.

“A lot of photos have a religious, iconographic aspect — particularly basketball, where somebody is ascending, somebody descending,” Ms. Buckland said about the cover photo of her accompanying book — Bill Russell



DONALD MIRALLE, LEUCADIA PHOTOWORKS GALLERY



KRYSTLE WRIGHT

blocking Elgin Baylor’s path to the basket during the 1966 N.B.A. championships, looking like elongated dueling angels in an El Greco painting. The two men were snapped by Walter Iooss Jr., one of the stars of his generation.

Ms. Buckland’s path to this show began when she was working in Chicago in the early 1970s and met Hugh Edwards, the photography curator at the Art Institute of Chicago. He asked her who was the greatest photographer of the century, and when she could not

“Who Shot Sports: A Photographic History, 1843 to the Present” runs through Jan. 8 at the Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway; 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org.

readily answer he delivered his opinion: Robert Riger, one of the first stars at Sports Illustrated.

After Ms. Buckland produced a 2009 show for the Brooklyn, “Who Shot Rock & Roll?,” she needed a project, and her partner, Everett Cox, made a one-word suggestion: “Sports.” She said he was crazy — she knew nothing about sports — then she plunged into it.

In years of research, she found sports photographs from recognized artists like Henri Cartier-Bresson, Richard Avedon, Walker Evans, Andy Warhol and Annie Leibovitz, as well as a photo of male cricketers by Lewis Carroll when he was not visiting the Liddell sisters. (All are in the exhibition.)

Ms. Buckland soon realized that

accomplished work had also been done by the best and brightest sports photographers, including my friend Barton Silverman, formerly of The New York Times, admired in the photographers’ scrum as a gifted, intense colleague. He is represented in this show by Derek Jeter sliding fingertips-and-nose-first into third base, raising a sandstorm.

Most Americans’ image of early photography involves gory Civil War scenes by Mathew Brady and colleagues. Ms. Buckland’s earliest sports photo is from 1843, by David Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson, both Scottish, of a young male court-tennis player, named Laing or Laine, holding a racket. He seems quite poised, considering he is leaning backward, his head



DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL AND ROBERT ADAMSON, SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Clockwise from top: Volleyball at the 2012 Olympics in London, by Donald Miralle; a tennis player in 1843, by David Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson; and BASE jumpers in Utah, by Krystle Wright.

and neck supported by a steel rod, holding him perfectly still for 120 excruciating seconds while rudimentary exposure took place.

She laments that new equipment has cut back on storage of bulky prints and negatives. “In this digital age, they destroy photos,” Ms. Buckland said of photographers and agencies that accumulate great backlogs of photos. “They don’t have them hanging around.”

Many artists in this exhibition are like athletes, in that they give credit when they have been outplayed. David Burnett, an Englishman who has covered the White House and Vietnam and the Olympics, recently visited the museum and spotted a large and glorious color shot of beach volleyball at the 2012 Olympics, in front of the Horse

Guards Parade Ground, with the sun giving the clouds and the historic London skyline a rusty glow.

Mr. Burnett said that he had also photographed that view, using black and white — a perfectly good picture, he allowed. “Then I saw this one, and I realized somebody had eaten my lunch” — a tribute to Donald Miralle, who took the photo and later told Ms. Buckland that his best work is “pre-conceptualized,” that is to say, no accident. She compared his photo to work by the Venetian painter Canaletto for its color and urban setting.

The show does not neglect history and social significance: young Cassius Clay evolving into Muhammad Ali; a 19th-century black baseball catcher and a black French cyclist and a modern black West Point gymnast; early female athletes in bulky outfits; two male fans kissing to celebrate a sports victory; and beautiful, muscular champions of more recent times — Serena Williams, Jackie Joyner-Kersey, Magic Johnson.

The newer extreme sports are represented by Krystle Wright, a 29-year-old adventurer from Australia, who climbs and glides in mountains — and also takes photos. “Freefall” was snapped while Ms. Wright was in a motor-driven parachute off a 400-foot peak in Utah. “The pilot thought I was an idiot,” she said, recalling how a BASE jumper leapt — “with the worst possible technique,” a distant stick figure, in freefall, the stuff of nightmares — and she aced the shot.

The museum has installed a pop-up gift shop, appropriately mimicking a boxing ring, with caps, T-shirts and pins, as well as Ms. Buckland’s lush companion book.

One of the most stunning photos is by Bob Martin, from directly above the pool, of a swimmer in the Paralympic Games, his prosthetic legs waiting on a chair — a mixture of Hockneyesque color with geometry and the glory of the human spirit. Mr. Martin has the most photos in this exhibition — six, by the curator’s count. Not that any of the proud sports photographers I know would ever keep score.

Oh, the Horror: A Backyard Barbecue Recalled

Liane Moriarty usually packs her books with dishier secrets than those that give “Truly Madly Guilty” its title. And you need to get through endless hinting, foreshadowing, stalling and

chapters that end with loud noises (“there was a piercing yell from upstairs”) even to find out what they are.

This Australian author’s winning formula always relies on such tactics. In her very popular “Big Little Lies,” she used them to good effect, even though the book revolved around a kindergarten. I actually missed that kindergarten while following the nonevents that go on here.

“Big Little Lies” focused on a terrible, terrible night that Ms. Moriarty used as a tease, by endlessly dropping in glimpses of it and then cutting away. It also had a full panoply of bitchy parents and nice ones, who went to war. “Truly Madly Guilty” unfolds on a much smaller scale: It’s about the day of a terrible, terrible barbecue, and features only a small group of characters. They are well delineated and saddled with various pathologies. (Ms. Moriarty is quite good with this kind of detail.) But hey, it’s just a barbecue. How earth-shaking can the fallout be?

The author does her damndest to make it seem colossally important. She gives each character enough baggage for a world tour, even though this is just an afternoon in a showy suburban



UBER PHOTOGRAPHY

Truly Madly Guilty
By Liane Moriarty
418 pages. Flatiron Books. \$26.99.

backyard in Sydney. The event happens spontaneously when Vid, a rich electrician said to look like Tony Soprano, impetuously invites his dreary next-door neighbors, Erika and Oliver, over for the day. Vid is cagey enough to know that Erika has a much more attractive friend, a cellist named Clementine. And he suggests that

Clementine and her husband, Sam, come, too.

None of the guests, who include Sam and Clementine’s two young daughters, know much about their grandiose host. But the men can’t keep their eyes off his wife, “the smoking-hot Tiffany,” who is treated by Vid as one of his prized possessions. Add Vid and Tiffany’s quiet, spooky daughter, Dakota; their yappy dog; and a cranky old man, Harry, who often comes by to complain about the noise, and you have almost the full cast. But since Erika and Clementine have known each other since childhood, they have irritating mothers lurking in the background, too.

Now what life-altering event(s) could emerge from a gathering like this? It’s worth plowing through the first half of the book just to find out, even if you need to stifle an inner scream every time the author drops one of these: a reference to Clementine’s “feelings of guilt and horror over what had happened at the barbecue.” Guilt? Horror? “Like the memory of a nightmare you can’t quite get out of your head.” We also learn piquantly that “in Clementine’s mind what happened would forever be tied up with sex. Skanky, sleazy sex.” And that Clementine liked it.

As Ms. Moriarty peels her onion of a plot, we begin to see that Sam and Clementine’s suburban marriage, all but sexless, is on the rocks. And that when Erika and Oliver bring up the subject obliquely, pre-barbecue, they

have lit the fuse to much more trouble than they can imagine. It hardly helps that once the barbecue gets going, Tiffany starts talking about her earlier life. She used to be a dancer. Her style of dance required a pole. It wasn’t the limbo.

From around this point onward, Ms. Moriarty begins to have serious credibility problems. She means to use the barbecue episode as a way of delving into deep, unresolved hostility between

Fraught friendships, stale marriages and covert backbiting in suburban Sydney.

Erika and Clementine, for one thing. They have indeed had an awful history, in which Clementine was the queen bee, and Erika was a needy, resentful mess; Erika’s mother is a terrible hoarder, and Erika still bears the shame of her upbringing. In other words, the book now moves into its psychiatric phase, which, unfortunately, carries no suspense and little interest. Ms. Moriarty has worked her readers into a lather without much of a plan to lead them out of it.

Since Ms. Moriarty is now a brand-

name writer, there’s a good chance that “Truly Madly Guilty” will be widely read, no matter what. It has all the requisite trademarks of one of her hits (“The Husband’s Secret,” “What Alice Forgot”), a three-word title included. It probes some of the things she writes about best: fraught friendships, covert backbiting, stale marriages. And its format has become standard for her, with brief, maddening flashes of What-ever-It-Is that don’t gel until she’s ready to let them. All of it is formulaic by now.

But it’s a shame to see her resort to the level of contrivance that this book requires. You’d have to be a very dedicated Moriarty fan to believe much of anything that happens post-crisis. One factoid borrowed from the plot of a Robert Redford film seems absolutely loony in the context of this story.

When the recriminations involve one character’s blaming himself for trying to open a jar of nuts, the whole book seems to have gone haywire. When everyone is tormented by guilt over and over again, even torment starts to get boring. The most honest thing that happens is that the two old pals, Erika and Clementine, regain their old ability to curse at each other in German, using words, like “dummkopf,” that they once thought of as terms of endearment. Like so many small touches in Ms. Moriarty’s other books, it sounds like something real people might actually do.

A Son’s Sleuthing, A Father’s Archive And a Lost Brooklyn

By JOSHUA BARONE

TRUMAN CAPOTE, stern-faced, looks down from the spiral staircase of his sprawling home in Brooklyn Heights. Three women — one framed by her furs — sit by the glow of a window at the Hotel Bossert, once known as the Waldorf Astoria of Brooklyn. A dignified W. E. B. Du Bois poses in his house at 31 Grace Court, near the Brooklyn Bridge.

All of these portraits and more were taken in 1958 by the commercial and fine-art photographer David Attie while he was on assignment for Holiday magazine. They spent decades boxed away and never published and, in many cases, his negatives were only recently printed. It took years of a son’s sleuthing to unearth his father’s long-forgotten work, but now 40 of these images have made their way to the Brooklyn Historical Society in the exhibition “Truman Capote’s Brooklyn: The Lost Photographs of David Attie,” on view through next July.

One of the photos of Capote, shadowy and composed in the crook of the staircase — “floating upward in white, swan-simple curves to a skylight of sunny amber-gold glass,” as Capote once described it — has a Hitchcockian quality. Other images are atmospheric glimpses of an era that feels both bygone (horse-drawn wagons for delivering flowers) and ever-present (children on the stoops of Brooklyn’s classic brownstones).

The show “really captures that time when Brooklyn Heights was not the wealthy place that it was in the mid-1800s, when it was the original sub-urbs, and certainly not the place it is now, but was a little marginal,” said Marcia Ely, who organized the exhibition with the help of the Attie family.

Eli Attie, David’s son, was a teenager when his father died in 1982. He knew of the work, which often took place in their home studio, but only recently did he realize the extent of the archive and the number of 20th-century luminaries his father photographed. Procrastination, he admits, led him to the discovery. While working on a script — he is a television writer whose credits include episodes of “The West Wing” and “House” — he looked up his father on Google. The results were few and disappointing.

“He had not left a digital footprint,” he said. “That just bothered me. My father, and someone who I thought was very talented, was unrecognized.”

Eventually, the younger Mr. Attie found a 2011 blog post about his father’s graphic design during the early 1950s.

“I knew I’d heard that name before, but there doesn’t seem to be much by Attie on the internet — and even less about him,” the post’s author wrote. So Eli commented: “David Attie was a direct relative of mine. He actually left commercial illustration in the 1950s, as it began to fade, and became a fairly successful commercial photographer.”

A British photographer, Brian Homer, reached out to Eli on Twitter to say that

“*Truman Capote’s Brooklyn: The Lost Photographs of David Attie*” runs through July 2017 at the Brooklyn Historical Society, 128 Pierrepont Street; 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org.



he had been influenced by his father’s 1977 photography book, “Russian Self-Portraits,” and asked if there were more images on hand that could be used to revive and exhibit David’s work.

They met at Eli’s childhood home, a townhouse in Manhattan where his mother, the painter Dotty Attie, still lives.

Mr. Attie used his iPhone to take some photos of framed prints around the house, and he sent them to some gallery curators. “If anyone responded,” he said, “it was with a brutal rejection.”

He was told that if he wanted his father’s work to get any attention, he would need to gather any photos he could of famous people. In searching, he found surprising photographs and undeveloped outtakes. When Mr. Attie was younger, “I didn’t give his work much thought,” he said. As an adult looking in earnest, he was impressed to find his father’s photos of the Band, Leonard Bernstein and Bobby Fischer, among others.

He also found an envelope that said



The exhibition “Truman Capote’s Brooklyn: The Lost Photographs of David Attie” includes images of Capote, above; a montage used for a cover of “Breakfast at Tiffany’s,” above left; and a street scene, below, all from 1958.

“Holiday, Capote, A3/58.”

“For me, it was just another celebrity,” Mr. Attie said of the discovery. But then he bought the February 1959 issue of Holiday, which included some of the photos his father took for the Capote essay “A House on the Heights,” famous for its opening line, provocative at the time: “I

live in Brooklyn. By choice.”

Capote’s writing, like David Attie’s photography, is impressionistic: small sketches of life in the neighborhood and his home, which was owned by the stage designer Oliver Smith. (Capote, true to his character, often said he was its owner.) Later printed as a small book, the essay was reissued last fall with the photographs, under the title “Brooklyn: A Personal Memoir, With the Lost Photos of David Attie,” with an afterword by Eli.

It’s possible that “Breakfast at Tiffany’s” played a role in the photographer’s hiring for the magazine piece.

The novella, one of Capote’s most beloved works, was published in Esquire in November 1958 but had been originally purchased by Harper’s Bazaar for publication earlier that year. At the time, the art director of Bazaar was the influential designer Alexey Brodovitch, who was David Attie’s mentor and photography teacher at the New School. (Among Brodovitch’s other protégés were Richard Avedon and Irving Penn.)

Mr. Brodovitch hired David Attie to illustrate “Tiffany’s” with montages of images layered upon one another, the elder Mr. Attie’s signature style at the New School. But Bazaar pulled out. Capote sold the story to Esquire, and wrote in a letter to its fiction editor, L. Rust Hills, “I would not be interested if you did not use Attie’s photographs.” Esquire published only one of the montages — “a laughing girl with an El Morocco background,” in Capote’s words — but that, Eli said, helped his father’s career take shape.

(Capote’s letters, written from Greece

on stationery with the scribbled-out letterhead of the Italian ship line Società di Navigazione, are also displayed in the exhibition, as are more of the “Tiffany’s” montages, one of which was eventually used as the cover of a paperback edition of the book by Vintage International.)

Did the writer and the photographer keep in touch after Capote’s essay was published? The unanswered questions have piled up.

One day, Angela Hederman, who published the book of Capote’s essay with David Attie’s work, pointed to a photo and asked Eli, “Is that W. E. B. Du Bois?”

It was. Ms. Ely, of the Brooklyn Historical Society, asked the Du Bois biographer David Lewis about the connection. They speculated that, as neighbors and writers in Brooklyn Heights in the 1950s, Capote and Du Bois may have occasionally crossed paths; another theory is that the elder Mr. Attie knew Du Bois and was paying him a visit while on assignment. Eli also found correspondence between the two writers, from around the time the Capote photo shoot took place.

The mysteries continue with each newly opened box of negatives, which fill several closets from floor to ceiling. The whole process, Mr. Attie said, is “a conversation with my father, and I get to sort of be there with him, in many cases before I was born.”

And, with the book and exhibition, he is beginning to raise his father’s profile.

“Part of what I always sought for him was a little bit of legitimacy,” Mr. Attie said. “It’s all getting a little closer to that.”

Holding Things Together: Cuff Links as Reflections Of Their Owners

Cuff links have a simple purpose, but their innumerable forms reflect their owners’ personalities and manufacturers’ ingenuity. After decades of neglect from academics, they are coming to the fore in museum shows and private collections.

Richard G. Porter, a marketing consultant in Brooklyn, has filled an upstairs room in his townhouse with about 3,500 pairs of cuff links, most from the mid-20th century. “They’re like little canvases,” he said.

He organizes them by material, color, designer, nationality and subject matter. During a recent tour, he opened one of his dozens of drawers and revealed a blaze of red, teal and blue rectangles. He asked me, “You’re ready for some German enamel cuff links?”

Other materials in his collection include pewter, copper, turquoise, agate and lapis lazuli. Sports are represented in the form of tiny windsurfers and badminton shuttlecocks, and he has acquired some oddities, like helicopters, pencil stubs, abacuses and matchbooks. “I do have a little gambling theme section,” he said, bringing out cuff links shaped like stacks of playing cards with tiny dice inside.

Mr. Porter has spent up to a few thousand dollars apiece for cuff link pairs; his priciest acquisitions, made of gold and amethyst, were designed by Art Smith, a Greenwich Village artisan. Among Mr. Porter’s other favorite makers are the artist Victoria Flemming, who drizzled gold streaks on glass, and William Spratling and Antonio Pineda, whose silver workshops



in Mexico catered to Hollywood celebrities. He owns about 200 products from Fenwick & Sailors, a company based in Hollywood known for novelty cuff links in the form of telephones, microphones, oil derricks and horses’ behinds.

At business meetings, he said, “They’re a great little ice-breaker.” They help form connections between strangers. “They hold things together. There’s absolutely a metaphor in there,” he said.

He sometimes buys tie clips and tie tacks that match his cuff links, and he owns a few single-ton cuff links. “My fantasy is somehow finding the match,” he said.

Barry Harwood, the decorative arts curator at the Brooklyn Museum, pored over the Porter drawers a few weeks ago. “I completely admire that sort of tenacity” in collecting, he said. Mr. Porter has given the museum a pair of copper cuff links that resemble African tribal

Antiques

Eve M. Kahn



Left, cuff links by Victoria Flemming, a glass artist. Above left, fish cuff links by William Spratling, who had a silver workshop in Mexico that catered to Hollywood celebrities. Above right, a gold-and-amethyst pair by the jeweler Art Smith.

masks; they were designed by Winifred Mason Chenet, a Brooklyn-born modernist coppersmith who mentored Art Smith. She spent years in Haiti, and returned to the United States in the 1960s after soldiers killed her husband, Jean Chenet. (Nancy Till, a design historian in New York, is planning to publish recently unearthed details of Ms. Chenet’s largely forgotten career.)

The Brooklyn Museum will soon display Mr. Porter’s Chenet cuff links. As rare examples of modernist jewelry for men, and rare examples of jewelry for men designed by a woman, Mr. Harwood said, “the cuff links expand the gender realm; they totally open up and broaden the presentation.”

In a new book, “Precious Cufflinks: From Pablo Picasso to James Bond,” the jewelry historian Walter Grasser and the goldsmith Franz Hemmerle point out that “only very few cuff links have found their way into public collections and museums.” The book, also written by the art historian Alexander von Württemberg, describes their origins: 17th-century European aristocrats slipped gemstones attached

by chains through their cuff buttonholes. From the 1870s to the 1910s, Czar Nicholas II made sketches of cuff links that he received as gifts. He owned well over 100 pairs, “all of which are sadly lost today,” Mr. von Württemberg writes.

The Missing Link, a specialty store on West 25th Street in Manhattan, has preserved original boxes with 20,000 cuff links for sale. They are arrayed in categories with labels like “Art Deco Enamels” and “Victorian Bean Backs.” The materials include Egyptian scarabs, Wedgwood porcelain wafers and blood-red feldspar cylinders flecked with gold. The store owner, Michael Rodriguez, and his assistant, Tom Dziadual, can explain which cuff link shapes were favored by celebrities like Gary Cooper and Bing Crosby, and how designers over the centuries have tinkered with cuff link formats by adding snaps, toggles, pivoting bars and straps.

During a tour, Mr. Dziadual pointed out a shelf full of crystal cuff links the size of golf balls. “We have a televangelist who wears those,” he said. Another client keeps breaking one cuff link and seeking replacements.

He is known, Mr. Dziadual said, as “the lefty destroyer.”

Mr. Rodriguez has 20,000 additional cuff links tucked away in his private collection. He said he planned to write a book about them and create museum displays.

A few institutions keep cuff links on view. They appear on clothing in the Los Angeles County Museum of Art’s survey of men’s wear, “Reigning Men,” on display through Aug. 21. The Yale University Art Gallery has brought out gold oval cuff links made around 1840, and the Newark Museum is showing examples made of sapphires and mastodon ivory.

One particularly important pair of cuff links, worn by George Washington during one of his inauguration ceremonies, is in the University of Hartford’s holdings of political memorabilia. The collection, amassed by J. Doyle DeWitt, an insurance executive, was long displayed in the university’s Museum of American Political Life, which closed in 2004. The university has been trying to sell the collection, which is costly to maintain in storage; its potential dispersal has caused legal controversy. John Carson, a university spokesman, said its fate has not been decided. Washington’s cuff links remain in limbo.

ART & ANTIQUES

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Rachel Whiteread’s “Cabin,” on Governors Island, is an inside-out concrete cast of a building, which, if its windows were real, would have a spectacular view of the Manhattan skyline.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP GREENBERG FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Outside Art: No Museum Walls Here, Just Sun



Martin Puryear’s “Big Bling,” above, a 40-foot-tall sculpture with a gold-leaf shackle, in Madison Square Park. Left, Meg Webster’s dirt-walled “Concave Room for Bees,” at Socrates Sculpture Park in Long Island City.

From Weekend Page 1

(1993), a two-story building in East London since demolished, which earned her a Turner Prize in 1993.

“Cabin” resembles a backyard tool shed or a mountain way station, except that it’s made entirely of pale gray concrete and can’t be entered. In fact, it’s a cast of the inside of the original structure. What you see on its exterior is actually a reproduction of its interior walls and ceiling. Up close, you see a fossilized patchwork of corrugated metal, wood clapboards and other types of siding punctuated by blind, mullion-gridded windows.

Park visitors here for the spectacular views of New York Harbor and the Manhattan skyline may wonder why this mute, opaque, tomblike work of art is here. “Cabin” bears no readily discernible relationship to the island’s geography or its history as the former site of a United States Army installation. Around the sculpture’s base are

Rachel Whiteread’s “Cabin” continues through Sept. 25 on Governors Island, govisland.com/hills. The island is accessible by ferry at govisland.com/info/ferry.

Katharina Grosse’s “Rockaway!” runs through Nov. 30 at Gateway National Recreation Area at Fort Tilden, Queens; momaps.org/exhibitions/view/410.

Meg Webster’s “Concave Room for Bees” is on view through Aug. 28 at the Socrates Sculpture Park, 32-01 Vernon Boulevard, Long Island City; 718-956-1819, socratessculpturepark.org.

Martin Puryear’s “Big Bling” is on view through Jan. 8 at Madison Square Park; madisonsquarepark.org.

cast-bronze assemblages of detritus recovered from around the island, apparently the only direct connection to the place.

Yet the setting has the effect of imbuing “Cabin” with allusive poetry. With the Statue of Liberty rising in the distance — a beacon of extroverted, all-embracing spiritual generosity — “Cabin” suggests an inward-turning intransigence. Calling to mind precedents from Thoreau’s humble dwelling at Walden Pond to the Unabomber’s hideout in the Montana woods, it evokes an often cranky, sometimes delusional do-it-yourself individualism that still runs deep in the grain of American consciousness.

Rockaway Beach

Coincidentally, a piece by the German artist Katharina Grosse also centers on a small building on the grounds of a former United States Army base, Fort Tilden, which is now part of the National Park Service Gateway National Recreation Area. Standing just a few yards from the beach, it’s a derelict one-story concrete structure, formerly an aquatics center for the fort’s personnel. Ms. Grosse spray-painted it in billowing Abstract Expressionist swaths of various shades of red, from burnt orange to magenta, inside as well as out, including the shingled roof. It looks as if it had been painted by the wind, which is appropriate considering that the building was ruined by Hurricane Sandy. The Rockaway! Art program, conceived and directed by Klaus Biesenbach, director of MoMA PS1, has been integral to Rockaway’s recovery. Beachgoers who pause to contemplate Ms. Grosse’s virtual dissolution of the

abandoned architecture at the edge of the vast sea may find in it themes of permanence and flux, the material and the ethereal, and grief and celebration.

Socrates Sculpture Park

Founded 30 years ago by the sculptor Mark di Suvero on an abandoned waterfront where ships once docked, Socrates Sculpture Park is a charmingly scruffy green space on the Queens side of the East River. The main attraction of “Landmark,” an exhibition celebrating the park’s 30th birthday, is a sculpture by Meg Webster called “Concave Room for Bees.” Inspired by land-art works like those of Robert Smithson, Ms. Webster creates large-scale installations indoors and out that involve dirt, rocks, moss, flowers and other natural materials organized into archetypal configurations intended to connect people to the greater cosmos.

Approaching “Concave Room for Bees” from the park’s main gate, you see a five-foot-tall, curving, Minimalist wall of dirt held in place by heavy wire mesh. Around the other side, at a point facing the river, an opening allows visitors to enter and discover a nearly

360-degree flower garden growing from concavely sloped ground and forming a wok-like bowl 70 feet in diameter. Here in this blossoming arena, you find yourself in a sacred space of geometric and botanical order, a place to meditate on the wedding of nature and culture and the place of humanity in the universe.

Madison Square Park

One of Manhattan’s most beautiful green oases, Madison Square Park is the setting for Martin Puryear’s spectacular “Big Bling,” a 40-foot-tall slab of a sculpture whose silhouette resembles that of an animal of indeterminate species. It could be an elephant or a sitting cat. Its outer skin is made entirely of chain-link fencing through which you can see its gridded, wooden infrastructure. Its body is perforated by a kidney-shaped hole, and its head sports an enormous shackle — a U-shaped link attached to a bolt running through the head — finely carved from wood and covered in gold leaf. Like a horse’s bit or the ring in a bull’s nose, it suggests a device by which the great beast might be controlled were it to come to unruly life.

The sculpture calls to mind the Trojan horse by which the ancient Greeks tricked their foes. This invokes a popular theory of avant-gardism, that of troubling art that conceals subversive purposes under cover of appealing aesthetics. The main clue to Mr. Puryear’s intentions is in the gold shackle and the titular word “bling,” which refers to the sort of ostentatious jewelry favored by hip-hop artists of past decades. Bling subsequently came to refer to anything of flashy, exorbitantly pricey excess like yachts and multimillion-dollar artworks.

Inserted into the middle of a city whose dominant industry is high finance, “Big Bling” may be seen as a messianic admonition to those who worship money. Value wealth above all, and it will shackle you to a blinkered existence of soul-eroding avarice, making you a slave of the capitalist machine. What’s the alternative? Mr. Puryear’s sculpture offers no explicit prescription, but in this presidential election year, it stands as a valuable monument to something greater than lucre, a call to liberate life from its chains of gold.

Young, Young, Young Critics Evaluate the City’s Longest Slide

By DANIEL McDERMON

A verdant expansion of parkland opened on Governors Island this week, a 10-acre parcel called the Hills, with singular views of Upper New York Bay, far across to the bustling docks of Bayonne, N.J., out toward the arc of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, or north to the spiky Manhattan skyline.

It was designed by an esteemed landscape architecture firm, West 8, and has been endowed with an appropriately inscrutable piece of concrete art, “Cabin,” by an award-winning artist, Rachel Whiteread.

Fine. Great! But what about the slides?

One of the four hills that constitute the Hills is adorned with four gleaming slides, including what the Trust for Governors Island described as New York City’s longest, 57 feet, and reachable only by scrambling up an imposing mound of blocks. (The previous record-holder, 45 feet long, is the curving granite slide at the Billy Johnson Playground in Central Park.)

There was plenty for kids — and adults — to do on the island already, said Leslie Koch, president of the Trust. She noted the miniature golf course, playgrounds and water sprinklers, a vegetable garden and a pair of friendly goats named Rice and Beans. All of which have helped the island grow more popular.

“We’re at 20 percent more than last year, already,” said Ms. Koch, who plans to step down this year.

But is bigger really better when it comes to slides? Accompanied by two freelance critics — experts in the field — a reporter set out to investigate.

In an interview aboard the Governors Island ferry, the critics — Hudson, 5, and Jacqueline, 3 — proffered a slippery set of criteria, verging on the tautological.

“What makes a good slide?” a reporter (a.k.a. Dad) asked.

“That it’s a good slide,” Hudson replied.

“Do you mean that it’s all in the sliding?”

“Yeah,” Hudson said.

Pressed to elaborate, the critics ac-



PHILIP GREENBERG FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Slide Hill, including a 57-foot slide, is one of the newest entertainment features on Governors Island. A 3-year-old and a 5-year-old recently tried it out.

knowledgeed that they had not yet encountered a disagreeable slide. But they allowed for the possibility that one could exist.

From its base, Slide Hill is just the least bit vertiginous at 40 feet, with four shiny metal tongues wagging their way down.

“Who’s going first?”

“Me,” both critics said.

Negotiations continued in this vein until a settlement was reached. The elder critic went first, followed by his junior colleague.

They quickly agreed: This slide, and its three smaller neighbors, needed more extensive testing before a judgment could be rendered.

This further research took 10 minutes. The slides were deemed impressive.

“Two thumbs up?”

“Ten thumbs up,” Hudson said as the critics prepared to depart.

Ms. Koch seemed pleased with the verdict and shared a bit of advice.

“It’s faster when you’re wet,” she whispered, in a nod to the nearby sprinklers.

“Much faster.”

Rocking Out in the Mosh Pit, With Baby in Tow

By ADRIENNE DAY

WHEN Melissa Auf der Maur goes to work, she often takes her 4-year-old daughter, River, as well as River's protective earmuffs: twin plastic clamshells that nearly double the circumference of her head.

Ms. Auf der Maur, a musician, and her husband, Tony Stone, a filmmaker, are founders of Basilica Hudson, an arts center in a reclaimed factory in Hudson, N.Y. In April, Basilica hosted a drone festival featuring 24 hours of low-frequency sound with attendees fanned out on sleeping bags inside a cavernous main room. Despite the event's length, River was hardly the only child on the floor; dozens more from across the Northeast joined her daughter, Ms. Auf der Maur said. "One family made the four-hour drive from Philadelphia with their baby and ended up camping out for the duration."

At a place like Basilica, she said, parents appreciate that kids can run around and be themselves.

But kids being themselves is precisely the issue for some music fans. Festivals proliferated in the early 2000s in the United States, when revenue streams shifted from CD sales to live performance. Every year, more and more festivals enter the fray — Panorama makes its debut on Randall's Island in New York this weekend — and they feature as many styles of music as there are shades of glow sticks, bolstered by the money-minting machine known as electronic dance music. But most people who go to festivals are in their 20s, many of them single and looking to have a good time, not censor themselves in case a toddler wanders by.

On the other hand, certain longstanding pop festivals like Lollapalooza are approaching the quarter-century mark, and fans of live performances like these



DAMON WINTER/THE NEW YORK TIMES



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have likewise grown older and started families. For these fans, music festivals, like braces and Little League, can be a rite of passage for their children — and they're not bothered by any sidelong looks.

"Your life doesn't stop when you have a kid, nor does your experience of culture," said Kendel Shore, vice president of communities at Kickstarter. "It feels completely natural to bring our son along because for us, it's about experiencing music and culture and connecting with our friends."

Connecting with like-minded adults is one reason Rebecca Hopkins takes her 15-month-old daughter to festivals like the sun-dappled, mellow Huichica, at the Gundlach Bundschu winery in Sonoma, Calif. "There's a kids' zone where we've met other parents, and there's space to put out a blanket under the trees," she said.

While most event promoters don't track data on the attendance of children, more and more festivals now include areas designed for families. Fun family time, traditionally the preserve of theme parks, is another reason cited for taking children to music festivals. Why not Skrillex instead of Six Flags?

That's the case for Kristi Roe-Owen, a Bonnaroo veteran. She has made six trips to the festival since 2002, its inaugural year. In 2009, she and her husband drove 10 hours to Tennessee from Tulsa, Okla., with Arthur, then 15 months. Some friends were critical. "People thought we were just dragging our poor baby around," Ms. Roe-Owen said. "But for us, it's all about strengthening the family bond."

Everyone, including Arthur, got more out of Bonnaroo than they did on a subsequent trip to Disneyland, she added. "For some people, a cruise is their ideal vaca-

tion, but for us, Bonnaroo is a combination of all of the things we love, like camping and listening to music under the stars."

Ariel Meadow Stallings also considers family time paramount. She took her then-5-year-old son to Beloved, a music-and-art festival in Tidewater, Ore., to share her passion for dancing. "Of course, we can always dance in the living room, but there aren't many places to dance to a full sound system and light show," she said. "Music festivals give me the chance to share that part of my life with my favorite person."

Parental interest in attending festivals with the whole family isn't lost on festival organizers. Some festivals, even small independent ones like Basilica, encourage children to participate, while others have programming specifically for them: Austin Kiddie Limits at Austin City Limits; Kidzapalooza at Lollapalooza; and Youngershoot at Bummer-shoot. These festivals offer activities like mural-making, music lessons, temporary tattoos and child-oriented music performances.

The programming is generally designed for the under-10 set, but some parents find that their children prefer main-stage acts. Yvette Geigenmiller has taken her children to Austin City Limits for three years running. In 2014, her 6-year-old

daughter was especially excited to see Capital Cities, while her 11-year-old son was all about Skrillex.

"My kids really love crowds and visual entertainment," Ms. Geigenmiller said. "We definitely bond over music."

Kidz Jam at Bonnaroo features different child-friendly activities each day, including instrument making, communal canvas painting and a tie-dye party. Since 2007, Bonnaroo has also had a family camping area, and for those up early enough, before the music starts around 1 p.m., there is yoga and a 5K run that families are welcome to join.

And for the first time in its 11-year history, the Chicago-based Pitchfork Music Festival had a dedicated children's area this year. Michael Grant, a lawyer in Chicago, has taken his four daughters, all 10 and under, to Pitchfork for the past three

years. "Because it's in a park, you can always get away from the music and regroup if you need to," he said.

But do families tie into the less savory aspects of music festival culture, the type that tend to make headlines when the Electric Daisy Carnival rolls into town?

While the smaller, esoteric festivals are a far cry from mainstream festivals like Lollapalooza, Governors Ball and Coachella, certain elements of hedonism endemic to the communal experience of music keep some parents from taking their children.

"I can't expect adults to behave well in that sort of setting," said Diana Sherman Whittles, a mother in Hoboken, N.J., who attends music festivals, but without her sons. "Plus, I don't want to have to make multiple trips to the bathroom or for snacks, and I don't want to have to leave

early because my kids are tired or bored."

Similarly, Henry Owings of Atlanta has taken his 5-year-old daughter to see smaller shows, but not mainstream festivals. "A festival isn't for her, it's for me," he said. "She'd rather go to the beach."

For festivalgoers who do take their children, angry comments can bubble up on forums like Reddit, where one first-time Bonnaroo attendee posted in 2014: "I was shocked and dismayed by all the children there. I saw a mom breast-feeding her baby during Cake!"

When the actress Alicia Silverstone took her 11-month-old son to Coachella in 2012, there was much hand-wringing by the gossip blogs and a photo-shaming "Coachella baby" Tumblr.

Kate Fisher, a former teacher in Asheville, N.C., who has taken her sons to Moogfest and the electronic dance music festival Mountain Oasis, said that choosing festivals is important, as is a parents' own behavior, which children will model.

"You want them to feel like they belong, that they are welcome," Ms. Fisher said. One year, Fishbone played the festival Leaf in Black Mountain, N.C., and after the first few songs the mosh pit really got going, so she took her sons back to the tent for s'mores.

But the experience was no deal-breaker. "Are you going to put your kids in a bubble and not let them be exposed to anything?" she said. "If you're not O.K. with things being a little messy or loud during nap time, then don't take the kids."

Tips for Unfettered Music Appreciation

To quote the Boy Scouts: Be prepared.

CHECK THE RULES Before you go, become familiar with the festival's policies. Know what you cannot bring inside. (For example, some festivals welcome strollers, but others ban them.) Don't forget sunblock, water — some festivals allow patrons to bring in empty bottles for on-site refilling — and ear protection.

START SMALL If it's your first time bringing the kids, start with a small festival, such as Huichica. Adventure

ous families can try Panorama.

IT'S NOT ABOUT YOU Your child's needs come first. You must be willing to think the act you most want to see.

THINK SAFETY Create a safe retreat away from the chaos.

SCOUT OUT FIRST AID Know where to find the medical tent. That's also one place to breast-feed if you want privacy.

PARENT POOL Go with other families.

SKIP THE CROWDS Avoid arriving and leaving with the masses.

Friday File

83 Years Ago

Oh, Pokémon Go. You are so today. Let's look at yesterday for a moment.

Before augmented reality games had adults running around on wild pixel chases, their analog precursors had them running around searching for monkeys and hankies and parking tickets.

The classic scavenger hunt still exists today, of course, but it's doubtful many of them are quite the way they were in their 1930s heyday, when New York socialites conducted such outlandish ones that they were lampooned in the 1936 screwball comedy "My Man Godfrey," starring William Powell and Carole Lombard. Powell played a down-and-outer living as a derelict on the East River. Lombard claimed him as the "forgotten man" of her scavenger hunt. In his review in The New York Times, Frank S. Nugent called

"My Man Godfrey" "the daffiest comedy of the year" and "an exuberantly funny movie."

The scavenger hunt that pretty much started the craze was in New York in 1933, at a party in the Waldorf-Astoria hosted by the gossip columnist Elsa Maxwell. If technical glitches haven't always made it easy for New Yorkers to capture little Pokémon monsters, try rounding up a live monkey in Manhattan. That was one item on the list at the Waldorf event, where "a favored diversion of cosmopolitan society in Europe," the account in The Times said, "had its New York premiere on a vast scale." Other items included a "live goat (non-political), a red lantern, the most beautiful woman in New York (not present at the party), the future Mayor of New York City or his signature, dated last night,"

Weekend Entertainments From the Archives of The New York Times



the aforesaid live monkey, "the initialed handkerchief of New York's most charming and honest banker, a shoe of Jimmy Durante, the wittiest, funniest or most amusing man in New York (who was not participating in the hunt) and the right man on Park Avenue with a card," whatever that meant.

First prize was \$500, The Times reported. Third prize was "a case of post-repeal champagne."

The animals were tricky. "One of the hunters, unable to find the required goat and monkey, returned to the Waldorf too late for the judging with a honey-bear cub, which he had obtained at a Broadway nickelodeon," The Times reported. "The entrance of the cub made a distinct hit with those present, and the freedom of the ballroom floor and the privilege of being photographed with his captors

were accorded to him."

The red lanterns were not a problem, apparently, because the Police Department was in on the game and had agreed that scavenger hunters "who had taken red lanterns from the streets would not receive summonses if the lanterns were returned within a reasonable time."

The cooperation of the police was not obtained for a scavenger hunt a couple of years later, in 1935, when an Illinois man "was assigned recently to get a speeder's ticket," The Times reported via The Associated Press, "and started out with a right good will." The policeman who pulled him over was not amused. He slapped the scavenger hunter with a \$10 cash bond to take possession of the ticket and forced him to appear in court to answer charges. He probably didn't win.

MARY JO MURPHY



FILIP WOLAK/MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

UPTOWN BOUNCE (Wednesday) El Museo del Barrio and the Museum of the City of New York team up for a third year of summer block parties. The

museums — neighbors, across the street from each other — offer, clockwise from top, dance, art-making, tours and D.J. sets. The lineup is at mcny.org/bounce.

(The series runs Wednesdays through Aug. 17.) From 6 to 9 p.m., 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org. (Joshua Barone)



FILIP WOLAK/MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



CARUCHA L. MEUSE/EL MUSEO DEL BARRIO



CARUCHA L. MEUSE/EL MUSEO DEL BARRIO

Around Town

Information on events for possible inclusion in *Spare Times* should be sent to weekend@nytimes.com by Friday at 5 p.m. for publication the following week. Longer versions of *Around Town* and *For Children* listings are in a searchable guide at nytimes.com/events.

Museums and Sites

‘ECHOES: CITY, SOCIETY, CONFLICT & SELF IN HUNGARIAN PHOTOGRAPHY’ (through July 30) This exhibition, part of the citywide festival Modernity X Hungary, is a focused complement to the sprawling show “Moholy-Nagy: Future Present,” at the Guggenheim Museum through Sept. 7. The geometric photographs of Laszlo Moholy-Nagy are on view here, along with photos by contemporary artists whose artworks show his influence well after his death in 1946. Alma Gallery, 625 West 27th Street, Chelsea, 347-237-1428. Additional events at modernityxhungary.com.

THE FENCE (through Sept. 20) For its fifth year, this outdoor photography show returns with 1,250 feet of fencing displaying works presented by United Photo Industries — the organization behind Photoville, which opens on Sept. 21. The show’s roster of photographers, 40 in all, were chosen by a jury, which will also select a grand-prize winner to be exhibited at Photoville. 2 Old Fulton Street, at Furman Street, Dumbo, Brooklyn, fence.photoville.com; free.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY: ‘ALEXANDER HAMILTON: STRIVER, STATESMAN, SCOUNDREL’ (through Dec. 31) It’s the New York Public Library’s turn to take advantage of “Hamilton”-mania. This exhibition, made from the library’s collection, provides some answers to that question posed at the beginning of Lin-Manuel Miranda’s hit musical about the “founding father without a father,” Alexander Hamilton: “How does a bastard, orphan, son of a whore and a Scotsman, dropped in the middle of a forgotten spot in the Caribbean by providence, impoverished, in squalor, grow up to be a hero and a scholar?” Stephen A. Schwarzman Building, New York Public Library, 917-275-6975, nypl.org/locations/schwarzman.

Events

NATIVE SOUNDS DOWNTOWN! (Thursday) This year’s edition of the National Museum of the American

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Indian’s free, outdoor summer concert features the rock band Indian City, a First Nations-minded group from Canada. You can prepare by listening to their albums, the 2012 debut “Supernation” and 2014 follow-up “Colors.” At 5 p.m., 1 Bowling Green, Lower Manhattan, 212-514-3700, nmai.si.edu.

OZY FUSION FEST (Saturday) Part music festival, part TED Talk, part food fair — this event’s debut aims to accomplish a lot. But with a packed schedule lasting from morning to night, there’s plenty of room to give the star-studded lineup room to breathe. Among those making appearance are Abbi Jacobson and Ilana Glazer of “Broad City,” the author Malcolm Gladwell and William. The full list is at ozy.com/ozyfest2016. From 10:30 a.m. to 9 p.m., Rumsey Playfield, Central Park, midpark at 70th Street.

STAR TREK OVERNIGHTS (Saturday) This series of sleepovers — conveniently timed for both the latest “Star Trek” film and the exhibition “Star Trek: Starfleet Academy Experience,” on view at the Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum through Oct. 31 — provides private, after-hours access to the Intrepid and a chance to watch classic episodes of “Star Trek” outdoors on the flight deck. The event also includes access to the Space Shuttle Pavilion, where the Enterprise (sound familiar?) is housed. At 6:45 p.m., Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum, Pier 86, 46th Street and 12th Avenue, Clinton, 877-957-7447, intrepidmuseum.org.

TABLE MUSIC BRUNCH SERIES: MARY AKPA (Sunday) One of the latest brunch options in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, is this prix fixe meal and performance at National Sawdust. The concept is a throwback to the 16th- and 17th-century “Tafelmusik” — music meant for eating and drinking. The next artist, Ms. Akpa, was born in Nigeria and raised in California, and her fluid style blends soul, jazz and electronic music. At 11 a.m., 80 North Sixth Street, at Wythe Avenue, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, 646-779-8455, nationalsawdust.org.

UPTOWN BOUNCE (Wednesday) On Fifth Avenue, at East 104th Street, see photo highlight.

Spoken Word

‘RE: ZONING: 100 YEARS OF SHAPING NEW YORK’ (Monday) The Municipal Art Society hosts this panel discussion to celebrate the centennial of New York’s 1916 Zoning Resolution, which still informs the way that urban growth is planned in the city today. Speakers include Hilary Ballon, an architectural historian; Michelle de la Uz, of the New York City Planning Commission; Patrice Derrington, a professor at Columbia University; James von Klemperer, president and design principal of the architecture firm KPFF Associates; Gina Pollara, president of the Municipal Art Society; and Jack Robbins, a principal at the architecture firm FXFOWLE. Charles V. Bagli, a reporter for The New York Times, will moderate. At

6:30 p.m., Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org; sold out, but a waiting list will be available at the museum.

THE SECRETS OF PUBLISHING (Tuesday) Writers, editors and agents gather for this celebration of the Tin House editor Rob Spillman’s literary memoir “All Tomorrow’s Parties.” Speakers on the panel, moderated by the New School professor Susan Shapiro, include the Salon editor David Daley, the Norton editor Jill Bialosky, the Grove Atlantic editor Corrina Barsan, the Berkeley/Penguin editor Danielle Perez, the agent Ayesha Pande and the memoirist Aspen Matis, author of “Girl in the Woods.” At 7 p.m., Strand Book Store, 828 Broadway, at 12th Street, 212-473-1452, strandbooks.com.

Bug Day

The cynical among us might say that every date in June, July and August is Bug Day. Not to mention Bug Night: Who hasn’t struggled to fall asleep while hearing the high-pitched buzz of a hungry mosquito?

But while insects can cause damage and disease, the New York Hall of Science’s annual Bug Day mostly highlights their contributions; mosquitoes won’t crash this party on Sunday. And it is in many ways a party, with children’s crafts, intriguing favors and even more unusual hors d’oeuvres.

“We’re doing a bug tasting,” said Liz Slagus, this Queens museum’s director of public programs. The menu will include crickets, which she reports taste somewhat fishy, like their crustacean cousins. Less adventurous palates can try protein bars made from cricket flour, with flavors like apple cinnamon and peanut butter and jelly.

“I have to say they’re pretty tasty,” Ms. Slagus said. Not that children need encouragement. Every year those who may have recoiled at broccoli happily down cricket products.

The tasting will follow a talk at 12:30 p.m. by Louis Sorkin, an entomologist at the American Museum of Natural History, who will explain both entomology (the study of insects) and entomophagy (eating them).

“They’re an amazing source of protein,” Ms. Slagus said, “and the reason they’re such a sustainable food source is that you can grow them with a very small carbon footprint.”

Carnivorous plants, of course, need no persuading to devour bugs. Midtown Carnivores will supply several varieties for workshops at 1 and 2:30 p.m., in which youngsters may view one digesting an insect.

For Children

‘ADVENTURES FROM EZRA JACK KEATS’ (Friday, Saturday, and Tuesday through Thursday) Characters of all ethnicities came to modern children’s books largely through the efforts of the beloved author and illustrator Ezra Jack Keats, and now his creations are back onstage, courtesy of Tada! Youth Theater. This adaptation consists of “Skates!,” a dance-theater rendering of an almost wordless picture book about two dogs trying to master roller skates, and a revival of the musical “Maggie and the Pirate,” the story of a girl and her missing pet cricket. (Through Aug. 4.) Fridays at noon; Saturdays at 2 and 4 p.m.; Tuesdays through Thursdays at noon and 2 p.m.; Tada! Theater, 15 West 28th Street, Manhattan, 212-252-1619, Ext. 5, tadatheater.com.

CELEBRATE THE CARIBBEAN! (Sunday) It’s going to feel a lot like the West Indies in Brooklyn this weekend, and not just because of the heat. This annual festival at the Brooklyn Children’s Museum introduces visitors to Caribbean culture through workshops that include making a Jamaican punch; creating a crown for the West Indian American Day Parade; and, for preschoolers, embarking on a messy art adventure with the Bahamian artist Lavar Munroe. The fun will culminate in a dance party with the Jamaican-born musician Father Goose. From 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., 145 Brooklyn Avenue, at St. Marks Avenue, Crown Heights, 718-735-4400, brooklynkids.org.

‘DYNAMIC H₂O’ (through September) Children see New York City’s water system in action every time they turn on a faucet. But just how does that water get into the pipes? This new outdoor exhibition at the Children’s Museum of Manhattan allows small visitors to become architects, engineers and even plumbers as they learn how water makes its way from reservoirs to their sinks. A 16-foot water table with interactive components will encourage them to make “rain,” build aqueducts and conduct experiments. Sussman Environmental Center, the Tisch Building, 212 West 83rd Street, 212-721-1223, cmom.org.

GET UP & GO! FAMILY ADVENTURE RACE (Sunday) Children sometimes tend to run away from their parents, but in this free fitness competition from the City Parks Foundation, they’ll run with them. Children ages 8 through 12 and a parent or guardian will run a course that includes 12 activity stations. Each team (one adult and up to two children) must complete a station’s task — basketball free throws, hurdles and a mini climbing wall among them — before advancing to the next stop. The top three finishers will receive awards, and everyone completing the course will get a T-shirt and a certificate. At 9 a.m. and 10 a.m., Marine Park, near the Nature Center, 3301 Avenue U, near East 33rd Street, Brooklyn, 718-760-6999, goo.gl/JWFAIp. Registration is required.

LINCOLN CENTER OUT OF DOORS FAMILY DAY (Saturday) There won’t quite be dancing in the streets, but

there will certainly be dancing in the Lincoln Center plazas at this free annual celebration. The day kicks off at 11 a.m. with a block party on Josie Robertson Plaza, led by Illstyle & Peace Productions, a Philadelphia-based dance collective. That company will then perform at 1 p.m. at the Hearst Plaza, followed there at 2 by the Dance Theater of Harlem Company and School. The shows end back at the Josie Robertson Plaza at 3 with She’s a Rebel: the Girl Group Project. It features young women, ages 12 through 18, who worked with original members of 1960s girl groups to master their techniques and who will perform with some of their mentors. More information: lcoutdoors.org.

‘MOTH NIGHT: SNUG AS A BUG’ (Saturday) Moths are irresistibly drawn to light, and the Staten Island Museum is hoping that children will be just as irresistibly drawn to this celebration. The centerpiece is a nature hike in which participants will look for moths with a museum guide. (Visitors should take flashlights, cameras, notebooks and containers for observation.) The night will also include a related dance performance, moth-inspired art, a tour of the museum galleries, face painting and another summer evening treat: Popsicles. From 8:30 to 10:30 p.m., 1000 Richmond Terrace, Building A, Livingston, 718-727-1135, statenislandmuseum.org.

SPRINKLER DAY (Saturday) Asphalt Green says that all you need to bring is a towel, but a swimsuit might be another good idea. This sports and fitness nonprofit is inviting children to drench themselves in fun, courtesy of the high-powered sprinklers on its athletic field. The water’s free, and so are the flavored ices participants can enjoy on their way out. From 1 to 3 p.m., 1750 York Avenue, at 91st Street, Manhattan, 888-979-4669, asphaltgreen.org.

TWEEN PRIMES (Thursday) There’s no reason that those who love numbers shouldn’t also love words — and vice versa. The National Museum of Mathematics combines those passions in this math-centered book club for ages 10 to 15. The subject here is the novel “The Number Devil,” by Hans Magnus Enzensberger, in which Robert, a math-averse boy, has a series of 12 dreams in which a sly creature called the Number Devil leads him on mathematical adventures. Participants won’t have to subsist on pi alone: A pizza and ice cream party will be held between the two sessions of this drop-off program. At 4:30 and 6 p.m., 11 East 26th Street, Manhattan, 212-542-0566, momath.org/home/tween-primers; registration is required.

‘THE WIZARD OF OZ’ (Saturday and Sunday) In this version, they won’t follow the Yellow Brick Road to “Follow the Yellow Brick Road.” This adaptation by Nicolas Coppola, artistic director of the Brooklyn company Puppetworks, features an original country-and-western score and marionettes playing the parts. But you can still expect a tornado and the melting of the witch. (Through Aug. 21.) At 12:30 and 2:30 p.m., Puppetworks, 338 Sixth Avenue, at Fourth Street, Park Slope, Brooklyn, 718-965-3391, puppetworks.org. Reservations advised.

LAUREL GRAEBER



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“You can see through the plant membrane,” Ms. Slagus explained. Each child can pot a plant to take home.

Other workshops will focus on designing and building bugs. The Queens World Film Festival will host an animation station where children can create insect stars for stop-

motion movies. Rogue Making, which specializes in do-it-yourself electronics, will help young visitors make motorized bug bots based on actual species. Preschoolers can construct bug habitats.

But there’s nothing like the real thing. BoroughBees, of Brooklyn, will return with a

Above, visitors at a previous New York Hall of Science Bug Day. Left, a tobacco hornworm and a tarantula.

beehive to observe and honey to taste. The truly intrepid can handle creatures like tarantulas, grasshoppers, tobacco hornworms (sphinx moth larvae) and the museum’s own Madagascar hissing cockroaches.

“We’re taught just to squash bugs, from a very young age, and this event is just the opposite,” Ms. Slagus said. “It’s about celebrating them and learning from them.” And maybe bugging out slightly less when we encounter them each summer.

(Sunday, noon to 4 p.m., 47-01 111th Street, Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, 718-699-0005, nysci.org)

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