An entertaining attempt to boost the reputation of the Pop-art paladin, who died in 2004, soft-pedals his specialty of pneumatic nudes in favor of the inanimate: foodstuffs, household appliances, cigarettes, a Volkswagen Beetle. Wesselmann’s grabby colors beguile, and he had a winning way with shaped canvas, cutout metal, and vacuum-molded plastic. Nonetheless, all the images and forms still orbit the rejoicing sensuality of the “Great American Nude,” as the artist called his signature theme—monumentalized breasts, lips, and feet, like an explorer’s happy sightings of a carnal Xanadu.