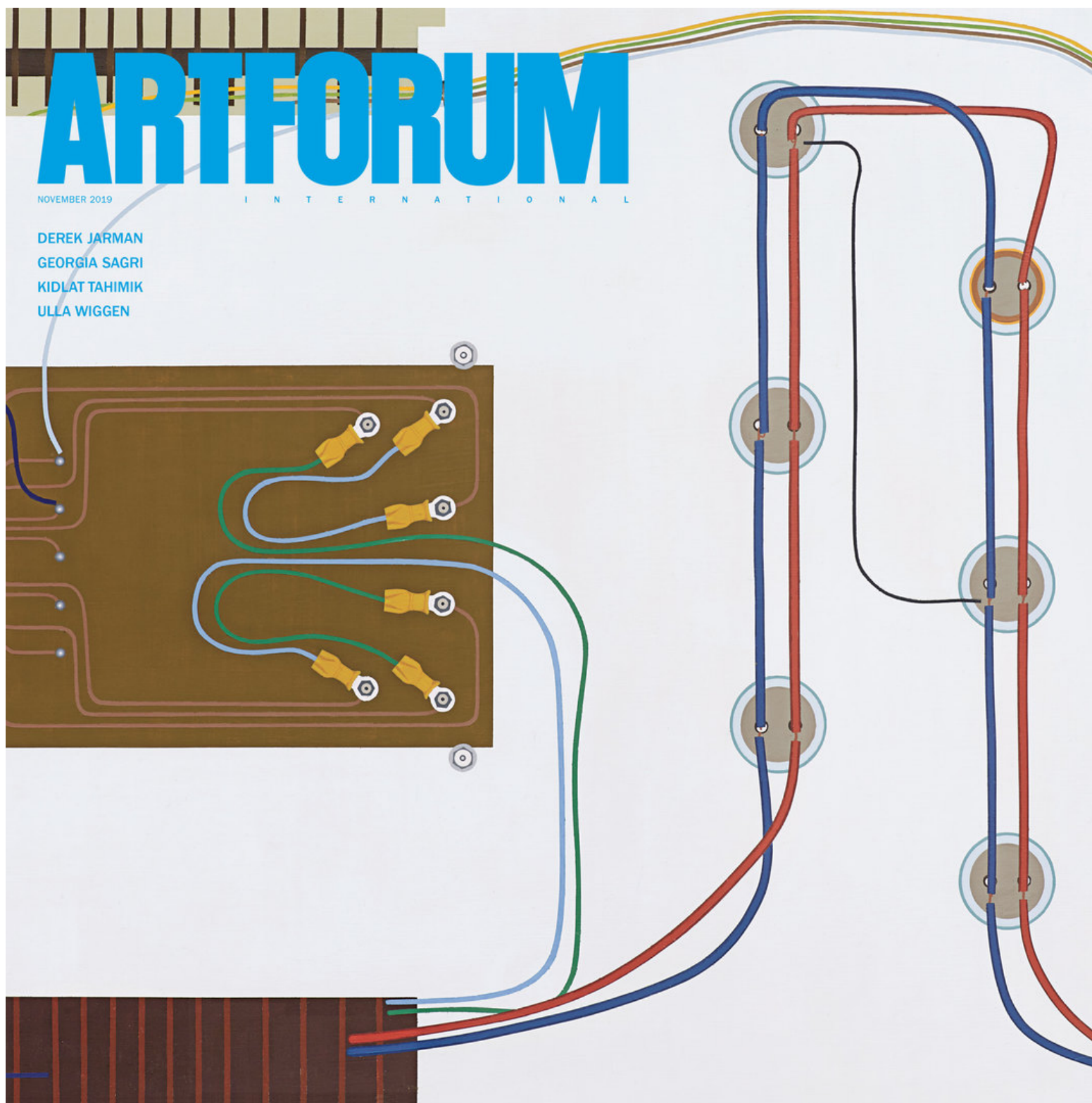


ARTFORUM

NOVEMBER 2019

I N T E R N A T I O N A L

DEREK JARMAN
GEORGIA SAGRI
KIDLAT TAHIMIK
ULLA WIGGEN



centralism, the exhibition's curator, Itzel Vargas Plata, conducted research throughout much of southern and central Mexico. While some figures on the artist roster, such as Fernando Palma Rodríguez, are established both locally and internationally, the project was also a reminder that creators have been sidelined by classifications such as "indigenous," which have the effect of pigeonholing them. This is why Vargas Plata chose the term *pueblos originarios*, literally "originary peoples," for the Spanish title of the show.

The complexity of his endeavor could be seen in, for instance, the work of Maruch Sántiz Gómez, whose "*Creencias*" (Beliefs), 1994–96, a group of eight gelatin silver prints, each paired with a short text in the Tzotzil language, documents the endangered beliefs of her people. In one of these works, a text that can be rendered in English as "One should not drink the water used for washing hands while making tortillas since if you drink it you might end up grinning like a crazy person" is printed underneath a photograph of a hot plate with four tortillas and a clay jar. Sántiz Gómez's oeuvre has prompted heated debates among critics, among them Christopher Fraga Wiley, who question whether her work should be seen as contemporary or premodern. Has she betrayed her indigenous identity in her refusal to create knitted souvenirs? Or corrupted the purity of Conceptual art by tainting it with an "ethnic" thematic? Such entanglements show us that we still have a long way to go in dealing with art that fails to align with a normative Western mentality. This exhibition took a first step.

—Fabiola Iza

SÃO PAULO

Eduardo Navarro

PÍVÔ

There's something phantasmagoric about garments hanging on display without any bodies to fill them. In the Argentinean artist Eduardo Navarro's "Instant Weather Prediction," white outfits hemmed in silver, resembling rudimentary three-piece space suits, were exhibited in small groups throughout Pivô's concrete-clad exhibition spaces, which were designed by Oscar Niemeyer to complement the exterior of the institution's home, the iconic S-shaped Copan Building in São Paulo. Navarro's outfits were displayed spread-eagled on abstract wire mannequin-like structures; each nylon muumuu had two large holes on either side and was crowned by a cloth hood and a head-dress in the shape of a horizontal cone.

As a project, *Instant Weather Prediction*, 2019, comprises more than just this show; it encompasses the artist's wider research on the relations between natural phenomena and human experience. For the works on view here, commissioned by Pivô, Navarro was inspired by the wind gusts that travel the corridors and spaces of the Copan Building to create wearable "meteorological stations" that could help connect people with their surroundings, not least with the breezes they encounter. The headdresses were modeled on wind socks, the Portuguese term for which is *birutas*, which also means "crazy people."

Eduardo Navarro,
*Instant Weather
Prediction*, 2019.
Performance view,
June 15, 2019.
Photo: Erika Mayumi.



The choreographer Zélia Monteiro designed a series of movements or "activations," as Navarro refers to them, that were performed by a group of dancers wearing the garments during the opening and closing of the exhibition. At the finissage, the performance consisted of a sort of round-trip pilgrimage from Pivô through downtown São Paulo to the elevated highway known as the Minhocão (Big Worm)—which is closed to car traffic on the weekends—and back. The entire journey took about an hour and a half, highlighting the work's relation to the city and revealing different ways in which the garments reacted to the invisible touch of the air around them and to subtle changes in movement and context. Viewers followed along, chaperoning the dancers, who walked in single file like *birutas* on a mission. People riding bikes, jogging, walking dogs, playing instruments, talking, or looking down from apartment windows witnessed and reacted to the performance, also becoming a part of it. Up on the Minhocão, the figures, topped by their wind socks, looked from afar like a dotted line with the city behind them.

Of course, it is impossible in Brazil to experience a performance such as this and not think of Hélio Oiticica's *Parangolés*—the colorful wearables inspired by and activated in Rio de Janeiro's favelas in the mid-1960s. In its very different setting, Navarro's *Instant Weather Prediction* addressed the rigidity of São Paulo's concrete, making it fluid, as Niemeyer's Copan curves do. Navarro's work was perhaps most successful not so much in registering the fantastical effects of wind and air, but as allegory—that is, in the work's suggestion of a possible means of gauging the social climate. The performance called attention to the connection between people, nature, architecture, and experience in the charged setting of downtown São Paulo, where people, discourses, and the immediate environment change as unpredictably as the weather.

—Camila Belchior

LONDON

Lois Dodd

MODERN ART

She finds great company in aloneness. A strip of light beneath a closed door; colors flapping from a clothesline; gray raindrops squiggling down a city window; a snowy, headlit hill; a lunar eclipse. For more than seventy years, Lois Dodd has lent a generous presence to mostly unpeopled views in or near her homes in New York, New Jersey, and midcoastal Maine. Associated with a set of postwar painters including Gretta Campbell, Alex Katz, and Neil Welliver—artists who, amid AbEx and Pop hegemony, courted gentle contrarianism by reengaging landscape painting via airy abstract modes of perception—she continues, at ninety-two, to work without proper institutional recognition despite her obvious genius. This show was her first survey abroad, its twenty canvases spanning half a century in two rooms. The mood was one of exceptional patience, and yet the images' doors, windows, and mirrors—Dodd is a devoted portalist—offered getaways on every wall.

"Observational painting" feels too small to cover this emphatic intimism. The thinly applied pale expanse of the life-size *Blue Sky Window*, 1979, for instance, seems less observed than understood, internalized. "This space so clear and blue / does not care what we put // into it," wrote Frank O'Hara, a fellow Tenth Street habitué, in the opening lines to his poem "Windows." Dodd cares. While it's tempting to think of her as a kind of backyard Bonnard, she paints from life rather than memory. Sentimentality or haziness seldom encumber her compositions, which she usually completes quickly in one go, wet on wet, and which prize a flat clarity without sacrificing pictorial or atmospheric depth. No wonder she likes reflections. The broken panes of

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Liz Jones

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