



Hernán Parada, *No puedo ver—Oír—Hablar (I Cannot See—Hear—Speak)*, 1985, triptych, ink-jet prints on paper, overall 35 3/8 × 53 1/8".

first person, the account gives a speculative voice to Alejandro's experience, surveying everything from the moments prior to his arrest to the uneasy hours and days following. Toward the end, we hear "Alejandro" lament that he has not been allowed to live or die: This observation alludes to the impossibility of mourning him amid the uncertainty surrounding his fate. The link between the triptych and the video is heightened by the expressiveness of Alejandro's incarnation. The artist is no longer merely staging his brother's presence through a two-dimensional countenance; he is giving life to him through his own body.

As the curator, de la Fuente mapped out the various stages of this ongoing body of work and contextualized it with a time line relating Parada's personal life to the political history of Chile and its artistic scene. The resulting exhibition was not a retrospective per se, but rather a political action that used art to remind us that as long as the military maintains its silence, preventing the missing from ever receiving proper burial or mourning, the wounds will remain open.

—Mariairis Flores Leiva

Translated from Spanish by Michele Faguet.

SÃO PAULO

Paulo Nazareth

PIVÔ

"*Vuadora*" (Flying Kick) offered a panoramic perspective on Paulo Nazareth's multifaceted oeuvre, with some 250 works, including photographs, installations, objects, notes, writings, and paintings, made over the past thirty-five years. The artist's birth name is Paulo Sérgio da Silva, but the name by which the art world knows him—Paulo Nazareth—is an artwork in itself. By taking his maternal grandmother's name, he acknowledges ancestral struggles as integral to his own identity. His grandmother was committed to a mental institution in the mid-1940s, shortly after his mother was born. A descendant of the indigenous Krenak people on his mother's side, the artist traces his father's roots to Africa and Italy. "To be Nazareth," he has said, "is to be my work."

Nazareth developed many of the works on view following pilgrimages across the North and South American and African continents that facilitated his questioning of the ways in which identity and culture (both material and immaterial) are formed. He often organizes his investigation of the topic via dichotomies such as fragment versus whole, linear versus circular, or presence versus absence. Take, for instance, the pair of Havaianas sandals hung on a wall, part of the "Products of Genocide" series, 2010–. The artist often wears these flip-flops, including in the travels that led to the "News from the Americas" series, 2011–12. Visible in many of the photographs, the footwear become a symbol of the routes he has traveled, as well as of the cultures he has impacted and assimilated. The importance of walking in Nazareth's

practice is also evident in four performances documented in the video installation *L'arbre d'oublier* (The Tree of Oblivion), 2012–13, in which the artist walks backward in circles around trees in Belo Horizonte, Brazil; Maputo, Mozambique; and Ouidah, Benin. By reversing the direction of his stride, he participates in a symbolic practice of acknowledging and repairing the trauma endured by enslaved Africans forced—as the artist tells it—to walk around baobab trees until they forgot where they came from.

As one meandered through the Oscar Niemeyer–designed building's sinuous exhibition halls, it became evident that cocurators Fernanda Brenner and Diane Lima's attempt to display a diversified cross-section of a vast, singular, and nonprescriptive body of work also underscored Nazareth's process-based practice as one that cannot be easily categorized and contained. In a group of monochrome drawings of machines invented to perform elusive tasks—for instance, *A maquina de aprender a ser a si mesmo* (Machine to Learn How to Be Oneself), 2019—Nazareth's ironic tone pointed to his understanding of art and identity (and, in his case, the inextricable relationship between the two) as something that cannot be mechanized into frameworks. The artworks on display exemplified a myriad of systems, matrices, conventions, narratives, and idioms in order to position meaning and selfhood as constructs that can be recontextualized to reveal cultural contradictions and paradoxes. *Egg of Columbus*, a group of sculptures that is part of the ongoing "*Productos de genocidio*" (Products of Genocide) series, 2010–, looks at words, symbols, and images that reference indigenous and Afro-diasporic cultures, as well as colonialism, and that have been appropriated by corporations in names for commodities. A package of manioc flour branded Tipity (named for a traditional gadget used to squeeze and dry manioc roots) and a bottled beer called Império (Empire), among others, were variously held inside egg-shaped resin sculptures set on wooden plinths. This show was indeed a flying kick, an energetic thrust into the space that revealed remnants left behind by Nazareth's unconstrained, critically creative driving force, one that has already moved elsewhere before we've quite grasped it.

—Camila Belchior



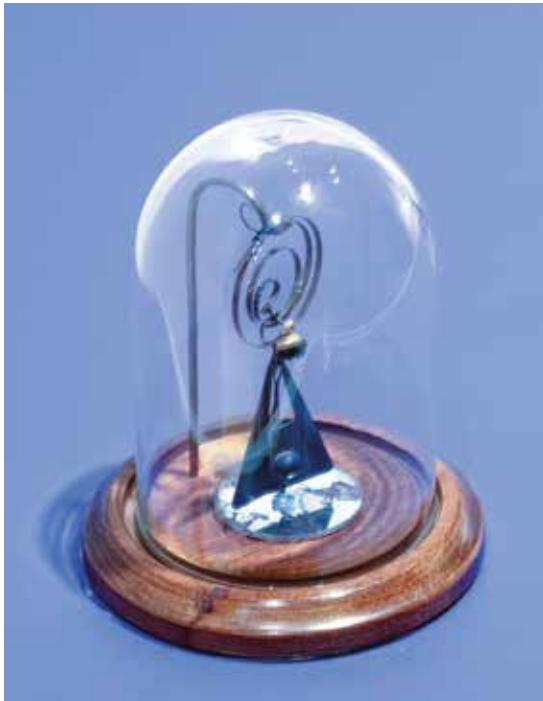
Paulo Nazareth, *Ovo de Colombo—Guacira* (Columbus Egg—Guacira), 2020, resin, various objects, 15 × 9 1/2 × 9 1/2". From the series "*Productos de genocidio*" (Products of Genocide), 2010–.

LONDON

"The Baroness"

MIMOSA HOUSE

WHEN I WAS / YOUNG—FOOLISH— / I LOVED MARCEL DUSHIT / HE BEHAVED MULISH—. This snippet of poetry by the Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven is printed on a wall next to the bathroom door at Mimosa House, beside a projection of Alfred Stieglitz's photograph of an upturned urinal signed R. MUTT 1917. The proximity of the Baroness's handwritten lines to the widely known signature under-



Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven, *Earring-Object*, ca. 1918, steel watch spring, celluloid, ebony bead, brass ear screws, plastic screw guards, pearl earrings, metal wire, wood and glass display, 4¼ × 4¼ × 4¼".

scores their remarkable similarity: a nod to the spirited debate that has emerged in recent years about the true authorship of the most famous art object of the twentieth century. Did Marcel Duchamp steal the credit for a woman's work? We know that he certainly admired her. "She is not a Futurist," he once proclaimed. "She is the future."

"The Baroness" is the latest in a burst of projects attempting to revive the reputation of the underknown artist who was born Else Hildegard Plötz in the Pomeranian city of Swinemünde (now the Polish Świnoujście) in 1874. She acquired her title through her third—bigamous, short-lived—marriage to an impoverished German aristocrat in New York in 1913. After her husband deserted her, the Baroness scraped by as an artist's model while forging her

own name in Dadaist circles. She attracted particular attention and was more than once arrested for her unapologetically eccentric outfits: a coal-scuttle lid worn as a hat, teaspoons dangling from her ears, a pair of tin cans strung together to form a bra. Her equally provocative poems found a regular audience in *The Little Review*, the influential literary magazine in which James Joyce's *Ulysses* was first serialized. Its editor, Jane Heap, described the Baroness as "the only one living anywhere who dresses Dada, loves Dada, lives Dada." Yet by the time of her death in Paris in 1927, the Baroness's star had waned. She was isolated, depressed, and utterly destitute. (She died from asphyxiation after leaving the gas on overnight; whether this was an accident is unclear.) In the following decades, her name fell into almost total obscurity.

Today, the Baroness has a dedicated coterie of admirers who view her as a neglected visionary—a progenitor especially of the feminist tradition of performance and body art. To properly establish her artistic legacy, however, is difficult. Besides her poetry, which was published in a long-awaited collected edition in 2011, little of the Baroness's oeuvre is documented and even fewer securely attributed works have survived. So it is understandable, though frustrating, that only three of her sculptures—small found objects and assemblages mostly made from scraps of wood and metal, including a wearable "earring-object" from around 1918—are on view in this exhibition. (A fourth from the same private collection is currently in the Venice Biennale.) The rest of the display comprises photographs of the Baroness striking an array of outlandish poses; written and audio extracts of her poems; and contemporary works by a dozen artists and collectives including Zuzanna Janin, Reba Maybury, Taqralik Partridge, and Liv Schulman, presented "in dialogue" with Freytag-Loringhoven's output.

Offering the most direct and illuminating commentary is Sadie Murdoch, whose photomontages reflect on the lost stories of modernist women. To create the digital prints on view, the artist cut out images of the Baroness, who is transformed into a ghostly silhouette, and spliced them together with landscape photographs by her friend Berenice Abbott. Although the Baroness painted a portrait of Abbott, it seems that the successful photographer never reciprocated. On a drawing, ca. 1923–24, the Baroness scrawled: FORGOTTEN—LIKE THIS

PARAPLUICE / AM I BY YOU — / FAITHLESS / BERNICE! But what exactly happened between the two women—and what on earth is a parapluice? Judging by the drawing, perhaps an umbrella that keeps water off and also a sluice that lets it gush down? We are left only to guess.

—Gabrielle Schwarz

Kutluğ Ataman

NIRU RATNAM

The works of Kutluğ Ataman blur the line between fact and fiction as the Turkish artist-filmmaker examines his subjects' self-presentation. Ataman's own experience flickers at the edges, always present but never the main subject. In the pair of exhibitions "Mesopotamian Dramaturgies" and "fiction"—Ataman's first gallery shows since stepping away from the art scene in 2013—biography once again held an understatedly central place. In the early aughts, Ataman was a rising star in the art world, with a Turner Prize nomination and a Venice Biennale commission to his name. Then he suddenly withdrew from public life, retreating to a farm in eastern Turkey, where he tended to his livestock. Spread across both of Niru Ratnam's locations, "Mesopotamian Dramaturgies" and "fiction" read as both a documentation of Ataman's pastoral activities over the past seven years and a return to his perennial fascination with identity construction.

Ratnam's main space featured recent works from the ongoing series "Mesopotamian Dramaturgies," begun in 2009. In the center of the room stood *The Stream*, 2022, a ramshackle assembly of flat-screen televisions mounted on wooden planks playing clips of Ataman digging in the dirt on his farm, the overlapping audio of his labor creating a cacophony of scratching sounds. Ataman's sculptural use of television screens recalls the work of Nam June Paik, particularly the latter's *Fire Piece*, 1992, in which a mound of char-black television screens play overlapping footage of fire. But where Paik used flames to undermine the television's status as an icon of domesticity and of the mastery of nature, Ataman constructed an altar to humankind's cultivation of the earth. The allusions to biblical imagery are palpable, heightened by a stream of water that appears to miraculously flow upward. While the work references Ataman's move away from the city, his purpose here is not to present himself as a prophet, but to gently juxtapose a narrative of prodigal return with an account of his own artistic evolution.

On a nearby wall, Ataman displayed a selection of stills from *Journey to the Moon*, 2009. In this sequence of images, the artist imagines a



Kutluğ Ataman, *Journey to the Moon 8*, 2009, ink-jet print, 11¼ × 15¼".