

evoke the grids that govern the formation of objects in three-dimensional graphic art, but rather they are dense, rich paint splotches, which contradict that origin. And then we are back to painting and its suggestions, perhaps thinking of the drips of abstract expressionism, but also the voluptuous and matteric American neo-Dada, which is what courses through the almost-flat backgrounds of these paintings enriched with blue brush strokes that resemble waterfalls and at times overflow onto the objects. They erase all borders and suggest in that way the idea of some depth to the scene or at any rate a dialectic between figure and field, a dialog even if minimal between the two entities. The dominant hues are the browns of earth, trees, and precious metals, which seem also to want to return to the concreteness of brute matter, where human products are born and become differentiated. And to myth, to religion, to human technique, to great narratives, and perhaps to the contemporary ones of videogames, as once again do the titles of the works: *La Edad de Oro*, *Caridad del Cobre*, *Narciso*, *Ábaco*.

Rodrigo Bueno. *Mobilia Tomada Bastilha (Bastille Furniture)*, 2012. Chair recovered in the street with plants, fungi and moss seeds in progress during 2012. 18 x 37 ¾ in. (46 x 96 cm.). Photo: Douglas García.



References are high and speak of a new humanism that resituates humanity and its history at the center of things. And then what comes to mind is Alejo Carpentier's "magical realism" in the introduction to his novel *The Kingdom of This World*, a concept that was then revisited in Cuban film (think of Tomás Gutiérrez Alea's *La última cena*) and later became part of the dominant and preferred code of Latin American literature in general. But neither can we forget Eliseo Diego's *Divertimentos* and perhaps many more, to speak only of Cuban literature. True, in such filigrees we can read an entertaining call to surrealism and the code of the strange, the extravagant, the mysterious, the enigmatic. In general, then, to the investigation of a possible narrative that viewers are called to follow, interpret, or simply imagine. Iglesias' world is presented as profound, unsettling, and, why not, ironic in the way it brings forth ways of inventive and suggestive shapes that are celibate machines, where nomination and meaning are ultimately inexplicable. It is in the end for the audience to find interior resonances and to discover whether this has constructed a new possibility of seeing the world that can, in the end, change it.

Carmen Lorenzetti

Rodrigo Bueno

Estúdio Buck

For the past several months I have witnessed the growth of a number of chairs from Rodrigo Bueno's series "Mobilia Tomada", part of his exhibition *Matuto ao Cubo*, now at EstúdioBuck gallery in São Paulo. The chair in question is a typical aunt chair, in the French style, with small arched legs that narrow as they reach the floor, as though it were tip-toeing to minimize contact with the world; a flowery upholstery in greens, fuchsias, and violets gives it a distinctive character.

At some point the chair ended up in the trash, and from there it came to Bueno's studio. In between the embroidered flowers the artist sowed some real plants whose main characteristic is that they copy, repeat, or reproduce the upholstery's hues, creating a sense of chromatic fusion and thus proposing a game of time and representation. In this work of art, real plants copy the print design; design does not copy reality.

Among the other furniture items included in the installation is a fiery-red armchair with a green bromelia flower right on the headrest, which establishes a new chromatic dialog, this time based on contrast rather than similitude. Opposite one another, red and green attract and reject, love and hate each other; how much red one needs to add to a green for it to gain consistency, and vice-versa? A brown couch functions as the receptacle for some plants whose thin stems extend upwardly, while pushing the furniture down with the weight of the dirt on which they sit, almost turning it over on the floor. This object, then, deserves a dual description: heavy as a mammoth, light as firefly.

"Mobilia Tomada"—and Rodrigo Bueno's work in general—brings to mind a connection to the still life, the humble genre at the bottom of the Renaissance hierarchy, which followed the tree of Porphyry, a pyramid that posited an order of value for representational works. In it, historical themes and state acts occupied the upper rung, followed by portraits, and then landscapes. The last level was that of the still life, paintings of inanimate objects that, besides lacking a soul, remained immobile (dead) during the execution of the work.

Yet, this lowly status made it possible for the still life to introduce a degree of everyday spontaneity, a disorder unknown in historical paintings: while the latter dealt with the uppermost echelons of history, the former presented only what was ordinary and ephemeral. A kind of worldly time that, in the Seventeenth Century, became a warning, the still life unveiled the vanities of the world and, moreover, the fatuousness of art, of those *colorful deceptions* that often pass for perennial images. From a wilted leaf to the skull, the still life is presented as a course and a process. "Mobilia Tomada" connects with this genre, then, more than as a matter of theme—leaves, flowers, receptacles—because it makes tangible the condition of mutability.

In a different section of the show, Bueno's compositions in wood establish a relationship with the past. These assemblages hark back to Brazilian concrete art of the 1950s, but instead of standardizing the different parts as concrete artists did, Bueno's work seeks to emphasize their singularities. Each articulated fragment shows the path followed by the wood, revealing both the fact

that it was part of a furniture item and that it comes from a tree. From there a spontaneous concretism, or an anti-concrete concretism, evolves, in which memory overtakes the future.

This relationship with memory is explored by the artist in other works and by other means as well. In an August, 2012 exhibition at the São Paulo MAM, Bueno projected an intervention based on African deities, or *orixas*. There, a circle of objects—food, plates, fruits, metals, plants—placed directly on the floor, were arranged in segments corresponding to a specific *orixá*, which implied a chromatic disposition, because, as Bueno explains, each of these deities has his or her specific hue: while Oxún tends towards gold tones, Iemanjá is partial to whites. Interestingly, Greek still lifes originated from offerings to the gods; thus we return to the genre, not via the old Baroque warning but through a ritual time that is capable of nullifying succession and condensing it in the fullness of the present.

Rodrigo Bueno's work, then, opens itself up as the possibility of a different time, a different course of things, which in particular in "Mobilier Tomada" is summarized in the chair's reverse march, be it because real plants copy their own portraits as they repeat their colors, or because the chair's wood, having been part of a piece of furniture, now wants to become a tree.

Julia Buenaventura

TIJUANA / MÉXICO

Xawery Wolski

CECUT

The work by Polish artist Xawery Wolski appeals to boundaries, whether these are formal, physical, or geographic. Wolski constructs from the limits of the materials themselves—polymers, silicone, nylon. He lays them like if they were the extensions of the drawings with which he begins his proposals. White foreshortenings placed on the wall play with the ideas of a remote past and a future already reached. The weight and form of these perspectives, alongside the light projected on them, equally invoke fertility rites and clinical asepsis—not to say museographic. These are lines turned into threads that multiply



Xawery Wolski. *On Depth*, 2012. Silicone and audio in black box.

to become invading bodies—like in the visual representation of neuronal activity—in the space. The drama, hope and suffering Wolski found (discovered) in Tijuana, are manifested in the gestures, among the mold and the apparition in his foreshortenings; bodies expressed through an abstraction that dismembers and disarticulates them to reveal a last violent and transcendent interpretation.

Wolski mentioned that when he arrived in Tijuana for the first time he felt immediately attracted to the place's character as a border town: "A border town tied to its geography; it is not any city, as drama, hope, limitations, and suffering are an integral part of the daily experience." The impressions he took from his first trip there, particularly the landscape of crosses that adorn the border fence, would lead him to develop his terracotta piece entitled *Las Cruces* (The Crosses). In an interview offered to the weekly periodical *Zeta*, the artist said: "it is a horizontal landscape, a sculpture that develops on the floor and moves up to the walls." Wolski's sculptures and installations are, first of all, as literal as their descriptions. *Las Cruces* is a sculpture made with terracotta links, a chain arranged on the floor of the exhibition room in two piles. The terracotta is so porous that it looks like tricote.

The connections, the bonds—both physical and spiritual—are the elements that define Wolski's work. Links and chains are recurrent motifs, and an obsession. One of the central works in this exhibition is literally a large, white chain that hangs from

the ceiling and that is tied to the floor. The body of the sculpture elicits the illusion of a fastened space. The chain maintains the ceiling and floor united in evident tension, a restraint that invokes the origin—in the same manner that motifs allegorically point to the place on earth and sky in cosmogonic narrations. The chain reveals a tension by calling attention and pointing to the space it occupies; as if the chain was responsible for keeping the ceiling and the floor united. If it weren't for this allegorical chain—put into evidence—the sky would be lost to the heights and the floor would irremediably fall down.

The concatenation, very obvious in this piece, is repeated as part of the process to create the work. Wolski links different organic materials together—pumpkin seeds, colorines, fish bones—until he produces the weaves for surviving costumes of imaginary ancient settlers that are exhibited as clothes from a very distant future. Likewise, Wolski appeals to figures of speech that reveal a past and future in order to create a personal space within the asepsis of the exhibition space. Wolski turns it into a stage that evokes—perhaps in culturally inclined terms—those used by Stanley Kubrick in his futuristic films from the beginning of the Seventies. His revisiting of certain themes and forms; the initial weaves in the form of seashells, the clothes weaved with organic materials—a product of the appropriation of visited folklores, but also the imagined result of post-apocalyptic survival—the concentric patterns carved into granite disks; the fragility, almost ethereal, of his