

NEW YORK

Lucy Dodd

David Lewis // October 27–December 20, 2015

THE ONLY CONCRETE-seeming structure in Dodd's "Wuv Shop," her second solo exhibition with David Lewis, is an enclosure built from adjoining square canvases nearly the height of the gallery. Stained, like all of the paintings on view here, with an assortment of organic materials (used in the show are squid ink, kombucha, clay, and hematite, among others), the raw, abstract works provide a shielded home base of sorts for Dodd as she occupies the space for the show's duration; around this semiprivate, semi-static cube, movement unfolds.

A cast of new paintings—mostly smaller, many shaped in irregular quadrilaterals, splotted and swirled with ashy black, violet, blue, and green—populate the room, but don't quite play their prescribed role as individual objects commanding the viewer's attention. Maybe-peripheral things brought in from Dodd's Upstate residence accumulate and migrate day by day around the space. There's a set of

faded paisley couches, one of which ultimately props up a canvas; drying remnants of an orange peel on a windowsill; around Halloween, festive jack-o-lanterns; jars of spirulina powder and Manic Panic hair dye; power strips and extension cords. There's something pleasant, almost banal, in how Dodd's practice is made transparent, a canvas-in-progress set on the floor, the artist sometimes wandering the room. Across a series of visits, she felt less like some character put on view than a quiet host. Her arrangements and rearrangements have a ritualistic quality; pigments and rose petals laid out in the triangular space between a couch and a corner seem like components in a casual altar.

What's contained here evolves, but it does so at a strange pace. One revisits not to see new work but something akin to new spatial figurations. The only detail whose progress is easily charted is a large collection of cassettes found Upstate

(including a number of anonymous personal mixtapes) slowly unpacked from cases scattered around the floor and played. During a visit a few weeks after the opening, some were stacked on a projector, or arranged in a disorderly but mythological-looking circle atop a speaker, but by early December, the magnetic tape had been pulled out of most. The material, holding this now-inaccessible collection of sounds charting moments in time, is piled into buckets and strung up to decorate the room like party streamers in metallic contrast to Dodd's painting—a sort of ecstatic analogue for the sense of time she cultivates within the space.

Perhaps too kooky to fall into the category of institutional critique—besides, this work is anything but didactic—there's still a sense that Dodd is imagining a future here, using the gallery as a space for care and accommodation.

—Thea Ballard



Lucy Dodd
Installation view of
"Wuv Shop," 2015.