

# ArtReview

September 2016  
Vol 68 | No 6

## ¿ Cómo te voy a Olvidar ? Galerie Perrotin, Paris 10 June - 30 July

Jorge Méndez Blake's *Una biblioteca de literatura inglesa 1 (A library of English literature, 2016)* presents an eight-by-four grid of roughly A3 black frames, each one containing a differently coloured sheet of paper. Upon each sheet a book title is printed: *The Complete Illustrated Works, An Anthology, Collected Poems*, etc. Each title is at once highly specific and totally generic, suggesting a library of great works that, when stripped of their authors' names, become as banal and interchangeable as the basic frames they are mounted on: as if they had been bought straight out of an Ikea catalogue.

Borrowing a lyric from popular cumbia group Los Ángeles Azules, the title (which translates as 'How could I forget you?') of Galerie Perrotin's latest exhibition is intended less as a thematic summing up of the works therein and more to act as a Proustian refrain evoking the two-year period curators Anissa Touati and Peggy LeBoeuf spent in Mexico ('from Michoán to Chiapas and the Yucatán...') to research it. In fact, the 16 mostly young Mexico-based artists arrayed throughout Perrotin's two Marais addresses are so diverse in their approaches that anyone would be hard pressed to come up with something snappily descriptive. But if one were to find a red thread through at least some of these works, one might point to this very question of identity and difference, the unique and the generic. For instance, four sculptures by Tania Pérez Córdova present between themselves something like a distributed, off-the-shelf individual. *Talking to a person in a group of people*

(2015) consists of a marble shelf jutting from the wall about a metre above the ground. Twelve tiny pools drilled into the shelf contain six pairs of coloured contact lenses. Who, it seems to ask, do you want to be today? On the opposite wall, *Voice* (2013/16) consists of a cracked white porcelain rectangle with, embedded into its top right, a mobile-phone sim card, suggesting at once a lost possibility for communication and a repository of memories in the form of photos and old messages—albeit memories strongly determined by the forms and practices of the technology itself. A third work, *Una persona poseída por la curiosidad (A person possessed by curiosity, 2015)*, consists a large earthenware bowl stuck concave to the wall suggesting a kind of ear into which one might speak (the shape will distort the sound of your voice if you do). But only just visible, right in the middle of it, is an impression from a credit card

(not, I can just about see from the name, the artist's own). Is this a case of identity theft?

Fritzia Irizar's works revolve around the curiously phallic icon of the Phrygian cap, a peaked hat with its top drooping forward, associated, since Europe's early-modern era, with the concept of freedom. But Irizar's freedom is clearly fragile, represented by a short looped film (*Untitled (Holding Breath)*, 2016) in which breath steams up a windowpane, revealing the cap already drawn there, only for it to quickly fade away as the mouth withdraws; or by a crudely patchworked bronze bell suspended from a mechanism that repeatedly charges it towards the wall. More frail still: it turns out the association of the Phrygian cap with liberty is an error, born of confusion with the pileus, a hat worn by freed Roman slaves. A case then, of mistaken identity.

—Robert Barry



¿ Cómo te voy a Olvidar ?, 2016 (installation view)

Photo: Claire Dorn. Courtesy Galerie Perrotin, Paris, New York, Hong Kong & Seoul