



On July 4, 1970, six artists made history when they organized the first exhibition in Los Angeles (and most likely in the country) devoted solely to Black women's work—their own. **“The Sapphire Show”** was installed for five days at Gallery 32, an experimental loft space run by the painter Suzanne Jackson, then twenty-six years old. The event's holiday timing was coincidental; the show was conceived as a retort. Jackson and her fellow-participants—Gloria Bohanon, Yvonne Cole Meo, Betye Saar, Eileen Nelson (then Eileen Abdulrashid), and Senga Nengudi (then Sue Irons)—were staging a corrective to a corporate-backed show, also in L.A., that overwhelmingly favored the art of Black men, with one token woman. The only surviving documentation of “The Sapphire Show” is a postmarked copy of its announcement, in the archives of the Smithsonian. But, in the past decade, its legacy has been gaining momentum. Through July 30, you can see a revelatory, beautifully installed homage to the show at Ortuzar Projects, in Tribeca. The discerning curator Kari Rittenbach avoids a frozen-in-amber approach by presenting twenty-nine sculptures, photographs, prints, and paintings (including Jackson's 1972 canvas “The American Sampler,” above) that span decades of the artists' careers.—*Andrea K. Scott*

ART

Huguette Caland

At the age of thirty-nine, this Lebanese painter left her husband and teen-age children in Beirut and moved to Paris, where her buoyant work soon attracted attention. The liberated, liquid eroticism of Caland's series “Bribes de Corps” (“Body Parts”), begun in the early seventies, was in tune with the era's feminist experiments, though she remained unaffiliated with any movement. Gorgeous examples of these sexed-up hybrid color-field paintings—which feature ambiguous, close-cropped biomorphic

forms—are voluptuous foils to the tenderly meticulous drawings in “Tête-à-Tête,” the Drawing Center's uplifting survey of the artist's five-decade career. (Caland died in 2019, at the age of eighty-eight.) Works on paper, thoughtfully arranged by the curator Claire Gilman in salon-style constellations, reveal a range of modes. Figures are alternately puzzled together in free-form tracteries, smoothly modelled in membranous volumes, or assembled in patterns inspired by mosaics and textiles. Caland also made caftans, displayed on mannequins here; the artist initially designed the garments for herself, but she went on to produce a covetable line for Pierre Cardin in the late seventies. Embroidered with line-drawn ver-

sions of the body parts they're meant to conceal (among other mischievous elements), these stunning dresses are emblematic of the artist's earthy, fantastical, and passionate approach to the body.—*Johanna Fateman (drawingcenter.org)*

“Cézanne Drawing”

This show, at the Museum of Modern Art, of some two hundred and eighty works on paper by the inarguably great artist Paul Cézanne, has a cumulative impact that is practically theological—akin to a creation story, a Genesis, of modernism. It's a return to roots for MOMA, which initiated its narrative of modern painting in 1929 with an exhibition that included van Gogh, Seurat, Gauguin, and Cézanne, whose broken forms made the others look comparatively conservative as composers of pictures. He stood out then, as he does now, for an asperity of expression that is analytical in form and indifferent to style. Cézanne revolutionized visual art, changing a practice of rendering illusions to one of aggregating marks that cohere in the mind rather than in the eye of a viewer. You don't look at a Cézanne, some ravishing late works (scenes of bathers in Arcadian settings, still-lives of fruit and domestic objects) excepted. You study it, registering how it's done—in the drawings, with tangles of line and, often, patches of watercolor. Cézanne drew nearly every day, rehearsing the timeless purpose—and the impossibility—of pictorial art: to reduce three dimensions to two.—*Peter Schjeldahl (moma.org)*

Julien Nguyen

The imagery of this buzzy Los Angeles painter feels informed by the strange, shifting hierarchies of life online, where a Sienese altarpiece and a pulp sci-fi paperback cover have equivalent value. But his elegant work is complicated by the fact that Nguyen often paints from life, practicing an observant, detached strain of realism. The dozen or so recent canvases in his solo début at the Matthew Marks gallery are united by their silvery palette and pared-down style. “Jake” is a naturalistic portrait, in profile, of a gaunt young man posing in a straight-backed chair, his features concealed by a lock of hair; the subject of “Richard” is similarly lithe, but he's also part monster, with pointed features and blank yellow eyes. The art-historical references here are clever, if unrelenting; “The Temptation of Christ,” in which a Giacometti-esque Jesus faces off against a demonic dragon, may spark thoughts of Duccio's take on the theme, at the Frick. To accompany his captivating show, Nguyen has compiled a soundtrack and digital clips on the gallery's Web site, including a shirtless TikToker (who might have stepped out of a Nguyen portrait) brushing his teeth and a violinist serenading a beluga whale.—*J.F. (matthewmarks.com)*

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre

After an absence of more than a year from the New York stage, seven dancers from American Ballet Theatre present a program of solos and duets at the amphitheatre in the city's newest park, Little Island. Hee Seo, one of the troupe's most exquisite ballerinas, performs the chestnut “The Dying Swan,” in which the dancer wafts delicately toward her demise, accompa-