

ALEXANDRE

HYPERALLERGIC

Book Review

An Ode to Lois Dodd

A new monograph on the nonagenarian American painter is a well of bliss.



Hakim Bishara 18 hours ago

I look for it in the warm daylight and in the cold moon shadows.

I search for it between the balding thistles, the merry orange dahlias, and the coquettish touch-me-nots.

I query workers at the quarry, canvass the village barns, and comb through the deep forest.

When all that fails, I go back inside and wait.

I wait for it in the silence of an empty hallway. I wait for it to walk through the back door, pass by the window, or appear in the mirror.

I wait for it to materialize out of time, light, and wanting. It never does.

I grow resentful. I send squads of masked goons to hunt it down between the skinny apple trees, shake down suspects behind laundry lines. I instruct them to punish anyone who gloats about my failed pursuit.

I search and search and search. But the more I search, the more distant it gets.

Then, finally, I catch a glimpse of it. A monograph on American painter Lois Dodd has landed on my desk.

Leafing through her enduring depictions of pastoral views and quiet interiors, I feel it coming. That peace, that peace, that long-awaited peace of mind.