

A Study in Form (Chapter One)

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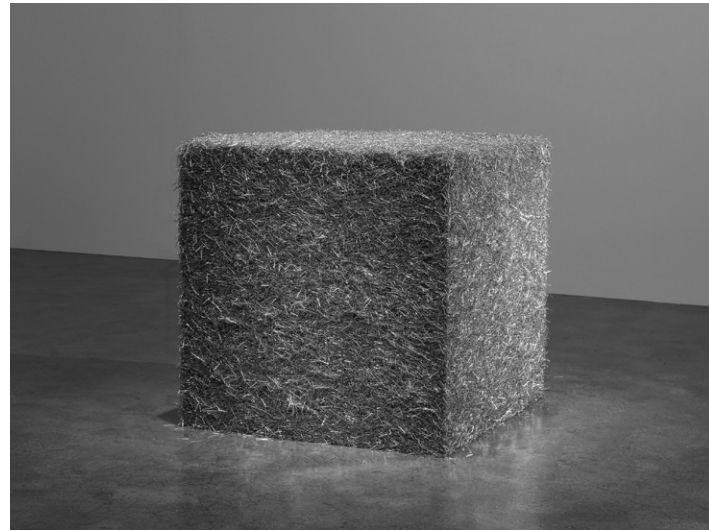
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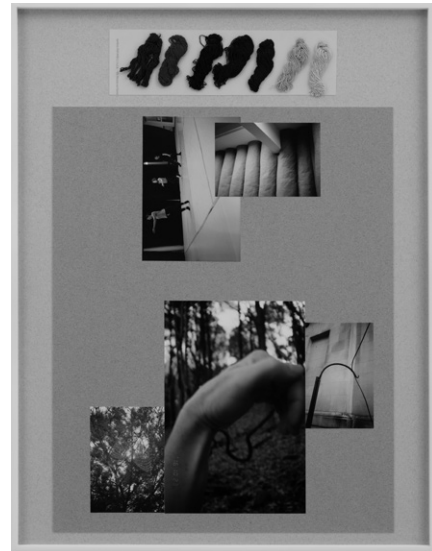
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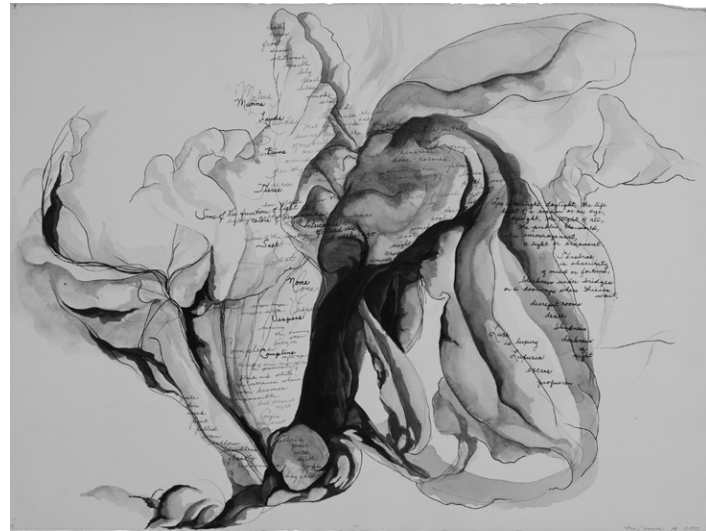
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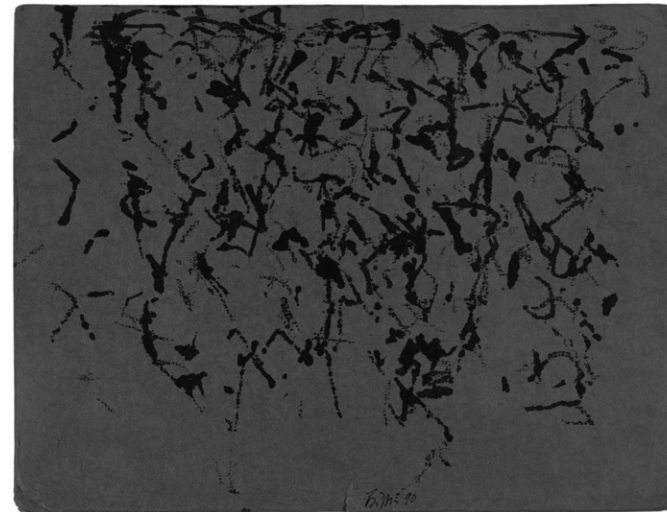
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STEFFANI JEMISON
And Forth, 2018
Acrylic and dye sublimation print on synthetic velvet
120 x 50 inches

5

ALEXANDRA BUTLER
language for is lost

It starts at home – keep it hide – the common profound pain impact

function internal chaos runs risk of gone forest of trees lost

common complex chronic prolonged intra-adverse system exposed vast

centuries down lost power pattern line footprint heart organ nerve muscle and bones

white sheet cinema pervasive ghost as affect neuro bio sensory cognitive hole unfocused response
dramatic increase

people do report

having pasts

repeat

cycle learns children

depend on those keep us alive respond regulate through call and no response

cog character is risk

primary inside early

context until death do us or until we do this

secure trust understand emotion misunderstood

thoughts on change can and do

capable good confident can

happen can possible can yes complex

language of feel state of knowing how

if we cannot feel the body

can we name the feeling

no then nothing

is a word for anything

terror can mimic organized also mimic disorganized distress yes no

a source that should have been The but was cut shut

down no integration us internal

states flying apart collide big broke bang

brain fragments spaced out buried beneath helpless

catastrophe as echo

but do come back still tangled we can home

and will

MELISSA JOSEPH
Memory Pairing #33, 2021
Found wood and broken ceramic
14 x 9 inches

MEGAN LANG
June, 2022–2023
Oil on canvas
16 x 12 inches

6 ALEXANDRA BUTLER

// //
these Middle Ages are plagued by strange visions
friends fall upon themselves and upon me
and messy houses...the reason bought forgot
in the corner of my eye a viper on the chair - no the cat's tail
a man behind the door – no my own coat on my own rack
I roll the past through real time my jaw clicks sound of a projector
I turn circles in rooms I've not entered in years
Feeling around for hidden walls the faint un-played songs in minor scale
I saw the place I must have left but never went
The most delicate place that broke in two
no name beach I fall behind my sons they laugh at me
tangled in the seaweed is a wishbone
Why do I shout in place of call for them to stop
They gather speed assuming I would stop their play
Long for them to turn
remember to look back
want to reach out and feel my father's hair again
same white...as what the wave breaks into same as what
splashes at their feet little ankles my sons knock like cockles as they run I realize now
I only said what I thought I should...never what I meant
for this I live the quiet
life work in secret
afraid to lose but my sons are not visions

7 ALEXANDRA BUTLER
red petal

You saw them turn toward the shore you saw them swim
never saw them arrive

For comfort the desired belief ... that this time there would never be no more yelling anymore this time

Frittata half consumed half left for you on the kitchen table a note ... stare at your half try to remember
when it was that she first
suggested flowers
when it was that she asked again in a firm voice
that you buy flowers
when did she start to beg

Just flowers now and then once-in-a-while
in vases singletons in bottles
and now you understand what she wanted
for you to have come in arrive
stop floating hovering like night outside your own house
but you never bought flowers never learned how to grow anything that died

see those feet she said today there is blood
plant those in earth now stand forward down stairs
out of the front door the path into
the world and try
but you had joked a crazy plan like that would never work yes you had joked guessing against hope for
a punchline
that was the end stuck as you were both in the 12 of 24 the late-night reach across the bed when one of
you always was never awake anymore

is there someone else you ask but she
would say just me
left you for life itself

CECILY BROWN
The Hearth, 2022
Oil on linen
23 x 37 inches

TARA DONOVAN
Untitled (Pins), 2000
Straight pins
36 x 36 x 26 inches

8

KYLE DACUYAN
Instructions for fire

Compose a history of lovers where everyone gets one sentence
Compose a history of lies you have told
Compose an apology you never made
Draw your finger across a map until you touch the name of a place with some associative perfume
Lost City, West Virginia; Nothing, Arizona; Santa, Idaho; Hell for Certain, Kentucky
Nowhere is nowhere but if anywhere were how would you get there
Or how is everywhere or here at the moment this the case
What are the industries of a place whose name intoxicates you for no reason
How does it touch you
Trace language on the body of a loved one
Use the whole body, whole language
Where do the tendons start to influence the lines and curves becoming letters, what language surfaces
at the fingertips in their curiosity for feeling
Listen to this person describe pain to you
Find a place to place this description which isn't the will to understand or resolve
Describe each day every day for one year using only prepositions, conjunctions, articles, and pronouns
Take seriously the sediment you can't attach to memory and then describe in nonvisual senses the
texture of its longing
Longing of about, upon, to, and, and the
In their various mirages
Where did the pain go you listened to
What is an invisible dance
How would you describe its wilderness
How do you move from where to how
Why is what
Make lists of symbols and grammar particular to anything juridical, domestic, commercial
Make fulcrums in your lists – balancing acts, oppositions, the breaking points and kissing
Lacerate destiny from ancestry
There is never enough time until the moment of combustion
Then all that fire is is time

9

KYLE DACUYAN
Fugitive color

what's innate : : a shape : : reflects a fraction
of material : : and shape is : : what the points
abide : : in planes of line : : with friction and
hold : : is what the hull will do : : the whole
of them : : without : : what standing can abide
the ghost of what : : embraced you : : and if
we withstand : : the weight of one another : :
in our thickets of : : prescription : : if the of
we make of we : : does force an unrelenting
pressure : : does the pressure then become : :
a condition of location : : is congregant the
quality : : of hue or who : : confers it : : is
asking elemental : : to accidental pleasure
does the form befall : : refuse : : my will to
circumscribe it : : is a question an artifact
of what was once : : an intuition : : is light
in there : : trembling : : slender : : constitution

MARY MANNING
House of Woodcock, 2022
Chromogenic prints, paper, wool, and mat board in artist's frame
25 1/2 x 19 1/2 inches
25 3/4 x 19 3/4 x 1 1/2 inches (framed)

10 KYLE DACUYAN
Do not put

I am they I am I think Not that I change but see Myself more clearly The same vices and preoccupations Fear : insufficient language	More than often but sometimes as now Can't even summon energy To make feeling into Thought it used to be Or still is I cannot stop thinking Of the worst
Or facility to be legible but to whom	Thing that could happen so I think Of something worse Progressively and related until eventually I reveal What it is I want
Grief in my sameness over time Holding onto knowledge trying Of the liquid parts of me	
Too much pleasure wearies To the point of anhedonia	More than anything else usually To disappear so completely From the conditions which enamor and entrap Me that the disappearance
Reading about the vagus nerve How it is The longest cranial network Heart mind gut must learn The requisite stretches physical and mental	In the final analysis Is inseparable from living Often but a little at a time A line of Proust I cling to I can't remember the context For this or anything But I imagine language will make turn In me something waiting
Which adequately care for this particular system Is such a part of me or one Capable of fitness	
Reading Edwin Denby lately so touched By his melancholy and ardent remove His observer's intuitive sense of the social Pure love of movement As the instinctive expression Of the body at the moment of perception Consciousness of relation / place The grief pleasure To see and be not part I feel this	Given time adequate conditions I am here I am patient I take my trash To the dumpster called Reliable Waste Speak to me I told The things I treasured and decided In the end to part with

JONAH FREEMAN
Décor Slip (New New Brick), 2023
Oil paint, varnish, and UV cured ink on mirror polished aluminum laminate in artist's shadowbox frame
73 x 49 inches

11 JONAH FREEMAN
BRICK PAINTINGS

The picture has the surface of a high street just after a light drizzle. Is this Ginza, Oxford, Canal, or Champs Elysees? Perhaps it's the dopamine hit induced by electronic jet lag.

The sidewalk dealers shift position with the currents of people. Fake handbags and off-brand computers are bundled in large sheets of polyester fabrics each printed with a dye sublimated dazzle pattern. Tribal-Optical-Victorian.

Liquid crystal displays loop non-sensical infomericals:

A ceramic homeware demo with a background of sexualized minimalism.

Oozing, high contrast stares of teenagers dressed in the fashions of civil war casualties.

The geometric abstraction of 24-hour news paired with gee-wiz-organics and strawberry-kratom-shakes.

CGI cartoons illustrate the benefits of pharmaceutical terraforming while casting a kaleidoscopic light across rows of trendy cardboard and bubble wrap homes.

The like/follow graphics dust the field of view like dull pepper. A spice that lost its kick.

A young couple in the latest herringbone sportswear slowly walk a miniature dog. Acid washed dances break out in front of twitchy fan clubs.

LaserJet prints of the cosmic microwave background form mosaic patterns behind the glass and aluminum facades. Inside grad students nurse amphetamine cocktails and make fingernail sculptures.

Dinosaur bones are scattered across stacks of fake books. Deep time positioned within the bricks of immediacy.

Autonomous drones hover a thousand feet up, sensing layers of shifting pattern fields.

This is a pleasure zone on the edge of newness. Images, materials, patterns generated yesterday but already showing signs of decay. Dusty glitch, water damage and color shifts.

Maybe it's the clouds of earth particles kicked up from 18 wheelers coming out of the tunnels; hauling shipping containers loaded with the most recent thing.

Their only narrative throughline is cardboard and bubble wrap.

Perhaps it's a daze from the panty hose on the lens, softening a hero's journey playing out in scattered moments. Self-improvement. Struggle. Fear. Elation. Loathing. Relief. Hope.

Is this a perceptual trick? The patterns causing a split-brain curse where one side can't communicate with the other.

These are new new bricks being perpetually replaced, turned off and dumped in piles of iridescent super conductors.

The particles stay the same. The patterns continue to shift. A Décor Slip.

ROSEMARY MAYER
Iris/Hours, 1977
Watercolor and pen on paper
22 x 29 inches

12

KAY GABRIEL
MATINS

MATINS

or shark
or whatever.

Two blue women in their 30s
named S. and S.
treat everything oppositely:
wanting to see someone means you don't
see them, and wanting to say something means
you don't say it. I am an atrocious sleeper
and this is my translation of a thought.

TIERCE

I don't ski, but in this dream, I do. The sky is
turquoise.
The slopes are creamy, and we have a car.
I'm in a rental with wealthy friends
I like but don't trust. We are to be stranded,
and I am a daredevil. I invite in strangers.
We move out of the rental without a place to stay.
UPS!

LAUD

I'm raving somewhere in a periwinkle tone,
in a rural scene.
I'm pronouncing my vowels in a local way.
A gay man asks if my name is Burns
and am I from Connecticut,
only he said Connect State, and then
he says that praying is your weapon,
at the hours of the day.
I tried to do something illicit
in the country, like organize the revellers
into repossessing the hydrangea
house. There were garden plots. If you live in it,
you live in it, but they don't say it back.

SEXT

Painted white and tipped in cobalt,
a boathouse sits on a lake in New Orleans.
Shiv and Elena will be married there.
The house sails around like a
swan in the water on its own clump
of earth, shaped like a large,
a very large, swan, whose wings
open at the back.
The wings are where the blue is.
These are the doors they'll process
out of, from the courthouse,
onto the water, to us their adoring friends.
I'm doing reconnaissance on the swan
before the wedding, and I'm watching the swan-
house
move in muddy water. The back of it opens: rich
people come out of it, not Shiv and Elena at all.
We discover
it's owned by a bourgeois who won't sell. We
thought
it was public, and it might have been, but he
bought it.
Elena thinks it's hilarious and that it's not a
problem,
they'll get married on the shores of the lake
watching the
house, he'll sell eventually,

PRIME

A woman in a dress of yellow paper,
a little lemony, a little goldenrod,
at dawn prepares for death
by picking flowers, though outside
is the danger. What is the danger?
Something an adult would be embarrassed
to be frightened of, though I'm not sure I am one.
She is particularly interested in flowers
with the scent of honey, the scent that in candles
or fragrances is called "honey," waxy and a little
cloying. Honey smells like flowers, not the other
way around,
but the lemon woman is unmoved.
I am picking honey flowers, and I believe
I am going to be eaten by a fucking dragon

13

floodwater will make him.
The house is deluxe.
The water is peacock blue.

NONE

Savoy blue owes its Savoy to the House of Savoy,
the County of Savoy, the Duchy
of Savoy, the Kingdom of Piedmont-
Sardinia, and the Kingdom of Italy.
Savoy cabbage is not blue,
it's from the Savoy region
of France. In this dream, a painter
is my patron. She subsidizes
expenses, a hotel,
and insists on privileges: to be portrayed
positively, not to be caricatured, and to maintain
her adaptation rights—
film, TV, action figures.

VESPERS

There are midnight people,
and after-midnight people.
I'm organizing a gallery show amid
a rave. Chris thinks it's another of my notions,
a New York City indulgence
or decadence, so you could say: a luxury.
But it would be iconic to write about for the novel
I'm writing, about paintings and raves.
Instead of writing fiction about a painting at a rave,
I intend to make it actual, so I can describe it
like a journalist, not invent it like a painter.
The painting I want is composed
with crushed black crystals. The artist is tentatively
down but can't insure the work.
Won't high people crash into it?
I pray not to be discovered,
wrecked or out of pocket.
I hand out invitations on black paper
with the same crushed rock design as the painting,
which someone, a baby or a pervert, might try to ingest.

COMPLINE

I bought a plastic indigo jacket in Seattle.
I could tell the indigo was indigo by comparison
to Rosemary's watercolor, in the part
where the flower looks almost veined and sinewy,
less like a flower, more like a bruise,
most like a muscle.

NATE LOWMAN

*"And the Angels Are Singing But Their Skirts Are
On Fire" for E.S. 3, 2017*
Latex, oil, and alkyd on canvas
33 x 36 x 1 ¼ inches

First Untitled Angel Painting, 2017
Latex on canvas
33 x 36 x 1 ¼ inches

MARTINE SYMS

99¢ Bowery Gang Gang, 2021
Cotton, metal, rubber, plastic, paint, and thread
38 ¾ x 25 ¾ x 18 ⅛ inches

14 MARY REILLY

"The angels are singing but their skirts are on fire"
Paintings for Erik

At St. Rose, a classmate's brother killed himself. The school held a mass. Monsignor Smith told us that the dead boy was in hell...self murder a cardinal sin.

Tuesday, I sat in St. Xavier's Church. My friend's wife dead from cancer. The mass was packed; she made a life and clung to it. The Gospels, so abstract, alien, were beautiful like any ancient thing, if absurd in the assembled company. Buried in these thoughts, I felt nothing. Until my friend weeping made me cry.

Two days prior, Easter Sunday, Cardinal Dolan, yapping at St. Patrick's (I heard a clip on the radio), encouraged the gathered body: Never forget the final cull (as if he'd make the list); in the battle against evil, God always wins. And then, like the old fool that he is, quoted Yogi Berra. A stunning coup of stupidity and vileness. While in Rome, the Pope called for peace.

15 MARY REILLY
Soliloquy: 99¢ Bowery Gang Gang

A folding throne,
itinerant king,
I schlep it for effect,
and rest. My eyes,
once scattered evil,
scattered the good too.
I am alone. *This* dump
is full of screens,
caterwauling, Act now;
Everything must go;
Last chance to stock up
on bargain basement dreams:
desire, recrimination (if hate could kill), self-pity, greed and unremitting grief...
But I seek silence not dreams;
Warden, murder me.

LEELEE KIMMEL
Pull, 2020–22
Signed, titled, and dated verso
Acrylic and oil on canvas
51 x 39 inches

16

DAVID RIMANELLI
I am not a merchant of exquisite feelings.

I am not a merchant of exquisite feelings.
Rare sensations what a bore.
I'm as sensitive as a dragonfly caught fire in a cloud of inflammable Raid
Hypersensitive like hysteric
Emmy von N., and those other early clients, who exclaimed to Freud
"I am a woman of the past century!"
But *Studies in Hysteria* was published in 1898 so she means the dix-huitième
Madame du Deffand and the duchesse du Maine, Jacques Necker's daughter and Du Barry Was a Lady,
la Polignac et l'autrichienne,
Trianon. Château de Louveciennes.
Neo-classicism. That's me.

BRICE MARDEN
Untitled (Green Blotter Drawing), 1989–1990
Signed and dated verso
Ink on green blotter paper
8 ½ x 11 ⅛ inches

17

DAVID RIMANELLI
The Last Time I Saw Brice Marden

after Joni Mitchell, *The Last Time I Saw Richard Was Detroit* in '68 and he told me

I have another line

Tired of life not tired of you

Midtown East is like Old New York
for me it's like Grace Church where Newland Archer marries May Welland and Countess Olenska has to
get out get out get out

He honoured his own past and mourned for it

Maybe it's the eternity of commuters
New Haven and Harlem-Hudson lines
Beacon Tivoli Hudson Poughkeepsie

Yale Club Princeton Club St. Regis
University mannerist facades and Saks
Bergdorf Goodman those temples the Modern
I still say the Modern just to be a pain

Michael Craig-Martin said that at school
Brice was already Brice fully formed entity like Athena springing from the head of Zeus and born like
me in 1963
Complete not severed head Medusa rivulets of blood flowering snakes whereas the rest Jennifer and
Sylvia and Robert Vija Nancy Janet Chuck why Richard Serra was still a boy!
Painters are amongst the priests worker
priests of the cult of man searching to
understand but never know

Names so many names
not really have you read Saint-Simon's memoirs or just *War and Peace* and the *Letters of Daniel Defoe*
for sudden joys like griefs confound at first he said always in love with these cascades these cataracts
rivers springs
La Source very healthy-looking naked girl
Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres and *Odette de Crécý*
Verdurin Poniatoski Brancovan Princess
Ourousova what's your sprightly emerald line?
Kitty Carlisle Hart or I've Got a Secret these zingers

Peter Marshall: Paul, why do Hell's Angels wear leather?

Paul Lynde: Because chiffon wrinkles too easily.

Fatalities of names very strange men at my door

Old New York at Vanderbilt Avenue

mouth of a great river you catch the train

At the setting sun of the New Haven Line

Remember in pictures 1973 Anne Coffin Hanson curates Options and Alternatives: Some Directions in

Recent Art Yale University Art Gallery 4 April–16 May 1973

\$38.00 for that battered pamphlet

Ten years old pink-and-blue checked jacket

I feel like Brice Marden I've known all my days

My whole life the first decade was a total waste I still say

Betty Lorraine detestable name like a '50s Flintstones name Wilma and Betty Lorraine my father

rechristened her Bettina but the old people still said Betty Lorraine took me to the university art gallery

on Chapel the scent redolent in the main room

that painting I remember or rather the smell

The beeswax or synesthesia of the '70s now intone the fin-de-siècle catechism Huysmans Yeats

Picture of Dorian Gray heart overfilled fuchsias and d'Annunzio's Il Piacere that's The Child of Pleasure

orchidaceous proto-fascist satyriasis Borghese gardens fuck not maenads at Max's oh my hot Jesus's

wispy blond beard in

Playgirl Magazine 1977

The last time I saw Brice Marden was in the rare book room at The Strand he was looking at something

say Masters of Calligraphy Song Dynasty to Ming while

Dave's fingering

A, a Novel expensive first edition crying and

asked Brice could you recommend a book about Chinese painting because you know I really feel at a

loss so ignorant that paperback by a certain Cahill very Christmas gift whatever

Any good?

No

Secrets he wrote it down the names and title in my grey notebook which falling apart is lost

I want to ask him again what should I read about

Chinese painting please tell me you know

JOSH SMITH
The Smell of Time, 2019
 Oil on canvas
 36 x 24 inches

DAVID RIMANELLI
Screenshots on the Métro

Brock Boomer complained

Where is the sublimity where is the poetry where is all really cool beautiful stuff?

Stud-moppet classicist, don't be sad they're not making masterpieces anymore but they're not trying either

That's a quote I think

Masterpieces are kinda heavy not kinda

A lot. A lot heavy. Lugubrious.

Fatal pretense

The Iliad The Odyssey Aeneid

Le chanson de whatever

Cheap and cynical and lazy

Yeah I'll be happy that masterpieces are not happening

JACK PIERSON
CRY, 2022
Metal
16 ½ × 9 ¼ × ½ inches

21

In the story a man braces for a fall into the New York Skyline
Floating in dream space, hands open in the thick dream air
That wail from the streets below poses another strategy of hearing.
How this might be a perfect way to jump

for Peter Covino

20

PATRICIA SPEARS JONES
The Right Way to CRY—a Jack Pierson riff

Moon river. Audrey Hepburn somewhere sings the window open the New York Skyline
hovers as George Peppard leans away from the Goddess using her own voice.
Amazed, amused, the cinematic magic whiffs, but aren't there tears?

What to do with the placidity of moonlit drives
head full of notions of lust, love, that perfect chin.
Hollywood handsome, Hollywood beautiful, not a wrinkle in sight
Not real not real as the placards proclaim:

GOOD HEALTH
MORE WEALTH
THE RIGHT WAY
TO
CRY

Tears are the hidden rivers. Face turns from the family argument,
Heads points WEST or points EAST
Or desolation carries feet NORTH. Hear this child
beating a pillow, beating his bedframe. hitting his mother.
Bearing his shame, stumbling in the school parking lot
waiting for a police cruiser to pick him up, then smash
his chubby body against the wall. Here's the ordinary mythos
—the boy, the mother, the argument, Love.
Who can tender this grim American mythos—Hollywood?

In the story, the gigolo owns up to his hard work—a proper manifestation.
of work life balance, while the party girl wears her pearls until her guise lifts.
revealing the steely spine of a true survivor.

While that hidden river welcomes the moon's full face and cinematic Goddesses
choreograph that dance with the chance that something new could erupt—volcanic from
Soul's search. How tantalizing to think of HOPE when tears create oceans. As in dreams
That dare the dreamer to jump into the New York Skyline, feet first—
—the skyline spiky, twinkling—isn't it night here?

But morning in the desert is when children can play by the pool
until the sun's winds amplifies the beige ground, the green shrub.
A desolation row of suburban houses. Tears smatter hypoallergenic.
pillows—no germs allowed—no skyline, just lads naked around the pool.
Friendly to each other, but secretive. What tears them apart is a dream of
Perfect Freedom. They've yet to find that work life balance. They have no jobs.

MARCEL BROODTHAERS
Oeufs, 1965-66
 Eggshells, resin, and plastic container
 3 1/2 x 6 3/4 x 11 inches

22

ARDEN WOHL
Oeufs

Laid in buoyant earth,
 Adequate: turned out to task
 By way of an accidental collaborator, the event endured
 Presumptuous in the long hatching,
 Thick sections of coating—
 Close to quarrelsome conversation

We claimed the moist shells for keeping.

Mocking wry face
 Discourteous carbon copy image
 Reproduced with cunning duplicity.

The Yoke of disgrace is unrestricted when purged from
 The shiny white head.

However, we escaped— whether from fixations
 Of misrepresentation or dreading some certainty that the stiff
 Casing was too thin.
 Binding to each archetype.

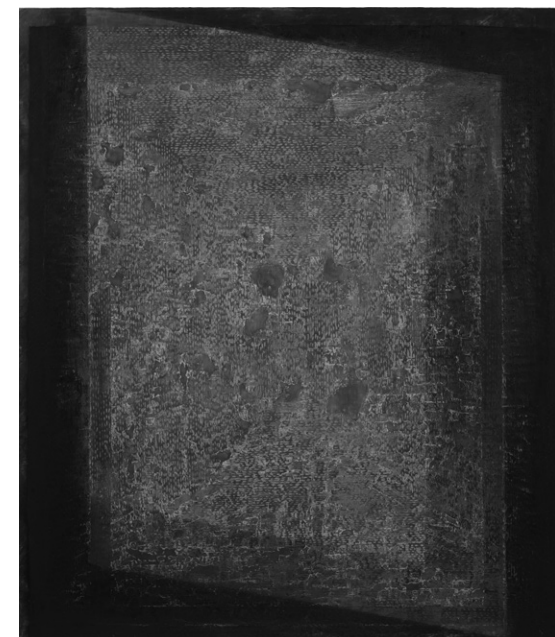
Off-color dome-head mammoth, claiming a nation.
 Suited to its industry from a shadowlike, spectral program.
 It terrorized us in its ambition—

Contained in unembellished atmospheres, whose formula
 Now flat and gentle,
 The once cruel and brutal impact
 Upon our bed.

To minister rigorous performance:
 Crowned and laurelled
 The simulacrum made eyes at the eggs,
 Summoning mobilization.
 Assembling our second chance, our re-do.
 Bravery faltered.

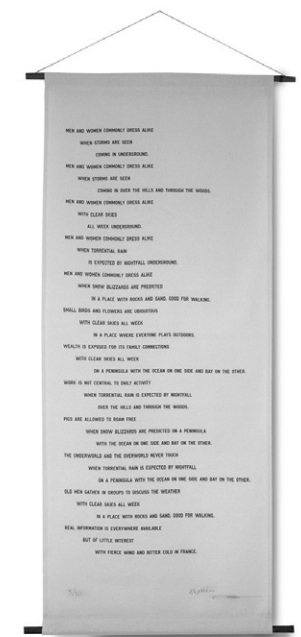
Resolved to mimic—
 Vaulted by the rendering of shape.

Cherished in the vitrine, the gruesome countenance withstood.



23

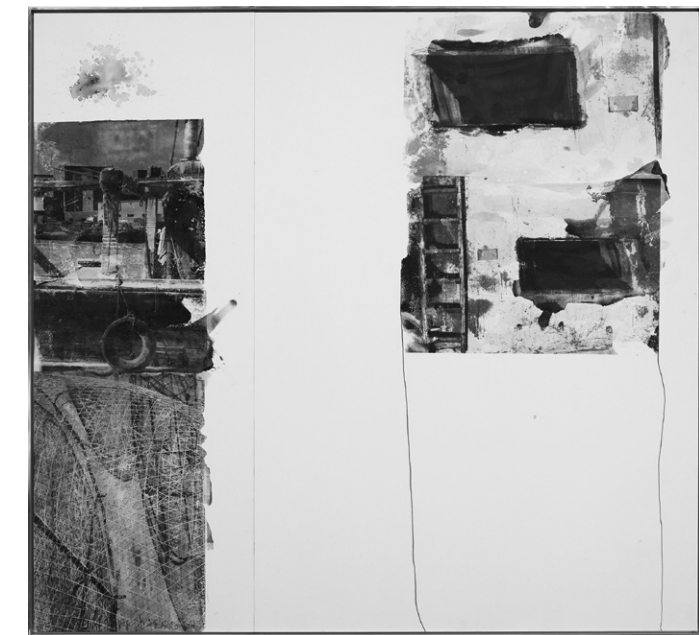
JESSICA DICKINSON
With: Not, 2019–20
 Oil on limestone polymer on panel
 54 x 48 x 2 inches
 Reminders 1–11: graphite on paper, approx.
 72 1/2 x 60 inches



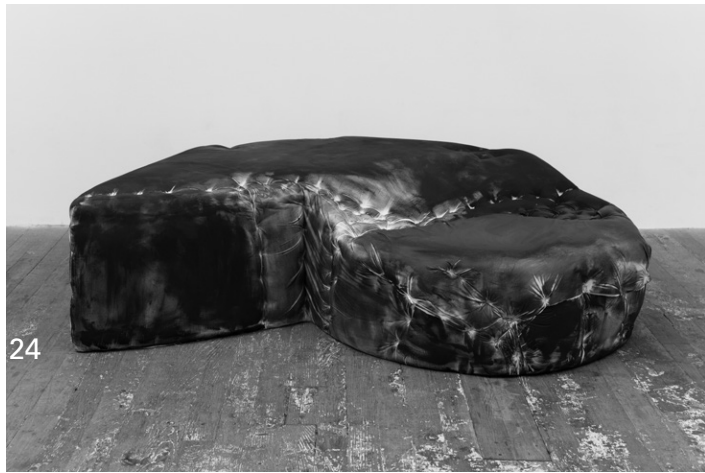
ALISON KNOWLES & RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA
Men and Women Commonly Dress Alike, 2011
 Digital print on canvas, bamboo
 Artist proof (Edition of 10)
 61 x 29 inches



JOE LEWIS
Kevlar PJ Left for 6 month old, 2000
 Signed on inside zipper flap
 Kevlar and polyester
 22 x 19 inches



ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG
N (Apogamy Pods), 1999
 Inkjet pigment transfer and graphite
 on poly laminate
 85 1/2 x 90 1/2 inches



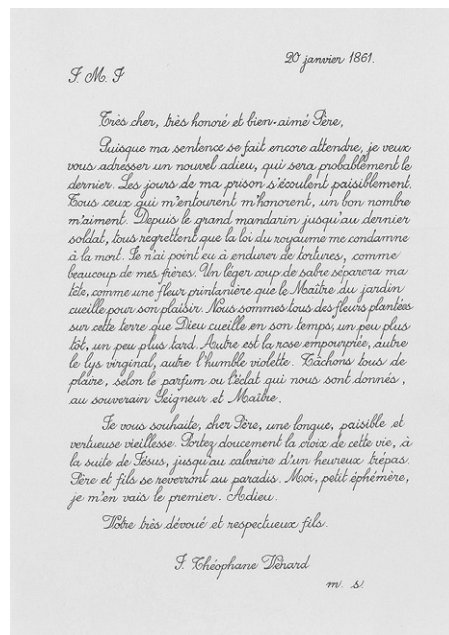
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James Fuentes
 55 Delancey St, New York, NY 10002
 Design by Other Means

JESSI REAVES

Element n°1 (Runway Ottoman), 2018
 Wood, foam, vinyl, fabric, and paint
 20 x 71 x 63 inches

Element n°8 (Runway Ottoman), 2018
 Wood, foam, vinyl, fabric, and paint
 20 x 93 x 40 inches



DANH VO
 2.2.1861, 2009
 Ink on paper, writing by Phung Vo
 11 5/8 x 8 1/4 inches



JONAS WOOD
SK Witch Pot with Brain, 2022
 Signed, titled, and dated verso
 Gouache and colored pencil on paper
 14 x 12 1/8 inches

James Fuentes Press