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Jessica Dickinson

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Editor
Laura Brown

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Design
Other Means

Publisher
James Fuentes Press

Printer
Gruppo Industriale FG s.r.l.

Typefaces
Magister (Omnitype), Totally Gothic (Emigre)

Artwork Photography
Jason Mandella

James Fuentes would like to thank Jessica Dickinson, Marc Handelman, and writers Faye Hirsch and Evie K Horton. Special thanks to Ava Ferguson. Jessica Dickinson would like to thank Faye Hirsch and Evie K Horton for spending time with the work and for their contributions. She would also like to thank Marc Handelman and Matt Keegan for their support and feedback, with a special thank you to Laura Brown for her creative collaboration on this book.

ISBN 979-8-9887960-1-5
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Cover: detail from *And: Is*, 2022–2023
Oil on limestone polymer on wood panel
54 1/8 × 48 1/8 inches

Jessica Dickinson: And: Is

One of the possibilities of a painting—whether figurative or abstract—is that it may capture a particular place at a particular time. But what if the point is not to fix a particular time and place—some moment or location in an orderly universe—but to capture in one object the very flux of time and space that coincide with the incidents of its making? In short, to assert the relative, shifting nature of time, space, and light in a single, substantive work? This is the trajectory of Jessica Dickinson's artistic campaigns, as we might think of them, producing related works of abstract paintings, approximately four per year, worked on over months; graphite tracings on paper (“remainders”) of each of the many layers constituting the paintings; and a group of Notebook Drawings made at the start of

each project that prompt how she begins each successive phase of the painting. It is a slow-moving enterprise. With their emphasis on process rather than finish, her works embody the labor and consciousness of the artist without, however, establishing an “expressionistic” index of self. “There isn’t, for me, an assertion of self,” she explains in a 2015 interview, “rather, perhaps, an acceptance of intention compounded by chance, a sense of being partial and incomplete.”¹

Dickinson begins each day in quiet observation—a remnant, perhaps, of her Catholic upbringing, manifesting in a kind of devotion to daily work. *Vita contemplativa, vita activa*. This is the period, between dawn and daylight, when she drinks her tea in front of a window in her apartment and notices the minute changes in light and atmosphere that occur around her. “I am not sure about truth,” she observes on the back of the first of nine Notebook Drawings underlying *And: Is*, “but I am certain about the kitchen window defined by the cast of an overcast light at 6:17 in the morning on June 14, 2021 as the sun appears in this distinct way.” On the front of the same sheet is a light blue open rectangle, which inspired the first of the layers of the painting. Before family and work distract her, she sits, sometimes writing

1 Jessica Dickinson with Danielle Mysliwec, *Brooklyn Rail*, Dec. 2014–Jan. 2015, p. 42.

or drawing, recording impressions that might make their way into her studio later (as Notebook Drawings). One wall of that studio is pinned with photographs of architectural details shaped and dissolved by accidents of light—another way that she keeps track of what transpires in her *Umwelt*, the somewhat contradictory “and: is” of compounding effects and transitory presentness that she seeks to convey.

Application, excavation, renewal: Dickinson creates her paintings by working on successive layers of oil applied over a panel covered with limestone polymer sanded smooth. Each of the layers begins with a Notebook prompt—inspiring an image that is eventually obliterated—or nearly—by the actions that follow, as Dickinson applies then removes the layers through sanding, chiseling, scraping, gouging, and other actions. While she occasionally uses a brush, her main tools are those of carpenters and sculptors: “small tools for a big thing.”² A layer is, in fact, never entirely gone; instead, it leaves remnants—say, of a compositional device (like the rectangular embrasure that began *And: Is*) or a stretch of color that melts into implication and suggestion. Dickinson reads and re-reads Clarice Lispector, who wrote at the start of *Água Viva* (1973), “I’m trying to seize the fourth dimension of this instant-now so fleeting

2 Ibid.

Faye Hirsch

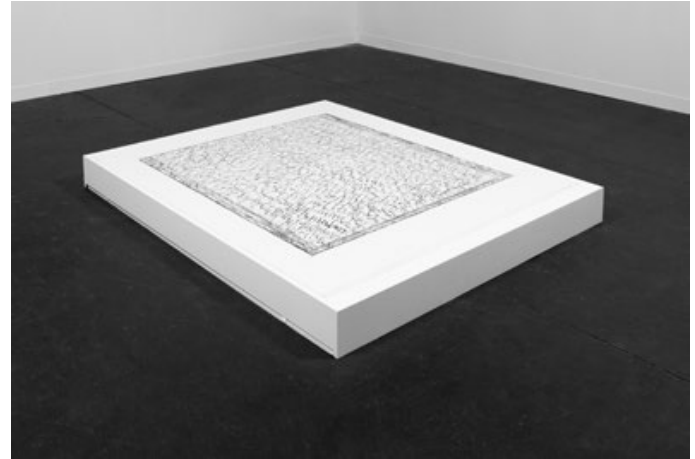
that it's already gone because it's already become a new instant-now that's already gone."⁵

When she decides that a particular stage of processing the painting has come to an end, Dickinson lays a large sheet of paper on top and rubs it with graphite to create a record of the surface that will inevitably disappear (until the final layer): this is what she calls a "remainder." Of course, such a record is a delicate, even poor relation of the more robust layer to which it is declaring a finish. As rubbings, the *remainders* can have a tremulous appearance, so that, although their occasioning is a point of certainty and endings, they are in some ways the most contingent components of her work. Each belongs not so much to the painting but to the *remainders* that precede and follow it. In her exhibitions, Dickinson might stack the *remainders*, or hang them on the wall in order [figs. 1-2], asking that they be considered alongside the painting as a single work. For *And: Is*, there are 20 *remainders*, which she refers to as a kind of "book form of the paintings." Each of them marks an open-ended closure—more a caesura—that allows her to move on.

Dickinson has spoken about how she was impressed, on her first visit to the Italian hill-top town of Assisi, with near-ruined frescoes by

3 Clarice Lispector, *Água Viva* (1973), trans. Stefan Tobler, *New Directions*, 2012.

1 Installation view, *Jessica Dickinson, The Armory Show, New York, 2022*



2 Installation view, *Jessica Dickinson, ARE : FOR + remainders, James Fuentes, New York, 2017*



the 13th-century artist Cimabue preserved in the church of San Francesco: by how their damage revealed something that might not be evident were everything intact. The frescoes had a history, an interiority, and they had changed over time, mutating in color and presenting what Debra Singer, in discussing Dickinson's work, called an "ominous aura."⁴ Of course, apart from the plaster preparation, nothing could be more inimical to Dickinson's paintings than fresco, a medium that, in contrast to her own multi-stage work, is finished with successive *giornata* drying quickly and offering little opportunity for revision. And it is quite flat, where Dickinson's paintings are dimensional objects lying heavy on the wall, and changing as the viewer moves about, regarding them—near, far, from an angle. A relational and meditative viewing, as with Agnes Martin, whose work has been important to her.⁵

Like her other paintings, Dickinson knew *And: Is* was done when it became "separate from my own experiences, and looked back at me," as she has written. When she was on the verge of completing it, her daughter observed that it was "blue," and Dickinson decided it was "looking too much

4 Debra Singer, "Up Close/Moving Back," *Under|Press. |With-This|Hold-|Of-Also|Of/How|Of-More|Of:Know*, Inventory Press, New York, 2015, p. 7.

5 Ibid.

like a painting," and went back in to work on it some more. From afar, we still indeed see a bluish monochrome—though, as we look as closely and as long as the painting demands, it reveals itself as no longer a monochrome—or monolithic—at all. Within, we discern faint, embedded rectangles that seem to shift; the object is solid, but within the frame are what feel like screens sliding open and closed. A paradox of Dickinson's work is the atmospheric quality that prevails despite the painting's profound physicality, its weight and tactility; and it feels like it's in motion the more you look at it. At left are shard-like marks whose movement is more like a tumble. In more structured zones, abrasions shift first one way, then another, like waves lapping and receding. Where the panel's edges are grayer, like film emulsion, the sheen of the surface is the result of incorporated wax, adding to a sense that the work is alive, as playing light crosses it. Close up, we see small marks compounding into gridded areas that resemble gauze—not marks from a chisel, but lines patiently, minutely painted with a tiny brush. No part is left untouched. Where blue is scraped away to reveal gray there are scratches, as if something is blowing around behind the surface. That *something* meets with our own awareness of a persistent labor—not a "hand" in the sense of a painterly touch, but one that pursues deconstruction, even destruction, in order to build this perceptual experience into the work that remains.

Associated loosely with the painting are nine Notebook Drawings. These Dickinson pinned up on her studio wall, one above the next. This column forms a map, a chronology of sorts. As with the *remainders*, their relationship to the finished painting is indirect. The first (the lowest) shows a rectangular, frame-like form, and we sense its ghost in the grayish rectangle that frames the periphery of the painting. The second is a raking parallelogram whose diagonal edge is still felt in that faint, sliding diagonal. Short diagonal lines comprise the third drawing, each tilting on the same angle (“there is only one direction,” reads the back), their quality of drifting on the blank sheet transmitted in the directional atmospherics of the finished work. A blue rectangle in the fourth drawing survives in the overall palette, and the sense of overlapping rectangles within a grid is sustained from the fifth, which resembles an early Frank Stella composition. And so forth.

None has survived in a literal form, but the map was set and followed, each terrain built, plumbed, then obscured by the next. “But now it is known that it remains there,” she writes on the back of the fourth drawing. In a sense, the finished painting contains a kind of “inner immensity,” as Bachelard might say, and although we know its making has taken place over a period of months, the implication is that an eternity lies within the “now” of the work. For in imagining the time that

has produced the painting, and that the painting now contains, we lose a sense of its boundaries and the specifics that constituted it.

In addition to the various parts and processes of the work discussed thus far, associated as well with *And: Is* are five somewhat independent works on paper. It is the artist’s habit to create such works constantly and alongside her paintings. While they allow her to work in an intimately impressionistic sense like the *remainders*, they really follow no strict rules. Like *And: Is*, this group of five was created over time. Again, the process was mainly indirect, at least to start. Taping stacks of paper to the floor, Dickinson left them for months, allowing the sheets to record serendipitous footsteps, scrapes, drips, and accidents. One, titled *Or/With/Is*, received no direct, conscious action whatsoever. Dickinson left it, “faint and ghostly,” as something that came into being purely through pressure, picking up bits of graphite, oil, and pastel from adjacent drawings, and dirt merely from its life in the studio. Three were further worked on directly: a ragged-edged blue monochrome so “worn and torn” that it looks as if it barely holds together, but more alive for it; *Within-Is*, a noir that wound up evoking the feeling of moving about a space at night, tracing solidity and openness; and *Is-Is*, which relied on the presence of plaster shards beneath, laid in the pattern of a window-frame shadow, to create areas of white, and on floorboards, to suggest subtle parallel

lines. The last was barely touched except for being rubbed at the end with a rag. Finally, an additional “trace” drawing was made as a *frottage*, by rubbing against the surfaces of a completed layer of *And: Is* early on, but, unlike the remainders, worked on afterwards in wax, oil pastel, pastel, and oil.

“I do have a faith that it is possible to make a living thing, not a diagram of what I have been thinking; to posit with paint something living, something that changes each day,” wrote Philip Guston in 1966.⁶ For Dickinson, it is the very duration of the work in all its aspects that allows it to come alive, and eventually to be set aside for others to experience. Thus we can approach *And: Is* as a kind of case study of a single work through all its iterations—entering the durational aspect of their creation with the requirement that as viewers we, too, take time to look carefully. As she says, “Depending on how you look at it, how much time you spend with the physical painting, the duration unfolds.... It’s a materialization of the feeling of thinking, of seeing.”⁷

And: Is

6 Philip Guston, “Faith, Hope and Impossibility,” excerpted in Jed Perl, *Art in America, 1945-1970*, Library of America, 2014, p. 389.

7 Jessica Dickinson in conversation with Patricia Treib, *Under|Press. |With-This|Hold-|Of-Also|Of/How|Of-More|Of:Know*, Inventory Press, New York, 2015, p. 272.











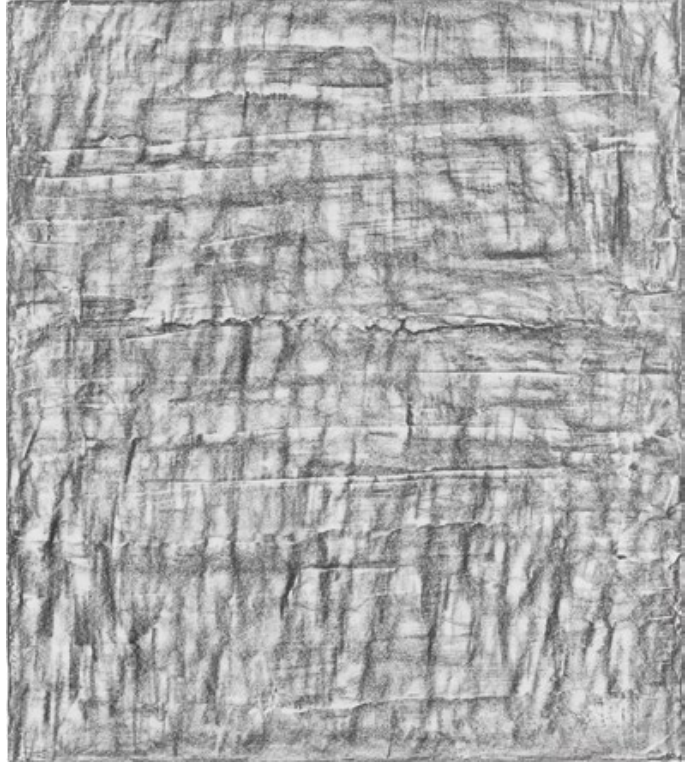


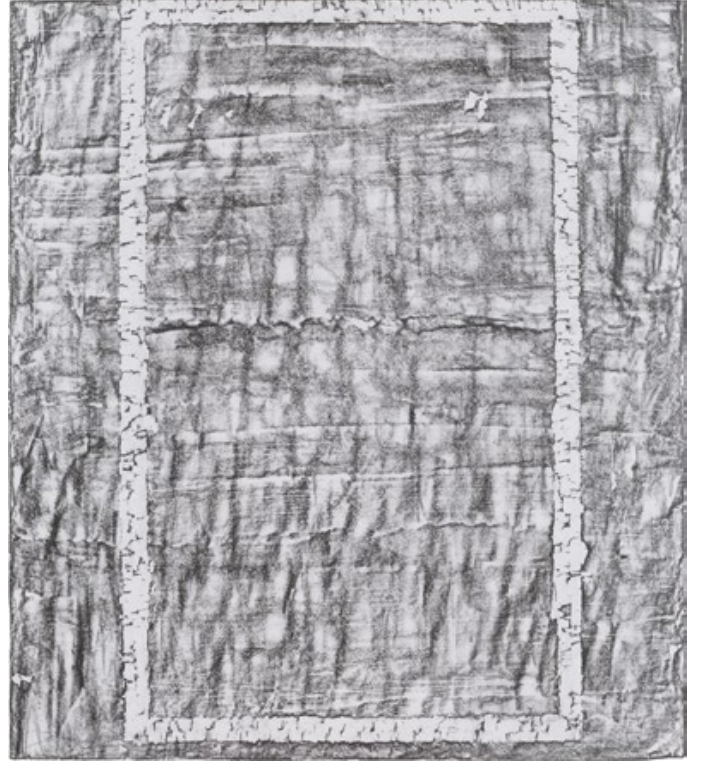
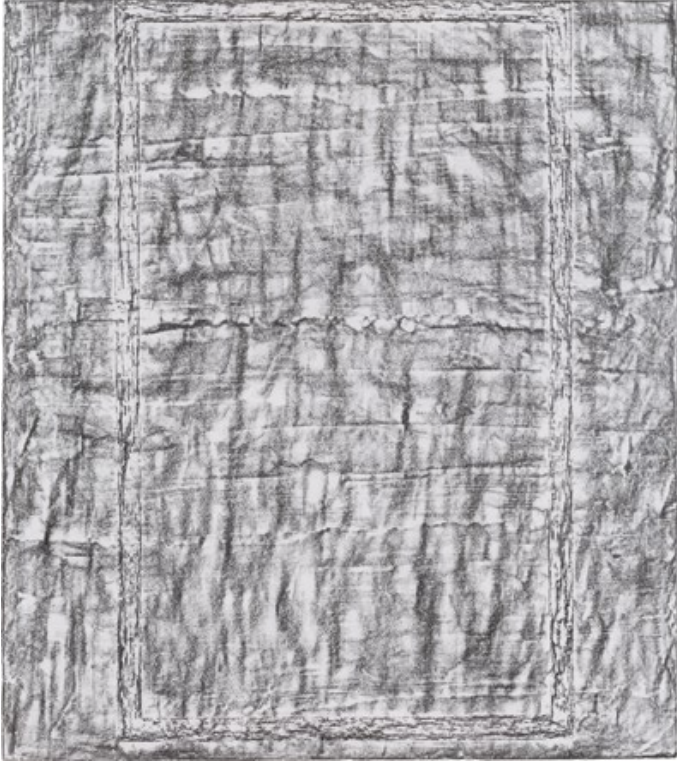


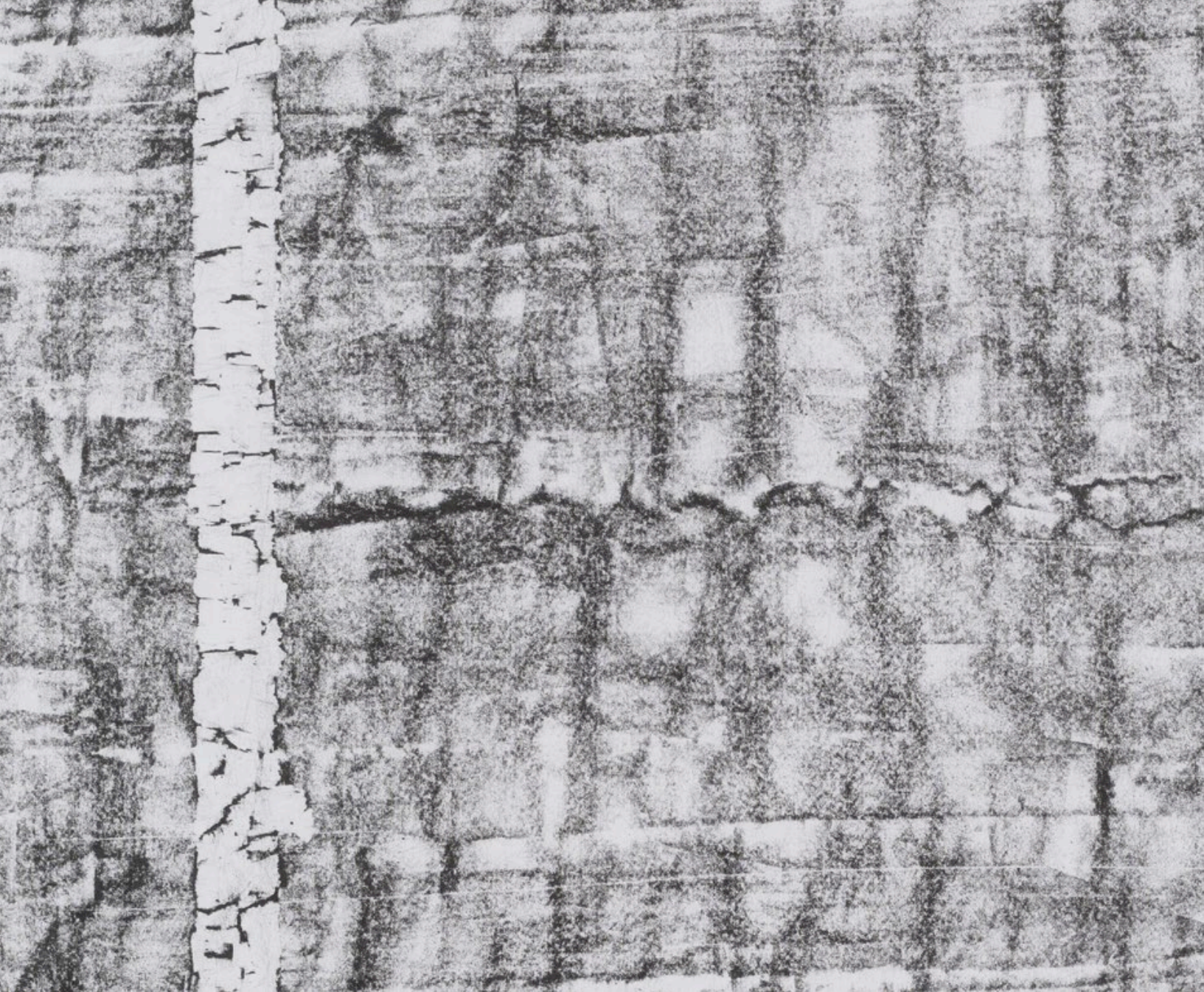


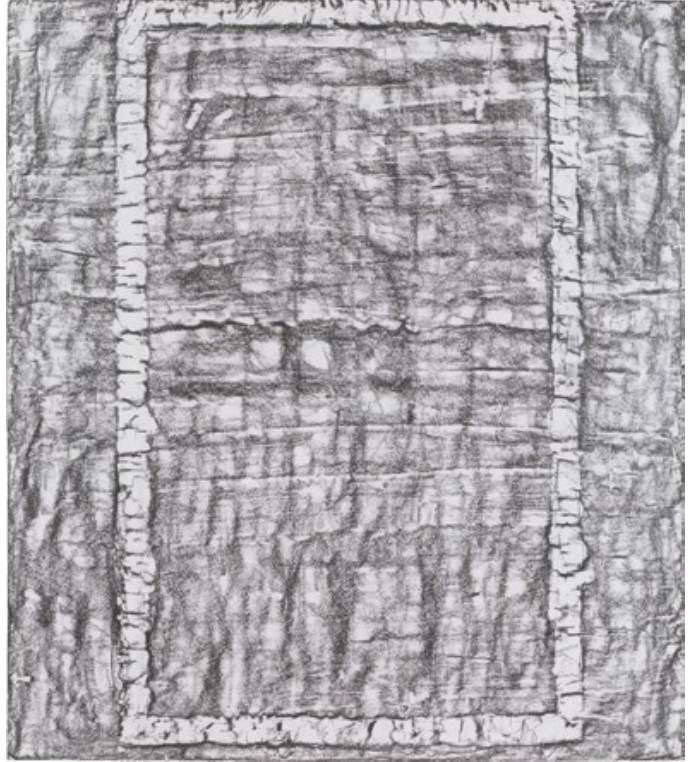
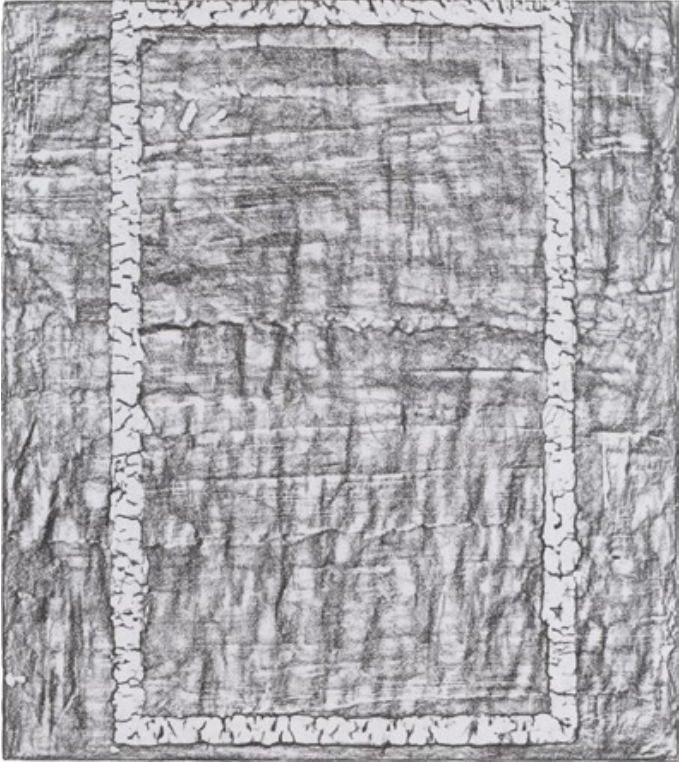


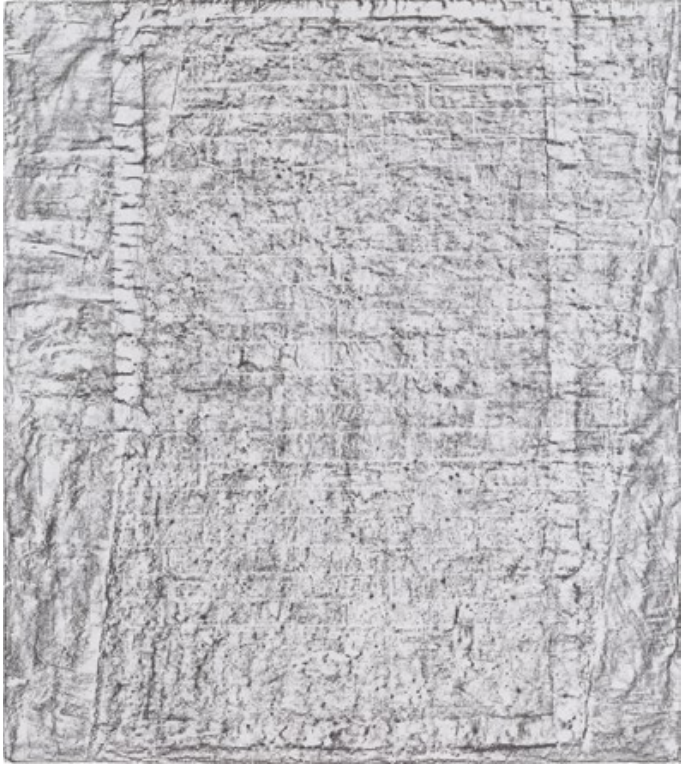
Reminders

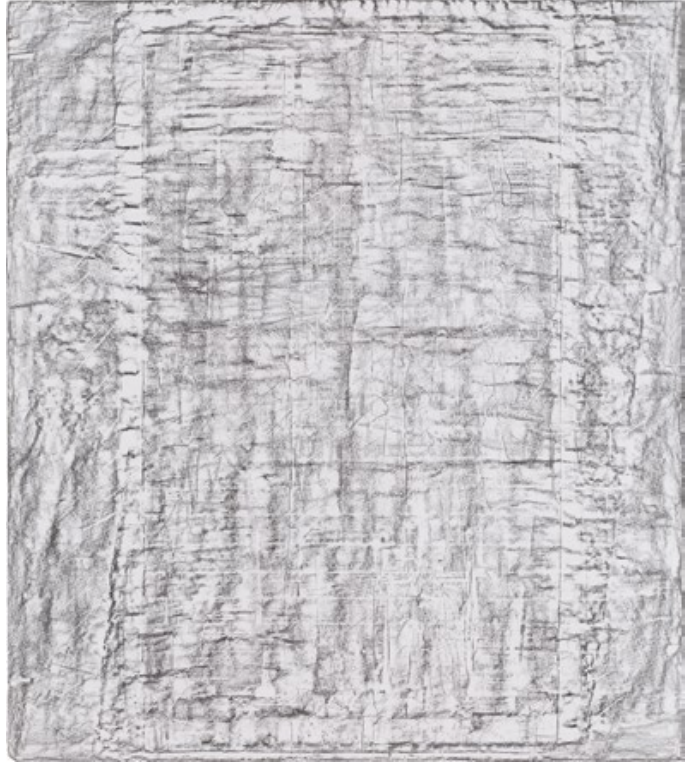
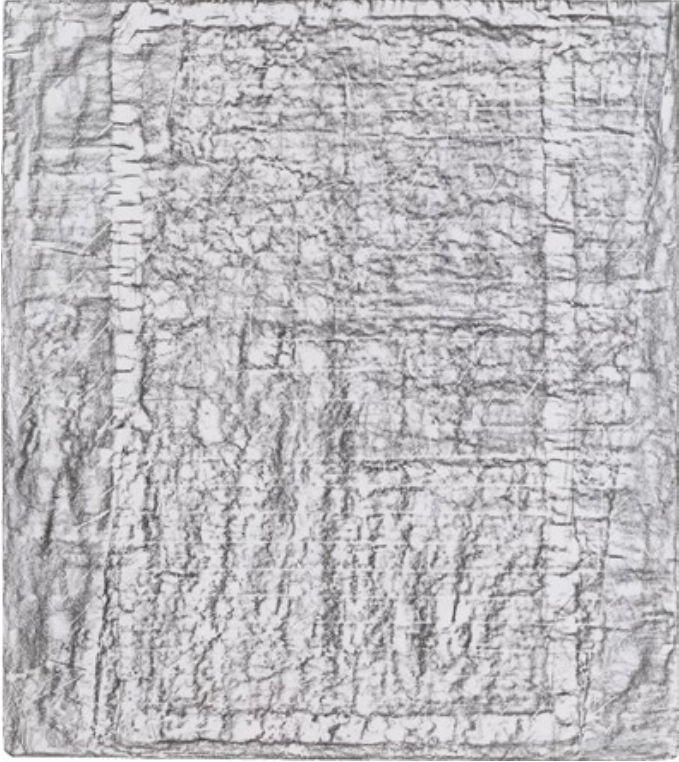


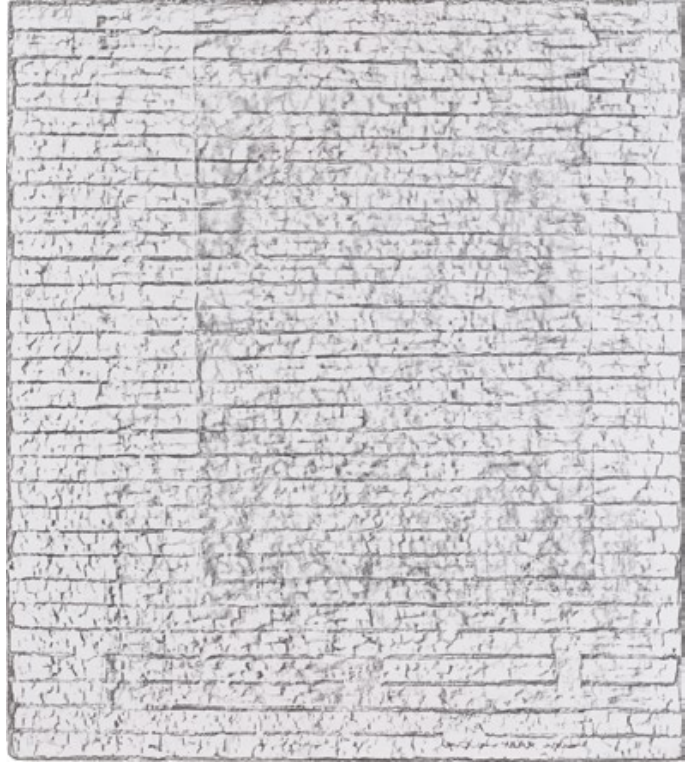




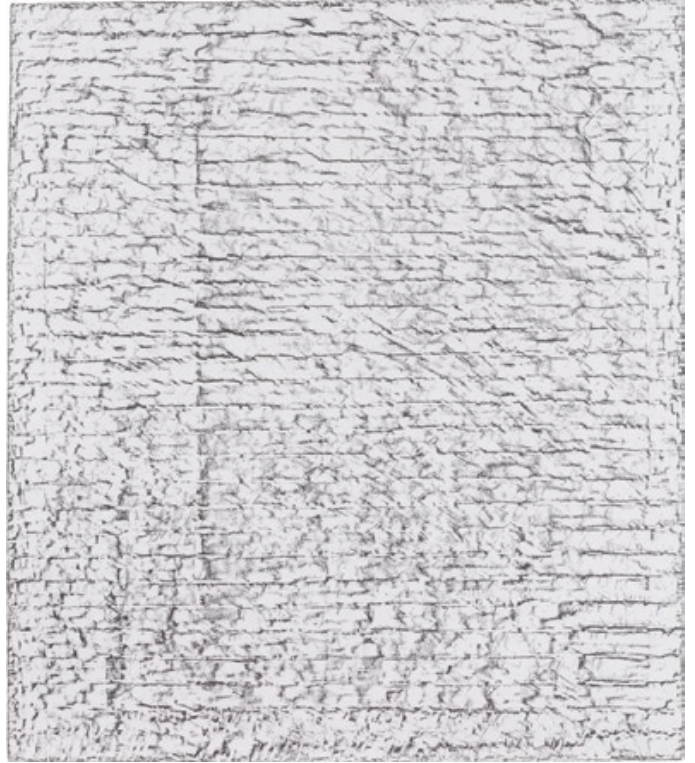
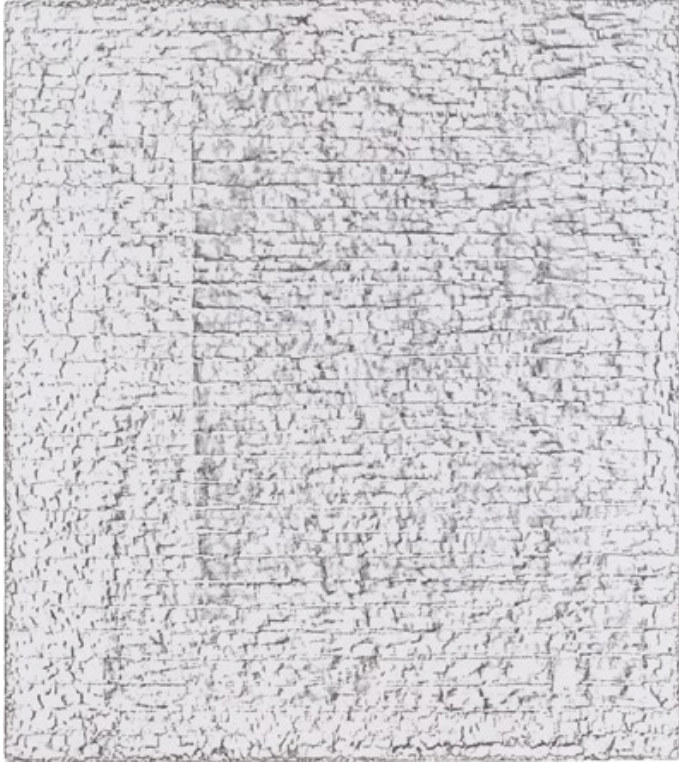


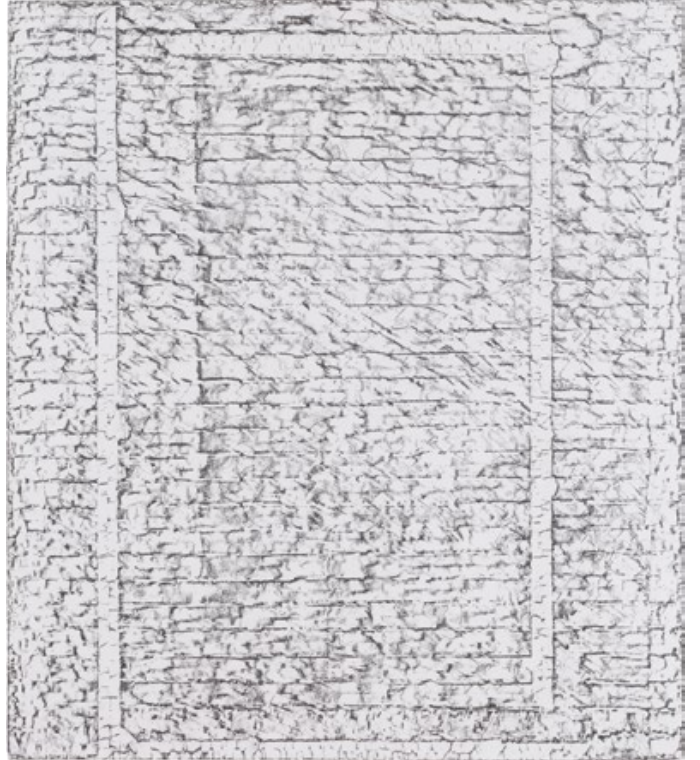
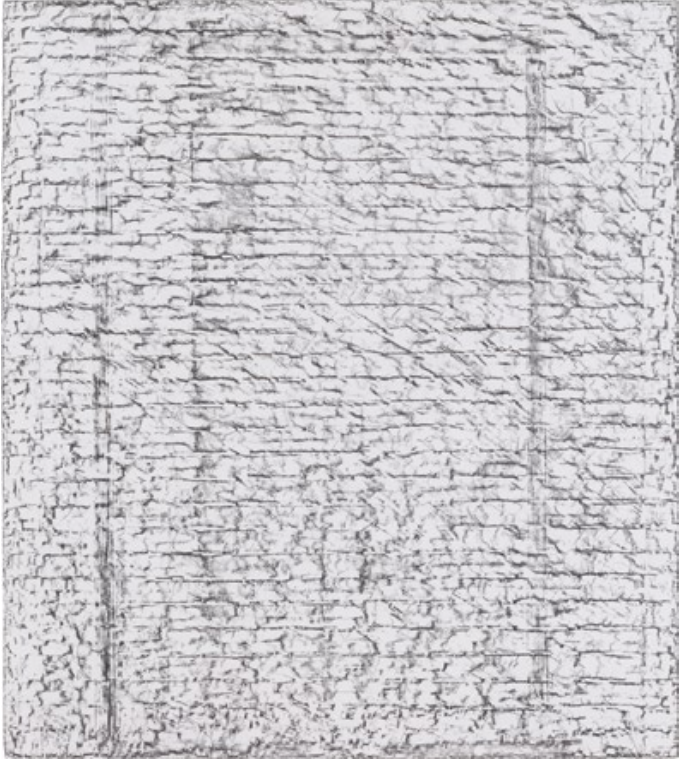


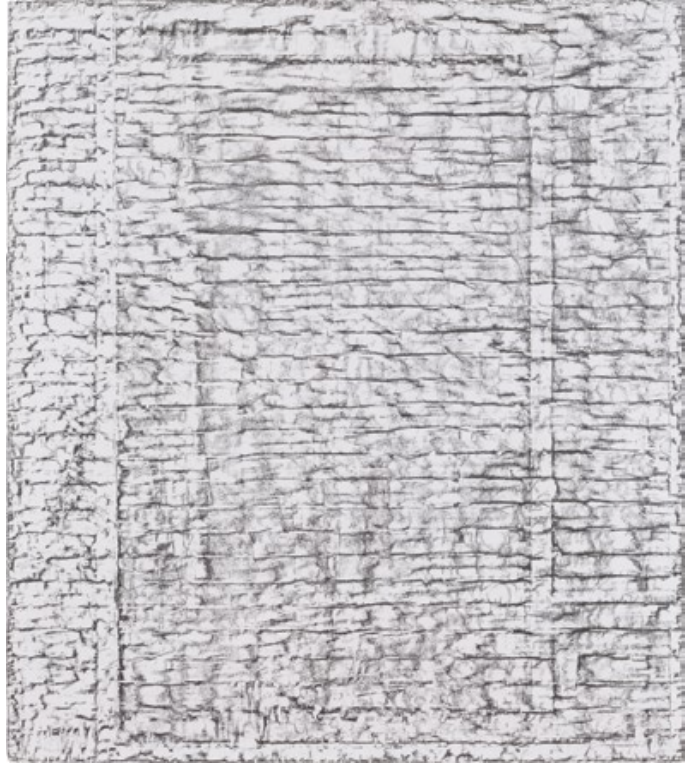
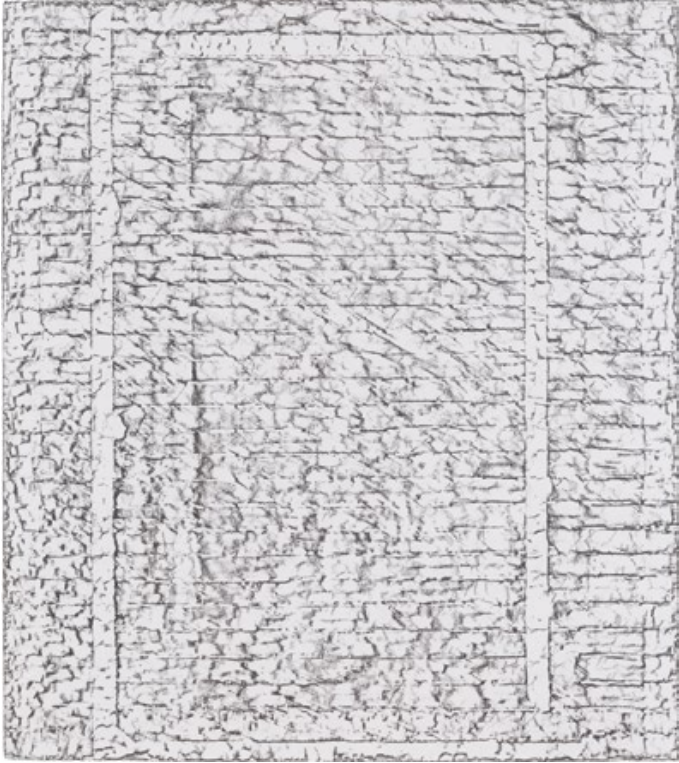


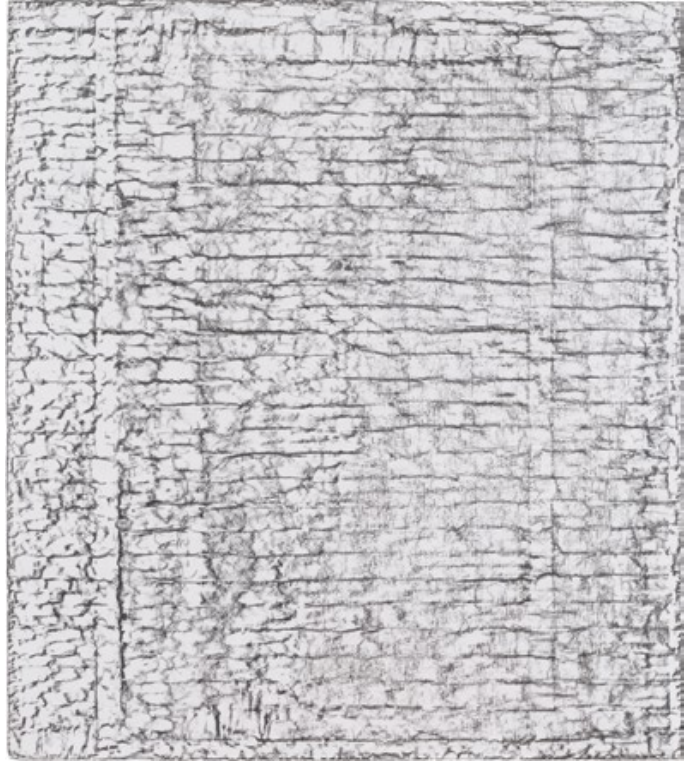
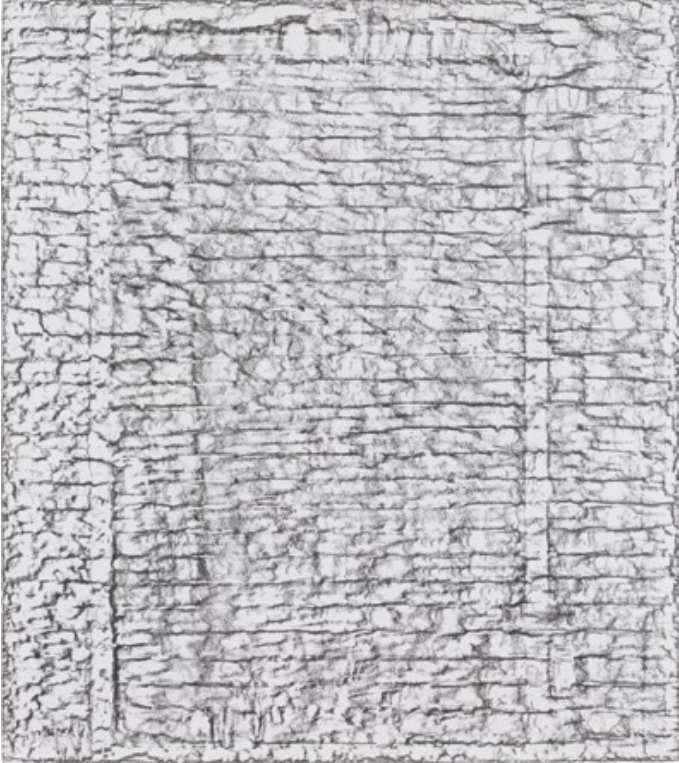


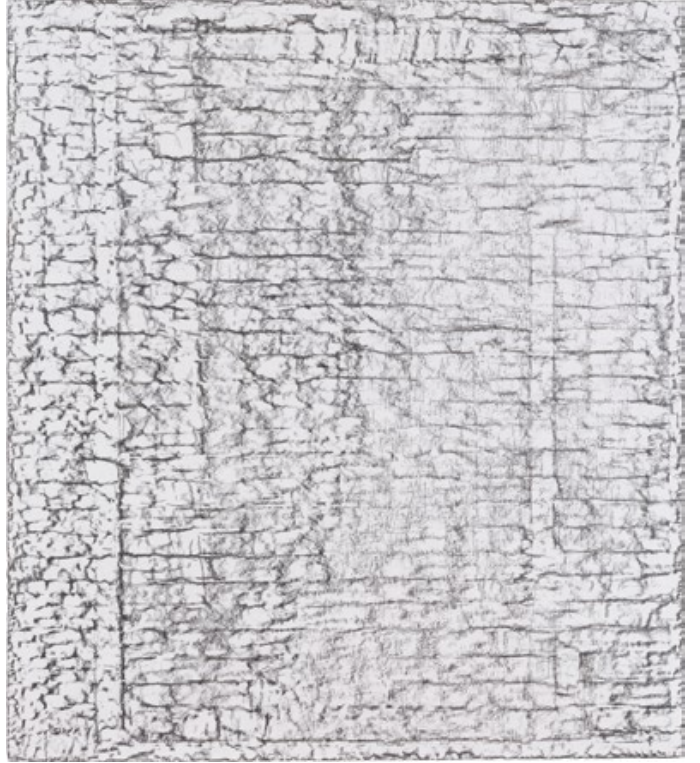








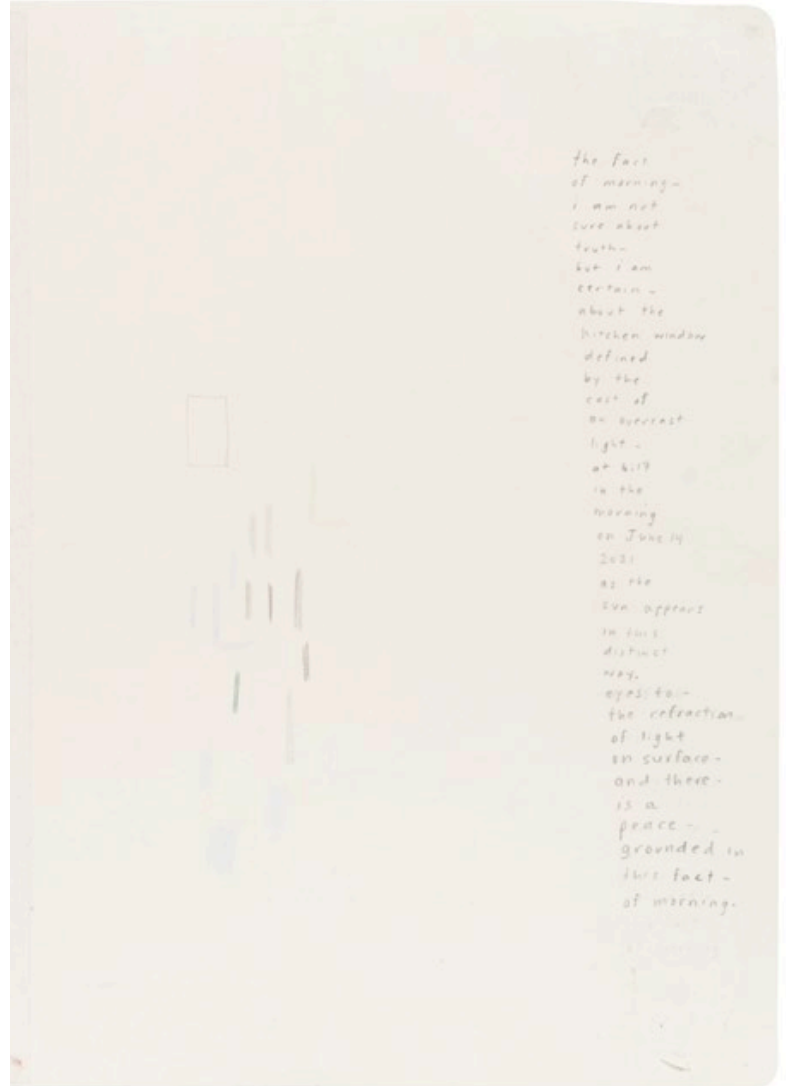


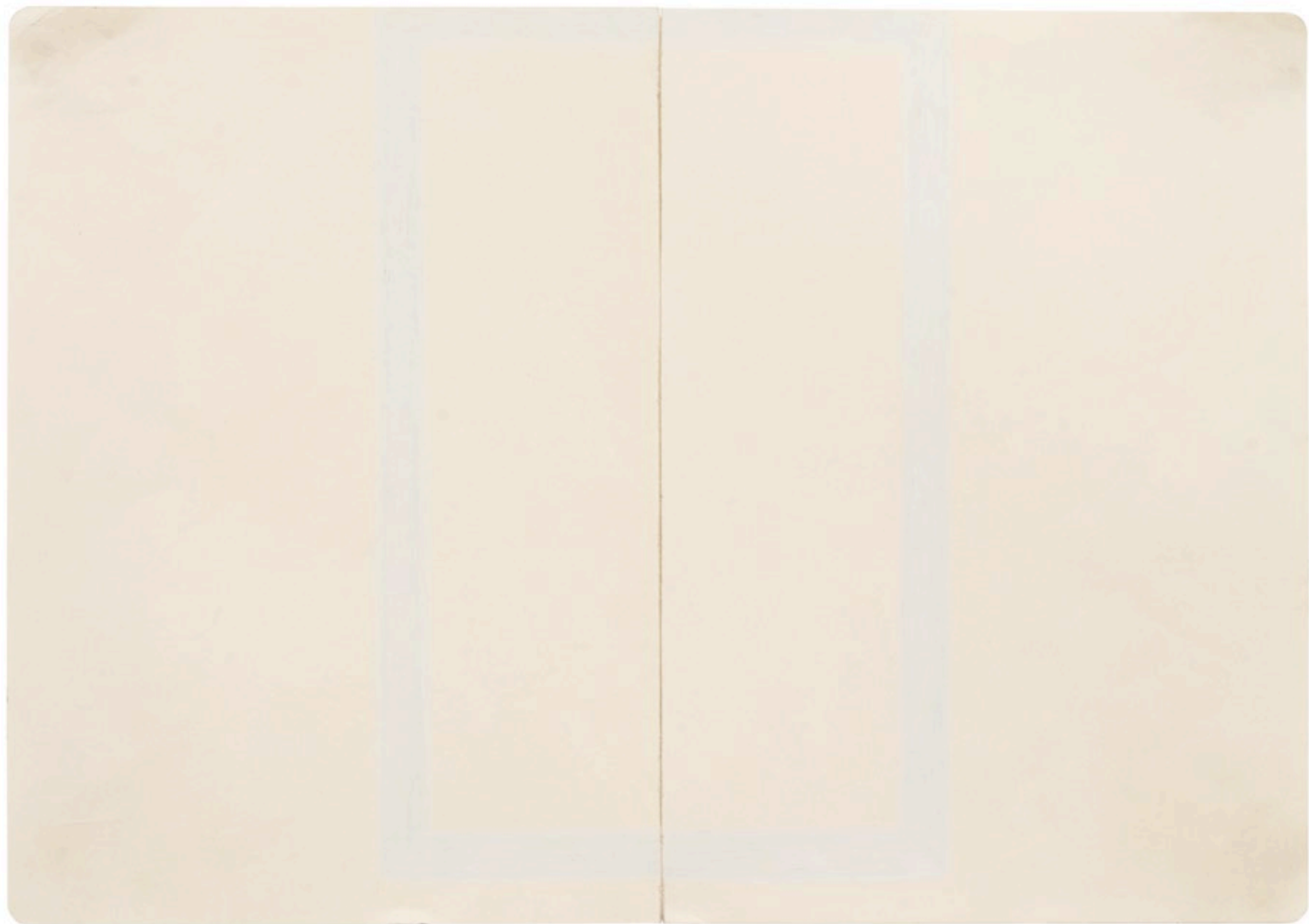




Notebook Drawings

**the fact
of morning -
i am not
sure about
truth -
but i am
certain -
about the
kitchen window
defined
by the
cast of
an overcast
light -
at 6:17
in the
morning
on June 14
2021
as the
sun appears
in this
distinct
way.
eyes to -
the refraction
of light
on surface -
and there -
is a
peace -
grounded in
this fact -
of morning.**



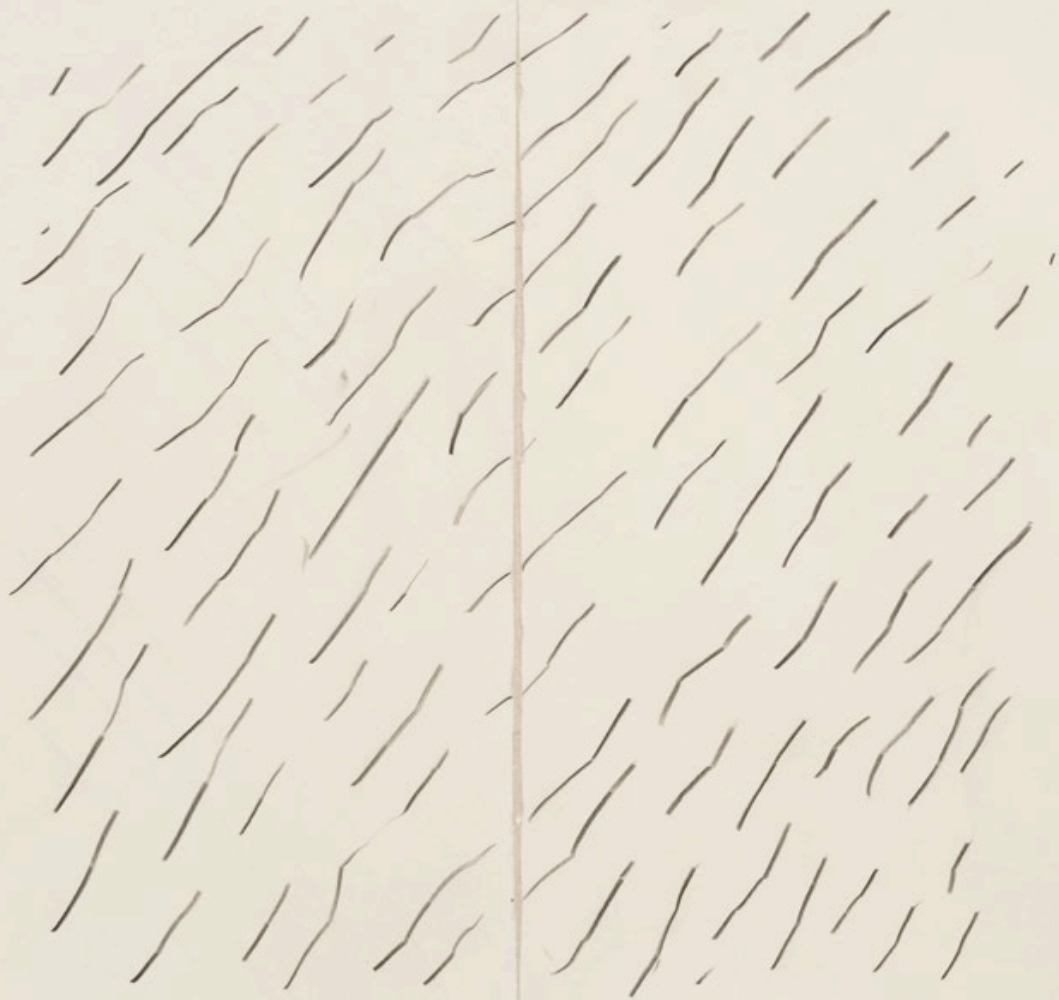


**there it
is -
the stone like
fact -
of day -
as steady lights
make visible
the grey
painted
bricks -
outside
the window -
a neutral
reality
for all
to see -
a subtle
affirmation -
that we
begin
again**

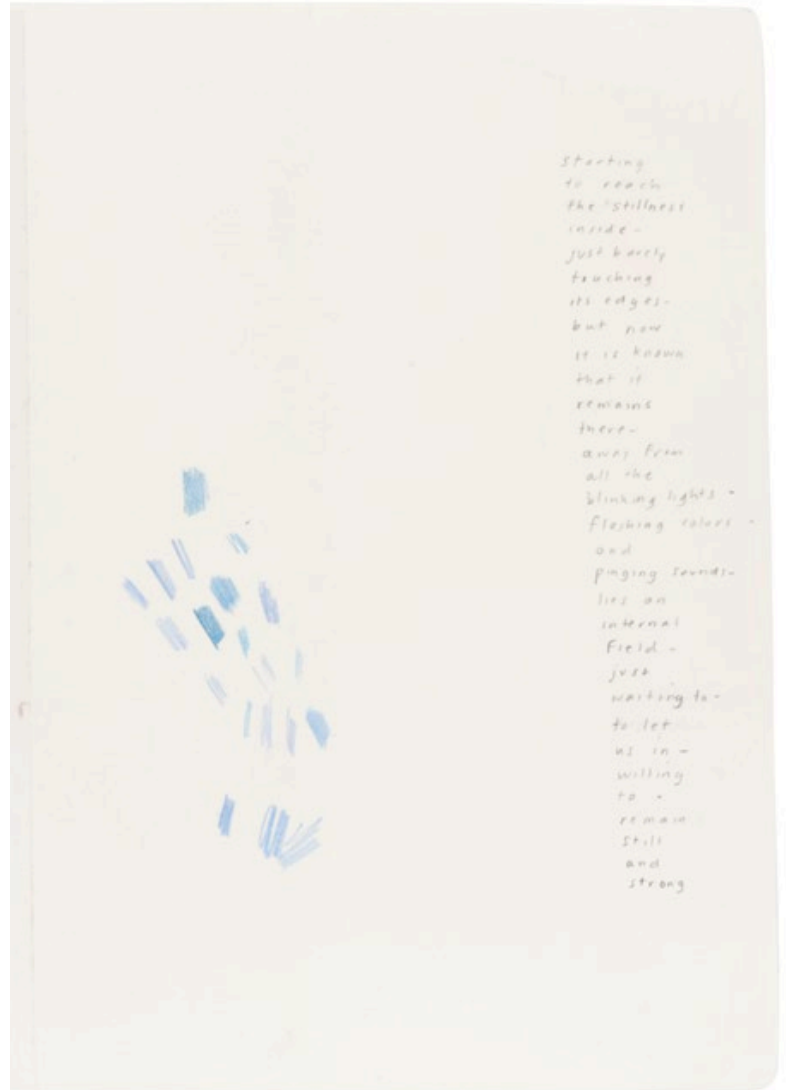
there it
is -
the stone like
fact -
of day -
as steady lights
make visible -
the grey
painted
bricks -
outside
the window -
a neutral
reality
for all
to see -
a subtle
affirmation -
that we
begin
again

**crack
it goes
whatever
was holding
this together -
has worn -
its seams
fragile -
and facade
brittle
sometimes -
everything -
has to
break -
entropy
of
unending
storms -
there is
only one
direction.**



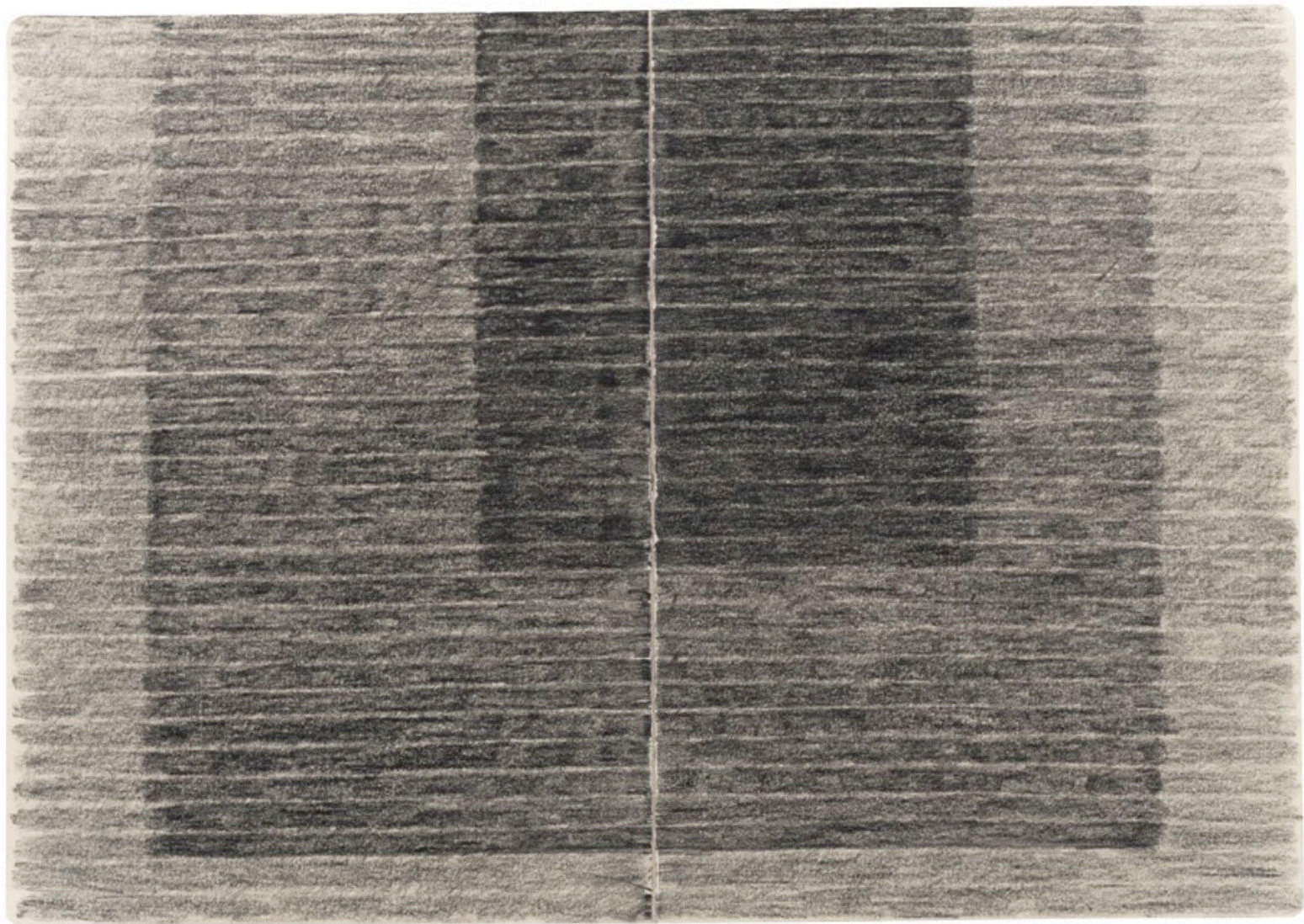


**starting
to reach
the stillness
inside -
just barely
touching
its edges -
but now
it is known
that it
remains
there -
away from
all the
blinking lights -
flashing colors -
and
pinging sounds -
lies on
internal
field -
just
waiting to -
to let
us in -
willing
to -
remain
still
and
strong**

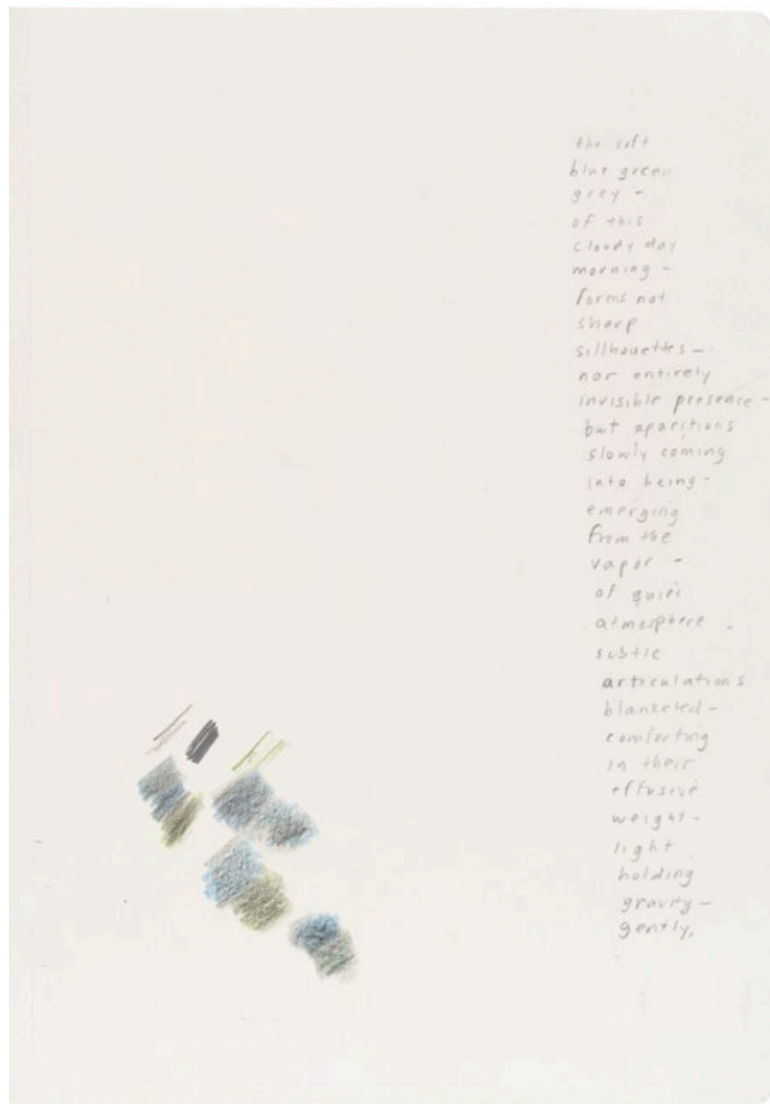


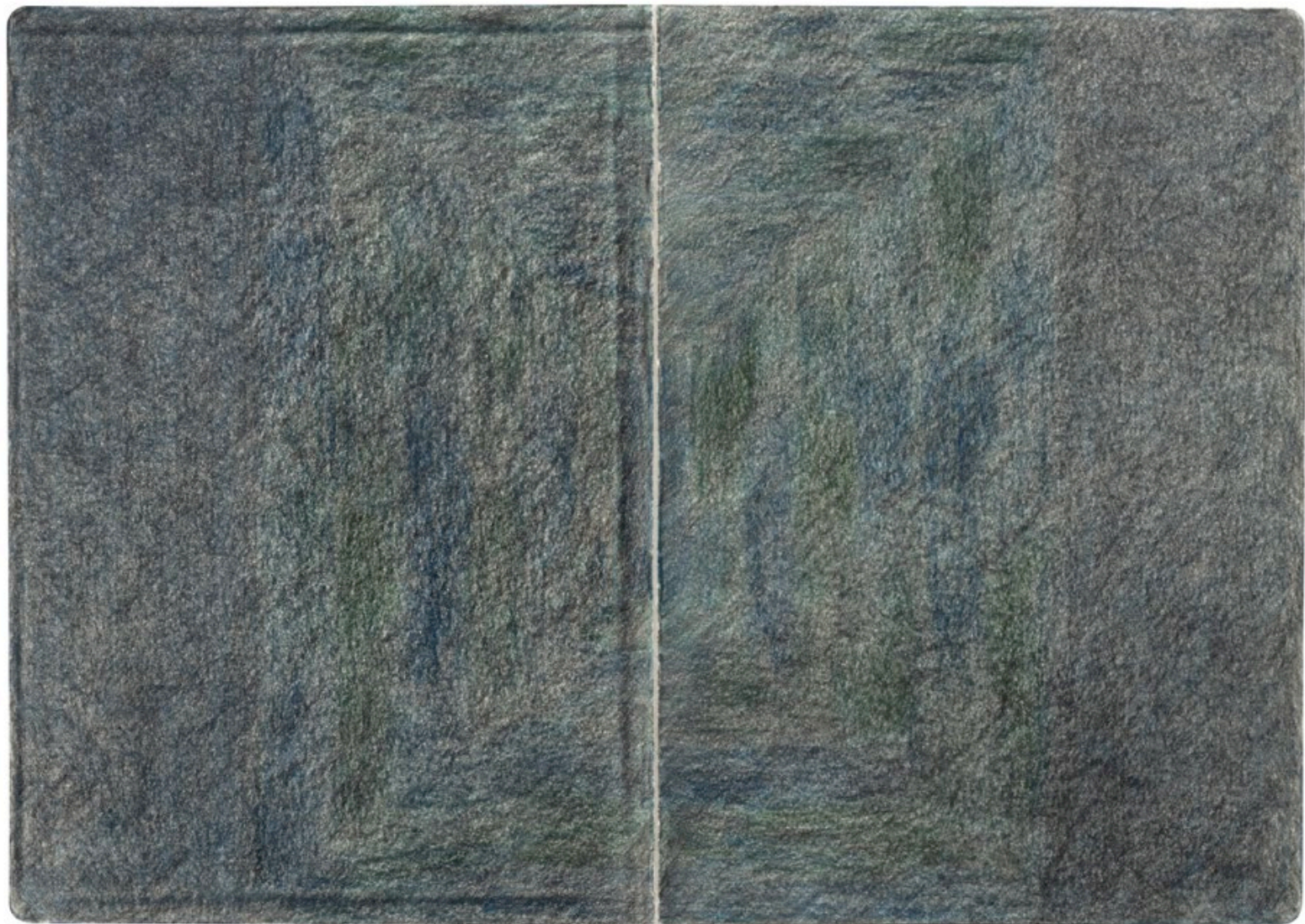
**the quiet
sits
on this
desk -
a light
flicks on
and off -
in the
black space
beyond -
the window
pane -
caught
off guard -
by this
silence -
making
itself aware -
instead
of
always
being
beneath -
behind -
and
within -**

*the quiet
sits
on this
desk -
a light
flicks on
and off -
in the
black space
beyond -
the window
pane -
caught
off guard -
by this
silence -
making
itself aware -
instead
of
always
being
beneath -
behind -
and
within -*



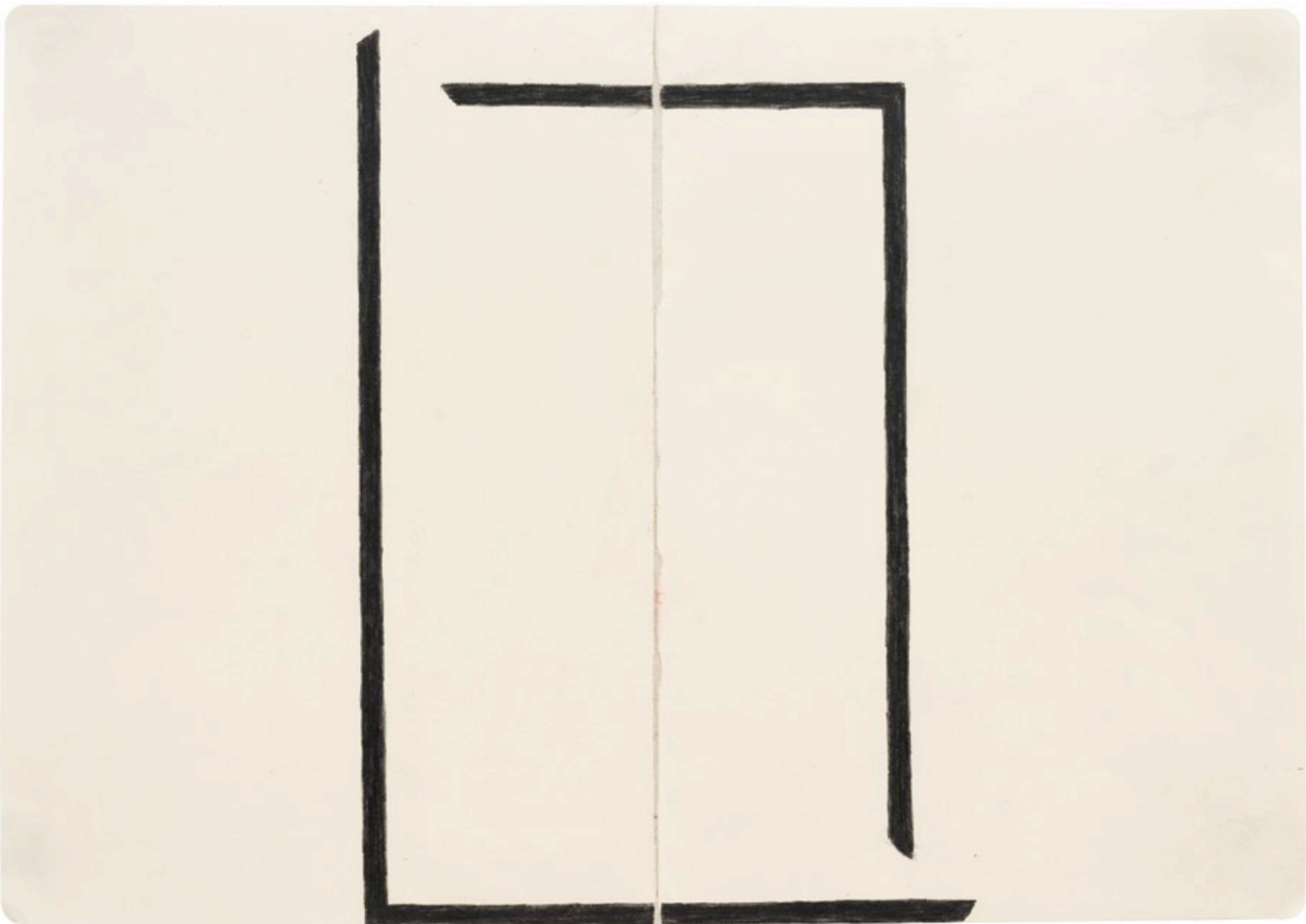
**the soft
blue green
grey -
of this
cloudy day
morning -
forms not
sharp
silhouettes -
nor entirely
invisible presence -
but apparitions
slowly coming
into being -
emerging
from the
vapor -
of quiet
atmosphere -
subtle
articulations
blanketed -
comforting
in their
effusive
weight -
light
holding
gravity -
gently,**



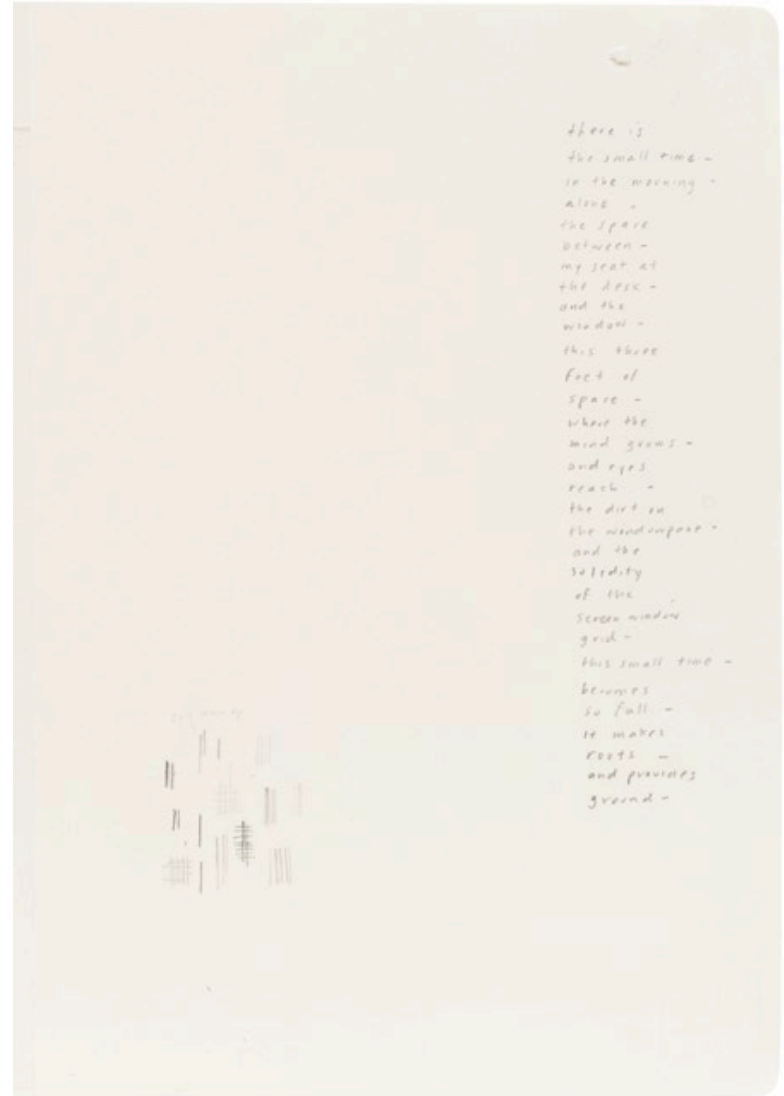


**a decision
needs to be
made -
to not
float -
to seek
dimension
to carve
out a
shadow -
to hold
on to
some light -
differentiate -
claim -
see -
be -**

a decision
needs to be
made -
to not
float -
to seek
dimension
to carve
out a
shadow -
to hold
on to
some light -
differentiate -
claim -
see -
be -



**there is
the small time -
in the morning -
alone -
the space
between -
my seat at
the desk -
and the
window -
this three
feet of
space -
where the
mind grows -
and eyes
reach -
the dirt on
the windowpane -
and the
solidity
of the
screen window
grid -
this small time -
becomes
so full -
it makes
roots -
and provides
ground -**



**the quiet
spaciousness
of this
june morning
5:30 am
already
bright
holds out
its expanse
offers its
weightlessness
covers over
and dissipates
what
the night
delivered -
the sky
can be
reliable
that way -**

*the quiet
spaciousness
of this
june morning
5:30 am
already
bright
holds out
its expanse
offers its
weightlessness
covers over
and dissipates
what
the night
delivered -
the sky
can be
reliable
that way -*

Works on Paper



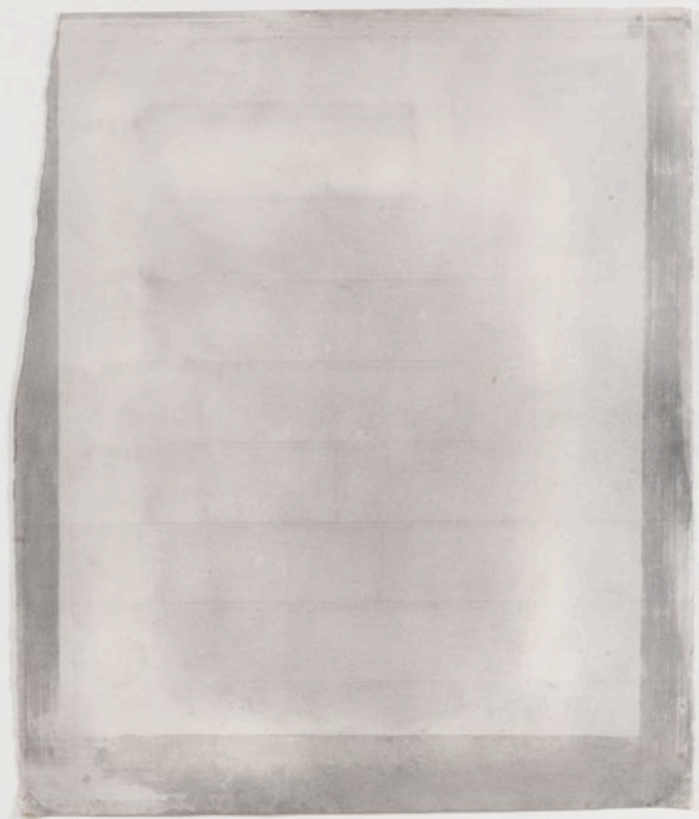


















After

As I look, impressions and words layer like strata and something emerges in between. This is and; smuggled in the gaps between. Can I describe and with words, as marks on a surface describe without words? Can I write and without description of its use, and without description see what and is?

I try with my eyes to see and without words and without description I try and's essence on like a familiar garment, but with something strange about it. And after now it may forever be a stolen gown. I try to separate the garment from myself to no avail and I find myself in a new place. Here, before after there is and, and after and is here, still and. And I am and in this place that is and too.

We (the paintings and I) are here. As my senses penetrate surfaces something advances

back toward me and I am now and here and not and. I am is. And when light penetrates too the layers are never discrete. We are as one and is. Among these paintings I have been and, and I have been is, reordered before and after and after after, which is now.

“I insist,” the painting says, “sit for a long time,” it invites, “and see and.”

But see and means feel and with your eyes in the way that you can measure time by measuring what exists by what persists. From nothing, everything; shadows dance among blades of grass, across the weave of a blanket.

In this place, between these paintings (between me and is), I try now to describe without words as marks on a surface describe without words. But I’m not really trying because the words will not actually stop. Because the words are also and, now. As I am and, and is. I attempted to ground myself, to establish important facts, dates, names: the now and the is of them. Though if I do, what, from here on, is?

Instead, for a while I sharpen the chisels. One inch, half inch, the odd ones, the awl; all the implements used with time must be dulled with use in order to be sharpened again. They must stay sharpened in order to be dulled with time because time is, and the work is and, and also the work is, and time is and also.

What’s important must be what is; recurring

and unfolding over and over in plain sight. A collaboration is taking place, between the clock and I, and like the shadows structured by a window, framing a perspective of a familiar sentiment. Noticed again, noticed differently this time, these adjustments fold through days and the tools are worn and remade.

All of a sudden: Fall – Winter – Spring – another year – new remains all beneath now. But what is that hidden thing still – seen through my periphery? The now? Is it is? Is and revealed?

**Notes on Method
and Structure**

there is / a quiet here / in this atmosphere / that has
 / finally settled / after a / long enough / working
 toward / sitting with / and looking for // the edges
 / start to blur / and a breath dislodges / from the /
 weight of time / for a small moment / holding / the
 light / of what / is.

Each painting I make starts and ends very differently.

Agnes Martin tells us: “Painting is not making paintings, it is a development of awareness.”¹ For me, this awareness is concrete—a tactile, philosophical, emotional, perceptual, and physical awareness: a searching in the process of working to understand something. She also says that “there is the work in our minds, the work in our hands, and the work as a result.”²

The work shared here traverses the themes, sources, and words particular to the painting *And: Is*. Although every painting I make has a set of remainders, notebook drawings, and related works on paper, each painting has its own specific sources and process, searching for meaning in different experiences of time and change throughout daily life.

- 1 Agnes Martin, “On the Perfection Underlying Life,” 1973, as cited in Rhea Anastas, “Individual and Unreal: Agnes Martin’s Writing in 1973,” *Agnes Martin*, Dia Art Foundation, New York, 2011, p. 133.
- 2 “On Art and Artists: Agnes Martin ’74,” interview by Kate Horsfield, *Profile*, 1981, as cited in Rhea Anastas, “Individual and Unreal: Agnes Martin’s Writing in 1973,” *Agnes Martin*, Dia Art Foundation, New York, 2011, p. 146.

And: Is forms the locus of this book. The painting regards a specific time of day: the quiet space in morning, as night moves from dawn to day, and mind moves in the expanding light. Not just one day, but many mornings, a repetition of different ways of inhabiting silence through different calibrations of attention. Structures, marks, colors, and light in the painting are abstracted from experiences around two different windows in my home. The windows are still, but time alters appearances and moves sensation through the changing light the sky provides.

Actions based on these brief passages of daily time—some dramatic, some meditative—were layered onto the painting over the span of a year. They weren't applied according to chronological time, but rather through a continual return and with respect for unmeasured time, a following of light and dark repeating, moving between clarity and uncertainty, the repetition of existing through the days. This was a way to solidify and give form to these short-lived passages and to coalesce them into one substantial piece of material and light. These parts merge to lose their names and become atmosphere and matter for others to encounter in their own silence.

I know a painting is done when it becomes something separate from my own experiences, and looks back at me. This painting reminds me of a found piece of burnished stone still working

on its evolution. When you aren't paying attention, it changes. It becomes something that holds time while standing still. There is multiplicity in this unfolding, and therein lies the **And: Is**, a continual offering of the present.

*an always / finding / over and / over / that which is
/ straight ahead / and within reach / the order / and
stability / which fades / so quickly / moves out / of
grasp / much easier / than it appears / so we must
always / be ready / eyes open / mind free / for the /
finding*

painting

Approximately four paintings are made over the length of a year. Each progresses concurrently and gradually through stages of change. Inspired by frescoes dramatically altered through chance and erosion, I work with oil on a plaster-like surface prepared on a wood panel. The particular historical gravity and physical density of fresco creates a weight for the seemingly minor experiences that are the subject of each piece, merging the ephemeral into concrete form. Because of its ability to be incised, carved into, and dug out, while broadening the capacity for oil paint to hold light, this ground becomes a site where multiple events are sequenced and embedded into one surface.

remainders

A **remainder** is a large-scale rubbing of a painting's surface made after completing a significant stage of the painting. Using graphite on paper, each **remainder** registers a visual impression of the entire surface as it changes. Each set of **remainders** stays together as a group and, together with its painting, comprises one work. **And: Is** has a set of twenty **remainders**, which appear in sequence earlier in this book.

notebook drawings

The notebook drawings are made outside of the studio, on a daily basis, using colored pencil in drawing books. Torn out and joined at the spine with linen tape, I use these drawings as “notes” and source material. I gather them into groupings that subsequently help order key stages within a painting—arranging them on my wall in a stack from bottom to top, the first action on the painting being the bottom, the last at the top. These drawings come before the paintings and lead to the paintings, but sometimes I make drawings once a painting has started and realize it belongs with a painting, and I move the order as I work, as I'm searching. The nine notebook drawings in this book are presented in the final order that found its way to **And: Is**.

notations

Written notations on the back of the notebook drawings also inform the development of the paintings. The notebook drawings don't happen without the notations, and sometimes a piece of writing exists for a while before the drawing happens. I also make notations in the studio once the painting has started, often in reaction to a stage in the process that is conjuring new meaning that wasn't there in the beginning. Writing is generative for the work, and the process of making the paintings generates writing.

works on paper

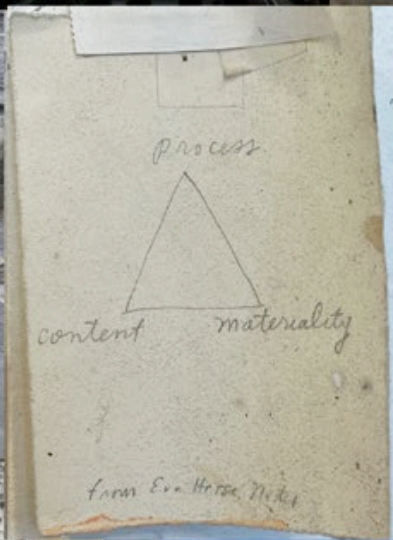
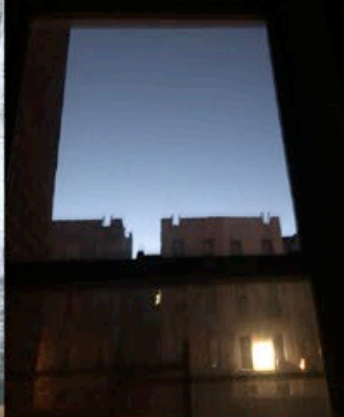
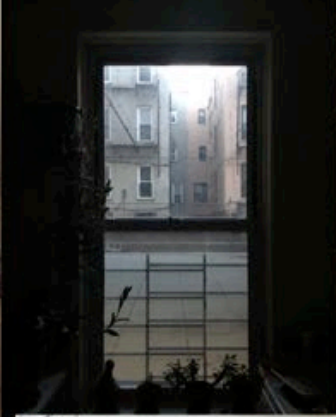
Distinct from the notebook drawings, mixed media works on paper are more atmospheric in their relationship to the paintings. Whereas the paintings are a process of enacting time and change onto the surface in a directed sequence, the works on paper are a way to absorb time and change through chance operations. These works are created peripherally, mostly on the floor. Stacks of paper are attached to the floor and become part of the floor; swept, walked on, chair dragged on, painting table rolled over, paint dripped on. Sometimes they are left as is, and other times I will also work directly on them. Five works on paper connect to *And: Is.*

Jessica Dickinson

other “source material”

Both in and outside of the studio, I’m continually photographing encounters of momentary and minor events in everyday life, forming a collection of different kinds of time. Although I can never photograph what it is, my photographs are another way of making notes, and work with the notebook drawings and notations to guide the paintings. The following pages—collaged together in response to the format of the book in-hand—include examples of photographic source material for *And: Is* alongside images of the process of its making, additional notations, and quotes by others from my studio walls:

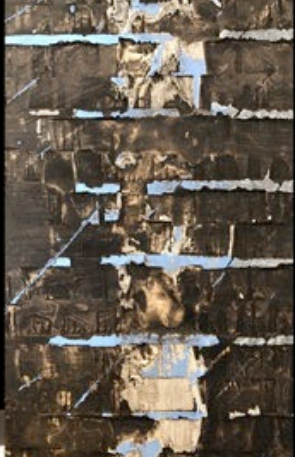




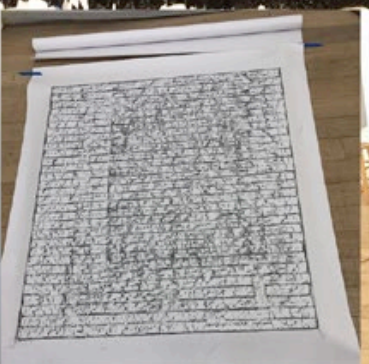
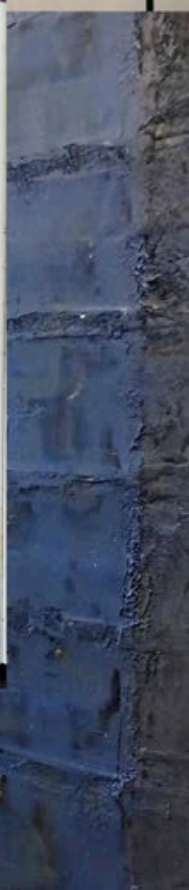
And Is

that calm
blue
found within -
the silent
field -
has been
lost -
by another
day -
and more
days.
through time
and attention -
it can be
there again -
closer to -
the
surface





And: I s
 the darkness
 cradles
 the memory
 of quiet -
 the flickers
 of day -
 bring the
 small sounds.
 move gently
 through this
 vast transition -
 in between
 worlds -
 one where -
 depth is
 within -
 the other -
 an expanse
 moves outward -
 words point
 open -
 the soft
 abyss.





And: is
traces -
remnants -
almost lost -
but here like
fragments
remain -
those
no completely
gone -
is the only
past -
it emerges -
building
the present -
forming a
structure to
new forms
even as
it recedes -
in
time



At the moment of
painting and writing
I am anonymous.
My deepest anonymity,
that no one
has ever touched.
Claire Inspector



Contributors

Jessica Dickinson

Jessica Dickinson was born in Saint Paul, Minnesota and has lived and worked in Brooklyn, New York since 1999. She received an MFA from Cranbrook Academy of Art in 1999 and BFA from Maryland Institute College of Art in 1997. Dickinson has presented solo exhibitions at James Fuentes, New York, (2024, 2021, 2017, 2015, 2011, 2009); Altman Siegel, San Francisco (2022, 2019, 2016, 2013); David Petersen Gallery, Minneapolis (2013); and Maisterravalbuena, Madrid (2012). Her work has been presented in important group exhibitions surveying abstraction including *Sensory Poetics: Collecting Abstraction*, The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York (2022); *Painting in the 2.5th Dimension*, The Zabludowicz Collection, London (2013); and *Besides, With, Against, and Yet: Abstraction and The Ready Made Gesture*, The Kitchen, New York (2009–2010). In 2015, the first monograph on Dickinson's work, titled *Under|Press-|With-This|Hold-|Of-Also|Of/How|Of-More|Of:Know*, was published by Inventory Press, New York. Her work is in the permanent collections of The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York and The Rachofsky Collection.

Faye Hirsch

Faye Hirsch is an art historian, editor, and critic. She has published widely on contemporary art and chairs the MFA program in Art+Design at Purchase College SUNY. She has also served as senior editor at *Art in America*, editor-in-chief at *Art on Paper*, and senior editor at *Print Collector's Newsletter*. Her forthcoming book, *In the Company of Artists: A History of Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture*, co-written with Ingrid Schaffner, will be released in 2024 by Hirmer Verlag, Munich.

Evie K Horton

Evie K Horton is an artist and writer born in New Jersey and living in Brooklyn, New York. She received an MFA from Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York and a BFA from Mason Gross School of The Arts, Rutgers University. Horton's work explores the ways in which painting is troubled by language, naming, romance, anxiety, embodiment, and contradiction. Through recursive and associative modes of depiction, she is committed to working outside of, and in the rift between, the abstraction/representation binary. Horton previously worked in the studio of Jessica Dickinson, an experience she reflects upon through words in this publication.

List of Plates

- 1 **And: Is, 2022-2023**
Oil on limestone
polymer on wood
panel
54 1/8 × 48 1/8 inches
- 2 **remainders: And: Is
1-20, 2022-2023**
Graphite on paper,
20 parts
Approx. 72 × 60
inches each
- 3 **this-fact (and: is 1),
2022**
Colored pencil on
paper with linen
tape
11 3/4 × 16 inches
- 4 **it-is (and: is 2),
2022**
Colored pencil on
paper with linen
tape
11 3/4 × 16 inches
- 5 **crack-it-goes (and:
is 3), 2022**
Colored pencil on
paper with linen
tape
11 3/4 × 16 inches
- 6 **stillness-inside
(and: is 4), 2022**
Colored pencil on
paper with linen
tape
11 3/4 × 16 inches
- 7 **the-quiet-sits (and:
is 5), 2022**
Colored pencil on
paper with linen
tape
11 3/4 × 16 inches
- 8 **light-holding-
gravity (and: is 6),
2021**
Colored pencil on
paper with linen
tape
11 3/4 × 16 inches

- 9 **to-see-dimension/
claim-see-be (and:
is 7), 2022**
Colored pencil on
paper with linen
tape
11 3/4 × 16 inches
- 10 **this-small-time
(and: is 8), 2022**
Colored pencil on
paper with linen
tape
11 3/4 × 16 inches
- 11 **holds-out-its-
expanse (and: is 9),
2022**
Colored pencil on
paper with linen
tape
11 3/4 × 16 inches
- 12 **Or/With/Is,
2021-2023**
Pastel, graphite,
dirt, and oil on
paper
50 × 42 1/4 inches
- 13 **Hold/Is, 2022-2023**
Pastel and dirt on
paper with rips and
holes
49 × 41 3/4 inches
- 14 **Within-Is,
2022-2023**
Pastel and graphite
on paper with holes
50 1/8 × 42 inches
- 15 **Is-Is, 2022-2023**
Graphite, dust, and
pastel on paper
50 × 42 1/4 inches
- 16 **trace (And: Is),
2018-2022**
Wax oil pastel,
pastel, and oil on
paper with holes
45 × 35 1/2 inches

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