

the PARIS REVIEW

JANE SMILEY and FILEEN

EILEEN MYLES

two interviews

DEBORAH EISENBERG OTTESSA MOSHFEGH GEOFFREY G. O'BRIEN

CHRIS BACHELDER redux

JAMES SALTER remembers

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Amy Sillman, Key to Test Strips, 2014, charcoal on wall, dimensions variable.

This key accompanied a glorious band of Amy Sillman's paintings I saw last fall in Paris. The impulse to explain, to supply us with a key, seems wildly diaristic. A painter is an intellectual and, like a writer, has to take photographs sometimes in order to speak. It must be true, too, that painting can't say it all. I adore that Sillman felt that and yet didn't leave painting. She did something else. I see this as a dark moment in Sillman's studio and she formed an elegant, cartoony way of letting us in, not to the exact meaning of her desires and aches and latitude but to say instead that these awful blocks and forces are her friends—no, I mean her enemies, and like the dream that hovers in your closet all your life, those beasts might paint her paintings while laughing at her and she needs to laugh back to live. This piece looks like salvation to me. I love her grid.



