Terry Winters
Facts and Fictions
From: Public Information Unit  
GENERAL ELECTRIC RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CENTER  
Schenectady, New York  

Photo No. RDC-16,183-9; 16,183-2  

FOR RELEASE 10:30 A.M. EDT, THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1970  

These gem diamonds were created in the laboratory from graphite, the soft black substance used in "lead" pencils, by scientists at the General Electric Research and Development Center, Schenectady, New York. The larger crystals are approximately one carat in weight. Although these diamonds have undergone slight polishing, they have not been cut and retain the shape in which they were "grown" in a special apparatus for subjecting graphite (the pile of black powder) to extreme pressures and temperatures. A GE spokesman has stressed that these gem diamonds are currently many times more costly than those dug from the ground, and that the company does not know whether synthesized diamonds can ever compete economically in the gem market. GE announced the laboratory creation of industrial diamonds in 1955, and its Specialty Materials Department in Worthington, Ohio, is one of the world's major producers of Man-Made\textsuperscript{(T)} industrial diamond abrasives.

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Terry Winters

*Facts and Fictions*

*Organized by*
Claire Gilman
Contributions by Claire Gilman, Peter Cole, and Rachel Kushner
I have known and admired Terry Winters’s work for many years and have long appreciated his profound contribution to contemporary drawing. What a privilege it has been, then, to have had the opportunity to work with him on this exhibition over the past two years. I have deeply valued our conversations and collaboration; indeed, it has been a pleasure to learn from him about drawing and to explore with him the vital importance of human creativity in general.

I am incredibly grateful to a few key individuals who have made this exhibition possible. First, I would like to thank Matthew Marks and Jeffrey Peabody of Matthew Marks Gallery in New York; their in-depth knowledge of and dedication to Terry’s work was essential to the development of this exhibition. I would also like to thank Megan Liu Kincheloe and Ashley May from Terry’s studio as well as Mason Newton of Matthew Marks Gallery, for their ongoing assistance these past several years. Rachel Kushner and Peter Cole, who each contributed original works to this catalogue, likewise deserve my gratitude. The stunning excerpt from Rachel’s forthcoming book The Mars Room (accompanied by a new series of drawings by Terry), and Peter Cole’s magical poem A Winters Trail, both provide insight into this exhibition’s themes: namely, the relationship between fact and fiction, and art’s capacity to ground new, possible worlds.
The Drawing Center’s hardworking staff likewise deserves recognition for its role in realizing this exhibition. Special thanks go to Joanna Ahlberg, Managing Editor; Peter J. Ahlberg, AHL&CO; Noah Chasin, Executive Editor; DéLana Dameron-John, former Development Director; Dan Gillespie, Operations Manager; Molly Gross, Communications Director; Bruno Nouril, Development Director; Olga Valle Tetkowski, Exhibition Manager; curatorial interns Ximena Kilroe and Patrick Bova; and, above all, as always, the amazing, scrupulous, ever enthusiastic and inquisitive Amber Harper, Assistant Curator, who made working on this project a logistical and intellectual pleasure.

Also, I am incredibly appreciative of the unwavering support of The Drawing Center’s Board of Trustees as well as the exhibition funders who have supported this show and its accompanying catalogue: Jack Shear; Agnes Gund; Kathy and Richard Fuld; The Ellsworth Kelly Foundation; Jane Dresner Sadaka and Ned Sadaka; Waqas Wajahat; and Harry W. and Mary Margaret Anderson, all of whom have made this exhibition possible. Special recognition goes to Matthew Marks Gallery, which provided additional support for this exhibition.

Finally, I would like to acknowledge Brett Littman, our departing Executive Director. Throughout my eight years at The Drawing Center, Brett has never wavered in his support of my projects and curatorial vision. For his guidance and encouragement, I am forever grateful.

—Claire Gilman
To represent the patterns and schemas that undergird physical and intellectual life, Terry Winters has developed a unique pictorial language wherein grids, networks, and knots evoke complex encounters between biological drives, technological systems, and mental processes. Winters’s mature work is ostensibly abstract in that it does not depict recognizable objects or scenes, and yet, it remains largely grounded in the real world. Indeed, Winters incorporates and modifies found images, often seemingly objective data culled from the internet or technological and scientific manuals, in order to reframe these motifs through the specificity of pictorial intention. He has observed that technical images offer something found: “Although they are the product of human activity, these images also seem free from subjective decision-making. … I use this found imagery as a model, to see how images can be torqued or tweaked, made more poetic.”

Winters entered the art world in the early 1980s, a time when minimal, process-driven painting was still in vogue. He initially was attracted to the way such work challenged the status of what an art object could be. However, as he explains, he soon became dissatisfied. He missed drawing and its imagistic drive: “I became

curious about how to include imagery, how to build a picture through drawing.” 2 Since then, the medium has played a crucial role in his production. Winters uses drawings to introduce his forms and explore their development. In his drawings, lines are tested and modified, hypotheses staked and undone, both of which make the following statement all the more surprising: “I want to make drawings that are as clear and evident as a photograph; to make an image of something you can’t photograph as believable as a technical image.” 3 This proposition raises a number of questions, first among them what exactly Winters means by equating something that can’t be photographed (and that is therefore presumably non-empirical) with something that can be illustrated technically or scientifically. The second question is why is this his goal at all?

Statements like this one (and the above-cited reflection on found imagery) are perplexing given that they embody apparently irreconcilable intentions: a desire to overcome modernism’s quest for material verifiability and, at the same time, to establish a deliberate alignment with scientific models. And yet, in this very ambiguity lies the key to Winters’s unique approach to image-making, one that is far more ambitious than allowed in discussions focused on his relationship to modernist aesthetics. If Winters’s intent is to reframe abstraction, he is equally committed to reconsidering the nature of knowledge production more generally.

Endeavoring to make a picture as believable as a technical image need not imply that art should mimic science by embracing material fundamentals in the manner of modernist abstraction; rather, it could just as well indicate that art and science are equivalent because neither can ever be “true” with a capital T. To use Winters’s words, art, along with disciplines like architecture, engineering, and physics that involve real-world applications, are the “product[s] of human activity” with all the uncertainty that social production implies. As deliberated in the book Terry Winters: The Pencil of Nature, “Nature

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is a manufactured category. We use it to demarcate an exterior territory but that’s a construction. A more radical approach allows nature and culture to occupy the same expanse.”

What, then, would such a radical position look like? How would opposing disciplines like science and art come together visually? According to Winters, any kind of relationship would necessarily be “isomorphic” rather than mimetic. That is, it would comprehend “an equivalence between the structure, between the way drawings are built up as a sequence of events, and other systems whether biological or social.” Hence Winters’s specific interest in mathematical and scientific form and function: “There is an underlying parallel between pragmatic systems and the way the world works. And these systems operate similarly to the way abstraction works. In both cases, one takes information from the world and out of this creates another possible world.” Irrespective of subject and materials, art and science align because of an equivalent effort to produce knowledge—each within its own area of expertise.

The unorthodox nature of Winters’s position becomes clear in a conversation with architectural historian and theorist Mark Wigley, in which the two argue over art and nature’s relative effectiveness. Where Wigley likens drawings to seismographs or recorders (“they don’t produce earthquakes, right?” [emphasis added]), Winters counters by saying, “Well they might produce something that is comparable to an earthquake. I mean where does an earthquake come from? It just comes from different intensities that are changing the course of the geologic structure.”

Structural equivalence versus mimesis. Knowledge production according to material capacity. The creation of new realities within
the purview of the discipline at hand. If these tenets hold true for all forms of human creativity, they are especially apparent in drawing where one can literally trace the labor of hand across paper. As French critic Alain Badiou has theorized, “A true Drawing is not a copy of something. It is a constructive deconstruction of something, and much more real than the initial thing.” To understand how such dynamics play out in Winters’s work it is useful to consider a spectrum of images beginning with early compositions like Dark Plant 11 from 1982 and continuing through his more mature production [PL. 1]. Like many of Winters’s drawings from the early eighties, this charcoal image of a branching plant viewed frontally and centered on the page is representational in the classic sense. Looking at this image, we immediately recognize its subject, yet what preoccupies Winters here is not the accurate transcription of a known specimen. Rather, if we comprehend the motif’s “plantness,” it is because of the attention paid to its structural dynamics as stem begets stem begets stem in a rhizome-like spread across the paper plane. This same extension is discernible in an untitled composition from two years later in which an abstracted form uncoils from the bottom right-hand corner of the paper to its top left edge where it

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8 Here we might refer to French theorist Jacques Rancière who argues in his book The Ignorant Schoolmaster: Five Lessons in Intellectual Emancipation for a community of intelligences united not by results but by equivalent capacities and intentions. He asserts that a “society of the emancipated … would be a society of artists”; people who do not seek to appropriate other’s knowledge and actions but to demonstrate an equivalent commitment and attention: “people who do, who speak about what they are doing, and who thus transform all their works into ways of demonstrating the humanity that is in them as in everyone.” Rancière, The Ignorant Schoolmaster: Five Lessons in Intellectual Emancipation, trans. Kristin Ross (Palo Alto, CA: Stanford University Press, 1991), 71. Originally published as Le maître ignorant (Paris: Fayard, 1987).


10 I borrow the word rhizome from French philosopher Gilles Deleuze who is an important influence on Winters. Deleuze, writing with Félix Guattari, first introduced the term rhizome in Kafka: Toward a Minor Literature, trans. Dana Polan (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1986) [originally published as Kafka: Pour une littérature mineure (Paris: Éditions de Minuit, 1975)]; and later modified the concept in A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, trans. Brian Massumi (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987) [originally published as Mille plateaux: capitalisme et schizophrénie (Paris: Éditions de Minuit, 1980)]. They use the term to identify a root-like structure in which bulbs and tubers diverge, converge, and multiply outward. As Deleuze and Guattari write, within a rhizomatic structure all points are connected and all parts are characterized by resemblance to one another; a change to one part obligates a change to all others, and the structure itself can be endlessly disrupted as it continuously regenerates.
splits in two, shielding two smaller, interlocking coils at the lower left [PL. 2]. These drawings are united not by what they depict, but by how their visual elements behave as, in each case, the central figure stretches, reaches, spawns, and multiplies. These preliminary works are similarly connected to a small abstraction like *Schema (47)* (1985–86), which shows a Rorschach-like network of interlocking circles and lines, as well as large compositions such as *Scattering Conditions, 5* (1998) in which lines and circles float unmoored in a layered, gridded space [PLS. 7, 19]. This latter drawing looks nothing like *Dark Plant 11* and yet the structural relationships that define the overlapping stems and buds of the 1982 drawing are equally evident here. In the latter case, interconnection and extension of leaf and stem are applied to the allover figure/ground dynamics that constitute the language of modernist abstraction.

Equally important is the way these dynamics conform to the materials used. Similar in size and orientation, the vertical forms that occupy the 1989 drawing *Three* and *Untitled* from a year earlier are, for example, like two sides of a coin [PLS. 13, 12]. *Three*’s soft charcoal lines interlace and curve upwards over the paper; in *Untitled*, accumulation is achieved by spiky, scraped-out gouache lines that extend from top to bottom like a ladder. Nonetheless, although Winters’s drawings court material specificity, it does not follow that

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11 In this, Winters’s approach recalls Henri Matisse’s relationship with a tree seen outside his window as described by Hubert Damisch in his 2006 essay “Remarks on Abstraction.” As Matisse clarifies to poet Louis Aragon speaking in 1942: “Seeing one of them from my window, I patiently had to understand how the mass of the tree was made up, then the tree itself, the trunk, the branches, the leaves. First the branches that symmetrically arranged themselves on a single plane. Then how the branches turn, passing in front of the trunk…. Don’t get me wrong. I don’t want to say that, seeing the tree from my window, I strive to copy it. The tree is also that whole group of effects it has on me. It is not a matter of drawing the tree I see. I have an object in front of me that exerts an action on my mind, not only as a tree, but also in relation to a lot of other feelings…. I couldn’t rid myself of my emotion by copying the tree exactly, or by drawing the leaves one-by-one in conventional terms…. But after having identified myself with it, I had to create an object that resembled a tree, the sign of a tree.” Matisse quoted in Damisch, “Remarks on Abstraction,” trans. Rosalind Krauss, *October* 27 (Winter 2009): 137. While their motivations may be different, both artists are engaged in structurally comprehending rather than copying their subject, and in understanding the way their subjects unfold or function in relation to other structures.
they seek closure and opacity. Instead, his work always suggests an outside. This is true of his earliest paintings where, grappling with the legacy of Minimalism, he inscribed a series of monochromes with diagrams of the crystalline structures of their pigments. Superficially, this seems the perfect modernist gesture: paint describing itself.

On the other hand, to identify paint with its molecular origin is to admit that the material has its beginnings in a world anterior to the canvas. It is to admit that abstraction is itself manufactured or authored. Indeed, far from denying the canvas’s pictoriality, Winters’s drawings treat abstraction as a malleable motif, its identity dependent not on any essential condition but on how it is perceived in context. Hence, a series of drawings spanning 2006 to 2010 in which Winters dismantles that icon of modernist painting: the black square. Variously rendered on letter-sized sheets of paper, the square appears in one instance as figure, a dense field of overlapping (and unraveling) graphite lines [PG. 83]; in another, as ground where it supports an emerging flowerlike form (even as this ground bursts its borders in one case [PG. 103] and inadequately fills its outline in another [PG. 100]); and finally, as frame, where it is shown as a three-dimensional armature enclosing a multidimensional space of intersecting lines and shapes [PGS. 87, 92]. This square is not Kazimir Malevich’s absolute “zero of form,” but rather, a form that gains its identity from the situation in which it finds itself.

It also remains, resolutely, a picture. Winters never attempts to mask the fact that he is presenting something that has been manually crafted and offered up to view in each particular instance rather

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12 Here I am referencing famed American critic Clement Greenberg who, in his 1940 essay “Towards a Newer Laocoön,” observes a common tendency among advanced painting and sculpture: each emphasizes the area of competence specific to its own medium. Within Greenberg’s narrative, successive generations of advanced painters assert the “opacity” of the painting medium (its inherent resistance to trompe l’oeil representation) to a greater degree. Greenberg continued to develop this theory of medium specificity, which has been foundational for many critics writing today, in his 1960 lecture “Modernist Painting” where he applauds paintings that express the “ineluctable flatness of the surface.”

than given as an absolute, unchanging image or icon. In his words: “Drawing is a prototype; the first time an image is seen [emphasis added].” Isolated on the white page or hovering above a makeshift horizon (as in the case of Untitled (Page) [2011]), Winters’s black square appears suspended in our field of vision just as it, in turn, offers forth the motifs that periodically well up inside it [PGS. 103, 92, 100]. This emphasis on visual projection is echoed in drawings like Linking Graphics, 2 (1999) and Untitled (2015) wherein “lenses” or rectangular frames isolate sections of the image like magnifying glasses while the areas outside these borders appear to recede [PLS. 20, 30]. Similarly, in Addendum (2014), ovoids, helixes, and flower-like forms thrust out from perspectively scored backgrounds like so many 3D movie projections [PGS. 107–112]. Consider further the descriptively titled Animation (1996), a study of twisting lines in black and yellow [PL. 15]. Here, a large circle separates itself from the mass of lines behind it, raised up by nesting rectangular supports. Against this background, and shot through with snaking lines, the central circle pulsates; it is literally animated, rendered vital, through the process of becoming figure.

Recalling a famous quote by Leonardo da Vinci in which the painter describes seeing anthropomorphic designs in stains on the wall, Winters has opined that there is an almost biological need to invest the visual world with imagistic readings. Furthermore, he has expressed satisfaction at the tendency people have to perceive identifiable motifs in his compositions. He has said that he himself can’t look at Schema (47) without seeing a pair of ants and he was excited by my comparing Untitled (2004) to a three-ring circus [PLS. 7, 22]. But Winters also understands that images are intellectual and perceptual projections and that, by extension, their strength lies in their provisionality. Rather than arriving fully formed like timeless archetypes, the shapes found in Winters’s drawings emerge out of the indiscernibility of ground, and even as they cohere they break apart again. Consider a particularly powerful notebook page drawing of an ovoid comprised of a honeycomb structure and scored with graphite lines situated in a rectangular, gridded space. The massive form seems

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It is worth making a point here about Winters’s use of the grid, which is quite distinctive within the history of abstract painting. We have come to understand the grid through the framework of Rosalind Krauss’s landmark essay “Grids,” in which she identifies the form as the matrix that “announces, among other things, modern art’s will to silence, its hostility to literature, to narrative, to discourse.” She continues: “Flattened, geometricized, ordered, it is antinatural, antimimetic, antireal. It is what art looks like when it turns its back on nature. In the flatness that results from its coordinates, the grid is the means of crowding out the dimensions of the real and replacing them with the lateral spread of a single surface.” Krauss, “Grids,” *October* 9 (Summer 1979): 50. And yet Krauss understands that the grid’s claim to naked materialism is built on a lie in that it always carries within it the ghost of its premodern self in the form of the Symbolist window or the Greek cross. In a sense, one might argue that Winters understands and deliberately reveals the paradoxical nature of the grid by submitting it to warping and twisting, and by ensuring that it is capable of serving as both figure and ground.

In his book *Known and Strange Things*, Teju Cole includes a conversation with writer Aleksandar Hemon in which the two discuss the spurious distinction between fiction and nonfiction. Hemon observes: “I’ve always found the insistent distinction between fiction and nonfiction in Anglo-American writing very annoying, indeed troubling. For one thing, it implies that nonfiction is all the stuff outside of fiction, or the other way around, the yin and yang of writing. Another problem: it marks a text in terms of its relation to ‘truth,’ a category that is presumably self-evident and therefore stable. But narration cannot contain stable truth, because it unfolds, and it does so before the narrator in one way, and before the listener/reader in another way. Narration is creation of truth, which is to say that truth does not precede it.” They go on to discuss German writer W. G. Sebald and his use of photography. Hemon: “I always thought...”

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that Sebald used photographs in his books in order to expose their failure as documents. He places photos to interrupt the narration so as to show that they mean nothing unless they are inside storytelling.”

Winters has expressed a similar appreciation for Sebald and the way in which photographs punctuate his unique blend of fact, fiction, and recollection: “That [Sebald’s] hybrid is something I want for my paintings, using abstraction to make images that are factual and specific and at the same time fictive, almost mythological.... The challenge is to describe another possible world.”

For Winters, as for Hemon and for Sebald, fact and fiction are inseparable not because there is no such thing as reality, but because reality is indistinguishable from the interpretive lens that shapes and delivers experience. To commit oneself to the production of meaning—whether in the form of fictional texts, scientific analyses, mathematical formulae, or “the construction of pictures”—is to exercise one’s very humanity. It is also a project that is inherently ethical. Indeed, fundamental to a spirit of inquiry is the belief that things can be otherwise and a willingness to imagine accordingly. As literary critic J. Hillis Miller observed of poet Wallace Stevens, whose work Winters has referenced on more than one occasion: “Nature is the physical world, visible, audible, tangible, present to all the senses, and man is consciousness, the nothing which receives nature and transforms it into something unreal” —and this crafted unreality, Winters’s work suggests, is where the constitution of truth begins.

16 Teju Cole, “A Conversation with Aleksandar Hemon,” in Known and Strange Things: Essays (New York: Random House, 2016), 79. Hemon’s statement about narration as the creation of truth (“which is to say that truth does not precede it”) reminds one of Winters’s argument with Wigley. “The white sheet may receive information, but it’s the process and action of drawing that creates new autonomous entities that did not preexist the drawing.” Winters in “Drawing (as) Center,” 22.


PL. 1
Dark Plant 11, 1982
PL. 3
*Botanical Subject*, 1981
PL. 4
*Untitled*, 1982
PL. 5
Schema (61), 1985–86
PL. 6
Schema (23), 1985–86
PL. 7
Schema (47), 1985–86
PL. 8
Schema (57), 1985–86
PL. 9
Schema (63), 1985–86
PL. 11
Dome, 1985–86
PL. 12
Untitled, 1988
PL. 13

_Three, 1989_
PL. 14

Bump Map, 1993
PL. 15

Animation, 1996
PL. 16
*Untitled (2)*, 1999
PL. 18
Untitled (1), 1999
PL. 19
Scattering Conditions, 5, 1998
PL. 20
Linking Graphics, 2, 1999
PL. 21
Solutré Set/6, 2006
PL. 22

Untitled, 2004
PL. 24
7-Fold Sequence, One, 2008
PL. 26

*Untitled, 2009*
PL. 27
Hexagram/7, 2011
PL. 29

Thickness/points/2, 2014
PL. 31
Untitled, 2016
A Winters Trail

Peter Cole
Drawing draws us involving us further and stretching attention it sketches reaching inching in ink and grasping graphite graphing drawing draws us out of our cells and selves extending thinking into seeing what was sensed or seen as something once in hand an eye or at the fingers’ tips it leads one on to a place of twos and too and into arcs and depths as angles curve through layered swerves and lines as tines drawing is first and quickest to the quick and draw and yet it slows and flows unfolding time raveling mine it tries out signs along a way a wavering it’s a doodle dancing within its perfect incompleteness now a mesh and not a mess a net that’s working through a seam between us drawing seems to hone what might be true and turn by turn it trains but doesn’t tame. Like runes. It tunes us.
Charcoal’s quiet and chalky mist
seed a cone’s emergence from its
sinking here now into the page
as and of its absence and grays
there and not quite there yet mix.

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This dark plant glows with its ground
and grows from a black fire of whiteness—
so boundlessness pulses, nearly in hand.
Its smudged halo holds, like a kiss,
creation’s lipstick, a fooling around.

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The nerve and zinc ascent of it:
descending extension in every direction—
knots of cinder and brightness as one
wash of ash through which it hums
beneath the skin these paths are thought.
Odd how globs form morulae
or constellations of single cells
evolve as clocks of grape-like clouds
and scarlet clusters hovering near
smears of a maculate whiteness become
the drifting stalk and jot of an ‘i’…

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Neurons fire
in black and white
(gouache and graphite)
and unlike angels
don’t expire
with ignition
along a spine
reaching the head
we wander into
the frame and opening
of an interim
installation to
which all roads
have suddenly led

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The eye slides beyond the rendering’s
frame and out through just about
everything now we’re seeing there
in these winding lines, elided …
Rhyme’s a rhizome, rhyme is loam.
When it’s foam the poem’s not done.
The poem’s not done until it’s a dome
(the dome itself is a kind of poem)
and even then there’s more to come,
as the rhizome roams and its phonemes run
up and slantwise down at once,
through its phloem—the poem is one.
Through its phloem. The poem is done.
There is a score to all
that isn’t said a constant
buzz or hum enlarged
a pulse that soon becomes
like something sung or spoken
within there is a string
no, there are wavering
violins we bring
a tension like a wish
a wind along a wall
or laundry line and clothespins
marking time with keys
shifting through an un-
quaint calm and now
a chaos of tangled thinking’s
twine, in a drawer,
a silent roar the world
is bound by secret knots,
they say, though what that means
is hard to know and flickers
so, also, and really
are those knots a noose
that hangs or ties that bind
our being stuck or held
together like a bridge
to build and cross or maybe
draw on or up
so no one can there is
a score to all that …
Ink can twist itself around
and form a spring
from which things come
to figure infinity
in a glyph
or couple facing a pale
gray distance within
one
another’s ominous
shades further off and frailer
still but in the picture just
as well—like a trick
or quip—life it seems
is penciled in
a biblically cryptic script
This writing’s on and off the wall
and tells us what it is and why
we’re so intent on understanding
a layered saying that seems to say it
all and nothing in particular
just like everything seen by those
who know it shows at best the whole
in part that’s growing with the telling
and spell dangling in between
like someone listening into a
certain sort of uncertainty speaking
of uncertainty as a song
of songs truly tangled in our
being led along a luminous
line singed and limned within
the singing’s seeing seeing us through
An ark so dark it
glows with its holding
the nothing it knows
within its unfolding

composing now
a hardening spark’s
unhidden power
unbidden black

in diamond white
as softening graphite
crystal flaking
gently breaks

into an opaque
night of florescence
over a field
behind a fence

a king’s thinking
of slipping tenses
and the ancient art
of riding wakes

(or maybe only
a day’s mistakes)
here at a pointed
end of a pencil

from a parcel
and that’s a start
as ink shines
in the king’s heart
This world’s dotty matrix calls
    and draws us toward a broken cause’s
lozenged rose or window-wall
    and whorl or just a kind of clausal
contract with the viewer you
    might be paying attention now
to the verb itself as somehow
    pay implies a currency in
a thicker economy of concentration
    and price that rhymes with sacrifice
which may be why these vortices bear
    spheres and diamonds in their whir
this morning’s something we almost feel
    or feel but can’t quite put into words
or give a name to      and that’s the pearl
    a cone of dark that lets light through
a future via repetition’s
    asking once and then again
a tension’s moving around within
    what might be only a fancy screen
savored and caught in a nick of Time
    on a page we drift across
the day and toward its deckled edge
    giving way to what it suggests—
beauty’s keeping secrets between us
    or screaming in silence to be seen
making a music of its emergency
    sail to a small magnificence or
this eddied swirl’s a pendant to
    a listening that’s an end and means:
an eerie earring funneling care
    as hours that are always theres.
How does this drawer hold it all within a space along a trace left on a surface marked as such the world is drawn with water from a well and then a gun or wagon, now a loan against collateral—or interest on a bank account and maybe a conclusion? Drapes are drawn so light gets in or doesn’t. Someone draws attention drawing even in a race he’s drawn to, drawn aside or else asunder, thus the luck of the draw we call it has the drawing card drawing cheers, or blood, a breath or blank or cello’s bow, and so he drew a bath or on a pipe as she drew fire and ducked, the goose was shot and plucked then drawn as dawn drew near they drew together playing on to a draw drawing back again and again to the drawing board and plans to hatch, or links to sketch like poems, yes, always those to draw on there within the proverbial drawer.
The following drawings were realized between 2006–16 using the same standard letter-size format. A variety of papers and drawing materials were used, primarily graphite, sometimes in combination with ink, charcoal, and gouache. Over time, several cycles of drawings developed within the series, including *Plan/Plant/Planet* (2010), *Ennead* (2012), and *Addendum* (2014). — cg
Rachel Kushner suggested that her contribution could involve her recently completed novel *The Mars Room*. It sounded like a good idea and I already liked the title. “It’s more God of War than it is Milky Way,” Rachel said. She sent me a transcript of the book. Women and prisons. Society, control, and freedom. The novel is a rich, rough ride. A couple of weeks later she sent the epigraph—some lines from a Stefan George poem (Arnold Schoenberg had used the entire poem as the libretto for his String Quartet No. 2). It served as a useful device for oblique inspiration or direction. Some sort of cosmic sign. I selected several passages of Rachel’s text and sequenced twelve drawings—printed here in the style of a chapbook. —tw
I feel the air of another planet
friendly faces that were turned toward me
but now are fading into darkness

— Stefan George, Entrückung
No orange clothing
No clothing in any shade of blue
No white clothing
No yellow clothing
No beige or khaki clothing
No green clothing
No red clothing
No purple clothing
No denim of any kind or color
No sweatpants or sweatshirts
No underwire or metal parts on brassieres
Ladies must wear brassieres
No sheer or “see-through” clothing
No “layering”
No exposed shoulders
No tank tops or “cap-sleeved” tops
No low-cut tops
No unnecessarily exposed body parts – no half shirts or “low-waisted” pants
No logos or prints
No “capri” pants
No shorts
No skirts or dresses above the knee
No pants that are actually “long shorts”
No shirts without collars
All shirts must be tucked in
No jewelry (one “tasteful” wedding band is acceptable and will be inventoried by corrections officers at check-in)
No piercings
No bobby pins or metal clips in hair
Hair must be tidy and pulled back
No shower sandals
No flip-flops
No sunglasses
No jackets
No “over-shirts”
No “hoodies” nor any clothing with a hood
No tight clothing
Clothing must not be excessively loose or “baggy”

Appearance, hair, and clothing must be professional and in good taste. Those who arrive to a state facility in inappropriate attire will be turned away and their inmate visit canceled.
Children must be supervised, quiet, and behaved at all times, or guardians will be asked to remove them from the visiting area.

Inmates cannot handle vending machines cards.

Vending machines do not accept cash. You must buy a prepaid card in Visitor Processing.

Cards cost five dollars. Two dollars and fifty cents will be returned if your card is in reusable condition.

Inmates can stand no closer than three feet from vending machines.

One short hug is acceptable at the beginning of your visit, and one very brief hug at the end of the visit. No sustained bodily contact or the visit will be terminated.

Holding hands is sustained contact and not tolerated.

No high fives.

No hands under the table during your visit. Visitors and inmates must keep hands where officers can see them at all times.

No hands in pockets.

No yelling.

No raised voices.

No arguments.

No “horse play”.

No loud laughing or boisterousness.

Keep crying to a minimum.
The signs all began the same way.

Ladies, report to staff if you have a staph infection.

Ladies, no whining.

Ladies, out of bounds results in an automatic 115.

The warning shots sign was more blunt. NO WARNING SHOTS IN THIS AREA.

The clock on the wall had a red wedge from five minutes to the hour until five minutes past the hour. This was for the women who could not tell time.
On the wall above us in the woodshop were brochures with pictures of the furniture proudly manufactured by inmates at Stanville prison industries woodworking facility.

This is what we made:

Wood frames for the state seal that goes in the judges’ chambers, and judges’ seats, which then went to upholstery, next door.
I saw the thick path of the Milky Way or what I guessed was it above me. I’d never seen it. Or had I? I knew what it was. There were bright stars among the scatter of dimmer ones. The sky is junked with stars and if you live in a city, you don’t know. If you live in a prison you do not see a single star, on account of the lights. Here, I was halfway into the sky. Where people are gone, the world opens. Where people are gone, the night falls upward, black and unmanned.
LIST OF WORKS

PL. 1
Dark Plant 11, 1982
Crayon and charcoal on paper
41 1/2 x 29 1/2 inches
Collection of Hendel Teicher

PL. 2
Untitled, 1984
Wax crayon, charcoal, chalk, and graphite on paper
41 1/2 x 29 5/8 inches

PL. 3
Botanical Subject, 1981
Charcoal and chalk on paper
29 x 19 inches
Private collection

PL. 4
Untitled, 1982
Charcoal and pastel on paper
40 x 25 3/4 inches
Collection of Jasper Johns

PL. 5
Schema (61), 1985–86
Graphite on paper
12 x 8 1/2 inches
Collection of Jasper Johns

PL. 6
Schema (23), 1985–86
Ink and graphite on paper
12 x 8 1/2 inches
Collection of Julian Lethbridge

PL. 7
Schema (47), 1985–86
Gouache and graphite on paper
12 x 8 1/2 inches
Collection of the artist

PL. 8
Schema (57), 1985–86
Graphite and watercolor on paper
12 x 8 1/2 inches
Private collection

PL. 9
Schema (63), 1985–86
Oil stick and graphite on paper
12 x 8 1/2 inches
Collection of The Museum of Modern Art, New York, gift of Lily Auchincloss (by exchange) and of Richard E. Salomon
Image © The Museum of Modern Art/Licensed by SCALA / Art Resource, NY

PL. 10
i, 1987
Gouache on paper
10 3/4 x 15 inches

PL. 11
Dome, 1985–86
Charcoal, crayon, and graphite on paper
30 x 22 inches
Private collection

PL. 12
Untitled, 1988
Gouache and charcoal on paper
30 x 22 inches
Collection of the artist
PL. 13
*Three*, 1989
Charcoal on paper
30 1/8 x 22 1/2 inches
Collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; Purchase, with funds from the Drawing Committee in honor of Tom Armstrong

PL. 14
*Bump Map*, 1993
Graphite on paper
29 3/4 x 41 1/2 inches

PL. 15
*Animation*, 1996
Charcoal, graphite, and oil on paper
41 5/8 x 29 3/4 inches
Collection of the artist

PL. 16
*Untitled (2)*, 1999
Gouache on paper
44 1/4 x 30 1/2 inches
Private collection

PL. 17
*Untitled*, 2000
Acrylic on paper
44 1/4 x 30 1/2 inches
Collection of Ellsworth Kelly and Jack Shear

PL. 18
*Untitled (1)*, 1999
Gouache on paper
44 1/4 x 30 1/2 inches
Collection of Lisa Barry

PL. 19
*Scattering Conditions, 5*, 1998
Ink, charcoal, graphite, and acrylic on paper
44 1/4 x 30 1/4 inches
Addison Gallery of American Art, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, gift of the artist, 2003.41

PL. 20
*Linking Graphics, 2*, 1999
Ink, graphite, and color pencil on paper
30 1/2 x 44 1/2 inches
Collection of The Museum of Modern Art, New York, purchase
Image © The Museum of Modern Art/Licensed by SCALA / Art Resource, NY

PL. 21
*Solutré Set/6*, 2006
Graphite and gouache on paper
22 1/4 x 30 inches

PL. 22
*Untitled*, 2004
Graphite on paper
22 x 30 inches
Collection of the artist

PL. 23
*7-Fold Sequence, Two*, 2008
Graphite on paper
22 1/8 x 30 inches
Collection of the Museum of Fine Arts Boston; Virginia Herrick Deknatel Purchase Fund and museum purchase with funds donated by Davis and Carol Noble
PL. 24
7-Fold Sequence, One, 2008
Graphite on paper
29 1/2 x 41 1/2 inches

PL. 25
Untitled, 2009
Graphite and gouache on paper
22 x 30 inches

PL. 26
Untitled, 2009
Graphite, gouache, and ink on paper
22 1/4 x 30 inches

PL. 27
Hexagram/7, 2011
Graphite, gouache, acrylic, and ink on paper
22 1/2 x 30 1/8 inches

PL. 28
Untitled, 2011
Graphite and gouache on paper
22 1/4 x 30 inches

PL. 29
Thickness(points)/2, 2014
Graphite and ink on paper
31 x 23 inches
Collection of the artist

PL. 30
Untitled, 2015
Graphite on paper
34 1/2 x 26 1/2 inches

PL. 31
Untitled, 2016
Graphite and color pencil on paper
20 x 28 inches

COVER (NOT IN EXHIBITION)
Untitled #117 (detail), 2018
Ink on paper
11 x 8 1/2 inches

PAGES 2–3 (NOT IN EXHIBITION)
Pages from the artist’s notebook, 1985

Unless otherwise noted, all works are courtesy of the artist and Matthew Marks Gallery.

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CONTRIBUTORS

Peter Cole’s most recent book is *Hymns & Qualms: New and Selected Poems and Translations* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2017). He has received numerous honors for his work, including an American Academy of Arts and Letters Award in Literature and a MacArthur Fellowship. He divides his time between Jerusalem and New Haven.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*Terry Winters: Facts and Fictions* is made possible by Jack Shear; Agnes Gund; Kathy and Richard Fuld; The Ellsworth Kelly Foundation; Jane Dresner Sadaka and Ned Sadaka; Waqas Wajahat; and Harry W. and Mary Margaret Anderson.

Special thanks to Matthew Marks Gallery, New York.

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This book is set in Adobe Garamond Pro and Berthold Akzidenz Grotesk. It was printed by Shapco in Minneapolis, MN.

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