In Conversation

A Tribute to Cora Cohen

(1943–2023)

Cora Cohen, 2016. Photo: Paula Gilbert.

"Logic doesn't get in the way exactly. I try not to let it."

—Cora Cohen

I met Cora Cohen about a decade ago through the artist Bill Jensen. I really needed a job, and was currently homeless because my building in Brooklyn had broken in half, and I'd been evicted by the Red Cross. Bill thought Cora and I would be a good fit because she's also had a lot of a building fall out, condemned and was forced out. Bill set up a call, and she hired me over the phone. My takeaway from that first impression of Cora was one of fearlessness.

After I became her employee I would help her in her studio stretching paintings and on stretching paintings somewhat ourselves. We would always be playing NPR and we would talk about art and poetry throughout the day. Sometimes we would talk about the day, but mostly we would talk about the terms an assortment of people in the studio or thinkers gathered around.

Cora was a voracious and ambitious reader. She was constantly reinventing her work, the wonderful artist, wonderful stop-exploring attractive. The paintings always seemed to last her.

I enjoyed working for Cora after a couple years, and we would connect to each other through phone calls and visits to her studio. Cora was a fascinating person, one what young artists were doing. She harbored great curiosity and commitment toward younger generations.

Cora had a way of saying exactly what she thought unedited. When she didn't like a work or a show she would usually say so somewhat locally on visiting the gallery. Cora once told me that she was with a group of friends who all loved a painting of mine hanging in the back room of a gallery, and she felt the need to tell me she didn't like that painting whatsoever.

The last time I was in the studio with Cora was when I brought over Morgan Lazarian's co-ten for paintings. We pulled out works from the 1980s and '90s that hadn't been unboxed in decades. After the visit we spoke on the phone, and she was very excited about the work and the show. Morgan wrote to her the next day and offered her by September 3rd. She was blown away by the enthusiastic response to her work. We had lunch after her show sold out and she was in disbelief. Cora's modesty and thoughtfulness always stick out in my memory.

After Cora found out she was sick, she asked me to help run her retail and retain with her partner Jeffrey Jones. I was very surprised by her illness, and I am honored to help bring her work forward for people to discover and rediscover.

I worked with the editors Phong Bui and Charlie Schafer at the *Brooklyn Rail* written, galleries, and artists for this tribute to offer a perspective of the different eras of Cora's life, practice, and career.

—Sam Jablon

Installation view, Cora Cohen, "Original Warrings Enhanced Interpretations, 1980–Copper, graphite, iron oxide, metallic leaf, oil, gesso, ground on canvas, 36×120 inches. Photo: Alex Yudkin.

Morgan Lazarian

Cora Cohen was faithful to looking back at the past. To my eye, she found it slightly indulgent, and in opposition to her unnerving engagement with the present and new work. For to Cora's mind there was always new work requiring attention—attention that could therefore not be squandered on the past.

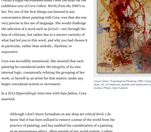
Together, Cora and I staged the last exhibition of her work as a living artist. I introduced to Cora by fellow artist Sam Jablon, as a colleague and close friend to us both. Our meeting was warm and respectful. As she began to unpack her work, I was immediately struck by the uniqueness of the parcels of painting, both in terms of process and as an independent object.

She did not arrive to such the formal line of each painting but rather fingered and enjoyed the discovery and challenge in the reworking of pictures, until the work was finally ready to be presented. Cora was a perfectionist in her process, the attention she lavished on each work hung in, and how they could inspire, or more accurately mediate, the paintings she was currently working on.

I recall a slight nervousness when I sent the draft for the exhibition text to Cora for approval. I felt that I had, for the first time, been too free in my interpretive conversation about painting with Cora, one that she was very precise in her use of language. She would challenge the selection of a word such as [crisp]—not through the lens of criticism, but rather due to a sincere curiosity of what had led you to this word, and why you had chosen it rather than, rather than mellow, rhythmic or expressive.

Cora was incredibly intentional: the trained that each painting be considered under the integrity of its own internal logic; constantly refuting the grouping of her work, or herself as artist for that matter, under any larger conceptual system or movement.

In a 2015 *Hyperallergic* interview with Sam Jablon, Cora asserted:



Cora Cohen, Psychological Painting, 1981. Enamel, metallic copper leaf, oil, oil stabbing, pastel and watercolor on linen, 72×48 inches. Photo: Paula Gilbert.

> Although I don't have formalism on my deep yet critical level, I do know that it has allowed to remove a sense of the world from the practice of painting, and has enabled the consideration of a painting as a self-contained object with no outside of any narrative. (when I was allegedly said explicitly.)

This certain exhaustion makes me smile, for as painting Cora never travelled.

In recognition of Cora's unrestricting dedication to the present, we should consider how we could best use this part to inspire the next. There is no question that Cora's work is her resounding legacy, and while we should certainly recognize that this work was at times overshadowed in comparison to the caliber it bore, it is more important, and would certainly be more appreciated by Cora, to ask how we carry it forward with us.

To allow an indulgence which Cora would have never permitted, or at least equivocal unconditionally to its utterance, I can speak for friend and fellow of Cora Cohen, honored to have had a part in stewarding her work, and miss her greatly.

1. Sam Jablon, Hyperallergic, "The Formative Performance of Cora Cohen," October 2, 2015, https://hyperallergic.com/232024/the-formative-performance-of-cora-cohen/

Cora Cohen, Tu Tha Lalamar, 2014. Enamel on linen, 1800. Acrylic, aluminum, charcoal, enamel, graphite, iron oxide, pastel, polychromed wood, rubber, sand, 120 inches. Photo: Alex Yudkin.

Barbara MacAdam

Cora Cohen was a standout artist—contradictory in a rather droll, low-key way. She modestly yet assertively generated her own abstract painted gestures to produce an up-to-date version of expressionism, one capable of provocating surface and probing thickly painted depths. She derived from a genre could remain in play indefinitely despite critics who tried to suggest its demise.

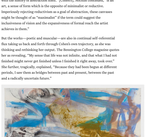
Working in a variety of media, including painting, drawing, photography, and sculpture, Cora Cohen was a consummate experimenter who was self-controlled. A mid New Yorker in fact and spirit, she attended the High School of Music and Art and went on to Bennington College, where she earned a B.A., and M.A., studying with the likes of Paul Feeley and Lawrence Alloway. The independent attitude of her work, heterdoxa with an international bent, calls to mind that of Jean Mitchell, with whom she spent considerable time in France. Her intensely hard-an-orchestral quality, whereby we, as viewers, can see the artist's hand at work, the process of making, the decision-making and even the weight of their various passages or of lines could rumble into one another. At the same time, there was a silky quality to her painting, hinting at the poetic nature of her thinking, which contributed to communion with the audience, not in a pretentious way, but in a spontaneous, albeit complicated one.

Cora Cohen, Complexity and Persistence, 2010. Acrylic, charcoal, copper, oil pastel, pigment on linen, 71×96 inches. Photo: Paula Gilbert.

She was in no way locked in time. Her paintings take us back to the Impressionist landscape painters and to the dense forms of Charles Sheeler as well as into the deep reaches of Cezanne's investigations of nature, and to the contemporary concerns of Sol LeWitt's conceptual paintings and drawings, yet also to the general warmth and lyricism of some of Helen Frankenthaler's canvases and centrestaff, to the heaviness of Sheila Hicks's sensuous Abstract Expressionist inflected paintings.

Cohen's paintings from the 1980s, which made a brilliantly orchestrated surprise-post-pandemic exhibition last September at Morgan Presents on the Lower East Side, demonstrated her reach and exciting embrace of materials, methods, and of her own history. They appeared so particularly fresh and new—reaching out to debut.

But the reality—poetic and tenacious—can also be continual self-referential thus taking us back and forth through Cohen's own trajectory, as she was thinking and rethinking her output. The Bennington College magazine quotes her as revealing, "My sense that life was not infinite, and that what I had not finished might never get finished unless I finished it right away, took over." She further, tragically, explained, "Because they had been begun at different times, the paintings had different spaces and pressures, between the past and a radically altered present."



Cora Cohen, Blue Intersection, 2008. Gouache, oil on linen, 30×48 inches. Photo: Alex Yudkin.

Mary Boone

I believe I met Cora when she came to the gallery. Usually, if an artist comes to the gallery the first stop was that Ron Warren or Susan Inglett would look at the artist's work and then bring them to see the work in the back room of the showroom. Sometimes though, I was at the front desk and an artist came in and I liked the work, I'd go to the studio. I believe I went to Cora's studio for the first time in the early 1980s. She had a dry but demonstrative manner, so while she was very glad the was very self-possessed and had the kind of confidence that I liked, she was not overwhelmed by my visit. She was a stock with you, and it was automatically here. In the late seventies, when this was beginning, I had made commitments to a number of different artists already and was just opening my gallery. It was for that reason that Cora and I didn't end up working together. But, as time passed, I would see Cora's work in shows and I would think, "I should have worked with Cora." I felt, at the time, that replicated a lot in her work—it all grew artists who I'm long-long-long-gone, but each painting had the same quiet, but unmistakable presence and intensity that she herself had. I regret that we never ended up together, and that I didn't get to know her as well as I might have, but I think we are all fortunate for Cora's life and career.

Cora Cohen, 2016. Photo: Paula Gilbert.

Sharon Butler

When I Met Cora Cohen

In 2011, Cora invited me for a studio visit. She was working in an austere industrial space in Long Island City with her comfortable and barely-any-basic, cat-friendly studio in back. The front was filled with her stretcher-bar sculptures, reflecting the same dark, gauzy paint handling. They reminded me of older field painters like Helen Frankenthaler and Morris Louis, except with more layering and less color.

Cora, whom I had never met before, was begrudgingly intimate about her process and meaning. I wasn't sure what her criteria for a successful painting were, or if was hard for her to talk about her work on its own terms. But it was because clear that the paintings didn't need explanation. They had distinct presence—a quiet substance that from gravity to the solid space.

She sat down and pulled a small silver thermos of coffee out of her bag. She gave me the paler stand up and filled it with coffee while she drank straight from the thermos. Her hair was a dark, shoulder-length mop and she had a transcendent aesthetic moment that Cora, in her apartment, allowed her work to cream. I'd never forgot the morning I spent looking at those powerful paintings and drinking coffee with their recently emigrant maker. A few months later, I was delighted to learn that Cora had received a Guggenheim Fellowship.

Cora Cohen, Growing O Matter, 2011. Acrylic, Chalice, pigment on drop cloth, 36×120 inches. Photo: Alex Yudkin.

Heidi Howard

Dear Cora,

My mother *dissolved your attraction* to contradictions before I was born.

So when we met she sprayed paint tangled into oil-stained film it had always been there.

You were another New York lonely girl, only child, feeling the organism of the city closer than a close friend, more constant than any lover.

I can't wait to see the paintings grow, beyond your body, marks of our brief time on this earth.

Cora Cohen, 2016. Photo: Paula Gilbert.

Benjamin Langford

I interviewed with Cora for a studio assistant position in 2016, when COVID-19 was just on its way. I remember a somewhat quiet, socially distanced, conversation during which she asked me, just a couple minutes in, "So, what do you think? Do you want to work here?"—I was caught off guard by how quickly the question seemed to come up, saying something like "Uh, don't you need to think about it or meet other candidates?" She simply replied: "That isn't how I do things."

Her confidence after such a limited interaction struck me as unexpectedly mature, and I felt immediately that I was being tested for my intuition, intention and how we would get along. She was right. Cora soon became for me a mentor and caring mentor and eventually came to feel like family to me.

Coco Crisse, 2010. Photo: Ben Jones Photo.

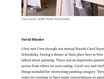
the non-toll are "decisions are easy for me," as she considered a major studio film set in an area that I had been "completely" on for a week or daily half conditions over a period of months, and I had never seen a single film made.

In looking at her works, you can see her decisions also produced daring—marks and layers that threaten to muddy, unbalance, or destroy a work, yet she embraced these elements and maintained a precarious balance and beauty. Her confidence did not come from a brilliantly place, but a place of accepting and moving with the ebb and flow of life. Her work was an at home alongside the accidental distractions of the world: spills, damage, or even the "mistakes" that she would have to overcome in her paintings. Coco exhibited paintings and sculptures that the world is ambiguity and struggles—and her work acts to inspire such an understanding.

Helping her work on her alternative paintings in 2010, she was a funny tension between Crisse's approach and the primitivist's attempt to conduct a technical-minded primitivist painting process (one which would ensure an exact reproduction every time the screen is printed). Coco pushed for a collection of paintings that would be more "organic" and "alive" than the prints. Coco wrote, she wrote the image becomes effected and altered and such a print. The primitivist was reluctant, they were probably used to clients who say they want one thing, but are quick to complain when the unexpected happens. Coco was a process of organization that had to take place to convince the primitivist that Coco only did want a kind of Perfect Image, not the Ideal, and after, each time, never exactly the same.

Although there was much fun we to physically be involved with in the printing process, I felt like a kind of translator, between two generations and two ways of approaching the world. Coco's approach was "organic" in printing "Thank you for your help today. I know it was from several of you just an normal—what you did was super helpful," I could feel that Coco was genuinely grateful for my presence that day, and that the experience illuminated a commonality and joint understanding between us.

These alternative paintings were the last large works that Coco was physically fit enough to work on. Coco's studio routine soon included my lady walking her from her apartment to the studio—especially to cross the train tracks along the route, which she dreaded most. Coco back-loaded on these walks with a cane, and I would walk behind her, ready to catch her if she fell, would arrive at the train tracks, Coco would pause for a moment and gently take grasp of my elbow before proceeding across. I feel lucky to have been able to guide her safely across tracks each morning, a small gesture in return for all the guidance she provided me.



Coco Crisse in studio, 2010. Photo: Ben Jones.

Marlon Adams (and Stanley Wallace)

I must have met Coco in the eighties. I think it was through Dana Nelson who I had met through Stanley, who in turn knew both Coco and Dana since the Downtown Community Center days. Dana was a Downtown Community Center teachers in the center of Bonds and Broadway, ... a big place would be pulled out and set up in the middle of the hall, with yellow studio chairs around it. Dinner was always delicious. Mind you, I was a teenager and I was with Coco dell everything with a seventy-year, a natural affabled sophistication and ease ... like the crisp white, slightly creased shirt she wore that day and my mom ... like an exotic royalty. She had a fascinatorily about her that loved.

The paintings would be here, somewhere, we were in the space, but we didn't. And they were just like her ... beautiful, sophisticated, and mysterious. Very ... very ambition, mysterious, almost secretive, hard to pin down. They were part of a language that I understood from looking at the work of previous generations of New York painting, in a manner that was elegant, general, full, open, sensitive, it has scope of what point can do, reminding me a bit of the Joan McIndoe that I was seeing at Xavier Fernando Gallery.

Coco was generous and interesting as well as interested. We all ate each other out, visiting each other's studios and exchanging thoughts on painting and on life, work to were doing ... and then, or she often did, she left for College.

Coco Crisse, 1980 Bernard, 1978. Acrylic medium, Hollands, oil, canvas on linen, 20 x 20 inches. Photo: Ben Jones.

Mary Jones

When I moved from LA to NYC in the late eighties, it was Coco's work that spoke everything I wanted from painting at the time: the arbitrary and gift of the city and an unpopularity depth that I saw as unique to the following and process. In 1992, her work in the four person show, *Painting Institutional* at Sandra Gering exhibited these feelings. Four painters—but it's only her work that I remember from that show and I remember it vividly. Our painting is hung in a hallway between two rooms, and it's a small canvas with a lot of a five gallon drum. It was like Coco's work from prints and paintings, an urban brass for a critical age. Her paintings were casual, elegant, and industrial in equal measure, with all the air in little of gear precision distilled into a complicated mission of process. I was eager to know the woman who made this painting and I was eager to see more work by this artist. Back in LA, I don't think I've ever touched on hard at a relationship as I did with Coco. I wasn't easy to get her to friends with me and it was often painful. Her attention wasn't easily granted, but I was persistent. Coco was well aware of her influence on my work, and having her in my studio was an exercise in humility. I felt like I was a student, and I felt like I was a student. It was only because she didn't want from that I could learn to utilize them as my own material. She was incredibly generous to me in this way, which is not to say that it wasn't difficult in a few occasions. We eventually agreed to trade paintings, a form our transaction that took me to the breaking point with my feelings for her. But after too many years, she came through with her part of the bargain. I've learned incredible things from this painting, not only about who she is and was, but about who I am.

Her show at James McClure in 1994 was equally revelatory, one of the most beautiful shows I saw in NYC that year. Her painting was "Minimal" enough for described her work as abstract and as her minimalist, say, she interrupted him said, "No, it's chemical." I've never stopped reading in this conversation ability of hers, to be "unilateral," and to unsentimentally step implications of the sentimental. This was her personal magic—her pieces, unlike most abstract work, didn't seem to be about anything but the bottom of recuperation (or could be no tender) to her lacker. She always said her work was about the lady. She also always said she didn't know what she was doing. I remember hearing this at her studio talks, when I would pick up the mysterious rolls from Kremer and ask her how she used them. She said, "I don't know." Coco's work was always a kind of mysterious combination and abstract, "Minimal" and "chemical" and "I don't know." Coco's work was a lady thinks that I learned for studio visits, from Tribeca to upper Harlem to Long Island City, she's atmosphere and impetus from her Brooklyn Hill provided, there was always the soft toned vintage coach, the Kremer soaps rocking chair, and work in progress.

The last ten years of her life she had time for me in way she hadn't before. Maybe I'd just more her down. No matter, Coco was worth waiting for. She was a marvel, a kiam, and continually surprising to me. There was nothing she was not capable of, and I felt that she was capable of anything. She was remarkably compassionate, yet there was no further in her life for making especially any of her ones. It was hard to get her to laugh and yet, she had a delightful sense of humor. She had complete disdain for anything that "shony" either in criticism or painting, the conversation about art were often pretty, but I got used to it. She was stylish, regal, curious, and animal-lived sensibility.

I wondered how I could end this piece, but Coco did it for me. I was at my teaching job at RISD, sitting on the floor with a disorderly inventory of my students work, and I was looking through a book on Jasper Johns's destruction of an attending man-nature transfer paper, which she uses to drawing, spray paint, markers, and everything else imaginable, including Kandinsky's book, *Concerning the Spiritual in Art*. Looking at an inherently she held up Coco's catalog, the work toned vintage coach, the Kremer soaps rocking chair, and work in progress.

Coco Crisse, 1980. Photo: Ben Jones.

Rebecca Nem

Coco said I were still in the "getting to know you" phase when she passed. We first met at the opening for her show *Coco Collect: Work from the 1980's* at Morgan Presents Gallery in the fall of 2012. Our first conversation was about paint, how it defines you everywhere. I had just arrived from my studio, and I was covered in paint. Coco was covered in paint, too. We talked about our mutual friend Jerry Gwynn, who Coco passed just a few months after we met. I felt our friendship was just beginning. Coco was not across from each other and, between him, continued the conversation about material composition and color. In the way that artist friendships develop, we eventually spoke of swapping studio visits. However, we were never able to.

Several weeks after meeting Coco I bought a work of hers, a gloriously green painting titled *Coco Crisse* from 2012. Our shared studio told me that the orientation of the work was in flux, so I could hang it any way I wanted. When I first hung it, I hung it upside down. Coco's work is so full of movement and will feel it one way hanging one company there. Then, even after a year, it came out too, and I moved it out to my living room.

It feels "right" to have Coco's work hanging in my living room, right at home with the books. Her life, like her work, was packed full to the brim with humanity and stories. When Coco passed just a few months after we met, I felt our friendship was just beginning. Paintings for much longer than six months, I felt, would have been a gift. Coco's work is so full of life, so full of the unexpected and so suggestive of stories, based on Coco's work/studio life. The impression of Ellen Crisse's stories around this that Promise Ellen and Jeffrey was learning me to wonder how Coco's work would have been if she had been allowed to grow. Coco will be deeply missed, but her work carries her personality around.

Coco Crisse, 1980. Photo: Ben Jones.

David Rhodes

I first met Coco through our mutual friends Carol Szymanski and Barry Schwabsky. During a dinner at their place here in New York City, Coco and I talked about painting. There was an impressive painting of hers on the wall across from where we were eating. Coco's wry and intelligent take on many things was a delight to hear and see. I was very fortunate to be able to pay close to a dozen many conversations on painting, art, politics, and many other topics, sometimes at her studio or apartment in Long Island City, sometimes by email, there are conversations that I miss. Her time spent in Europe, particularly Germany, meant she also had this in common as I had spent time there as well. Coco was very interested in the work of the Neue Sachlichkeit and European abstract painting combination that shift at all city or an interior those styles, the Joan McIndoe's Coco's painting was singular, both within those painting traditions and something new.

In March 2013 I was happy to have had the opportunity to write a review of Coco's exhibition at Gallery65 by invitation, for art critical magazine. "Dirty/clean and Coco's exhibition at Gallery65 by invitation, for art critical magazine." Coco's work is a question to ask, and she is only highlight not everything to ask being and definitely. Coco's painting reflects the ebb and flow of life, of life, of life, as on the world—something this artist clearly has an intention of doing. "Coco was not ever to just an unnecessary gloss on anything, which didn't make her work any less beautiful." Coco's work was always difficult to stop by with a level of her ideas, Coco was ordering a particularly hard, cold, she had a particularly sharp perspective on a friend's situation, a friend who was with a cold, it happened to be autumn.

The exhibition *Coco Collect: Work from the 1980's* at Morgan Presents in 2012 resulted in an artist that was already highly developed and well-trained on studying further. On the last day of the exhibition the gallery was full of visitors, many of whom were artists glad to see Coco was still on again or for the first time, and speak with Coco, including colleagues and friends, old and new. Coco was surrounded by people, and she was very, very happy. Coco said to me, "I was very happy to see and talk to, and to that moment had no idea that I would be for the last time."

Barry Schwabsky

I first became aware of Coco Coleoch work back in 1984, right around the time I started writing for art magazines. Bill Zimmer wrote an article in *Arts Magazine* on her show that year at the Bess Hutchinson gallery. I was just beginning to write for *Arts* myself, and I thought Bill's piece was a wonderful piece of painting, but by the time I saw Bill's article, I had already viewed the show. And substantially I haven't been able to put my hands on the copy of that issue of the magazine, which I still have in a few warehouses, but I got a pretty good reminder of what the show I viewed was about from a review by Ronald Alley published in the issue of *Arts* that I have in my possession. Bill Weiner and some of the paintings were given names of women from history or myth. But of course they weren't portraits in any ordinary sense; they were abstract paintings. And yet they must have been full of allusive depth, perhaps. "The works are dense, brooding and elated," Brenan wrote. And he continued: "The turbulence of the paint not only looks but has depth, like freedom." That all sounds like the Coco Crisse I got to know.

I probably didn't see Coco's work in person until her next one-person show four years later, at the Wolf Gallery, at that time one of the sustainable spots for work in the East Village. I was very, very, very, very impressed by the show, remembered that fact only twelve in the fact that no between and fact friends that it quickly came to seem that we had always known each other.

Coco Crisse, 1980. Photo: Ben Jones.

Jason Stopa

I met Coco Coleoch in the summer of 2012. Well, that's only partly true. She actually sent me an email. It was an invite to her solo exhibition in New York at Morgan Presents Gallery. The email said, "I have read about your work and I would like to invite you to the opening of mine." Coco was fascinated with my recent paintings, although I didn't know that at the time. Attached to a flyer for my upcoming exhibition—I am excited that these paintings from the eighties will be on the world," I replied, "I love your work. I often draw it in class to my students. Exciting to see some paintings from the eighties in time. I will be at the opening." Needless to say, I was the show.

After the opening we began a series of exchanges leading up to an interview. When Coco spoke about painting she wanted to get around questions of representation and meaning, she was interested in phenomenological questions. This was a recipe for a difficult interview. Enhanced (thrust) some of the encounters, he believed encounters reveal to us the changing face of the Other over time. Just as real as reality. What's more, such encounters might only reveal the Other's opacity. Coco's paintings, which revel in densely layered application and grain at close-ten trying to the way out of it, are by turns mysterious and vulnerable. It is what makes her work so important today.

Coco said I spoke over and said that for most of early 2013. On one occasion, I was in her studio, and she said, "I don't know if I'm ready for interviews after she was feeling better. That day never came. And the interview never quite crystallized, but it got close. What follows is some of the last of her reflections on painting on record.

Coco was contrarian and stubborn is a fault. For those that know her well, those were also some of the more endearing qualities. Our interview began as follows:

Jason Stopa: I don't know your process. Do you start with studies or drawings?

Coco Coleoch: I think process is one of the most uninteresting things to talk about.

Jason Stopa: We can skip it.

Case in point. What at first appears erasive or second glance reveals a deeper commitment: abrogation. In that same interview, Coco remarked, "I dislike narratives. Like I don't read novels. Otherwise, I think I like a lot of the image stuff. I don't know why." Coco's work is a kind of abstract narrative, a series of "I don't know"s and "I don't know"s of painting and language in conversation. Coco's work is a kind of abstract narrative, the beauty of a conversation where artwork discovers beyond the linguistic readings of art over the critical. Coco, alongside peers like Louise Fishman and Ivone Bolsen, adopted an adversarial position in contrast to it.

Cohen was painting as a process where the image is arrived at by way of seeking, destroying and reclaiming. This did his tendency may now seem retrogressive, but it was a kind of modernism that was fundamentally incompatible with painting's Late Modernity. Today, the dominant tendency wants against the celibacy culture of painting, painting as spectacle, painting as propaganda, painting as a fetish commodity, holding a position as a new media activity, and not your discussion on where some patriarcy has into the production notion that painting is simply an image making strategy concerned with style.

As for my Jungian show this is the twenty-first century, but you search say I am.

Jason Hope: Do you feel any baggage with respect to art history? Or do you feel like that doesn't factor in? I think of your relationship to painters like Joan Mitchell.

Louise Fishman was another painter, forming around a similar moment as you, who embraced the tenets of Abstract Expressionism and who was a woman and probably much more. I think of Joan Mitchell and Joan Jonas as very forthcoming contexts into abstraction you were as of limited.

Cecia Cohen, Iron Cross image of Jesus paintings and ashes (from very much that I think is ours) Forward by art in general is in a mess. Chinese painting mostly: Hans Grassmann, and "modern" European art. Mr. Mera and friend, and early Spanish painting more than Italian, and of course American Modernism. I'm more inclined towards, from the Chinese, Sung Dynasty painting, and I'm not sure I'm influenced by art forward — I'm not sure I'm not, but I don't like it like and we need to argue about it.

I'm a period Iron Friends with Louise Fishman and I believed Carol do admire is a lot of her work. And I do love work of Joan Mitchell. Sometimes I wish I could paint a little more like Joan Mitchell. I like how they are not abstract. I did not dreaming that I wanted I'd like to be a painter like Joan Mitchell. I'm not sure I'm not the mentorship Mr. Fernando but I might through off of them.

*I think the image is which does have the content of painting is through a combination of forces, including who and what the person is, the environment, the time, the culture, the tradition, the Hopkins's painting that matter to me I think. They mean, I mean I think that grid, "and I like that attitude and how they're painted. With Lincoln's work I feel they are very, very, very,

early twenties, and Cora was a new acquaintance—soon to be a friend—who was forty years my senior. There was a rapport that sometimes comes from one native New Yorker to another, we could speak in a shorthand about the changing city—I liked her wry sense of humor and thoughtful pauses between words, searching for just the right way to describe a person or a painting. And she was often correct in her assessment of both. We sat in rocking chairs in front of enormous canvases in the studio portion of the loft. I can remember the feeling perfectly – talking in subdued voices about the paintings, the elegance of the space and Cora herself, a consummate studio host, not giving explanation to her work, but instead letting an atmosphere of charged inquiry waft around us.

In the late '80s and early '90s Cora wrote and conducted interviews for Bomb Magazine. This is from a piece she wrote about the artist Ralph Humphrey:

> My natural inclination is toward apprehending work sensually; toward art which is optically complex; toward art which is generous, inclusive, not worked over toward a signature style, towards artists who have more ideas than they know what to do with; towards vision, not the adjustments thereof; and an art which goes all over the place, sometimes literally.

I can hear Cora's cadences, her gentle, wryly thoughtful voice, and I can see her animated expression, her inquiring mind, her unbridled love of art and artists. We are sitting together in her studio, the time is always sunset somehow, the city skyline just out of reach, the wall of books behind us, the paintings imperfectly stacked ahead of us.

Dirk Schroeder

I am a retired antitrust lawyer and an avid art collector. The latter came quite naturally, having grown up in a family that valued art highly. I remember how my father brought back works by Rauschenberg and Warhol from a trip to the US in the sixties. Earlier still, I remember playing among oil drums arranged by Christo in a Cologne gallery. My brother still has a wrapped coffee grinder from that time.

Cora and I first met over dinner at my favorite Michelin-starred restaurant in Cologne in the late eighties. Like so many American artists at the time, she had been attracted by Cologne's vibrant art scene. Cologne gallerists were inviting artists, offering them studios. Other artists followed their peers. All benefited from a lively community; some are still in Cologne today.

I got to know Cora a little better in 1996, when she had a studio in Cologne at Thürmchenswall. At that studio, she was working on a painting that I ended up buying. For ten years, I had that painting in my dining room hanging across from where I sat, so I got to know it quite well. This painting, called Pigment Threat, became the first of many of her paintings that I bought over the years. If you are familiar with a quality of Cora's paintings, you know that they will grow on you over the years, and they will never cease to amaze you.

I saw Cora regularly over the years either in New York or in Germany, and it was always a delight. She was not only a very pleasant person; she was also an erudite interlocutor. I first learned that—also back in 1996—when she and I went to Paris to see an exhibition called "L'informe" at the Centre Pompidou. The makers of the exhibition translated "l'informe" as "formless" or "formlessness." I am still not sure what they meant by that—their main goal seemed to be to undermine other concepts, or depriving them of their boundaries. The show itself was a juxtaposition of artists such as Dubuffet, Rauschenberg, Manzoni, Fontana, Picasso, Pollock, and Twombly. Cora and I spent a lot of time discussing this show.

In 2011, Cora was an artist in residence at Raketenstation of Insel Hombroich in Neuss, which gave me the occasion to see her more regularly. She made an exhibition of her altered X-rays at the place, and had a very productive time there in general. Cora tried to have the joyous spirit of that summer spill over into work she did in New York. I continue to enjoy her work from that period, including Continuation of Insel Hombroich 1-3.

Cora came to Cologne regularly and usually stayed with her publisher/artist friends Sophie and Matthias Groebel. One occasion for her to be back in Cologne was an exhibition in 2016 at the Leopold-Hoesch-Museum in Düren called Artists' Painters. By the way, this modern art museum is a charming place, consisting of a well-preserved Art Nouveau building in the front and a modern annex in the back. They were showing seven artists that I collect (each artist had a room of his or her own)—all of them with the exception of Pierre Alechinsky either from the US or the UK and all having lived and worked in Cologne for a certain time. The show's catalogue is a box with individual catalogues for each painter. Cora's is called Paintings Altered X-rays Drawings.

Currently, I have seven paintings of Cora's hanging at my office. They help me think of her.