“Some were prepared this way...” — Emily Dickinson

“...all the more reason to see Gibson as a teacher. In the classroom, Gibson’s experiences are both cataclysmic and layered. From the standpoint of a congregation, of inclusion. I admire Gibson for not skirting devotion. I worship? Who cares?”

Jeffrey Gibson’s studio has emerged as one of the more reliable employers in this rural reach of the Hudson Valley, with 10-14 full-time assistants helping Gibson to realize his complex and labor-intensive work for exhibition around the world. Where I arrive at his studio, a reinvigorated elementary school on the outskirts of Hudson, NY—one of the first subjects, no choice in sustainability, keeping up at this pace is not sustainable: he repeats the words of one of his students, Paul, a 70-year-old painter who rents a classroom space in Gibson’s school—“Everything’s a first time. As an artist, it’s that edge that’s interesting. That’s where you should be, and what you should be doing.”

Gibson makes decisions quickly, almost effortlessly, leaning on his intuition for nearly every aspect of his art making, but if you are viewing his work for the first time, this may not seem so apparent. Gibson’s pieces are locked-down, beaded, and bedazzled into three-dimensional space. The results are bold, composite art pieces melding history and the ephemeral, adjacent cultural production: literature, pop music, sermons, hymns. The words are bold, composite art pieces melding history and the ephemeral,

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