

Ginny on Frederick is pleased to present sculptures by Sarah Pucci alongside a series of drawings by her daughter, Dorothy Iannone. Beginning in 1959 until her death in 1996, Pucci made artworks as gifts to her daughter while Iannone was traveling and living in Europe. Pucci's intricate, adorned pieces serve as expressions of love, embodying both religious devotion and familial mother-daughter affection. Alongside these, Iannone's early still life works on paper from 1962, highlight shared interests into assembly and memory and also act as a rare and early insight into Iannone's relationship to colour and form. This is the first exhibition of Sarah Pucci and Dorothy Iannone together in the UK.

Dorothy Iannone (Boston, Massachusetts, 1933 - Berlin, 2022) lives and works in Berlin, Germany. Iannone's work has been the subject of numerous solo exhibitions including the Louisiana Museum, Humlebaek, DK (2022); Centre Pompidou, Paris, FR (2019); Remai Modern, Saskatoon, CA (2019); Migros Museum, Zürich, CH (2014); Camden Arts Center, London, UK (2013); New Museum, New York, NY (2009); Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna, AT (2006); and Kunst-Werke in Berlin, DE (1992). Notable group shows include *Seductive Subversion: Contemporary Women Artists 1958–1968* at the Brooklyn Museum (2010), *Body politicx* at Witte de With in Rotterdam (2007), and the 2006 Whitney Biennial. Her work is in the permanent collections of museums worldwide including the Hammer Museum, Los Angeles, CA; Tate Modern, London, UK; and the Centre Pompidou, Paris, FR amongst many others.

Sarah Pucci (Everett, Massachusetts, 1902-1996) is the mother of Dorothy Iannone. Her work has been the subject of several exhibitions at Air de Paris, Paris, FR and has been included in numerous group shows including *Palais de Tokyo*, Paris, FR (2013); *Heidelberger Kunstverein*, Heidelberg, DE (2007); *Kunstahalle Wien*, Vienna, AT (2006).

Mother of a famous artist,  
Dorothy Iannone Sarah Pucci, 1992  
March 1 - April 5

on plinth (from left to right):

Sarah Pucci  
*Untitled*, 1980's  
beads, sequins, pins, foam  
22.5 cm x 20 cm

Sarah Pucci  
*Untitled*, 1970s  
beads, sequins, pins, foam  
10 cm x 31.5 cm x 14.5 cm

Sarah Pucci  
*Sunshine*, 1980s  
beads, sequins, pins, foam  
22 cm x 23 cm

Sarah Pucci  
*My Inspiration*, 1980s  
beads, sequins, pins, foam  
16 cm x 30 cm

Sarah Pucci  
*Untitled*, 1970s  
beads, sequins, pins, foam, pendant  
ø 25 cm x 9 cm

on wall (from left to right):

Sarah Pucci  
*Mistletoe 2*, 1970s  
beads, sequins, pins, foam  
12 cm x 18 cm x 5.5cm

Dorothy Iannone  
*Untitled Flower Arrangement*, 1962  
oil crayon on paper (from artist's drawing book)  
35.5 cm x 24.5 cm

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## Devotion

I am moved by the pointlessness of it  
Writing a poem for the unborn baby  
Love is all distance and mystery  
The things my mother has seen  
How they live inside me, so abstractly  
Who knows which face is true

If it is a girl what will I give her?  
Take away all the hate I have for myself  
And there is only this small shivering  
Thing  
Bejewelling a ball, posting it. Poetry

If I've learnt anything, it is to let  
What you've done be  
There is no sane way to drag it back  
Claustrophobia comes regardless

So, baby  
When you've finally fought your way through  
Go  
Be as different from me as you possibly can  
And I'll stand in the wings  
Sending nothing of use. Sequins, maybe  
The sky.

Hannah Regel

Mum's birthday (or, *horror vacui*)

My brother and I got Mum a charm for her birthday. It attaches directly to a bracelet; blank charms are taken off and replaced with ones that have images on them. There's a cocktail glass, a nurse's hat, one from my aunt that symbolises sisterhood. The lighting in the Soho restaurant where we celebrate her birthday is too dim to make out the details of the charms. At a glance I think that the nurse's hat is the cocktail glass, confusing the burst of red (a first aid cross) for the orange of an Aperol spritz. This is what I think about as I look at 'My inspiration' (1980s), an elaborate construction of beads and sequences assembled by Sarah Pucci, with a small picture at its centre. In black and white, it's the kind that might have been kept in a locket. This, I assume, must be a photo of Dorothy Iannone, the artist, and Pucci's daughter.

These objects are symbols of devotion, not only to her daughter, but to Pucci's own practice; something put together by hand in minute detail, a way of trying to articulate something beyond words. There's a visual tension in Pucci's art; often alone in repose, beyond maximalist rows and circles of beads and sequins, is a single image. The faces in these images – always a young woman, even if not always Iannone herself – becomes the centre of Pucci's art, and her world. But more than that, there is an inability to see these faces alone; Pucci abhors a vacuum in her work, a refusal to leave space empty, as if to do so would be to somehow leave some aspect of love or affection, of devotion, unsaid. My eye is constantly drawn to the small, central images and structures that seem to stand as if they're in the eye of the storm; like the lotus flower made of beads in 'Sunshine' (1980s), or the photograph in 'My Inspiration.' It's these pieces of the work that seem to best illustrate the idea of devotion in Pucci's work; that all of the spectacle and detail surrounding something is not as important as the thing itself, the thing to which her art reveals that she is devoted to.

When Mum was showing me the charms on her bracelet, while we waited for our drinks to arrive, I found myself thinking more about its empty space. Of course, I don't think that the only way to show affection is through something as simple as a bracelet charm. But, looking now at Pucci's objects and her daughter's drawings, I'm fascinated by the way that both women seem to refuse to allow any empty space into their work. There is, I learn, a term for this: *horror vacui*, a fear of empty spaces. I wonder if this could also be called a fear of absence, fear of loss. I can't help but imagine not only Pucci slowly assembling her objects, applying each bead, each sequin, but also how it might feel to disassemble them; to leave nothing but those small objects or photographs, with nothing else around them. I wonder if this is still something that we might call devotion; if the empty space can be filled in another way.

Looking at their art side by side, there's a lineage that seems to exist between Pucci and Iannone, one informed by this *horror vacui*. This is complicated by time and when each woman made their work. Iannone's drawings – which cast an abstract, curious eye on the building blocks of a traditional life – are dated anywhere between one and two decades before her mother's devotionals. And yet, each of them show a clear disdain for empty space; as if Pucci's approach to maximalism were a way to try and speak the same language as her daughter's vibrant, abstract drawings. In one of several 'Untitled Flower Arrangement' images (1962), Iannone fills the paper with blocks and bursts of colour, taking a flower arrangement and having it explode against a background informed by harsh black lines, as if illuminating a void. This, I think, is what is felt in the *horror vacui* of both mother and daughter, a way of gesturing against the void, a refusal to imagine these objects, or the people that they're dedicated to, consumed by emptiness. I imagine one of Pucci's devotionals where, instead of portraiture or photography standing as the central objects, it's one of Iannone's drawings in miniature; mother and daughter's search for a common language – maximalism, *horror vacui*, a deconstruction of domestic imagery and ideals – complete as the two find a way to let their work speak as one.

Sam Moore

monuments (on pucci)

Sarah Pucci's works are not loud or imposing, they don't demand or dictate. They whisper, with quiet magnetism --- to rows of layered sequins, pearls, and forgotten images. Labored fragments, titillating between decoration and devotion, her works act as intimate relics - tender remnants of what once was, what is, and will someday be.

The power lies with a delicate tension—a dance between ornamentation and meaning, between the ephemeral and the enduring. Each piece is a vessel, heavy with the weight of time and personal history, shaped by hands that have assembled, arranged, and adorned. They evoke the things we inherit without fully grasping their importance, objects that hold more emotion than memory.

Like a rhinestone brooch at the bottom of a jewellery box or a framed photograph of an unfamiliar face, Pucci's work forces us to reconsider what we preserve and why. It reminds us that history is often small, intimate and fragile. Some of the most enduring monuments are not carved from stone but are instead the quiet, unassuming treasures that fit in the palm of a hand—tiny, tender testaments to the beauty and impermanence of life.

Jack O'Brien