It's no secret that I have had my critical problems with the many redoes of 1960s and '70s monochrome painting and painting that confuses process for content — artists making pretentious empty canvases by leaving them in the Red Sea or rubbing them on the sidewalks of Ferguson, Missouri. I have been following Jessica Dickinson’s work for a long time and while I still think she may be just another one of these later-day process painters, there is some sort of resonance to the way, for example, she makes a rubbing of every stage of a painting, and then shows, as she does here, all the rubbings and the painting. That at least lets me know that even things that can look like nothing — like these rubbings and the paintings — may really be something, so I’m still on board — for now.