

The Year in Art Was All in the Details

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“Everywhere I go I see losers. Misfits like myself who can’t make it in the world,” wrote the singular artist and writer and performer Constance DeJong in her iridescent 1977 novel, ***Modern Love***, which was republished this year. She wrote then not about the well-documented world *of* men, but of a world *with* men, reimagining the romance novel by mapping the magnetisms that push people together, then pull them apart, in time and out of time, in characters who collapse into one another all around the I of the storm.