

Our Corner



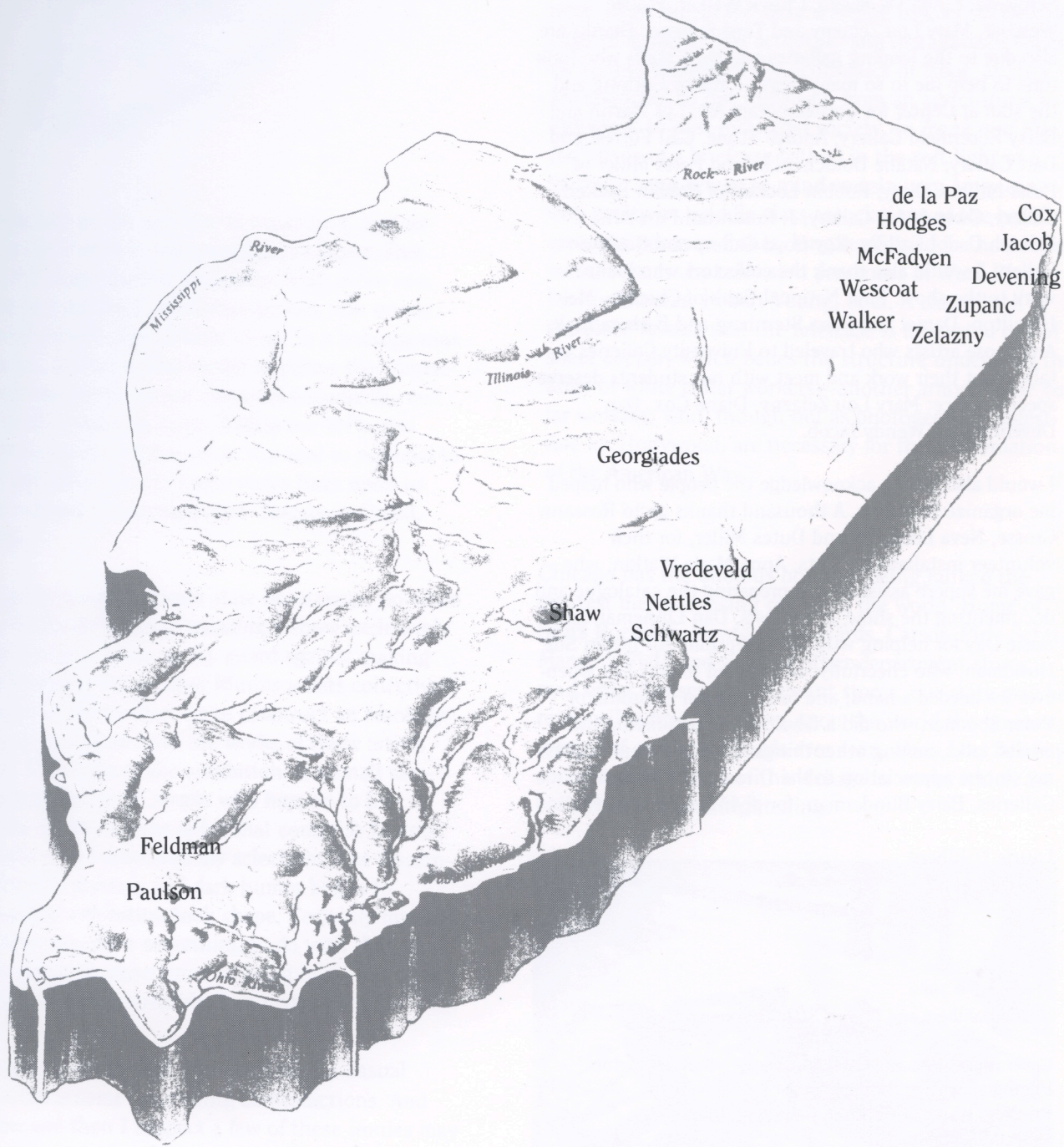
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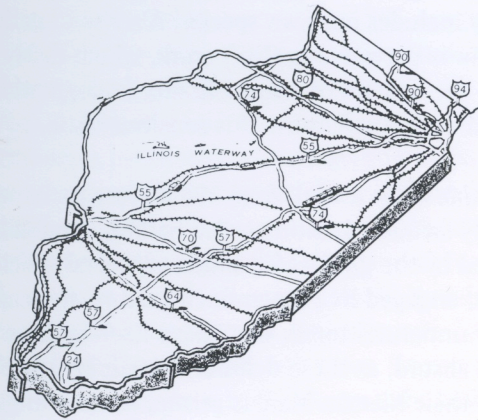
World

Seventeen Illinois Artists

Our Corner of the World: Seventeen Illinois Artists

University Galleries
Illinois State University
August 15-September 30, 1989





Scientists tell us the universe is expanding, but certainly, girdled with so many cables, cords and fiber optics, the world itself is shrinking. With every new satellite, fax machine and computer link, the inhabitants of the earth come a little closer to a homogenous experience. It's becoming harder to define the "American" consciousness, as our concerns become the rest of the world's and vice versa. And as our collective identity moves from the local to regional to national to global, the influence our home states have upon us becomes almost inconsequential. Texans excluded, of course.

I don't go in much for home state boosterism. So when faced with the prospect of curating a show exclusively of Illinois artists, I was on my guard against making pronouncements about what Illinois artists collectively are or aren't. Rather than try to construct an ideology that would somehow bind the works of these artists together, I thought of the exhibition as a small sampling of work made by people who happen to live within the 56,290 square miles that comprise Illinois. Nevertheless, as I narrowed my selections, the discernible themes of mystery and dark humor began to emerge as the exhibition took shape. Certainly my taste as a curator may have something to do with that, as does our common experience of living in a time when reality seems more incredible than mythology.

But Illinois, ordinary as it may seem to the casual observer, hosts some interesting contradictions. And every now and then I suspect a few of these ironies may secretly foster a regional identity, and find some hint of expression in the works of these seventeen artists.

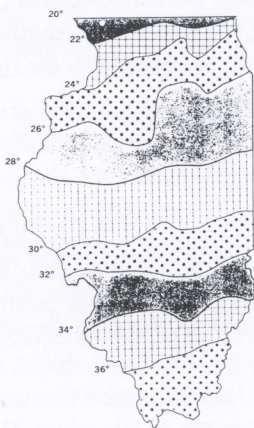
Illinois has always been a mining and manufacturing state, which has given us an extremely rich labor heritage. It's both the birthplace of John Mitchell (founder of United Mine Workers) and the resting place of union organizer Mother Jones. The eight-hour workday was first won in Illinois, but our labor movement has met with some of the bloodiest opposition—the Haymarket Riot, the Virden Massacre, the Memorial Day Massacre—in U.S. history. Aris Georgiades' current work arises out of the artist's strong interest in this heritage of struggle. His sculpture and installations touch on various aspects of the economics of labor, as they are impacted by our transition from an agricultural to industrial to post-industrial society. In *Rank and File*, the image of a briefcase bathed in the soft light of a banker's lamp brings to mind certain very American, very positivist, middle class associations of the beneficent businessman-father, long reaffirmed in the public consciousness by television presences of Ward Cleaver, Danny Thomas, Robert Young, et al. A closer look at the piece reveals that the briefcase is fabricated out of sheet copper, which belies the structure underlying the army of white collar workers—another army of blue collar workers, who, though not as photogenic or digestible for Hollywood, are necessary for the continuation of the American Way.

Chicago has the dubious honor of being ranked the greatest merchandising center in the world. Home of Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Wards, Carson Pirie Scott, Marshall Field and scads of other department stores, mail order houses and discount stores, our state may be responsible for unleashing upon the world the greatest torrent of consumer goods ever seen. Mary Lou Zelazny considers the effects of this deluge in works which are both poignant and frightening.



Mary Lou Zelazny
Hidden Trojans, 1989

We have come to accept—even enjoy—the planned obsolescence of American manufacturing without much conscience regarding the waste of resources it insists upon. Using pictures from catalogues and magazine advertisements as sources for her collaged paintings, Zelazny plays Dr. Frankenstein with the cadavers of consumer culture. Old Pontiacs, cameras, drill bits, Freeze Queens and countless other items are likely to find themselves reanimated in some “new and improved” configuration in her laboratory. With everything but the kitchen sink thrown in, the artist’s mechanical creatures confound the notion of “function,” pointing to the narrowing spiral of utility in the manufacture of today’s goods. In *Tarantula*, 1989, products of upwardly mobile consumption—diamond necklaces, champagne buckets, fancy coffee grinders—have been fused together to fulfill a new and possibly darker purpose. As this spindly creature of unknown appetites ambles across a parched desert, we might wonder if we are intended to be the consumers or the consumed.



The appetite of culture is also an issue with Diane Cox, whose sculpture refers specifically to the use and abuse of animals in Western society, and in general to our growing disregard for the preciousness of life. The fact that she incorporates actual animal limbs, pelts and skeletons in her work complicates the notion of “exploitation.” Although she acquires her animals through non-violent means, the same seductive qualities of pelts and feathers that precipitate and sustain animal harvest in the hunting and trapping industry attract the viewer to these works. We find ourselves drawn to, yet repulsed by them, but we ultimately come away from them asking ourselves questions about our

assessment of the relative value—economic, spiritual, and ecological—of the animal kingdom, which necessarily includes our own species. A sense of gallows humor is pervasive in Cox’s work, which deftly steers it from the domain of sentimentality or dogmatism which could easily undermine this sensitive issue.

Overdue Bills, a work from 1988, presents us with a lushly lacquered, satin corded hatbox, randomly perforated by the gold-leaved skulls of several species of birds, engaged in a determined gesture of escape from their unnatural tomb. The image itself is quite comic, even absurd, as these defunct animals struggle to hatch from their Nieman Marcus prison, but the lingering feeling of unease (thank you, Alfred Hitchcock) rides on our fear of nature getting even with us, someday.

Illinois is not characteristically hailed for the aesthetics of its landscape, although there are those who appreciate the flatness for its abstract qualities or for the sake of a great, unbounded sky. Terri Zupanc, however, goes beyond natural observation for her inspiration in landscape. In cryptic paintings which look like visual mantras, Zupanc signifies a metaphysical presence in nature by incorporating abstract symbols in the topography of the land. As in one of her intimately scaled, untitled snowscapes from 1989, we are witness to the eerie phenomenon of this symbolic language which surreptitiously finds expression in the landscape. A black night-time sky slices the work in half, abruptly swallowing any suggestion of a middleground, as if this icy field lays on the edge of the world. A weird, lunar light illuminates the foreground where a single circle is carved deeply and precisely into a snow-covered field, far from the imprint of humans. What we make of this and other signs which mysteriously appear in Zupanc’s landscapes depends upon our willingness to accept the notion there remains in the world something more omnipotent than ourselves.



Terri Zupanc
Untitled, 1989

While Terri Zupanc addresses an intrinsic consciousness in the whole of nature, **Rosalyn Schwartz** looks into that small, but fathomless pond of the self, translating the reflections into primordial, alien landscapes and withering floral still lifes. The artist's still lifes have the somber feeling of memento mori, but her landscapes embody a pantheistic understanding of the interdependence of life and death. Typically dark, rich and romantic in palette, her landscapes bubble and hiss with fertility and decay; spore-like clouds punctuate the atmosphere while tendrils of foreign plants threaten to burst through the boundaries of the canvas. In *Landscape With Pink Stream*, 1989, unknown flowers and fungi cast strange shadows in the dusky light beside a vaporous stream, where the flux of life is nearly palpable. These works invite contemplation on the nature of existence—the beginning, the ending and the seemingly infinite moment that is in between.

The essence of life also finds expression in the work of **Wendy Jacob**, who interprets the biology of those primeval issues in mixed media sculpture. Her untitled installation of breathing organisms is constructed from rubber innertubes and electric blowers, but its kinetic transformation leaves any mundane origins behind. Rhythmically inhaling and exhaling, their electrical cords stretched out like umbilicuses, the creatures resemble a litter of newly born mammals, glistening and slick with amniotic fluid, resting after the ordeal of birth. Other viewers may see the wheezing organisms as an image of marine life dying the oily death caused by environmental pollution. Whether one sees this piece as a tableaux about birth or death, it fosters meditation on that critical requirement for life as we know it—breath.

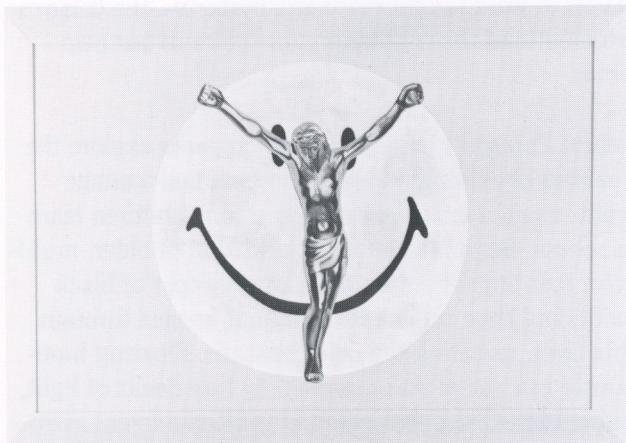


We Illinoisans are probably no different than the rest of the world when it comes to spiritual matters, seeking enlightenment in various ways, wherever we might find it. I suppose the closest we could come to having any special connection with the usual notions of God would be our tenuous claim to Charleton Heston. Given the decidedly limited impact of this circumstance, those who choose to examine questions of faith usually find other, more personal avenues of spiritual exploration.

Joel Feldman's woodcuts often investigate the metaphors embodied in the literature of religion. In a series from 1989, Feldman has studied the legend of St. Anthony the Abbot to examine the timeless conflict of temptation in the face of will. By using the woodcut as his medium, Feldman references the Medieval period, and in doing so, connects the fear and uncertainty of the Dark Ages with the anxious tenor of our own time. Feldman's composition, claustrophobically packed with weird, hallucinatory images, loosely quotes the story of St. Anthony's hermitage in the desert and his endurance of terrifying and obscene visions and sent forth by the devil. Re-examining this parable in a contemporary context, we might see *our* test of faith in the temptation to yield to ignorance and hysteria—the demons which attend the frightening prospects of our own times.

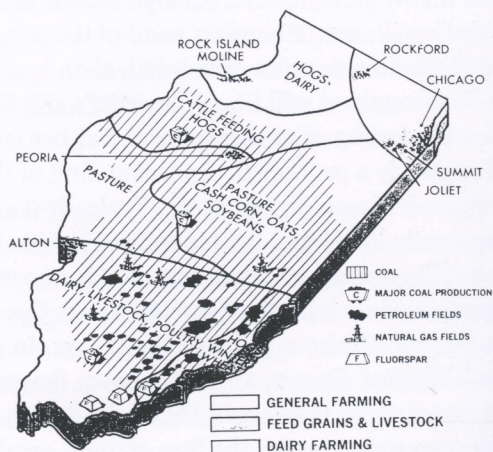
Robert Paulson's large paintings on paper explore the dualities of existence from a very personal vantage point, using a technique similar to one children learn in school. Beginning with a foundation of older, multi-color paintings, Paulson adds a heavy coat of black paint, and then scratches his figural images through this layer, revealing the color beneath. Floating luminously in a sea of black, broken by tiny flecks of light, these figures have the look and spirit of ancient astrological pictographs. *El Sol Y La Luna #127*, a diptych, is from a series inspired in part by a trip to Mexico, where Paulson was affected by the profound way in which the people's faith touches their lives. In line and form, the artist's drawing expresses both naive honesty and primitive force, while his imagery refers to the faith and foundering of our internal and external lives, the secular and spiritual, and reality and fantasy.

The function of symbols is of interest to Neraldo de la Paz, who investigates their impact in unexpected contexts, while employing them to comment on the disintegration of faith in contemporary society. *Itch*, a painting from 1988, combines two of the most widely recognized symbols in our culture—the crucifix and the “smiley face.” In this work, the figure of the crucified Christ is superimposed upon a garish, fluorescent pink smiley face, instigating a provocative relationship between the two symbols. Is the crucifix to be equated with the smiley face, which is nothing more than a construct of advertising, or does this uneasy pairing describe the chasm between faith and insincerity? The juxtaposition of secular images with traditional Christian iconography is seen again in *Oil*, a sculpture from the same series. In this work, the figure of Christ surmounts an oil-covered earth to contrast our slavish pursuit of petroleum—which translates as wealth—with the growing disregard we have for a spiritual base. The brass colander cradling the earth intimates that, although the oil will someday be drained from the earth, the resources of faith, love and hope—which Christ traditionally represents—are ultimately renewable.



Neraldo de la Paz
Itch, 1988

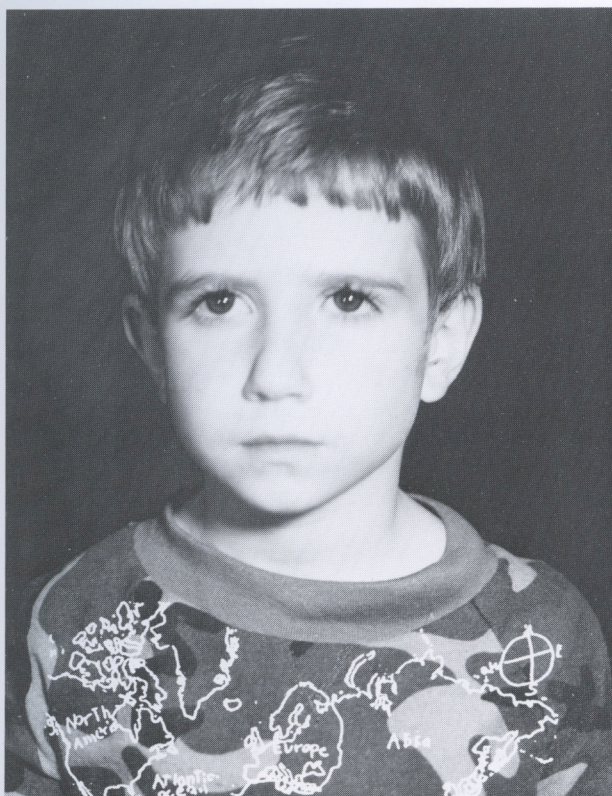
While de la Paz comments on contemporary society's lack of interest in pursuing spiritual communication, Linda Vredevelde expresses a longing for this kind of communication in the figurative language of her paintings. In these intimately-scaled oil paintings, her subjects are monolithic figures poised in spare, atmospheric landscapes, which become a bridge between heaven and earth. As in *Figure with Two Heavy Clouds*, 1989, using a pointillist technique and muted palette, Vredevelde gives the figure and atmosphere a common level of saturation wherein their mutual boundaries and the properties which compose them become indistinguishable, achieving a visual satori.



Illinois strikes me as having a very strong polarity between the rural and the urban, perhaps more so than any other state in the Midwest. Indeed, there is an interesting dao to be found in our glorious history of fertile farmlands and ineradicable political corruption. But we Illinoisans have grown quite used to living in harmony with contradictions; when we aren't feeding on our fabulous sweet corn, grain-fed beef and poisoned Tylenol, we're inventing the Ferris Wheel and the atomic bomb. We've nurtured the likes of Abe Lincoln, Gwendolyn Brooks, John Dillinger, Dick Tracy, Carl Sandburg, Bozo's Circus, Rock Hudson, Dr. Morris Fishbein, John Wayne Gacy, Jane Addams, and Ronald Reagan—and by all means, let's not forget the Cubs.

We may be able to discern the barely audible drone of that history in the background of David Hodges' mossy dramas. Studying Hodges' tiny paintings in deep black frames is like looking through the viewfinder of a bewitched Brownie camera into a private nightmare—perhaps your own. Here we recognize familiar characters—Dad, Mom, the Kids, the old Buick—in a monochromatic palette which suggests the distant past. But the activities that the characters are engaged in, and the curious narrative titles which suggest (or confound) the context of the action, shockingly transform that comfortable familiarity. In *Milk Has Soured In My Stomach Since I Was A Boy*, Hodges redefines bucolic bliss in the unsettling image of a young man in supine position suckling at the udder of a contented cow. The narrative thread in these works is erratic, almost psychotic, which seems all the more appropriate to reflect some of our deepest and most inarticulate fears about sexuality, morality, fate and mortality.

Childhood fears and the culture which manufactures them are also issues in the photography of *Bea Nettles*. In this exhibition, the three works by Nettles are from a larger series, soon to be published in book form as *Life's Lessons*. The pictures, though not documentary in nature, serve as a chronicle of the artist's experience as a parent, watching as her two children grow out of early childhood and into the colder embrace of the world. Mining a subject that is bread and butter for scores of bad newspaper journalists, cartoonists and Hollywood screenwriters could prove treacherous for the serious artist, but Nettles' images transcend the somnolent realm of the bittersweet.



Bea Nettles
Gavin With the World, 1988

In *Masculine/Feminine*, 1988, Nettles presents us with a portrait of her daughter, who at the age of six or seven, already knows how to address the camera with the coy look of a "heartbreaker." By superimposing a page of her daughter's gender-identification homework over the portrait, Nettles points to the subtle cultural pressures which are exerted upon us from the time we become conscious of our own "selves," which can completely obscure parental influence. Using a visual language which is highly personal and symbolic, she manages to give a voice to universal anxieties of the parent who knows that they have little control over what the world holds for its young initiates.

Although Donald McFadyen is a fairly recent emigre to the Midwest, his work seems peculiarly relative to Chicago. While the rest of the world—even the nation—is foggy on where or what Illinois is, the notion that Chicago is that hardboiled home of the mobsters holds on like a cement overcoat. McFadyen quotes from this disturbing urban mythology in paintings which have the appeal of black silk stockings and the taint of sin and soot. The violence in the work, more implied than depicted, resembles that in film noir, and the paintings function in much the same way. Once lured into the scene by the lush surfaces, rich shadows and moody atmosphere, the viewer is disconcerted to realize that these are unfamiliar, sinister surroundings. The paintings are small in size, but potent in imagery, like horrors d'oeuvres—delectable mouthfuls of murder, mystery and malevolence.

There is something strangely out of place in *Chuck Walker's* paintings, like coming across an onion in the petunia patch. His figures, inscrutable and unemotive, seem incongruous with, though nearly unconscious of, their surroundings. Not one to make things go down easy, Walker places the burden on the viewer to digest the irregularities of the scene. What is it about *Majorette* that jars us? Is it the irony of a black woman playing a rather dated role that is lingeringly practiced by small town white girls? Is it the military demeanor of the majorette, caught in mid-step in a gesture that is reminiscent of a Nazi salute? Much to our discomfort, Walker refuses to reveal the intent of his characters, while teasing us with a front row seat; he leaves us in the vulnerable position of having to confront the entrenchment of our own choices.



Chuck Walker
Absolute Queen of Hookey, 1986



Florrie Wescoat
Hat and Vase, 1987

Florrie Wescoat's work has a simple harmonic ring which has a way asserting itself with exquisite subtlety. Upon first glance, her still life compositions are simple and classical, wherein single or grouped objects—running the gamut from the painfully ordinary to the exotic—are rendered with academic precision. Given the time they deserve, however, these works begin to effervesce with Eastern feeling; an ordinary melon becomes a mystical talisman, a pair of fezzes becomes a zen rebus. The zen precept of the presence of absence is at work in Wescoat's paintings, as well. *Shoe, 1989*, embodies a simplicity that approaches vacuousness, were it not for the droll loneliness of the object. This single shoe, useless without a match, becomes a displaced record of the life of the person who once wore it, a tiny derelict ship that once carried someone across the earth.

Whereas Wescoat follows the painter's venerable tradition of transforming the commonplace with painted illusion, Dan Devening is rather more of a renegade magician who gives the secret away to the audience. Reminiscent of Charles Wilson Peale's *The Artist in His Museum*, Devening offers the viewer a revelation of sorts in his 1989 series of painted curtains. But, unlike the counterfeit reality in Peale's work of 1822, Devening casually announces the falsity of the painted "illusion" in his recent series which uses the letter "c" as a visual pun. In these paintings, the illusion of deftly rendered drapery is literally undercut by the cut out "c," which serves as a keyhole through which we are invited to "see" the real scene which lies behind the painted curtain. But the scene behind the curtain is

also false, and even more remote than the original illusion—merely a glossy magazine reproduction of Baroque genre painting, which remarks upon the irony that "truth" in painting is only simulated by layers of illusion.

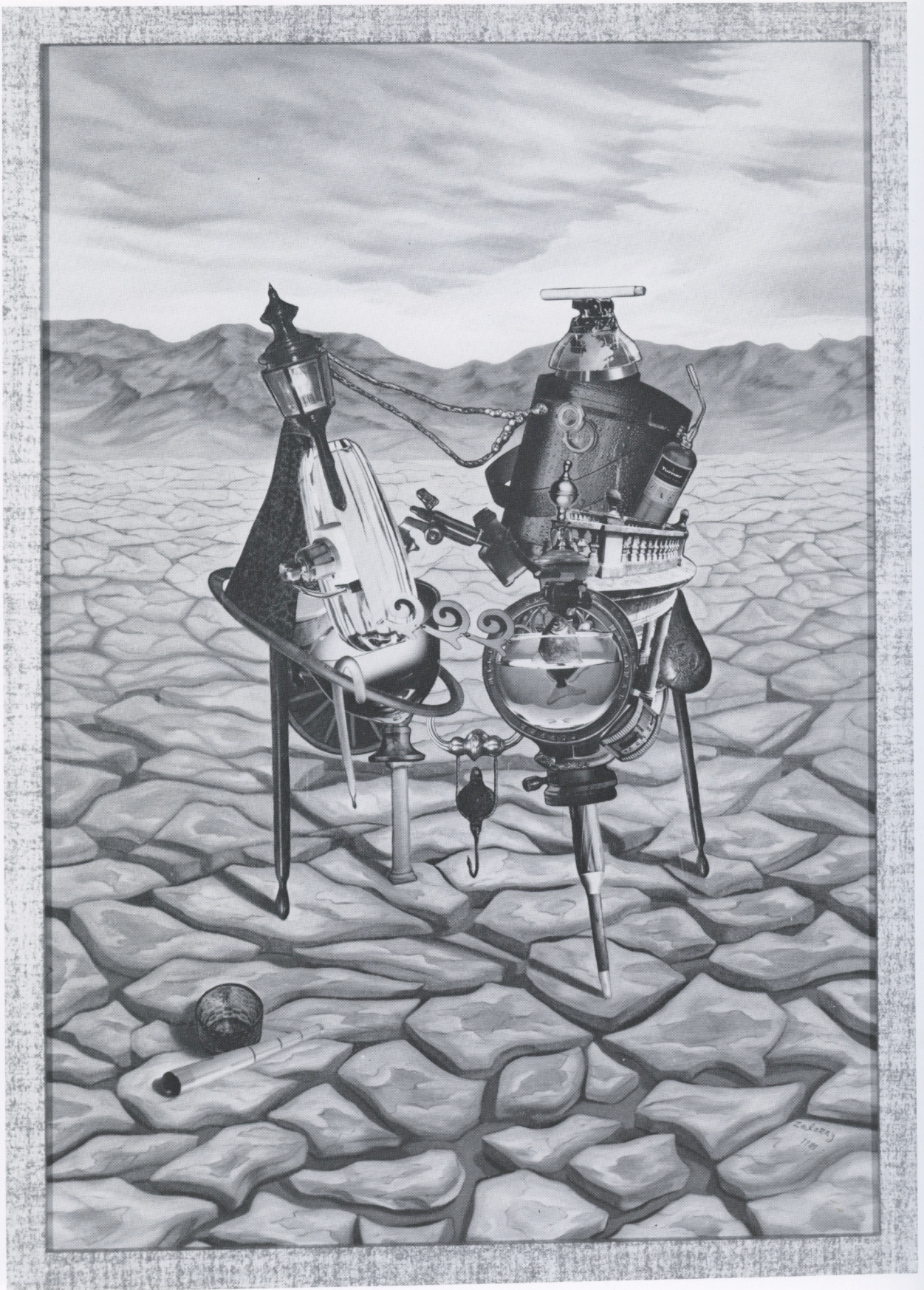
Perhaps the most introspective of all the images in the exhibition, Peggy Shaw's obscure mixed media tableaux conjure the fugitive natures of dream, subconscious and memory. In a technique which enhances the phantasmagoric quality of her subject matter, Shaw uses several surfaces and materials simultaneously. Beginning with a film positive, she might scratch through the emulsion with an etching needle and/or paint on the film from either side; then she may add collage or three-dimensional objects to the space between the film and the outer sheet of plexiglas. Finally, she manipulates the surface of the plexiglas from both sides. In *There Are Always Two Possibilities, 1989*, the simple photographic image of a woman bent over a table gathers a powerful psychological tension from the deepening tones of grey, blue and black, which converge in a vortex of lines etched on the surface of the piece. By violating and obscuring the photographic image, Shaw muddies the demarcation between reality and illusion, yet never confounds the essential truth of both.

Putting together *Our Corner of the World* certainly sharpened my awareness of just how active the visual arts are in Illinois. There was no shortage of great work to choose from, and in fact, I barely tapped the resources. As I said before, I don't go in much for home state boosterism. But, what with the prevailing penchant for coasts, it sometimes seems as though I'm obliged to convince the rest of the world that Illinois is not such a bad place to be. Malodorous politics and nasty climate aside, it's really not bad at all. Granted, the love of art pales a bit next to the love of hard-luck baseball teams in the Illinois creed, but we're working on that.

— Laurie Dahlberg



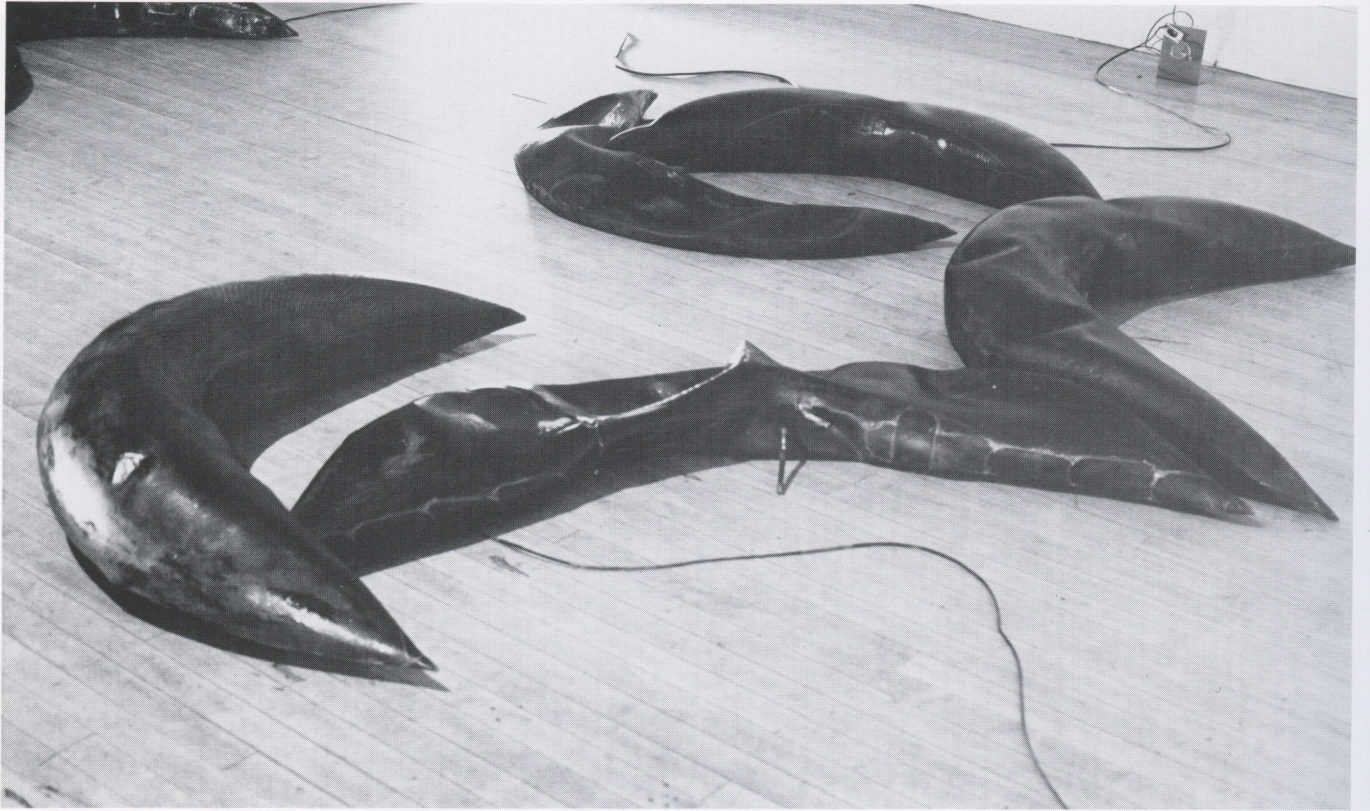
Aristotle Georgiades
Rank and File, 1989



Mary Lou Zelazny
Tarantula, 1989



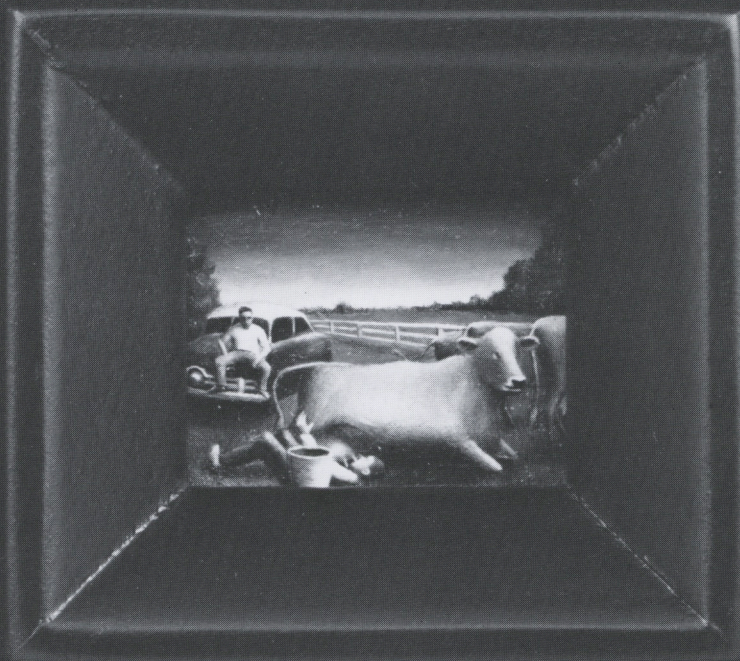
Rosalyn Schwartz
Landscape with Pink Stream, 1989



Wendy Jacob
Untitled, 1989



Neraldo de la Paz
Oil, 1988

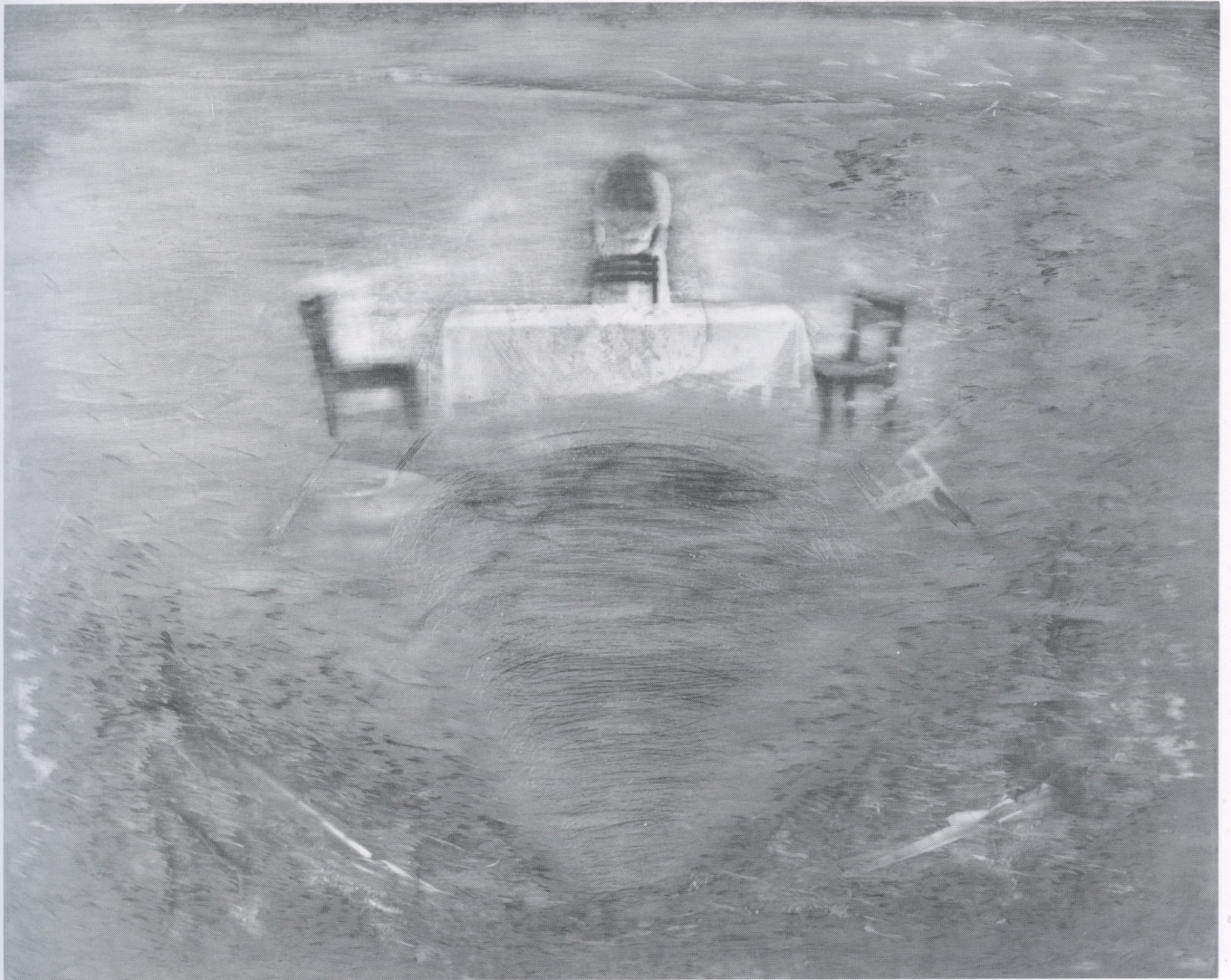


MILK HAS SOURED IN MY STOMACH
SINCE I WAS A BOY

David Hodges
Milk Has Soured in My Stomach Since I Was a Boy, 1989



Dan Devening
Untitled, 1989



Peggy Shaw
There are Always Two Possibilities, 1989

Catalogue of the Exhibition

Diane Cox

Portrait with/out Teeth, 1988
mixed media
48 x 84 x 12 inches
courtesy Gwenda Jay Gallery, Chicago

Dead Birds, 1988
mixed media
49 x 4 x 11 inches
courtesy Gwenda Jay Gallery, Chicago

Deer Prosthesis, 1989
mixed media
6 x 16 x 6 inches
courtesy Gwenda Jay Gallery, Chicago

Overdue Bills, 1988
mixed media
18 x 24 x 24 inches
courtesy Gwenda Jay Gallery, Chicago

Dan Devening

Untitled, 1989
oil on canvas
18 x 14 inches
courtesy Center for Contemporary Art,
Chicago

Untitled, 1989
oil on canvas
18 x 14 inches
courtesy Center for Contemporary Art,
Chicago

Topiary #7, 1988
colored pencil on paper
14 x 11 inches
courtesy Center for Contemporary Art,
Chicago

Topiary #8, 1988
colored pencil on paper
14 x 11 inches
courtesy Center for Contemporary Art,
Chicago

Joel Feldman

A Temptation, 1989
woodcut on handmade paper
36½ x 71¼ inches
courtesy Koslow Gallery, Los Angeles

St. Anthony I, 1989
woodcut on Okawara
30¼ x 36 ½ inches
courtesy Koslow Gallery, Los Angeles

St. Anthony II, 1989
woodcut on Okawara
30¼ x 36½ inches
courtesy Koslow Gallery, Los Angeles

St. Anthony III, 1989
woodcut on Okawara
30¼ x 36½ inches
courtesy Koslow Gallery, Los Angeles

Aristotle Georgiades

Rank and File, 1989
mixed media
52 x 24 x 18 inches
collection of the artist

Pie in the Sky, 1989
mixed media
101 x 45 x 34 inches
collection of the artist

Plow, 1989
mixed media
8 x 14 x 6½ feet
collection of the artist

David Hodges

*Milk Has Soured in My Stomach Since
I Was a Boy*, 1989
oil on panel
13¼ x 16¼ inches
collection of 1st National Bank of
Chicago
courtesy Dart Gallery, Chicago

*Daddy's Scared to Death of the Water
But He Holds Himself to His Standards,
Anyway*, 1988
oil on panel
13 x 16 inches, each panel
courtesy Farideh Cadot Gallery, New
York

Wendy Jacob

Untitled, 1989
mixed media installation
10 x 14 feet
courtesy Robbin Lockett Gallery,
Chicago

Donald McFadyen

*A Worked Back (One Dulled Boy in
Wartime)*, 1987
oil on panel
9½ x 52½ inches
courtesy Dart Gallery, Chicago

Untitled, 1987
oil on panel
9½ x 8¾ inches
collection of Mel Hamilton
courtesy Dart Gallery, Chicago

Untitled, 1987
oil on panel
12½ x 14¾ inches
collection of Daniel and Rena Sternberg
courtesy Dart Gallery, Chicago

Untitled, 1987
oil on panel
20¼ x 10 inches
courtesy Dart Gallery, Chicago

Bea Nettles

Gavin With the World, 1988
Polaroid
20 x 24 inches
collection of the artist

Feminine/Masculine, 1988
Polaroid
20 x 24 inches
collection of the artist

Hand/Eye, 1988
Polaroid
20 x 24 inches
collection of the artist

Robert Paulson

El Sol Y La Luna #147, 1989
oil on paper
40 x 60 inches
courtesy J. Rosenthal Fine Arts,
Chicago

El Sol Y La Luna #141, 1989
oil on paper
40 x 60 inches
courtesy J. Rosenthal Fine Arts,
Chicago

El Sol Y La Luna #127 A and B, 1989
oil on paper
40 x 60 inches (each panel)
courtesy J. Rosenthal Fine Arts,
Chicago

Neraldo de la Paz

Oil, 1988
mixed media
60½ x 15 x 15 inches
courtesy Betsy Rosenfield Gallery,
Chicago

Itch, 1988
oil, polyresin and fluorescent paint on
canvas
72 x 102 inches
courtesy Betsy Rosenfield Gallery,
Chicago

Nine, 1988
oil and enamel on wood, cast bronze
figures
43 x 38¾ x 98½ inches
courtesy Betsy Rosenfield Gallery,
Chicago

Eighteen, 1988
oil on canvas
53½ x 53½ inches
courtesy Betsy Rosenfield Gallery,
Chicago

Rosalyn Schwartz

For F.G., 1988
oil on canvas
84 x 60 inches
collection of the artist

Fragile Life, 1988
oil on canvas
84 x 48 inches
collection of the artist

Red Landscape, 1989
oil on canvas
24 x 30 inches
collection of the artist

Untitled, 1988
oil on canvas
20 x 16 inches
collection of the artist

Landscape with Pink Stream, 1989
oil on canvas
24 x 20 inches
collection of the artist

Peggy Shaw

There are Always Two Possibilities,
1989
photographic transparency and mixed
media
49 x 60¾ inches
courtesy Betsy Rosenfield Gallery,
Chicago

Soul, 1988
photographic transparency and mixed
media
20¾ x 16¾ inches
courtesy Betsy Rosenfield Gallery,
Chicago

Spirit, 1988
photographic transparency and mixed
media
20¾ x 16¾ inches
courtesy Betsy Rosenfield Gallery,
Chicago

*A Reflex Involves No Conscious
Control*, 1989
photographic transparency and mixed
media
49 x 60¾ inches
courtesy Betsy Rosenfield Gallery,
Chicago

Linda Vredevel

Figure with Two Small Clouds, 1989
oil on canvas
15¼ x 13 inches
courtesy Gwenda Jay Gallery, Chicago

Figure with Two Heavy Clouds, 1989
oil on canvas
15¼ x 13 inches
courtesy Gwenda Jay Gallery, Chicago

Head, 1989
oil on canvas
8¼ x 8¼ inches
courtesy Gwenda Jay Gallery, Chicago

Head With Long Cloud, 1989
oil on canvas
27 x 32½ inches
collection of Barbara Lask

Chuck Walker

Absolute Queen of Hookey, 1986
oil on canvas
62 x 50 inches
courtesy Peter Miller Gallery, Chicago

Majorette, 1986
oil on canvas 80 x 50 inches
courtesy Peter Miller Gallery, Chicago

The Road to Port Isabel, 1986
oil on canvas
84 x 48 inches
courtesy Peter Miller Gallery, Chicago

Florrie Wescoat

Two Red Fezzes, 1988
oil on linen
28 x 36 inches
courtesy Center for Contemporary Art,
Chicago

Hat and Vase, 1987
oil on linen
20 x 20 inches
courtesy Center for Contemporary Art,
Chicago

Shoe, 1989
oil on linen
18 x 22 inches
courtesy Center for Contemporary Art,
Chicago

Glove with Still Life, 1986
oil on linen
14 x 16 inches
courtesy Center for Contemporary Art,
Chicago

Mary Lou Zelazny

Hidden Trojans, 1989
oil and collage on canvas
36 x 50 inches
courtesy Roy Boyd Gallery, Chicago

Tarantula, 1989
oil and collage on canvas
50 x 36 inches
courtesy Roy Boyd Gallery, Chicago

Misplaced Homage, 1989
oil and collage on canvas
57 x 39 inches
courtesy Roy Boyd Gallery, Chicago

Terri Zupanc

Yellow Birches, 1989
oil on canvas
8 x 14 inches
courtesy Center for Contemporary Art,
Chicago

Untitled, 1989
oil on panel
40 x 70 inches
courtesy Center for Contemporary Art,
Chicago

Untitled, 1989
oil on canvas
7 x 12¼ inches
courtesy Center for Contemporary Art,
Chicago

Untitled (Dear Helen), 1989
oil on canvas
10 x 14½ inches
courtesy Center for Contemporary Art,
Chicago

