



Slip- stream

CURATED WORKS BY SUSIE KALIL » KIRK HOPPER FINE ART » MAY 28–AUGUST 6, 2016

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MAY 28–AUGUST 6, 2016
KIRK HOPPER FINE ART
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3008 commerce **kirk hopper** fine art



LOIS DODD
ROGER WINTER
NORIKO SHINOHARA
JORGE ALEGRÍA
LYNN RANDOLPH
MARY JENEWEIN
BILL HAVERON
ANGELBERT METOYER
EMMI WHITEHORSE
JAMES SURLS
ALEXANDRE HOGUE

► **Bill Haveron**
Ka Done Gone Kamikaze
2015
Graphite on paper
72 x 48 in.



◄ Front cover:
Angelbert Metoyer
The Ursidae in the Field Next
to the Other Road (detail)
2016
Mixed media on paper
69 x 48 in.

◄ Previous page:
James Surls
Her Universe Apart (detail)
2014
Graphite on paper
60 x 40 in.
Collection of Charmaine Locke
& James Surls

ESSAY BY SUSIE KALIL

Nothing is stable. Out there in today's society, moments of the ineffable – love, desire, death, beauty – are buried beneath a deluge of often disjunctive visual media. We're only a hop, skip and jump removed from the America we see on TMZ and reality TV, a country at the mercy of greedy corporations and venal politicians, reeling from the absurdities of a pop culture machine driven by fame and commodification. For the lost, the unlucky, the disenfranchised, those who struggle to pay the bills and hold onto a job, the solid ground beneath their feet has given way. From now on, we're in free-fall, the way we are in nightmares when well-known landscapes suddenly change shape. Everything seems so familiar – and so incredibly strange.

Saturated by a bombardment of bad news, war coverage and catastrophic images of terror, pressurized as individuals in an age of turbo capitalism, we start yearning for poetic counter-worlds. More and more people realize that our present system can be replaced by something better – closeness rather than distancing; a developed discipline of caring; an individualism based on social relationships that promotes community and the welfare of the whole. I'm referring, of course, to "moments of grace," which occur as intuitive perceptions or insights into the reality or essential meaning of something. We all have them – minute glimpses of awareness or profound breakthroughs of revelations that linger in our conscious selves. These moments may evoke a sense of freedom, well-being, peacefulness, isolation, horror, anger or hate. In any event, such experiences transcend the immediate and personal, bringing to light a timeless and universal awareness which previously may have been only



▲ **Noriko Shinohara**, Chrysler Building at Night, 2016, colored pencil on gray tinted paper, 8 x 10 in.

a dim shadow. In the instant when we embrace both sides of any experience, we are stepping through a gateway, a threshold moment that initiates us into the world as it is – a crosscurrent of emerging patterns, a world that changes and transforms us in the very instant of contact – a metaphysical “slipstream.”

We sometimes seek the strange, realizing that in dislocation we find ourselves. In exploring the repressed nature of bodily experience, the ten artists of *Slipstream* aim to return viewers to an encounter realized physically as well as aesthetically and intellectually – a gut level transaction that’s a far cry from the constitutional laziness that pulls the art establishment towards blandness and hype. Works of this kind are not so much terminal expressions of disenchantment with a re-mix culture as they are perhaps last-ditch efforts to restore the mythic and spiritual aspects of life itself. Feeling is made the issue at stake. The emotional charge of materials, the personal relationship to experience, the desire to make contact with something real, even sacred, provides the challenge. Such drama is religious in nature, as it frequently addresses the conflict between the inevitability of decay and our lust for preservation. It’s reflected in the art of our time, where death and rebirth, apocalypse and revelation occur at once and within moments of both endings and beginnings.

The world as these artists see it is not for the faint of heart. It presents a complexly interwoven series of narrative entanglements that stretch across time, alternate universes and at least several multiple realities. Their drawings catch something in the air, addressing environmental fragilities and the current cultural malaise. And yet they also go beyond closely observed realism, using unsettling imagery to underscore the idea that the forces bearing down upon us are not just a matter of daily struggle to make ends meet. At the mercy of circumstances beyond their control, people on the edge may feel as if they are engaged in a terrifying fight for their lives.

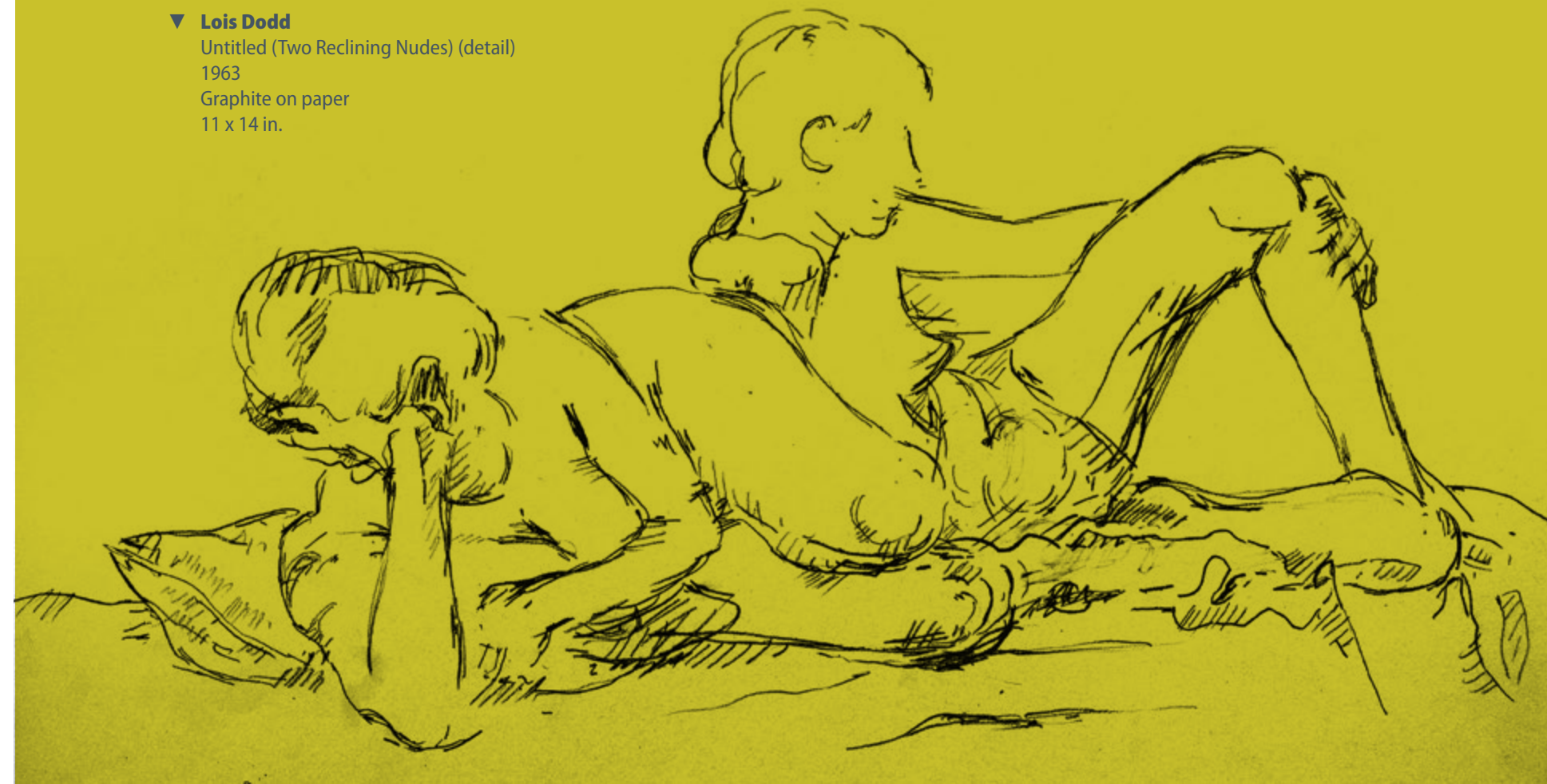
By uncovering hidden layers of meaning and by pointing out inconsistencies in the world, the artists of *Slipstream* break down social and intellectual hierarchies and reintroduce the play of intuition and lyrical metaphor. Such an endeavor can only be described in terms of revelation, a completely physical awareness of our momentary place within a broader order. We are allowed to withdraw here, to ponder what we are seeing and living, to feel a kinship with ancestral memories from deep time, to realize our interdependence and interconnections. The message of their drawings, if properly assimilated, has the potential to reconfigure our emotional, physical and spiritual orientation in the world. As such, *Slipstream* becomes a kind of metaphoric visual opera, propelling us across the psychological and physical landscapes of the human condition. In doing so, it pushes hot buttons galore: sexuality, faith, poverty, disease, rebellion and sheer willfulness.

These artists ask meaningful questions: who’s in charge; how is power expressed; whose voices are unheard and whose stories are lost? At *Slipstream’s* core is the ongoing fascination of how to be a person – to just be – and an unflagging belief in the real-life power of such an aesthetic. All of the works are imbued with a poetic and moral truth, attempting to make some mark for the spirit and the soul rather than exist as empty signing of profundity. Ephemeral revelations of beauty are coupled with moments of great sorrow or overwhelming grief, of impermanence and permanence, of what vanishes and what remains. The world of separation melts away. In these bittersweet melodramas, life unfolds kaleidoscopically, unraveling and reopening with each and every encounter. A number of works have a potent incisiveness that borders on high camp, often using cartoon riffs to make visually demanding statements about the tension inherent in the social construct. Ferocious in their archetypal intensity, these eye-popping images hit us with the force of speeding bullets. Beneath the surfaces, however, lurk provocative often intensely probing questions about the seeds of human nature.

Entering the full-throttle installation of drawings is to sense an art that is created under pressure: emotional, intellectual, social, spiritual. It’s a pressure that’s quite different from that required for gallery “brands” and art fair “promos.” Rather, the energy that shapes and stimulates the work is channeled by artists who stand both inside and outside the culture. For whatever reason- age, gender, race, temperament – and no matter what their circumstances, these are artists who, in fundamental ways, just don’t fit – and they know it. All are artists of our mash-up epoch and the iconoclasts who, by intent or not, light the fuse to whatever stylistic “canon” anybody still takes seriously. Their works are as personal as they are political – and we cannot separate the two any more than we can in our own lives. Chronologies are upended and narratives are apt to begin at the end and end in the middle. The deeper themes here are time and memory, their passage and unreliability, their corrosive effects and falseness.

Slipstream crosses conventional genre boundaries between sci fi and fantasy, the surreal and even literary fiction. It is about many things: worlds within worlds, the strangeness of living in the 21st century and our constant state of flux. *Slipstream* is thick with life. Each drawing pulls together so many aspects of consciousness and so many moments of stray experience that it’s like watching someone tap into the miraculous. It’s no coincidence that *Slipstream* hearkens to a bygone era when artists regarded themselves more as priests or shamans than as professionals. Such a truth-to-power gathering not only restores a humanistic connection, but also brings art world and real world into razor sharp focus. Significantly, the show represents an affirmation of belief that the world is full of majesty and mystery and worthy of scrutiny. Looking at the drawings by each artist is to sense the presence of a mind that is wired in a different way. One is struck by a radiant force of expression, a palpable sense of courage and

▼ **Lois Dodd**
Untitled (Two Reclining Nudes) (detail)
1963
Graphite on paper
11 x 14 in.



compulsivity – a “language” simultaneously wild and precise, a rare blending of reckless abandon and tight control. In many cases, one gets the feeling the work is less a finished product than a record of exploration. Theirs is not a struggle to merely achieve a creative act through drawing; rather, theirs is a genuine reflection of the innermost soul through fears, phobias, loves and obsessions. It is as if art had connected them to the very nerve of their universe by becoming the conduit of their messages, their visions. Not all of these messages are comfortable. None of the *Slipstream* artists shy away from subjects that approach social or art world taboos. And it is this intensity, this lack of concern for conventions that sharpens perceptions, disrupts belief systems and stirs our souls. The stakes are very high – each story is a different weapon; each artist works from the trenches. But they all illuminate a

dominant theme, the myriad ways in which human lives and the environment can intersect, and the potentially great rewards – or irreparable damage – that can result from the unlikely spark of those connections. The artists of *Slipstream* simply open their eyes, describe what they see and end up hitting on more human truth than we’re likely to find in all the decadent excess and harsh asceticism that prevails in elite culture.

All of these artists use the most direct means possible – pencil, charcoal, ink on paper- to convey innermost feelings, obsessions and visions. Each of them use the mark – tenuous, seismic, fierce – as conduit for language, identity and communication. Line carries the message in drawing, the most immediate, least self-censored way of working. More than painting and sculpture, it approximates

most closely the artist’s mind. The lightweight materials enable artists to work almost anywhere and give their efforts a genuine transparency that exposes the very nerve endings of the creative process. The reduced scale, the openness to invention, the close physical contact between hand, marker, and surface often conveys a more intimate and ultimately more revealing work.

A drawing can be highly controlled and delicate, redolent of personal memory, history or desire. It can be automatic, responding to irrational elements or chance encounters. Drawing is improvisatory and always in motion, offering the most extraordinary range of possibilities. It is a map of time that records the actions of the artist. Drawing anchors us in space, gives us coordinates and direction. In many respects, drawing is the extension of sight, as logical and instinctive response to seeing as language is to thought. Through drawing, concept can shed its literal meaning and take on the enhanced reality of visual experience. Accordingly, the images that arise in drawings often hold personal and powerful significance for the artist. They are landmarks on a psychic map and, as symbols, become part of a glossary of visual elements that frequently occur in the work. The personality of marks and lines serves to reflect the artist’s personality while also involving us in the process of the hand shaping and making visible certain emotions and experiences.

For the artists of *Slipstream*, drawing is a self-fulfilling medium, not simply an adjunct to painting or sculpture. Relinquished of its traditional role, drawing functions as a resource and constant point of reference for them to investigate, examine and reconsider priorities. Significantly, artists known primarily for their

achievements in one medium can be understood better through other aspects of their works which reveal the evolution of skills and ideas. As the creative matrix for many forms that later assume material substance, their drawings do not just complement the work, but rather fuse with paintings and sculptures in ways that make them inseparable. Toward that end, drawing becomes the process for rapidly expanding an aesthetic and stylistic vocabulary. For these artists, to draw is to explore. It is an autonomous medium that can reveal a world of untapped images, providing insights into the subconscious – of dream and fantasy, wishes and fears. This innate realm is often distinguished by nervous anxiety, change and compulsion. In the illusory space of painting, several states can be represented simultaneously; in drawing, however, time itself is the only space and it is alive, open, vibrating, mutating. To draw, however, is not only to measure and put down, it is also to receive. The encounter of these two energies occurs when the intensity of looking is matched by an equally intense converging force. As such, drawing is not so much a window on the world, but a means for understanding our place within the universe. At the core of every approach to drawing is the mark. Throughout *Slipstream*, marks can be seen as attempts to preserve and embody a certain kind of physical motion. At the same time, the works suggest that all marks, however self-contained, are part of something larger and perhaps unknowable. Line loosens and tightens, expands and contracts. Strokes tower, bevel, loop and dart. Here, line is urgent and abrupt where elsewhere it is full of grace; here there is anger and defiance where elsewhere there is humor and harmony. The need, the drive to mark is so strong that the drawing makes its own reason for being.

▼ **Mary Jenewein**, *Far from Home*, 2015, graphite, charcoal, ink and chalk on paper, 55 x 99 in. Collection of Caroline Goeser

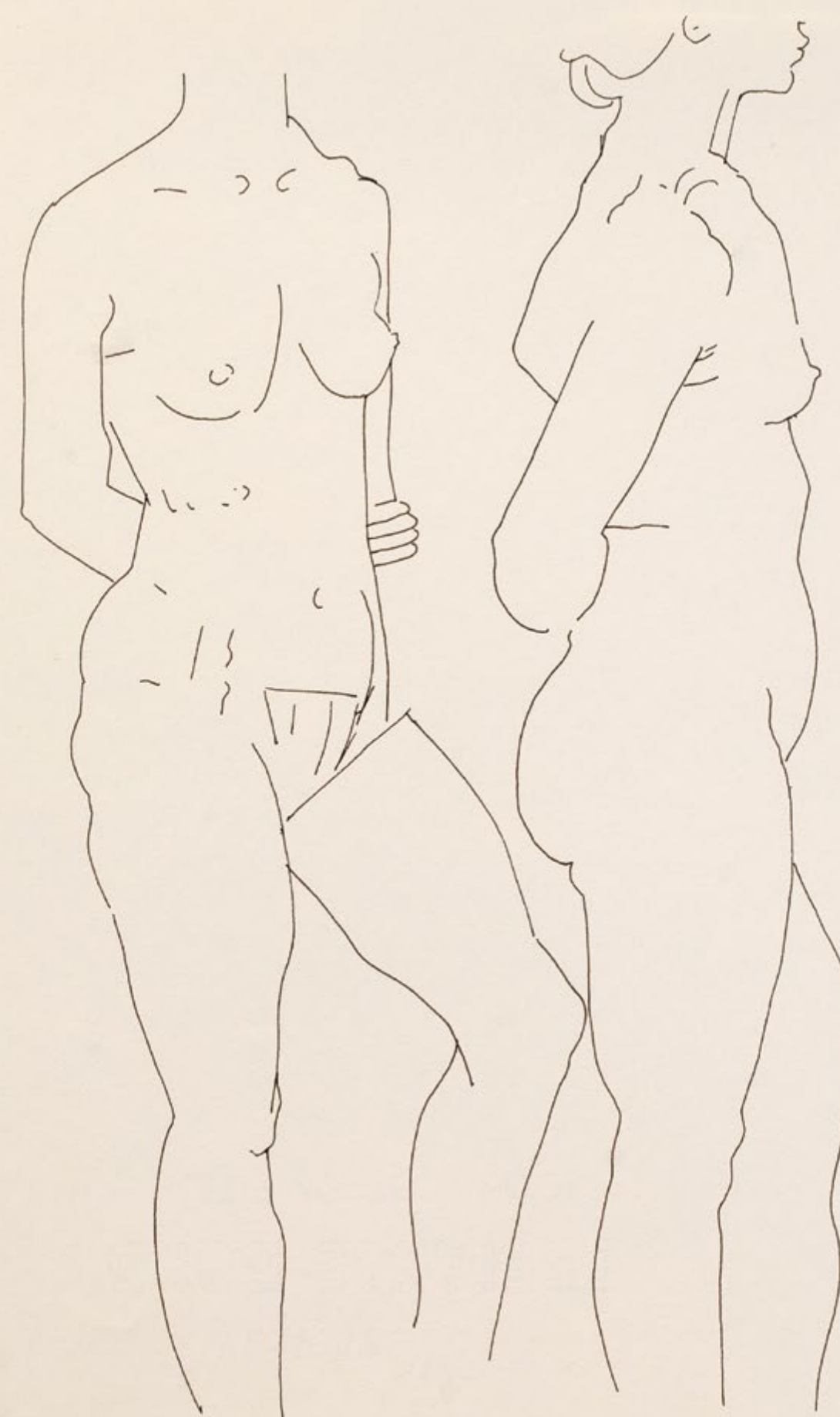


LOIS DODD

Often in art, as in many things, simplicity and elegance can be the enemy of feeling or vigor, but not so in Lois Dodd's case. For decades, her arresting paintings of Northeastern landscapes and bare-bones clapboard houses have conjured a seductive evocation of place – the sense of a particular moment, season, temperature and light – with broad, assured strokes and both heightened and softened hues. Indeed, one of the pleasures of Dodd's work is a taut balance of inventive power and structural rigor, a back and forth play of alternating perceptions between elements of representation and modernist abstraction. That poetic sensibility and distilled visual experience combine to bring the most anarchic of forces – the life force itself – under some kind of temporary control.

In a series of graphite figure studies, we see Dodd closing in on her subjects. Produced in the early 1960s as part of a weekly life drawing group started by Mercedes Matter, founder of the New York Studio School, the encounters allowed Dodd to address the most primal of human concerns: the difference between self and other, between transcendence and metamorphosis, between vital presence and physical space. In the process, Dodd reminds us through a model's exposed neck or gauche knife-jacked legs of the tender vulnerability of even the strongest, fittest bodies.

Dodd stares and pries, educating her eye about the tension between the truth and the "ideal," which can only be glimpsed "slippingly." The models breathe and twitch, their muscles stretching, tensing and relaxing. Across the series, the figures' genders become less discernible, their proportions less fixed as torsos and legs seemingly overlap or become fused. We sense Dodd working with great immediacy, an awareness of time as fleeting and transient, outside her mind, and the eyes ahead of her thoughts. Yet by representing the figure without narrative content or pictorial illusion, Dodd presents it anew as a dynamic form of abstract beauty and endless compositional possibilities. At times, Dodd lets go, prompting us to complete the broken line, the sketchily indicated hand or limb. Elsewhere are distinct variances from broadly lilting contours to rapid crosshatching. Spines twist, heads, lift, poses



◀ **Untitled (Two Standing Nudes)**
1969
Ink on paper
11.8 x 8.8 in.



◀ **Untitled (Two Nudes)**
1962
Graphite on paper
9 x 12 in.

▶ **Untitled (Two Reaching Nudes)**
1964
Graphite on paper
11.5 x 15.8 in.

▼ **Untitled (Two Reclining Nudes)**
1963
Graphite on paper
11 x 14 in.

are actively held even as one limb or body part heaves into view. Her recurving line can take on invigorating speed. Swollen breasts, curvaceous hips, ample buttocks are shaped by lines that pulse, grow thick and thin, or sprawl. Dodd confounds outside with inside, the external means of definition with the inward presence of the thing defined. Her drawing, alternately tenuous, spare and expressive, follows a rhythmic course between brittleness and fluidity. The pencil flows, pauses, or runs on at paces that are by turns meditative and aggressive, a lively mix of staccato strokes, whiplash lines and rippling curls.



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What do portraits reveal and what do they hide? How do they take on specific meanings at different times that reflect, interrogate and construct identity? An image of a figure is a kind of inoculation against the fading of memory, one of the most terrifying symptoms of our mortality. The likeness of a face is a form of gesture – a relation of sizes, angles, values – in other words, knowing how to measure with the eyes to illuminate the light within. Roger Winter has drawn and painted his wife Jeanette hundreds, perhaps a thousand times over the 58 years they’ve been together. During 1968–69, however, the drawings reached a fever pitch: Jeanette in close-up or from a distance; sitting in a chair or reclining on a bed; relaxed, alert, pensive; quietly suffering or sweetly enticing.

How well do we know the ones we love? And who are we when we no longer recognize the people who are closest to us? At a time in which generational memory seems fading, elusive and consonant with forgetting, the transitory nature of images and moments evoked can resemble a kind of twilight. But growing up and old is not only a process rooted in our biological existence, it is also an experience, an incalculable series of events, moments and acts lived by an individual. This experience, this passage through the maze of inner life composes our journey. At its best, portraiture can capture a moment of life’s passage, recording a particular subject at a revealing time.

For Winter, drawing offers a unique intersection of soul-searching intimacy and process-driven gesture. At the time, Jeanette had just written, illustrated and published her first children’s book. Although Winter had become a full time faculty member of Southern Methodist University’s art department, he was also trying to find the next space for his paintings. He was after some elusive “something.” Drawing provided the means to grow as an artist and a new language manifested through immediate, more intuitive decisions. In the Jeanette drawings that “language” is transmitted as emotional memories – what the nerves and skin remember, as well as how they appeared. Part of it is a love story – Jeanette as muse, adviser and model – but the drawings are much more than that: writing; the chaos of sexuality; competition and



► **Untitled
(Jeanette)**
1969
Graphite on paper
9 x 11.8 in.



▲ **Untitled (Jeanette)**
1968
Graphite on paper
4 x 5.8 in.

Winter creates a kind of utopian space around his wife, which he warps, distorts and shapes to his own ends as if Jeanette is preparing for a life of multiple possibilities, not a single role.

envy; loneliness; joy and sorrow. There are the expectations we have of those closest, but with never any rules for guidance – just the day after day of it and beneath it all, the queasy possibility that it all might end tomorrow. At the core of the intense attachment are feelings of twinship, with the portraits serving as a kind of echo. Are they faithful renditions of Jeanette? Or are they about Winter’s broad artistic wingspan and his chameleon moods, including the beauty and pain that make up the vertigo of life?

Looking at the portraits, we also expose our own places, social formations and partial identities in establishing what should count as truth. Again and again, Winter renders the surface but also the character of Jeanette. Everything shows – the face, after all, is the center of the senses – her class, her vulnerabilities, but also a driven demeanor that sharpens her over time. Winter creates a kind of utopian space around his wife, which he warps, distorts and shapes to his own ends as if Jeanette is preparing for a life of multiple possibilities, not a single role. By doing so, he catches a moment when a shadow of the invisible appears, through which we take some measure of who she was in 1968–69 and who she might emerge as in the mirror of time.

Pervasive throughout is the sense of conscious commitment in each mark. The visual richness deployed in a tuft of hair or a cheekbone is also redolent of Jeanette’s intensity and intelligence. Wiry, electrified lines move through spare figure-ground relationships and densely complex energy fields. The line approaches handwriting or perhaps a struggle toward

verbalization. The Jeanette drawings speak of distance, desire, memory and possession all at once, like a compulsive thought constantly transforming itself. Winter knew that to produce drawings in prodigious numbers would help percolate the imagination. Over and over, his syntax of figuration stretches out, sometimes dissolving into indecipherable but evocative abstract shapes. Wide looping or jabbing strokes counter thin lines set down by quick, short thrusts of the pencil. We follow the line’s sweep of continuous movement from the tip of her nose down to the chin and on to the shoulder to the crossing of legs and back again. The lines flow and pull us into the picture plane. This sweep of movement releases Jeanette from the page and forces us to contemplate time’s passage – the certainty of then, the vaporous now and the elusiveness of what’s to come.

What we’re talking about, of course, is the construction of identity, the means by which we understand ourselves as she-warriors or bad girls or for that matter schizophrenics, addicts or manic depressives. Every mainstream culture – to the extent that it exists anymore – offers up hundreds of ways of being anything; it’s all fragments, contradictions, falsehoods and cross-references, a psychic hurricane of confusion. What’s at issue is not only the difference between the fictive and the real, but a much deeper set of oppositions between the private and the public, between the self and world at large, between hidden obsessions and our daily traffic with one another.

For Noriko Shinohara, the telling of one's story is a powerfully subversive act that not only channels innermost feelings but enables the artist to reclaim her life. Part of the ongoing semi-autobiographical series "Cutie and Bullie," the pencil vignettes are inspired by her 40 year marriage to famed Japanese artist Ushio Shinohara – in particular, the isolation and resentment of a young woman and mother forced to support her husband's career. Here, she fuses Pop sensibilities with antilinear narrative form. Like Dorothy on the yellow brick road, Shinohara sets us on a convoluted trajectory in search of meaning – or at least some laughs.

The drawings are to be read up close, like postcards, not contemplated from a distance. Since there's no coherent point of view driving the narrative forward, they can be taken consecutively or randomly. Although they share certain structural similarities to underground comics, the Brooklyn- based artist tramples over conventions of comic-book narratives just as blithely as she does the hallowed grounds of art history.

Anger and sadness might be the driving forces of Shinohara's stories, but humor is the kick to understanding her work. Shinohara does not rely on a moment of shock by breaking the boundaries of taste. Rather, she deliberately puts her drawings in a state of naivete and innocence, which in certain moments engenders a slightly hysterical mood. Shinohara is clearly attuned to both real and imaginary pleasures. In a sweet, colored pencil rendering, Cutie braids her hair. She holds a mirror with one hand, locking our gaze with her wide almond-shaped eyes and oversized red lips. In another drawing, we travel with Cutie to the Chrysler building, which teeters like a phallic symbol with tricked-out bling; then we bear witness to her unembarrassed transformation as



NORIKO SHINOHARA

▼ Cutie's Adventure in Wonderland

2016

Colored pencil, watercolor and graphite on paper
10.3 x 9 in.



◀ La Penseure or Cutie Thinking

2016

Mixed media on paper
12.5 x 9.5 in.



◀ **Cutie Under Mosquito Net**
2016
Graphite on paper
12 x 9 in.

▶ **Cutie Dressing Her Hair**
2016
Colored pencil, watercolor and graphite on paper
12 x 9 in.



Raphael's La Fornarina. Reimagining herself in a Utamaro print and as part of the Ukiyo-e floating world, a nude Cutie shrieks with laughter as she lifts a mosquito net, which is formed by a welter of loosely knit, crosshatched lines. The ambient is at once fierce and comical, rollicking and stable. Shinohara skillfully combines abyss and idyll, kitsch and virtuosity, irony and seriousness. Her scripted line seduces our attention with its breeziness, the product of a light and fleeting hand.

But make no mistake – Shinohara has her cake and eats it tooth and toenail. She plays rough with little girl iconography and sugary coyness. What emerges is a ferociousness that compensates for the frustration generated by years of pent-up longings. By addressing romantically enhanced or clichéd motifs, Shinohara strips her drawings of art history's weight and preciousness. Underneath the voluptuous contours and charming fairytale vignettes is a

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knowing, darker edge of life experience – how fate and internal struggle, beauty, guilt and fear conspire to an uncertain future. Who has Shinohara/Cutie become? How does she see herself? Shinohara's childlike stories are deliberately ambiguous – as timeless and universal as the desire to make sense of life and love and our individual place in the world. Yet her intimate effects also attest to a distance and certain coolness. Shinohara conjures an “ideal” world that may or may not be benign.



▲ **Sus herd**, 2016, graphite on paper, 13.5 x 16.5 in.

JORGE ALEGRÍA

In *Slipstream*, stories are unreeled that travel several directions at once: from past to future, from future to past, and from fictive to actual and back again. The blurred temporal borders make sense of an exhibition in which it feels as if everyone is being tugged by gravitational forces. At its best, that world taps into the wonder that can come with new visions and realms. The imagination places the world of the future either far above us or far below. We dream of traveling through the universe – but isn't the universe within ourselves? Eternity with its worlds – the past and the future – is in ourselves or nowhere.

In Jorge Alegría's universe, the forces of order and the forces of chaos are locked in struggle. *The War of the Angels* is an alternative creation myth, a new story of how the cosmos and all that dwells in it came to be. Alegría's epic series presents a futuristic vision of a pluralistic world that is light years away. Evocative of *Star Trek*, *Star Wars*, *Blade Runner*, *Aliens* and other sci fi movies, comics or graphic novels that similarly take a mythic approach to fabulizing the future, the small drawings are finely attuned to place and atmosphere.

The "War" that is called into being is dark and dystopian, yet induces visions of dreamlike intensity. There is something gripping and immediate about Alegría's intimate works, which use cotton pads, brushes, stencils, graphite powder and all manner of pencils to create microcosmic worlds within macrocosmic stretches of space. They grab us viscerally, yet insinuate a poetic understanding of the plight of souls. As Alegría tells it, *The War of the Angels* begins during the story of Noah, with lives and animals relocated and dispersed throughout a star system in which other civilizations and angels rise and fall over the millennia. When a distant angel seeks revenge, all humankind and other beings, earth and colonized planets, become



▲ **Veran slaver**
2014
Graphite on paper
13.5 x 16.5 in.



threatened by terrorism. More than simply an expression of craft and virtuosity, Alegría's reservoir of ideas is generated by a steady stream of consciousness, an intuitive lateral thinking process that runs continuously back to boyhood interests: dinosaurs, Bible stories, ant farms, bird watching and fantasy books. As an adult, he began to question the systems of order we impose on the world. By confronting catastrophic situations where they break down – 9/11, ISIS – he reveals how fragile reality is, how disconnected we have become from grace and redemption in an unsettled era of spiritual malaise. All of the drawings are imbued with melancholy, mystery, a sense of foreboding, or a psychological and symbolic dimension that captures complex moods and states of being. An abyss of velvety black sky and eerily luminous worlds beyond evoke primal forms of escape and finality – at once total submersion as well as abandonment, loss and ultimate desolation. Surveying this never-neverscape are the dark angels, like ominous foes detected from the deck of Starship Enterprise. Giant mounted proto-spiders and shadowy beings float from place to place and seem to inhabit as much an internal as external realm. The cosmos

▲ **Onnum traders on Xoc**, 2015, graphite on paper, 13.5 x 16.5 in.

▼ **Aerophages**, 2016, graphite on paper, 13.5 x 16.5 in.



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feels like it is coalescing at the same time it could dissolve. It's a striking paradox then, that despite the intent, Alegría's work – through its exploration of meaning and faith – also reminds us of the failure inherent within those belief systems. In other words,

when the present is obscure and alien, the future can look like home. Alegría makes us stare into that unthinkable void of space and time.

▼ **The Red Lochs (gliders feeding)**, 2015, graphite on paper, 13.5 x 16.5 in.



All of these artists are coming to grips with the realities of who we are, a spiritual tenor both dire and redeeming. Their works have soul as well as nerve – a sustained shriek about power and morality in a new global era. The silent horror of dying informs Lynn Randolph’s drawings, which ambush us with relentless personal conviction and spellbinding strangeness. One of her great strengths as a painter is the ability to reflect our worst fears and anxieties back to us, even as she manages to infuse the grimmest scenes with absurd humor. The gloss of youthful vitality can persuade us that life is for the living, but leaving the world – slipping through our own veils – is no easier than entering it.

Where does the life go when a body dies? The wish to die quietly at home frequently doesn’t happen. Chances are, we won’t expire in the arms of those we love but in rooms full of bewildering machinery, tubes and uniformed professionals. Caught up in the medical paradigm of cure, we assent to heroic measures that may deprive us of final dignity. Further confusion emerges in a technological age when brain death, heart death and other circumstances cloud our understanding of termination itself. What is death and what does *loss* mean? What has happened to death as a community event and mourning as a communal practice? Why should we so often die unready in those last days of our journey? Randolph’s drawings remind us that we are embodied beings yearning for communion with one another, that we suffer pain and loss; that we struggle to transcend our bodies and our anguish by connecting with outer worlds and inner realms.

Although they have been stimulated by extreme grief to process the death of her husband, renowned sociologist Bill Simon, the drawings also take narrative form from her ongoing work with palliative care patients at M.D. Anderson Cancer Center.

► **Her Soul’s Visit**, 2015, graphite on paper, 18 x 24 in.



For eight years, every Tuesday afternoon, Randolph has channeled the stream of consciousness visions of dying people. She conveys the fresh hell in store for all of us, but does so with sheer inventive beauty and stunning emotional resonance. Each narrative is about a single life – one that ends and then is gone forever. Each hospital room is an airless territory in which human beings are suspended in an alien world, a perpetual twilight where boundaries blur. The works deftly combine elements of the weird and scientific with acute psychological and metaphoric realism. They are painstakingly rendered worlds within worlds, promising voyages of spirits to unknown shores. Such stories suggest that we are as applicable in the greater universe as we are in a grain of sand. Throughout, Randolph builds bridges to the spiritual. Around that, she groups caretakers and medical authorities, friends, relatives and dysfunctional family members. Events are revisited and reframed, turned inside out and then right side up again. Twisted bed sheets become rippling seas or swirling constellations that expand like gossamer webs. Some of these patients seem completely at home in their sterile surroundings, quietly acknowledging ghostly visitations or drifting off in a pain-induced haze.

In *Grand Rounds*, the patient is surrounded by a team of doctors clad in white lab coats, stethoscopes draped around the necks. Their human faces, however, have morphed into those of pit bulls and hunting dogs. We may find ourselves thinking of dark and stormy nights on which mad scientists begot monsters. For the most part, themes of love, given or withheld, unfinished business, spirits waiting, course through the narratives. Randolph links the metaphysical as well, even suggesting that our lives are connected by jumbles of atoms and cosmic forces that, with untouched grace, hold the memory of where we've been. Clusters of stars and galaxies burst through the ceiling of a hospital hallway and surround a beatific woman in a wheelchair. Angelic guides perch on her shoulder and stroke

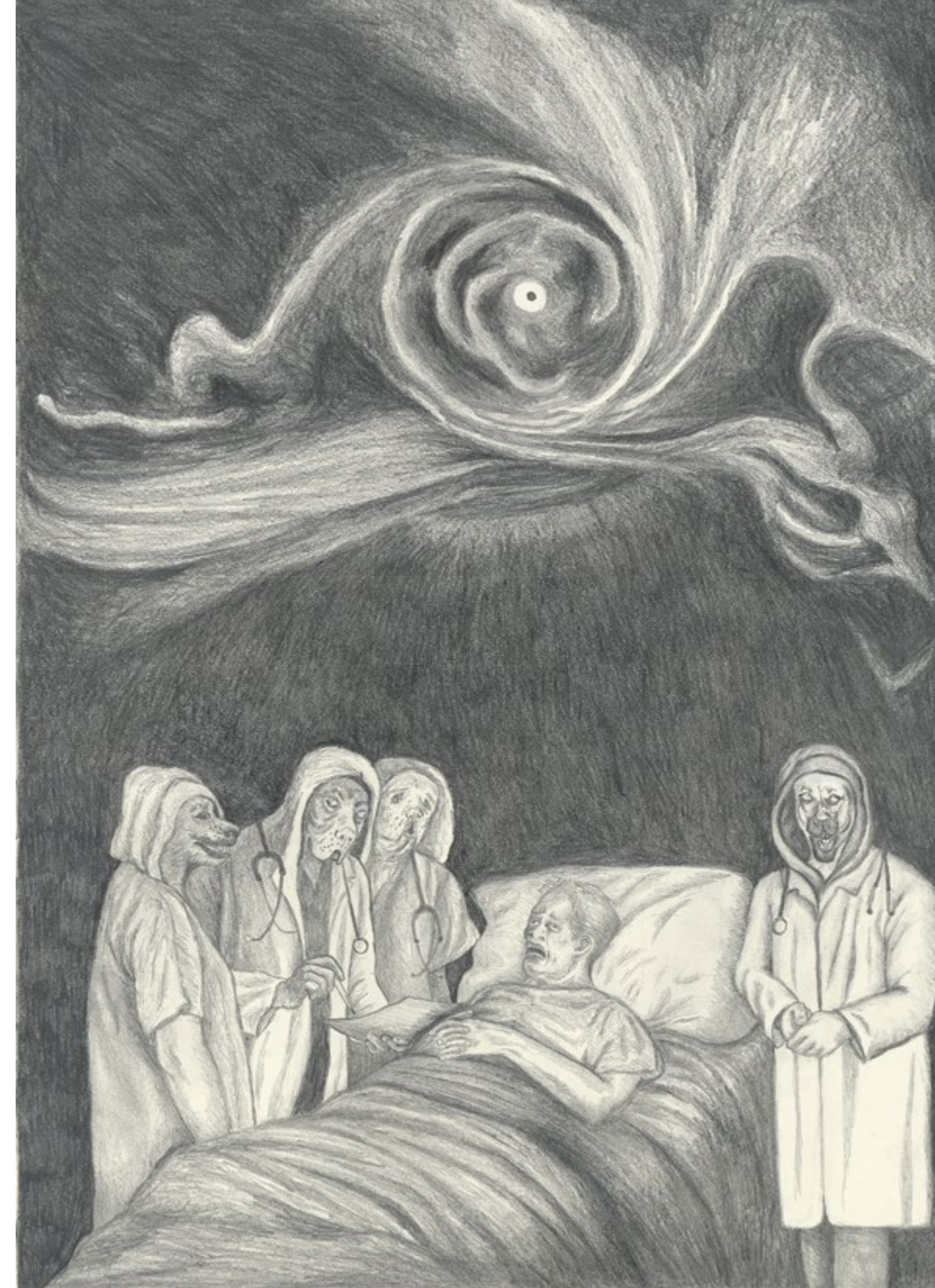
her head. In *Master Builder*, we see a patient frantically moving his arms and hands as if constructing an imaginary church. An owl inexplicably soars through the glass window and across the room – a silent presence that occurs during the soul's flight.

In each case, the air is inky black, yet flooded by a piercing light. Randolph covers the paper with dense pencil marks, obsessively sculpting and shaping the figures, actions and storylines. She



▲ **Master Builder**, 2015, graphite on paper, 18 x 24 in.

edges toward the fantastic and then pulls back to offer credible ways to render her patient's disorientation. The result is tightly wound, yet flexible work: realistic enough to ask for our whole involvement in its story, yet still full of the moments of slippage and dissociation that magical realism is so adept at evoking. But what we're seeing here is something deeper and more useful: a desire to understand and substantiate the ultimate experience that defines us. As Randolph so powerfully conveys, we're at our most vulnerably human once we've burst through those automated hospital doors.



▲ **Grand Rounds**, 2015, graphite on paper, 24 x 18 in.

She conveys the fresh hell in store for all of us, but does so with sheer inventive beauty and stunning emotional resonance.

▼ **They said they saw angels on her shoulders**
2015
Graphite on paper
24 x 18 in.





▲ **A Pale of Settlement**, 2015, graphite, charcoal, ink and chalk on paper, 37 x 44 in.

The works in *Slipstream* reflect a quest for knowledge of the essence behind things, for the extraordinary. But they also highlight moments that we no longer notice in our fragmented lives. How do we recognize ourselves or speak on our own behalf when interaction has become so mediated and disconnected? Mary Jenewein's Internet-derived charcoal, ink and pencil drawings of homeless encamped beneath Houston's freeway overpasses expose misery in the midst of plenty. With its seething undercurrents, her series *Far from Home* is dense and stirring. It echoes both personal explorations and more universal concerns that not only deal with the notion of invisibility and identity, but also examine the moral matrix in which we are all inextricably embedded.

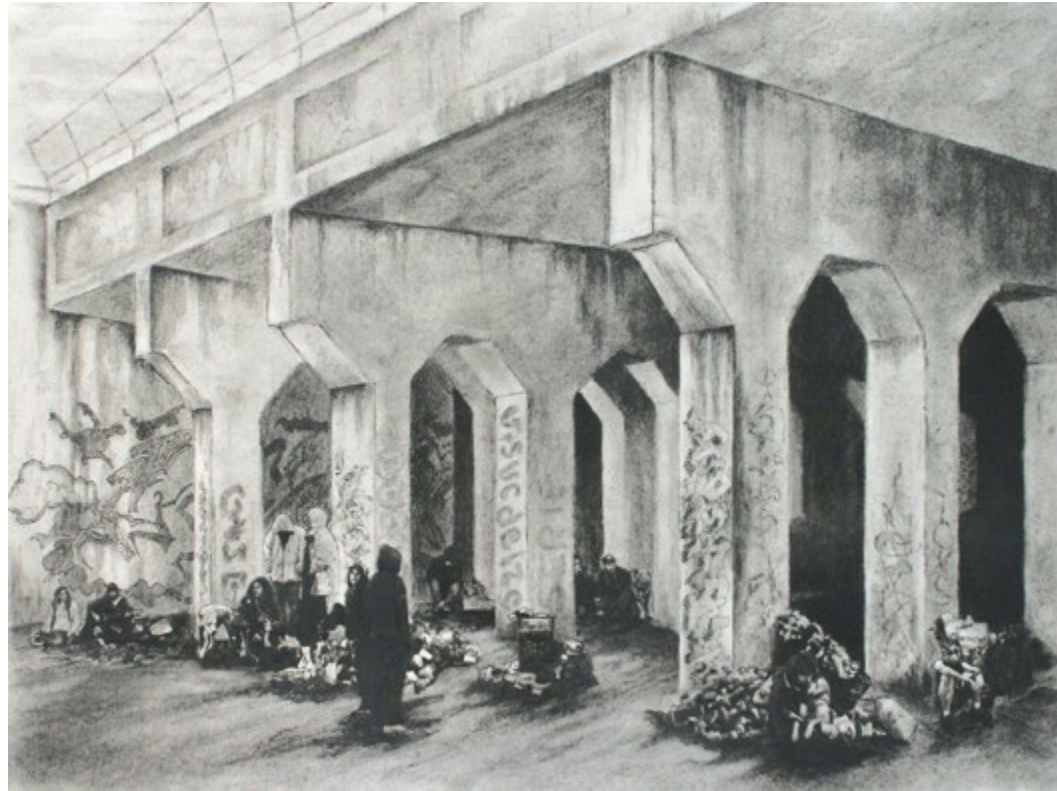
Throughout, Jenewein opens a window onto a kind of parallel city hidden in the shadows – dark holes of vanished ambitions – and sends a paroxysm of shock through people who have long looked the other way. As Jenewein reminds us, living in extreme poverty means waging a daily battle for the comforts that luckier people take for granted. She depicts the homeless shuttling from pillar to post, rendering them in such high-resolution detail that their ghost images will surely linger if we shut our eyes.

The homeless, of course, have always been with us, yet not always seen. They live on the street in cardboard boxes with their feet sticking out the end or huddle under cheap blankets. Their possessions are stashed in black plastic bags or piled in grocery carts. Dogs become makeshift



▲ **A Room of One's Own**, 2015, graphite, charcoal, ink and chalk on paper, 37 x 44 in.

family members. Refuge is found in sleep. Some of the blankets cling to or wrap around the bodies like death shrouds. Others have the weight and volume of sculpture, forming intricate abstractions of folds, creases and shadows. Possessing great power and immediacy, Jenewein's images portray human beings in their transience and fragility. By dint of scale, frontality and body language, they seem less on the walls than in the room with us. In these anonymous men, women and children, Jenewein depicts extraordinary emotional states: resentment, pride, suffering, loneliness, resignation. It is the psychological insight of her drawings that grab us; as loaded as a Goya, these images have potentially lethal effect.



▲ **There Are Stories for Those Who Live Here**, 2015, graphite, charcoal, ink and chalk on paper, 37 x 44 in.

The arches, columns and lofty spaces of the freeway structures become sacred temples. But the world they inhabit is indeed a purgatory. Each of her subjects is electrically charged, bathed in revelatory light. Figures are hooded or covered in heavy coats; bodies are slumped; legs dangle from abandoned scaffolding or loading docks. Every detail of clothing, gesture, posture and facial expression adds to a depiction of individual spirit. What permeates the work is the thrusting outward from the artist herself to encompass broader concerns – an emphasis on visceral immediacy, but also the ever-widening gap between the haves and the have nots. Her largest piece – over five feet in width – has the complexity of a Classical frieze: figures move back and forth in time and space; we see how relationships mutate, how disappointments, hopes and losses reverberate like an echo chamber.

Few are the voices that will speak up for those who have slipped through the system's cracks. While more and more of the disenfranchised appear on the streets, the homeless are portrayed as pathetic victims or as drug-ridden agitators – if they are represented at all. Few are willing to break down the wall of indifference that has been constructed around these "invisible" people who are not allowed control of their lives. The series is as much a wake-up call as it is a passionate demand to create and produce a climate of social change. Jenewein contends that there is no higher and lower nature in human beings. It's all one.

► **Will You Be Home When the Snow Leaves the Ground?**
2015
Graphite, charcoal, ink and chalk on paper
37 x 44 in.

In these anonymous men, women and children, Jenewein depicts extraordinary emotional states: resentment, pride, suffering, loneliness, resignation.



BILL HAVERON

Looking at the things that are discarded, of course, tells us much about the present. For years, Bill Haveron has mapped the dark side of the American dream: the disappointment, even desperation that ensues when ambitions are thwarted and hopes spin out of reach. Throughout the highly charged constructions and works on paper, Haveron uses his sturdy gifts as a storyteller – his willful eccentricity and compelling “language,” his sympathy for the downtrodden, his eye for detail – to give us visceral portraits of people trying to make sense of the past and the present.

In Haveron’s post-crash America, we’re closer to the edge than we realize – and it doesn’t take much to slip. His narratives are funny and soul-crushingly sad. Yet all of them convey an essential humanity in us that endures in the face of a terrible economy, depletion of natural resources, stupidly cruel bosses and a government bent to the superrich at the expense of everyone else. Filled with pun-strewn, autobiographically-inflected references to philosophy, history, social catastrophe and the ludicrousness of human behavior, he dives deep into the emotional with the most recent drawings.

Some images are not easy to look at – there’s almost no cultural hot button his “plotlines” don’t push: race, class, sex, imminent ecological disaster and genetic experiments gone awry. All of the works are covered with dense markings of colored pencil, schematic lines, diagrammatic notations, trance doodling psychedelia and mesmerizing *horror vacui*. His style boomerangs between hyper-real wizardry, quasi-biblical and apocalyptic epic, surrealistic action and a comic book naivete that helps defuse his most lurid images. Traveling through these storyboards is a journey that must be taken with patience and affection, letting the eye tackle the various jump-cuts through what Haveron clearly views as the spiritual minefield of contemporary life.

A chameleon with an amazing range of skills, he’s able to render a visionary imagination with unabashed acuity. The overall theme – and resonant myth – connecting all kinds of goofy, scary fantasies, may be construed as the search for truth in a world of accelerating decline. As political and historical allegories, the works are concerned with the quest for identity and the



◀ **Some Say Unfit Mother**
2003
Graphite and paper on paper
60 x 42.5 in.

mysterious dynamics between life and art. Haveron confronts power where it is both dark and vulnerable then puts us right up against it, even rubs our noses in it. He reminds us that power slips and slides from war rooms to the streets and into the living room. The erosion of boundaries is like a loss of a distinct sense of self. For Haveron, territory is ill-marked and its frontiers and extent unclear. He intends the work to be a provocation, a kind of shock treatment that jolts us into an examination of our own values and behaviors. There's good reason for it: an increasing struggle over ideas and control is going on in our society.

Accordingly, his work investigates how hierarchy is expressed – who is included and who is left out. Haveron is after a gut response to real problems of real people who make choices about assuming responsibility for those problems. At the same time, he gets inside senseless aggression and posturings, failed struggles, resignation and pain. In any case, Haveron isn't just presenting a theater of the absurd, but that of reality – the world as is. And he is not fooling around.

Haveron conjures a psychological complexity that operates somewhere between Bosch and Disney. Accordingly, the chic, the primitive and the poetically polished clash in ways that continually strike sparks. Using cartoon riffs and Pop culture as his model, Haveron aims to get under our skin and take us for a wild ride. Moving from childhood and adolescent experiences of growing up in the honky tonk bars of East Texas to adult repression,



▲ **Why Don't You Wear This Dress Anymore?**, 2016, graphite and colored pencil on paper, 48 x 72 in.

their implicit theme is the hard drop from bliss to tainted disillusionment. For Haveron, identity perhaps will always hang in the balance between hard-lived fact and oppressive fiction. Most of the drawings examine the relentlessly bizarre moments of ordinary life. Whenever Haveron envisions a kind of paradise, however, it's with street smarts.

In *Drillin' Rig Takes Forest Fey – Check*, Peter Pan and Richie Rich match wits at a chess match in which everything is fair game, including status, money, education, the extinction of animals and deforestation. The loss of identity to corporate consumerism is at the forefront of *Why Don't You Wear This Dress Anymore?* A shaggy-blonde in short-shorts and fuzzy socks reclines on a faux leopard skin sofa in her trailer. She holds a TV remote in one hand, and lifts a cigarette to her lips with the other. Beer bottles and Taco Casa fast food sacks litter the floor. A Japanese woman in ceremonial

Traveling through these storyboards is a journey that must be taken with patience and affection, letting the eye tackle the various jump-cuts through what Haveron clearly views as the spiritual minefield of contemporary life.



▲ **Crowded House**, 2015, pencil on paper, 48 x 72 in.



▲ **Drillin' Rig Takes Forest Fey – Check**, 2015, colored pencil and graphite on paper, 48 x 72 in.

robes holds out a colorfully patterned, authentic Czech/Polish dress to the young woman, who clearly isn't interested. Hanging on the wall above the sofa is a generic Biblical rendition of Jesus as "Fisher of Men." Outside the window is a Boomtown scene of Mexican workers spreading cement with brooms. In *Crowded House*, hordes of immigrants and hungry animals exist cheek-by-jowl in a shelter already bursting at the seams: babies scream; women push vacuum cleaners and eat pizza slices; dogs and cats defecate; overweight men gobble burgers and fries; a mob of white and blue-collar workers vie for services. The house is crumbling, yet everyone still crowds to get in – regardless of false promises. Each figure tries to outlast and stay alive by attending to his or her own survival. Haveron depicts a claustrophobic culture of globalization – a kind of hell that justifies the delirious, insatiable need to sell. The choreographed scenario accelerates in frenetic rhythms. While the pace is breakneck, the composition has a feeling of measured contemplation that reveals his remarkable draftsmanship. Crisply drawn lines curve, loop and stretch, conveying the unsettled quality of something about to fall apart, a captured moment of flux. Manifest in every mark, every stroke, is the force of Haveron's struggle with identity. Indeed, Haveron stares at the frailty of flesh and bone – our fear and distress – so intently, that he burrows down to its inane and hapless core.

All great drawings instill absolute believability in us, a feat achieved through a visionary mind as much as a skilled hand. To be inspired, possessed, obsessed, but most of all to take risk, is necessary for the artist to attain revelation. Just as Haveron's drawings weave a hypnotic spell of moment-to-moment truth, so do Angelbert Metoyer's iconic images engage in archetypal metaphors of aggression and vulnerability, spiritual redemption and perdition. The works are permeated with themes that emphasize the psychic experience as transmitted through the primordial, the mythic and ritual acts, referring to the drama of beauty and decay, faith and sacrifice.

Issues of identity are at the root of Metoyer's recent drawings. But identity is multifaceted and never clear cut, branching off to include unknown or real and make-believe identities, and those which lie on the surface or just beneath it. Do we find our identities inside ourselves or are they the residue of our recognition of the Other? *Mud-Gold-Man* and *The Ursidae in the Field Next to the Other Road* are portraits of Metoyer's self – as cypher, as mediator between past and present, between his own cultural embeddedness and disparate spiritual worlds. Bold, heavily lined black silhouettes loom, animals morph into mythical creatures and mystical glyphs strike us with the force of a squall. The startling effect is tantamount to watching this artist's life unspool and splay before our very eyes, only to learn that we haven't even gotten started. Or that he hasn't. The question of beginnings and endings, how to proceed through life, suggest that states of being and order of events may be random, serendipitous, a matter of alchemy or metaphysics that forces us to look at our own souls without any props or lenses. By doing so, we learn that faith comes not only from the spiritual life and high revelations; it also comes as an emanation from the depths, an utterly impersonal reality from the most personal place. The rawness and immediacy of these drawings act upon our nervous systems, triggering responses that are various, questioning and therefore transcendently, electrically alive.

In both works, Metoyer confronts us body-to-body. His stripped presence and penetrating gaze suggest the enigma contained in thought. It's a hard stare – an interrogation of us who stand before him, attempting to tap into memories and emotions of strange places, the

► **The Ursidae in the Field
Next to the Other Road**
2016
Mixed media on paper
69 x 48 in.



The startling effect is tantamount to watching this artist's life unspool and splay before our very eyes, only to learn that we haven't even gotten started. Or that he hasn't.

predeterminations of nature, of creatures beholden to the realm of spirits. In *Mud-Gold-Man*, the artist's nude body bears the image of a crucified figure with no face. Metoyer's head is ringed by a golden energy field that suffuses the entire paper with gestural energy, a kind of transient flicker or darting movement. A smaller, younger version of the artist sits in lotus position at the feet of his primal self. The drawing, alternately innocent and expressive, follows a deceptively "naïve" course – between delicate crispness and fluidity in lines that aggressively thrust forward as wiry scrawls, knots and clusters. Itchy, skittering strokes coalesce and dissipate in a paradoxical fusion of messiness and grandeur. Impulse and erasure, confession and repression are locked together. The dark, slashing strokes and vivid highlights that so furiously define Metoyer's image reflect the spiritual fervor of his resolve.

In *The Ursidae in the Field Next to the Other Road* – an homage to the Jean-Michel Basquiat painting embroiled in a payment dispute after auction – Metoyer contemplates his own remembrance and afterlife as an artist. Here, he sits cross-legged on the head of a bull. A ferocious bear with gaping mouth and flashing eyes emerges behind the artist – a totemic presence resonant with meanings that reach across cultures: a brutal, primitive force and emblem of warriors; a symbol of strength and masculine courage; a dark power, cruel and lustful. The bull, of course, carries a number of connotations, ranging from vast mythical/sexual symbolism, as well as the bullock that pulls and works to spoofs of male posturing. Metoyer's transmogrified form engrosses us in sensations of alternately rough and vulnerable, ominous and protean. Here, the bull's multiple eyes represent the bridge

between inner and outer reality, as well as the unconscious. Seeing is highly sensitive touching. The eye touches or feels things out of reach of the hand. It also suggests a symbolic role – as the eye of the divine or the artist himself; as the eye of fate; as an emblem for the intersection between the sunlight eye of creative reasoning and the moonlight eye of intuition, between the needle sharp arcs and points of geometry and the magical eye of mysticism. Throughout, Metoyer's line is charged – even without direction and with a seemingly random graffiti quality. It conveys a vital impulse. These contained furies seamlessly fuse raw strength and refinement, impending disorder and resilient structure. The apparent mayhem of Metoyer's marks is astonishing, yet the presence of a directing intellect is unmistakable.

Layers of sanding, gold powdery flecks and burned rubber result in a depth and luminosity that hold the entire surface in stasis, transforming it into a vibrant, transparent membrane. It quickens the pulse, making us aware that there is no one place to stand before the vaporous smears and whiplash strokes, no perfect vantage point from which to take in the shifting dichotomies. Being, for Metoyer, means eternal flux, with all its terror and enigma, the dissolution of love, the failure of memory, the breakdown of the body. Yet his drawings take us to new realms, perhaps places we don't want to go, and bring us back as we never were before. The constants are suspended motion, metamorphosis and transformation – a yearning for a different state. What will that be? Who will he become? The vulnerable equilibrium can't help but summon in us a sense of our own moral truths, of time's relentless devouring, with unsparing focus.



◀ **Mud – gold – Man**
2016
Mixed media on paper
73 x 49 in.

EMMI WHITEHORSE

Confronting Emmi Whitehorse's works, we seek meaning in a world observed but unseen, a place of primal recognition and poetic elusiveness. Drawing upon her life experiences and Navajo heritage, the images tell the story of an intimate knowledge of the Southwest landscape over time. For Whitehorse, nature is synonymous with movement and change, but also a reminder of the fragility of human existence. The desert is marked by apparent contradictions; the elements constantly participate in a perceptual gambit of space, form and void, shadow and light.

In such wide open spaces, it is often difficult to discern where the mountains stop and the clouds begin. As Whitehorse conveys, however, there are areas whose beauty awakens in us a sense of the eternal. It is a land in flux yet soothing in its permanence. No matter what is discontinued thousands of years hence, the land remains. The desert is a place with an arid environment, where water is a precious resource and humidity a rarely known phenomenon, where the land – often full of contrasts of rock forms, mesas and sparse vegetation – can provide a riot of color in a wet spring or harbor a green valley, where there are monumental vistas of land forms and ever-changing cloud formations. It is a place, in both mythology and reality, which tests the heart and soul. The desert can bring us face-to-face with hardship and dread, but also assails us with extraordinary daylight ethers and seemingly impossible mirages.

Whitehorse's works on paper, which combine oil, pencil and chalk, evoke Dinétah, the homeland. They are stimulated by the artist's mystical conjuring of place, her instinctive feel for an untamed land. The psychological intensity of her personal involvement sustains a generative impulse behind the translucent grounds. Whitehorse has not only pondered the environment, but has experienced it with all her physical and spiritual being – as a child, she played and tended sheep in the New Mexico land. She has continued to walk it, while making connections between abstract properties of time, distance, speed and perception, in addition to the linking of geographic points.



▲ **Indian Fig**, 2012, oil, chalk and paper on canvas, 39.5 x 51 in.

It has been said that we never really forget anything, and that all our pasts lie deep within us somewhere waiting for a stray sight or smell to bring them to the surface again. But memory is more than looking back to a time that is no longer. Perhaps we try to find something that at the time we had somehow missed, perhaps an answer to questions we hadn't known how to see. *Cod Swallow* and *Indian Fig* are made in such a way as to encourage immediate and distant viewing, tactile and visual experience, and both physical and emotional involvement. They investigate notions of metamorphosis, a kind of reassembling of the spirit, the mind, the body and the land itself. By juxtaposing geographic rhythms and perceptual eccentricities, Whitehorse binds her marks, scrawls and forms together in constantly shifting structures of horizontal and vertical planes. Having little idea of true scale or distance, we begin to read the macrocosm and microcosm of this intense fragment of earth. Accordingly, the paper becomes a kind of barometer registering chromatic binges, not only depicting light but radiating it. In doing so, Whitehorse draws us into a keen awareness of time as a palpable presence. Her works cannot be grasped in an instant, but exude contrasting concepts of time: the past, which is reflected in traces of geologic outcroppings and decay; the present, in which we interact with the primacy of Whitehorse's mark; and the eternal, timelessness imbued by nature's regenerative cycles of rustling leaves, bursting seed pods, or shifting masses of ambient air.

In *Cod Swallow*, nature is present as a kind of hyperspace: images quake, the very air seems to jump. The surface glows with a cooled heat of yellow-red, a light of incandescent energy. Our eye must climb up or down, or squeeze behind a range of glyphs and symbols: wavy plant tendrils, thorny pods, tiny footprints, concentric rings of water and vertical "portals" or entry points. All of these intersect each other as gossamer presences that seemingly float amid the arid landscape. They remind us that we are part of the millions of microorganisms reproducing and decomposing in the soil and are like the water of the planet that is in our bodies, the rivers and in the very air we breathe.



▲ **Sea Grit**, 2016, oil, chalk and paper on canvas, 51 x 78.5 in.

Gazing at *Indian Fig* is like entering an impenetrable forest of green cacti full of odd shapes and spines. Here, Whitehorse takes us on a journey wherein firmament and form challenge the very limits of our perceptions. There is rapture, exhilaration and speed to this movement, of conveying an effervescent delicacy and daring: a sense of release as a state of entrancement. Some forms seem to rotate or vibrate above ambiguous horizons in precarious kinetic balance. Dancing energy patterns interweave a single continuum – woven fields of interlaced spirals, orbits, ellipses, serpentine, filigree crystals and DNA chains drive the channels of space between marks. At times, Whitehorse uses up-and-down snaking lines that move across the paper with strident arrhythmia. In other areas, bold gestural lines collide, overlap or sweep in and around the atmospheric effects, creating a surface of raw vitality. Every wobbly line has a character; each symbol has its own language and temperament. Washes of diaphanous yellow-green have different shapes and moods, like specimens in a collection of insects.

In both works, the infinitely small seems conflated with the unimaginably large – organisms under a microscope become topographical maps of strange realms. Indeed, "mapping" seems an appropriate metaphor to Whitehorse's drawings. It refers

Whitehorse has not only pondered the environment, but has experienced it with all her physical and spiritual being – as a child, she played and tended sheep in the New Mexico land. She has continued to walk it . . .

to related modes of charting, diagramming, of taking the measure of the world. Mapping restages and gives life to displaced and repressed histories. But it also challenges operational definitions of reality, suggesting that much can be gained by imagining an unbounded world in which spiritual and physical recognitions emerge. Significantly, Whitehorse conveys a sense of closeness at the same time she intimates a powerful yearning for what lies beyond. The work is about consciousness, about the way we transform and internalize perception into being, into who we are. For Whitehorse, reality is in a constant state of flux – and subject to nature's mercy. She questions what barely holds, summons forth what is mutable and contingent. There is the feeling that the drawings will have changed if we look away and back again. They are images that seem to be as much a state of mind as location. These are "slipstream" places where what we see is about to be transformed or transported into something or somewhere else.



▲ **Cod Swallow**
2009
Oil, chalk and paper on canvas
39.5 x 51 in.

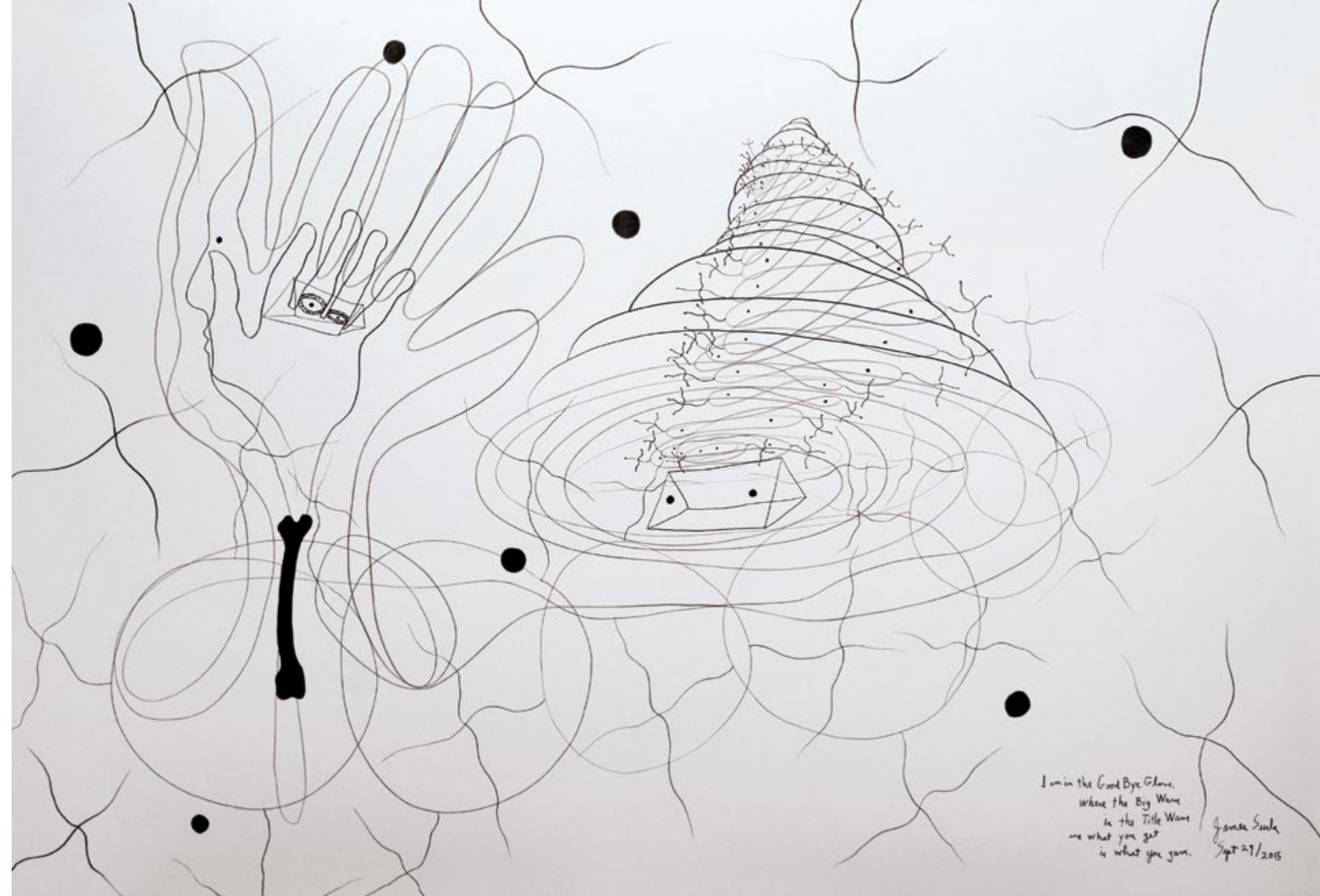
In *Slipstream*, art is the carrier of some magical force, a conveyor of language, identity and communication. It distills one's reality and moves in that sense of sharply observed specificities to the generality of a broader comprehension. It forms a connective tissue. In James Surls' art, the search for meaning does not proceed along compass course. Rather, it wanders and meanders, revealing an underlying core that is all the greater for its dualities, digressions and gaps.

Surls' art reminds us that we are but temporary sojourners on a strange planet. Anything can happen to anyone at any time: lives can change abruptly, sometimes by chance, by risk, or accident. This very "opening of the eyes" brings about an awareness of life as it is at this moment.

For several decades, Surls' sculptures have awakened the imagination to new realms and forced an exploration of unfamiliar emotional terrain through the use of universal symbols – the hand, flower, bird, bridge, diamond, needle, and knife. They evoke a sense of ancient, present and future worlds, a movement from visible nature to the inner eye. And like nature, nothing is ever still. Look into Surls' work at any given point: the world of it is growing, extending, solid and moving in time. In the recent drawings, reality is in a constant fluid state with no hard boundaries, moving freely according to the transformations of the mind. The issue is how we pay attention to things in the world. Within Buddhist meditation there is a persistent focus on cultivating one's capacity to be present with things as they are, to see each thing, each being, each moment as though for the first time and to recognize those various states of consciousness. As life speeds up and further complicates our experience, we should value any opportunity to be still, to let the mind rest, to allow true seeing to take place. The process of looking at occurs all the time. But true seeing is rare. It asks for the cultivation of intimate ways of being in the world that give the heart the emotional affinity it requires and the skin the brush with real things it craves. Surls' unabashed sensuality and attention to process – to full throttle gesture and minute calibrations of the hand – give his works an undeniably tactile presence, while his fantastic and enigmatic imagery reaches down to the primitive and primal and out to the frontiers of space and the cosmos.

JAMES SURLS

► **I am in the Good Bye Glove**
2015
Graphite on 4-ply
48 x 70 in.
Collection of Charmaine
Locke & James Surls

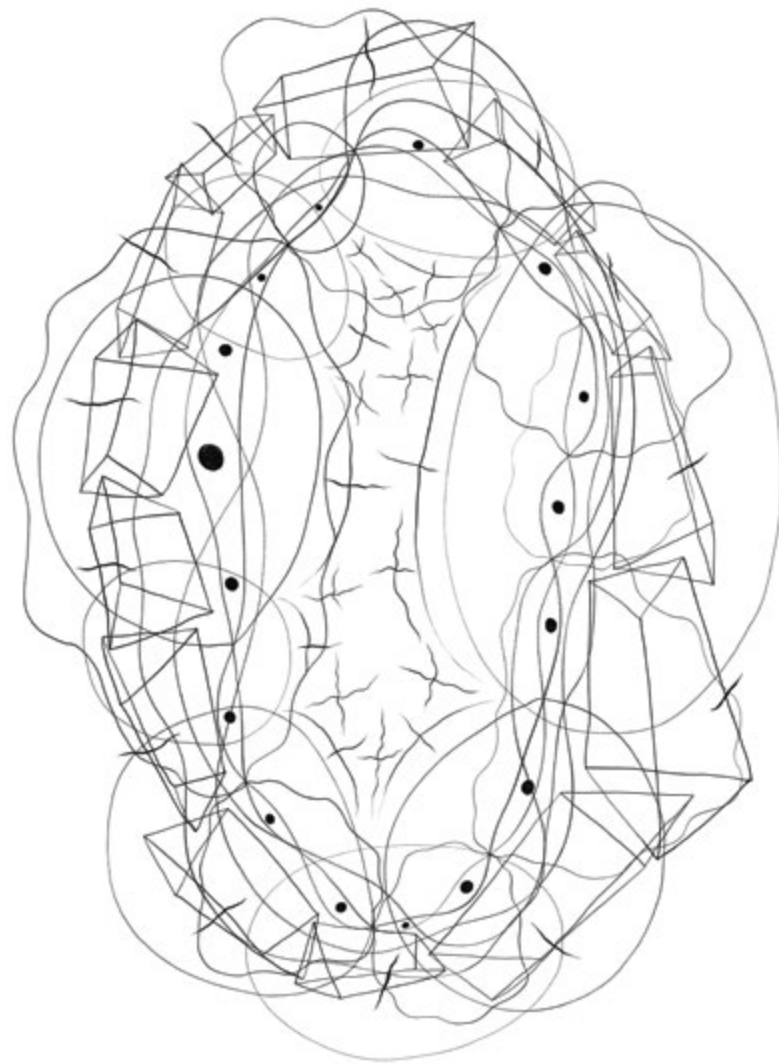


Partly melancholic and partly compulsive – desirous, fierce – the drawings are mesmerizing meditations on dissonance and harmony. Surls' formal anarchy reads as a metaphor for the randomness of life's events. Accordingly, we enter a world where shifts, ruptures and fissures are part of the natural flow. Order and stasis, his work tells us, are illusions. Entropy, decay, disruption and chaos are part of the process to which we must all submit if we are to have any understanding of where and how we exist in time. Looking at the drawings can produce vertigo, as if we've been

through some kind of maelstrom and have yet to reach a state of calm. How do we feel ourselves as human beings – our sensation of being alive, of individual existence? We continue to be aware of ourselves as isolated egos inside bags of skin, rather than as an expression of the whole realm of nature. The real "I," however, acknowledges that it is part of the perpetual transmutation of all forms. This realization has always been in us: our bodies know it. The numinous aspects may be linked to the wisdom of our ancestors or to a consciousness beyond the limits of the corporeal.

For Surls, the body holds a contentious, fragile elusive truth. He valorizes the body as our primary means of experiencing the world, revels in its infinite mystery as the vessel of life, and respects its place within the cosmos. It is a universe animated by hidden forces, abundant in potentials but scarce in certainty. *Her Universe Apart* is as effective a rendering as exists of the profound torturing ambivalence with which we all regard where we come from. Here, Surls goes against religious thought by conferring a feminine deity at the helm of the universe. From the marrow of nature, can individual existence renew itself? A womblike form seemingly floats in its own separate cosmos, morphing and vibrating before our eyes. Circles, prisms and multiple strands of loose, pulsating lines form a protective barrier. The free, dense accumulation of myriad charged graphite strokes gathers momentum and fills the sheet in a dance to its own rhythm. Surls’ ability to make each gesture an intuited yet carefully considered unit of sublimated feeling is what gives the vibrant lines their hypnotic power. Writhing embryonic shapes and complex molecular systems are turned into cosmic personifications of our flesh-against-spirit battles. Surls reminds us that there is no other way into the universe except through the body of the female. His provocative rendering of the feminine forces us to look inside, to trust not only the spiritual life and high revelations, but also emanations from the depths. Yet the womb, the feminine, is not without its terrors. The webbing with interwoven “eyes” and interior threadlike crossings tap into archetypal memories of orifices, lairs and other strange places that seduce or frighten us. The female form is promising, giving and flowing but equally withholding, introverted and potentially dangerous. She is the vortex of the universe, which orbits this feminine core in an elliptical course, calm and balanced, but just as likely to become an ecstatic burst of erotic energy.

The drawing engenders something akin to sensory whiplash. We come up close and peer at the large-scale image – searching, scrutinizing, scanning – much the way Surls must have done while setting his sights on the seemingly infinite night sky of Colorado.



▲ **Her Universe Apart**, 2014, graphite on paper, 60 x 40 in.
Collection of Charmaine Locke & James Surls

There’s the sense of a wildly querying intelligence suspended in a state of awe. The tension of this predicament – the need to push forward meeting the need to hold still – pervades Surls’ style, which is one of skillful virtuosity, expansive focus and ambling centripetal force.

Surls is drawn instinctively to moments, the way parcels of time expand and contract in memory, conjuring from ordinary experience a hidden sense of all that is extraordinary in the

Look into Surls’ work at any given point: the world of it is growing, extending, solid and moving in time.

world, in being alive. In *I am in the Good Bye Glove*, he depicts the sensation of solid ground suddenly melting away, pinpointing that instant when the familiar present is swallowed up by an encroaching past or a voided future. At what point do we cease to be who or what we were and become something different? Here, chains of elliptical lines chase one another within a spiraling hive form. Large threads spread like cracks or charged synapses across the paper’s surface. For Surls, the threads represent continuity in space and time, the very fabric of human existence. Black circles and dots hover midair, like portals onto other dimensions. Surls’ line expands and contracts with full body movement. Instead of sentimentalizing or vindicating the world, however, Surls strips away false pretense to reveal undercurrents of anxiety and vulnerability. Reverberating layers of an open hand contain the artist’s profile, which casts eyes and prisms across the cosmos. Seeming as far away as the moon and as near as arm’s reach,

the interplay of solids and voids portrays the universe within ourselves. Surls’ line has the quality of a siren’s call – seductive, elusive, utterly graceful. It curls and meanders, lithely, sensuously – and like the terms of mortality, it slips and dwindles away. The drawing hints at meanings beyond its immediate scope. It alludes to quantum mechanics, the architecture of the cosmos, probability and the heat of black holes and, finally, how we fit into this picture. The work breathes life – Surls’ fleeting life, as well as a moving portent of the transitory nature of our own existence. It serves as a reminder that humans are collectively engaged in some enormous, cosmically significant endeavor the nature of which hardly any one of us has an inkling. Surls implies that space is granular; time does not exist and things are nowhere. We are stardust, impossibly minor players in the pageant of the galaxies and well on our way to becoming the agents of our own demise.

I am in the Good Bye Glove.
Where the Big Wave
is the Title Wave
and what you get
is what you gave.

James Surls
Sept 29/2015

◀ **I am in the Good Bye Glove** (detail)
2015
Graphite on 4-ply
48 x 70 in.
Collection of Charmaine Locke & James Surls

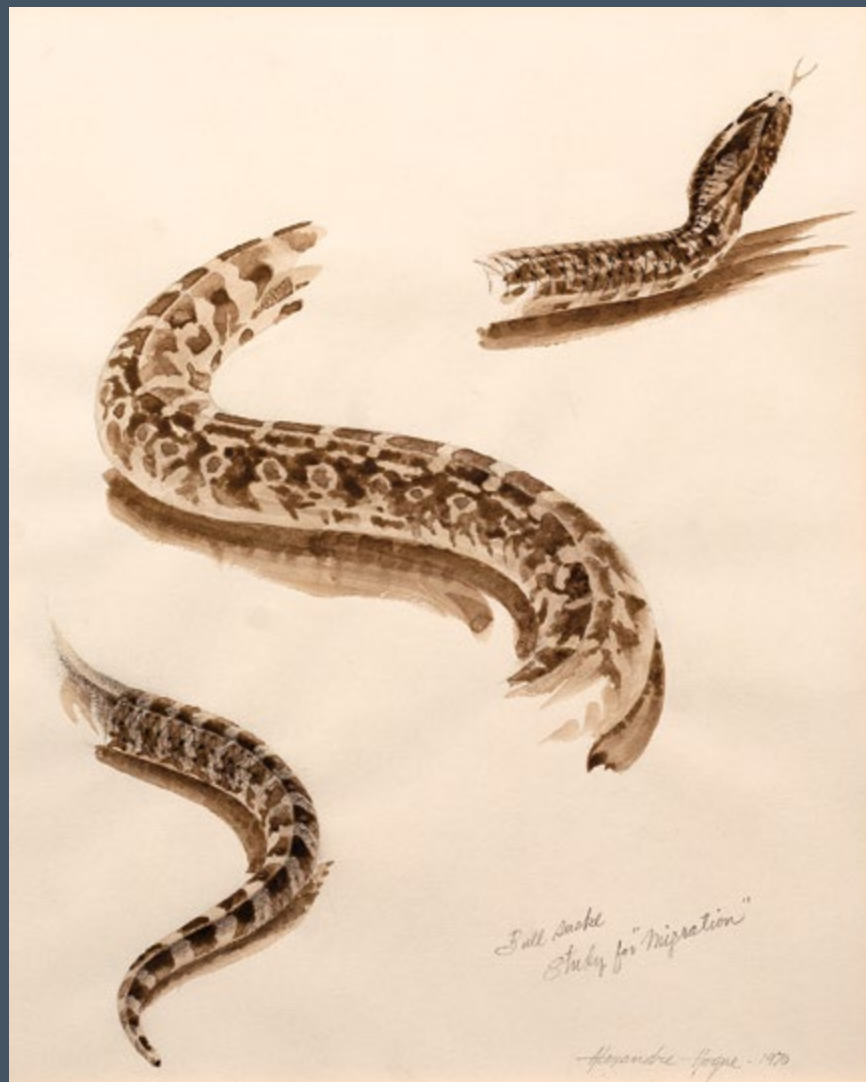
A special coda to *Slipstream* is the inclusion of two important works on paper by Alexandre Hogue (1898–1994), a passionate observer of life and for whom the act of painting directly from nature informed his work throughout a career that spanned over seven decades. Nature, to Hogue, was the entire sensorial realm of experience, whether he worked from landscape or figure, from memory or imagination. Accordingly, he aimed to comprehend and express the tension and harmony he perceived between the self and the spiritual world, between the intellect and nature as he understood them. His fervent expressiveness grappled with intimate memories, visions and the unknowable.

Each series – from the stunning Taos landscapes and stark prophetic canvases of dust-covered Texas plains to the taut organic abstractions and the fierce geological phenomena of the Big Bend area – serves as homage to the awesomeness of nature. Each painting and work on paper has its own story to tell, which could be exhilarating or could be jolting. That obsessive need to get a vision out and place it down with psychic intensity is at the core of his art. For Hogue, the mystical essence of nature existed beneath the surface of what the eye sees, its power revealed in deserts and mountains as well as the vulnerability of life in the face of vast forces.

Like a number of artists in *Slipstream*, Hogue was a solitary seer – he did not surround himself with followers or acknowledged disciples; his career did not fit the standard

ALEXANDRE HOGUE

▼ **Bull Snake (Study for Migration)**
1970
Ink and pencil on paper
19 x 14.5 in.
Collection of Duayne Hatchett,
Buffalo, New York



◀ **Migration**
1971
Ink and pencil on paper
27 x 19 in.
Collection of Duayne
Hatchett, Buffalo, New York

learning curve of developmental progress. He was a restlessly inventive artist who aimed to resist typecasting and irascibly resisted the stylistic demands of a commercial gallery system. For him, the ordinary rules just didn't apply. We would call the intangible quality that makes ignoring them possible purity of soul. More than artistic humility, it has a mystical component that requires a leap of faith. What did he know and how was that vision manifested in the work? Hogue was attuned to the vibrations of the universe. Again and again, we are given the sense of entering another world with its own peculiar logic and codes of representation. Hogue's work conveys a synthesis of outer and inner worlds, the things he felt, things seen and imagined. His brilliance lies in his sensitivity – and truthfulness – to both realms of experience, his deep respect for nature and passionate engagement with it. Hogue directly observed and responded to the environmental changes that occurred in the course of his lifetime. Related to the human impulse to see ourselves in nature is the persistent sense that nature belongs to us, and that we have the right and means to control it. Daily we build a world that treats nature as a commodity, exploiting it without conscience or reverence.

For Hogue, the appalling dichotomy emerging from humankind's influence on the environment was all too apparent. Hogue never mixed up his priorities. His goal was to bear witness, unflinchingly, because someone must. What Hogue has to tell is almost invariably tied to where he lived and what he perceived, and in the process we recognize ourselves. His fervor is still pertinent, even jarring in its ability to celebrate nature with an almost mystical intensity. Wishing to function where art and life intersect, he shows us that the structure and poetics of vision can merge in a kind of secular wonder. Indeed, a profound artist changes our lives and freely gives countless aspirations and consciousness. Hogue continues to stimulate contemplations of past and present, instinct and memory. He serves as metaphysical overseer, checking the correlations between worlds in which earth, universe, time, life and faith are all mutable and in constant transition.

Hogue's works on paper demonstrate significant developments in imagery in which complex relationships to nature are unequivocal. Moreover, they reveal Hogue in the process of becoming himself – that is, discovering his own personal vision of the world and suitable means for its expression. The best of the drawings evince the same compositional rigor, preoccupation with light and emotional force that are hallmarks of his major paintings. Overall, the later drawings represent the work of an artist at ease with his environment, one who places immeasurable value on the way nature built the world. They allude to the grand design of nature, of emptiness and fullness, continuity and change. Through drawing, Hogue reflects the natural world in order to heighten awareness of our place in the universal order.

Drawing, for Hogue, was the life force of the artist, functioning as a resource and constant point of reference to investigate, explore and rethink his prerogatives. It became the process for rapidly expanding his aesthetic and stylistic vocabulary. His works on paper, which exude a sense of drive or quest, strive to find release with a degree of animation rarely present in the refined skills of a traditional artist. Toward that end, they reveal transcendent truths about time, language and nature. He discovered the truth by constantly staying alive to the actualities of perception from moment to moment. In doing so, Hogue made visible that of which only he knew its true history. For him, art making was a path of entry into profound contact with the environment, a means of being present to what he experienced, felt and recorded with pencil, ink, charcoal or pastel. He demanded of stroke and mass a continued exploration and a demonstrative growth, rather than cautious reliance on established graphic facility. Hogue was a vigorous man of boundless energy – he never rested on his laurels. Forward motion was the thing – the next idea, the next painting, the next drawing. However, his fecundity is nowhere as excitingly revealed as in the variety of dynamic impulses which engender the works on paper.

That energy and enrichment of his intense responses to nature still enhance our experience of his art. Hogue's precisionist skill in hand lettering and his ability to quickly capture the essence of a subject found perfect expression in the drawings which repeatedly pushed the boundary between representation and abstraction. At times, the works on paper transpose the mundane into icons of great meaning. In *Migration*, two bull snakes slither up an embankment between seemingly writhing, twisting roots of a dead juniper tree. Elements of the picture plane move in and out of space, creating a visual counterpoint, a complex interrelation of rhythms. In *Bull Snake*, the dramatic movement and patterns of the reptile look like mischievous shape shifting, but they also reveal a personal abstract visual language produced through Hogue's masterful use of sumi ink. Both works convey the artist's extraordinary ability to build up areas of activity without losing clarity of mass or structure. Significantly, Hogue had long observed the bull snakes undulating across his farm property near Tulsa. The mysterious moving force of the snakes intertwined with the tree roots has the immediacy of recollections sharpened by time. Here, the boldly undulating ribbons of black and brown ink, calligraphic serpentes and irregular zigzags stand for the pulse of nature.

Hogue's emphatic mark-making implies a longing for a return to something more deeply lodged, to something earlier and primal. He suggests that we are all of us in constant passage with one another. Who we are is changeable, malleable and mutation is central to identity. It is this malleability, going back and forth between self and asserted identity that composes a world in which people, animals and things capriciously move and change. Hogue's drawings are so fiercely concentrated that they plumb our innermost selves.

Each artist, each work in *Slipstream*, responds to the one before and after it – sometimes by contrast – in a flux of resilience and resignation, impulses and consequences. All, however, continue to open new worlds, let us see invisible things, invent cosmologies, explore consciousness and aim to make the mysterious magic of the world palpable. They are artists who follow their own lights and essentially create their own frames of reference. By doing so, they speak directly to the need for capturing the very electricity of life. Time slips away. But the message is clear – identity is never fixed; one's story is not over.

LOIS DODD

Born 1927 in Montclair, New Jersey

Currently lives and works in New York, New York, and Cushing, Maine

Selected Solo Exhibitions

2016

Lois Dodd: Day and Night, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

2015

Lois Dodd: Recent Panel Paintings, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

2014

Lois Dodd: Recent Paintings, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

2013

Lois Dodd: Selected Panel Paintings, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

Lois Dodd: Catching the Light, Kemper Museum of Contemporary Art, Kansas City, Missouri. Travels to Portland Museum of Art, Portland, Maine

2012

Lois Dodd: New Panel Paintings, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

2011

Lois Dodd: Shadows, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

Lois Dodd: Naked Ladies, Natural Disasters and Puzzling Events, Caldbeck Gallery, Rockland, Maine

2010

Lois Dodd: Second Street Paintings, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

2009

Lois Dodd: Fire, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

2008

Lois Dodd: Landscapes and Structures, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

Lois Dodd: A Retrospective, Center for Maine Contemporary Art, Rockport, Maine

Lois Dodd: An Exhibition of 14 Works on Paper, Lyme Academy College of Fine Arts, Old Lyme, Connecticut

2007

Lois Dodd: Paintings and Drawings, Southern Methodist University, Pollock Gallery, Dallas, Texas

Lois Dodd: Paintings, Reynolds Gallery, Richmond, Virginia

2006

Lois Dodd: Recent Paintings, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

Lois Dodd: Works on Paper, June Fitzpatrick Gallery, Portland, Maine

Lois Dodd: A Pure Landscape, The Fine and Performing Arts Center at Western Carolina University, Cullowhee, North Carolina

Selected Group Exhibitions

2014

Women Who Choose Women Again, Visual Arts Center, Summit, New Jersey

Garden Party, Nassau County Museum of Art, Roslyn, New York

2013

Come Together: Surviving Sandy Year, Industry City, Sunset Park, Brooklyn, New York

Abstractions Masquerading as Landscape, Museum of Grand Junction, Colorado

2012

Reflections-Zeuxis Exhibitions, Lindenwood’s J. Scheidegger Center for the Arts, St. Charles, Missouri

From Life, Steven Harvey Fine Art, New York, New York

2011

Garden As Muse, Walton Arts Center, Fayetteville, Arkansas

2010

Viewpoint, Reynolds Gallery, Richmond, Virginia

Portrayal, Lohin Geduld Gallery, New York, New York

Paint Box Leaves: The Autumnal Landscape from Cropsey to Wyeth, Hudson River Museum, Yonkers, New York

Anniversary Exhibition, Blue Mountain Gallery, New York, New York

Painting Matters, Terrain Gallery, New York, New York

Long Long Gone, Leo Koenig, Inc., New York, New York

2009

Selected Works, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

Night, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

Unbound, Noyes Museum, Oceanville, New Jersey

Trees, DC Moore Gallery, New York, New York

Almost Home, Frederieke Taylor Gallery, New York, New York

Scene in America, Melberg Gallery, Charlotte, North Carolina

In Leslie’s Garden, Caldbeck Gallery, Rockland, Maine

Watercurrents, The Painting Center, New York, New York

In/Out, Broome Street Gallery, New York, New York

Night and Day, Blue Hill Gallery, Blue Hill, Maine

Masterworks, Big Town Gallery, Rochester, New York

2008

Here’s the Thing: Single Object Still Lifes, Katonah Museum of Art, Katonah, New York

Betwixt & Between, Line, Color, Texture, Courthouse Gallery, Ellsworth, Maine

2007

Art of the Gettysburg Review: Representation in Contemporary American Painting, Schmucker Art Gallery, Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

Night Vision: Printing Darkness, Center for Contemporary Printmaking, Norwalk, Connecticut

Real Time: Focus, Redefining the Painted Landscape, Bernarducci Meisel Gallery, New York, New York

Selected Work by Gallery Artists, Alexandre Gallery, New York, New York

2006

Five Landscape Paintings, University of Maine Museum of Art, Bangor, Maine

Fluid Fields, The Painting Center, New York, New York

The Maine Print Project: Celebrating 200 Years of Printmaking in Maine, Maine Center for Contemporary Art, Farnsworth Art Museum, Rockland, Maine

The Figure in American Painting and Drawing 1985–2005, Ogunquit Museum of American Art, Ogunquit, Maine

Landscaping, Lohin Geduld Gallery, New York, New York

Watercurrents 2006: The Figure, Lori Bookstein Fine Art, New York, New York

2006

The Landscape of Golf, Newport Art Museum, Newport, Rhode Island

ROGER WINTER

Born 1934 in Denison, Texas

Currently lives and works in New York, New York and Santa Fe, New Mexico

Recent Solo Exhibitions

2015

Cygnus, Kirk Hopper Fine Art, Dallas, Texas

2014

Northern Light, The Master Gallery, New York, New York

2013

Kirk Hopper Fine Art, Dallas, Texas

2012

Kirk Hopper Fine Art, Dallas, Texas

The McKinney Avenue Contemporary, Dallas, Texas

2011

Gerald Peters Gallery, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2008

Museum of Geometric and Madi Art, Dallas, Texas

2007

Dallas Center for Contemporary Art, Dallas, Texas

2005

Meadows Museum of Art, Dallas, Texas

Recent Group Exhibitions

2015

Dallas Art Fair, Dallas, Texas

2014

Texas Contemporary Art Fair, Houston, Texas

Monumental Works, Kirk Hopper Fine Art, Dallas, Texas

2012

Under the Influence, The Grace Museum, Abilene, Texas

Dallas Art Fair, Dallas, Texas

Houston Art Fair, Houston, Texas

2011

American Realism, Gerald Peters Gallery, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Five by Five, Westmont Museum of Art, Santa Barbara, California

Connections – Tribute to Ted Pillsbury, Gerald Peters Gallery, New York, New York

2011

Face to Face, Gerald Peters Gallery, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2010

Landscapes, Real and Imagined, McNay Art Museum, San Antonio, Texas

2009

American Menagerie, Portland Museum of Art, Portland, Maine

Group Exhibition, Valley House Gallery, Dallas, Texas

A.I.R. Gallery Summer Exhibition, New York, New York

2008

American Menagerie, Portland Museum of Art, Portland, Maine

A.I.R. Gallery Summer Exhibition, New York, New York

2007

A.I.R. Gallery Summer Exhibition, New York, New York

2006

Texas 100 – Selections from the El Paso Museum of Art, El Paso, Texas

Shared Vision: Texas Artists Then and Now, Arlington Museum of Art, Arlington, Texas

Selected Public Collections

Tyler Museum of Art, Tyler, Texas

The Grace Museum, Abilene, Texas

Atlantic Richfield Company, Los Angeles, California

Barrow, Hanley, McWhinney and Strauss, Inc., Dallas, Texas

Belo Corporation, Dallas, Texas

Crescent Collection, Dallas, Texas

Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas, Texas

El Paso Museum of Art, El Paso, Texas

Enserch Corporation, Dallas, Texas

Farnsworth Museum of Art, Rockland, Maine

Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas

Frito-Lay, Dallas, Texas

Haynes and Boone, Dallas, Texas

Illinois State University, Normal, Illinois

J.C. Penney National Headquarters, Dallas, Texas
Leede Explorations, Houston, Texas
Longview Museum of Art, Longview, Texas
Meadows Museum of Art, Dallas, Texas
Mobil Oil Corporation
Mastek Corporation, Dallas, Texas
McNay Art Museum, San Antonio, Texas
Museum of Fine Arts, University of Oklahoma, Norman
The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston
Museum of Geometric and Madi Art, Dallas, Texas
Oak Cliff Savings and Loans, Dallas, Texas
Owens Fine Arts Center, Dallas, Texas
Portland Museum of Art, Portland, Maine
Reader's Digest, New York, New York
Southland Life Corporation, Dallas, Texas
Southland Trust, Dallas, Texas
Southwestern Bell Corporation, St. Louis, Missouri
Texas Commerce Bank, Dallas, Texas
3M Corporation
Tulsa Bank of Commerce, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Vermont Studio Center, Johnson, Vermont
The Western Company, Fort Worth, Texas
Wilson Industries, Houston, Texas
U.S. Trust, Dallas, Texas

NORIKO SHINOHARA

Born 1953 in Takaoka City, Japan
Currently lives and works in Brooklyn, New York

Recent Solo Exhibitions

2016
Carleton University Gallery, Ottawa, Canada
Gallery, Krakow, Poland
2006
Gallery Now, Toyama, Japan
Print Exhibition, Almondine, New York
2005
Transcending 9/11, Niigata Eya, Niigata, Japan

Recent Group Exhibitions

2015
Cutie and the Boxer in Dallas (with Ushio Shinohara), Kirk Hopper Fine Art, Dallas, Texas
2014
Love is a Roarr! Plus One (with Ushio Shinohara and Alex Kukai), hpgrp Gallery, New York, New York
Ushio + Noriko, Tokyo Gallery, Tokyo, Japan
2013
Love is a Roarrr!!! (with Ushio Shinohara), Parco Museum, Tokyo, Japan
2012
Group Exhibition, hpgrp Gallery, Chelsea, New York
2010
Love is a Roarrr!!! (with Ushio Shinohara), hpgrp Gallery, Chelsea, New York
2007
Making a Home: Japanese Contemporary Artists in New York, Japan Society Gallery, New York
2006
New Prints, International Print Center, New York, Columbia College, Chicago

Selected Public Collections

Davis Museum and Cultural Center, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Massachusetts

JORGE ALEGRÍA

Born 1971 in Corpus Christi, Texas
Currently lives and works in Corpus Christi, Texas

Recent Solo Exhibitions

2016
Heaven, Rockport Center for the Arts, Rockport, Texas
2015
The War of the Angels, Islander Gallery, Texas A&M University, Corpus Christi, Texas
2014
There is Another, The Living Room, Corpus Christi, Texas

Recent Group Exhibitions

2015
Dimension XLIII, Art Center of Corpus Christi, Corpus Christi, Texas
Standing Out: 2015 Merit Artists, Rockport Center for the Arts, Rockport, Texas
2015 Texas Artists, Beeville Art Museum, Beeville, Texas
Selecciones de la Coleccion Permanente, Art Museum of South Texas, Corpus Christi, Texas
We Got Spirit Yes We Do, Lovey Town & Unity Gallery, Maharishi University, Fairfield, Iowa
Inaugural Group Exhibition, City ArtWorks, Houston, Texas
2014
Texas Draws III, Southwest School of Art, San Antonio, Texas
Summer in My Head, The Living Room, Corpus Christi, Texas
Zona Crepusculo/Twilight Zone, Houston Community College – Southwest, Houston, Texas
Corrido del Gigante Dormido/Ballad of the Sleeping Giant, Appalachian Center for Craft, Smithville, Tennessee
Standing Out: 2014 Merit Artists, Rockport Center for the Arts, Corpus Christi, Texas
2014
After You, The Living Room, Corpus Christi, Texas
Plata y Oro, The Living Room, Corpus Christi, Texas

Currents, Rockport Center for the Arts, Rockport, Texas

2013
Good Evening, The Living Room, Corpus Christi, Texas

Welcome, The Living Room, Corpus Christi, Texas
Dimension XLI, Art Center of Corpus Christi, Corpus Christi, Texas

Currents, Rockport Center for the Arts, Rockport, Texas

2011
Drawn Out Death, Talento Bilingue de Houston, Houston, Texas

2009
The Independents Show, Art Center of Corpus Christi, Corpus Christi, Texas

2006
Neighborhood Watch, Residence, Corpus Christi, Texas

Selected Public Collections

Art Museum of South Texas, Corpus Christi, Texas
Del Mar College, Corpus Christi, Texas

LYNN RANDOLPH

Born in New York, New York
Currently lives and works in Houston, Texas

Recent Solo Exhibitions

2014
Living Lines, ArtsBrookfield installation at Total Plaza, Houston, Texas
2006
Magic Coast: New Paintings by Lynn Randolph, Joan Wich Gallery, Houston, Texas

Recent Group Exhibitions

2015
The Story of O (OO) Object Oriented Ontology, David Lewis Gallery, New York, New York
Artists Healers, McGovern Center University of Texas Medical School, Houston, Texas
2014
Ninth Annual Human Rights Exhibit, The Cooper Center, South Texas College, McAllen, Texas

2013
Houston X Eight, (Eight Houston Artists), The Station Museum of Contemporary Art, Houston, Texas

2012
Pensive, Galerie Califa, Czech Republic

Texas Mysticism, Scanlan Gallery, Austin, Texas

2010
Substantialis Corporis Mixti, The Synergies Exhibition of the Basel, Rotterdam and Stockholm Conventions, United Nations, New York
Lines of Attack, Nasher Museum, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

2008
Thrive, Diverse Works, Houston, Texas

Selected Public Collections

San Antonio Museum of Art, San Antonio, Texas
The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston
Radcliffe Center for Advanced Studies, Cambridge, Massachusetts
Arizona State University Museum, Tempe, Arizona
The Menil Collection, Houston, Texas

The National Museum of Women in the Arts, Washington, DC
Harvard University, the Divinity School, Cambridge, Massachusetts
South Texas College, Human Right Collection
Blanton Museum of Art, The University of Texas at Austin

MARY JENEWEIN

Born 1933 in Franklin, Tennessee
Currently lives and works in Houston, Texas

Recent Solo Exhibitions

2011
Collateral Damage: in Fourteen, Art Car Museum, Houston, Texas

2009
Conversations, Buchanan Gallery, Houston, Texas

2007
Let Freedom Ring: in L.U., Art Car Museum, Houston, Texas

2003
Paint on Paper, Redbud Gallery, Houston, Texas

Recent Group Exhibitions

2015
Degrees of Separation, The Station Museum of Contemporary Art, Houston, Texas

2008
Thrive, Diverse Works, Houston, Texas

2006
Art on Loan, Houston City Hall, Houston, Texas

2003
Layered Evidence, Lawndale Art Center, Houston, Texas

2000
Houston Area Exhibition, Blaffer Gallery, University of Houston

BILL HAVERON

Born 1957 in Bryan, Texas
Currently lives and works in Bryan, Texas

Recent Solo Exhibitions

2007
Scarlett Alphabet, Ghetto Gloss, Los Angeles, California

2006
Gerald Peters Gallery, Dallas, Texas

2000
McKinney Avenue Contemporary, Dallas, Texas

Recent Group Exhibitions

2014
Monumental Works, Kirk Hopper Fine Art, Dallas, Texas

Drawn In/Drawn Out, The Old Jail Art Center, Albany, Texas

2013
Raven's Riddle, Kirk Hopper Fine Art, Dallas, Texas

2012
Pre-existing Condition, Stephen F. Austin State University, Nacogdoches, Texas

Optic Nerve, Kirk Hopper Fine Art, Dallas, Texas

Baptism by Fire, The McKinney Avenue Contemporary, Dallas, Texas

2008
San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, California

2006
Meadows Museum of Art, Dallas, Texas

2005
El Paso Museum of Art, El Paso, Texas

The Grace Museum, Abilene, Texas

Selected Public Collections

Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Fort Worth, Texas

El Paso Museum of Art, El Paso, Texas

Modern Art Museum of Austin, Austin, Texas

The Grace Museum, Abilene, Texas

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, California

ANGELBERT METOYER

Born 1977 in Houston, Texas
Currently lives and works in Houston, Texas and Rotterdam, Netherlands

Recent Solo Exhibitions

2015
Angelbert Metoyer: Life Machine, The Contemporary Austin, presented by Co-Lab Projects

Pop-Up at Canopy, Austin, Texas

Strange Pilgrims, The Contemporary Austin, Jones Center, Laguna Gloria, and the Visual Arts Center in the Department of Art and Art History at The University of Texas at Austin

A small space to cure the mind, gGallery, Houston, Texas

2014
Seasons of Heaven, Deborah Colton Gallery, Houston, Texas

2012
Babies: Walk on Water: Present, Future and Time Travel, Deborah Colton Gallery, Houston, Texas

Sonic Graffiti (Sound Installation), Contemporary Arts Museum Houston, Houston, Texas

2011
Levels, Forms and Dimensions, Deborah Colton Gallery, Houston, Texas

2010
Angelbert Metoyer: Icon Execution, G.R. N'Namdi Gallery, Chicago, Illinois

Medicine for a Nightmare (Outdoor Sound Installation), Shoreham, Kent, England

13 Dimensions, Rented SPACE, Dubai, United Arab Emirates

Angelbert Metoyer: Paintings, Joysmith Gallery, Memphis, Tennessee

2010
Genograms and Genus: The genesis/The genitive/ The genius, Gallery Sunsum, Memphis, Tennessee

2009
War-beau, the struggle between the eternal and immortal, Giovanni Rossi Gallery for Miami Basel, Miami, Florida

Global static, Sandler-Hudson Gallery, Atlanta, Georgia

LUX, New Gallery, Houston, Texas

2008
House of Warriors – part 2, African American Museum of Contemporary Art, Dallas, Texas

House of Warriors – part 1, Gerald Peters Gallery, Dallas, Texas

ASK, Dactyle Foundation, New York, New York

The LU-X experiment (Dreams), New Gallery, Houston, Texas

2007
Days and days of recorded light, Ggallery, Houston, Texas

Force of Nature: #2, Paul Rodgers/9W, New York, New York

2006
52 and One (Four Seasons), Sandler Hudson Gallery, Atlanta, Georgia

3 Brides of Aurora: The Magician's Memory of Myth, Gerald Peters Gallery, Dallas, Texas

A New World with its Own Vocabulary, Museum of African American Life and Culture, Dallas, Texas

Force of Nature: Masquerade of the Divine, Paul Rodgers/9W, New York, New York

Angelbert Metoyer, American Art Collector, Scottsdale, Arizona

Maps to Heaven, Ggallery, Houston, Texas

Recent Group Exhibitions

2012
Visions of our 44th President, The Charles H. Wright Museum of African American History, Detroit, Michigan

Transformations 2012, Deborah Colton Gallery, Houston, Texas

2011
Go West: First Bilateral Contemporary Art Exhibited between France and Texas, UNESCO, Paris, France

Use You Illusion, Deborah Colton Gallery, Houston, Texas

Nobody Knows My Name: The African American Experience in American Culture, McKinney Avenue Contemporary, Dallas, Texas

Mixing the Medium, Deborah Colton Gallery, Houston, Texas

Getting Louder, Beijing, China

2010
London Contemporary Museum, London, England

Texas Drops Off Some Cloth, Museo de Arte Moderno de Trujillo, Trujillo, Peru

2009
The Talented 10 – Part 1, Deborah Colton Gallery, Houston, Texas

Before we let go, Hamptons: Tripoli Gallery of Contemporary Art, New York, New York

Mind Game, Venice Biennale of Art 2009, Venice, Italy (Sound installation)

Object Show, Gorilla show, Seattle, Washington

9/11 Bridge Art Fair, New York, New York

True Cities: sound installations about China, by AM AedesLAND Gallery, Berlin, Germany

2008
Born Again Again: An Exhibition of Political Commentaries, Five Myles, New York, New York
Hope Change Progress, Art Focus for Obama, G.R. N'Namdi Gallery, New York, New York

Houston Collects: African American Art, The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston

Richard Wright at 100, National Civil Rights Museum, Memphis, Tennessee

Qatar Narratives: A Country expressed by its own voice, Deborah Colton Gallery, Houston, Texas

Uterior Motives, Crazywood Gallery, Huntsville, Texas

Born Again and Again #2, Art Basel Miami

2007
International Texas Exhibition: Amistad-Texas art in Peru, Museo de la Nacion, Lima, Peru

Untitled, Museo de Arte Moderno, Foundation Gerardo Chavez, Trujillo, Peru

Uterior Motifs 10, Arlington Museum of Art, Arlington, Texas

2007
Uterior Motifs (Trunk Show), Gerald Peters Gallery, Dallas, Texas

Uterior Motifs 11, Wichita Falls Museum of Art, Wichita Falls, Kansas

Camp Marfa, Huntsville, Texas

2006
Houston Contemporary Art, Shanghai Art Museum, Asia Society Shanghai, Shanghai, China

In Celebration of the Black Woman, Sandler-Hudson Gallery, Atlanta, Georgia

6 Texas Artists in Germany, Monchskirche, Salzwedel, Germany

New Work, Sandler- Hudson Gallery, Atlanta, Georgia

Uterior Motifs 9, Fine Arts Gallery, The Buddy Holly Center, Lubbock, Texas

Selected Public Collections

The Charles H. Wright Museum, Detroit, Michigan

MMT Collection, Memphis, Tennessee

The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas

Williamsburg Museum of 21st Century Art, New York, New York

African American Museum of Contemporary Art, Dallas, Texas

The Massey Schmidt Group, Houston, Texas

Museum of Fine Arts, Leipzig, Germany

EMMI WHITEHORSE

Born 1957 in Crownpoint, New Mexico

Currently lives and works in Santa Fe, New Mexico and Tucson, Arizona

Recent Solo Exhibitions

2013
Headwater, Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2012
Opuntia, Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2010
Emmi Whitehorse, Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2009
Forth, Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2008
Recommence, Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2006
Boulder Museum of Contemporary Art, Boulder, Colorado

Recent Group Exhibitions

2015
Contemporary Native Group Show, Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2014
Contemporary Native Group Show, Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2012
Celebrating Diversities in Art, Springfield Art Museum, Springfield, Missouri

2011
Modern Times – Kunst der Indianischen Moderne und Postmoderne, Galerieverein Leonberg, Leonberg, Germany

Pressing Ideas – 50 Years of Women’s Lithographs for Tamarind, National Museum of Women in the Arts

Trio: Whitehorse, Cunningham, Fields, Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2010
Into the Void: Abstract Art, Autry Museum of the American West, Los Angeles, California

2009
Maverick Art, Autry Museum of the American West, Los Angeles, California

Grand Opening at 702 1/2 Canyon, Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2008
Common Ground: Art in New Mexico, Albuquerque Museum of Art, Albuquerque, New Mexico

2008
Fall Redux, Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Without Limits: Contemporary Indian Market Exhibition, Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2007
Unlimited Boundaries: Dichotomy of Pace in Contemporary Native American Art, Albuquerque Museum of Art, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Off the Map, Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian, New York, New York

Selected Public Collections

Albuquerque Museum of Art, Albuquerque, New Mexico

American Embassy, Ljubjana, Slovenia

American Embassy, Tashkent, Uzbekistan

American Embassy, Tokyo, Japan

Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona

Art Bank/Art in Embassies, U.S. Dept. of State, Washington, DC

Art Museum of Missoula, Missoula, Montana

Autry Museum of the West, Los Angeles, California

Beloit College, Madison, Wisconsin

Bio 5 Research Center, University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Brooklyn, New York

Crystal Bridges Museum of American Art, Bentonville, Arkansas

Central Michigan University Library, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

Central Plains Clinic Art Collection, Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Citibank NA, Long Island City, New York

Collette Art Gallery, Weber State University, Ogden, Utah

Corning University, Corning, New York

Denver Art Museum, Denver, Colorado

Edna Carlsten Gallery, University of Wisconsin, Stevens Point, Wisconsin

Ebert Art Center, College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio

Eiteljorg Museum, Indianapolis, Indiana

Federal Reserve Bank, Kansas City, Missouri

Fine Art Museum, Western Carolina University, Cullowhee, North Carolina

Fred Jones Jr. Museum, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma

Gutenberg Buchergilde, Frankfurt, Germany

Hallmark Collection, Kansas City, Missouri

Heard Museum, Phoenix, Arizona

Hughes Aircraft Company, California

IBM, Tarrytown, New York

Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska

JP Morgan, New York, New York

Longwood University, Art Department, Farmville, Virginia

Memorial Art Gallery of the University of Rochester, Rochester, New York

Merchants National Bank, Iowa

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, Inc., Sun City, Arizona

Missoula Art Museum, Missoula, Montana

Montclair Art Museum, Montclair, New Jersey

Mountain Bell, Denver, Colorado

Museum of Fine Arts, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Paine-Webber Group, Nebraska

Peabody Essex Museum, Salem, Massachusetts

Phelps Dodge Corp., Phoenix, Arizona

Phoenician Resort, Scottsdale, Arizona

Prudential Insurance, Newark, New Jersey

Purdue University Galleries, Purdue University, West Lafayette, Indiana

Rockwell Museum of Western Art, Corning, New York

Sea-First National Bank, Seattle, Washington

Smith College Museum of Art, Northampton, Massachusetts

Southern Plains Indian Museum, Anadarko, Oklahoma

Sprint, Overland Park, Kansas

St. Louis Museum of Art, St. Louis, Missouri

State Capital Collections, State of New Mexico, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Tucson Museum of Art, Tucson, Arizona

Texas Health Care, Fort Worth, Texas

Turman Gallery, Indiana State University, Terre Haute, Indiana

University of Arizona Museum of Art, Tucson, Arizona

US General Services Administration, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Valley Bank of Nevada, Reno, Nevada

Weber State University, Provo, Utah

Westtfalisches Museum, Munster, Germany

Wheelwright Museum, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, New York

JAMES SURLS

Born 1943 in Terrell, Texas

Currently lives and works in Carbondale, Colorado

Selected Solo Exhibitions

2015
The Jerome M. Westheimer, Sr. & Wanda Otey Westheimer Distinguished Visiting Artist Chair: James Surls, Fred Jones Jr. Museum of Art, The University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma

2014
Solo Exhibition Large-Scale Outdoor Sculptures, Santa Fe University of Art and Design, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2013
Third Annual Studio Exhibition, James Surls Studio, Carbondale, Colorado

2012
Artist of the Year Exhibit, Houston Chapter Architects in America, Houston, Texas

2011
Walking Flower Times the Power of Five, City of Boston and the DeCordova Museum and Sculpture Park, Lincoln, Massachusetts

Molecular Three and Three, Contemporary Arts Museum Houston, Houston, Texas

James Surls: In Balance, Grounds for Sculpture, Trenton, New Jersey

2010
James Surls: The Black Arts Exhibition, Anderson Ranch Arts Center, Snowmass, Colorado

James Surls: Flowers, University of Wyoming Art Museum, Laramie, Wyoming

Magnificent Seven: Houston Celebrates James Surls, Rice University, Houston, Texas

James Surls, Arthur Roger Gallery, New Orleans, Louisiana

2009
James Surls on Park Ave., Park Ave. between 51st and 57th Streets, New York, New York

James Surls: From the Heartland, The Grace Museum, Abilene, Texas

2008
James Surls, Arthur Roger Gallery, New Orleans, Louisiana

Art in the Garden, San Antonio Botanical Garden, San Antonio, Texas

2006
James Surls: Drawings and Sculptures, Gerald Peters Gallery, Santa Fe, New Mexico

2006
James Surls: Complete Fragments, Charles Cowles Gallery, New York, New York

The Splendora Years, DeCordova Museum & Sculpture Park, Lincoln, Massachusetts

Selected Group Exhibitions

2013
Sculpture for New Orleans, New Orleans, Louisiana

Catalyst: Colorado Sculpture, Denver Botanic Garden, Denver, Colorado

2011
Giving and Receiving: A Collaborative Exhibition for the Contemporary Artists from China and the USA, Colorado University Art Museum, Boulder, Colorado

2008
Story: Brent Green, Jill Hadley Hooper, James Surls, Metropolitan State College of Denver: Center for Visual Art, Denver, Colorado

2007
Sheldon Survey: An Invitational, Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery, Lincoln, Nebraska

Amistad: Texas Art in Peru, Museo de la Nacion, Lima, Peru

Corresponding & Responding: United Exhibition of Chinese-American Artists, National Art Museum of China, Beijing, China

2006
Finding Balance, Houston Center for Contemporary Craft, Houston, Texas

Decades of Influence: Colorado 1985–Present, The Museum of Contemporary Art/Denver, Denver, Colorado

Selected Large Scale Commissions/Collections

2015
Fifty Wings, 50th Anniversary Celebration, Singapore
Big Flowers, Chief Oil and Gas, Dallas, Texas

2014
Sewing the Future, Carbondale, Colorado

Tree and Three Flowers, Upper Kirby Foundation, Houston, Texas

Diamond with Nine Flowers, Texas State University, San Marcos, Texas

2013
Nature’s Language, Anadarko Petroleum, The Woodlands, Texas

2013
Molecular Bloom with Single Flower, City of Clayton, Missouri

2011
Cascading Flowers, Omni Hotel, Dallas Convention Center, Dallas, Texas

Vase and Five Flowers, City of Houston, Houston, Texas

2010
Ten Big Standing Flowers, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma

Rolling Flower, University of Wyoming

2008
Falling Flowers, Dechert L.L.P., New York, New York

Selected Public Collections

Albright Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York

American Telephone & Telegraph, New York, New York

Arkansas Art Center, Little Rock, Arkansas

Art Museum of Southeast Texas, Beaumont, Texas

City of Clayton, Missouri

Contemporary Arts Museum Houston, Houston, Texas

Contemporary Museum, Honolulu, Hawaii

Centro Cultural Arte Contemporaneo, Mexico City, Mexico

City of Houston, Texas

Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas, Texas

El Paso Museum of Art, El Paso, Texas

Grounds for Sculpture, Trenton, New Jersey

High Museum of Art, Atlanta, Georgia

Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, California

Meadows Museum of Art, Dallas, Texas

Memphis Brooks Museum of Art, Memphis, Tennessee

Metropolitan Pier and Exposition Authority, Chicago, Illinois

Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Fort Worth, Texas

Museo de Arte Contemporaneo de Caracas, Venezuela

Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Houston, Texas

Museum of Modern Art, New York, New York

McNay Art Museum, San Antonio, Texas

Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, Kansas City, Missouri

Pittsburgh Center for the Arts, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Portland Art Museum, Portland, Oregon

Rice University, Houston, Texas

San Antonio Museum of Art, San Antonio, Texas

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, California

Seattle Art Museum, Seattle, Washington

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, New York

Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, Netherlands

Tyler Museum of Art, Tyler, Texas

University of Nebraska Art Galleries, Lincoln, Nebraska

University of Oklahoma, Tulsa, Oklahoma

University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyoming

Waco Art Center, Waco, Texas

Wake Forest University, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, New York

ALEXANDRE HOGUE

Born 1898 in Memphis, Missouri

Died 1994 in Tulsa, Oklahoma

“As I looked around I might be looking at something that I already had a memory of. Seeing it the second or third time would make it maybe come to life, and I’d decide to do it. I can do memory things – even of Taos, years ago, if I wanted to. But that was my training, my discipline as an artist. Not many artists use it to the extent that I do. And I have really used it very effectively. There were places I wanted to work and I couldn’t hang around. I had to get it done and get out of there. It’s just a matter of stewing around in my brain. It’s a part of me as much as my plumbing. You couldn’t take it out of me any more than you could remove my stomach or anything else. That’s a part of my equipment – the thing itself. The vision is what the mind holds.”

—Quoted in Susie Kalil, *Alexandre Hogue: An American Visionary*, Texas A&M University Press, College Station, 2011

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