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Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park

Governors State University Foundation

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THE NATHAN MANILOW SCULPTURE PARK



JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

MARK DI SUVERO

CHARLES GINNEVER

JOHN HENRY

JENE HIGHSTEIN

RICHARD HUNT

TERRENCE KARPOWICZ

MARY MISS

BRUCE NAUMAN

JERRY PEART

MARTIN PURYEAR

JOEL SHAPIRO

EDVINS STRAUTMANIS





THE NATHAN MANILOW SCULPTURE PARK

GOVERNORS STATE UNIVERSITY FOUNDATION, UNIVERSITY PARK, ILLINOIS



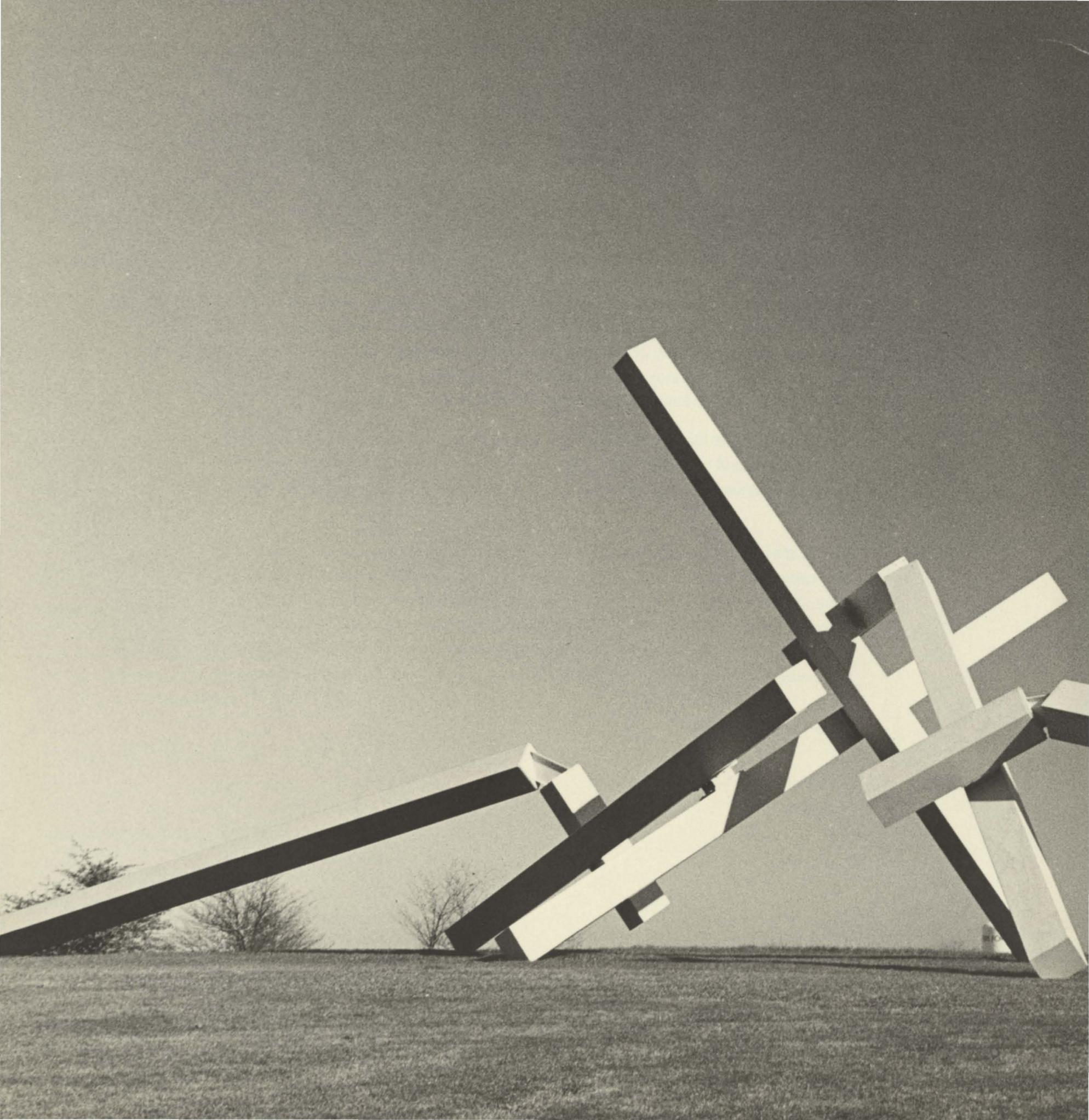
TO MARK DI SUVERO, ARTIST AND POET

I first met Mark at a junkyard in Hoboken, New Jersey. Although then barely able to walk, he dominated the dreary weather and strange environment. I bought a 20-foot sculpture and offered him the summer out at my farm (on what is now Governors State University) plus availability of materials. He accepted, bringing only his crane with its huge peace insignia and stopping only at Edwin Bergman's factory to pick up an entire railroad tank car, which now comprises much of his great *For Lady Day*.

Mark worked steel like the male half of a pas de deux – with strength, delicacy, and respect. He started with one helper, but soon there were a dozen volunteers: students, artists, and steelworkers who heard of the creating of mobile steel giants on the Illinois prairie.

Mark's artistry responded to the spirit of the prairie and the Chicago winds. The artists who came after him also responded to it and to what he began. I want to thank all of them and their helpers, and I want to give my special thanks to Bill Engbretson, Leo Goodman-Malamuth, Bill Dodd, and many others at Governors State University. My father would have loved the daring, determination, and success of the combined effort. But it was Mark who inspired us all to believe in the power of art in a tough landscape.

LEWIS MANILOW





JOHN HENRY *Illinois Landscapes No. 5, 1976*

THE NATHAN MANILOW SCULPTURE PARK

The Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park is located on the campus of Governors State University in University Park, Illinois, 35 miles south of the Chicago Loop. Governors State is a commuter, upper division and graduate level university. The university is a single enormous building surrounded by natural prairie. Covering some 300 acres, the unlandscaped park is the direct result of the generosity and vision of one man: Lewis Manilow, Chicago art collector and former president of the board of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago. In the later 1960s Manilow began development of the “new town” of University Park (then called Park Forest South). Plans for the development included a sculpture park – an idea inspired in part by Manilow’s involvement with Mark di Suvero, whose *For Lady Day* he purchased and subsequently gave to the park. Shortly thereafter the cultural foundation establishing the park obtained a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts and commissioned works from John Chamberlain, Charles Ginnever, and Jerry Peart.

In 1969 Governors State University was founded; University Park was selected as its site and Dr. William E. Engbretson its founding president. Manilow and Engbretson began working together on acquiring sculptures: Manilow arranged for the transfer from another site of Edvins Strautmanis’s *Phoenix* and Engbretson obtained a National Endowment grant and commissioned a work by John Henry. In 1978 the university sold a parcel of land donated some years earlier by six individuals, including Lewis Manilow. The terms of the gift stipulated that proceeds from the eventual sale were to be used “to honor the name of Nathan Manilow in the cultural arts.” Nathan Manilow, Lewis’s father, was one of the original developers of Park Forest and Park Forest South. With the enthusiastic support of the university’s new president, Dr. Leo Goodman-Malamuth, the sculpture exhibition on campus was renamed the “Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park” and the University Foundation assumed responsibility for the park’s maintenance and for developing the collection.

Over the following six years, with funds from the land sale, matching funds from the National Endowment, and donations, the permanent collection has grown to fifteen works, among them Jene Highstein’s *Flying Saucer*, Richard Hunt’s *Large Planar*

Hybrid and Outgrown Pyramid, Mary Miss's Field Rotation, Bruce Nauman's House Divided, Martin Puryear's Bodark Arc, an untitled work by Joel Shapiro, and Art Ark by Terry Karpowicz.

The Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park has attracted national and international attention not only for the quality of sculpture it exhibits, but also for the beauty of its prairie setting and its success as a siting for sculpture. This rare and distinctive feature of the park has not been accidental: in almost all cases the artists have been intimately involved in selecting the specific sites for their works. This procedure is integral to the ongoing aesthetic of the Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park.

WILLIAM H. DODD, Chief Executive Officer, Governors State University Foundation

A PARK FOR THE PRAIRIE GOD

By Peter Schjeldahl

The train ride south from the Loop to University Park gets dramatic toward the end of the line. Dense habitation ceases abruptly, and the almighty American prairie, always underfoot in Chicago but usually out of mind, emerges like a conquering god. Fields flee in all directions to a low horizon. The sky balloons. The train you are riding in is suddenly a toy train, and you are a baby passenger. This space humiliates human scale. To be on the prairie is merely to inflect immensity. The condition may change someday for the environs of University Park, when and if a surge of development engulfs the horizon and evicts the prairie god. Even then, however, it would be memorialized by the site that makes this train ride worthwhile: the Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park at Governors State University.

The park occupies about 300 acres around the sprawling and tactfully low, brown university building. These topographically eventful acres are a kind of anthology of prairie variations: knolls and vales, a couple of ponds, a tiny stream, hedgerows with ancient growths of brambled Osage orange trees. Though lawned and landscaped here and there, the grounds are still largely primordial – coarsely hummocked, pitted with the homes of small animals. It is a place subject to drastic natural alteration with the changing seasons. My visit occurred on an unusually hot and blustering April day, when much of the ground was still swampy underfoot and a torrid wind, kicking up surf on the ponds and flattening daffodils, wrestled me for possession of my notebook. The tone of my memory of the park is thus rather scorched and tousled. Yours will probably be different, though the core of the memory – the sculpture – will be much the same.

The idea of placing sculpture in landscape – as symbol and decor for gardens and public parks, usually – is an old one. The sheer pleasantness of contrasts between nature and artifice has perennial appeal, and the human yen for monuments of one kind or another goes on. Only in the last quarter-century, however, has the term “sculpture park,” with increasing emphasis on the first word, come into common use. Today there are several such parks devoted to contemporary works (works that function more or less as monuments to art itself), most on a temporary basis. The





Manilow has become one of a few first-rate permanent ones – the most famous being New York’s bucolic Storm King – and is thus a national model, a compulsory stop for anyone interested in the sculpture-park phenomenon.

This phenomenon has roots both artistic and social. In the 1950s, inspired largely by David Smith (and the lessons he drew from Picasso and Julio Gonzalez), a revolution occurred in the aesthetics of sculpture. Previously, sculpture had been commonly thought of as an object (whether figurative or abstract) made by carving or by molding-and-casting, and shown on a pedestal. With the addition of *assembling* (usually by welding metal) to this technical repertoire, sculpture did two things: it climbed down from the pedestal, and it grew. The colossal “drawing in space” with assembled elements – a specialty of the Manilow park, whose *For Lady Day* by Mark di Suvero is a masterpiece of the mode – burst the boundaries of traditional gallery and garden display and entered the open air.

The rise of assembled sculpture coincided, historically, with an enormous expansion of the audience for modern art and, with that, a sharply increased interest in the idea of up-to-date “public art,” in the form of corporate and governmental commissions for sculpture in urban settings. Alas, the conjunction turned out to be anything but a marriage made in heaven. Hard experience has shown that even the best assembled sculpture stands little chance of aesthetic success when pitted against the scale and intrinsic abstraction of modern architecture. And a series of well-publicized controversies suggests the depressing conclusion that the phrase “public art” – if it means art of high quality that is engaging to an uninformed and captive audience – may be a contradiction in terms in today’s America. It sometimes seems that to the very extent that public sculpture is good – able, that is, to hold its own and to make an impact – it becomes a lightning rod for political resentments always lurking in the public, with results damaging both to the cause of art and to civic tranquility.

Maybe this sorry situation will change someday. The occasional success – a public work both excellent and beloved – gives hope, but the outlook is not promising. Meanwhile, the growth of the private or semiprivate sculpture park marks a silver lining, or consolation prize, of the public-art debacle. Such parks function as game preserves, if you will, for aesthetic wildlife that would otherwise be endangered species. In a setting essentially recreational – which is not necessarily to say trivial or frivolous – the encounter of public and art is put on an optional, relaxed basis, and the antagonisms that often bedevil the encounter, while not eliminated, are considerably de-

fused. And the purely aesthetic plus of a landscape situation, for assembled sculpture, is great: works that would be muffled by skyscrapers sing out thrillingly against trees and sky. David Smith always knew it. At Bolton's Landing, New York, where he regularly deployed his work in the meadows around his studio, Smith effectively defined not only contemporary assembled sculpture but also the contemporary sculpture park.

So far I have referred only to assembled sculpture, in which the Manilow park abounds, with permanently owned works by Chamberlain, di Suvero, Ginnever, Henry, Hunt, Karpowicz, and Strautmanis. But much of the best of the collection – the works by Highstein, Miss, Nauman, Puryear, and Shapiro – exemplifies a more recent artistic evolution, that of Postminimalism (to use a catch-all phrase for art strongly influenced by the Minimalist movement of the 1960s). Bruce Nauman's *House Divided* is an especially fine example of this type, much as di Suvero's *For Lady Day* is of assembled sculpture. The presence in one place of these two dominant tendencies of contemporary sculpture is an educational bonus of the Manilow park, and I want to take advantage of it here.

As the aptness of the phrase "drawing in space" suggests, the aesthetic of assembled sculpture is essentially *pictorial*. It involves illusions, typically, of lightness and stopped motion. John Henry's welded-steel *Illinois Landscapes No. 5* provides an extreme example: the color and disposition of its huge components deny the literal weight of all that metal and produce an impression of flying and tumbling. Like paintings, such pieces work best from certain optimum distances and angles of viewing, and the outdoor siting of them is a problem, above all, of "framing." Framed on its knoll against a brilliant blue sky on a windy day, as was the case when I saw it, *Illinois Landscapes No. 5* is nothing short of spectacular.

Minimalism arose partly in objection to the illusionism of assembled sculpture, which was seen to be corny and even dishonest. (With less faith today in artistic "progress," we may be excused from taking sides in this quarrel, preferring to salute the best of both modes; but a certain moral fervor is endemic to Minimalism and must be acknowledged.) Determinedly antipictorial, the work of Minimalist pioneers like Carl Andre, Donald Judd, and Robert Morris emphasized the *object-ness* of sculpture, its identity as a nonreferring *thing*. In a way, they turned sculpture inside-out, deactivating (eliminating or deadening) its internal or framed space and activating its external space, the space of the viewer. The viewer, not the sculpture, is the focus of an encounter with Minimalist art: your physical and psychological presence, in a situation *changed*



JOHN HENRY
Illinois Landscapes No. 5, 1976



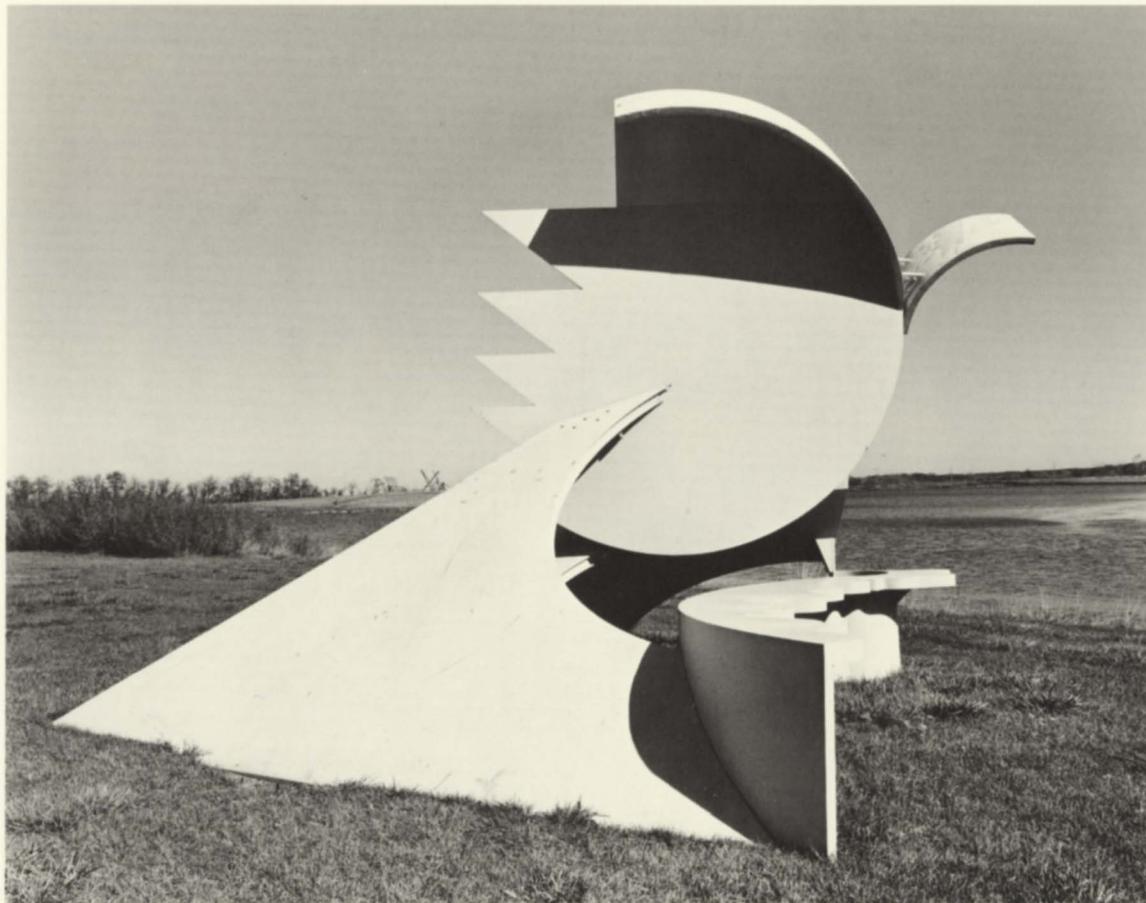
by the presence of the work, is the point. A spirit of willing participation, beyond simple looking, is necessary for the point to be enjoyed. Forebearance helps, too. A feeling of being imposed upon – somehow threatened, even – is common in first encounters with Minimalist works. People who feel this are having an authentic response, but it's a pity if they let it stop there: with a little persistence, the feeling can flip over suddenly into an elating sense of heightened awareness, an enhancement of *being*.

I call the works of Highstein, Miss, Nauman, Puryear, and Shapiro “Postminimalist” because they employ Minimalist aesthetics but reject Minimalist orthodoxy, not fearing to be referential. Each of them is full of historical, fanciful, or otherwise poetic content. Highstein's *Flying Saucer* is quite blatant in this regard, a classically shaped, “re-entry”-blackened UFO parked in a high meadow. Though almost cartoonish in conception, the *Saucer* gives a perfect demonstration of the mainstream, inside-out Minimalist aesthetic. Observed from any distance or angle (none being privileged over another), it triggers a sharply expanded sensitivity to its setting and to your own position within it. (The trick is not to focus too intently on the object; let your peripheral vision and your physical self-consciousness come into play.) Highstein's *Saucer* is the most subtle and insinuating of aliens.



JENE HIGHSTEIN
Flying Saucer, 1977

One point cannot be made too strongly: photographs, even superior ones like some in this catalogue, are helpless to convey the effect of Postminimalist sculpture, an effect that simply does not exist unless and until a viewer physically confronts the work. Assembled, “pictorial” work loses a lot in translation to photography, too, most gravely the fluid transition from one view to another that we get from moving around a sculpture. But such a work has in common with photography that its primary address is to the eye, so a skillful photo can, in fact, allow a tentative gauging of the sculpture’s effect. Actually, this distinction founders on some of the Manilow works, which, although basically pictorial, deliver Minimalist-type experiences when approached: *For Lady Day*, for instance, and also the Chamberlain, Ginnever, Hunt, and Karpowicz. Jerry Peart’s *Falling Meteor* is frolicsome in this way, a pictorial work that incorporates a bench: you can look at the piece or, by literally turning your back, use it.

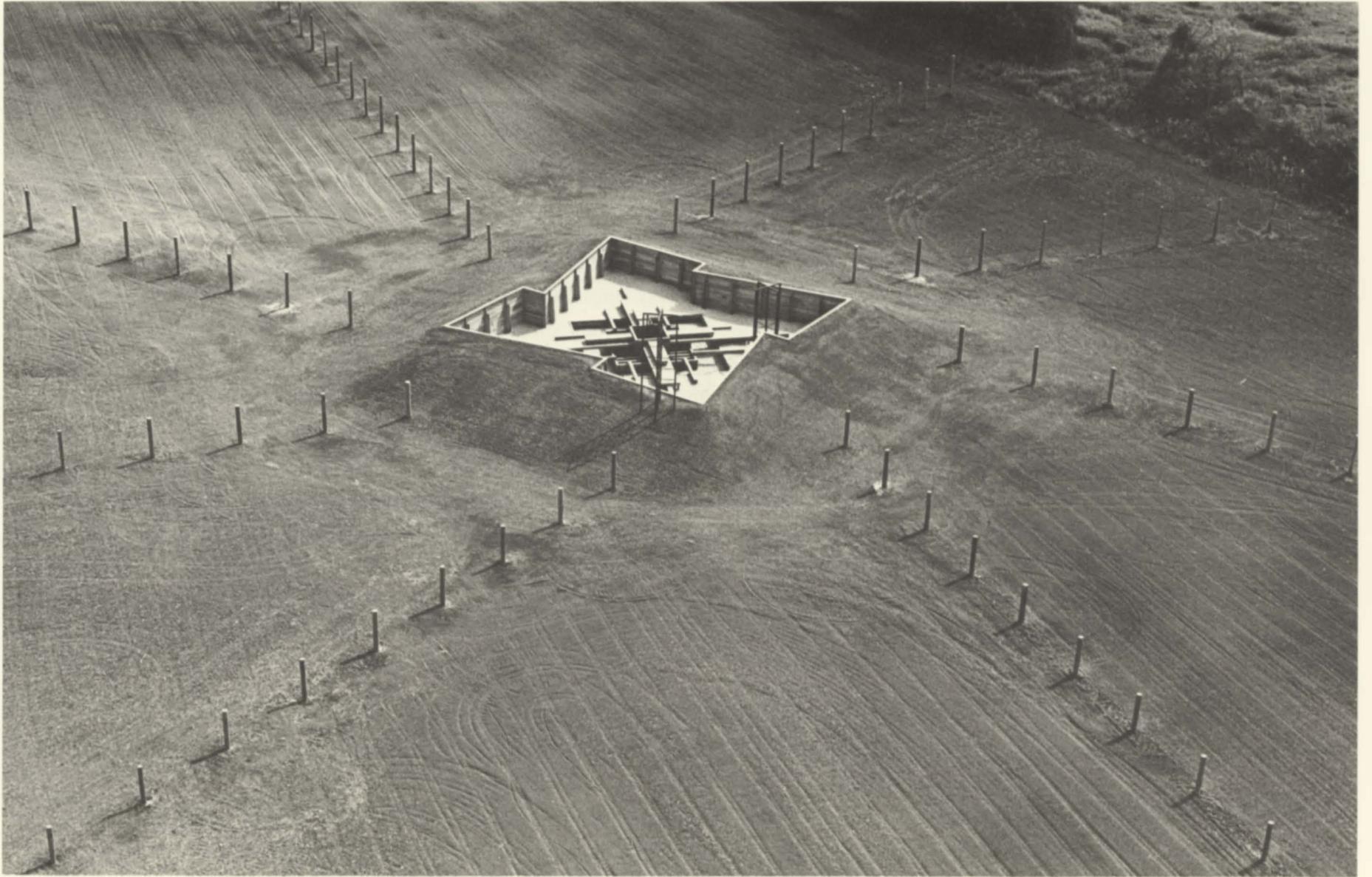


JERRY PEART
Falling Meteor, 1975

The environments of Mary Miss and Martin Puryear are also for use, though what kind of use is deliberately left up to the viewer. They belong to a tradition of site-specific art that grew out of Minimalism in the late 1960s. Pioneered by Robert Smithson, its heroic phase was characterized by dour and monumental “earthworks” in remote deserts, mountains, and (most notably) a barren corner of the Great Salt Lake. The earthworks were not so much sculptures in odd places as sculptures that *were* odd places. Domesticated to sculpture parks, the earthwork aesthetic inevitably lost its wild sublimity, becoming at once friendlier and more complicated in order to attract and hold the attention of peripatetic viewers. Miss is a veteran of sculpture-park projects. Puryear, best known as a distinguished gallery sculptor, has brought off a tour de force for the Manilow.

An experience of Miss’s *Field Rotation* begins with a sense of something strange going on near the Governors State parking lot. Rows of embedded telephone poles, like ranks of menhirs, radiate from a grassy mound. Like magnetism to a magnet, they draw curiosity to the mound, making a stroll in that direction irresistible. The mound has a secret: it is hollow. Nothing outside its sunken garden prepares you for the variegated and serene experience to be had within. A crisp opposition of inside/outside is basic to the work, and highly effective in the prairie setting. Descending by ladder, you suddenly escape the relentless horizon (and, if it’s that kind of day, the relentless wind) and enter a world that could be anywhere, though somewhere Oriental seems most probable. With its low pyramid of exquisitely carpentered walkways, dark pools of water, gravel floor, and mysterious metal towers, *Field Rotation* invites relaxation and reverie. How could anything so lovely, and so obviously the result of incredibly hard, dedicated labor, be controversial?

Because Philistinism is resourceful and shameless, that’s why. I heard a lot of mostly standard stories of public negativity when I visited the Manilow, but this one intrigued me: a television reporter, filming a spot on *Field Rotation*, thought himself vastly clever to conclude in a Chicago playground, implying that there was no difference. There happen to be differences aplenty, but the reporter was unwittingly close to an important point about art like Miss’s. To be *reminded* of common things, like playground equipment, by such art begins a process which, if not short-circuited by smug cynicism, can lead to a lively and freshened responsiveness to the world. To the charge that *Field Rotation* “looks like a playground,” one might answer: “Very good. Now, what does a playground look like? Let us, by all means, go to a playground and look – really *look* – at it. We will see a lot more, and a lot better, thanks to Mary Miss.”



MARY MISS
Field Rotation, 1981



MARY MISS
Field Rotation, 1981



MARY MISS
Field Rotation, 1981







MARTIN PURYEAR *Bodark Arc*, 1982

Martin Puryear's *Bodark Arc* is less likely to rile the prejudiced because it is so much less conspicuous, but its meanings are provocative. They involve a kind of time travel keyed to the land, especially to a hedgerow of Osage orange trees – wood once favored by Native Americans, the dispossessed of this land, for making their bows. The shape of the piece (as you discover by walking it) is that of a bow, a semicircle whose diameter is the hedgerow. Its arc is a path that becomes a wooden bridge where it crosses water. Passing under a handsome wooden arch, you take a radial path (the “arrow” in Puryear’s bow) to the work’s midpoint, a primitive-looking chair cast in bronze (modeled on an African tribal design). Sitting on the chair, you can sight along the “arrow” and see that it is aimed at a doorway of the distant university building. You may feel haunted by the consciousness of something primordial and lost. If a high wind happens to be moaning in the trees, that’s all to the good.



MARTIN PURYEAR
Bodark Arc, 1982





MARTIN PURYEAR
Bodark Arc, 1982



MARTIN PURYEAR
Bodark Arc, 1982

Set near the university building, where it will doubtless be making new friends for generations, Joel Shapiro's untitled bronze sculpture (cast from wood, the grain of which is retained) is the wittiest piece in the park. (Whether intentionally or not, it generates a special humor when seen in a sightline with Henry's *Illinois Landscapes No. 5*, which its form amiably teases.) Shapiro has long led the way in developing a newly figurative sculpture from the austere givens of Minimalism. His piece at the Manilow, balletic and comic and at the same time obdurately objectlike (not illusionistic in the manner of assembled sculpture), is a slyly contradictory work. The image is not one figure but, ambiguously, two. Depending on whether you see the "head" at the bottom or at the top, you get either someone taking an ungainly header or someone lunging upward with uncertain intent: imploringly (like a baby reaching for its mother) or menacingly (Frankenstein-style). I respond to it kinesthetically, registering in my own body-image the feel and the emotion of its optional postures – and trying, in vain, to reconcile them. The cumulative effect, for me, is intensely funny.

If Shapiro's is the wittiest work in the park, Bruce Nauman's *House Divided* is probably the most difficult, and I will therefore give extended attention to this strikingly original work – as of this writing, the only permanently installed sculpture of this kind anywhere by Nauman, who may be the single most important artist of Postminimalism. *House Divided* is apt to bewilder people without art backgrounds and also to affront many who have them, because it offers so few of the satisfactions that we are accustomed to in art. Indeed, it pointedly *withholds* satisfaction in ways that may strike us as harsh and even hostile. My experience of *House Divided* persuades me that it is *about* harshness, hostility, dissatisfaction, and fear – states of mind and heart not pleasant, but real. The willing viewer can ultimately transcend these states, working through them to a rewarding sense of enriched and clarified feeling. But the confrontational nature of *House Divided* cannot be gotten around, and I don't imagine it will ever be really popular. An appreciation of it must be earned.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand," Abraham Lincoln said during the most terrifying hostilities in American history, those of the Civil War. Nauman's allusion to the great Illinoisan is one way in which *House Divided* relates to its setting. Another is the sheer look of the piece, especially when seen from the nearby road. Viewed in passing, from a car, *House Divided* hides in plain sight, all but invisible in its resemblance to hundreds of thousands of practically identical small buildings – garages, tool sheds, chicken coops, Lord knows what else – that are strewn across rural



JOEL SHAPIRO
Untitled, 1981

America: low-gabled oblongs typically plunked on unproductive and unlovely scraps of land (as Nauman's is, occupying one of the lowest and deadest spots in the park). The resemblance is obviously deliberate. It may help the reader to know, in this connection, that Nauman, from Wisconsin, has generally preferred to live in rural places; his home in New Mexico is equipped with several small, plain buildings.

House Divided differs from the numberless structures it resembles in a significant way. They are built of wooden parts and flimsy; it is a single, concrete object (made by pouring cement into a plywood matrix, which was then removed) and effectively indestructible, like a tombstone. It is, I feel, a kind of monument to rural America, its starkness thoroughly appropriate to the recent disasters of the farm economy. This is one level of the work's meaning.

Approached on foot from the campus, *House Divided* presents an aspect entirely different than that seen from the road. Portals at either end of its western side make it look rather like a temple, though an exceedingly humble one: the shrine of some obscure tutelary spirit, perhaps. A third, redundant, entrance, at a corner of the southern end, reinforces the impression of a ceremonial rather than functional structure. The interior of the house surprises. Rather than entering a rectangular room, you find yourself in a triangular one: the house is bisected diagonally by a wall. The plane of the wall has common edges with the house's exterior at both ends. Standing outside, you can sight along it, looking through one portal and out another, to the horizon. The vector of the wall is northwest-southeast, the path of the fiercest winter winds.

Having seen half the house's interior, the viewer naturally seeks entrance to the other half. The viewer is in for a shock. There is no entrance. Half the building is hermetically sealed, eternally inaccessible. Inaccessible to imagination, even. Trying to think about that occluded space gives me a curious sensation, perhaps akin to the experience of someone with a case of delimited, minor brain damage – unable to smell a certain class of odors, say, or to think of a particular word. It is like something “on the tip of your tongue” that you will never remember, or like an unreachable itch. Though the space must be simply the reverse of the building's open half, I cannot *picture* it. This effect is highly disturbing because, I think, of the “houseness” of *House Divided*. It is the nature of a house, a personal shelter warm with human connotations, to be habitable in all its parts, and Nauman's contradiction of this nature is felt almost as an act of violence.



BRUCE NAUMAN *House Divided*, 1983

An association to violence is a key, I believe, to Nauman's intention, signaled initially by his reference to Lincoln's metaphor for the horror of the Civil War. The viewer's experience of *House Divided* is metaphorical, a psychologically jolting apostrophe of *division* in general and, in particular, of east-west political division. Our political "house divided" today is, of course, the whole world. The building's closed section evokes, for the willing viewer, the moral (and mortal) danger of that ultimate Other: the Enemy. Half of *House Divided*, symbolizing "Us" (if you will), is radiantly clear and open and always lighted – by the sun by day and by an electrical fixture at night. The other half ("Them") is out of reach and pitch-dark – or so we believe, not *knowing* anything about it. For all we know, there may be something in there – a lamp, an ironing board, a mummified marching band, *anything* – walled away forever. It's the sort of thing you could have nightmares about. *House Divided* is a parable in cement, capable of bringing to mind some of our civilization's deepest and most justified fears.



BRUCE NAUMAN
House Divided, 1983





BRUCE NAUMAN
House Divided, 1983





BRUCE NAUMAN
House Divided, 1983

House Divided shows how an artwork of apparent simplicity can generate complex meanings. *For Lady Day*, a piece different in nearly every way, shows how an artwork of intricate complexity can, in the hands of a master of form, attain an effect of harmonious simplicity. It would be hard to overpraise that beautiful assembly of beams, cables, and a riven boiler. It is one of two di Suveros in the park. The other, *Prairie Chimes*, was one of the artist's first experiments in steel. Somewhat busy and unclear, it is not in a league with *For Lady Day*, though its great dangling pipes are an inspired idea. (They were clinking and bonging energetically the day I visited: a song played by the prairie wind in celebration of itself.) From any angle and distance, *For Lady Day* is a lucid joy.

It is a drawing-in-space with a mighty brush. From certain viewpoints, it is figurative: I see a standing figure with arms stretched over a reclining or fallen one. (This fits the work's title, an elegiac dedication to the brilliant and doomed Billie Holiday.) From other angles, it is entirely abstract, an endlessly surprising congeries of forms against the sky. Its uniform blackness has the effect of flattening its look – making it truly drawinglike – when viewed from afar. Approached, its three-dimensionality emerges. Finally, you are enveloped by it: it stops being an object and becomes a place. It invites sitting and climbing. The section of boiler at ground level is a sort of walk-in womb, and one can only agree with the silver-painted graffiti inside: “Mark, this place isn't bad at all, huh! Avec Amour, Kathy.” That isn't vandalism, by the way, but a finishing touch: di Suvero wrote it himself.

For Lady Day relates superbly to the prairie by at once rising up from it and sprawling along it. As with *Prairie Chimes*, the wind is paid tribute: the “arms” sway slightly when the wind blows, and a friction of cables makes an eerie music. But the piece's main relation is to the ground. Each part of it that touches the ground does so differently, with a different sense of footing – like a dancer, whose steps can be a lexicon of ways of being in contact with a floor. A good test of any unpedestaled sculpture, come to think of it, is to check the quality of what might be called its “ground-touch”: is the quality distinctive and appropriate? (That of Nauman's piece is, reminding me of a line by Robert Bly: “In small towns the houses are built right on the ground.”) *For Lady Day* is a manual of things to do with the prairie: stand on it, lie down on it, stride.

The works of John Chamberlain and Charles Ginnever, to my eye, easily pass the ground-touch test – Ginnever's most aptly to the prairie, Chamberlain's being best





MARK DI SUVERO
Prairie Chimes, 1968-69

suiting to an enclosed situation. Like di Suvero's, they are also assembled, pictorial sculptures, with qualifications. In Chamberlain's case, the qualifier is the blunt, initially shocking literalism of his crumpled automobile bodies: no illusion there. The joy – the happy joke – of Chamberlain's art is in discovering how the use of junky means can serve lyrical ends. He delivers a low-down exaltation. In the case of Ginnever's *Icarus*, illusion is undercut by the openness and simplicity of the two bent steel sheets. Still, the piece enacts a drama about gravity (the myth of ill-fated Icarus is evoked thereby, as also by the work's pair of "wings"): is the lower element lifting the higher, or is the higher pulling the lower sideways and down? The longer and harder you look, the more ambiguous and highly charged the dynamic becomes. For all its rough, rusted weight, *Icarus* has a hairsbreadth delicacy.



JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
A Virgin Smile, 1983



CHARLES GINNEVER 1975-1978

In a way, Richard Hunt's *Large Planar Hybrid* is the most traditional sculpture in the park: a massive "statue," though executed in welded steel and obviously hollow. However, it is a quirky work, full of surprises. A kaleidoscope of stylized animal, vegetable, and mineral forms, it shows a different image – and is, aesthetically, almost a whole other sculpture – from each of several viewpoints. The funniest is from behind and a bit to the right, an angle that discovers an eagle at rigid attention, solemnly facing the campus's American flag. I associate Hunt's antic, spiky brand of fantasy with the Imagist tradition of Chicago art, one of the strongest regional developments in American art history.

Another Chicago sculpture, Terry Karpowicz's *Art Ark*, an assembly of weathered oak with a steel element, is likewise manifold in its references. A tilted pyramid is attached to a rocking V-form, the tip of the V clad in sharp, evil-looking steel; and the ensemble



RICHARD HUNT
Outgrown Pyramid II, 1973



RICHARD HUNT
Large Planar Hybrid, 1973-74



TERRENCE KARPOWICZ
Art Ark, 1981

somehow manages to suggest no end of things. In my notebook, I scribbled “ship - plough - wagon - barn - cradle - haymow” and then gave up, with no sense of having encompassed the work’s mystery. Most remarkable is how the piece conspires to look at once rooted and in-transit, like a stable structure and like a speeding vehicle. Its rocking motion – it rocks by itself when the wind is high, and to climb on and rock it is a temptation which I, for one, did not resist – seems an amusingly perfect compromise.

The first sculpture ever acquired by the university, Edvins Strautmanis’s *Phoenix* functions in the park as a sort of giant logo. It belongs to a mid-1960s taste for bright, jazzy, geometric form, of the kind that became ubiquitous in decorative “super-graphics.” *Phoenix* is a typical three-dimensional expression of that period style.

As fine as much of its sculpture is, the most memorable thing about the Manilow park is the park itself, as a whole. On the weekday when I visited, I had the place pretty much to myself. (I had the brief company of a dainty fieldmouse while enjoying *For Lady Day*, under which it appeared to have made a home.) To be alone with so much good art, so much space, and the swaggering wind (an arrogant god, that wind, which rushes hundreds of miles unimpeded and, having yet to meet anything worth stopping for, doesn’t give a damn) – to be solitary in a hot sun on winter-flattened grassland – was a large pleasure. When, well into the afternoon, I suddenly spotted a group of people strolling in the vicinity of *Bodark Arc*, it was startling – and another, richer pleasure ensued. They looked small and frail in the distance, as if seen through the wrong end of a telescope, and their simple humanity in that stark place, and the contemplative slowness of their movements, made me love them. They were probably observing me at the same time with I don’t know what emotion, though surely a benign one. We were all quite casually sharing something for which, finally, words fail.



EDVINS STRAUTMANIS *Phoenix*, 1968

ARTISTS' BIOGRAPHIES

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
Born Rochester, Indiana, 1927

John Chamberlain studied at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago, the University of Illinois, and Black Mountain College, North Carolina. He was awarded Guggenheim Fellowships in 1966 and 1977. Chamberlain began working with automobile parts in 1957 and later included among his media urethane, plexiglass, and galvanized metal. He has been represented in "Westkunst" (1981, Cologne), "Documenta 7" (1982, Kassel, West Germany), and numerous other exhibitions in the United States and abroad, as well as in major public collections.

John Chamberlain's metal sculptures, assembled from the crushed remnants of automobiles, developed from the techniques of Abstract Expressionism. Starting with pieces of steel, fenders and bumpers, sheets of urethane foam and plexiglass, Chamberlain renders the materials into new and evocative objects. The heroically scaled *A Virgin Smile* (1983) was commissioned by The Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park with National Endowment for the Arts matching funds. Another notable outdoor work is *Deliquescence* (1982), commissioned by the General Services Administration under the Art in Architecture program for the McNamara Federal Building in Detroit, and temporarily installed on the campus of Wayne State University.

MARK DI SUVERO
Born Shanghai, China, 1933

Mark di Suvero moved to California with his family in 1941. He studied philosophy and later, sculpture, earning his B.A. from the University of California, Berkeley. He has resided in New York since 1957, but also maintains a residence in Petaluma, California. Di Suvero is represented in many public collections in the United States and Europe and has exhibited world-wide, including representation at Documenta 4 (1968, Kassel, West Germany) and the Venice Biennale (1975), and major exhibitions in The Netherlands (Stedelijk Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 1972), and France (Jardin des Tuileries, Paris, 1975). His 1975 retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, which included the installation of large-scale works throughout the city of New York, and a 1985 retrospective at Storm King Art Center, Mountainville, New York, both included *For Lady Day*.

To construct his large-scale sculptures, di Suvero uses wood and steel beams, large-diameter conduits, and other industrial and structural materials. *For Lady Day* (1968-69), a gift of Lewis Manilow, and *Prairie Chimes* (1968-69), on loan from the artist, were created by di Suvero on-site.

CHARLES GINNEVER
Born San Mateo, California, 1931

Charles Ginnever grew up in San Mateo, where he studied briefly at the College of San Mateo before traveling to

Europe, where he studied under Ossip Zadkine and Stanley W. Hayter in the early 1950s. Returning to the United States, Ginnever studied at the California School of Fine Arts, where he received his B.F.A. in 1957. He obtained an M.F.A. degree from Cornell University in 1959, and later taught at Cornell and the Pratt Institute. He was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1974 and a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts in 1975. He currently lives and works in Vermont. Ginnever has exhibited nation-wide in the United States, and is represented in many public and private collections.

Icarus (1975), commissioned with National Endowment for the Arts matching funds, is an archetypal Ginnever work of the 1970s-80s. Related outdoor works include *Protagoras* (1976, St. Paul, Minnesota), *Daedalus* (1975, University of Michigan Museum of Art, Ann Arbor), *Atlantis* (1976, State University of New York, Buffalo), and *Olympus* (1975-76, Bradley Sculpture Garden, Milwaukee, Wisconsin).

JOHN HENRY
Born Lexington, Kentucky, 1943

John Henry was raised in Lexington, where he entered the University of Kentucky in 1961. He studied further at the University of Washington, Seattle; The School of the Art Institute of Chicago; the University of Chicago; and the Illinois Institute of Technology. He has taught at the University of Iowa, University of Wisconsin, and University of Chicago. He presently lives and works in Florida. Henry has been widely ex-

hibited in the United States; other major outdoor works include *Sun Target* (1975), at the Mint Museum of Art, Charlotte, North Carolina; works at the Smithsonian Institution and Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.; and a public commission for Sioux City, Iowa.

Henry's abstract sculptures are created from square steel tubes painted in bright yellow, red, or black. *Illinois Landscapes No. 5* (1976), commissioned by Governors State University, is the first of Henry's heroic pieces of the late 1970s.

JENE HIGHSTEIN
Born Baltimore, 1942

Jene Highstein grew up in Baltimore, where he graduated from the University of Maryland with a degree in philosophy and art in 1963. He also studied at the University of Chicago, New York Studio School, and the Royal Academy in London, from which he obtained his graduate degree. He currently lives in New York. Highstein is represented in numerous public and private collections in Europe and America. His many outdoor works include *Black Sphere* (1976, University of Chicago), *Cave* (1984, commissioned by the City of Houston), and a park with granite sculpture designed for the city of Lincoln, Nebraska. He has been included in The Museum of Modern Art's "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture" (1984) and is the subject of a major retrospective organized by the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art (October 1986).

Since 1974 Highstein has made sculptures in the form of dark spheres, mounds, and similar shapes. *Flying Saucer* (1977) was purchased by the Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park in 1980.

RICHARD HUNT

Born Chicago, 1935

Richard Hunt studied at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago, where he earned a Bachelor's Degree in Art Education in 1957. He has taught at the Art Institute, the University of Illinois at Chicago, the Chouinard Art Institute in Los Angeles, and Northwestern University, among others. In 1958 Hunt had his first one-person show in New York. He has been a member of the National Council on the Arts, the American Council of Arts, and the American Academy of Rome. He resides in Chicago.

Richard Hunt works in assembled, welded metal. *Outgrown Pyramid II* (1973) is a gift of M. A. Lipschultz and *Large Planar Hybrid* (1973-74) was purchased by the Governors State University Foundation. Hunt has a distinguished record of exhibitions, and is represented in many public and private collections. Notable related outdoor works include *From Here to There* (1975, Martin Luther King Community Service Center, Chicago), *Cartwright Mound* (1977, Cartwright Park, Evanston, Illinois), *Why* (1975, Harper Library Quadrangle, University of Chicago), and *Fox Box Hybrid* (1979, 900-910 Lake Shore Drive Apartments, Chicago).

TERRENCE KARPOWICZ

Born East St. Louis, Illinois, 1948

Terrence Karpowicz earned a B.A. from Albion College in Michigan in 1970, and an M.F.A. degree from the University of Illinois, where he was a Fulbright Hays Fellow. He has taught at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago and the University of Illinois, Chicago, and was awarded the Frank Logan Medal and Prize by the Art Institute in 1974 and National Endowment for the Arts fellowships in 1980 and 1982. Karpowicz has installed permanent works in DeKalb, Illinois (*Six Mile Bottom*, 1980, Northern Illinois University), Los Angeles (*Rural Wind*, 1980), Omaha, Nebraska (*Headed in the Right Direction*, 1981), and Springfield, Illinois (*Alpha Centurion*, 1986, Revenue Center, Willard B. Ice Building).

Karpowicz makes large wooden sculptures. The park's *Art Ark* (1981) is a gift of M. A. Lipschultz.

MARY MISS

Born New York, 1944

Mary Miss attended the University of California, Santa Barbara, where she earned a B.A. in 1966. She was awarded an M.F.A. in 1968 from the Maryland Art Institute, Baltimore. She has taught at Hunter College and the Pratt Institute, and has been awarded a CAPS Grant from the New York State Council on the Arts and a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship in 1974. She currently lives in New York. Miss's outdoor installations date from the mid-1960s and include works at Lake Placid, New

York; Artpark, Lewiston, New York; Oberlin College; and Laumeier Sculpture Park, St. Louis. She has exhibited extensively in Europe and the United States.

Mary Miss's sculpture is designed to accommodate the requirements of the site. *Field Rotation* (1981) was commissioned by the Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park with matching funds from the National Endowment for the Arts.

BRUCE NAUMAN

Born Fort Wayne, Indiana, 1941

Bruce Nauman studied mathematics and art at the University of Wisconsin (B.S., 1964), and in 1966 earned an M.F.A. from the University of California, Davis, where he studied with Robert Arneson, Stephen Kaltenbach, and William Wiley. He was awarded a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship in 1968 and a grant from the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies in 1970. He currently lives in Pecos, New Mexico. Nauman has exhibited extensively in Europe and the United States, including the Venice Biennale (1980) and Documenta (1969, 1972, 1982, Kassel, West Germany); major exhibitions in Los Angeles (Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 1972-73, toured to New York and Europe), The Netherlands (Rijkmuseum Kröller-Müller, Otterlo, 1981), and West Germany (Staatliche Kunsthalle Baden-Baden, 1981); and the recent exhibition of his work in neon (The Baltimore Museum of Art, 1984). An important exhibition of Nauman's work was shown in Basel, Paris, and London in 1986-87,

and a major show of his drawings is touring Europe and the U.S. from 1986 to 1988. Nauman's outdoor works, while few in number, show the range of his abilities, and include the neon installation *Violins Violence Silence* (1981-82, The Baltimore Museum of Art). *House Divided* (1983) was commissioned by the Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park.

JERRY PEART

Born Winslow, Arizona, 1948

Jerry Peart attended Arizona State University, Tempe, where he was awarded a B.F.A. in 1970, and Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, where he earned an M.F.A. in 1972. He currently lives in Chicago. Peart has exhibited extensively in the United States, and has completed outdoor projects for the City of Chicago; the City of Winslow, Arizona; and the Illinois Department of Housing, Quincy, Illinois. He has also received numerous corporate commissions. *Falling Meteor* (1975), commissioned by the Park Forest South Cultural Foundation with National Endowment for the Arts matching funds, is the last of Peart's one-color works.

MARTIN PURYEAR

Born Washington, D.C., 1941

Martin Puryear earned his B.A. from the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., in 1963, and an M.F.A. from Yale University in 1971. He has shown both discrete objects and

sculptural installations world-wide. He currently lives in Chicago and teaches there at the University of Illinois. Puryear has exhibited extensively throughout the United States and Europe, and is represented in many major public collections. Major installations include *The Black Circle* (1980, University of Illinois at Chicago); *Sentinel* (1982, Gettysburg College, Pennsylvania); *Knoll* (1983, National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration, Western Regional Center, Seattle, Washington); and an untitled installation for the City of Chicago (1984, River Road Station, Chicago Transit Authority).

The bow-and-arrow shaped landscape installation *Bodark Arc* (1982) was commissioned by the Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park. The "bodark" of the title is an English corruption of the American-French "*bois d'arc*," "wood of the bow," that is, Osage orange, used for bows by the Native Americans of the Southeast and Midwest, and composing the hedgerow "bowstring" of the work.

JOEL SHAPIRO
Born New York, 1941

Joel Shapiro attended New York University, where he earned both his B.A. (1964) and M.A. (1969) degrees. He currently lives in New York. He has exhibited in the United States, Europe, Australia, and Japan, and has been included in both the Venice Biennale (1976, 1978, 1980) and Documenta (1977, 1982). A major exhibition of his

work organized by the Whitney Museum of American Art toured North America in 1982-83.

Joel Shapiro is perhaps best known for his very small, dense, cast sculptures, reminiscent of, and in some cases portraying, tiny houses, bridges, chairs, and moving into abstract geometric forms refined from these very mundane objects. During the late 1970s, however, while concerning himself largely with the kinds of sculptures described, Shapiro was also beginning to develop a similarly spare group of works based on the figure. His untitled work, acquired by the Nathan Manilow Sculpture Park in 1981, develops from this latter group.

EDVINS STRAUTMANIS
Born Liepaja, Latvia, 1933

Edvins Strautmanis immigrated to Chicago with his parents in 1950. He studied at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago, where he earned a diploma in 1956, and later at the University of Chicago. He currently resides in New York.

Strautmanis has been both a painter and sculptor, turning from one medium to the other with great facility. *Phoenix* (1968), arranged by Lewis Manilow to be transferred from an apartment project in Hyde Park to Governors State University, was originally designed to provide seating and a play facility for children. Strautmanis has exhibited widely throughout the United States. *Phoenix* is his only major outdoor work.

For directions to the park and further information call 312-534-5368

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