

The McKnight Foundation • Minneapolis, Minnesota

Judy Onofrio

2005 McKnight Distinguished Artist









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I consider myself extremely lucky. Every day, I have the opportunity to construct a world of memory, humor, and stories through my work in the studio. Best of all, I live in that world and invite others in. There is nothing I would rather do and no place I would rather be. My life and art are best when on a continuous roll, including everything I desire—love, happiness, good friends, success, and a working concrete mixer.

Judy Tells All

I AM A SELF-TAUGHT ARTIST. Throughout my life, my artistic interests have ranged from the formal to the naïve to the outrageous. In childhood, my role model was my great-aunt Trude, a lovable and eccentric outsider artist who worked beyond the confines of the mainstream art world. Aunt Trude followed a personal vision that drove her to make art until she died at the age of 90. It was her influence that launched my lifetime search for grottos, visionary environments, and contemporary artists whose personal visions clearly stand apart.

The joy I derive from making art complements my love for collecting an odd assortment of curios that provoke strong memories. I have a lifelong obsession with frequenting garage sales, flea markets, and auctions within a hundred-mile radius. This has led to a stockpile of materials for my work: buttons, glass jewels, beads, vintage jewelry, shells, glass fruit, mirrors, ceramic tiles, and many figurative ceramic objects.

My process of working is additive. I start with a narrative, often based on events that happen in my everyday life. I carve people, birds, fish, dogs, carrots, flowers—a whole world from basswood. Often, I use a vintage found object as a model, changing its proportion or meaning as I alter it or carve a version of it. These objects, with their rich trove of memory images, reference the passage of time and its effect on what we remember. Aside from the extravagance of color, surface ornamentation, and my ever-present sense of humor, each work tells a story of utopian wishes and dreams, a saga of seduction, duality, and temptation.

Although I've been acquiring objects, images, and ideas all my life, it seems that only recently has everything—my art, environment, and life—come together and merged into a wonderful oneness.

Judy Onofrio



Judy Onofrio: The Making of an Artist

IN PURSUIT OF JOY: Judy Onofrio is an artist of uncommon spirit, one who seems to live on the edge of the primordial garden, the facsimile of which exists outside her studio window, spread across the hillside, overrun, luxuriant, home to frogs and snakes and raccoons, to arches and pillars and graves for family pets. She calls it Judyland. The gardener is her beloved husband, Burton. Their long and fruitful marriage surmounts modern statistics and hazards. Judy, the magician artist, twines the family, the gardens, and the home into a living work of art—and all the while, she toils away in her studio, with her own hands making something from seemingly nothing.

To celebrate Judy Onofrio as The McKnight Foundation's 2005 Distinguished Artist is to honor one who forged her own way while setting a splendid example of how one becomes an artist. She enriched the whole of Minnesota cultural life as she took on the work of creating her own. Judy Onofrio has channeled her generosity, enthusiasm, and curiosity into major works of sculpture radiant with color, movement, and life. Her art, infused with joy, is as enchanting as it is original.

THE MAKING OF AN ARTIST

In the early 1970s, Judy Onofrio turned the basement of the family home in Rochester, Minnesota, into a clay studio. In a world circumscribed by three young children and a Mayo Clinic neurosurgeon husband, she organized workshops with other ceramic artists, became the founding director of the Minnesota Crafts Council, kept her own busy regional exhibition schedule on track, and founded the still highly regarded children's art camp at the Rochester Art Center. During odd moments, she visited garage sales and flea markets, adding weekly to her burgeoning collections.

It wasn't long before clay pots

evolved into large sculptures and installations assembled from clay components. In 1982, Onofrio moved completely away from ceramics to work in soft sculpture. Then, restless, she began to build outdoor installations of wood. The construction site with its coterie of workers became her studio. She transformed lumber, tar paper, and found materials into walls, and then rooms, and finally monuments, only to tear them apart at the end of the exhibition or burn them in a glorious final performance.

When she wasn't making art



Above: Rochester rock band Judd poses with Judy's soft sculpture, *Cream Beach*, for album cover, 1975.

Opposite: *Don't Fence Me In*, part of "Rodney's Roadside Traveling Tricks," 1981



Bodyguard, 1989
wood, oil paint
74 x 28 x 25 inches



Overcome, 1989
wood, oil paint
80 x 33 x 27 inches



Path of Closure, 1989
wood, oil paint, lead
72.25 x 33 x 24.5 inches

she was studying art. An untrained artist herself, she sought to learn at the feet of true naïve artists. She came to know intimately the *Grotto of the Blessed Virgin* in Dickeyville, Wisconsin, and the *Grotto of the Redemption* in West Bend, Iowa. She pored over images of Cheval's *Palais Ideal* in Hauterives, France, and Howard Finster's *Paradise Gardens* in Summerville, Georgia, while thinking about her own Judyland. She venerated these artists, and she found in them an exuberant energy that paralleled her own.

Not formally trained but not untaught, Judy Onofrio saw every important exhibition that came to the Twin Cities region. She traveled, she

looked, and she learned. She also made friends with many of Minnesota's best artists. The family home became guest quarters for an endless stream of artists passing through, joining the family dinner, visiting the studio, talking art, and taking in a blues concert if some group was playing in town.

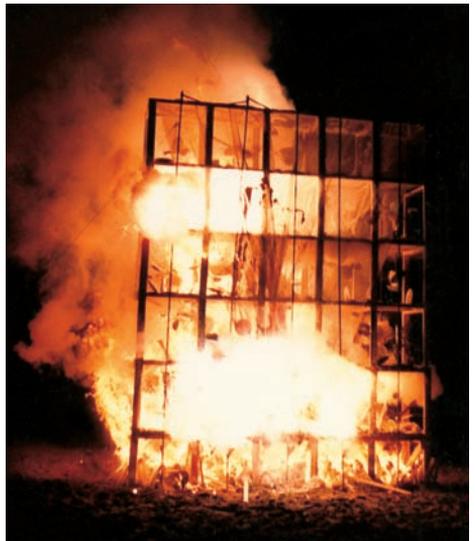
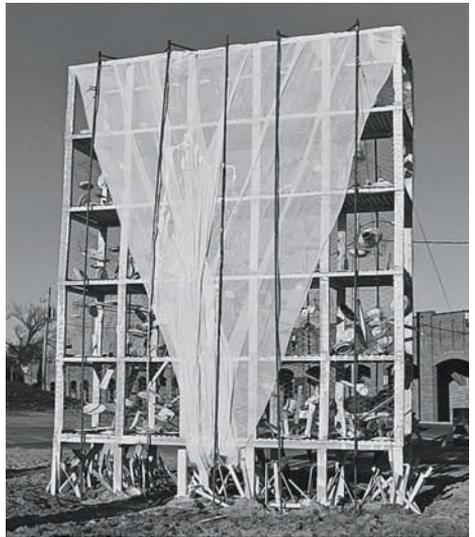
As the 1980s ran out, Onofrio shifted again to make painted wall-hung relief constructions. Composed of wood, the "Shield Series" was a natural outgrowth of her installation work. She struggled with the shields, never quite satisfied. Then, in 1989, she had back surgery. To while away tedious recuperative hours, she began to make

Always working from intuition, she explored color and form, surface and its counterpart, the hidden, the unknown, the unknowable.

jewelry from the stuff in her collections. She taught herself to bead. First came brooches, then simple beaded bracelets, then extravagantly beaded brooches and bracelets, each one larger and more imposing than its predecessor. Gradually, the brooches grew into small shrines, then into larger shrines and monumental wall reliefs, and finally into the room-sized installation that opened at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts in April 1993. It later traveled to the North Dakota Museum of Art and the museum galleries of Laumeier Sculpture Park in St. Louis. The Minneapolis Institute of Arts organized the show; the North Dakota Museum of Art produced the catalog—Onofrio's first. This exhibition absolutely delighted the audiences in all three places. Crowds poured in, charmed by the likes of Mrs. Butterworth's and Aunt Jemima pancake-syrup bottles, bowling pins, and bottle caps transformed into the formal elements of Judy Onofrio's version of the Garden of Eden.

Onofrio's unabated enthusiasm for an intense visual life guided her art making as well. The pattern most noteworthy in all this is her incessant drive to push scale from small objects, to wall-sized works, to gigantic undertakings. The second pattern that charts her growth is her need to understand the aesthetic experience. What brings tension into a work of art? How does one create magic? Why is one work more successful than the next? Always working from intuition, she explored color and form, surface and its counterpart, the hidden, the unknown, the unknowable. Her studio became her

university as she grew herself into a nationally recognized artist. She spent years exploring clay and wood, building and fabrication, paint and found materials. Much of what she made was abandoned, given away, sold, or tossed aside. Her real undertaking was to learn to think and see like an artist.



Fire performance, Drake University, 1984



At the installation of the entrance to Laumeier Sculpture Park, 1995

Here was work that was truly hers, that was kin to the outsider art she so admired but controlled with an uncommon formal elegance.

Much has been written about how she came into her own as an artist about 15 years ago when she integrated her obsessive lifelong habit of collecting into her art making. The resulting large-scale sculptures resemble gigantic pieces of jewelry, the pinnacle of her evolution from making wearable brooches of glittering, gorgeous beads—plus an occasional baby crocodile head—to creating works of architecture embedded with the materials of her collections (baskets of broken china and shattered mirrors, pounds of glass and shells and marbles, dozens of Jell-O molds, thousands of buttons, and on and on). Onofrio's entrance arch to Laumeier Sculpture Park (1995), is a stellar example of her accumulative architectural installations.

Judy Onofrio had found her visual voice. Here was work that was truly hers, that was kin to the outsider art she so admired but controlled with an uncommon formal elegance. Here she could build as large as she pleased while

relying on her embellished surfaces to add grace and lightness. Here was art married to her madness for collecting. Here also was an art of cataloging, of assembling the debris of an ordinary time in postfifties America into a chronicle or record of that time, which in turn gave voice to the larger passions that produced the detritus. Through her collecting, sorting, and classifying of everything from antiques to junk to door pulls, she learned the history of objects within the American culture from the 1920s to the present. "I have taken apart thousands of antique lighting fixtures," says the artist. "Objects energize me." This endless array of thrift-store finds would make its way into mosaic-encrusted narrative sculpture.

Although inherently gregarious, Onofrio stepped back from her leadership role in the regional art scene and the national ceramics world for a time during the 1990s. Instead, she needed to immerse herself in her own large and demanding art practice, work that could

be realized only with the help of studio assistants. Often, her workers were artists themselves, and thus she found the social and intellectual companionship she thrived on in her own studio—no longer in the basement but in a light-filled addition to the family home complete with connected office space and storage. The withdrawal didn't last long. Today, she is on the board of the Minnesota Artists Exhibition Program at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, is deeply involved in the Rochester Art Center, and continues to curate and conduct workshops around the country.

Since the early 1990s, when Judy Onofrio broke through with her signature work, she has singularly pursued the world of delight, of the

garden, of ancient myths and Eastern beings, of rabbits and birds and beautiful women. Of monkeys and flowers. Of those rituals and places and existences outside everyday life where extraordinary things can take place: the Day of the Dead, the circus, the snake charmer, the fortuneteller's den, the land of the Buddha. Shakespeare described the poet as taking the essence of things unknown or outside ordinary life and giving them shape, existence, a name. Through the magical act of making art, Onofrio transforms the airy nothing into joy.

This artist develops her imagery through a dialogue with opposites, dualities and mixed messages, males and females, doers of good and doers of evil coupled with the exploration of strength and fragility, of the humorous and the scary, of the obvious and the disguised, of the eloquent and the mundane.

In her object-filled world, surface dominated; abundance ruled. But by the late 1990s, Onofrio had gradually turned from objects in her search for form: "Though I continued to love objects and the act of collecting and sorting, I became more interested in clarifying my form and concept by giving the work more visual space." Intuitively, she looked to nature, or the world outside her studio window, to understand the essence of form. Instead of creating figures by assembling found objects as she always had, she began to carve and paint animals, birds, fish, snakes, and human figures. They would function as visual foil to her wildly busy surfaces; they would provide contrasting delight for the eye; and they would carry the action of her storytelling.

The work *Your Wish Is My Command* (1997) is an example of her transition from surface embellishment to form. The central female figure is



Bird Call, 1997
mixed media
35 x 22 x 11 inches

Unknowable in themselves, animals are for Onofrio canvas for human emotion.



Left and opposite:
Delicate Balance, details, 2004
mixed media
132 x 126 x 64 inches

carved; only the surface of her clothing is ornately adorned. In this autobiographical work, the artist lies back in a big easy chair, the telephone close at hand, willing to transmit the artist's wishes to the world. For in real life, cloistered as she is for endless hours in her studio, the telephone is her source of information, pleasure, and connection to the outside: good news always arrives by telephone. The genie, an effigy of her husband, Burton, awaits her summons on the back of the sculpture. She, in her sassy high heels, is surrounded by birds, including a black swan that moves through the piece, separating the genie and the woman and acting as a canopy for the entire piece.

The use of animals is not new to Onofrio, as they appear consistently throughout her oeuvre. In her latest work, however, their role is complex. Unknowable in themselves, they are for Onofrio canvas for human emotion. Given her work's focus on human ties,

she most often engages her animals in male and female or androgynous relationships. Therefore, the living creatures bring both formal tension and, in becoming humanized, emotional tension to her work.

For a long time Onofrio collected images of the hear-no-evil, see-no-evil, speak-no-evil monkeys to embed into her work. No longer. Now, she says, "I am in love with monkeys, but I see them as my companions. I talk to them in the studio; they are serene, quiet, to me an open book. Elephants are the opposite: sensual, erotic, and male. I use birds for movement, for suggesting the very feeling of motion." Snakes are neither good nor evil but rather the embodiment of the unknowable, of mystery.

By the time Onofrio made *Delicate Balance* (2004), form and movement had supplanted surface embellishment at the core of her art. The central figure, a female acrobat delicately balanced on the raised feet of her fellow



performers, soars into the air, poised on a single hand, a bird perched momentarily on the outstretched finger of the other, both legs reaching skyward. Four monkeys silently observe from the sideline, watching the wondrous movement of the balancing act. After weeks of intensive work building the figures from basswood and sculptural epoxy, the artist turned her attention to the base, the circus wagon from which the figure flies forth.

Onofrio's work has always been about imagined journeys, unattainable adventures, longed-for places, and the wishes and dreams that elude most people. The circus of the imagination or as seen through a child's eyes, rather than the gritty, smelly, often tawdry circus of real life, came to represent Judy Onofrio's most urgent dream of all: unfettered mobility. *Delicate Balance* is a joyous celebration of wellness, of walking, of flying unassisted into the glorious sky. It is an arabesque of line and movement that has escaped into the realm of birds. It is also a tribute to the support system of family and friends, of studio assistants and fellow artists, that allows Judy Onofrio to fly.

Delicate Balance is part of a whole series of circus works. "I imagined *Madame Twisto* (2002) as a circus woman with her legs twisted together like a Dairy Queen," says Onofrio. In the real circus, Madame Twisto would be a freak; in Onofrio's sculpture, she is transformed into a glamorous woman, ensconced under an arch reminiscent of Bernini's canopy for the papal altar in St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. Four equally gorgeous miniature women hold court at her feet.

When Onofrio began to add carved female heads to her assembled works, the faces first resembled a portrait

of her mother and later the artist herself. In the most recent work, the face has become a mask. It might resemble the exaggerated idea of what a woman might look like in the mind of a transvestite, a circus acrobat in full makeup, a model in a Paris couture runway show, or any female creature who inhabits the world of make-believe—especially drag queens. The artist is as interested in what the mask hides as in what it reveals. She is interested in magic in all its forms and in the possibility that acts of magic might be real rather than trickery. Could what is behind the trick and what is seen be the same thing?

Judy Onofrio's art resounds with exaggeration, extravagance, and stylization. Clear, brilliant, glistening color, splashed against both shiny and dull blacks, dances around and through her art. Movement is always present. Change seems imminent. The past creeps into the present. Both mannerist and baroque sculpture unfold into her art of the twenty-first century. The artist's roots stem from folk art, from grottos created by the naïve, from places such as Watts Towers and Gaudí's Parque Güell. But always layers of sophisticated form emerge from her dazzling embellishments to place her within the realm of sculpture rather than of folk art.

Ultimately, Judy Onofrio succeeds in creating a lifetime of work that is a cornucopia of joy—a masterful accomplishment. Life in Minnesota is all the richer.

Laurel Reuter
Director, North Dakota Museum of Art
Grand Forks

Opposite:
Madame Twisto, 2002
mixed media
112 x 73 x 73 inches



Onofrio's work has always been about imagined journeys, unattainable adventures, longed-for places, and the wishes and dreams that elude most people.

Mrs. B and Great-Aunt Trude

Go to the Museum

WHOEVER THOUGHT of putting Judy Onofrio's Mrs. Butterworth statue in the lobby of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, where it presided for several years, deserves a tip of the hat. The same goes for the person who had the equally bright idea of installing Alexander Calder's miniature circus in the lobby of the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. These works say, "Come on in. Art can be fun, and going to an art museum isn't really intimidating." Right off the bat, visitors are met with the perfect antidote to the notion that art is serious, requires special knowledge to be appreciated, and exists in a world apart from the one most people live in—unless they happen to be related to the Medicis.



Top: Self-portrait in wire by sculptor Alexander Calder, 1968
Above: Alexander Calder wears a paper party mask, 1959.
Opposite: *Mrs. B*, detail, 1997 mixed media
80 x 49 x 49 inches

Calder used to put on performances for friends that were no doubt sheer delight. But the *Cirque Calder* is a small-scale amusement compared with Judy's recent circus-themed work, with its dazzling, often monumental array of performers. Even so, it is clear that both artists are aware of the analogy between the circus and art, and of how the two realms both involve skill, daring, and a sense of drama. Calder's circus is also a reminder that right from the start modernism could be entertaining, and could embrace popular culture no matter what happened as the avant-garde entered museums and academia.

Judy's art, like Calder's, may be the exception that proves the rule, for it points up the air of seriousness that still surrounds art and museums. Yet her art, also like Calder's, is in its own way representative of its time and of larger movements in the art world and in the culture. Placing Judy's art in perspective means acknowledging the continuing tension and the continuing exchange between high and low in modern art.

The rise of modern art in America in the first half of the twentieth century was not entirely an exercise in cultural elitism and big ideas, as the example of Calder demonstrates. Avant-garde developments were often intertwined with an interest in folk art and other forms of cultural expression from outside the fine art tradition. In 1929 Edith Halpert, a major dealer for the early American moderns, opened the American Folk Art Gallery to accompany her Downtown Gallery. Walker Evans loved to photograph (and sometimes steal) hand-painted signs

that had an idiosyncratic, naïve style. Elie Nadelman, a Polish-born sculptor affiliated with the School of Paris, moved to New York and with his wife assembled a magnificent collection of folk art including wrought iron, hooked rugs, and tobacco-store figures. They even opened their own Museum of Folk and Applied Art. And in 1932 the Museum of Modern Art held an exhibition of folk art.

Modern art in the second half of the twentieth century was also not as self-serious, elitist, or purist as some accounts would have it. It was not that long from the rise of abstract expressionism in the 1940s and 1950s (to use the shorthand of history by decades) to the rise of pop art in the 1960s, which helped bring an appreciation of commercial and popular culture, as in Warhol's soup cans and Marilyns, and Lichtenstein's use of comic-book imagery. Perhaps in mainstream modernism the hierarchies and boundaries were still intact, because the low was not loved for what it was but only for what it might become if an artist appropriated, transformed, and elevated it into the realm of high art—for instance by turning a comic-book picture into a painting on canvas. But when postmodernism came to town in the 1980s and 1990s, it blurred, even obliterated, the line between high culture and popular culture, fine art and kitsch.

And that's where Judy comes in. There is something astonishing about the way she seemed to rediscover her roots and discover her mature artistic style simultaneously at the beginning of the 1990s. That meant turning from the modernist model evident in the shields, large wall constructions, and other early work, accomplished and sometimes outrageous as it was, and realizing she



could go home again. That is, she could recapture the spirit of her great-aunt Trude by finding a way to incorporate in her art all that non-art stuff she had been accumulating for all those years, and make her own versions of the visionary installation-environments she had loved for so long.

Judy's individual development and dramatic transformation, as well as her overall achievement, should not be seen in isolation. In retrospect, it's clear that others were feeling the same interest in outsider art, sharing the guilty pleasures of kitsch, believing that there was more to art than the more dogmatic versions of modernism might allow. In 1971 the Walker Art Center presented "Naïves and Visionaries," a landmark exhibition that Judy saw and loved. In 1977 the architects Robert Venturi, Denise Scott Brown, and Steven Izenour published *Learning from Las Vegas*, a

polemic that upheld the value of popular entertainment and populuxe architecture, car culture and the strip, and vernacular roadside oddities such as a drive-in shaped like a duck. In 1978 the Los Angeles County Museum presented sculptor Ken Price's "Happy's Curios," a group of installations that paid homage to Mexican pottery and Day of the Dead shrines. It was greeted with less than wild enthusiasm by some at the time, but these days it looks like a classic.

One sign that naïve and outsider art had become hip appeared in 1985, when the cover for the Talking Heads album *Little Creatures* sported a commissioned painting by the Reverend Howard Finster. In the two decades since, the interest and the market in folk, outsider, and naïve art have boomed, with specialized auctions and expos as well as new museums such as the American Visionary Art Museum in Baltimore, a pilgrimage site for devotees. Where "Happy's Curios" or Pepón Osorio's installations of supposedly kitsch material were once the exception, today all dogmas are off. Thrift-store paintings are okay, velvet paintings are okay, seashell-encrusted souvenirs are okay. Outsider art is "in," and bad taste is . . . well, who's to say anymore?

For some, this brave new art world may be shrouded in irony, yet that is not true for Judy. Her love for anything and everything is apparent in the high-spirited pleasure and wit of her work. Having drawn inspiration from the individuality,

exuberance, ambition, inventiveness, and sometimes sheer wackiness of naïve and outsider art, she has moved on. The recent tableaux and wall sculptures devoted to the circus seem to have less of a naïve or kitsch feel and place more emphasis on psychological and theatrical aspects, including male-female or human-animal relationships, and the idea of performance. But nobody is going to mistake one for a Brancusi.

Judy is not a folk artist, a naïve artist, or an outsider artist. She is, however, among the many contemporary artists whose work is linked to the revival of interest in naïves and visionaries, outsider and folk art, popular culture and kitsch. There is no "school" of artists who make this kind of work, although for all their artistic differences, affinities can be seen between Judy and many others. Her kindred spirits include Betye Saar, whose assemblages use materials gleaned from

flea markets and junk stores and whose idol growing up in Los Angeles was Simon Rodia, creator of the Watts Towers; Saar's daughter Alison, deeply influenced by African-American folk art; and Tony Berlant, who makes collages from printed tin containers. Many young artists have shown a fascination with Coney Island commercial signs and sideshow banners, whirligigs, and miniature golf. Liza Lou, with her beaded versions of kitchens and suburban backyards, is a perfect representative of this group, for whom nothing is off limits and who, like



Having drawn inspiration from the individuality, exuberance, ambition, inventiveness, and sometimes sheer wackiness of naïve and outsider art, she has moved on.



Above: *Game of Chance*, 2000, mixed media, 49 x 31 x 9.5 inches

Opposite: Sculpture by Kentucky folk artist Denzil Goodpaster (1908–1995), from Judy's personal collection

Calder and Judy, find nothing wrong with making works that are crowd-pleasers.

Judy is both a strong, independent individual and a sociable person dedicated to group activities, an organizer, collaborator, and party-giver. So it is perhaps only right that by following her own interests and

enthusiasms and developing her own artistic approach she should now find herself standing out, right in the center of a like-minded crowd.

Robert B. Silberman
Associate Professor of Art History
University of Minnesota



I Cannot Tell a Lie, 2005
mixed media
41 x 28 x 16 inches



Her art, beyond first impressions, carries a depth and incisive commentary on American life and culture. An individual work is a wonder to behold.



Don't Be Fooled

SUBTLE. This is not an adjective often associated with the work of Judy Onofrio. *Baroque* and *boisterous* are terms one typically encounters in the Onofrio lexicon—but the audacious boldness and labor-intensive craft of her work can veil its rich metaphors and subtle meaning.

I met Onofrio and saw her conduct a slide presentation about her work before I ever encountered one of her sculptures. In her talk, Onofrio emphasized her passionate love of materials and objects, yet she also displayed a keen awareness of her art-historical lineage. Artists from Della Robbia to Sam Rodia were predecessors she recognized, and she spoke knowingly of contemporaries Viola Frey, Robert Arneson, and others. By then, in 1994, Onofrio had evolved far beyond her beginnings in the ceramic world.

Missing from what she shared about her work, I mentioned to her later, was the complicated narrative of her ultimate content. A child of the 1940s and an adult by the 1960s, Onofrio in her life has intersected with the arc of time in which women achieved important new social liberties. The artist's own deep self-confidence developed against a backdrop of highly successful men—her father, a senior military leader, and her husband, a Mayo Clinic neurosurgeon. These models raised the bar for achievement in the family; paradoxically, they did not create an assumption that Onofrio, as a woman, would go on to do the same. But they did prod her, one imagines.

Onofrio is a person of profound intelligence who has pushed for achievement and meaningful personal expression, despite the societal barriers of her generation and multiple personal hurdles. Her art reflects such circumstances—it celebrates strong

women, defiant actions, underdogs, odd ducklings, even misfits who exude a proud braggadocio. It also, wisely, imparts a resonant humanity and acknowledges human vulnerability and foibles—the delicate balance of personal relationships, precariousness of good health, whimsy of good fortune, inevitable human blunders and faux pas.

It fascinates me that Onofrio began her confrontation of the roles and role-play of powerful women as artists like Cindy Sherman also questioned the tropes of the feminine in their art. In related ways, Onofrio's and Sherman's oeuvres embrace feminism yet explore complicated cultural and psychological territory well beyond it. Mrs. Butterworth, Aunt Jemima, Mae West, and burlesque queens, fortunetellers, enchantress mermaids, and female acrobats—such is the lineup of bold babes who know their place in the world in Onofrio's art.

The razzmatazz of Onofrio's vivid artistry of abundance initially seduces the eye and powers the senses. Don't be fooled. Her art, beyond first impressions, carries a depth and incisive commentary on American life and culture. An individual work is a wonder to behold. A distinctive sculpture or installation grasped more fully within and against the career of the award-winning artist Judy Onofrio, well, there one finds subtlety.

Patricia McDonnell
Chief Curator, Tacoma Art Museum
Tacoma, Washington

Notes from a Co-Conspirator

MY FREQUENT TRIPS from Missouri to Minnesota have always been like going home—only the home I am going to is Judy’s. Just as Judy has a passion for collecting the stuff of the twentieth century as the palette for her sculpture, she and her husband, Burton, collect artists and friends with hospitality, wonderful food, and a really good time.

Time spent with Judy could be a weekend on stage in Las Vegas attaching seashells to the skirt of a huge Mrs. Butterworth (Judy’s stand-in for self-portraiture), or an afternoon in her studio rolling black powder into muslin sausages for a fire performance. I have always been an eager co-conspirator.

Judy’s life has always seemed to spill over into the studio—or is it the other way around? The mix is so complete and juicy, I am hard-pressed to know where one leaves off and the other begins. The studio is like real life, only better. In the studio, physical limitations can be cast aside and balance achieved. In the studio, magic tricks are not tricks at all, and everything is possible.

From the privacy of Judy’s studio into the real world come monumental women who soar through the air or balance delicately on a jeweled ball or

a sea lion’s nose. Elephants mingle with monkeys, large women with small men, and gigantic carrots with jeweled Venus flytraps. The fantastic becomes even more fantastic. Minnesota legends Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox are neighbors to flamboyant birds, jeweled acrobats, and mermaids. Monkeys, more like human companions than animals, look on as fortunetellers and magicians dazzle and delight. Who would suspect that this jungle circus originated in the Minnesota winter?

My gallery in Kansas City has shown Judy Onofrio’s sculpture for the past 20 years. Most recently, Judy and I worked together to organize and curate a traveling exhibition that spans the last decade. Entitled “Come One, Come All,” this show had its debut at the Daum Museum of Contemporary Art in Sedalia, Missouri, in 2004. Other stops on its itinerary include the Arkansas Art Center, the North Dakota Museum of Art, and the Rochester Art Center. The show puts into context the monumental work of Judy’s past 10 years, and illuminates the gradual transformation from the density and complexity of the sculpture of the 1990s to the clarity and elegance of the most recent work. As always, Judy’s sculpture seduces viewers to come closer. And when they do, the reward is always greater.

Sherry Leedy
Director, Sherry Leedy Contemporary Art
Kansas City, Missouri





Red Head, 2003
mixed media
24 x 18 x 8.25 inches

Ringmaster

WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL filled my head with thoughts of what was in store for the afternoon. Climbing into the van, I saw the familiar sight of my mom smiling, her big curly hair filling the window as she shuffled through the eight-track tapes to find music for the ride—Creedence Clearwater Revival, Taj Mahal, Bob Dylan, B.B. King, or . . . ? Going to Hattie’s Antiques and Junque was a much-anticipated adventure, like walking into a building with many bits of diverse histories. Mom would approach the beaten red building with the excitement and focus of a child on a mission. The rooms, packed precariously from floor to ceiling, gave little indication of an established path by which to explore the great hall of treasures.

As a kid, I would get lost in the vast array of seemingly unrelated objects. Often, I would find my mom nestled in a corner surrounded by towers of boxes of sheet music, musical instruments, rusty cone-like strainers, and oval frames of unknown people that, with time, would become old friends. Flanking the entry to the room might be a handcarved prosthetic arm or a pile of old tin bait boxes. In the midst of this tumult, my mom would sit contentedly with file drawers, sorting materials no bigger than her thumbnail. Hattie would write up each individual item on a 4 x 5 receipt pad, and we would have at least five sheets filled out when everything was said and done. We’d toss the boxes and bags into the van and scramble to make it home before dinner. I often left with one small object that I would spit-shine on the way home while trying to grasp the reasoning behind Mom’s selection of hundreds of the “same” thing.

Everything my mom approaches involves excitement and



Jennifer Onofrio
Fornes with
her mother, 2005
Opposite:
Hattie’s Box, 1994
mixed media
20 x 30 x 20 inches

is done in a grand manner, from filling the basement studio with slabs of clay to covering every square inch of the kitchen counter with homemade sticky buns. I like to think of my mother's studio as an extension of her life, and her life as an extension of her studio. For years, I had a tendency to see merely the form and fantasy in her work. Only in the last few years, as I travel my own path as an artist, have I begun to unravel the narratives and their parallels to her life. Inevitably, all of her experiences, from grabbing a ripe cantaloupe in the produce section to pulling sheets of lint from our dryer, seem to find their way into her work. Hidden beneath the elaborately adorned surfaces, the carefully chosen palette, and the fanciful figures, one finds the story of a life of joy, occasionally interrupted by great obstacles, but always overwhelmed with the force of celebration.

Jennifer Onofrio Fornes
Artist and Associate Professor of Art
Augusta State University
Augusta, Georgia





Be Mine, Valentine, 2005
mixed media
35 x 25 x 13 inches

Opposite: *Loaded Dice*, 2005
mixed media
39 x 24 x 16.5 inches



The Quintessential Artist

JUDY'S WORK IS SO DIVERSE and so singular that I would never say she reminds me of any other artist, but her work suggests a wide range of influences. I can see flashes of surrealism, attributes of the metaphysical painters, bits of impressionism. And I know that she admires and is stimulated by outsider art. She has absorbed these influences and added her own insight to create an art that speaks about all things, from large themes down to the very personal. Judy is someone who has studied and paid attention to the world, always exploring many directions to integrate the raw materials she loves (and she is *in love* with her materials!) into powerful, meaningful imagery that connects with other parts of history.

Judy is the quintessential artist, but she is more than that. She is someone who's highly evolved in terms of her sense of responsibility to her community. Our first conversations happened when I was teaching in Mankato and Judy contacted me to talk about the Rochester Art Center. I can remember sitting in her den, talking with her about art, and looking out of that big window into her garden (which was quite amazing, even back then). And of course I



Judy with James Tanner
in the Onofrios' garden, 2005

I said yes to her request that I get involved with the art center; I'm only one of many people who have found themselves saying yes to her over the years.

I've always said that she's the Gertrude Stein of the Midwest: she knows a lot of different people who are unique and skillful in the arts, stays in touch with them all, and can bring them together to get things done. Besides her work with the Rochester Art Center, she's been instrumental in the success of the Minnesota Crafts Council and the Minnesota Artists Exhibition Program, and has taught workshops around the state and around the country. She is a very positive force, as both an artist and a private citizen, taking a huge responsibility for the quality of culture in Minnesota.

James L. Tanner
Artist and Professor Emeritus
Minnesota State University, Mankato



Magician, detail, 2003
mixed media
34 x 21 x 15 inches





Artist, Mentor, Leader

I MET JUDY ONOFRIO in 1971 at the Martin Gallery in Minneapolis. She was larger than life and up to her elbows in clay. In the basement of her home, she was hand-building coiled vessels, clay hearts, and brown 'n' serve buns. Always thinking about ways to make her work larger, she created her tour de force ceramic installation, *Rodney's Roadside Traveling Tricks*, featuring a playful series of erotic forms set in a roadside ring of clay posts and AstroTurf.

When she moved out of the basement and into her studio, the new facility set the stage for change. Judy's artwork evolved from clay sculpture, lint specimens, fire performances, and wall constructions into her recent large, figurative mixed-media sculpture. Her new works reflect her ongoing passion for narrative storytelling and exploring sensuality, human relationships, remarkable feats, and—most of all—magic.

Alongside her career as an artist, Judy has been a major leader in strengthening the Minnesota arts community. As founding president of the Minnesota Crafts Council in 1972, she worked to broaden awareness of contemporary crafts with initiatives like the Smith Park Art Fair and the acclaimed

Craft Connection magazine. And as the acting director of the Rochester Art Center, Judy put the center on the map by organizing "Craft Commitment," one of the first national touring craft exhibitions, in 1970.

Over the next 35 years, Judy provided input to the art center's exhibitions, broadened its commitment to contemporary crafts, and strengthened the education program. She developed the Gallery Shop, focused on contemporary crafts. She founded the Total Arts Day Camp for children in grades 1–6, which became a model program for arts institutions across the country. And she initiated such major public events as "Pyroman Meets Gorilla," a workshop featuring Don Reitz and Peter Voulkos, two of the leading figures in contemporary American ceramics. Today, she continues to mentor emerging young artists, conduct lectures, and serve as a resource to arts institutions. Judy's generosity of spirit and willingness to share her ideas and experiences have been major assets to the state. Her contribution to the art world is as large as her appetite for fun and her passion for the unknown. With an open heart and boundless imagination, she is relentless in her pursuit of the ultimate adventure.

B.J. Shigaki
Director, Rochester Art Center,
1972–2004
Rochester, Minnesota



Judy in her studio, 1979





Assemblage

WORDS ABOUT JUDY ONOFRIO FROM FRIENDS AND COLLEAGUES

With a complete appreciation for the beauty and grime of a good flea market, an appetite for decadence, and a love of life's wonderful, curious, and absurd offerings, Judy shines with authenticity. She's a rare bird . . . opulent, vibrant, and true.

Kendra Herring
Artist
Lawrence, Kansas

The next adventure with Judy may be on the road, through a new door, embarking on another idea, or simply an “aha!” eye-opener. We go, half on intuition and half on plan, slowly realizing that the adventure is the destination, not the reverse. Before long the plan and intuition merge, the adventure takes on its own life, and the semantics of art and life begin to crumble. Suddenly there is a sigh of relief when the old rhetoric becomes unneeded baggage. The blurred lines have now disappeared and art and life have become one and the same adventure. The adventure is Judy and she has generously shared her celebration with the community and the world of art.

Lee Bjorklund
Artist
Minneapolis

Until I met Judy, my work, as I considered it, was being a dealer and collector of antiques and junk gathered from all sources—including flea markets, auctions, and private homes—and placing it in my shops in Racine and, later, Grand Meadow. Golly, little did I know that the stuff I sold her by the ton was soon to be the makings of Art. When she invited me to the “Judyland” show at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, I said, “I won’t know anyone there.” Judy egged me on, I bought a pink suit, and when I showed up at the opening I knew a lot of people. All those whom Judy had brought to my shop for years made me feel like I owned an art-supply house, not an antiques and junk shop. When Judy showed me her recent show catalog, it was so much fun—I studied every picture to try to identify all the materials I remembered.

Hattie Bremseth
Owner, Hattie’s Antiques and Junque
Grand Meadow, Minnesota



Hattie Bremseth and Judy, 1993

It was at the Rochester Art Center that I first encountered Judy’s work, and I wondered, “Who is this person making art out of dryer lint?” With clay, wood, fire, pyrotechnics, beads, and a collection of objects that rivals the Smithsonian’s, Judy’s work has moved beautifully through Judyland to her current exquisite sculpture. The work embodies all of the spirit of the maker . . . love, joy, delight, welcome, and, most of all, generosity.

Wayne E. Potratz
Sculptor and Professor of Art
University of Minnesota

The giant opossum and the fox living underneath the Onofrios’ porch may have been there because Burton set out food for them daily, but more likely they were there because they wanted to be part of Judyland. All of us do.

Judyland started as a few sculptures on the hillside behind the house. But as is Judy’s way, she intensified the low-visibility enterprise to eventually encompass the entire hillside, influencing all who come anywhere near it.

Stewart Turnquist
Artist and Minnesota Artists Exhibition
Program Coordinator
The Minneapolis Institute of Arts

Imagine being invited into Judy's special realm every day of the year. Think of waking and falling asleep with one of her alter egos. Precariously balanced on a zebra-striped ball, this nine-foot marvel commands center stage in my bedroom. A column of wildly beaded teacups is perched on her head as three excitable birds alight on her arms, disturbing her concentrated efforts to maintain her balance. Add her over-the-top costume, an effusive orchestration of buttons, shells, and general sparkle, and you have the recipe for *Balancing Act*—a powerful antidote to the blues.

Ann Birks
Collector
Montreal, Quebec

Her energy is intoxicating, her imagination makes me envious, and her talent and determination are what great worlds are built from. I am proud to call her an inspiration and a friend.

Thomas Barry
Owner, Thomas Barry Fine Arts
Minneapolis

Judy Onofrio's relentless dignity and imaginative forces drawn from her private world of dreams, fantasies, and absurdities are inspiring. Our lives are enhanced by her singular voice, which takes us into places we have never been. Like André Breton, Judy believes that "work of freedom alone is all that still exalts me."

Helen W. Drutt English
Founder/Director
Helen Drutt: Philadelphia

It's been a grand adventure to witness the multifaceted works Judy has produced and created over the nearly 30 years of our friendship. The early clay and watercolors . . . the EXPLOSION pieces of fire and pyrotechnics . . . the ever-changing seasonal beauty of Judyland . . . the humor of the structural pieces large and small.

Roy Gene Krüger
Mayor (retired)
Byron, Minnesota

Smile, please! There they are again—tourists! A family picture's being taken with the seven-foot-high *Mrs. B* by Judy Onofrio at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. *Mrs. B* came to life onstage in Las Vegas—an unembellished form, van-driven cross-country by Judy, worked on for one day using shells, ceramic shards, and bins of collectibles at the 1998 "Guilty Pleasures" conference of the National Council for Education in the Ceramic Arts. Back home in the Rochester studio, it was a six-month job to finish her. *Mrs. B* is a work of contradiction, narrative, and association—in one hand a glittering snake, in the other, just-picked tulips, and wrists ringed with dozens of teacup handles. And the hat! It platforms Judy's phone icon, a sequined antler, salt and pepper shakers, and multiple choice tchotchkes. The apron's bow, a baroque extravaganza, includes complete teapots, cups, and curios. And why not?!

Carole Fisher
Professor and Director of Graduate and
Post Baccalaureate Programs
Minneapolis College of Art and Design

Opposite:
Balancing Act, 2003
mixed media
111 x 55 x 55 inches



When you're with Judy, it's like being a kid with an open tab in a candy store: take what you want, it's free. Her creations serve as a bridge that allows her free passage from one reality to another. She is free from convention, opinion, and history—a true artist.

Don Reitz
Ceramic Artist
Clarkdale, Arizona



Don Reitz, circa 1979



Connee Mayeron Cowles
and Judy, 1997

It was a privilege to exhibit 36 of Judy's extraordinary sculptures in the recent "Come One, Come All" exhibition at the Daum Museum of Contemporary Art. We knew it was a hit, thanks to the numbers: the exhibition drew our largest attendance ever, more than 50 percent higher than a typical show. But the energy surrounding the exhibition told the real story. I've never seen our docents so excited about an artist or more eager to share art with visitors, and the feedback we received from patrons of all ages was tremendous—they especially loved getting their hands into the bead workshop we set up in conjunction with the show. We saw firsthand that Judy's art connects with people in a visceral way; they fall in love with it immediately.

Douglass Freed
Director, Daum Museum of Contemporary Art
Sedalia, Missouri

Judy Onofrio, artist, wife, mother, and friend. Her life is a splendid tapestry.

The daughter of a three-star admiral, Judy married Burton, a sexy neurosurgeon, who adores her to this day. Their children, Scott, Gregg, and Jennifer, are each unique and brilliant in their worlds.

Judy enfolds her friends into her heart, challenging, inventing, laughing, cooking, doing all that goes with relationships. Creativity is the manifestation of her very being.

My soul will always be woven together with hers, with love.

Connee Mayeron Cowles
Artist
Shafer, Minnesota

To see Judy's daring and inventive work is an adventure! When I first became aware of her at the Winona State University Art Gallery years ago, I was astonished by the scale and color of a huge piece that stood in the center of the exhibition space. It was ambitious and colorful, a departure for an accomplished ceramic sculptor. Today, her sculpture forges ahead with dazzling surfaces, kinetic movement, and her signature use of jewelry-like detail.

Rudy Autio
Artist
Missoula, Montana

Opposite:
Tropical Heat, 2003
mixed media
22 x 12.5 x 9 inches





From *The Volcano Lover*

BY SUSAN SONTAG

IT IS THE ENTRANCE TO A FLEA MARKET. No charge. Admittance free. Sloppy crowds. Vulpine, larking. Why enter? What do you expect to see? I'm seeing. I'm checking on what's in the world. What's left. What's discarded. What's no longer cherished. What had to be sacrificed. What someone thought might interest someone else. But it's rubbish. If there, here, it's already been sifted through. But there may be something valuable, there. Not valuable, exactly. But something *I* would want. Want to rescue. Something that speaks to me. To my longings. Speaks to, speaks of. Ah . . .

Why enter? Have you that much spare time? You'll look. You'll stray. You'll lose track of the time. You think you have enough time. It always takes more time than you think. Then you'll be late. You'll be annoyed with yourself. You'll want to stay. You'll be tempted. You'll be repelled. The things are grimy. Some are broken. Badly patched or not at all. They will tell me of passions, fancies I don't need to know about. Need. Ah, no. None of this do I need. Some I will caress with my eye. Some I must pick up, fondle. While being watched, expertly, by their seller. I am not a thief. Most likely, I am not a buyer.

Why enter? Only to play. A game of recognitions. To know what, and to know how much it was, how much it ought to be, how much it will be. But perhaps not to bid, haggle, not to acquire. Just to look. Just to wander. I'm feeling lighthearted. I don't have anything in mind.

Why enter? There are many places like this one. A field, a square, a hooded street, an armory, a parking lot,

a pier. This could be anywhere, though it happens to be here. It will be full of everywhere. But I would be entering it here. In my jeans and silk blouse and tennis shoes: Manhattan, spring of 1992. A degraded experience of pure possibility. This one with his postcards of movie stars, that one with her tray of Navajo rings, this one with the rack of World War II bomber jackets, that one with the knives. His model cars, her cut-glass dishes, his rattan chairs, her top hats, his Roman coins, and there . . . a gem, a treasure. It could happen, I could see it, I might want it. I might buy it as a gift, yes, for someone else. At the least, I would have learned that it existed, and turned up here.

Why enter? Is there already enough? I could find out it's not here. Whatever it is, often I am not sure, I could put it back down on the table. Desire leads me. I tell myself what I want to hear. Yes, there's enough.

I go in.







Opposite: *Paul's Babe*, Lucette Diana Kensack, 2003
mixed media, 57 x 24 x 13 inches

Above: *Astonishing Feat*, 1999
mixed media, 55 x 24 x 16 inches

Judy Onofrio: An Artist's Life



Top to bottom: Judy, left, with her mother and sister Johanne, around 1946; Vice Admiral John Tyree, 1944; Judy and Burton Onofrio, Sasebo, Japan, 1958; Burton as auctioneer at a Rochester Art Center fundraiser, 1981

1937

Born Judith Keith Tyree in New London, Connecticut, to Marge and Vice Admiral John Tyree.

1939–1957

Multiple moves between the port cities of New London, Virginia Beach, and Washington, D.C., provide ample ground for exploring and collecting: picking up shells, watching whales wash up on the beach, exploring deserted nightclubs buried under sand dunes by hurricanes.

1957

Vice Admiral Tyree vetoes the idea of art school; at his insistence, Judy stays in Bristol, Virginia, to study business law and economics at Sullins College when her parents and younger sister, Johanne, move to Sasebo, Japan.

1958

Joins her family in Japan for the summer after completing her first year at Sullins. While teaching swimming lessons, meets Lt. Cmdr. Burton M. Onofrio, a neurosurgeon stationed at the naval hospital. Their romance lasts just two weeks before she returns to Virginia.

1960

Burton joins Judy in Virginia over Christmas break, and the two are engaged. They marry in June, the day after her graduation from Sullins.

1960–1964

The family moves to Rochester, Minnesota, for Burton's four-year neurosurgical residency at the Mayo Clinic. Births of two sons: Scott, 1962; Gregg, 1963. Judy begins to bake volumes of bread, a pastime that later influences her work with clay.

1964–1966

Another move, to Washington, D.C., where Burton fulfills his naval service at Bethesda Naval Hospital. Daughter Jennifer is born, 1966. Judy takes classes in clay at Potomac Stoneware and the Corcoran College of Art + Design.

1967

The family moves back to Rochester when Burton accepts a permanent neurosurgical position at the Mayo Clinic.

1970

Appointed acting director of the Rochester Art Center, beginning a lifelong involvement with the regional arts community.

1971

Founds and acts as director of Total Arts Day Camp at the Rochester Art Center, for children in grades 1–6. The program is the first in the region to be run by artists and provide studio space for children; it still operates today.

1971–1978

First solo clay exhibition at the Rochester Art Center, 1971. Participates in numerous solo and group exhibitions, primarily throughout the Midwest.

1972

Helps found and acts as president of the Minnesota Crafts Council, launching *Craft Connection* magazine during her tenure.

1975

Serves on founding committee of the Minnesota Artists Exhibition Program at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts (MIA), an artist-controlled program in which exhibitions are set by a panel of artists elected by their peers.

1978

Receives a Minnesota State Arts Board Fellowship Grant, a critical factor in shaping the next stage of her career.

1979

Collaborates on “Frog Hearts and Lima Beans” exhibition with artist Gregory Bitz, curated at the College of St. Catherine in St. Paul by Thomas Barry. Barry becomes a close friend and later shows Judy’s work at his Minneapolis gallery.

1982

Builds a new studio at her home to accommodate her desire to create large-scale sculpture. While giving a lecture at the University of Northern Iowa in Cedar Falls, meets Sherry Leedy, then an associate professor, later an art dealer based in Missouri.

1984

First large-scale pyrotechnic work created at Drake University in Des Moines.

1989

First show of wall constructions at Sherry Leedy Contemporary Art in Kansas City, Missouri.

1992

Accepted for Minnesota Artists Exhibition Program for an exhibition the following year at the MIA. Receives a Minnesota State Arts Board Career Opportunity Grant to produce the exhibition.

1993

“Judyland,” described by Leedy as “a visual tour de force of flamboyant surfaces,” opens at the MIA. Exhibition is held over for six weeks by popular demand.

1994

Receives an Arts Midwest/NEA Regional Fellowship Grant.

1995

Receives a McKnight Foundation Fellowship in the Visual Arts, which she uses for the yearlong work of building a 19-foot-tall sculpture, *A Woman and Her Bear*.

“Judyland” travels to Laumeier Sculpture Park in St. Louis, where Judy’s first public sculpture, *I Just Play for Fun*, is installed. The exhibition also travels to the North Dakota Museum of Art in Grand Forks.



Descending the Staircase, 1987
wood, oil, 88 x 66.5 x 20 inches



Installation at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, 1984
mixed media, 360 x 144 inches



Sherry Leedy Contemporary Art begins showing Judy's work annually at SOFA (Sculpture Objects & Functional Art) in Chicago, gaining the attention of national and international collectors.

1999

Receives a Bush Artist Fellowship and uses funding to double the size of her studio by building a wood shop in her garage for large power equipment.

2000

With Burton, receives the Rochester Art Center Lifetime Achievement Award for their contributions to the growth and development of the center over a 30-year span.

2001

Honored with the Minnesota Crafts Council Lifetime Achievement Award.

2002

Presents four-day onstage workshop at Minnesota State University, Mankato, with friends and fellow artists Rudy Autio and Don Reitz.

2005–2006

Works with Sherry Leedy to develop "Come One, Come All," a traveling exhibition featuring new sculpture and selections from the past decade.



Top: Judy in her studio, 2005
 Center: Judy and Sherry Leedy at the opening of the new Rochester Art Center, 2004
 Above: B.J. Shigaki, former director of the Rochester Art Center
 Left: *Statue of Liberty*, a chainsaw sculpture by Iowa artist Dan Slaughter, in the Onofrios' garden
 Opposite: Judy's bead shrine, guarded by Who-Do





Solo Exhibitions

¶ 2005–2006 ¶

Come One, Come All

Spring 2005: Daum Museum of Contemporary Art SEDALIA, MISSOURI

Summer/Fall 2005: Arkansas Arts Center LITTLE ROCK

Winter 2005: North Dakota Museum of Art GRAND FORKS

Spring 2006: Rochester Art Center ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

¶ 2004 ¶ New Sculpture, Thomas Barry Fine Arts MINNEAPOLIS
SOFA (Sculpture Objects & Functional Art) CHICAGO

¶ 2003 ¶ The Greatest Show on Earth, Sherry Leedy Contemporary Art
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

¶ 2000 ¶ Three Ring Circus, Sherry Leedy Contemporary Art

¶ 1995 ¶ Temptation, Leedy Voulkos Gallery KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI
New Sculpture, Thomas Barry Fine Arts
Judyland, Laumeier Sculpture Park ST. LOUIS

¶ 1993 ¶ Judyland, Minnesota Artists Exhibition Program, Minneapolis
Institute of Arts; North Dakota Museum of Art GRAND FORKS

¶ 1992 ¶ Bejeweled Brooches and Shrines, MIA Gallery SEATTLE
Temple of Jewels, Leedy Voulkos Gallery

¶ 1991 ¶ Button Shrine Installation, Ann Nathan Gallery CHICAGO

¶ 1990 ¶ Recent Work, Eugene Johnson Gallery of Art, Bethel College ST. PAUL

¶ 1988 ¶ Altered Planes, Rochester Art Center
J. Furlong Gallery, University of Wisconsin–Stout MENOMONIE

¶ 1985 ¶ Clay Paintings, College Center Gallery, Rochester Community College
ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

¶ 1984 ¶ Reconstructions, Peter M. David Gallery MINNEAPOLIS

¶ 1983 ¶ Installation, Waterloo Municipal Galleries WATERLOO, IOWA
Fresh Paint, Callaway Galleries ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

¶ 1982 ¶ Installation, Conkling Memorial Art Gallery,
Minnesota State University MANKATO
University Art Gallery, University of Wisconsin–Stevens Point

¶ 1980 ¶ Talley Gallery, Bemidji State University BEMIDJI, MINNESOTA

¶ 1979 ¶ Frog Hearts and Lima Beans, Catherine G. Murphy Gallery,
The College of St. Catherine ST. PAUL

¶ 1977 ¶ University Art Gallery, Winona State University WINONA, MINNESOTA

¶ 1976 ¶ The University Center Gallery,
Southern Illinois University EDWARDSVILLE
J. Furlong Gallery, University of Wisconsin–Stout

¶ 1974 ¶ Sordoni Art Gallery, Wilkes College WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA
Octagon Art Center AMES, IOWA
University Galleries, Illinois State University NORMAL

Permanent Collections

Arabia Museum

HELSINKI

Cooper-Hewitt Museum

NEW YORK

Daum Museum of Contemporary Art

SEDALIA, MISSOURI

Decorative Arts Museum

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

Frederick R. Weisman Art Museum

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, MINNEAPOLIS

Greenville County Museum

GREENVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Hallmark

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Hawaii State Foundation on Culture
and the Arts

HONOLULU

Joan Mannheimer Collection

DES MOINES

Laumeier Sculpture Park

ST. LOUIS

The McKnight Foundation

MINNEAPOLIS

Minneapolis Institute of Arts

Minnesota Historical Society

ST. PAUL

Minnesota Museum of Art

ST. PAUL

Montreal Museum of Decorative Arts

Museum of Contemporary Art, Voor
Hedendaagse Kunst Het Kruidhuis

HERTOGENBOSCH, THE NETHERLANDS

National Council on the Arts

WASHINGTON, D.C.

National Gallery of Victoria

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

North Dakota Museum of Art

GRAND FORKS

North Hennepin Community College

BROOKLYN PARK, MINNESOTA

Norwest Bank

ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

Rochester Community College

ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

University of Wisconsin–LaCrosse

University of Wisconsin–River Falls

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Inside back cover:
Concrete sculpture
by Burton Onofrio









Mom's Fox Fur, 2002
mixed media
17 x 14 x 8 inches

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