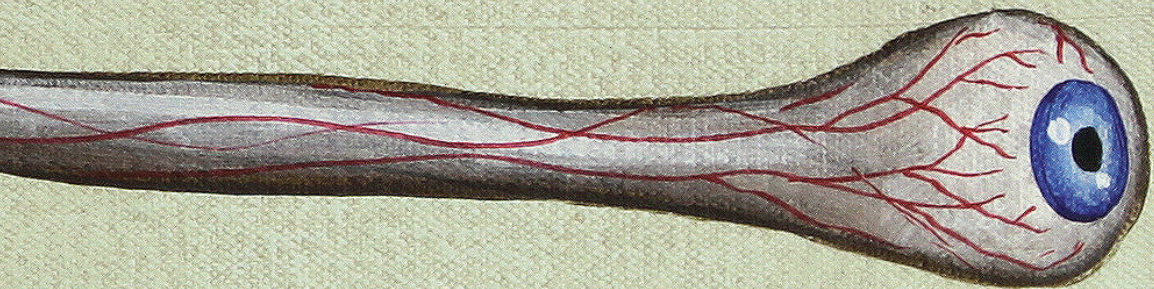


FRED STONEHOUSE
THE PROMISE OF DISTANT THINGS



FRED STONEHOUSE

THE PROMISE OF DISTANT THINGS

Curated by Graeme Reid

Essays by Debra Brehmer and Fred Stonehouse

Published by Museum of Wisconsin Art







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FOREWORD

Laurie Winters, MOWA Executive Director | CEO

Fred Stonehouse: The Promise of Distant Things is part of a recently launched exhibition series at the Museum of Wisconsin Art that features exceptional artists at the midpoint of their careers. Fred Stonehouse was an obvious choice. Over the last twenty years, his national and international reputation has grown steadily with gallery exhibitions in Amsterdam, Berlin, Los Angeles, Milan, New York, and Paris, and a client list that includes serious blue-chip collectors and rock stars. Stonehouse's work is original and deceptively simple. A museum exhibition that positions him in the larger contexts of Neo-Surrealism and new figuration was definitely long overdue. *Fred Stonehouse: The Promise of Distant Things* is the largest exhibition of his work to date and the first major museum exhibition of his work since 1992.

This catalogue is the fourth in an ongoing series of museum publications that are offered as free downloads on the museum's website (wisconsinart.org), a reflection of the institution's commitment to making Wisconsin art accessible around the world. Printed softcover editions are available for purchase from Blurb.com.

A project of this magnitude would not have been possible without the collaboration of a number of individuals who generously contributed their time and talent. Our greatest

debt of gratitude is to the artist, who from the outset enthusiastically embraced the concept of the enterprise. We are also deeply grateful to all the institutions and private collectors who graciously lent their cherished artworks. Special thanks also go to Tory Folliard, who represents the artist in Milwaukee and who assisted with the exhibition in countless ways.

Graeme Reid, MOWA's director of exhibitions and collections, deserves special mention as the curator of the exhibition. A deep debt of gratitude is owed to Debra Brehmer, whose catalogue essay compellingly articulates the life and vision of the artist. Thanks also go to our talented book designer Amy Hafemann and to editors Christina Dittrich and Terry Ann R. Neff, and to the many MOWA staff members whose hard work helped bring this project to fruition.

For their generous support, we sincerely thank exhibition sponsors James and Karen Hyde, Joseph and Helen Lai, Arthur Laskin, Pick Heaters Inc., Quarles & Brady LLP, Horicon Bank, and the Greater Milwaukee Foundation. These sponsors have helped us to share the extraordinary vision of Fred Stonehouse. MOWA is proud to present this unprecedented exhibition. We hope it touches you as it has all of us.

EVERYONE IS A SECRET

SURREALIST IN THEIR DREAMS.

THERE IS THIS
EXQUISITELY
MELANCHOLY
MOMENT, WHEN
YOU FIRST WAKE
FROM A DREAM,
AND REALIZE YOU
WERE SLEEPING.



I THINK WE FORGET
OUR DREAMS BECAUSE
REMEMBERING THEM
WOULD MAKE US
AWARE OF HOW WEIRD
WE REALLY ARE.



I LIKE THAT IN DREAMS
WE OFTEN HAVE BLINDING
REALIZATIONS AND SOLVE
MAJOR LIFE PROBLEMS.

UNFORTUNATELY, THEY
ONLY SEEM TO ACTUALLY
WORK IN OUR DREAMWORLD.



I'M PRETTY SURE THAT
DREAMS FUNCTION AS A
SORT OF SAFETY VALVE.
THEY KEEP OUR INNER
NUTJOB IN A BOTTLE.



BLOOD AND TEARS

THE ART OF FRED STONEHOUSE

Debra Brehmer

A major solo museum exhibition in 1992, curated by René Paul Barilleaux at the Madison Art Center, was eye-opening for anyone who thought they knew the work of Fred Stonehouse (b. 1960). Stonehouse put forth Magic Realist, cartoony dreamscapes influenced by Philip Guston (1913–1980), the Chicago Imagists, and Mexican folk art. Little monkey-faced men in tighty-whitey underwear found themselves transported to jungles. Stonehouse's angels and ghouls of art history suggested misbegotten regions, where time, destiny, belief systems, science, and mythologies collide, leaving humankind to fumble between immediate gratifications and far-reaching matters of the soul. Poor choices, ineptitude, and befuddlement color these robust narratives.

Stonehouse swung a mean paintbrush from the start. He has always worked with a specific kind of paint—acrylic—which is mixed with water. Acrylic paint dries faster than oil and does not require the turpentine and linseed oil that produce toxic fumes. While acrylic is considered the lesser cousin of oil paint, at some point in his thirty-year career, Stonehouse wrestled down the medium, pulling the glazed, shimmery, varnished umbrae of oil paint's deep histories out of this synthetic polymer.

Immediately after graduating from the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee in 1982, Stonehouse plowed through the compositional challenges, the ins and outs, of how to draw clouds, tangled vines (he looked to Frida Kahlo for this), flowers, sub sandwiches, small dogs, pickup trucks, bats, and dragonflies with a courageous and careless determination. He used his own self-portrait as everyman, the seemingly



La Chulupa, 1986
Acrylic on panel, 60 x 48 in.
Lent by Debra Brehmer

perfect stand-in for a universal doofus. This became his vocabulary—pictures akin to the moist words in a Gabriel García Márquez novel that confabulate into strange but all-too-human narratives.

By 1987, AIDS was taking its toll: the World Health Organization reported 43,880 cases of AIDS in 91 countries. “Silence = Death” was the mantra of activists, who believed a massive education program was necessary to stem the spread of the disease. The artist Ross Bleckner (b. 1949), a decade older than Stonehouse and working in New York, tackled the subject with paintings that acted as memorials: dark grounds with floating chandeliers and vases. Bleckner soon began painting patterns of dots, suggesting the lesions produced by sarcomas.¹

During these years, Stonehouse was a hungry observer. The Milwaukee Art Museum presented a major Bleckner exhibition in 1989. Stonehouse was showing his work at Michael Lord Gallery in Milwaukee, alongside many nationally known artists including Robert Mapplethorpe and Andy Warhol. With his friend John Sobczak (Lord’s studio assistant), Stonehouse frequently visited museums and galleries in New York and Chicago, such as Carl Hammer, Rhona Hoffman, Phyllis Kind, and Van Straaten (where he had his first solo exhibition in 1984). The two men devoured art magazines such as *Art Forum* and engaged in lengthy conversations. Their discoveries ranged from Nicolas Africano, Georg Baselitz, Leon Golub, Nancy Spero, Anselm Kiefer, Gladys Nilsson, and Jim Nutt, to TL Solien and H. C. Westermann. Image-based

work was on the horizon in the Midwest, and Stonehouse quickly rejected his student forays into formalist abstraction. “I like all kinds of painting,” Stonehouse said, “but I love telling stories. It’s who I am. And I still believe in the beautifully made thing.”

From the early 1990s onward, Stonehouse began to fuse his Guston and folk art influences with Northern Renaissance and medieval sources. In the paintings from this period, the first he did that dealt with AIDS, he shifted toward a darker palette and a faux-aged, varnished surface. His gallery dealer at the time, Dean Jensen, called this the “brown soup” period.

Two major works of this time, *Sanguino (Blood Thirsty)* (1989), in a private Milwaukee collection, and *Lex Non Scripta* (1990), still in the artist’s possession, reveal Stonehouse grappling with the AIDS crisis of the time. *Sanguino* is the more somber of the two. A drop of blood falls from the painted ribbon at the top, which is inscribed with the work’s title. The sun has nearly set into a dark horizon of trees. Glowing orbs float on the surface of the painting, evoking planets or blood cells, drifting to or from a crevice of light. *Lex Non Scripta* contains a chapel, a bloodied deer head, and a disembodied human head and torso. The title, translated as “The Unwritten Law,” underscores the painting’s ambiguity and reflects the highly charged political and religious environment surrounding the AIDS crisis of the late 1980s and early 1990s. Stonehouse describes these works as internalizations of the confusing conversations that existed at the time and not as a cohesive narrative or political activism.

¹ Guggenheim website: <http://www.guggenheim.org/new-york/collections/collection-online/artists/bios/1415>.



Sanguino (Blood Thirsty), 1989
Acrylic on canvas, 60 x 54 in.
Collection of Jonas Karvelis



Lex Non Scripta, 1990
Acrylic on wood, 19 ½ x 15 ½ in.
Lent by the artist

After this aesthetic/formal leap in the late 1980s and 1990s that rode the emotional timbre of the AIDS crisis, Stonehouse's paintings started weeping, bleeding, and leaking in earnest. The liquid nature of paint, with the flick of a brush, became the fluid nature of human suffering. As his work matured, he closed the gap between illusionistic painting and metaphor. A drop of red paint seems perilously close to a drop of real blood, each emission seeming to say: *No One Escapes Death*. While this may sound morose, Stonehouse communicates these weepy parables more like a conversation over beer and pickled pork hocks in a tavern than via the historically heavy hand of incense-laden church imperatives.

For the next twenty-three years, from 1992 until the near present (the time span of this exhibition), Stonehouse explored this terrain, fusing the historic tradition of the weeping Madonna or Mater Doloroso (Mother of Sorrows) with tearful nocturnal animals, devils, human-animal hybrids, and naked, potbellied self-portraits.² The floodgate of influences tumbled briskly onto these canvases. Literary sources (namely, Gabriel García Márquez), wordplay, Day of the Dead artifacts, Latin American retablos, folk art, resale store artifacts, childhood memories, and West African hand-painted barber-shop signs fell like subliminal parachutists onto the landscapes of early European painting. Stonehouse consistently gravitates toward periods of history or styles in which the artists are still working things out and the rendering remains

clumsy, like Giotto's famous Scrovegni Chapel (Arena Chapel) in Padua, Italy (ca. 1303). By the time perspective has been perfected in the Renaissance, Stonehouse loses interest. As he says, "the moment when things sort of look three-dimensional but it is still fucked up—the beautifully awkward in art history is what I like...I like awkwardness. I don't like too much facility. I don't like things that are psychologically impervious."³

Stonehouse's often simplified single-figure, portrait-style compositions, and penchant for old frames with tattered histories echo the nature of devotional objects.

The iconography of tears began toward the end of the thirteenth century in Europe: Jesus starts crying, angels weep, and Mary Magdalen washes Jesus's feet with tears. Northern Gothic European sculptures, called *Andachtsbilder*, were especially graphic and brutally sad. By the fourteenth century, a new style of painting shows Christ or the Virgin in half-length poses, placing the holy figures closer to the viewer to heighten the emotional exchange.⁴ The *Mater Doloroso* (*Sorrowing Virgin*) from the workshop of Dieric Bouts (1480–1500) in the collection of The Art Institute of Chicago is an example that influenced Stonehouse.⁵ Mary wears a blue cloak and white wimple. Her hands are held in prayer, her head tilted slightly. Enormous tears spill down her face from reddened eyes. Compare this with Stonehouse's tondo (round painting) *Lost* (2012) of an antlered creature crying and holding in

2 Eleanor Heartney, "The Fantastic Realism of Fred Stonehouse," in *Fred Stonehouse* (Madison, Wisconsin: Madison Art Center, 1992), pp. 1–23.

3 Interview with the author, August 2015.

4 James Elkins, *Pictures & Tears: A History of People Who Have Cried in Front of Paintings* (New York: Routledge, 2001), p. 154.

5 See <http://www.artic.edu/aic/collections/artwork/110673>.

its mouth a sign that says “lost.” A red sun or moon glows between the antlers. The eyes are rimmed in red like those of the inconsolable Virgin, but the animal may be crying for the loss of its habitat. It is both pathetic and humorous. Stonehouse’s often simplified single figure, portrait-style compositions and penchant for old frames echo the nature of all devotional objects.

One of the earliest paintings in this exhibition, *Man Peeing* (see p. 36), from 1992, shows the artist’s transition into his more historically influenced style of painting. A little naked man (a self-portrait) sits on the branch of a plant. A three-dimensional cross (like one on Stonehouse’s own forearm) is tattooed on his chest; insect wings keep him balanced on the branch. The sun sets into a distant glowing horizon. Not only does the figure shed tears from both eyes, but a third eye—the Hindu mystical, all-seeing eye—red like a fresh-cut wound on his forehead, also drips tears. Additional moisture is added to the scene as the little man pees on a small red book. Is he peeing on the writings of Mao or the Bible? Or did the composition simply need a small red object in the right corner to balance the cloth on the left and the red plunger on the figure’s head? Maybe he is peeing on the idea of doctrine, anything that purports indelible truth. Or perhaps the little man, while inscribed with multicultural religious references, is not even aware that he is peeing on a sacred text, which seems an apt parallel for the bad

behavior and bloodshed, the hypocrisy, of the supposedly religious—be they Christian, Muslim, Jewish, or Hindu.

Stonehouse added devils to his panoply of subjects early in his career and they continue to appear. The word “devil” is from the Greek *diabolos*, which means “one who throws something across one’s path.”⁶ Stonehouse’s devils function broadly as symbols of things that get in our way, fall in our paths, and cause detours; for him, the devil is a “paragon of mundane human fallibility.”⁷

Stonehouse recalls an incident from 2013 when a graduate student published an academic paper analyzing his devil imagery. After he read the article, he was driving home and stopped to check his mailbox. While standing near the car, he heard a snap. Before he knew it, he was on the ground beneath a fifty-foot tree limb. He could have been killed.⁸ Whether Stonehouse actually believes in fate or universal forces of good and evil is best left to speculation. When asked, he replies: “What do you think? I’m Sicilian.” The devil appealed to him from an early age, mostly for practical reasons. He remembers a picture Bible in his house when he was growing up. Jesus was depicted as clean, white, and blond. The devil was black-skinned, African, with “Jheri curled hair and a little soul-patch.” Stonehouse said that for him, as a child, the devil represented rebellion. “And it didn’t hurt that he was completely ripped; he was jacked.

6 J. Sage Elwell, “The Devil in Fred Stonehouse: The Aesthetics of Evil After Evil,” *Iowa Journal of Cultural Studies* 14 (2013): 65–82. Available at: <http://ir.uiowa.edu/ijcs/vol14/iss1/7>.

7 Elwell, p. 69.

8 See *Accident Prone* on p. 28 in this catalogue for a full account of this story.



Caballo de los Sueños, 1994
Acrylic on panel, 24 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 36 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Collection of Jennie Stonehouse

He had a six-pack and hooves and these enormous wicked-looking batwings.”⁹

Stonehouse grew up in a blue-collar neighborhood on Milwaukee’s northwest side and attended St. John de Nepomuc Elementary School from 1966 to 1974. No one in his family had gone to college. In high school, at Milwaukee Tech, he thought he would become an auto mechanic. Because he needed to be tough to survive the local hoodlums, the devil seemed like a better influence than his more religiously inspired role models. “Not only was I anti-authority and everything that I viewed negatively—priests and nuns . . . —I was also tough enough to make it in a neighborhood like mine,” Stonehouse recalls.

Much of Stonehouse’s underlying narrative impulse comes from some germ of a childhood memory: grandma’s painting of a lamb; family dinners where, because of his mother’s and other relatives’ deafness, gestures told stories as much as words; his Catholic upbringing and altar boy experiences, which included an incident when a row of eighth-grade girls fainted because they thought they saw a statue of Mary smile.

Everyone in Stonehouse’s family, including his four siblings, drew and made things as hobbies. His father drove a forklift for thirty-five years at A. O. Smith Corporation, but sketched cartoons in his spare time. Grandma painted. In this sense, he was raised in a visual culture without the word “artist” attached. Even after thirty years of making paintings, Stonehouse carries an unsullied fascination with this strange

profession. He speaks of being an artist a little like one would discuss the priesthood. It is a calling, and once you are fully “in,” you have the comfort of knowing why you were born.

Words play an important role in the paintings. Because of his mother’s deafness, Stonehouse had to carefully choose what words to mouth to communicate. “Language was something I had to play with, to get it right, even as a little kid. I was always aware of the approximation of words and the extra meaning that falls between the lines.” Stonehouse applies poetic fragments to set his paintings spinning into zones of association, painting labels in order to “kick off the process of puzzling and deciphering.” He likes when he sees people standing in front of the paintings and mouthing the words they are reading. “It looks like a votive act,” he said, noting how this personal engagement with an object lies at the heart of his ambition.

In addition to crying, sweating, drooling, or bleeding, Stonehouse’s subjects sometimes emit sparkly pools of mist from their eyes and mouths. *Soldier of Fortune* (2008), *Kissing the Enemy 2* (2010), and *Search for the Source* (2010) are examples (see pp. 47, 56, 57). This motif alludes to the vision of an artist, the nearly sacred act of seeing, as well as internal emotional states. These emanations, Stonehouse says, are like “energy spraying out of the eyes.” The 1963 film *The Man with X-Ray Eyes* no doubt was an influence.

For all the weirdness in his work, and despite the fact that Stonehouse rides motorcycles and is heavily tattooed, he lives

⁹ Elwell, p. 79.

a terrifically middle-class life. His house in Slinger, Wisconsin, sits idyllically on a hill; hanging plants line the big porch. He and his wife, Jennie, raised two sons. Jennie retired this year from a lifetime of factory jobs, while Fred worked as an artist (except for a brief stint as a security guard). In 2006, Stonehouse took his first teaching job; he has been full-time in the art department at the University of Wisconsin–Madison ever since.

In 2015, Stonehouse has had seven major exhibitions of his work: in Milan, Nashville, Milwaukee, Chicago, Hamburg, Paris, New York, and now West Bend. He paints continuously to keep up with an international demand. He is one of a handful of successful artists who chose to stay in Wisconsin and nurture his career from the hinterlands.

But what do we call the kind of artwork Fred Stonehouse makes? Where does he fit into a regional and national art context? Is he a Magic Realist, Surrealist, fabulist, Neo-Surrealist, Fantastic Realist, visionary artist, Pop Surrealist, Blab artist, folk artist, Lowbrow—or just an oddball? If one were to draw a Midwestern stylistic lineage for Stonehouse, it might begin in the 1940s and 1950s with the Magic Realists coming out of the University of Wisconsin–Madison, such as Gertrude Abercrombie, Aaron Bohrod, Sylvia Fein, Marshall Glasier, Karl Priebe, and John Wilde. Like Stonehouse, they looked at earlier painting for influences and adhered to fantastical storytelling. From there, one could nod to the humor of Warrington Colescott and then scoop up the Chicago's Imagists or Hairy Who painters of the late

1960s, whose representational work turned against Abstract Expressionism and puckishly adapted pop culture and vernacular influences such as comic books and folk art. The 1980s added the likes of Mary Bero, Bernard Gilardi, Dennis Nechvatal, Simon Sparrow, and Tom Uttech, all of whom mined a kind of hyperreal, postpsychedelic optical punch of electrified color and pattern that took flight from a precise and earthly realism into trumped-up inventive realms. By the 1990s, a new movement was afoot. *Juxtapoz Magazine* (founded in 1994 in San Francisco) defined and disseminated a national trend that Stonehouse fit neatly within. Dubbed “Lowbrow,” the style combines tattoo and car culture with graffiti art, circus banners, comic books, illustration, and a generally populist approach that stood in opposition to New York abstraction and conceptualism.

But none of these stylistic labels fully encompasses the uniquely Midwestern bent toward inventive figuration. Stonehouse does not care much about categorical labels and seems bemused by the fact that, as he ages, he still attracts new young audiences. This is partially due to his mastery of social media. He exports new paintings almost daily to Facebook and Instagram, where he has 10,600 followers; each post may draw 500 to 700 “likes.” But more than that, it is his imagery that remains relevant. Human nature changes slowly, if at all. Blood and tears, travails and wounded hearts, as well as sunsets resonate at the core of our condition. Myth, mysticism, spirituality, and superstition will never be washed away from humanity, not even within the most clinical, cynical, and capital-driven epochs.

ACCIDENT PRONE

Fred Stonehouse

If it is true that making art involves a lifelong process of learning, determination, absorbing, looking, experimenting, and reading, as well as the uncontrollable conditions of personal history, happenstance, genetic makeup and biology, predispositions, and the accumulation of 'incident' that accrues into the multi-blended potency of our being, then my long list of personal injuries has everything to do with who I am as an artist.

1. I had stitches every summer of my childhood. My mom used to say that the two things she could count on every summer were our Wisconsin Dells vacation and hauling me to the ER to get sewn up.

2. The first accident I can remember was teetering on the back of a kitchen chair trying to reach a candy bar high in a cupboard. I flipped off the chair, hitting my face on the countertop. Our pediatrician, Dr. Rosenberg, stitched me up on the kitchen table. The scary part of that accident was hearing Dr. Rosenberg tell my dad that because he watched the procedure, he was now qualified to sew me up himself the next time something like this happened. I still have a scar above my right eye.

3. Maybe the next summer, I was playing in the dirt-floored garage of an abandoned house down my block with some of the neighborhood boys. I was engaged in some focused digging in a corner of the floor when I suddenly realized that the other kids had left. When I went to the door to see where they had gone, I found that they had the door barricaded and I couldn't get out. They were all lined up at the garage door

windows, making faces at me through the glass. One older kid, Danny, was being especially obnoxious, pressing his face against the window and taunting me. I had a bad temper as a kid anyway, but this was too much. I punched him right through the glass window. I'll never forget my own shock at seeing him with all these shards of glass sticking out of his face. (Apparently I broke his glasses too. I got in some trouble for that.) Then they all ran and I managed to get out. That's when I noticed the huge chunk of glass sticking out of my hand and the trail of blood behind me.

4. Another summer day, I was playing on top of our old concrete ashcan by the alley, dismantling the tubes from a discarded television set. I remember thinking that I could use them as the beginning of a spaceship. As the tubes began to cover the lid of the ashcan, I kept creeping backwards to make more room. Eventually, I fell backwards off the lid, hitting my head on the iron pipe that held up our back fence. I didn't even realize that I had cut my head open until my older sister and her friend, who were perched atop our jungle gym, started shrieking and I felt something wet on my face. In later years, my sister would compare the bloodiness to the prom scene in the movie *Carrie*.

5. One especially bad laceration happened when a bunch of us were playing tackle football in the alley. The rules were that you could start the tackle on concrete in the alley, but you had to finish it in somebody's yard over grass. I was generally pretty hard to bring down, so my little brother and his friend decided to deploy the prison tackle, one high, one low, to stop me. Once my ankles were wrapped up, I went down

hard on my knees right at the edge of a neighbor's garden. Unfortunately for me, the garden was edged with corrugated steel. This was the early 70s, and I was wearing lime green bell bottoms. Weirdly, by the time I got home, they were soaked red with blood from the knee up. My mom freaked out as usual, sat me in a kitchen chair, and ripped off my pants. To assess the damage, she decided to get a better view of the cut. Just as she bent my leg, the cut opened up and a thin stream of blood spurted in an arc across the kitchen, landing in a puddle some feet away. My mom almost passed out. Forty-one stitches that time.

6. The first time I crashed a motorcycle, I was fifteen—no license, never rode before. I had recently bought a 1972 Harley Sprint from a guy who had it in his basement. It didn't run. \$100. I went out, bought the manual, got it running, and was sitting on it in my alley. I had a general idea about how the clutch worked. I pulled in the clutch, shifted down into first gear, revved the throttle, and let the clutch out suddenly. Well, needless to say, I pulled a giant wheelie and drove straight into my neighbor's fence, knocking off thirteen pickets. Luckily, none of them broke and the bike wasn't too bad off.

7. In the second bike crash, I was riding in the rain, crossing 60th and Capitol Drive ...in the parking lane. An old lady stepped off the curb in front of me against the light. My choice was to kill the old lady, or lay down the bike. I laid the bike down and can still remember looking up into her face as I slid past her at thirty miles per hour.

8. In the third motorcycle wreck, I had just started the bike and was standing beside it on the curb while it warmed up. Some drunk guy plowed his car into it. The bike was totaled. It was the only vehicle parked on the entire street.

9. The fourth bike accident happened shortly after I was married. We were living in Riverwest, on Fratney Street, but I was working second shift in security at Cutler Hammer off 27th and Capitol. I had made a deal with my wife that I wouldn't ride without a helmet, but it was a hot summer night and I had left my helmet at home. I was driving home after work around 11 pm down Townsend Avenue, when some guy turned left in front of me. I never even had a chance to hit the brakes. I hit him broadside, flew over the hood of his car, flipped once in the air, and hit the ground feet first before I went down on my left butt cheek and slid some 25 yards before coming to a stop. My brown polyester security guard pants had a hole melted through to my leather wallet. The cops came. They called my house, where my wife was just walking through the door after her own shift at Briggs and Stratton. While she was talking to them, she noticed my helmet sitting on the kitchen counter. Needless to say, she was pretty pissed by the time she got to 25th and Townsend to fetch me from the accident scene. The police were just taking the guy who hit me away in a paddy wagon (he had a bunch of outstanding warrants) when Jennie pulled up. The cop on the scene noticed the flames shooting out of her eyes when she pulled up and asked if I wanted to ride in the paddy wagon with the other guy. He thought I might be safer in a cell for the evening.

10. Fifth bike crash. I was driving to Chicago to visit Carl Hammer Gallery on the final day of my solo show there. I think it was the end of September. It started to rain lightly just as I hit the Edens. As I was exiting at Ohio, some guys cut into my lane and clipped me. The last thing I remember was losing control of the bike. I woke up in an ambulance with the EMTs asking if I knew who the current president was (George W. Bush). Broken collarbone and concussion. This story gets too complicated to relate in writing, but things got very weird at the hospital and afterward. I'll tell you the whole story if you're interested.

11. Over the years, I have also had a number of car accidents. One of the more dramatic involved (once again) an art trip to Chicago. At the time, I was represented by CCAW Gallery on Huron Street. A client had purchased a painting and I had to deliver it to the gallery. It was early January. I was back on the expressway after delivering the painting when it began to snow heavily. Road conditions were sketchy, to say the least. As I approached Foster Avenue, a semi behind me changed lanes, apparently without noticing my little Toyota Tercel. He clipped my rear end, causing the car to spin around on the snowy pavement. Then, he broadsided me at full speed, crushing the side of my car and smashing all of the glass on the driver's side. I must have been screaming, because when I finally came to a stop I had a mouthful of crushed glass. While I waited for the cops to arrive, every passing car and truck splashed buckets of slush through my missing windows. Amazingly, I was able to drive the car all the way back home, sans windows. Once it was safely back in my garage, the car died. It never started again.

12. A couple of summers back, I was heading into Menomonee Falls to pick Jennie up from work at Harley Davidson, when I stopped in front of the house to check the mail. I was coming around the back of the car when I heard a loud cracking sound and thought, “Oh-oh, that sounds like a tree limb falling on my house, but when I turned to look, all I saw was a wall of green headed for my face. I turned to run, but before I could take two steps, I was violently lashed by maple tree branches. I took a blow to the head and was driven to the ground. Face down, in complete darkness and considerable pain, I remember thinking, “Is this what it’s like to be dead?” But then I managed to crane my neck and peer back up behind me. I saw faint dappled light coming through the dense foliage. I managed to squirm free of the huge limb (over 50 feet) that was pinning me to the ground and furiously clambered toward the light. When I emerged from the mass of fallen branches, I was above the roof of my (now crushed) Scion XB. I was covered in blood and screaming obscenities when I noticed a little boy, maybe seven years old, frozen in place across the street with a horrified look on his face. I have a feeling that he will be dealing with that image in therapy sometime in the future.

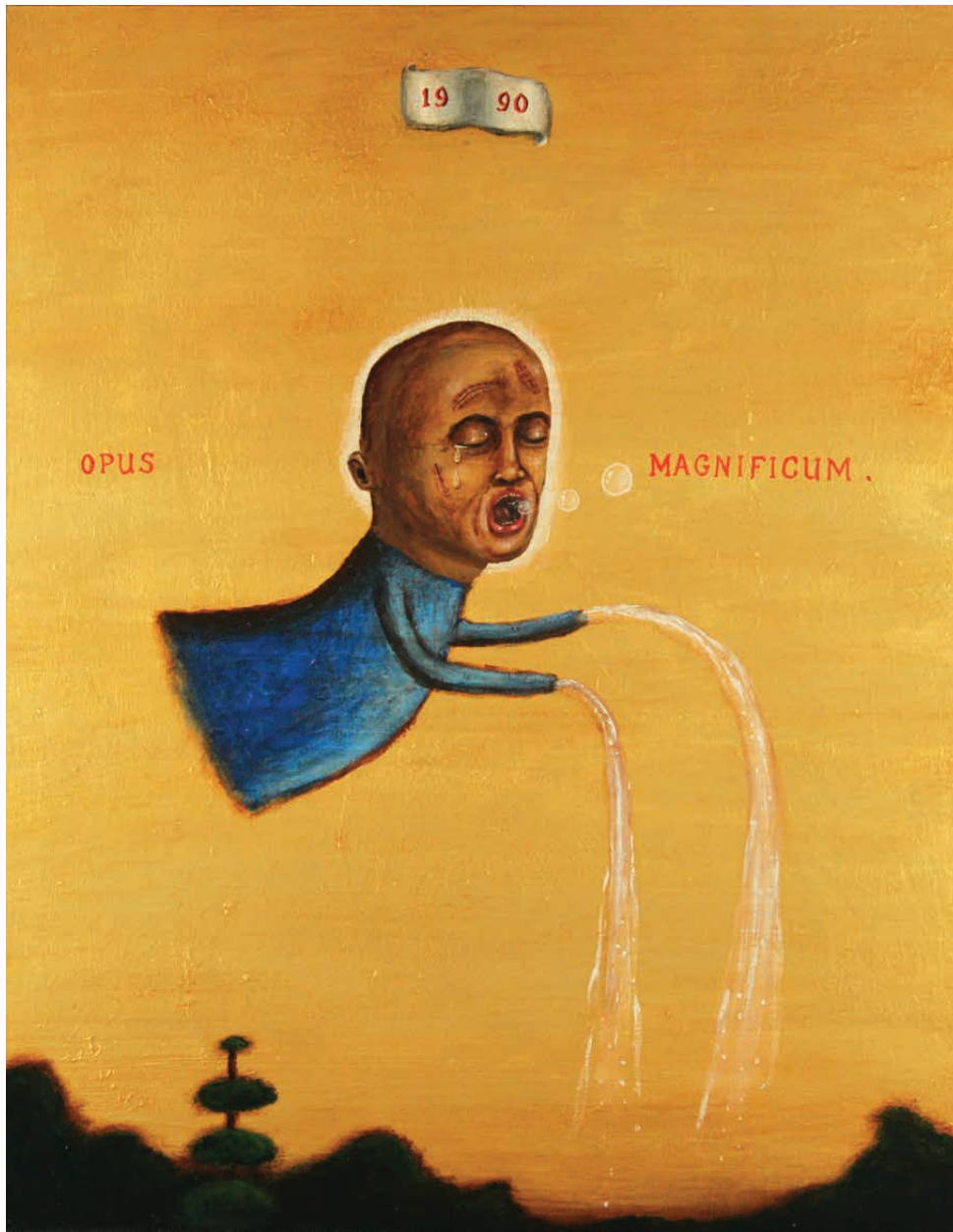
13. In addition to the events detailed above, I have also managed, more recently, to hit two deer, a low-slung garage ceiling, a concrete post (in a blinding rainstorm at Sam’s Club), and have my car hit by a strung-out carjacker in Washington, DC. Also recent were stitches above my left eye from a fall getting out of the shower and the chopped-off finger incident of this summer while splitting logs.

I COULD GO
ON, BUT I
THINK YOU
GET THE
PICTURE.



PLATES

The plates are organized chronologically except where it seemed more logical to create groupings of similar subjects. All dimensions are in inches with height followed by width.



Opus Magnificum: Manual Labor, 1990
Acrylic on panel, 26 x 22 in.
Lent by Gisela Turner and Glenn Kleiman



Butterflies, 1993

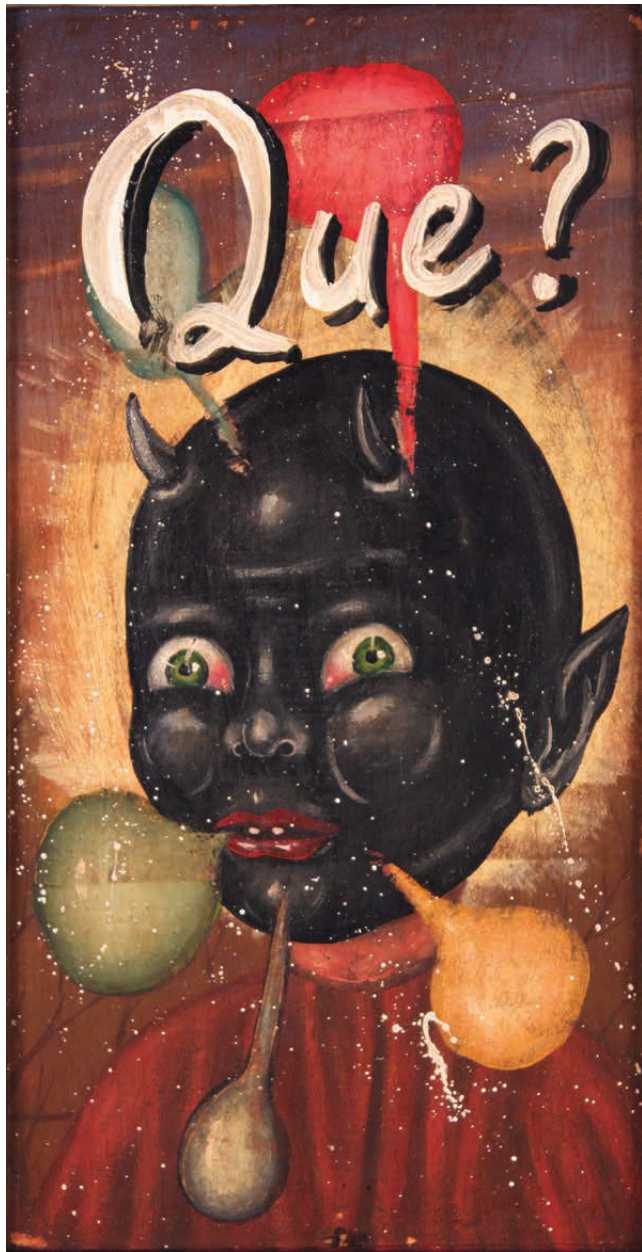
Acrylic on pre-printed bookpage, 9 $\frac{5}{8}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Lent by Laurie and Brian Winters



Man Peeing, 1992
Acrylic on panel, 48 x 29 ¼ in.
Lent by Tory Folliard Gallery





Que?, 1998

Acrylic on wood, 11½ x 6½ in.

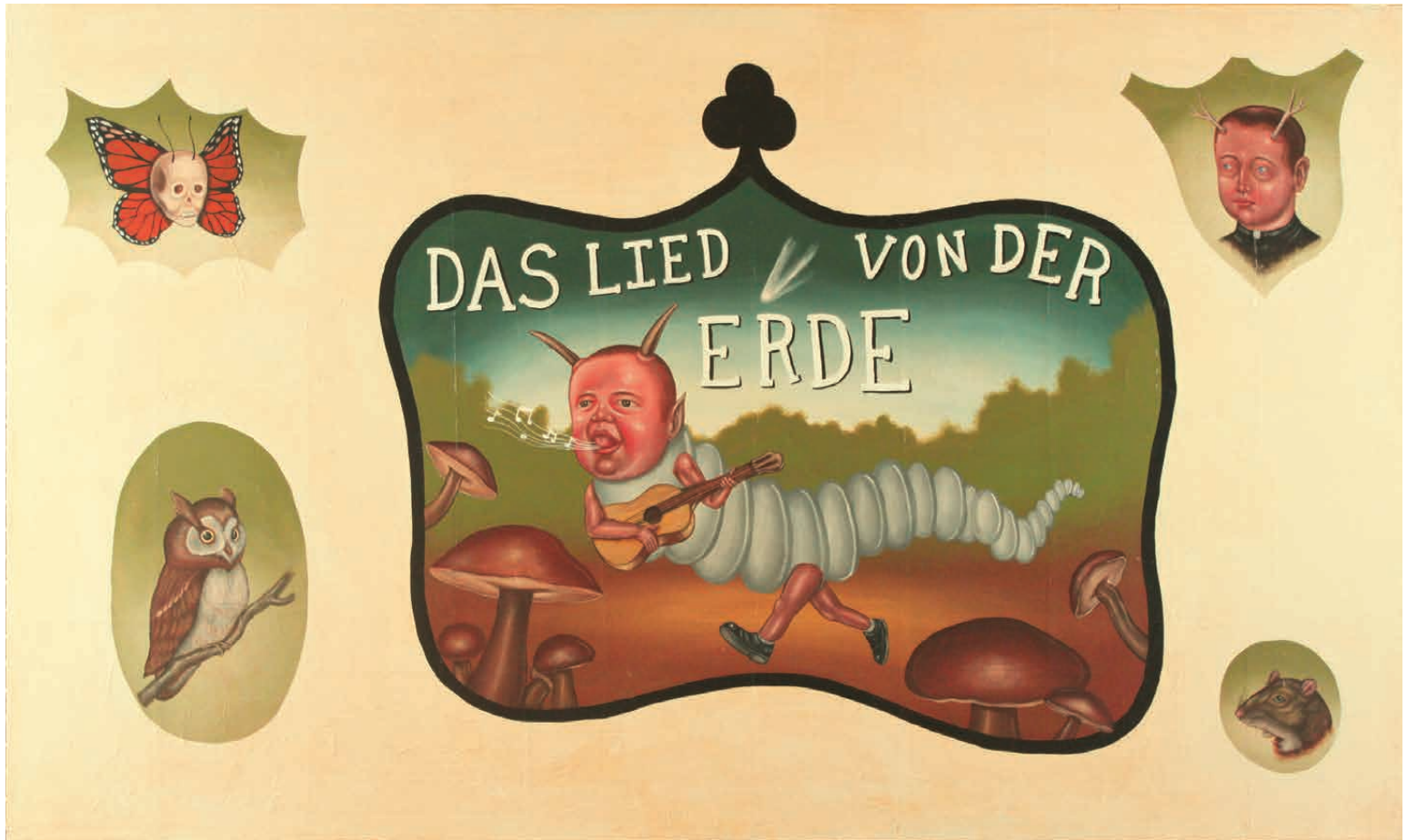
Lent by Donna and Donald Baumgartner



Poco a Poco, 1998
Acrylic on masonite, 10½ x 5½ in.
Lent by Donna and Donald Baumgartner



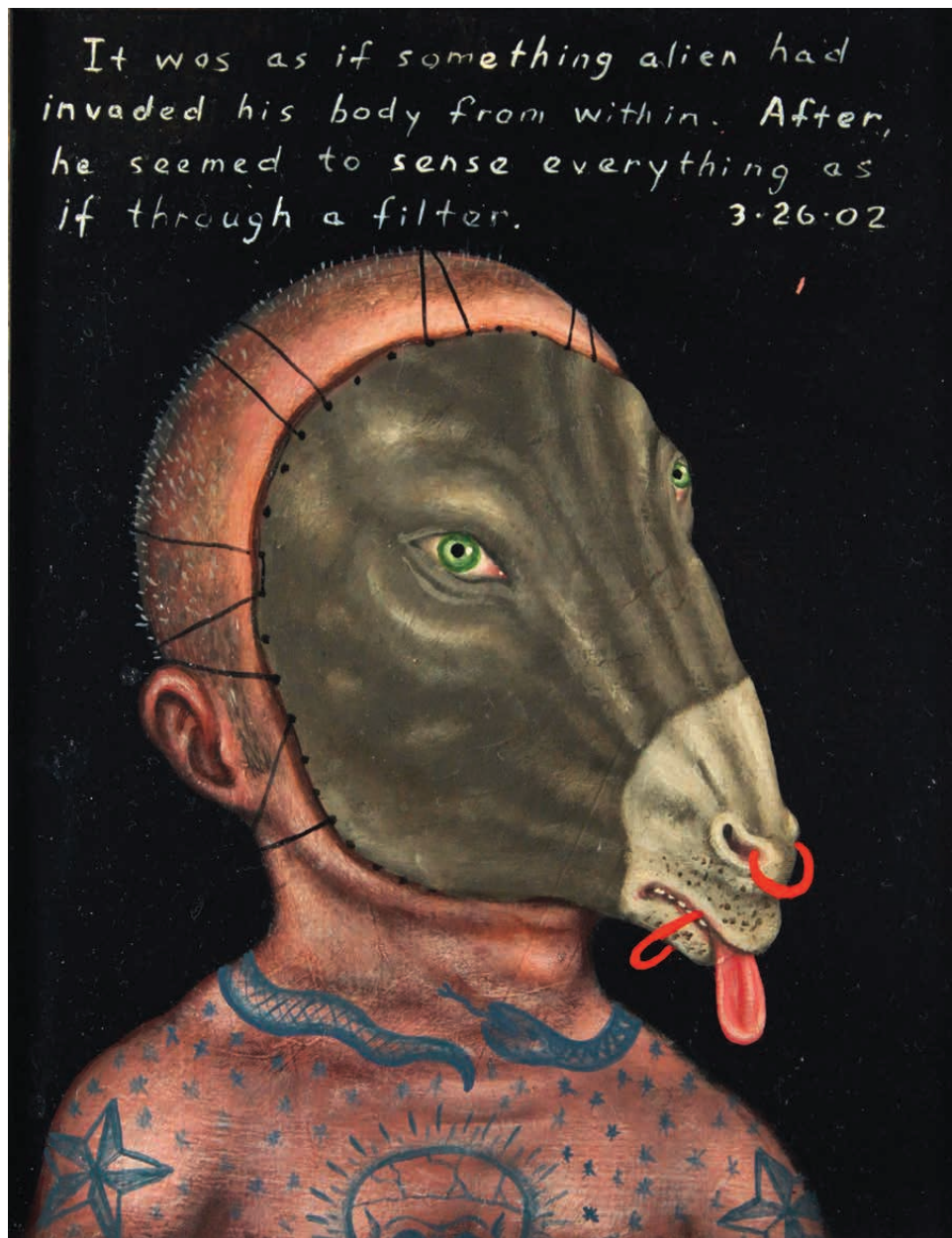
Untitled (Tomata Girl), 1997
Acrylic on paper on panel, 60 x 48 in.
Lent by Alexander and Sasha Stonehouse



Das Lied von der Erde, 1997

Oil on canvas, 36 x 60 in.

Lent by Gisela Terner and Glenn Kleiman



As If, 2002
Acrylic on panel, 10 x 8 in.
Lent by Tory Folliard



Already Gone, 2001
Acrylic on panel, 60 x 48 in.
Lent by Josh and Katie Howard



Song of Santa Monica, 2005
Acrylic on panel, 10½ x 8 in.
Lent by Brian Westphal and Mike McVickar



How Much I Have Lost, 2005
Acrylic on panel, 10 x 8 in.
Lent by Donna and Donald Baumgartner



Untitled (Hood), 2006
Acrylic on panel, 24 x 19 in.
Lent by the artist and the Tory Folliard Gallery



Soldier of Fortune, 2008
Acrylic on panel, 9 x 7 in.
Lent by Geoffrey Yeomans and Bruce McKeefry



El Beso, 2009
Acrylic on panel, 21 x 29 in.
Lent by Matt and Amy Strong

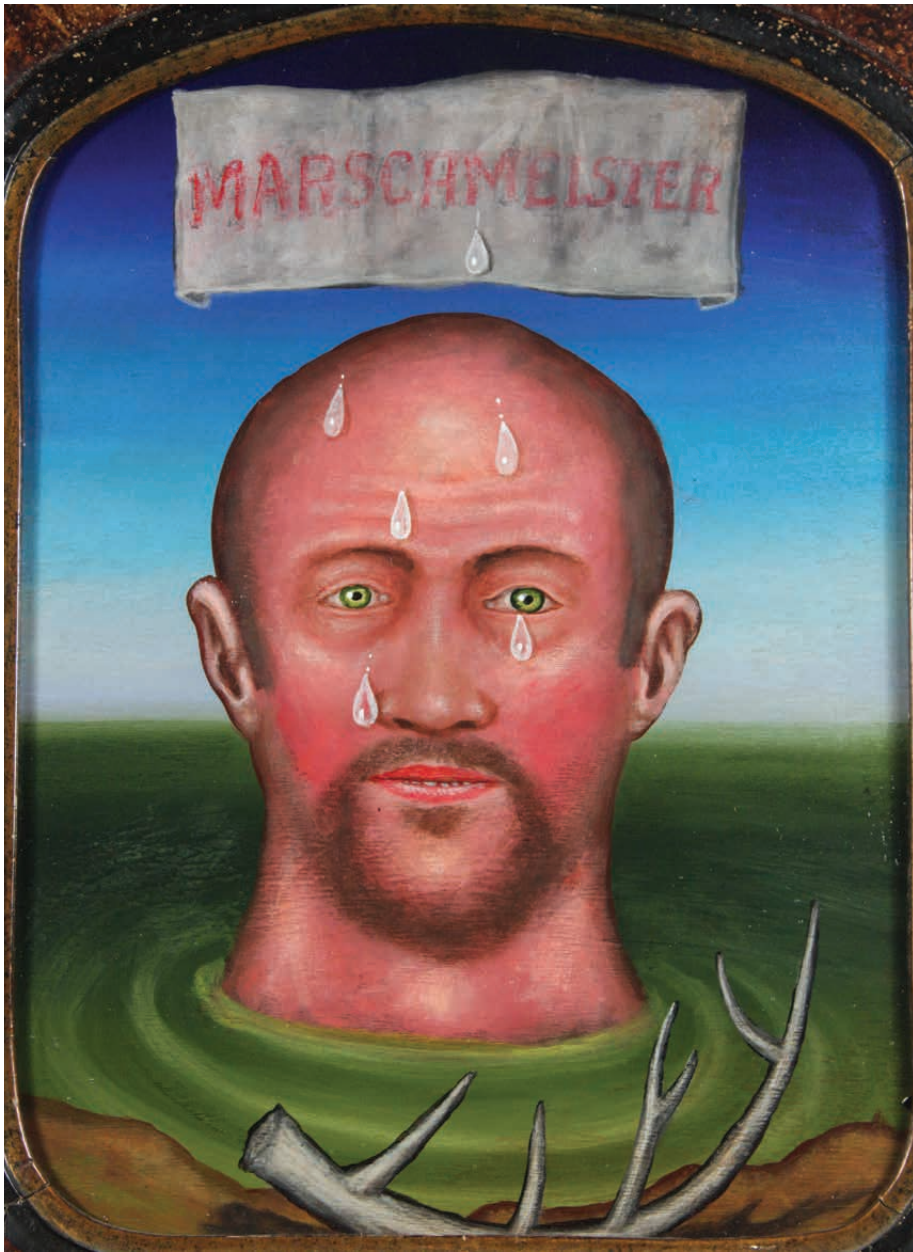


Race for the Sun, 2009
Acrylic on panel, 36 x 48 in.
Lent by Matt and Amy Strong





The Promise of Distant Things, 2015
Acrylic on canvas banner and wood, 66 x 101 in.
Lent by the artist and the Tory Folliard Gallery



Marschmeister, 2011
Acrylic on panel, 12 x 9 in.
Lent by Geoffrey Yeomans and Bruce McKeefry



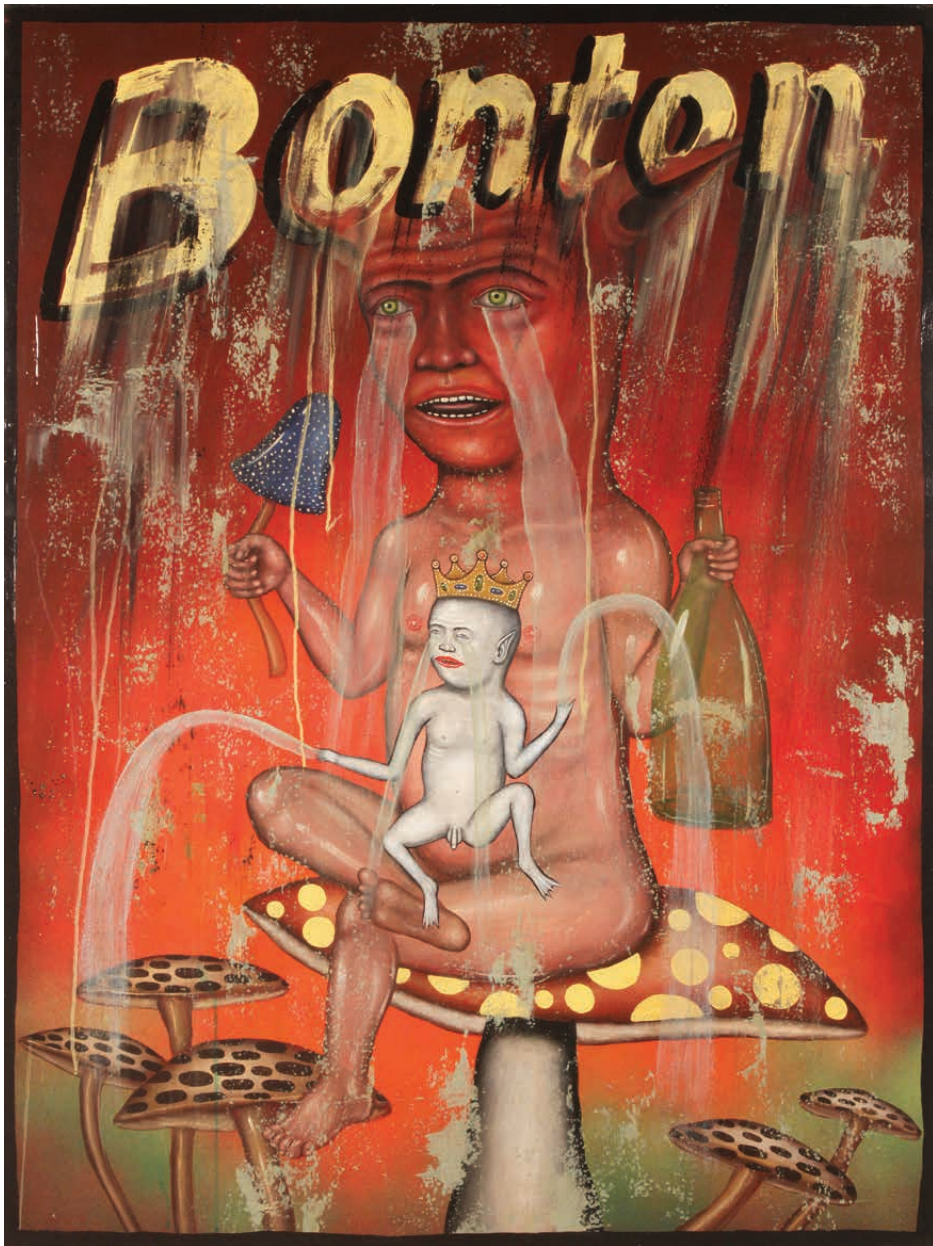
Batman, 2010
Acrylic on panel, 10 x 8 in.
Lent by Susi and Eric V. Lind



Unknown, 2010

Acrylic on wood, 48 x 36 in.

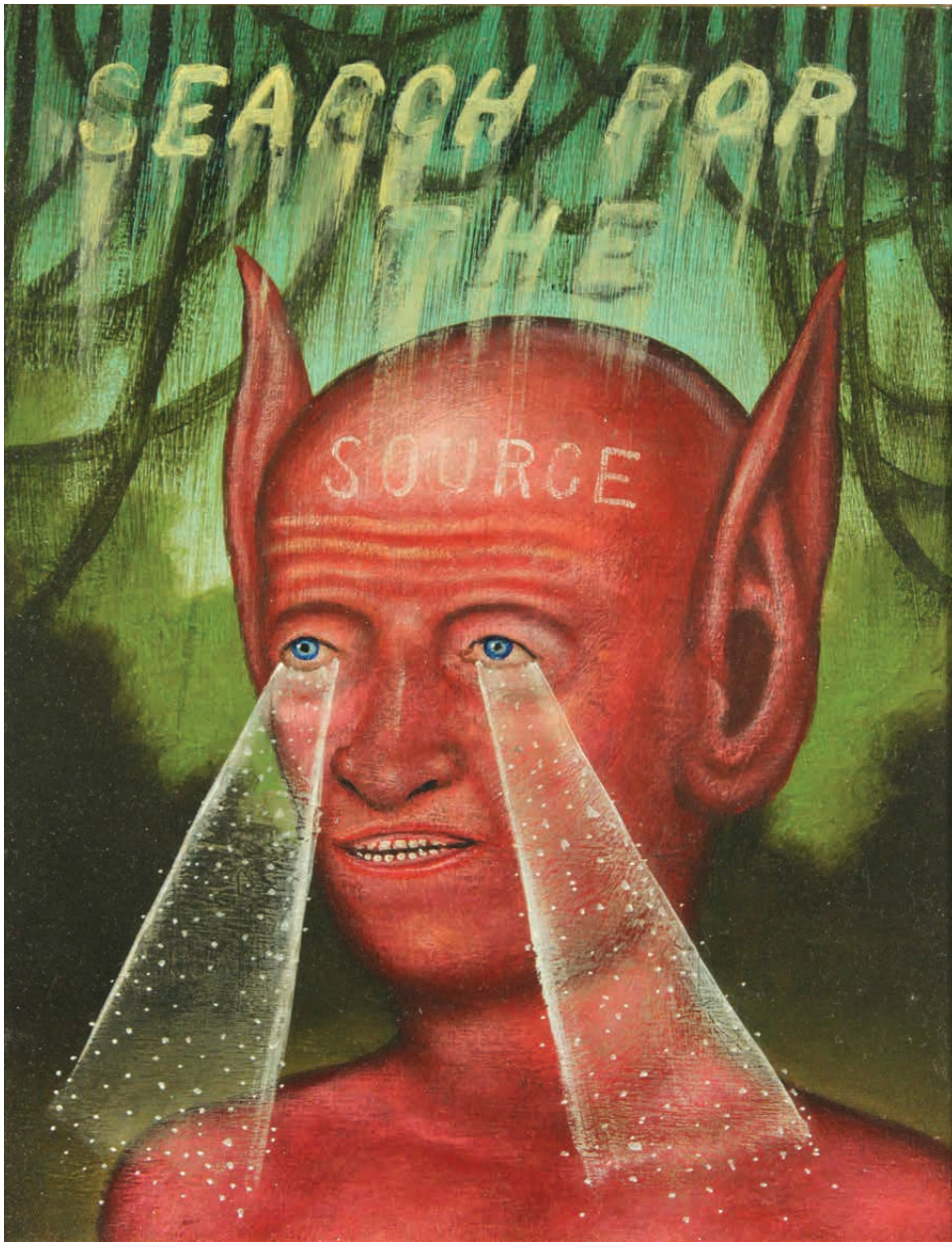
Lent by the artist and the Tory Folliard Gallery



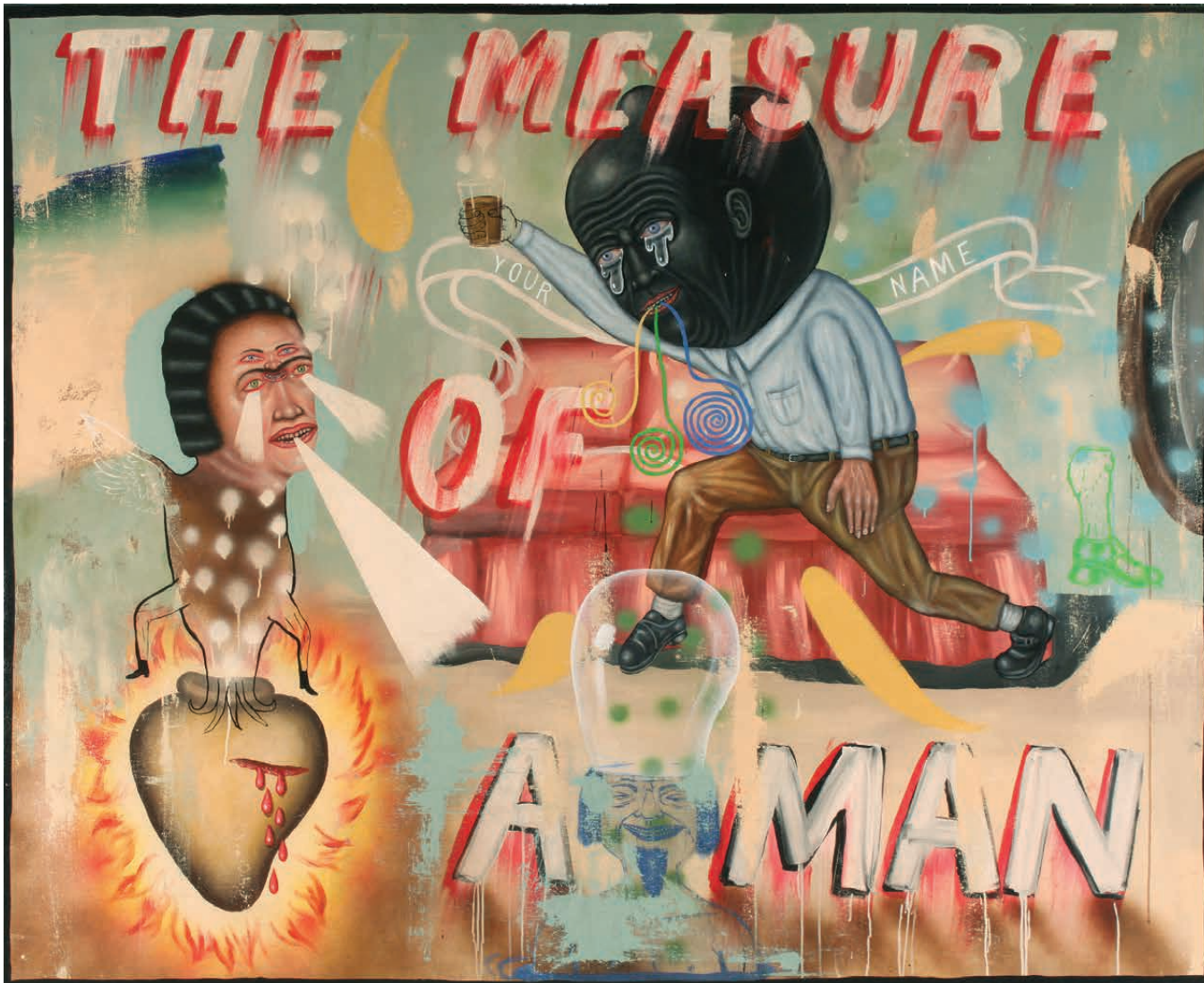
Bon Ton, 2010
Acrylic on wood, 48 x 36 in.
Lent by the Rockford Art Museum



Kissing the Enemy 2, 2010
Acrylic on panel, 12 x 9 in.
Lent by Joy and Ben O'Brien



Search for the Source, 2010
Acrylic on panel, 10 x 8 in.
Lent by Geoffrey Yeomans and Bruce McKeefry



The Measure of a Man, 2009
Acrylic on panel, 66 x 84 in.
Lent by Matt and Amy Strong





The Short Ride Home, 2015
Acrylic on wood, 76½ x 48 in.
Lent by the artist and the Tory Folliard Gallery



Fred Stonehouse and his son, Alexander



Tattoo Parlor, 1993/2015

Mixed media

Lent by the artist and the Tory Folliard Gallery



Detail on left and right sides



Keeping Time, 2014
Acrylic on panel, 30 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 24 in.
Lent by the Carl Hammer Gallery



The Sound of Sleep, 2014
Acrylic on panel, 10 x 8 in.
Lent by Christina Haglid



Dream of the Lonely Hour, 2011
Acrylic on panel, 12 x 19¼ in.
Lent by Kim Ohms and Joe Novelli



Marsh Mule, 2011
Acrylic on panel, 10 x 8 in.
Lent by David and Vera Ryder



Marsh Buck, 2011
Acrylic on panel, 12 x 9 in.
Lent by Marie LePage



Lost, 2012
Acrylic on panel
Lent by Lauren Wimmer Johnson



BIOGRAPHY

Fred Stonehouse was born in 1960 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He received his BFA from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee in 1982 and had his first solo exhibition in 1983 in Chicago. Stonehouse shows regularly in New York at Howard Scott Gallery, in Los Angeles at Koplin/DelRio, and in Milwaukee at Tory Folliard Gallery. His work has been exhibited in Amsterdam, Berlin, Rome, and Puebla (Mexico). He has been the recipient of an NEA Arts Midwest Grant and the Joan Mitchell Foundation Individual Artists Grant. Stonehouse is currently an Associate Professor of Painting and Drawing at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

TEACHING CAREER

2013 to present

Associate Professor of Art, University of Wisconsin-Madison

2008 to 2013

Assistant Professor of Art, University of Wisconsin-Madison

2006–2008

Senior Lecturer in Painting and Drawing, University of Wisconsin-Madison

1997

Lecturer, Advanced Drawing, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee

SELECT COLLECTIONS

Marcus Allen, Los Angeles

Block Museum, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois

John Cartland, Chicago

Chazen Museum of Art, Madison, Wisconsin

Christopher Ciccione, Los Angeles

Madonna Ciccione, Los Angeles

Sheryl Crow, Los Angeles

First Bank Minneapolis

Furlong Gallery, University of Wisconsin-Stout, Menomonie

Haggerty Museum of Art, Marquette University, Milwaukee

Kemper Insurance, Illinois

Madison Art Center, Madison, Wisconsin

Milwaukee Art Museum, Milwaukee

Josh Mostel, New York

Mr. and Mrs. David Peoples, Berkeley, California

Quad Graphics, Wisconsin

Spencer Art Museum, University of Kansas, Lawrence

Howard and Donna Stone, Chicago

San Jose Art Museum, San Jose, California

Tacoma Art Museum, Tacoma, Washington

University of Arizona Art Museum, Tucson

Bruce Vellick, New York

Paul Winfield, Los Angeles



SELECT EXHIBITIONS

SOLO

2015

Museum of Wisconsin Art, West Bend, *The Promise of Distant Things*

Howard Scott Gallery, New York, *Ghosts of Padua*

Antonio Colombo Gallery, Milan, *Family Lexicon*

Taylor Bercier Fine Art, New Orleans, *Blood Relatives*

2013

St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa, *Fred Stonehouse, The Deacon's Seat*

2012

Galerie Frank Schlag, Essen, Germany, *Family Tree*

2011

Sarah Moody Gallery, University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Fred Stonehouse, *The Deacon's Seat*

2010

Rockford Art Museum, Rockford, Illinois, *Alchemy and Image*

Feinkunst Kruger, Hamburg, *Neo Fabulists*

Andi Campognone Projects, Pomona, California, *Curiosities of the Curio*

2009

A&D Gallery, Columbia College, Chicago, *Midwestern Blab!*

2007

Tammen Galerie, Berlin, *Fred Stonehouse, Painting*

2006

Second Street Gallery, Charlottesville, Virginia, *The Sanguine Sea, New Paintings by Fred Stonehouse*

INOVA, Peck School of the Arts, University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee, *Fred Stonehouse: Paintings*

2000

Entre Estudio Y Galleria, Puebla, Mexico, *Fred Stonehouse Paintings*

1997

Lisa Sette Gallery, Scottsdale, Arizona, *13 Devils and El Libro de los Suenos*

Koplin Gallery (now Koplin/DelRio), Los Angeles, *L'Altro Mondo*

1992

M-13 Gallery, New York, *Fred Stonehouse*

Madison Art Center (now Madison Museum of Contemporary Art), Madison, Wisconsin; Chicago Cultural Center, Chicago, *Fred Stonehouse*



GROUP

2015

Musee de la Halle St. Pierre, Paris, *Hey Act III*

Feinkunst Kruger, Hamburg, *Don't Wake Daddy X*

Adelphi University, Long Island, New York, *Ephemeral: The Spirits Among Us*

Summerhall, Edinburgh, *Not Man The Less, But Nature More*

2013

Taubman Museum of Art, Roanoke, Virginia, *Alter-Egos*

The Gallery at University of Texas Arlington, *Outside Influences: Mike Noland and Fred Stonehouse*

2008

Laguna Art Museum, Laguna Beach, California, *In the Land of Retinal Delights: The Juxtapoz School*



GONE.

SELECT PUBLICATIONS

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The exhibition is on view at the Museum of Wisconsin Art from September 26, 2015 to January 17, 2016.

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