

# Peter Shelton

*eyehand: Selected Sculpture from 1975 - 2011*

19 November 2011 - 14 January 2012

L | A L O U V E R |

VENICE, CALIFORNIA

LALOUVER.COM

## PETER SHELTON

### *eyehand: Selected sculpture from 1975 - 2011*

19 November 2011 - 14 January 2012

Opening reception for the artist: Saturday 19 November, 4-8 p.m.

Venice, CA--- L.A. Louver is pleased to present a survey exhibition of sculpture by **Peter Shelton**. Including over 40 works from 1975-2011, the exhibition encompasses the full range of forms created by the artist over the past 35 years, and is presented throughout all L.A. Louver galleries. *Peter Shelton: eyehand* is part of L.A. Louver's exhibition programming presented in conjunction with the Getty Foundation initiative, *Pacific Standard Time*.

*A lot of my early work started off nominally geometric and constructed, but I would sneak in a reference to the body without depicting the body, which was a way of creating a kind of subversive connection. Desire, memory, humor, even wistfulness are powerful psychic qualities that I do not avoid. I wanted to enter the work directly and have its narrative understood as much in the body as the mind.*

-- Peter Shelton

*eyehand* demonstrates the evolution of Shelton's development as an artist of international stature. Early works include *flattop*, 1975, and *cheesestick*, 1977, that Shelton created while at UCLA, as well as a selected group of forms from his 1979 MFA thesis exhibition, *SWEATHOUSEandlittleprincipals*. Major bodies of work are represented, such as Shelton's waxworks sculptures, previously exhibited at the Des Moines Center, Iowa and the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art (now the San Diego Museum of Art) in 1989; bronze sculptures that featured water elements in *thingsgetwet*, presented at LACMA in 1994; *godspipes* that were first seen at the Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin in 1998; and works relating to *cloudsandclunkers*, Shelton's 2004-2005 commission for the SeaTac Airport, Seattle, Washington. *eyehand* also debuts Shelton's most recent sculptures, including a gold-leafed torus form, entitled *fatangel*, 2011.

While providing insight into the universe of Shelton's forms, *eyehand* conveys Shelton's increasingly sophisticated exploration of mass and space in a material effort to engage both body and mind, challenging and elucidating our navigation of the physical world.



Peter Shelton  
*waterseat*, 1984  
(from *pipegutwaterseatandSTANDSTILL*)  
plate glass, water  
40 x 36 x 32 in. (101.6 x 91.4 x 81.3 cm)



Peter Shelton  
*frogleg*, 1999-2000  
lead and mixed media  
131 x 55 x 30 in. (332.7 x 139.7 x 76.2 cm)

*I like to think of my work as a threshold between in and out, object and space, heavy and light. You can see a preoccupation with the piercing of a membrane as a theme in flattop, 1975, with its overhead plane extended endlessly by mobility of it wheels. holecan, 1980 is an anthropometric planetarium of perforations. And recently blackslot, 2008-10 pushes its elusive objectified inner out to its edges where its containing skin defuses into an indefinite surface bleeding off into space.*

-- Peter Shelton

A full range of artist materials – bronze, iron, steel, cement, lead and fiberglass – as well as scale and palette are featured, from the amber-colored, 22-inch high *doublebubble*, 2004-5; to the opaque, lead-veined, bowed-legged *frogleg*, 1999-2000, that stands 11 feet tall. Suspended, free-standing and wall-bound sculptures are exhibited in juxtaposition to one another, including the centipedic 24-foot long *mouthead*, 1987-1991, which hangs from the ceiling and divides the gallery space at waist level; the standalone mass of *irondress*, 1990-2000; and the tubular *uheader*, 1995-2009 that extends into space from the gallery wall.

In addition to *fatangel*, three new sculptures will be exhibited for the first time: *mthead*, *treblelobe*, *twobiglobe* and *reddress*, all created in 2011.

\*

Born in 1951, Peter Shelton was a pre-medical student at Pomona College, studying sociology, anthropology and theatre, before he switched to major in fine art. Shelton went on to earn a trade certificate in welding from the Hobart School of Welding Technology in his hometown of Troy, Ohio, in 1974, and a MFA from the University of California Los Angeles in 1979. Shelton has exhibited widely, including solo shows at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, 1987; the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 1994; the Irish Museum of Art 1998-1999, and Portland Art Museum, 2011. Awards include the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation Grant, 1987; John S. Guggenheim Memorial Foundation Fellowship and Henry Moore Sculpture Trust, 1989; Flintridge Foundation Visual Artists Award, 1999/2000; and the St. Gaudens Memorial Fellowship, 2000. Shelton's work may be found in collections worldwide, such as the Getty Museum; Los Angeles County Museum of Art; the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles; Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; Museum of Modern Art, New York; Smithsonian American Art Museum, Washington, D.C.; Panza Foundation, Milan, Italy; and Museum of Modern Art, Lodz, Poland. Recent commissions include *sixbeastsandtwomonkeys* for the Police Administration Building in downtown Los Angeles, and *thinmanlittlebird* for the Indianapolis-Marion County Public Library, both in 2009.



Peter Shelton  
*uheader*, 1995-2009  
mixed media  
78 x 28 1/2 x 28 in. (198.1 x 72.4 x 71.1 cm)

Forthcoming: Peter Shelton is included in *It Happened at Pomona: Art at the Edge of Los Angeles, 1969-1973 (Part 3: At Pomona)* 10 March – 13 May, 2012, Pomona College Museum of Art, Pomona, CA.



*flattop*, 1976  
fabricated steel  
144 x 54 in. (365.8 x 137.2 cm)



*sweathouse and little principals (111 element version)*  
Wight Gallery  
University of California, Los Angeles, CA  
1979



*cheesestick, from sweathouse and little principals, 1977*  
fabricated steel  
44 x 13 x 13 in. (111.8 x 33 x 33 cm)

# ARTnews

May 1983

SANTA BARBARA

Peter Shelton

Contemporary Arts Forum

FOR THE LATEST VERSION OF HIS *Sweathouse and Little Principles*, the artist produced 39 new steel components, bringing the total number of elements in the work to 150. (It was originally exhibited in 1979, with 111 parts.) It would not be surprising if the environment's "little principles" continued to multiply in the future, since Shelton's relationship to this work is completely open-ended. His willingness to forgo closure and completion is a rare esthetic attitude, especially when the work in question is made up of permanent individual pieces.

By continuing to make new pieces for the ensemble, Shelton himself remains involved at the physical level; the work's form and scale are generated from his bodily experience. Thus the central and largest element in the piece—the "Sweathouse"—is scaled to contain a single human figure seated on a small stool. The little steel house is raised from the ground and ritually positioned in the center or heart of the work. It provides the only instance of enclosure, as the other elements are dispersed throughout the space. The enclosure may be felt as meditative and sheltering, or claustrophobic and confining, depending on one's temperament or mood.

Surrounding the house are the "little principles," primarily thin vertical shafts with details that relate to various uses of the body and to body parts—holes to gaze through, holes corresponding to genitalia or to navels, chin rests, ledges to lean on, objects to move up and down. A few pieces rest on the ground. A jumble of spikes attached to a ring suggests a leggy pet, while other shapes, those of a kidney bean and a loaf, allude to sustenance. The latter two objects function more as symbols than as implements for direct engagement with the body. But even when we do participate in the work with our bodies, the activity is ambiguous, for it has no purpose other than the act itself. The interaction with the installation feels like a game whose rules we have not been given and thus must invent on our own. Are we able to come up with our own structures, or can we experience bodily awareness as playful and pleasurable

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THE NATION

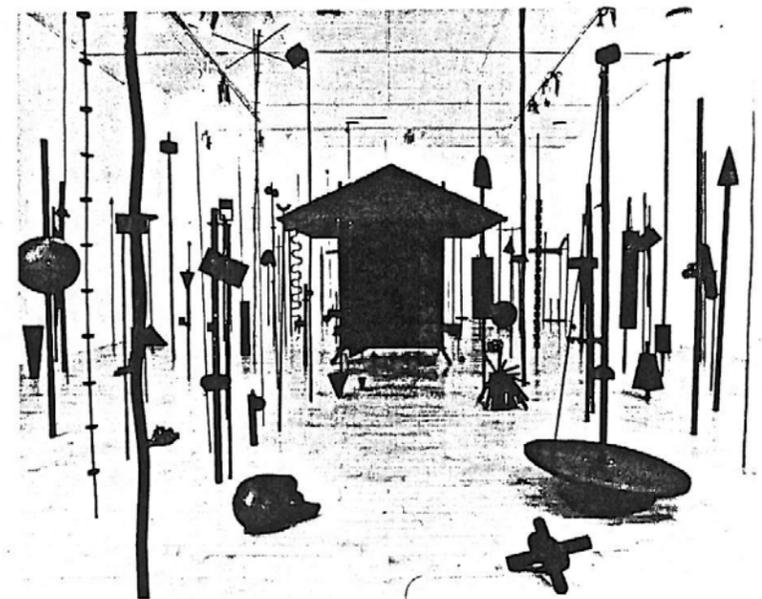


PHOTO PETER SHELTON

Peter Shelton's *Sweathouse and Little Principles* combines a central, iconic houselike element surrounded by 150 thin vertical steel shafts. Contemporary Arts Forum.

for its own sake, without having to plug it into a meaningful outlet? Through kinesthetic involvement Shelton's work makes us aware of the need for our minds to relate physical experience to conceptual structure—that is, of the complex interrelatedness of mind and body.

Shelton's piece also deals with the connections between nature and culture. The numerous linear vertical elements embedded directly in the floor refer not only to the body but to organisms such as trees and flowers. Yet they are clearly metal products of the industrial age. In Shelton's work the industrial material is embraced, imbued with organic references and presented in a playful spirit that suggests a marriage with, rather than a split between, nature and culture.

—Melinda Wortz

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*trunknuts* WHITEHEAD floater  
Open Space Gallery  
Victoria, British Columbia, Canada  
1982



*godshole*, 2003  
mixed media  
60 x 30 x 60 in. (142.2 185.4 x 114.3 cm)

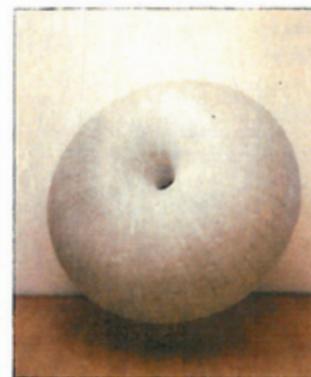


*ovalglobal*  
L.A. Louver, Venice, CA  
17 October - 15 November 2003

## Peter Shelton

JOHN BERGGRUEN  
*San Francisco*

If "Hollywood minimalism" didn't sound so pejorative, the term would nicely evoke the work of Los Angeles sculptor Peter Shelton. Shelton frequently makes big, simple, enigmatic forms: organic cousins to the hard polygons of Donald Judd and Tony Smith. But Shelton's engaging pieces are more figurative than abstract.



Peter Shelton,  
*godshole*, 2003,  
mixed media,  
66" x 30" x 60".  
John Berggruen.

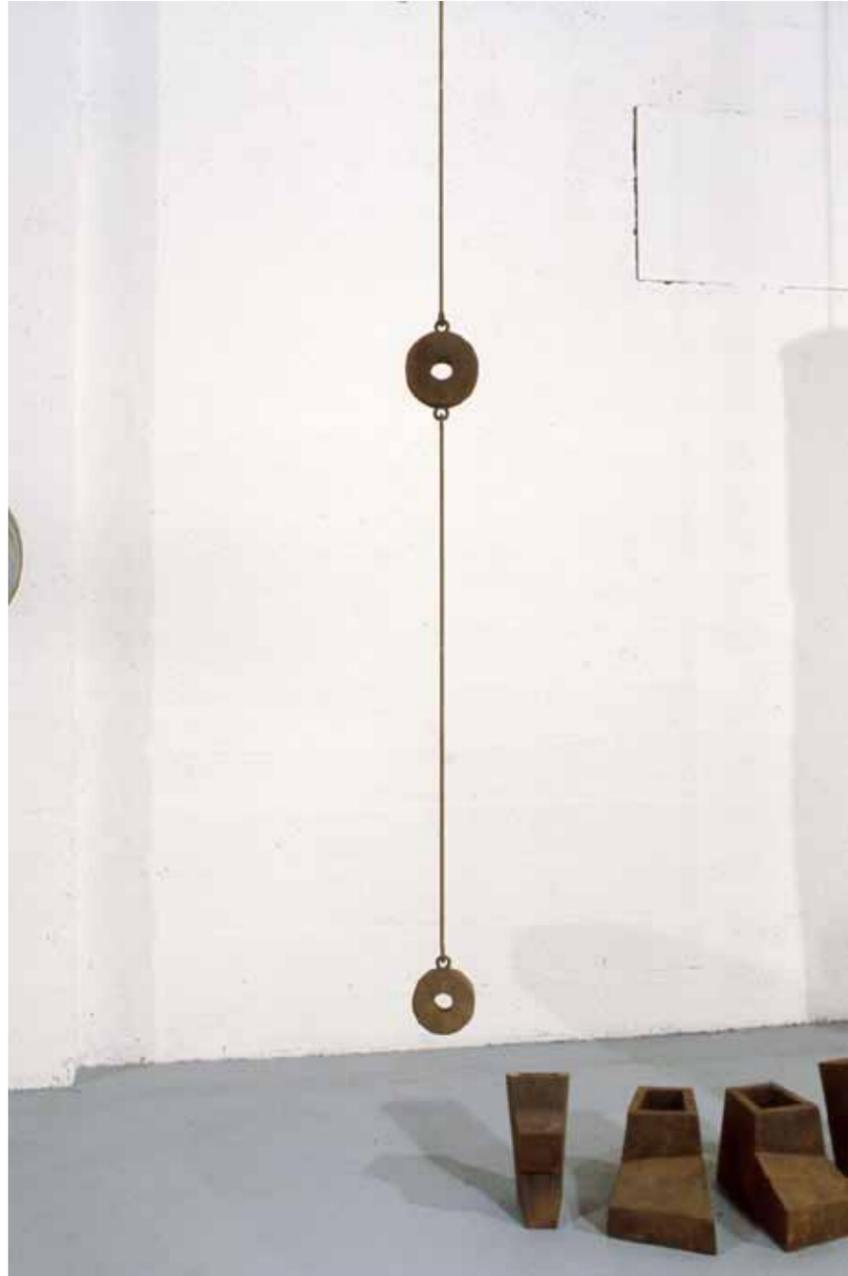
Two works on view here were wall-mounted donut-shaped forms made of unpigmented fiberglass. Wire grid supports showed through the sculptures' translucent skins. One piece tilted upward at about head level, making a sort of pneumatic halo. The other, larger and lower on the wall, aided by its title, *godshole* (2003), brought to mind the sort of diagram with which science text illustrators try to convey the concept of a black hole. Both works suggest that they might be models for something not yet—or perhaps never to be—built full-scale: armatures of planned special effects on which computer animation will work magic.

Similarly two vaselike pieces, big enough to climb into, resembled stage props. One wears a cover that makes it look like a giant acorn. The other has a gleaming white interior, like unglazed porcelain, and casts dots of light onto the floor through holes in its four feet. Both works were elevated a few inches by wall mounts, drawing attention to the space just above floor, which Shelton frequently seeks to energize.

The "scenic" quality of the artist's simpler sculptures acknowledges not only their own artifice, but the convention-bound nature of our encounters with them. Shelton not only remodels forms inherited from sculpture and the landscape of common objects, he considers our search for meaning in art as a mode of storytelling or inner playacting by which we try to understand and reconcile ourselves to mundane experience. —Kenneth Baker



*fatangel*, 2002-2011  
gold leaf finish on fiberglass  
30 in. dia. (76.2 cm dia.)



*twokeyholes(2keyholes)*, from *MAJORJOINTShangersandsquat*, 1983  
fabricated steel  
35 x 4 x 1 3/4 in. (88.9 x 10.2 x 4.4 cm)



*low cone*, from *MAJORPOINTShangersandsquat*, 1983  
cast iron  
4 x 28 in. (10.2 x 71.1 cm)



*sixtyslippers*  
L.A. Louver, Venice, CA  
1997



*slipper #24, from sixtyslippers, 1997*  
cast iron  
4 3/4 x 27 in. (12.1 x 68.6 cm)

## PETER SHELTON

L.A. LOUVER

A reverent stillness permeates Peter Shelton's recent sculptural installation *Sixtyslippers*, 1997. The work consists of sixty cast-iron cones of varying diameters suspended from the ceiling with wire cable, hovering roughly a quarter-inch above the floor in no particular pattern. The cones fill the gallery space while allowing the viewer to move around and through them.

Like many of his peers who began making sculptural installations in the '80s, Shelton's work combines Minimalism's geometric reductions with post-Minimalism's allusions to human and organic forms. There has also been a marked emphasis on narrative and metaphor in his art, with associative meanings relating in a kind of syntax, forming visual sentences (a trope common in the work of sculptors such as Tony Cragg, Richard Deacon, and Liz Larner).

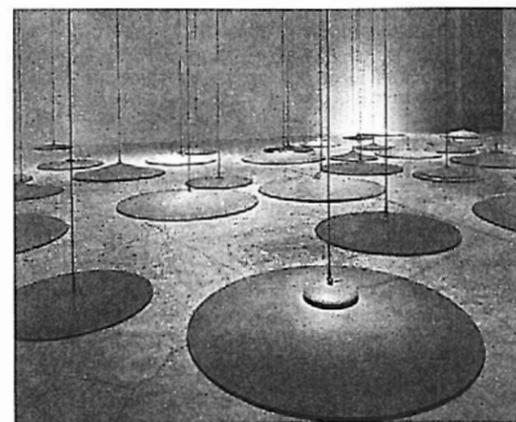
Architectural space and the human body have been preoccupations, at least implicit ones, in Shelton's work (as in *SWEATHOUSE and little principals*, 1977-82, which consisted of a small enclosure surrounded by dozens of abstract representations of body parts). *Sixtyslippers*, on the other hand, is more like a landscape that the viewer steps into. Wandering among the iron cones, we notice that they are all covered in a patina of rust as though washed up by the tide of time.

There is a stark power to this installation; its enveloping stillness and silence stop viewers in their tracks. Yet if we stand motionless, we slowly become aware that the whole installation is moving; the slightest breeze or turbulence in the air causes the cones to sway ever so slightly. The still-life/landscape is suddenly transformed into an animate field. These ponderous pendulums (the largest is a little over three feet in diameter, and some weigh as much as 450 pounds) seem to have come to life, disorienting us with a sensation of motion, of giddiness and quiet exhilaration, even joy.

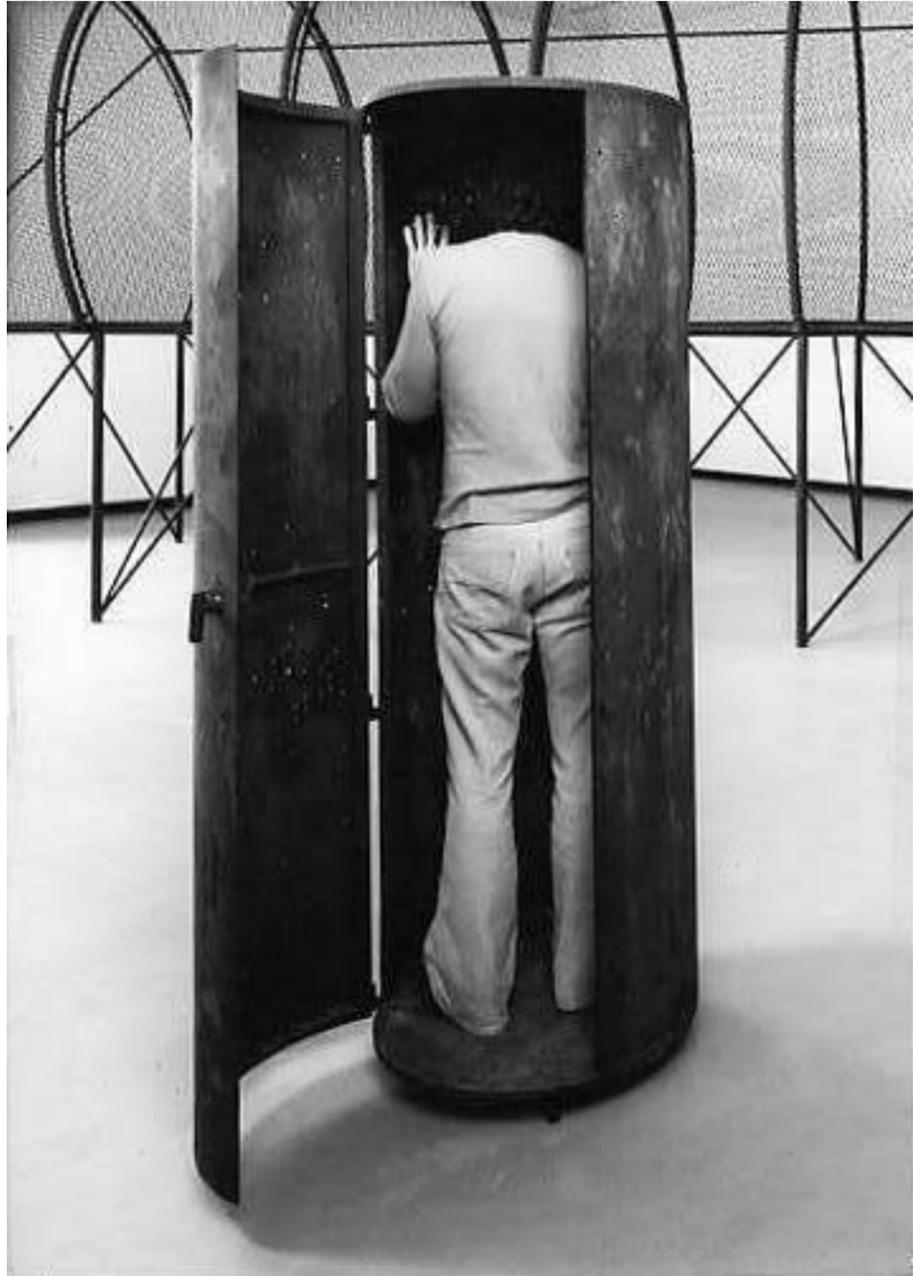
And as this imperceptible movement reveals itself over time, another epiphany unfolds, engaging the senses by association. Looking through the forest of wires in search of a flat, still surface, the viewer seems to hear ambient sound, as though the installation had been transformed into a room-size instrument, some kind of gargantuan industrial harp or percussive machine. How could these discs—enormous cymbals, really—have given such an impression of hushed serenity? And yet, how could such laborious materials create sound—what giant could play them? Like a haiku, *Sixtyslippers* puts a metaphorical spin on ordinary materials; Shelton imbues the simple white space of the gallery and the denseness of iron and steel with a sense of wonder.

—Rosetta Brooks

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fax: 310.821.7529



Peter Shelton, *Sixtyslippers*, 1997.  
sixty bronze discs and cast iron. Installation view.



*holecan*, from *BIRDHOUSEholecan*, 1980  
cast iron  
28 x 74 in. (71.1 x 188 cm)



## Chapman College:

### Peter Shelton

Peter Shelton's *BIRDHOUSE, holecan* straightforwardly presents an accessible duality in its formal configuration. The *BIRDHOUSE* component is spacious, airy and elevated, while *holecan* is best described as close to the ground. The steel tubing and expanded metal screening of *BIRDHOUSE* appear skeletal, while *holecan*'s perforated surface functions as an opaque membrane. The former speaks of neutral, relatively open space able to accommodate many people, and undefined activity. The latter impresses with its intimacy and restriction. While both invite viewer participation, entering one is vastly different from being inside the other. The view from inside *BIRDHOUSE* does not significantly change one's perception of the piece because one can see the interior of the cage from outside. The constellation of tiny points of light emanating from the numerous holes drilled in the walls of *holecan*, is largely unexpected.

The apparent duality suggested by the formal aspects of the two structures is significantly enriched when one considers their shared characteristics. Both are cylindrical forms, of similar materials and coloration; both imply containment to various degrees. Each has perforated surfaces; one exhibits large and regular holes, the other small openings irregularly arranged. Each is somewhat modified by the presence of people within it. *BIRDHOUSE* "looks" different when populated, *holecan* "feels" different when you know someone is inside it.

A more important shared characteristic can be seen in the paradox presented by these structures. They are both architectural in scale and reference, though neither functions as architecture, nor does either necessarily depend upon kinesthetic involvement of the audience for the complete realization of its aesthetic. *BIRDHOUSE, holecan* is about the ideas/feelings generated by architecture and containment themselves. It is possible to fully appreciate the piece without entering either component. It may here be useful to consider the piece in the light of an analogy suggested by the artist, who has described his work as being the front door of a house that is seldom used, most daily traffic coming in through a side door. The front door is a door, to be sure, but it is not necessary to walk through it to understand its "dooriness." Utility in the conventional sense is not as important as the perception of potentials.

Shelton sees precedents for this aspect of his

work in Buddhist architecture and sculpture, the *stupa* in particular. The Indian *stupa* has all the components of architecture in scale and articulation; one does not enter it, but only walks around it. Shelton's background in theater also fostered his interest in buildings that were as much sculpture as architecture, structures that functioned more importantly as concepts made manifest than as literal enclosures.

In tracing the genesis of *BIRDHOUSE, holecan*, one finds the predictable elements—influence of teachers such as Mowry Baden at Pomona College, and exposure to the work of contemporary artists Lloyd Hamrol and Michael Asher who constructed environments at Pomona in the late sixties. A closer examination of biographical details reveals more intimate and ultimately more significant experiences that contributed to the creation of the work. A sculptor who lived across the street when Peter was growing up served as an early role model. Humorously innovative human-scale Christmas tableaux constructed on the front lawn of his Phoenix home were, in retrospect, Peter's first involvement with large scale sculpture. Theater set-design and construction in college followed by work as a welder in Ohio and Michigan account for the drama and materials characteristic of his work. According to the artist, a group of drawings done from 1973 on depict a series of stacked or layered underground or subaquatic spaces of various functions, and mark the beginning of the involvement that led to *BIRDHOUSE, holecan*. Shelton recently completed a stacked space, *HEADROOM, foot-space*, at Artpark, Lewiston, New York.

Overshadowing all of these experiences, in terms of its importance to Shelton, is a dream, the content and mood of which have influenced all his recent work.

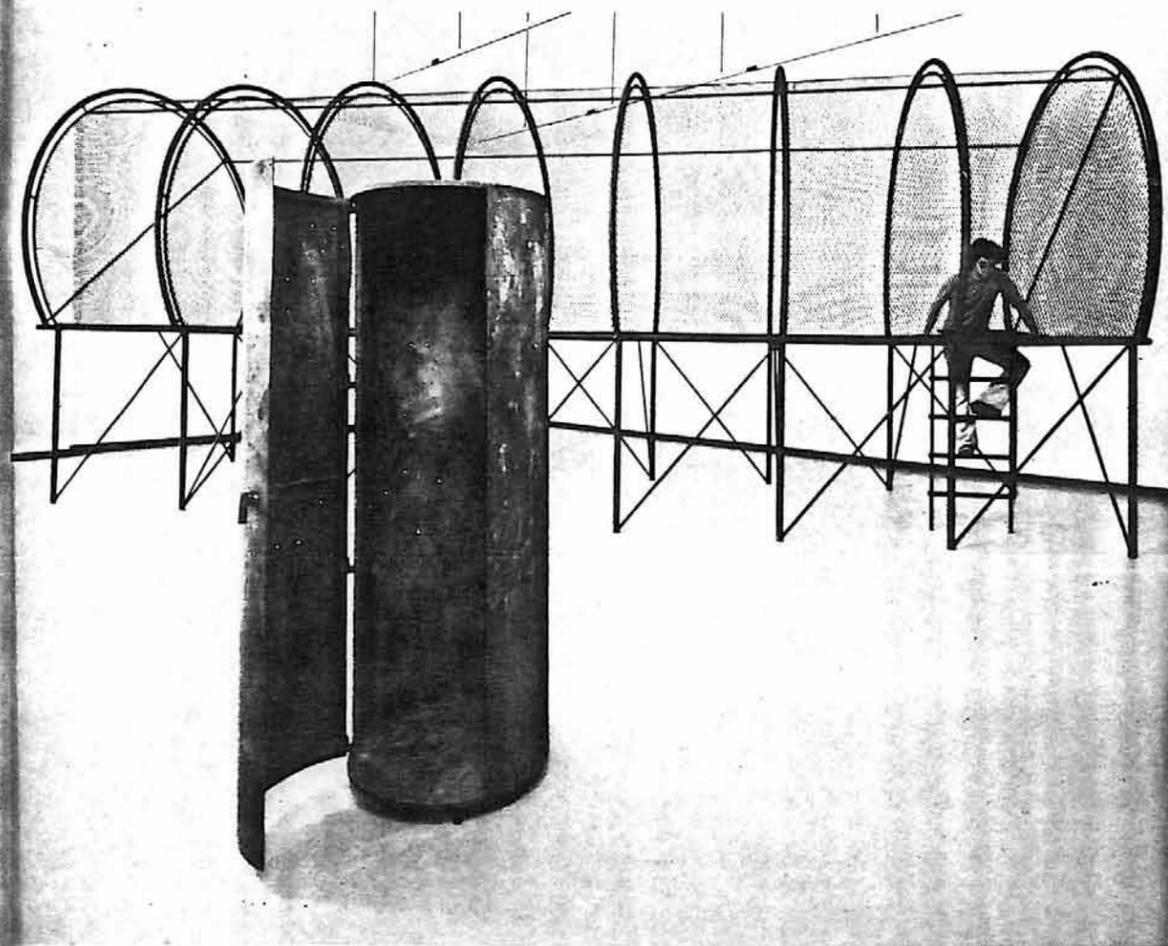
I am terrified. I run over gently rolling hills similar to the manzanita-covered mountains above Phoenix where I went javelina hunting as a boy. The sky has a peculiar dark grey overcast that I associate only with the Arizona desert. Nazis are chasing me and I'm struggling to find some hiding place. I come to a ruined one-room stone building. Perhaps it is used by cattlemen during their annual roundup. There are many isolated structures like this in Arizona. I enter the stone room, pass through a door and find myself below ground. I'm in a huge vaulted chamber that appears to be carved out of live rock. The whole center area is a body of water roughly the size and proportions of a football field. Around the perimeter of the water is a catwalk against the chamber walls. As I walk along this catwalk I hear the whirr of

22 a. Peter Shelton, *Birdhouse, holecan*, 1980 (detail of figure in *holecan*). Photo: Dan Zimbaldi

22 b. Peter Shelton, *Birdhouse, holecan*, 1980 (end view with figure at far end). Photo: Dan Zimbaldi

22 c, d, e. Peter Shelton, *Birdhouse, holecan*, 1980 (details). Photos: Dan Zimbaldi

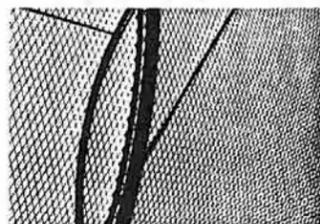
22 f. Peter Shelton, *Birdhouse, holecan*, 1980, steel. *Birdhouse*: length, 28' x diameter, 10'4" x height of floor 5'—overall 13'; *holecan*, interior diameter 2'1" x height 6" (master view), location: interior Guggenheim Gallery, Chapman College. Photo: Dan Zimbaldi



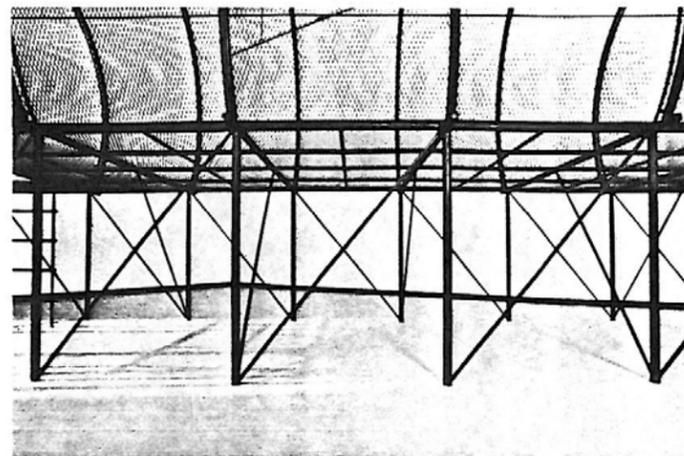
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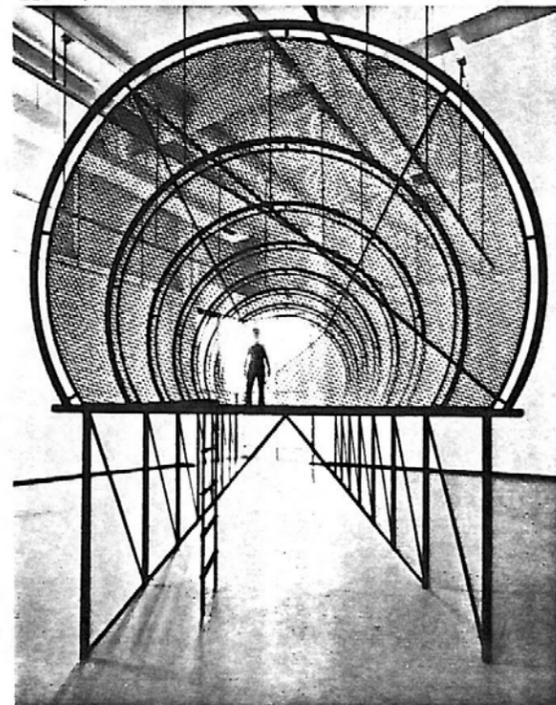
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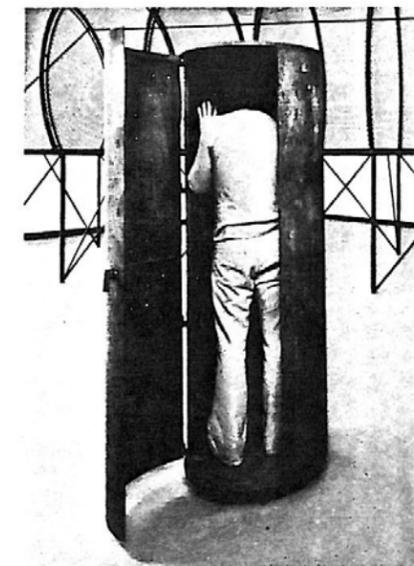
22b

machinery. I sense the presence of others, custodians of this space, but I see no one. I begin to realize that the water holds an immense, dark brown pillow-shaped form that floats submerged just below the water's surface. The monolithic form extends to the water's edges. The mass moves almost imperceptibly as it floats in the water. As I approach the other end of this chamber, I notice a door or hatch. Upon passing through it, I immediately find myself on a ship in a violent storm. We narrowly escape rocks and dangerous seas. Another mass moves almost imperceptibly as it floats in the water. As I approach the other end of this chamber, I notice a door or hatch. Upon passing through it, I immediately find myself on a ship in a violent storm. We narrowly escape rocks and dangerous seas. Another boat crosses our bow and crashes on the rocks. We seem doomed. At the moment I think this, our ship passes over a reef into what appears to be an atoll, a ring of islands. The ship is now moving at great speed, skimming serenely over large shallow pools of water separated by sandbars. This area reminds me of the vast tidal mud flats in Mexico. I feel relieved and at peace as the boat planes the water surface. A singular rocky mountain rises dramatically out of the ocean in the distance. Its peak reaches into the clouds. It is a powerful sight.

from the artist's journal, 1972

Satisfaction can be found in a purely formal appreciation of *BIRDHOUSE, holecan*. The elements of its creation, however, suggest the possibility of a broader interpretation.

Richard Turner



22a



*holeshirt*, 1992  
mixed media  
40 x 36 in. (101.6 x 91.4 x 43.2 cm)



*eyehand*  
L.A. Louver, Venice, CA  
19 November - 30 December 2011



*whitecoat*, 1988-02  
mixed media  
63 x 30 x 15 in. (160 x 76.2 x 38.1 cm)



*eyehand*  
L.A. Louver, Venice, CA  
19 November - 30 December 2011



*blackhookneck*, 1990-2000  
mixed media  
36 x 48 x 8 in. (91.4 x 122 x 20.3 cm)



*eyehand*  
L.A. Louver, Venice, CA  
19 November - 30 December 2011



*pinkloaf*, 1999-2000  
mixed media  
28 x 49 x 23 in. (71.1 x 124.5 x 58.4 cm)



*eyehand*  
L.A. Louver, Venice, CA  
19 November - 30 December 2011



*reddress*, 1998-2011  
red paint over fiberglass  
62 x 77 x 55 in. (157.5 x 195.6 x 139.7 cm)



*irondress*, 1990-2000  
cast iron  
56 x 73 x 45 in. (142.2 x 185.4 x 114.3 cm)

## He gets physical in 'Waxworks'

By Christopher Knight  
Herald Examiner art critic

LA JOLLA — Peter Shelton is emphatically, inexorably, self-assuredly a sculptor.

In the catalog that accompanies the current survey exhibition of his work from the past five years, he staunchly declares his unwavering fealty to the corporeal grandeur of the medium. "What makes sculpture strong," he asserts, placing value on tenacity and stamina as attributes for art, "is that it deals in the most physical way with the least physical things: ideas."

Yet, you don't need Shelton's words to know he places sculpture on a metaphorical pedestal. (Revealingly, you would never find real pedestals in the vicinity of his art.) All you need do is visit "Waxworks," his show recently opened at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. Esteem for the material stuff called sculpture is written all over the place.

Indeed, Shelton's very esteem is one of those "least physical things" that he deals with in a "most physical way." It comes across loud and clear, for this is an art that methodically identifies principles of architecture and of painting, and then happily subsumes them into sculptural practice. There's an ambitiousness to Shelton's claims for sculpture, which he'd plainly put at the top of art's heap.

That ambitiousness is imperative for a sculptor who was going to school at a time painting was widely known to be dead, but whose fate it was to come of age during a decade that just happened to witness painting's triumphant return from the grave. The

1980s would not seem the most auspicious moment for a young sculptor just starting art.

In fact, Shelton's biography reads like a diagram for a head-on collision: graduation from Pomona College in 1973; a trade certification from the Hobart School of Welding Technology in his hometown of Troy, Ohio, the following year; a 1979 M.F.A. from UCLA, culminating in a thesis exhibition called "SWEAT-HOUSE and little principals," which consisted of an installation featuring more than 100 sculptural parts.

In the overheated art world of today, it's hard to remember just how becalmed and bereft was the art scene of the mid- to late-1970s. Not that there wasn't good work being done. The art scene just seemed rather aimless and ad hoc, with no particular sense of urgency.

And then, kaboom. The neo-expressionist depth charge of the early 1980s exploded just at the moment Shelton had his first solo show in a Los Angeles gallery. I wrote at the time that it was an auspicious debut. Across town, meanwhile, another auspicious local debut was also taking place: David Salle's first solo exhibition in Los Angeles.

## Shelton's sculptural delights

Oddly enough, I also noted at the time that Shelton's installation piece — titled "NECKWALL, footscreen, sleeper" — had a distinctly graphic feel. "NECKWALL, footscreen, sleeper" was a room-size, steel-mesh platform, raised more than 6 feet off the floor on steel struts, which supported a variety of tunnels, walkways and chambers demarcated by muslin walls. Together, the emphatic linearity of the steel structure and the planar configurations of the muslin walls gave the structure its distinctly graphic quality.

I missed it at the time, but this architectural construction was also, in retrospect, clearly skeletal in nature. Its linear struts, supports and steel mesh provided the bones, while the brown-stained muslin made up the animal-like skin. "NECKWALL, footscreen, sleeper" was meant to engage the spectator's physical anatomy — the title tells you how the architectural dimensions were determined by the scale and functions of the human body —

and the skin-and-bones form was a bodily metaphor.

"Peter Shelton's Waxworks" — which was organized initially by Julia Brown Turrell for the Des Moines Art Center in Iowa, with La Jolla the only other stop on its itinerary — shows how that bodily metaphor has been refined in Shelton's sculpture. It includes some three dozen cast iron, fiberglass, concrete and bronze works, dating from 1983 to 1988. Although each is a discrete and separate entity, the exhibition as a whole easily could be read as a single, coherent installation. For the sculptures constitute an array of abstracted body parts — head, neck, belly, arms, legs, torso, guts, even teeth — that have been dispersed throughout the museum.

Indeed, the galleries have something of the feel of a museum of natural history in which odd-looking skeletons (from a very wild kingdom) are encountered. Color is subtle but important to this aspect of Shelton's work, from the furry brown iron to the patinated bronze, both of which yield a sense of weathering and age.

By contrast, the fiberglass sculptures frequently are painted. Warm, rubbed, tactile colors are most in evidence. When the color is vivid, as in the crimson phallus shape atop the ovoid piece called "Peckerhead," or in the breastplate shape of "Redmantle," it emerges from behind a dense, black veil of overpainting. Color, even when it's bright, is always tamped down and subdued — "antiqued" — in a manner that suggests objects meant to be seen as artifacts.

Shelton's sculptures almost always declare themselves as hollow skins. In cast iron and bronze, the skin and the skeletal struc-

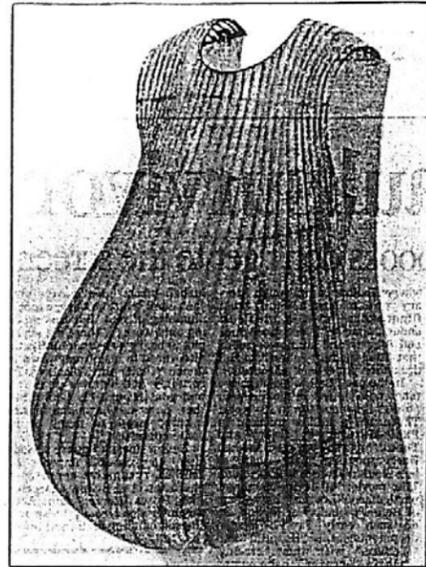
ture are the same. When he works with fiberglass, he often leaves the plastic sheath translucent and the wire superstructure evident. You see right through the swelling gut of "Clearbelly" or the distended torso of "Tweedledee" like an X-ray.

The sculptures are displayed in space that is roughly coincident with the spectator's matching body part: "Clearbelly" floats on the wall at stomach height, "32th" hangs across the mouth (the onomatopoeic title also counts the number of teeth), "Slipper" is suspended down by your feet. Step up to "Ump," and the stuffed, cast-iron form fits your body like an umpire's chest protector would.

The lumpy "Ump" also gives you an idea of how Shelton distorts, stretches or compacts the sculpture. His strongest work is of two kinds — pieces like "Ump," "Facein" and "Clearbelly" are easily identifiable as torso parts, while "Greyfloater" and "Hammerhead" are more abstract — but the distortions in both have the same effect. You find yourself quite involuntarily moving your body in relation to the object: poaching out your belly, hunching up your shoulders, pulling in your head like a turtle.

Shelton's "Waxworks" are, as the title says, effigies. Like Joel Shapiro, who broke the sculptural logjam in the 1970s by finding an

Louver Gallery  
NEW YORK



"Clearbelly" is one work included in "Peter Shelton's Waxworks," at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art through June 4.

There's an ambitiousness to Peter Shelton's claims for sculpture, which he'd plainly put at the top of art's heap.

appropriate way to bring the human figure back into play, his sculpture owes much to the use of physical and psychological associations of architectural space. Yet, Shelton's work owes something to painting, too — something that brought figurative associations in through a side door.

That something is the bodily metaphors ascribed to painting in the 1970s. I am thinking of the minimalist work of Brice Marden. Through attention to scale, and deployment of translucent skins of paint over the skeletal support of stretcher bars and canvas, Marden recognized painting itself as a metaphor for the human body. Anticipating the return to the figure in an effort of abstraction, Marden even went so far as to hang his work low on the wall, as the critic Peter Schjeldahl once pointed out, so that the painting confronted the spectator body-to-body.

Shelton's "Waxworks," which are clearly indebted to this precedent, take another cue from painting: Every one of them hangs. Not a single sculpture in the show stands on the floor. Sometimes on the wall, sometimes from the ceiling, these hanging sculptures embrace pictorial qualities.

My favorite work in the show is "Slipper," which is the least figurative sculpture of all. A cymbal-shaped disk of bronze hangs on a wire from the ceiling, skimming less than an eighth of an inch off the floor. Air currents are enough to set it gently swinging, giving it the sense of slipping just a breath above the gallery stage.

If Shelton's sculpture deploys mass and space in a material effort to symbolize the housing of subjective consciousness, this work, more than any other, accomplishes the feat. Your bodily response is of a particular order. Silently brushing by the floor, and charging the sliver of space between, it emphasizes an experience of the mundane, the temporal, the pedestrian. As a sculptor, Shelton makes you emphatically aware of being earthbound.

130 Prince Street  
New York  
NY 10012

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*doublebubble*, 2004-5  
fiberglass  
22 x 18 x 11.5 in. (55.9 x 45.7 x 29.2 cm)



*cloudsandclunkers*  
commision to the SeaTac Airport, Seattle, WA  
2004-05



*redourobos*, 2004-5  
mixed media  
70 x 50 x 42 in. (177.8 x 127 x 106.7 cm)



*tripelobe*, 2004-5  
fiberglass  
13 x 10 x 15 in. (33 x 25.4 x 38.1 cm)



*treblelobe*, 2004-2011  
mixed media  
55 x 30 x 33 in. (139.7 x 76.2 x 83.8 cm)

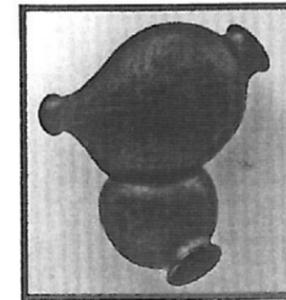


*treblelobe*, 2004-2011  
mixed media  
55 x 30 x 33 in. (139.7 x 76.2 x 83.8 cm)



*twobiglobe*, 2011  
mixed media, fiberglass  
68 x 75 x 38 in. (172.7 x 190.5 x 96.5 cm)

# Artweek



Peter Shelton, *waspwaste*, 2004, cast bronze, 22" x 18" x 11-1/2", at LA Louver, Venice.

## Peter Shelton at LA Louver

The exhibition of recent work, in typical Peter Shelton fashion, was given a title built around an unlikely compound word, "gogglelipsandgeogobals." This time, however, Shelton elaborated on the meta-plural noun, modifying it with "for Celebes." Shelton was dedicating his show not to the Indonesian island, however, but to Max Ernst's proto-surrealist painting that supposedly depicts "the elephant of the Celebes." The image central to Ernst's 1921 masterpiece is, in fact, a bloated robotic figure marching through a desolate landscape, its rotund oil-tank body sprouting a thick, snaky arm that could double for a trunk. This nightmarish harbinger of war, mechanization and environmental spoil recurs in Shelton's new, mostly wall-mounted sculptures. But, the artist renders it harmless, impotent, de-limbed, more a carcass in an abattoir than a looming machine. In their multiple rotundities, the "gogglelipsandgeogobals" still display an aggressive, burgeoning quality, but with their extremities gone, cartoonish stumps and holes left where the limbs had been, and

their bodies evacuated, these apparitions seem comical and even pitiable. Still, they retain a lot of formal dynamism; and, seen away from the context of the Ernst monster, they even take on an endearing elegance.

Shelton has transformed Ernst's mechanical elephant into so many organic—if mutated—hippopotami. What could have been grotesque now seems, if anything, hilarious, not least for its dopily carnal suggestivity. They conjure pregnant torsos, male genitalia, inefficient vessels, swollen legumes, squeeze toys, and, in at least one case, yet another Ernst painting: *Littlemoonbird* resembles the huge doves that press against one another in the middle of the sky in a picture dating from around the same time (1919-21) as *Elephant of the Celebes*. Ernst's birds command an eerie charm that his *Celebes* deliberately lacks. It is this charm that Shelton clearly wishes to perpetuate; without de-fanging Ernst's ominous elephant, the sculptor draws forth both the vital and the vitiated from it. Indeed, what horror remains in Shelton's interpretation rests in the somatic empathy we feel

with these poor inflations. If they suggest creatures fattened for the slaughterhouse and then slaughtered, among the creatures they most strongly suggest are humans. The legacy of human butchery and complicity in butchery looms over Ernst's surrealist century, and we could be forgiven for reading a sly indictment of that legacy into Shelton's objects.

But, much as they have been modeled and scaled into nightmarish presences, and much as their comic aspects mitigate that nightmarishness, Shelton's gogglelipsandgeogobals retain their integrity as self-sufficient forms. They're plenty strange, but they're engaging things, too, maintaining a fascination simply as shapes. Whatever metaphors they proffer,

and however immediately they proffer them, these cast bronze tank-creatures are successful exercises in the elaboration of contour and volume, always blooming in a surprising direction, always manifesting a rhythmical counterbalance of components. Their humanoid, and perhaps elephantine, qualities are everywhere evident, but cannot fully direct our attention away from their thingness.

—Peter Frank

Peter Shelton: *gogglelipsandgeogobals for Celebes* closed in February at LA Louver, Venice.

Peter Frank is a freelance writer based in Los Angeles.

eyehand

L.A. Louver, Venice, CA

19 November - 30 December 2011



*waterseat*, from *pipegutwaterseatandSTANDSTILL*, 1984  
plate glass, distilled water  
40 x 36 x 32 in. (101.6 x 91.4 81.3 cm)



*pipegutandwaterseatandSTANDSTILL*  
Portland Center for the Visual Arts, Portland, OR  
1984

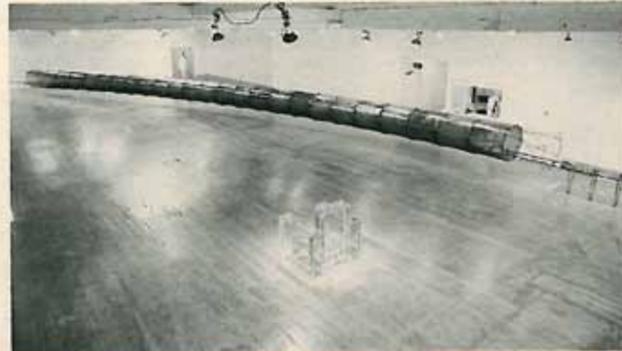
## MORPHOLOGY AND MATERIAL

### Portland / Ron Glouven

In these pluralist times, the morphology of sculpture—three-dimensional forms in space—permits an unconstrained range of material uses. Consequently, many sculptors now work in a variety of materials and seek a suitable marriage of conception, medium, process and integration with the site. And though a signature of style or manner of process may permeate the works, the execution of an idea rather than the making of a uniquely identifiable product becomes the guiding concern for this breed of sculptor.

Peter Shelton's three-part installation, *pipegut*, *waterseat* and *STANDSTILL*, at the Portland Center for the Visual Arts (PCVA), exemplifies this direction in sculpture. It represents a departure from his recent works (*SWEATHOUSE and the Little Principals*, 1977-82; *MAJORJOINTS*, *Hangars* and *SQUAT*, 1983) which were of uniform material and assembled in what could be called a "multiple scatter esthetic." However, *pipegut*, *waterseat* and *STANDSTILL* is predicated on similar concerns. This shared morphology is the conceptual dimension of Shelton's work, which is based on the proportions and structure of the human body.

Rather than continuing the anatomical dis-assembly that characterized the earlier works, each of the three PCVA pieces commands interaction with the total body, rather than mimicking body parts in order



Peter Shelton, installation view of *pipegut*, *waterseat* and *STANDSTILL*, at Portland Center for the Visual Arts. Photo: Peter Shelton.

to empathize sculpturally with a particular physiological structure (the knee, the foot, the torso, etc.). *pipegut*, *waterseat* and *STANDSTILL* forces an awareness of ordinary bodily positions—standing, sitting and lying.

The dominant component is *pipegut*, a nearly one hundred-foot long, curving cloth-covered tube coated with rust-colored shellac. It is suspended from the rafters by steel rods and supported at each end by metal platforms and logs. Inside is a rail track with handgrips, and

there is a flatbed cart on which a viewer can lie to traverse the length of the tube. The inner skeletal structure of metal rods twists counter to the curve of the tube. Thus the journey, which demands an element of physical effort, becomes both claustrophobic and directionally disorienting. I actually felt that I was pulling myself up rather than horizontally along the track. There was a sense of dragging my full weight along by the strength of my arms alone.

The other two components are more

compact, both in structure and material, and are positioned at opposite corners of the gallery on either side of the tube. One is a configuration of rectangular boxes, made of thick plate glass and filled with water, that forms a geometric chair titled *waterseat*. Its transparency contradicts its sturdiness and weight, but to sit on it is to sense the tension of imminent catastrophe. It is a reminder that sitting in a chair is an act of trust—trust in the strength of the material and design. The remaining component is an eight-foot-high, four-foot-wide and one-foot-thick monolithic slab of concrete, *STANDSTILL*, which is penetrated by an aperture in the shape of a stylized human silhouette. Stepping up into the aperture, I sensed the cold, dense material as a kind of surrounding geological cloak.

PCVA program coordinator Randal Davis writes in the exhibition guide that *pipegut*, *waterseat* and *STANDSTILL* "depict(s) three basic states of experience: contemplation, a doorway, a passage." It could be argued that there is the small inconsistency that "doorway" and "passage" are structural, but "contemplation" is not; or that the former terms, metaphorically speaking, are the mental constructs of the latter activity. No matter. The concept is sound because the work prompts the contemplation of everyday experience and it heightens our basic awareness. □

MAY 26, 1984 / 5



eyehand

L.A. Louver, Venice, CA  
19 November - 30 December 2011

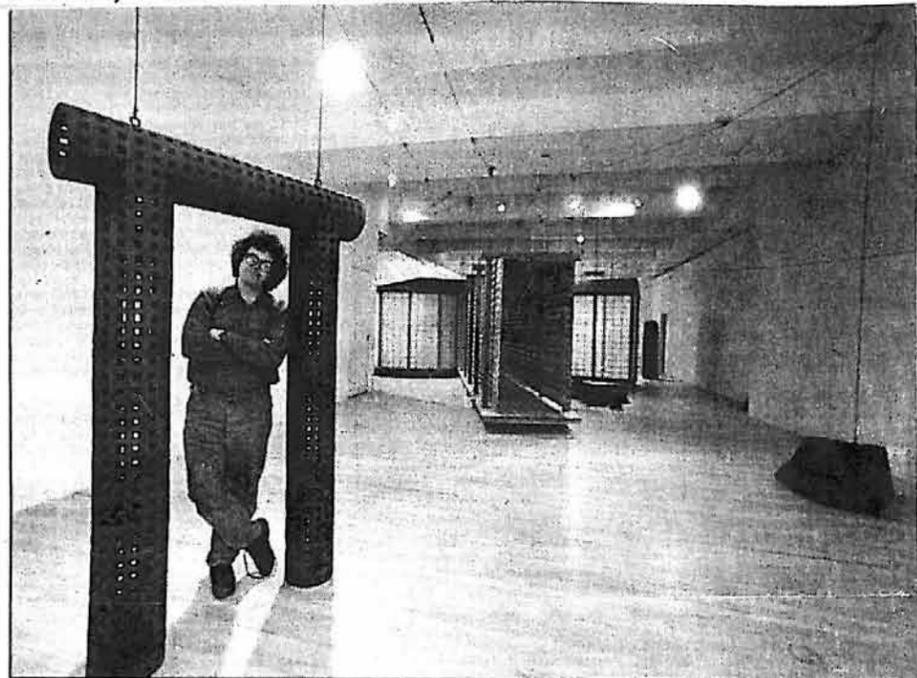


*heavyseat*, from *floatinghouseDEADMAN*, 1985-91  
cast iron  
37 1/2 x 17 3/4 x 18 in. (95.3 x 45.1 x 45.7 cm)



*floatinghouseDEADMAN*  
Wight Art Gallery, U.C.L.A., Los Angeles, CA  
1987

# These Are the Faces to Watch Fresh, Hot and Headed for Fame,



Peter Shelton with his "Floatinghouse Deadman" at Louver Gallery.

The New York Times/William E. Sauro

**Art**

It may be that the dawning of a new year, makes an art dealer's fancy turn to thoughts of fresh, undiscovered talent. Whatever the reason, a number of debuts are under way this weekend, in galleries on 57th Street and in SoHo.

By far the weightiest among the new exhibitions, at least in terms of sheer poundage, is "Floatinghouse Deadman," an evocative installation by **PETER SHELTON** that is to open today at Louver Gallery New York — a newcomer to the SoHo scene, at 130 Prince Street — and is to continue through Feb. 3.

Mr. Shelton is a Los Angeles artist who is known for collapsing the words of his titles and for making his objects and structures perform double functions. The centerpiece of this work is a beautiful Japanese pavilion whose eccentric ground plan is the shape of a fallen man, while the ponderous steel, cast-iron and concrete sculptures surrounding it also double as counterweights.

Strung to the house by a network of iron cables and ceiling hooks, these weights suspend the entire structure — all three tons of it — a few scary inches off the ground. Scarier still, it can be entered two at a time, like Noah's Ark. And walking through it can give the odd sensation of balancing on a tremulous lily pad.

The 13 counterweights include an iron human skeleton, a solid iron chair and giant mallet, a cast-iron bed whose iron mattress is ominously full of holes, and a pile of blocky letters — A's and H's, which spell a laugh or a sigh depending on their order. Some of the counterweights are in adjacent rooms, yet all seem poised to close in on the house like a series of characters and props in search of a

stage set, weaving an open-ended narrative of domesticity, life and death in the process.

Mr. Shelton's efforts can be criticized for domesticating forms and effects already better treated by such artists as Richard Serra, Joel Shapiro and Vito Acconci, but as a demonstration of the overlap between poetic suggestion, engineering and magic, this work is hard to beat.

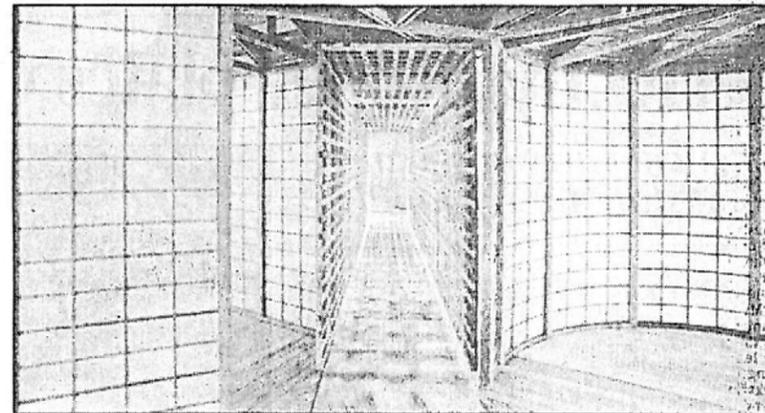
**ROBERTA SMITH**

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# 'DEADMAN' exhibit exudes life



Peter Shelton's 1985 environmental sculpture "floatinghouse DEADMAN" measures 31 feet by 36 feet at its largest dimensions and is made of steel, cast iron, wood and paper. It is on exhibit at UCLA's Wight Gallery until March 8.

## Peter Shelton's huge sculpture reveals unique talent

By Christopher Knight  
 Herald art critic

In the past few years, Peter Shelton has emerged as a sculptor of unusual skill and power. His current installation at UCLA's Wight Art Gallery, on view through March 8, provides continuing evidence of the magnitude of his gifts.

For all its weighty tonnage of steel, iron and concrete, the primary sculptural motif of "floatinghouse DEADMAN" is the articulation of space. And the physical and psychological power that the installation exerts embeds itself directly in the participatory spectator's own head and body. Shelton shapes the environment of his art in such a way that harmonious interdependence and apocalyptic catastrophe hang in the balance.

The central element to "floatinghouse DEADMAN" is a lattice and shoji building, part Japanese and part Western in architectural flavor, which floats nearly a foot off the floor. The structure, which is 31 feet by 36 feet at its largest dimensions, is suspended by steel cables that run through a network of pulleys in the ceiling. The cables are attached to a variety of free-standing sculptural objects displayed throughout the gallery. These sculptures provide a collective counterweight to the bulk of the floating house, and to the spectators who are invited to walk inside the structure.

The floor plan of the building derives from the configuration of a human being sprawled on the

ground — the "dead man" of the title — and is similar in shape to a cast-concrete sculpture, also attached by cables and pulleys to the floating house that stands outside the front entrance to the Wight Gallery. The 15 or so remaining sculptural dead weights spread throughout the gallery consist of domestic objects and simple structures: a bed, a chair, a skeleton, a dresser, an oversize pair of feet, a model of the floating house submerged under water, a post-and-lintel gateway and the like.

The gallery in which the piece is installed is cavernous, hushed and dimly lit. With its beautifully crafted woodwork and translucent paper walls, the floating house is serene, elegantly contemplative and inviting. When one respectfully removes one's shoes and enters the structure, navigating the softly radiant hallways and small, enveloping rooms, the anticipated sense of a quiet exploratory journey is immediately disrupted and destabilized by the sudden sway and shimmy of the entire structure. The wood creaks, the joints strain, the paper-clad house seems doomed to collapse. Getting one's bearings and maintaining one's footing in the shifting structure is no effortless task, especially if another person also happens to be walking its corridors.

It's the suddenness of the unexpected intimation of catastrophic collapse that is most disturbing. Shelton's installation at first seems filled with a kind of quiet, even mundane dignity, gently inflected with a puckish sense of playfulness. Any invitation to participate in an

environmental sculpture is by now easily accepted by gallery-goers, so that the sudden destabilization of the experience hits you with a jolt. When you least expect it, engulfing chaos threatens.

Still, if the linkage between present experience and future possibility seems to be the focus of "floatinghouse DEADMAN," the past soon nudges its way into the foreground. You begin to remember having passed the concrete "corpse" outside the gallery, having witnessed the submerged model of the floating house in its watery tomb, having been forthrightly presented with all the doleful elements that hold the idealized structure aloft. As memory begins to float to the surface, the desire for harmony and the spectre of collapse are squarely located within the actions of the spectator.

As in most of Shelton's past work, "floatinghouse DEADMAN" is figurative and representational, and is composed from a variety of quirky, independent parts. Although no immediate visual similarity would be claimed between his sculptures and the massively aggressive steel slabs of Richard Serra, Shelton's recent installations seem unthinkable without Serra's precedent. It's as if the younger sculptor has gotten a firm handle on the psycho-physical implications of Serra's important body work, and has proceeded to expand and elaborate them to his own ends.

And as "floatinghouse DEADMAN" clearly shows, those ends constitute a remarkable sculptural accomplishment in their own right.



*waterchair*, from *thingsgetwet*, 1993  
cast bronze and water  
36 x 26 x 26 in. (91.4 x 66 x 66 cm)



*boots*, from *thingsgetwet*, 1989  
bronze, water, copper and pump  
15 x 22 x 22 in. (38.1 x 55.9 x 55.9 cm)

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ENTERTAINMENT / THE ARTS / TV LISTINGS

# CALENDAR

SECTION  
**F**  
Los Angeles Times  
WEDNESDAY  
MARCH 9, 1994

**ANTIC AFFAIR:** L.A. artist Peter Shelton has his solo debut in a major art museum with some 40 funky bronze and mixed media sculpture at the L.A. County Museum of Art. Reviewed by William Wilson. **F1**



Los Angeles County Museum of Art

Peter Shelton's "churchsnakebedbone": Shaping materials to communicate to our senses.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES - Wednesday March 9, 1994

## ART REVIEW

### meettheaccomplishedpetershelton

■ LACMA offers the first major museum solo show for an artist who creates originality through synthesis.

By WILLIAM WILSON  
TIMES ART CRITIC

Peter Shelton is funny. He's funny like the Goodyear blimp stuffed into the Watts Towers. He's funny like an eccentric English inventor describing an odd dream over tea while masking an anxiety his bladder won't hold to the end of the story. Or that he might possibly murder his hostess.

Shelton, 43, is an L.A. artist of considerable accomplishment showing some 40 works made since 1986 at the L.A. County Museum of Art. Organized by

associate curator Carol S. Eliel, the show will be a revelation to most of his audience since this is the artist's first major museum solo, complete with catalogue. Its title gives a clue to the slightly antic nature of the event: "bottlesbonesandthingsgetwet" is not a typographical error. It's supposed to be like that. All lowercase letters run together in the fashion of poet e.e. cummings.

Shelton was born in Troy, Ohio, moved to Tempe, Ariz., and then here, where he attended Pomona College, majored in premed, sociology, anthropology and theater before settling into art that, not surprisingly, reflects his other

interests. He got a bachelor's degree in 1973 and returned to Troy, where he earned a certificate in welding from the Hobart Brothers School of Welding Technology. The fact he valued learning a trade over taking a graduate degree speaks well of him.

At this point in his development any artist with a proper sense of career moves to New York. The rest settle in Los Angeles. Shelton thought he'd be more in his element in the geography that spawned great assemblage artists from Ed Kienholz to Michael McMillen, not to mention those indefinable bricolours of style like Bruce Nauman. He was right and he's a prime example of L.A. artists' genius for creating

Please see **SHELTON, F5**

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LOS ANGELES TIMES, MARCH 24, 1984

LOS ANGELES TIMES - Wednesday March 9, 1994

## SHELTON: Originality Through Synthesis

Continued from F1  
originality through synthesis.

The first section of the exhibition is simply titled "thingsgetwet," reflecting Shelton's knack for making art that at first seems complex, then simplifies itself only to grow complicated again.

"churchsnakebedbone" consists of a bed suspended from the ceiling. On it rests a coiled snake; beneath it hangs an upside-down scale model of Chartres Cathedral. A human thigh bone is wired to one leg of the bed. The whole is interlaced with narrow copper piping that pours delicate streams of water on significant points, all of which eventually dribbles down to buckets resting on the floor.

A piece of cake, Dr. Freud. This young gentleman is clearly having a regressive anxiety dream. His fear is that mandatory socialization imposed as toilet training by the superego will fail. He will wet the bed through his personal snake and thus defile the holy social taboos represented by the cathedral. Perfectly normal.

Perfectly corny too. Rendered in any other medium—paint for ex-

ample—this work would be the kind of psychoanalytic pun that would make Rene Magritte groan in his grave.

But this thing is solid cast bronze. You feel the weight of it hanging there the way some people's dreams involve physical sensations of turning to stone, water or air. Shelton equates the whole tableau to a human body through the sparse, bony bed, the allusion to the skeletal structure of Gothic architecture, the human bone.

He doesn't just signal symbolic meaning to the mind, he uses materials to communicate to our senses so we get a gut reaction like schizophrenics who think they can feel their organs at work.

He's also wonderfully adept at changing the meaning of that water that gently bathes every piece in this section. In "waterchair" it becomes absurdist black humor. You just know some mad scientist wants to carry out the death penalty with his new hydro-chair. Sometimes Shelton's water is blasphemy, sometimes it's baptism. It's always the stream of consciousness, now murderously dark, now

sunny as a kid in spring.

The second half of the show consists of large individual works whose favorite trick is a kind of impersonation of the Michelin tire man. The basic technique is to weld a linear grid in whatever shape you want, cover it with a softer material so the lines of the grid show and cast it.

"blackdress" is supposed to be a three-dimensional re-creation of one of those elaborate Spanish court gowns Velasquez painted in the 17th Century. Shelton's version gets off a zinger about how those cumbersome costumes must have rivaled the torture machines of the Inquisition. Solid existence makes it even funkier. It looks like two ebony igloos making love with such heat they need a chimney in the arctic.

In a wonderful variation on this theme the grid is stuffed with softer rubbery material so it puckers out of the framing suggesting everything from a cartoon balloon being strangled by a belt to a zaftig lady in a tight dress.

Works like "bulgebone" are really Shelton's musing on the idea of the exoskeletal, a world where even our bones need bones. Shelton, however, stands by himself.

Goseetheshow.

Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., through May 15, closed Monday and Tuesday, (213) 857-6000.

### VENICE

Peter Shelton's art has always looked inviting. His current exhibition of steel and cement sculpture, "Major Joints, Hangers and Squat," offers new appeals, but equally captivating ones; an exploration of the body supplants his scrutiny of architectural space. Quite literally, Shelton uses parts of our anatomy as

sources for many of these pieces. "Gut," suspended from the ceiling, looks like a distended belly and can be fitted to the body so even a man can be made to look pregnant. "Squat" is a tiny robotic figure, and "Femurs" a pair of bones.

In a previous show, a large environmental piece beckoned the viewer to crawl into its interior of steel-mesh passageways and rooms. The experience was not unlike recapturing the feeling of climbing into a tree house as a child.

Shelton's art connects to precedents in minimal sculpture. If the intentions of "Squat" and "Gut" are discernible in the forms themselves, those of "Pants" and "Headsub" are partially explained by titles. The former is a long pair of vertical columns, of different lengths and varying widths and the latter a sphere atop a cigar-shaped bar. But once the viewer knows their names, the sculpture can't be separated from them.

Shelton revels in such ambiguity, humanizing the abstract even as he abstracts the human. (Animal form is examined, too, since a winding vertical pole is identified as "Snake.") If this purpose is familiar, his results are not. A distinctive integration of objects and space is realized in this work. (L.A. Louver and Malinda Wyatt Galleries, 76 Market St., to April 14.)

—ROBERT L. PINCUS



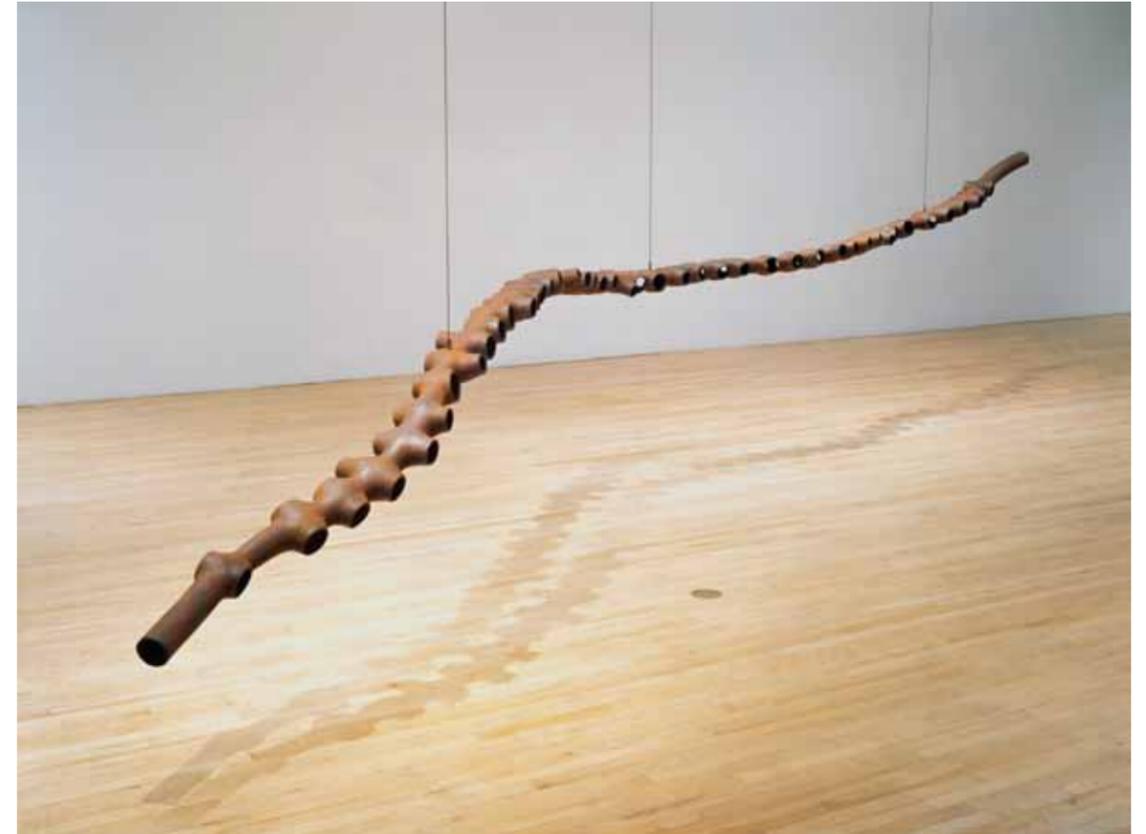
*big legs*, from *MAJORJOINTShangersandsquat*, 1983  
cement, steel and mixed media (two elements)  
element 1: 112 x 9 1/2 dia. in. (284.5 x 24.1 cm)  
element 2: 109 x 7 1/2 dia. in. (276.9 x 19.1 cm)



*MAJORJOINTShangersandsquat*  
Center of Contemporary Art, Seattle, WA  
*traveled to* L.A. Louver and Malinda Wyatt Galleries, Los Angeles, CA  
1983



*frogleg*, 1999-2000  
lead and mixed media  
131 x 55 x 30 in. (332.7 x 139.7 x 76.2 cm)



*mouthheader*, 1987-91  
cast steel  
8 x 283 x 10 1/2 in. (20.3 x 718.8 x 26.7 cm)



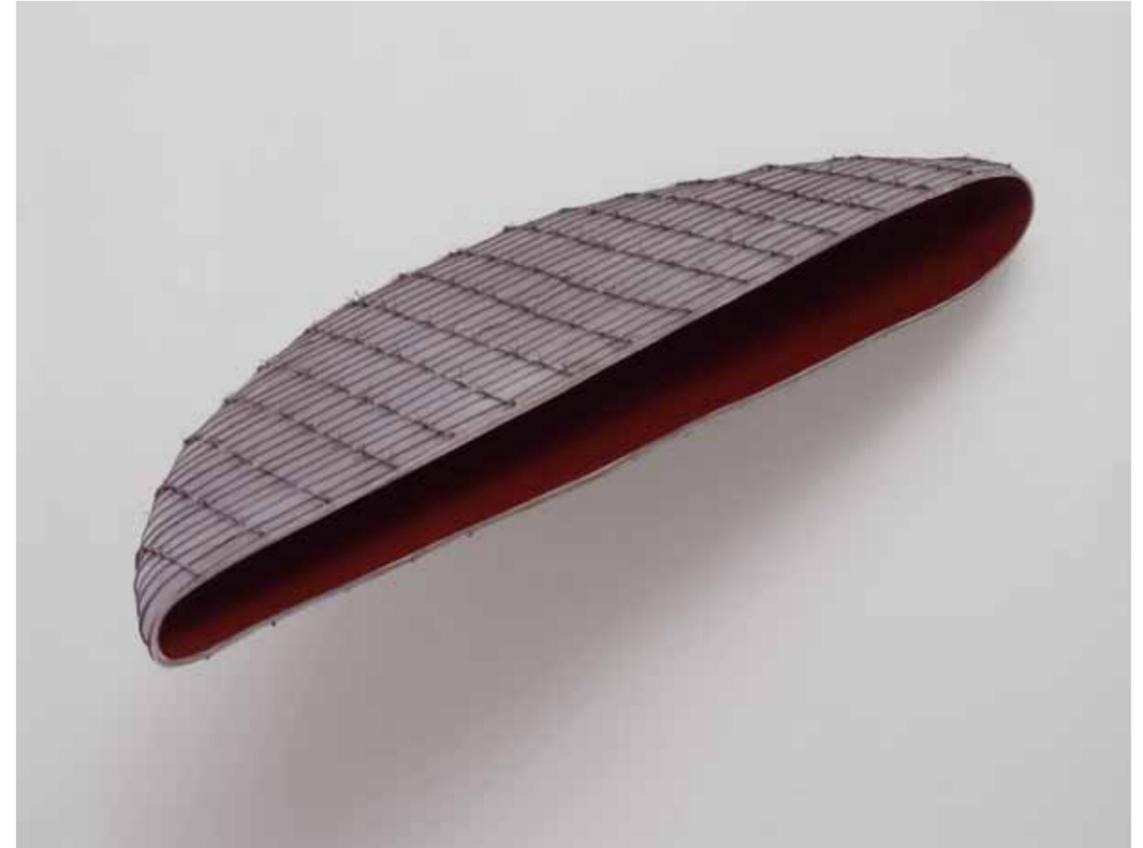
*eyehand*  
L.A. Louver, Venice, CA  
19 November - 30 December 2011



*uheader*, 1995-2009  
mixed media  
78 x 28 1/2 x 28 in. (198.1 x 72.4 x 71.1 cm)



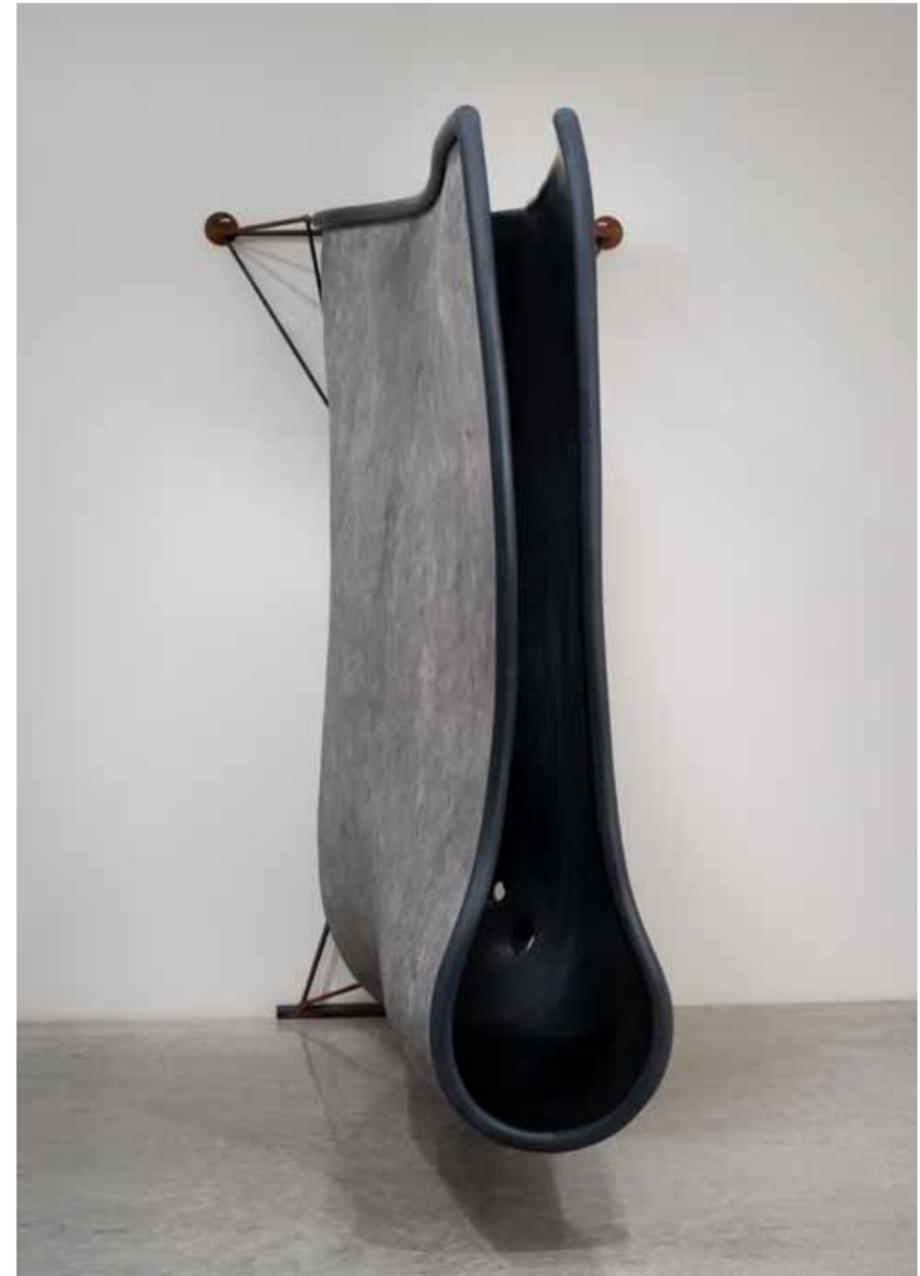
*duck*, 2000-2009  
mixed media  
15 x 42 x 36 in. (38.1 x 106.7 x 91.4 cm)



*redslot*, 1986-2001  
mixed media  
36 x 12 x 4 in. (91.4 x 30.5 x 10.2 cm)



*cleartrough*, 1986-2011  
unfinished old wire/fiberglass work, clear finish  
8 x 6 1/2 x 36 in. (20.3 x 16.5 x 91.4 cm)



*Peter Shelton*  
Portland Art Museum, Portland, OR  
19 February - 5 June 2011

*blackslot*, 2007-2010  
mixed media  
95 x 29 x 102 in. (241.3 x 73.7 x 259.1 cm)



*blackslot*, 2007-2010  
mixed media  
95 x 29 x 102 in. (241.3 x 73.7 x 259.1 cm)



*redpocket*, 2007-2010  
steel, mixed media  
72 1/2 x 65 1/2 x 85 1/2 in. (184.2 x 166.4 x 217.2 cm)