

**STORYBOARD**

THE SEXUAL

POLITICS OF

JACKIE FELIX

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Jackie Felix was recognized in our community as a dynamic artist whose fearless artworks represent topical social issues, such as female identity, popular culture, and sexual politics. *Storyboard: The Sexual Politics of Jackie Felix* is being presented at the Burchfield Penney Art Center, Buffalo State College, Buffalo, New York from February 10 through April 29, 2012. In an effort to interpret Felix's work so that the female/male dialectic might be appropriately served, several people provided perspectives for the exhibition catalog. The artist's husband, Al Felix, shares personal memories that reflect Jackie's special personality. Separately he is publishing a chapbook of photographs and poetry he has written about Jackie, their relationship, universal life experiences, and the profundity of loss. Sara Kellner, now an independent arts consultant, worked closely with Jackie at Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center, so she added current reflections to the essay she originally wrote about *The Blue Mary Series* in 1997. Richard Huntington, former art critic for the *Buffalo Courier-Express* and *Buffalo News*, is also a painter who appropriates images from popular culture, so he has taken note of Felix's painterly style and the way she staged her subjects. Based on decades of studio visits and conversations, I wrote about how Jackie always addressed social issues in her art, with a keen eye to feminism, politics, religion, and the representation of sexuality and the female subject.

This exhibition could not have taken place without Al Felix—such a compassionate individual dedicated to sharing Jackie's vision—who as a poet and former teacher has also touched many lives. He lent generously from his home and the estate, even some of Jackie's props and objects that held personal significance for both of them. We are extremely grateful to Monica Angle and Sam Magavern for all their encouragement and financial support of the exhibition. Jackie was clearly an artist's artist who touched Monica and so many others in this community by sharing ideas and enjoying life. We thank Kathy Sherin, Polly Little, and Jim and Sue Hofmeister for their help in locating works. All the individuals willing to lend works deserve our gratitude; among them are Joy and Jim Brandys, Lori and Wade Stevenson, Scott Goldman, D.M.D. and Nancy Brock, James E. and Suzanne G. Hofmeister, Rachel Hofmeister, Victor and Deborah Lee Shanchuk, Jr., Don Warfe, Richard and Wendy Huntington, and the University at Buffalo Art Galleries. We regret there isn't enough gallery space to show all the works in private collections that were available. We are proud to be exhibiting the museum's collection: artworks donated by A. Felix, Robert M. Budin, Hodgson Russ LLP, and Edward J. Wozniak, as well as works purchased with funds that were donated by M&T Bank and the Collectors Club. As ever, the collegial Burchfield Penney staff, together with our creative White Bicycle designers Brian Grunert and Kyle Morrissey, made this a wonderful team effort.

Nancy Weekly  
Head of Collections and the Charles Cary Rumsey Curator

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**BEHIND THE**  
**CURTAIN**  
**THE JACKIE**  
**I KNEW**

by A. Felix

She often said that if she weren't an artist, she would want to be an actor. And for Jackie the world was theatre. She played her part on a canvas stage with paint for a voice, color for emotion, angles and space for impact, dramatic pauses. Her subjects: women, sisters of Ibsen's, their lack of power, all done ambiguously, as with the Norwegian playwright.

For Jackie none of this came easy, her family dysfunctional. (I know; I met them.) Her father, a teacher, burned his doctoral thesis ("There's nothing more to say."); once a violinist, he stopped playing, listening to music ("I've heard it all; there's nothing more to hear.") Never allowed to play with dolls. Had to go to school across town, driven by her father, his school, no friends, pushed to graduate, entered U. of Pittsburgh at sixteen, had to become a doctor. Thwarted by her parents from becoming an artist. Ended briefly as an elementary teacher, hated teaching, being confined to a room, hemmed in by clocks.

Finally a husband, she a housewife with four young girls, he suddenly killed in an auto accident. So she subbed, tried art classes at home as best she could while raising four active young girls. And then along I came, widower with three children of his own meets widow. (Friends: "Al, you're crazy to take on four more.") So we married, seven now, with two parents. Who could be happier?

Enough of *us* and *me* except to mention that we both loved art, I who couldn't draw a believable stick figure but had always gone to art galleries on trips. Read books on art, and she who found herself suddenly free to pursue art degrees, to paint and paint and paint, her work becoming bolder and bolder, canvas after canvas. Never that indulgent art husband suffering his wife's "hobby," as so many married to a woman who paints are, I knew she could paint, believed in her, was astonished to find, *mirabile visu, mirabile dictum*, just how bold and strong she was, that I had married someone who could work magic with canvas and a brush, who went places where I could never have gone—and did so to the very end.

The difficult part: how to describe a woman in midlife who found herself able to explore things that were important to her in this male dominated world and challenge the status quo, demand an equal voice for women in the world, in all aspects. How would, did she approach the problem? Here let me point out that she was as questioning of women as of any male, *vide* her Barbie doll paintings, her women in the "We're Really Happy" series.

She was always her own person (life with her was often bouncy as well as exciting). Just as was loath to put her name on her work as irrelevant to the idea, she strongly disliked “explaining” her work; she wouldn’t, to those who asked. And I soon learned not to ask, being included in that company. She repeatedly said that it was up to the viewer to come to a conclusion of his/her own. On reflection, I took this to mean that her work was in essence a series of questions forcing the viewer to think, consider what on the canvas.

Where did she get her ideas from: life itself, observation, but frequently from pictures in books, in magazines. Those who came to her studio saw pictures everywhere, spread all over, tacked up on the walls, in boxes, but a prime source in many ways was film; we were always catching a film (often foreign) and afterwards going to Caffé Aroma to have coffee and discuss/argue what we had seen, sometimes we seemed to have been in different movie houses, viewing different films or we’d lay in bed and discuss what we had seen and why it worked or didn’t work.

For her the whole filmic process was grist: the way the scene or its figures were cropped, the way the lighting reinforced the scene, the photography—long shots, close ups, how the figures were arranged, the whole business intrigued her, suggested possibilities. And, of course, how much underlying the film was metaphoric, a second film there but not visible in the ordinary sense. Later this would be translated to her canvas.

Color? She had an amazing boldness with this. People had green faces or blue, whatever, but beneath it these colors suggested more than green or blue; they reinforced. She never attempted to explain why she chose this or that, how she mixed her palette. Sometimes I would come to her studio and sit and watch her stand back, mix together something, I never knew just how but it was instinctive to her, pause and with a sure movement of her hand add something just right or, on occasion, swear and wipe it out and go at it again, slightly differently.

However, I must say, that once I remarked that her colors in what she was painting struck me as German Expressionism color, which immediately aroused her ire, why I don’t know, but I do remember saying that she really liked Max Beckmann. I bit my tongue and kept her silent. Another painter, not so much for his color but his attack on the canvas, whom she admired, was Francis Bacon, which explains a great deal about her take-no-prisoners approach to her subjects.

Above all, what strikes, and struck, me about Jackie’s work was that she had to fight through so many problems from her childhood on to become an artist. And that she had the confidence in her work to go beyond, to be daring, to fight with her brush against a world that was unjust to women and by extension unjust to all of us, men and women. I was lucky enough to stand on the sidelines and cheer for her.

*A. Felix; husband, lover, admirer*

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by Nancy Weekly

Admired for her energy and passion, Jackie Felix was a feisty artist determined to tackle subjects that so many others avoided. In every exhibition and studio event, she delivered intensely dramatic work critiquing the callous, violent, and passionless sexuality that permeates so much American culture. Felix energized colleagues and friends with her zealous, sometimes ironic, attack on ways that women are stereotyped as two-dimensional, subordinate, meaningless pawns. Her invectives, by necessity, also tackled American commerce, religious dogma, and the iconic representation of sexuality, from prehistoric fecundity

goddess to erotic Japanese art known as shunga to contemporary comic books, television, and film. Both her subjects and her stylistic aesthetic reflected a keen knowledge of art history, as well as prevalent media imagery. Some paintings look like frozen scenes from television screens or vaudeville theater stages. Often a narrative thread can be followed through storyboarding, the planning process used in film production that Felix adapted to string metaphorically linked images together. Although her characters frequently reflected an inability to communicate, Jackie Felix spoke loud and clear.

I first saw Felix's painting in a Buffalo Society of Artists' exhibition at the (then-named) Burchfield Art Center in 1986. The large, unstretched oil on canvas called *Myths and Legends* won a bronze award. In it a partially clothed, luridly pink woman faces in the opposite direction from a man transfixed by a television screen close-up of a younger man singing into a microphone. The background is black; the room is lit only by the TV. This ambiguous scene implies a moment in time either before or after an emotionally detached sexual encounter, but the real point is the disconnected male and female realms. There is no discourse. Everything is painted with bold, slashing strokes. I thought: I have to meet this artist! She clearly would be perfect for a feminist exhibition I was planning titled *Female Discourse*. Presumptuously, I assumed this was the work of a twenty-year-old, so I was surprised when I met Jackie at her home studio in Orchard Park. This emerging, gutsy artist was a mature woman who had gotten her M.F.A. in painting at SUNY Buffalo after her children had grown. We clicked right away—and things only got better over the years ahead.

Women artists began to achieve greater recognition during the 1970s, when feminists raised questions about the patriarchal orientation to art history. Linda Nochlin, a professor of art history at Vassar College, led the way with her groundbreaking essay, "Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?" that was first published in 1971 in the anthology *Woman in Sexist Society: Studies in Power and Powerlessness*. A shorter version was published in 1971/73 in a collection of essays titled *Art and Sexual Politics*. On the title page, editors Thomas B. Hess and Elizabeth C. Baker

used the subtitle *Women's Liberation, Women Artists, and Art History*; but the cover of the book used Nochlin's question, "Why have there been no great women artists?" as the subtitle because it laid the groundwork for the other essays and interviews that follow it. At its heart, Nochlin challenged "the white Western male viewpoint, unconsciously accepted as *the* viewpoint of the art historian [which] is proving to be inadequate." [Nochlin, 1] Due to her research, overlooked women artists from the 17<sup>th</sup> to 20<sup>th</sup> centuries were finally recognized for their mastery. They included Artemisia Gentileschi, Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, Angelica Kauffman, Anna Peale, Rosa Bonheur, Berthe Morisot, Suzanne Valadon, Kaethe Kollwitz, Barbara Hepworth, Georgia O'Keeffe, Sophie Taeuber-Arp, Helen Frankenthaler, Bridget Riley, Lee Bontecou, and Louise Nevelson, to name a few.

Another impetus to the rise of women artists and their inclusion in exhibitions in museums and commercial art galleries (making their work collectable), included Lucy R. Lippard's 1976 volume, *From the Center: Feminist Essays on Women's Art*, which concentrated on contemporary artists. People still debated whether there was such a thing as "female imagery" and whether there were stylistic differences that could be detected in art by male or female artists—or whether all art was androgynous by its very nature—the creativity of the artist being of greater significance than her, or his, sex. There were clichés to be countered and a lot of barriers to cross.

Women artists began to demonstrate to make their voices heard. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, two groups affiliated with the

Art Workers Coalition—Women Artists in Revolution (W.A.R.) and the Ad Hoc Women Artists Committee—started to protest sexual discrimination in the art world in general, and, more specifically, lack of inclusion in the Whitney Museum of American Art's *Annual Exhibition of American Art* and exhibitions at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. [Lippard, 28-29] Results were minimal: a few exhibitions devoted exclusively to woman artists were organized in various museums, primarily along the east coast. Lucy Lippard was invited to write catalogue prefaces for several, including *Ten Artists (Who Also Happen to be Women)*, which was shown in Western New York at the Kenan Art Center in Lockport and the Michael C. Rockefeller Arts Center in Fredonia. Soon people argued that this strategy of separating women artists from male artists, while initially empowering, was creating an atmosphere of segregation. (The New York State Council on the Arts (NYSCA) did not fund the *Female Discourse* exhibition that I was organizing—which was to include Jackie Felix—ostensibly because they felt it would be “ghetto-izing women.”)

Although they had made strides in the 1970s, women artists saw little change in the 1980s. Sensing an attitudinal backlash, a group of women in New York founded the Guerrilla Girls. They disguised themselves in gorilla masks and adopted code names of famous dead women artists and writers for public statements. In a published interview about the Guerrilla Girls' history, “Käthe Kollwitz” explained their origins:

In 1985, the Museum of Modern Art in New York opened an exhibition titled “An International Survey of Painting and Sculpture.” It was

supposed to be an up-to-the-minute summary of the most significant contemporary art in the world. Of 169 artists, only 13 were women. Even fewer artists of color were chosen and none were women. That was bad enough, but the curator, Kynaston McShine, said any artist who wasn't in the show should rethink 'his' career. [The Guerrilla Girls, 13]

Women demonstrated in front of the museum, but no one seemed to care. The Guerrilla Girls became more vocal and more active. They produced posters that criticized our society's sexism and racism, targeting issues that went beyond the art world. They had started with museum critiques, asking: “Do women have to be naked to get into the Met. Museum?/ Less than 5% of the artists in the Modern Art Sections are women, but 85% of the nudes are female.” [GG, 8] Then they pointed out the dearth of women's one-person exhibitions at New York City museums, and the extraordinary lack of income parity, illustrating “Women in America earn only 2/3 of what men do. Women artists earn only 1/3 of what men artists do.” [GG, 39] Taking on national issues, they raised consciousness about racial equality, abortion rights and sexual discrimination; and after traveling abroad, declared: “It's even worse in Europe.” [GG, 40] The point here is that this is the atmosphere within which Jackie Felix emerged. Like the Guerrilla Girls, she was appalled by the sexual discrimination of women and the negative ways in which they were depicted in art and culture which distorted women into unnatural, demeaning, submissive stereotypes in advertising, film, and television. For twenty-six years she created robust, powerful paintings on canvas and paper, and she produced parallel images in monotypes (one-of-a-kind prints) and monoprints (painted prints that carry over part of the same image). This exhibition provides a retrospective view of some of her most significant art.

Many of Felix's early paintings used strategies reminiscent of early 20<sup>th</sup>-century German Expressionists such as Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Emil Nolde, Max Beckmann and Otto Dix. She used a similar savagery in brash brushstrokes, discordant colors, and satirical or unsavory human subjects. Her *Wild Woman Series* (1983–84) of monolithic nudes, she said, gave her the courage to paint any subject freely, uninhibited. In 1986, Felix described herself as:

... a figurative artist [who uses] filmic and photographic devices, such as close-up, cropping, tight framing, etc. in conjunction with traditional painting techniques of strong line, harsh and layered color and agitated brushwork to thrust the figures with their varied concerns, into the viewer's space, forcing his/her engagement. The psychological thrust is intentional, the connections are meant to be cryptic, with multiple possibilities of interpretation.

In the 1980s, Jackie Felix began to be concerned with our culture's preoccupation with sex and violence, as opposed to other culture's more positive treatment of sex as a subject, exemplified, for example, by Japanese Shunga prints—which inspired her 1984 *Spring Pictures Series* of *ménage-à-trois* scenarios. These depictions of sex—some explicit, some implied out of the picture frame—masked ideas about desire and pleasure with a cloak of cultural difference. American viewers might feel voyeuristic, but safe, since these images were obviously from another place.

Her *Beauties Series* (1984–85) came next, pairing Playboy bunnies with other figures and animals—punning on this contrived paradigm

of female servant that ironically became a pervasive American symbol of sexual “freedom.” The divided canvas in *End of October/Beginning of November* (1985) shows a woman in underwear against a white backdrop, with a nude woman showering in the right third marked by a pink background. The split image suggests an unfolding calendar or magazine revealing titillating monthly models, as made ubiquitous in the industry by Hugh Hefner.

Later, in works such as *Barbie Pyramid* (c.1997–98), Felix would contrast the anatomically impossible Barbie doll with the world's earliest known artwork, a Neolithic sculpture known as the Venus of Willendorf. Dating from around 24,000–22,000 BCE, this small limestone nude female figure is believed to have been a revered fertility talisman. Other artists, such as photographer Irving Penn, also found it inspirational. His gelatin silver print, *Nude #1* (1949–50) shows a similarly voluptuous goddess body, cropped to focus on the torso from neck to knees—an “earthly body” in sharp contrast to the rail-thin fashion models he photographed at Vogue magazine for his livelihood. Like Penn, Felix explored how the female body has symbolized sexuality, desire, servitude, innocence, power, and immorality.

Other symbolic objects appear in the *Tabletops Series* (1990) in which Felix chose to use tables as metaphors for figures, combined surrealistically with objects that double for American culture as well as references to other artists, such as Goya's *Chicken*. She critiques the culture of alienation during the George W. Bush administration, as well as the resulting relationship between commerce and war in her *Made in America Series* (2000–2001). Richard Huntington discusses

the *Tabletops Series* and his interpretation of Felix's subject matter, techniques, and stylistic approach in an overview of her career, ending with the series *We're Really Happy* (2003–2004). In addition to borrowing or adapting female images from art history, Felix developed a narrative structure that has its origins in the East with Chinese scroll painting and Japanese woodblock print series, such as Hiroshige's travelogue views of Edo. From the West, narratives appeared in episodic and multi-panel Renaissance paintings commissioned by churches for teaching biblical stories to the illiterate solely through imagery. Felix implied metaphorical relationships between her subjects of diptych and triptych panels—they resonated either through great contrast or similarity. For example, in her *Blue Mary Series* (1995–97), she ironically reinterprets the Christian story of the annunciation through contemporary characters using “blue movie” nudity in triptych vignettes. Felix said the paintings were meant to show Mary as a sexual being reacting negatively “to the message of no sex: go straight to having a baby.” She got the idea after a trip to Florence. A detailed interpretation is discussed by Sara Kellner.

Felix's *Reel Love Series* (1987–1988) plays off sexual and violent imagery from films that mock the concept of real love by its fake entertainment business or underground seediness. The *Reel Love Series* triptych subtitled *Moon Over Malibu* substitutes a glaring yellow ceiling spotlight for the moon; its beam is colorless in the third panel. On the left, a man in a straightjacket hangs threateningly from the ceiling over a body of water. On the right two men embrace in what looks like a still from a black & white porn film. The merging of disjunctive elements raises questions about American homophobia

and the suppression of gay rights. In *So Much Tenderness*, panels of a pistol-holding man flank the central canvas of a woman lying on a bed. Although the man is dressed in a shirt, tie and slacks, his pose is not unlike Elvis Presley's in the western *Flaming Star*, made four years before the recording of the ballad *Love Me Tender*, which is echoed in Felix's ironic title. Doppelganger men in black and white contrast with the blood red outline of the reclining woman. This ambiguous painting raises many narrative questions for viewers to answer, except for the certainty that tenderness does not reflect either the film world or reality.

*The Fortunate Fall* (1997–1999) reinterprets the biblical story of Adam, Eve and sexual temptation using a narrative, storyboard format on long scrolls of paper. Felix was fond of cartoons such as “Dick Tracy,” but one can't help but wonder if she had also seen 1970s' underground comics, such as the bawdy, satirical and humorous counter-cultural works by R. Crumb. Once she merged their panel to panel narrative format with subjects from television and film, the storyboard structure naturally developed. It left ellipses where viewers can insert their own visual and textual associations. In *The Fortunate Fall*, contemporary figures, thought bubbles, and an array of curious objects appear in black framed episodic vignettes like surreal film stills, at times cropped obliquely or separated by curtains. Panels have titles such as: “Fade Out,” “Creation,” “The Fall,” “Expulsion,” “Dance Intermission,” “Flight,” and “Layover.” Details include God's hand from Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel with arrows expressing an expulsion order, “Adam's Rib” highlighted in an anatomical drawing, banishers as “God's Mafioso” dressed in striped suits and carrying handguns in a barren land

of Eden, and, in the last panel, a stainless steel De Lorean (from “Back to the Future” films) trailing “just married” noisemakers speeding toward a detail of Hokusai’s *The Great Wave off Kanagawa* (suggesting a healthier Japanese Shunga honeymoon.) Felix titled the work *The Fortunate Fall* because she felt sexuality should be acknowledged as a natural human condition, not to be repressed by religion or abused by arbitrary social statutes that deny equality and respect. She also critiqued the media’s stereotypical presentations of “Woman” as temptress required to fit narrowly defined parameters of physical beauty.

Ellen Ryan’s interview, “Some More Happiness,” videotaped on February 11, 2009 and edited by Tammy McGovern and Steven Ansell, captured Jackie Felix in her Tri-Main studio offering candid views about the motivation for her artwork. The artist talks about the dichotomy prevalent in her metaphoric work of “relationships... of power and powerlessness” dealing with “social concerns... personal concerns, but also universal concerns.” One series led to another, but in a non-linear sphere of complexity, as she would return to subjects from different vantage points.

A late storyboard work-in-progress only hints at the arc of time that Felix wanted to cover. With a curtain pulled aside like Charles Willson Peale’s unveiling of the first American public museum, two dinosaurs from the Mesozoic era (248-65 million years before humans existed) race toward a television displaying a woman’s talking head. It is as if Felix is gazing back at us, tauntingly asking, “Do you get it yet?” We can only wonder what surreal, insightful narrative she was planning to paint.

**WHAT'S SO  
FUNNY ABOUT  
SEX, DEATH,  
& RELIGION?**

by Sara Kellner

Jackie and I met when I joined the Hallwalls Artists Advisory Board right out of art school; I was in my early twenties and she was in her early sixties. I remember being impressed that she had received her M.F.A. in painting later in life. Through Hallwalls we became friends, and I enjoyed many visits with her and her husband Al in their West Side home. Jackie definitely knew how to speak her mind. In 2004, at the memorial service for artist Catherine Catanzaro Koenig, Jackie commented that she liked how I told a joke and got people to laugh, and said that I was hired—I could speak at her memorial service when she died. She chuckled as she said this.

I took a deep breath—and did my best to laugh with her. That moment was so Jackie, and it is suggestive of her candid approach to the subjects that she examined in her work.

Jackie's way of playing with iconic subjects is represented in a monumental work she created at Hallwalls in the summer of 1996, a 22-foot-long mural of fourteen figures in the space opposite the entrance to the gallery. Arranged in a manner reminiscent of Leonardo da Vinci's fresco *The Last Supper*, these figures congregate by a flat surface (in this case a bar, rather than a table.) This functional bar, extending across the entire length of the mural, bisects all of the figures at the waist or lower chest, creating two regions. Above the bar's surface seemed to be a public realm of events, while below, further obscured by bar stools, is a shadowed nether land of hidden gestures and sexual suggestions. The figures are larger than life, the wall a rhythm of activity, drawn and painted in muted fresco-like colors of black, white and gray with hints of color. A woman in a wedding veil turns her cheek to a man on her right and purses her lips for a kiss. A bald, bare-chested man with his hand on the woman's shoulder, leans in, eyes closed, lips opened. Looking underneath the bar, one sees that she has gripped her skirt and pulled it to her knees. A woman at the far left presses her arm back in abandon as she is kissed by a man in a pinstriped power suit.

The spectacle of human longing spread before us in this tableau presents a humanity that is messy, passionate, ridden with faults and foibles. In a sense, Hallwalls' actual drinkers were sharing this space with a bizarre party Jackie had painted.

In 1997 the Big Orbit Gallery exhibited Jackie's *Blue Mary Series* that reinterprets the Annunciation within a series of triptychs. Mary as a religious icon is malleable, many faceted, responsive to culture and circumstance. Historically, she has been constructed in response to existing forces, using the means of distribution of visual information most prevalent at the time —images within and on the exterior of churches, paintings, movies. In the first five centuries, Mary was depicted lower than Jesus and the Magi. She bore no halo. By the 6<sup>th</sup> century she had a halo and rose to a central position within a group of non-haloed apostles. In the 9th century, she was the queen of heaven in the apse of two cathedrals. Gothic cathedrals were almost exclusively dedicated to Mary, replacing earlier images of the Great Goddess. Mary was never portrayed as a sexual being. Eve, on the other hand, had been frequently portrayed as naked and voluptuous —and consequently punished. Thus the power of the emphatic NO in Jackie's *Blue Mary Series*, a gesture never made before by the Virgin. By saying no, the women in these paintings rejoice in their sexuality and in their power.

Gabriel is a vision of masculinity in *Blue Mary Series/Terrarium*. God's right-hand man violates the private domain of the pink and sleeping Mary. Pulling up the covers, he touches her arm with the curled back of his hand, hopeful that she will awake and ultimately

invite him in. In the upper left corner, a hand pulls away at the curtain, both revealing the scene to our voyeuristic interests and showing Mary to Gabriel. In the right hand panel, a Venus of Willendorf sits at the bottom of a lit, glass terrarium; a reminder of ancient traditions of portraying women as fertile child bearers. Mary's iconography has grown over the centuries out of a need within the Christian Church for a mother figure. New converts would not let go of goddess figures such as Isis, Ishtar and Juno. Jackie sets these two traditions against each other in a playful manner.

The outer panels of the triptychs are surrounded by painted gold or filigree frames which function as a simultaneous separation and beckoning. The false frames announce that one is about to look at a picture, and comment on the role of framing in the commodification of art. They bring the images up front and center while allowing us to look back into deeper spaces. In Jackie's paintings side actions often seem to cross the central images such as the rings in the water and the ray gun shooting the moon. Her panels have tiny details, such as legs on a fish or a hanging deer, that we have to step forward to examine. At the same time the center images demand that we step back and deal with them. There are many layers of seduction and suggestion throughout these works, with enticements closely following barriers.

Mary wears full red skirts under her bared breasts and she pivots on high heels in *Blue Mary Series/Ms. Moon & the Big Bang*. The gesture is full of humor and life. Mary clearly thinks well of herself. She is seated

in a white chair, arms to one side, knees to the other, as in a rhythm of dancing, palms facing forward in an undeniable “No,” but her ankles are turned in a way that suggests “Come hither.” The figure’s rhythm and hand gestures are reminiscent of Sandro Botticelli’s *Annunciation*. Her head is above the frame of the picture; she seems to be rising above the angel. The background is a field of gold, referencing the gilding of medieval and Renaissance altarpieces. Coming in from the lower left, Gabriel, puzzled and angry, juts out his chin and extends his thumb in a hitchhiking gesture, as if to say, “You goin’ my way baby?” To the right and left, red, velvety frames surround unlikely images of a ray gun shooting the moon.

In *Blue Mary Series/Kryptonite*, Gabriel comes to Mary through a door to a hot, darkened space from a light sky of small blue clouds. It continues on the back of the door like wallpaper. The angel’s head is cut from the picture plane, a drawing of white wings on his blue T-shirt. Mary is pulling away, her shoulder pushing towards the viewer, her fleshy, dark mouth open and howling her response. Her eyes are closed, a sphere of orange haze surrounding her head. The entire composition is uncomfortable: the door leading to nowhere, the parts of figures cut off from our view. In the two flanking panels, a rainbow carries hundreds of delicately rendered bones and entrails from one side of the image to the other. On the right, Dagwood and Blondie kiss on TV. The television on the table is a reference to a previous series of Jackie’s works focusing on tabletops. Also, it frames an image of an idealized, but non-sexual, fictional relationship.

Many of the images in Jackie’s work come from media, particularly film. A hardbound pornographic book from the 1970s (a one dollar garage sale find) is a rich source of the female nude, the sexual body, and forbidden fruit. Her studio always had dozens of yellowed newspaper clippings pinned to the walls with images for inspiration. Cinema and television had long been an important resource; they are arenas where ideas about masculinity and femininity are invented, defined and perpetuated. Jackie hijacks and reformats various histories of femininity and propriety language to create new stories.

Jackie once told me a story of a cup she had as a child with an image of Orphan Annie holding a cup. In the image of the cup was another Annie holding a cup and so on. She wondered just how far she could move into the imagined space of the picture plane to infinite Annies and cups. Behind an image there is always another image, behind a story another story. The figures in Jackie’s paintings are far removed from their sources, an inter-generational, multimedia game of post office. We engage with the images, become part of the narratives, and carry complex ideas forward. Jackie constructed a hall of mirrors, and invites us to wander in.

**STORIES ONLY**  
HALF-TOLD

by Richard Huntington

Sometime in the mid-1980s I wrote a review of Jackie Felix's work in which I used the phrase "domestic psychodrama" to describe the artist's depictions of men and women in conflicted sexual situations. We knew each other well enough that Jackie didn't hesitate to give me a strong rebuke. "Domestic" was the word that got to her. It wasn't at all a fitting description of her work, she informed me. The characters in her paintings, she said, might sometimes be found in something like a home setting and, yes, they might seem on occasion to be domestic partners. But, she insisted, nothing as narrow and compressed as home was intended. She talked about the

many ambiguities in her paintings, of intentionally disrupted narratives. As she described it, these partners, if such they are, live on the fringe, endure ever-unfolding sexual tensions, and, whether they like it or not, are continually being sucked in by "biologically driven aberrant pursuits." For Jackie, these anxious characters were the odd pieces of a much bigger puzzle beyond the private realm, what she called "a human universe." In her art she hoped to impart to these obsessed creatures some inkling of universal meaning and, if the art endured, make them more or less permanent representations of the hard won emotional truth of what it was to live at the end of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

If Felix found the domestic realm to be too constricting and, as I suspect, that too-close a focus on gender conflicts would sometimes be limiting, then what were her goals for her art? This is of course hard to say with an artist who worked intuitively and was apt to make painterly adjustments on the fly. I think one of her goals was to articulate a range of contrary emotions, to depict the dire tensions that often dog human relationships. For Felix the attempt to articulate such emotions came with one overriding realization: there was a desperate absurdity built into these conflicts that no rational argument could dispel. To depict this condition honestly as she saw it, Felix invented characters that were indifferent, hostile, anguished, forlorn—anything but happy—and, to add to the pall, planted them in dark, inhospitable settings. But the artist injected an antidote into this pervasive gloom: humor. Over the years she assembled an impressive arsenal of deadly satirical weapons. With these in hand she waged war on the human condition—skewering it with brutal wit, mocking it through black comedy, scattering it with multiple ironies. Even in her earlier work, in which a mood of bleak resignation often hampered the free play of the more caustic side of her imagination, she would on occasion come up for air in paintings executed in washy, rococo strokes (a florid painting style that itself is a gender commentary, given the cavalier treatment of women by such Rococo artists as Fragonard and Boucher) that put Felix's acerbic sense of humor on display. *Beauty and the Bird*, from 1984, for example, is particularly hilarious with its fluidly painted Playboy Bunny sashaying past a white rooster stopped in his tracks by the approaching beauty. (If woman can be a bunny,

why not man as a bird?) A painting done the following year, *End of October, Beginning of November*, shows a freely brushed female made outlandish by the fact that she is wearing a bra and, apparently, a pair of men's Jockey shorts. The comic coup de grâce of the piece is the partial figure washing her hands on the right, her overly-perky breasts protruding ludicrously inward from the frame's edge (what might be called "the comic book crop," an effect that Felix would hone in her later work).

Whatever Felix's desire for a universal expression, her search most often began in the solid reality of the everyday. Her figures move through tangible space and her interiors are familiar, but somehow also disturbing. They are spaces that can be bent toward the mundane—let's call it the pretend-mundane, in Felix's case—or pushed toward the off-beat surreal. Solid reality became a springboard for the fantastic.

Felix became a serious artist late in the game, beginning her career in earnest a little before the age of 50. After three decades of determined work, she moved her painting from the early German Expressionist-inspired canvases to works of increasing irony and dark humor. She began to include references to modern media—especially TV and film—and generally shifted her emphasis from isolated, anguished figures tussling against indeterminate backdrops to complicated scenarios in which figures and objects conspire to create powerful mood pieces. Some of these scenarios happen on little representations of proscenium stages, complete

with cartoon-like tied-back curtains, the whole ensemble conveying the pinched artificiality of a fairy tale. Others take place in boxy interiors that are sufficiently out of scale to give her characters a Giotto-like mass. Or, in some of the monoprints, Felix's foreground figures act as observers who look out on a flattened landscape that possesses about as much depth as a Rothko abstraction.

This fictional spectator, usually up front but sometimes off to one side, contemplates the "main" scene of the picture, making us, the actual viewers, coexistent with this depicted viewer. (This is the ingenious stratagem first employed by Degas, then taken up by Toulouse-Lautrec, Seurat and countless others and given new and delightful life in Picasso's late "theater" etchings where, coming full circle, Degas is made to be one of the onlookers.) Felix played this gambit successfully many times in her last two decades. It was a striking way for the character within the picture to "share" the emotional material with us. In such a situation, we are apt to be lured into thinking that somehow we have a personal stake in the events before us. *Moon is a Mobius* (not in the exhibition) and other monoprint series, with their stunning takes on Edvard Munch's brooding themes, are superb examples of this seductive ploy. The depicted onlooker standing up front, while seeming slightly unsettled herself, even manages to offer a cool look on Munch's most harrowing and famous image—the angst-ridden head from *The Scream*. Removed from its undulating bloody landscape, isolated, miniaturized and finally pinned to a field of soft, deep red, Munch's head becomes a kind of detached logo for mental suffering, something one might wear

as a badge of pain among fellow initiates. It is a brave rendition, and among the few to have successfully wrestled this powerful late-19<sup>th</sup> century image into anything approaching aesthetic submission. When Felix died in 2009 on her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, she was at the top of her form and, up until her collapse outside her studio door a few months before, was still producing imposing art at a remarkable rate. And to the last, her feral imagination never lost its bite, as demonstrated by an unfinished work that features dinosaurs leaping hell-bent through a row of comic book panels. These intrusive, inquisitive creatures, accompanied by stage curtains and the ubiquitous TV set, illustrate how outrageous the artist's conceptions could be. This kind of free-wheeling satirical drive was, in one form or another, with her from the beginning. And it never deserted her. Throughout her career she used it to wreak havoc on everything from sentimental romance to misplaced desire. To parody something, to paint it in exaggerated or warped form, to combine it with incongruities—these were the artist's preferred ways to get at the larger human conundrum.

But it is only in the later works—those done after about 1990—that the first full-blown and wholly cogent satires come to light. The aforementioned *Blue Mary Series* is a prime example. These paintings, discussed in detail in Sara Kellner's essay, uproot traditional religious painting and carry it screaming and flailing into late 20<sup>th</sup> century life.

In *Blue Mary* and other series Felix had found a most effective emotional modifier, a comic device that also has the power to push the entire psychological tenor of a picture into fresh and surprising

directions. As evidenced by the two-part painting, *The Fortunate Fall* (1997–99), comic book conventions continued to serve Felix well as the new century approached. The composition of this work consists of comic book panels strung out horizontally in the usual way, featuring a number of shady characters drawn from newspaper photographs. However, as was Felix's wont, the narrative is non-discursive and the voice balloons—what supposedly carries the story line—hold spare cartoon elements but not a single word. We have to depend on the panel titles—"Creation," "The Fall," "Expulsion"—to realize this is another compelling contemporary remake of the Scriptures.

In the early days Felix employed various maneuvers to achieve the impression that a painting has more than one emotional center. To create a sense of a psychological rift within the painting Felix would sometimes establish separate psychological zones by bluntly dividing her picture into two parts and then treating each as a place for drastic stylistic contrasts, as in *Ends of the World Series/Late Thursday* (1986), which essentially functions as two shaped paintings butted up against one other. Or, as happens in other paintings in the series, elements are isolated by a harsh spotlight, its beam cutting so hard through space that it creates its own distinct pictorial sector. The stylistic disjunction of such paintings often worked well enough, but it took the new strategy of the comic book format for Felix to get beyond the attractions of the standard sacrosanct rectangle. Once she had made the jump to this "low" form, she found that she could change styles and actions freely from box to box and still maintain the pictorial unity of the entire picture.

The comic book form freed Felix from the demands of even nominal realism: anything can happen; physical rules don't abide. Combined with her fierce wit, comic book conventions became a powerful and expressive tool. Absurdity was given free rein, and brilliant, sometimes cruel visions emerged. A chair from the *Stage Series* (1990s) proffers ghastly hand-like gloves hung limply over its arms and, more alarmingly, matter-of-factly presents two, pale cut-off human feet at its base. The *Tabletops Series* (1990) show tables in ridiculously exaggerated perspective only possible in a world where visual laws are suspended. In a surrealist rush to the horizon, each table diminishes at frantic speed into the interior of a room. On the table is a preposterous object, such as *Goya's Chicken* (a pun on the Spanish artist and Goya Foods) or *Potato Head Lamp*, in which the table legs are suspiciously human and wear woman's red high heels. The light in these pictures casts weird, illogical shadows and the barren spaces painted in forlorn, streaky strokes point up the lack of human presence. The comedy soon fades and the odd scenes become freighted with near-funerary gloom.

That the *Tabletops* may be death pictures of a sort is not surprising. Felix once told me that her art dealt with badly fragmented lives, lives under assault by old age, death, and environmental decay. About the terrible state of the environment, she said, "It is like death magnified. That's why the black suns and moons and the long barren spaces with the high horizons appear. It's the idea of things getting dark and burning away."

As the new millennium arrived, Felix began to back away from her dark subjects strategically, to gather a certain distance. When in 2003–04 she executed *We're Really Happy*—among the unhappiest pictures on the planet—the futility of existence was still the subject, but now she approached it obliquely without the mitigating irony or, other than the sarcastic title, the cutting wit and black comedy that softened the existential blows in her previous work. These six large canvases, meant to be seen as a contiguous work, concentrate on a single—and singularly un-dramatic—situation. Two people, a different pair in each case, sit across from one another. They are separated by a small table. Scrawny trees, drapery, or the frailest of walls divide the scenes. Wide black bands run along the top and the bottom of the work. Everything is radically pared down—figures, furniture, backdrop are all handled with reserve. Gestures are minimal: folded arms, a hand to the chin, a turn of the head.

*We're Really Happy* is strangely devoid of accent, especially for an artist who usually dazzles with energy-charged figures in dynamic spaces. No panel stands out from the others, no denouement appears. Things wear their symbolic status—if it can even be called that—lightly. The stripped-back trees in the first panel, as forbidding as they are, have to be consciously nudged by the viewer to get them into Samuel Beckett territory. Their threat is there, but veiled and retreating. At the far end, in the sixth panel, the spiky trees might suggest barbed wire. Or they might not: Felix refuses to make an issue out of it.

Each pair (I hesitate to call them couples, so marooned they seem in their own selves) sounds the same plaintive note, each meeting given the same light touch of the brush and then passed over. The held-back emotions of the characters, drawn over the great length of the piece (24-feet long—with all panels shown together), threaten to slow dramatic progression to an almost painful crawl. The palpable melancholy of these characters is amplified by the uneven black bands. The bands are not merely voids, as an inattentive glance might suggest. Instead, Felix has streaked her blacks with wavy, horizontal strokes of dark gray, which give this apparent blankness, this apparent non-space, the uncanny effect of a distant undulation, a pulsating nothing above another pulsating nothing. The distressed lives of the picture's characters seem forever bound between these two nothings. Rarely has death been suggested so discreetly, so composedly.

The thing that some viewers find lacking in this work—its refusal to bang out the drama in hammer blows—is to me the very thing that gives it its profound, hushed presence. It is a commanding work, perhaps a masterpiece. It is at the very least a culmination of Felix's impressive career, a work that emphatically demonstrates her ability to confront and conquer the most difficult themes of art.



## THE ARTIST

Jackie Felix (1929–2009) earned her Bachelor of Fine Arts (1981) and Master Fine Arts (1983) degrees from the State University of New York at Buffalo. She received many awards and residencies, including the prestigious Pollock-Krasner Foundation grant in 1997. Important artist residencies include the Millay Colony for the Arts in Austerlitz, NY in 1997; Artpark in Lewiston, NY in 2000 and Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio in 2000. Her art was presented in solo and group exhibitions in New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and South Carolina. She was commissioned to produce paintings and murals for public view in the Buffalo Museum of Science and Hallwalls' former home in the Tri-Main Building. She also taught painting, printmaking and drawing at various institutions in New York State. The Burchfield Penney Art Center owns an enormous 11-panel storyboard painting, 2 large oil triptychs, 5 paintings on paper, and 5 monotypes. While her work has been exhibited in numerous exhibitions at the Burchfield Penney since the 1980s, this is the first opportunity to present a major solo exhibition representing great accomplishments of her dynamic artistic career. Our goal is to document Jackie Felix's provocative art that represents topical social issues, such as female identity, popular culture, and sexual politics, so it will stimulate awareness, discussion, and change, particularly for young adults at the cusp of maturity and perception.

# EXHIBITION CHECKLIST

- 1 *Himself*, 1982; 4 monoprints, image: 24" x 19<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>", paper: 27<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" x 22" each  
Collection of James E. and Suzanne G. Hofmeister
- 2 *Wild Woman Series*, 1983-84; Oil on canvas, 59<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>" x 72"; Collection of A. Felix
- 3 *Wild Woman Series: Orange Wild Woman*, 1983-84; Oil on canvas, 72" x 60<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>"  
Collection of A. Felix
- 4 *Striped Dress*, c.1983-84; Oil on canvas, 59<sup>5</sup>/<sub>8</sub>" x 47<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>"  
Collection of Wade and Lori Stevenson
- 5 *Chaim Soutine Walking the Dog*, c.1984; Acrylic on canvas, 58" x 53"  
Collection of James E. and Suzanne G. Hofmeister
- 6 *Spring Pictures No. 1*, 1984; Oil on canvas, 48" x 79<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>"; Collection of A. Felix
- 7 *Beauties Series: Beauty and the Bird*, 1984; Oil on paper, 60" x 79"  
Collection of A. Felix
- 8 *Beauties Series: Early Friday Evening*, c.1984-85; Oil on canvas, 72" x 48"  
Collection of Wade and Lori Stevenson
- 9 *End of October/Beginning of November*, 1985; Oil on canvas, 62<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>" x 73"  
Collection of A. Felix
- 10 *Never Mind my Soul*, c.1985; Oil on canvas, 48" x 48"  
University at Buffalo Art Galleries, Gift of A. Felix, 2011
- 11 *Ends of the World Series/Ground Zero*, 1985; Oil on canvas, 86" x 80"; Collection of A. Felix
- 12 *Ends of the World Series/Big Bangs & Black Holes*, 1986; Oil on canvas, 56" x 80"  
University at Buffalo Art Galleries, Gift of A. Felix, 2011
- 13 *Ends of the World Series/Late Thursday*, 1986; Oil on canvas, 68" x 80"  
Collection of A. Felix
- 14 *Prime Time*, 1986; Oil on canvas, 37" x 34"; Collection of A. Felix
- 15 *Things Happen* (a.k.a. *The Blind Man Moved In*), 1986; Oil on canvas, 52<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" x 38<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>"  
Collection of A. Felix
- 16 *Banished to Boston*, 1986; Oil on canvas diptych, 32" x 62"  
Collection of James E. and Suzanne G. Hofmeister
- 17 *Totally Ass Backwards*, c.1986; Oil on canvas, 50" x 65"; Collection of A. Felix
- 18 *Untitled*, undated; Oil on Masonite on wood, 36" x 48<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>"  
Collection of Wade and Lori Stevenson
- 19 *Ready to Fly*, 1987; Monotype on paper, 13<sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub>" x 19<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub>"  
The M&T Bank Collection at the Burchfield Penney Art Center, 1988
- 20 *Reel Love Series/Bricklaying Upstream*, 1987-88, Oil on canvas triptych, 60" x 120"  
Collection of the Burchfield Penney Art Center, Gift of A. Felix, 2010
- 21 *Reel Love Series/Moon Over Malibu*, 1987-88; Oil on canvas triptych, 60" x 120"  
Collection of the Burchfield Penney Art Center, Collectors Club Fund, 2009
- 22 *Reel Love Series/So Much Tenderness*, c.1987-88  
Oil on canvas triptych, 54" x 118"; Collection of A. Felix
- 23 *Reel Love Series 4*, c.1987-88; Monotype on paper, 10" x 11<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>"; Collection of A. Felix
- 24 *Tabletops: Goya's Chicken*, 1990; Oil on paper, 29<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" x 41<sup>5</sup>/<sub>8</sub>"  
Collection of the Burchfield Penney Art Center, Gift of Robert M. Budin, 2002
- 25 *Tabletop: Potato Head Lamp*, 1990; Oil on paper, 29<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>" x 41<sup>5</sup>/<sub>8</sub>"  
Collection of Richard and Wendy Huntington
- 26 *Hallwalls Mural*, 1996; Oil on drywall, 6' 8" x 25' 8"; Collection of Don Warfe
- 27 *Untitled*, undated; Oil on Masonite, 48" x 60"; Collection of Wade and Lori Stevenson
- 28 *Untitled*, c.1994-95; Red, gold, and white pastel on black paper, 8<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" x 15<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub>"  
Collection of Victor and Deborah Lee Shanchuk, Jr.
- 29 *Annunciation*, c.1995-97; Oil on paper, 54<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" x 75"; Collection of James and Joy Brandys
- 30 *Blue Mary Series: Terrarium*, 1995-97; Oil on paper diptych, 51<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" x 108"; Collection of A. Felix

- 31 *Blue Mary Series: Ms. Moon & The Big Bang*; 1995-97; Oil on paper triptych, 54" x 144"  
Collection of A. Felix
- 32 *Blue Mary Series: Kryptonite*, 1995-97; Oil on paper triptych, 54 3/8" x 144"  
Collection of A. Felix
- 33 *Blood Oranges*, 1997; Acrylic on paper, 21" x 30"  
Burchfield Penney Art Center, Gift of A. Felix, 2010
- 34 *Don't Leave the House, Without a Vested Suit*, 1997; Acrylic on paper, 21" x 30"  
Collection of the Burchfield Penney Art Center, Gift of A. Felix, 2010
- 35 *Later*, 1997; Acrylic on paper, 21" x 30"  
Collection of the Burchfield Penney Art Center, Gift of A. Felix, 2010
- 36 *A Year of Intimacy* (a.k.a. *Black Silk*), 1997; Acrylic on paper, 21" x 30")  
Collection of the Burchfield Penney Art Center, Gift of A. Felix, 2010
- 37 *Untitled*, undated; Pastel on paper, 30" x 22"  
Collection of James and Joy Brandys
- 38 *Untitled*, undated; Pastel on paper, 30" x 22"; Collection of James and Joy Brandys
- 39 *Hey Babe*, c. 1997; Acrylic on paper, 21" x 30"  
Collection of Scott Goldman, D.M.D. and Nancy Brock
- 40 *Barbie Series: Barbie Pyramid*, c. 1997-98  
Acrylic on canvas mounted on Masonite, 25 1/2" x 30 1/2"; Collection of Rachel Hofmeister
- 41 *Barbie Series: Lady or the Tiger*, c. 1997-98  
Acrylic on canvas mounted on Formica, 23" x 28 1/2"; Collection of Rachel Hofmeister
- 42 *Barbie Series: Barbie and Venus of Willendorf*, c. 1997-98  
Ink and pastel on paper, 11 7/8" x 8 3/4"; Collection of A. Felix
- 43 *The Fortunate Fall* (Panel Subtitles: *Fade Out, Creation, The Fall, Expulsion, Dance Intermission, Flight, Layover*), 1997-98-99; Acrylic on paper, 2 rolls, approximately 6' x 25' each  
Collection of the Burchfield Penney Art Center, Gift of A. Felix, 2010
- 44 *If Only You'll Love Me #1-4*, c. 1998; 4 Monotypes on paper, 11" x 17" each  
Collection of the Burchfield Penney Art Center, Gift of Hodgson Russ LLP, 2000
- 45 *Untitled*, undated; Acrylic on Masonite in painted frame, 5" x 7"  
Collection of Wade and Lori Stevenson
- 46 *Untitled*, undated; Monoprint on paper in acrylic magnetic frame, 7" x 5"  
Collection of Scott Goldman, D.M.D. and Nancy Brock
- 47 *Untitled*, undated; Monotype on paper, 14 5/8" x 18 1/4"  
Collection of Victor and Deborah Lee Shanchuk, Jr.
- 48 *Art History*, undated; Monotype on paper, image size: 10 7/8" x 16 3/4"  
Private Collection
- 49 *Made in America/Made in America*, 2000-2001; Acrylic on cardboard, 28" x 28"  
Collection of James E. and Suzanne G. Hofmeister
- 50 *Made in America/Babydoll*, 2000-2001; Acrylic on cardboard, 28" x 28" image  
on 56" x 44" cardboard, framed with loading dock materials; Collection of A. Felix
- 51 *Made in America/Big Bang*, 2000-2001; Acrylic on cardboard, 28" x 28" image  
on 56" x 44" cardboard, framed with loading dock materials; Collection of A. Felix
- 52 *We're Really Happy I*, 2003-2004; Acrylic on canvas, 36 1/8" x 48" x 1 1/2";  
Collection of the Burchfield Penney Art Center, Gift of Edward J. Wozniak, 2010
- 53 *We're Really Happy IV*, 2003-2004; Acrylic on canvas, 36 1/8" x 48" x 1 1/2"  
Collection of Scott Goldman, D.M.D. and Nancy Brock
- 54 *We're Really Happy VI*, 2003-2004; Acrylic on canvas, 36 1/8" x 48 1/8" x 1 1/8"  
Collection of the Burchfield Penney Art Center, Gift of Edward J. Wozniak, 2010
- 55 *Unfinished Untitled Narrative Painting*, undated  
Acrylic on paper roll, imagery fills, 52 1/4" x 13' 10"; Collection of A. Felix
- 56 Jackie dancing an Indian puppet, the early emperor hero Prithviraj the Third  
Retouched photograph, 7" x 5"; Collection of James E. and Suzanne G. Hofmeister
- 57 *Coffee Break*: Artist's self-portraits; 3 retouched photographs, framed 18" x 21 1/2"  
Collection of James E. and Suzanne G. Hofmeister
- 58 Objects from Jackie Felix's studio: Baby doll, Barbie dolls, Photographs,  
Venus of Willendorf reproduction, and other ephemera; Collection of A. Felix

*All works by Jackie Felix (September 19, 1929 - September 19, 2009)*



**BURCHFIELD PENNEY  
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*at Buffalo State College*

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*Storyboard: The Sexual Politics of Jackie Felix* is presented by Monica Angle and Sam Magavern.

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