

11/1973
(C)

suspensions

Syracuse University Lubin House Gallery

Syracuse University Lubin House
11 East 61st Street
New York, New York
November 27 - December 17, 1973

Rosemarie
Castoro

Rosemarie Castoro's stunning "SUSPENSIONS" forms are radically different from our previous exhibitions at the Syracuse University Lubin House Gallery. Although the forms bear Castoro's unmistakable mark, they point in many ways to an exciting new direction in her work. Her "SUSPENSIONS" solidly establish the remarkable power of her vision.

We are delighted to have the opportunity to share this impressive work of a major new artist.

I wish to thank once again the Tibor de Nagy Gallery, Inc. for its assistance in the preparation of this show.

August L. Freundlich, Dean
College of Visual and Performing Arts

Syracuse University Lubin House
11 East 61st Street
New York, New York
November 27 - December 17, 1973

the artist

Rosemarie Castoro began her formal art study in 1954 with a painting scholarship from the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. She is a cum laude graduate of the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. Since receiving her B.F.A. in 1963 she has been the recipient of grants from the Woodard Foundation (1970) and the New York State Council on the Arts (1972), and a Guggenheim Fellowship for painting (1971). In recent years she has taught and lectured throughout the country. Rosemarie Castoro has also written extensively, including poetry and books about art.



Growing



Tunnel

Rosemarie Castoro from her journal

1969

Eve of event
Before the time of exposure
After you pierce the crust
You get to taste the apple
Starchy wetness
Leathery Form
Peel off
Poke into
Pass through
Emerge from under
Scrape your eyes
Clamber about
Trip over mound of dark hardness
Land backside
Stop breathing
Collect beads
Pile up
Climb up
Pierce the crust
Emerge out side
I want to show you what I
learned
The thing that I passed through
from which I emerged
is again ended.

1970

Art products are about what you are, what you have seen, what you want to be, the gift of the future to the members of your chosen family.

What do you do, where?
What is the function of your activity?
How do you do it?
What are the rules?
Who asked you to do it?
Why did you comply?
If you said no, what are the reasons?
If you are smart, say yes to do it.
How do you function?
If you buried yourself more than once, who prodded your shoulder?
What time do you have?
If the interchange during purchase erupts reflection before activity, how much time do you have?
Whose time do you have?
If the activity produces manifested results, you have your own body time.
What do you do?
What form does your flesh assume to do it?
If you sit in your father's chair, how do you justify your power?
What do you do?
How do you spend your time?
Do you pass through crowds?
How have you been stopped?
What stops you?
How have you stopped?
What do you do?

I am in dirt continually. The closer I am to myself the dirtier I become. My studio is covered with graphite.

I am Diogenes sitting in a pile of dust. My ocean is made of graphite in front of which I tumble, chase, flop over. Paintings are the places where you watch yourself. Paintings are reflections. They are the manifestations of sexuality.

What is poetry? Is it the romance of a way of life? Does it excuse behavior ill suited to a human healthiness? Is it instant reflection? Does it remove you from relating to your loved ones? Does it remove the guilt from destructive behavior?

How can anyone shift emphasis? By prolonged denial. What is time but the measure of activity. What is activity but the manifestation of thought. What is thought but the rationalization of behavior. What is behavior but the decision to do something in the on-going space of a continuum. What is a continuum but the living of the gift of birth. How many gifts of life can one person have?

1971

The act of doing, the process of making, has become as natural a part of my life as living is itself.

1972

From dense forests of chaos a single twisted branch floats over head.

Primary art. Pry is to uproot secrets. Marry is to conjoin.

The eye grips the totality of the experience, relaxes into purpose and sets off energies to make accomplishments.

survival = depth of roots
elbow room

I could say that my work has sexual content. It is about people and how I feel they relate to one another and myself.

1973

When I danced I lept through air and continued to remain up there. From that moment on I dreamed I could walk around up there if I ignored science. I felt a self-propelled air stretch. It was a way to leave this earth to think in an other path, to bring coherence to reality, to find the path again, to deepen the grooves and push through the forest of the half-blind.

I wish I could be guaranteed a long life. My art is slow. Changes and

desires come through neuro-muscular brain hemisphere switches.

Do all my problems center around space? At one time -- time was my problem. Now, space. I want to carve space. I am carving space. Functional objects get in the way.

An elbow was in my heart. I swung out and away. It touched my shoulder. I went to sleep at the foot of the forest. A new piece started yesterday afternoon: crouching crotches in a circle. Art bridges the gap between the self and the other. I don't know what is going to happen with my pschye or my soul. I am making a forest. It will crowd out anguish and misery. Structure comes from chaos, from quiet contemplation after engaging experiences.

New York is Dante's Inferno, extruded up from the horizon of roof tops meeting sky, down through the layers of dirt polluted facaded levels. New York is buried down from its roofs. It is female from chimney to basement. You might think upon approaching New York from Brooklyn or New Jersey that it is a rectilinear mountain... male you say. Not when you are in it, occupying any level of coffin space chimney down from the roof.

Clarity comes from the experience of change. I wanted to make a jungle (chaotic experience). The form

of the doing and the grouping that evolved demanded clarity and led to the truth that at one time I was afraid of the experience of people. Although I have come through the tunnel and don't need to return to it right now, this week I did as a form of escape to find what is my path. I am thinking I have a balanced anima/animus. I wanted to be rooted (anima needs penetrating). I buried people on the roof and made roots growing down from the ceiling. I extended my animus (to penetrate) into reality and released suspended crotches/double penises/legs, into three interdependent groups; all having qualities of each other in their anima (crotches), animus (penises) and the differentiated sex.

My tunnel thinking has to do with the left and right hand coming together and not touching, as if to hold an imaginary body.

Arches are tunnels you can see through.

It is the way it is because of the way it looks. It is a tunnel made of arches. You can see the inside from the outside. It is ragged and suspended in mid-air. I use to tumble around on ropes and suspend myself in mid-air. My work is adapting itself to all those things I am. When you bury something it grows in a different form.

suspensions

Growing 9'x20'x6'd. styrofoam, stainless steel rods, epoxy, pigments, gesso/marble dust, acrylic lacquer spray

Burial 9'x11'x41''d. masonite, styrofoam, stainless steel rods, epoxy, pigments, gesso/marble dust, acrylic lacquer spray, varnish spray

Tunnel 6'x8'x4'd. styrofoam, stainless steel rods, epoxy, pigments



Burial

one man shows

Tibor de Nagy Gallery

1971

1972

1973

group shows

1963 September Print Show, Brooklyn Museum, New York

1966 December E.A.T. Benefit, Castelli Gallery, New York City

"Distillation," Tibor de Nagy & Stable Galleries, New York City

"Invitational," Park Place Gallery, New York City

1967 "Invitational," Park Place Gallery, New York City

1968 Richard Feigen Gallery, New York City

"Language II," Dwan Gallery, New York City

1969 Drawing Show, Paula Cooper Gallery, New York City

Richard Feigen Gallery, New York City

"Language III," Dwan Gallery, New York City

"Number 7," Paula Cooper Gallery, New York City

"557,087," Seattle Center, Washington

1970 "Art in the Mind," Allen Art Museum, Oberlin College, Ohio

"Between 4," Stadtische Kunsthalle, Dusseldorf, West Germany

Drawing Show, Bard College, Procter Art Center, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

"High Class Drawings," Hundred Acres Gallery, New York City

"Young Artists for Young Collectors," Reese Palley Gallery, New York City

"995,000," Vancouver, British Columbia Gallery

1971 Auction for Max's Kansas City, Lo Giudice Gallery, New York City

"Drawings," Paula Cooper Gallery, New York

"Erasable Structures," Visual Arts Gallery, New York City

"Highlights of the 1970-71 Art Season," Aldrich Museum of Contemporary Art, Connecticut

"The Drawn Line," Parker Street 470, Boston, Massachusetts

Weatherspoon Gallery, Greensboro, North Carolina

112 Greene Street Gallery, New York City, 3 persons

1972 "New York," Richard Gray Gallery, Chicago, Illinois

"Oversized Drawings," Loeb Student Center, New York University

Show travelled to: Bronx County Court House, New York; LaGuardia College, Long Island City, New York; Queens College, New York; Staten Island Museum of Art, New York.

"Paintings & Sculpture," Storm King Mountain, New York

Opening Show, 12 Madison Street, Princeton, New Jersey

Syracuse Univer

Catalog organized and prepared by Tonia Salisbury.
Design by Candy Greathouse.
Photography by Rosemarie Castoro.

College of Visual and Performing Arts/Syracuse University/Syracuse, New York 13210

IM/1173