

JUANITA MCNEELY

ART AND LIFE ENTWINED

By Sharyn M. Finnegan



Fig. 1. Juanita McNeely, *Woman's Psyche* (1968), oil on linen, 146" x 126". Collection the artist.

New York feminist artist Juanita McNeely (b.1936) lives to paint. Her focus on the physicality of the human figure, often herself, with the figure as an active agent in interiorized expressionist images, is "both a response to and the starkest expression of women's burgeoning consciousness of their sexuality," according to April Kingsley.¹ While this is central to McNeely's work, she feels life, with *all* its manifestations, must be embraced, not avoided "to illuminate the act of living, the facing of death and, in between, the emotion and movement of life's journey."² No one paints the body like she does or with more imagination—gravity- and anatomy-defying, yet whole and completely believable with every muscle articulated. She trained herself to observe people and the way they move in detail. The inspiring personal journey of this artist has given shape to her intimately

entwined art and life. She has the Gaelic gift of storytelling both verbally and visually, and life gave her quite a story.

McNeely's most powerful work tells a survivor's tale in unflinching images of suffering, sometimes involving female genitalia emitting blood, still taboo in a culture that is often death denying. Even though violence suffuses popular media such as television and film, it is generally stylized and unreal, rarely dealing with truly painful consequences. This artist's candid and provocative work creates disquiet, addressing familiar wounds that need attending to.

Growing up in St. Louis, Missouri, during a time when women were supposed to have a family and settle down, McNeely wanted instead to go to art school. Winning an art scholarship for her first oil painting at fifteen convinced her she was an artist, and the basement of her family's home

became an art studio. It was also at that time that her health problems began. She lost a year of high school hospitalized with a terrifying case of excessive bleeding that, because of her young age, was perhaps more formative than later problems.

At the St. Louis School of Fine Arts at Washington University, one of McNeely's first teachers was Werner Drewes, one of several German expatriates, and in keeping with their Bauhaus training, the program was demanding, with classes six days and two nights a week. McNeely loved it. Drewes dressed in hand-woven fabrics made by his wife, Margaret Schrobsdorf, a textile artist, and lived in a home filled with art. Beyond exemplifying the sort of life McNeely longed for, Drewes contributed to her strong sense of composition. He was a strict, unrelenting taskmaster, "making my life hell with ruling pens."³ At the same time, he was supportive and encouraging; he made her believe that her strongly expressionistic work was valuable by asking her to trade paintings with him.

During her first year of studies, McNeely contracted cancer and was given a prognosis of three to six months to live. When her doctors recommended she do whatever made her happy, she went back to art school. She survived, but "that was the beginning of what really formed me as someone who spoke about the things that are not necessarily pleasant, on canvas, things that perhaps most people even feel uncomfortable about looking at, much less talking about."⁴ It was the beginning of the bond between her work and her life experiences.

McNeely's intuitive feeling for the figure, evident since childhood, led her during her sophomore year to ask if she could stop working from the model and work instead "from my head." She found looking at models painful, as they appeared to her "to have lost themselves." The professors granted her a two-month trial period, and she never used a model again. It seemed to set her free and was also the beginning of her multipanel works. Her understanding of the figure comes from her keen experience of her own body, enhanced by her quick grasp of anatomy and a strong visual memory that she has honed over time.

During breaks between classes, she learned a great deal walking around in the St. Louis Art Museum galleries. The works of Paul Gauguin became a primary influence: she found his paintings so beautiful, "they could make me cry, and it was a struggle not to be overwhelmed by them." From Matisse she learned how to draw and use underpainting to enrich color, and from Max Beckmann, in one of the largest collections of his work, she discovered how to find a visual vocabulary that could be an artist's own. She also found his surfaces and color exquisite, looking quickly done even when quite reworked. It was a standard she made her own.

Another valuable lesson for this innate feminist was administered by a male anatomy teacher, who took her aside after class, and with no preface, said, "Look, you will never make it as an artist...because you're too skinny and you don't look like a good fuck."⁵ McNeely thought then and now, "Best lesson I ever learned. The reality was that a woman was not looked at as anything but a supporter, a lover, a model, and she certainly wouldn't stay with art, regardless of talent. I

catalogued it at the back of my head and learned everything that they could teach me, and it was a lot."⁶ Early on, she decided that obstacles would not deter her and, if anything, they would only spur her on.

After a hiatus, including a long stay in Mexico, McNeely went to graduate school at Southern Illinois University, where she had the electrifying experience of doing a happening with Allan Kaprow, who clearly "got" her work. Their very first conversation seemed like a continuation of one they'd had before. He soon told McNeely, "You're a New Yorker, go..."⁷ Although not quite ready for that, she knew it was true, that being around people whose lives are about art, music, and literature, as well as living near great museums was important for her. McNeely's next move was to Chicago, where, after convincing The Chicago Art Institute administration that they'd never find a better teacher, they eventually gave her a teaching job and the chance to continue her professional career with solo and group shows. She loved teaching, finding it a mutual learning experience, and it was the beginning of a twenty-five year avocation. "As you explain to students, you are constantly checking your perceptions, asking yourself, 'Is that what I really think?'"⁸ With figure drawing, she fostered in them the same confidence and visual memory she valued, having the model move around the studio while the students drew the figure in motion. After a year and a half in Chicago, she married and followed her husband to Western Illinois University. While teaching there, she had an epiphany: she *had* to go to New York. So in 1967, she left for that city, with her husband following her this time.

Settling into a sixth-floor walkup studio in the East Village, McNeely experienced the area as lovely and volatile. She was painting female-oriented sexuality, from a woman's point of view, a subject with little precedent then. *Woman's Psyche* (1968; Fig. 1), a four panel work, is full of images that would recur over her entire career, expressing her tragic vision of woman. It deals with the violence of birth, the sexuality that is part of a woman's life and her monthly bleeding, addressing the primitive myths that surround these events in our society. Masks on some of the women emphasize their denial of these realities. The images display pain and desperation because these realities are neither acknowledged nor, for that matter, honored. She was setting out all the themes she would develop and honor in the coming decades. Blood was already a constant in her work, representative of both life and death, which she deals with simultaneously here. One panel shows a swollen woman giving birth to a blue baby, supporting herself with two black, biomorphic phallic symbols that tower over her head. Caught by the foot, it makes the lack of choice clear.

As she made the rounds of the galleries with her slides, the director at Knoedler Gallery found the work strong, and McNeely had to repeat "It's mine" three times before he was convinced the work could be by a woman. Suddenly, though, they were not so interested—at this time female artists represented barely two percent of exhibiting artists in New York galleries.

Over the next few years, McNeely moved away from her German-influenced rawness and dark palette, deciding that



Fig. 2. Juanita McNeely, *Chameleon* (1970), oil on linen, 70" x 70". Collection the artist.

painful images needed to be more "seductive" on the canvas, with beautiful color and a smoother surface. The imagery still came out of her experience, but now the central figure was more easily identified as the artist herself. The female nude had become personal with Paula Modersohn-Becker's self portraits, and was pushed further by Frida Kahlo to express her pain. Although unaware of Kahlo's work at this time, McNeely entered that tradition, creating active figures that were not only self-portraits but represented everywoman. *Chameleon* (1970; Fig.2) shows the artist lying stomach down, on a diagonally placed bed seen from above, fully occupying the canvas, in a radical departure from the Western tradition of the reclining female nude. Her turned head looks directly out at the viewer with alert cat-like eyes, fully aware of our gaze. Her bow-legs are spread, with one foot twisting inward in a bone crunching way, toes and fingers splayed. The contrasting pale sheets and dark green blanket with red blood emitting from her mouth swirl beneath her, graphically bringing out the vibrant, fully lit flesh tones. Her lover may have just left or be approaching, but this is no sweetly waiting woman. Her look challenges, while her active feet could propel her up at any moment. The artist seems to be saying that sex for a man may be about pleasure, but this is one woman who knows it is more complex, even as she is full of passion.

Around this time, McNeely found she had another tumor, and in the hospital, the doctors discovered that she was

pregnant. Abortion was then illegal, which inhibited their treatment of her. What followed was a journey to two hospitals in two states and numerous meetings among (all male) doctors trying to decide what course to take. She nearly died in the process before she was given the necessary surgeries. (One doctor presumed that she would prefer to save the child than to live.) The experience increased her awareness of how much control men had over the lives of women, and it fed her feminism. McNeely would express this frustration through her painting. In 1969 she was one of the first artists to take on the taboo abortion issue in a nine-panel painting, *Is It Real? Yes, It Is!*, a strong but violent work.

Also around this time McNeely moved to Westbeth, a new housing project for artists in the West Village. It was her kind of place, with a mix of writers, visual artists, musicians, dancers, and choreographers. During Westbeth's early years, there were four galleries on the ground floor where the visual artists could take turns showing their work. These simultaneous solo exhibits yielded friendships with other painters as well as attention from the *New York Times*. Hilton Kramer noted "...her energy and the reach of her imagination,"⁸ and Carter

Ratcliffe in ARTnews, describing *Is it Real? Yes, it Is!*, wrote vividly of her "...themes of birth and death, sex and pain, are followed across nine canvases, melting and distorting shapes, conjuring up mythical and ritual objects from bedroom and delivery room procedure...at its climax...as if terror were felt in a very specific personage."⁹

In 1971 came a call for the first open feminist art exhibit, produced by a member of the Redstocking Artists group, Marjorie Kramer, at Museum, a temporary space at 729 Broadway. The participation fee to cover expenses was \$1.50. McNeely carried in the four large panels of *Woman's Psyche*, with its arresting subject matter, and hung it on the wall herself. "I felt immediate love and at home," she said. "We women artists were no longer alone." Artists that participated included Alice Neel, Faith Ringgold, and over one hundred others. The lack of any hierarchy and the supportive community among the women artists would set the tone for the next decade of her life. She went to meetings of the Women Artists in Revolution (W.A.R.), Redstockings and other groups, believing that when women were able to be fulfilled, men would be much freer too.

Through her feminist friendships, McNeely became involved in the Figurative Alliance, an organization of figurative artists that met for panels and discussion Friday nights on the Lower East Side. She, Marjorie Kramer and Pat Mainardi, outraged at how little time was given to the women artists in the group,

proposed a women's panel on women artists' relationship to the male tradition of the nude, with McNeely as chair. She was tall and imposing, with a manner that didn't brook crossing. Despite this, there was a scramble to get the paintings hung around the room because the men did not want them up. McNeely said that, when the dialogue started:

If they'd had tacks, they would have thrown tacks at us. It was incredible. On the other hand, we had Alice Neel, sitting in those platypus shoes, looking like your grandmother. The only thing she didn't do was knit, because that's how she looked. But she had a mouth on her...Aristodemis Kaldis said the trouble with we women was that we didn't have any balls and we wanted them. Neel immediately responded, "Oh but dear, we do. We just carry them higher up and they're larger." That brought down the house and there wasn't a bitter or divisive moment from that point.

That was the beginning of the full participation of the women artists in those gatherings.

McNeely also joined an artists' cooperative, the Prince Street Gallery, in the then industrial section of SoHo, where she continued to express the "freedom to say what I had to say as a woman artist."¹⁰ Only in retrospect did she realize how absolutely crucial it was for her as a young artist to have this freedom to paint what she wanted, with the support of her fellow artists. She did not have to worry about sales or whether her work was "too difficult" for the public. The rare combination of independence and the opportunity to show anything she wanted was galvanizing. During the 1970s she had six solo exhibitions at the Prince Street Gallery, each with all new work, as well as three shows elsewhere. (Some members of that gallery became close friends, including this writer.)

"An amazing range of people came into our storefront gallery—factory workers from that neighborhood who might ask first if there was an admission charge, as well as wonderful critics like Lawrence Alloway, who wrote about the artists' work without regard to gallery status or gender. The exposure was great, and critical acknowledgment was key."¹¹ Alloway wrote, in one of her favorite reviews, "Juanita McNeely pursues an iconography in which she expresses the autonomy of fear and pain in creatures caught in extreme situations. She paints the human body like a stranded starfish dying in the sun."¹² Her final involvement in the cooperative gallery world was with SOHO20 in the early 1980s.

McNeely's subject matter led to her participation in *Fight Censorship*, a group formed in 1973 by Anita Steckel with other women artists who felt their work was being misunderstood because they were using the body in erotic, personal, or sexual art work from a woman's point of view. The erotic tradition had always been about the power of men over women, where the female's sexual experience is one of surrender. There was a new language of the body that critics and the public did not know how to process. McNeely, along with Judith Bernstein, Louise Bourgeois, Marty Edleheidt, Eunice Golden, Anne Sharp, Joan Semmel, and Hannah Wilke, found that often their



Fig. 3. Juanita McNeely, *Woman* (1975), cut paper, 40" x 30". Collection the artist.



Fig. 4. Juanita McNeely, *Birth* (1975), cut paper, 25" x 23". Collection the artist.



Fig.5. Juanita McNeely, *Moving Through* (detail) (1975), oil on linen, 8' x 34'. Collection the artist.

work was tagged as erotic or pornographic, which was not at all their intention. (When McNeely exhibited prints in a group show at a Long Island gallery, the works ended up in a closet, to be seen only by request.) These women artists wanted to take control over the way their work was presented in the media in a more active way, make it clear that theirs was a new perspective—a woman's viewpoint—but it was still about the art. They lectured and showed work together at New York University, School of Visual Arts, and The New School and participated in discussions on local television in an effort to change the discourse. For McNeely the attention and documentation helped to clarify what she was doing.

Describing an "Artists Talk on Art" panel in March 1976, where McNeely was a participant, Sharon Wybrants reported that

McNeely described a process in which she deals very consciously with her subject matter. She starts with a specific aspect of herself or a specific state of feeling in mind. Then she attempts to strip the cliché elements from the image. At this point she starts to play with the plastic qualities of the painting until she can identify totally and freshly with it.¹³

This process still forms the basis of McNeely's work. On the technical side, she starts with turpentine, a rag, and color on the brush, drawing and painting at the same time, wiping and moving and shifting continuously until the underpainting emerges. The heart of McNeely's practice is keeping it fresh-looking, so that even with constant changes within a piece, it never looks over-painted. Sometimes she lays the canvas flat on the floor, puts a little water on it and then drops oil paint into it, controlling it by blotting with a paper towel. The process of printmaking, especially monoprints—flicking, drawing, wiping with a cloth—enhanced her painting technique in a freeing way.

Along with prints and paintings on canvas, McNeely has also exhibited paintings on ceramics and cut paper work. These media in particular relate to working the surface in a different way. When at times, she would reach a point in her work on canvas where she felt she needed "to go someplace else," these other media would "shake up her mind and provoke new ways of dealing with the figure." Working on the round surface of a vase or drawing a line with scissors moving through paper (with no preliminary drawing) would suggest new forms to the artist. In 1975, the challenge of the cut paper work led her to create a new mode for this medium. She called it "exercises of the mind," seeing how many cuts she could make to get the imagery without the piece collapsing onto the floor. In these shadow-and-light drawings in space, the figure sits out from the surface, becoming almost a three-dimensional shadow-box paper hanging, quite

fragile. These paper works contributed to the stripping down of her compositions. The figures, such as *Woman* (1975; Fig. 3) were now white and alone on a white ground, everything else finally taken away. *Birth* (1975; Fig. 4) is held together by just a few inches of uncut paper around the four sides. A pear shaped portrait of a vagina giving birth to a woman giving birth to a baby utilizes the shadows to project the woman's legs and the small head and arm emerging towards us. It is an image of wholeness and connectivity, both within the medium and psychically. One reviewer wrote: "This sensual and macabre imagery, in combination with the white-on-white delicacy of these works, results in a technical tour de force."¹⁴ The images are both contained, barely, and released, as the light comes through the line and the bas-relief of the figure casts shadows. *Birth* most purely expresses the artist's desire for movement alone to show emotion.

The cut-paper images of figures floating seemingly with no support were of a piece with the artist's paintings that year, about what she was experiencing with a new bout of cancer, her last and the most difficult to beat. She went through a process of lightening her life, discarding possessions, dressing in white, simplifying, as if this lighter self could then fly through this illness. Amidst images of anger and pain, as in *Moving Through* (1975; Fig. 5 [detail]) is a strong woman

leaping in front of a beautifully shadowed blue and violet wall. An angled reflection of a window lined with lush plants fills the panel with light. This figure's connection with the other panels lies in the mysterious deep red veils on her chest and pubic area. She bears the marks of the experiences she flies above. The last panel, completely white, also shows a lone woman leaping. She is paradoxically aloft and strong, with no visible means of support.

In the 1970s, McNeely met Jeremy Lebenshon, a sculptor, writer, set designer and professor of art, who would become her second husband. Lebenshon was involved in the Open Theater with Joe and Shami Chaikin and the playwright Jean-Claude van Itallie, and McNeely felt they were doing on the stage what she was doing on canvas: working spontaneously to create work collectively that was full of movement and vibrancy. Dealing with emotions in a direct way, they staged their work in a style that was alive and expressionistic.

She and Lebenshon moved to France in 1982 for six months when McNeely had a teaching sabbatical—she painted while he made sculpture. Unfortunately, their stay ended when McNeely damaged her spinal cord when she bent over to shake hands with a small boy and tripped on an enthusiastic puppy. Over the years, radiation treatments had weakened her body, making her fall quite serious. After returning to New York, she was forced to use a wheelchair, and her recuperation required her to lessen her intense involvement in both feminist and artist collaborative communities¹⁵ and to reduce her teaching schedule. Painting, always a priority, now consumed her energy. Despite doctor's orders, and with Lebenshon's help, she continued working on large canvases—meeting each new challenge as it came.

Many of her paintings celebrated "outsiders." One series of portraits from memory included French prostitutes and flamboyant characters from Greenwich Village and New York. Her color became jewel-like as she allowed herself to enjoy the act of painting, rather than being caught up in more personal subject matter. Portrayed with their most salient characteristics quite prominent, each personage is unique. Admittedly, she is drawn to people unafraid of expressing who they are, often people trembling on the edge. Her encounter with them can be minimal, as in *Tea at B. Altman's Palm Room* (1983; Fig. 6). A mother and a son are dressed fabulously for their weekly ritual of tea: he in a white suit and spats with a red toupee on top of his white curls, and she, belying her age, dressed in a frilly pink summer dress and gloves with a wide sunhat bedecked with flowers. He gently holds up a teacup to her lips while she holds a large stuffed animal with a matching dress. The colors are delicate, light and frothy—shades of pink, pale orange and white, with a spring green pattern behind them representing the palms. The surface movement is like the flutter of butterfly wings. The reality and the fantasy of this odd couple is brought to life. McNeely's power of visual memorization combines with her originality and emotional content to create human imagery of extraordinary energy and life.

Not until a few years after the accident in France did that experience become subject matter for McNeely. Beginning in 1985 she dealt with this life-altering moment in *Tryscadeckatick* (1985-86; Pl. 12 [detail]); her largest work, at 6' x 52' and



Fig. 6. Juanita McNeely, *Tea at B. Altman's Palm Room* (1983), oil on linen, 72" x 44". Collection the artist.

comprising thirteen panels, she worked on all the panels at the same time over a period of one year, wrapping them around her entire living space. It is a masterwork by an indomitable spirit, a bridge between her early and later work where she learned again to articulate the nude freely, as her own body no longer exemplified what a body could do. Despite the restrictions of the wheelchair, her body became flexible and moved across her large canvases. Small canvases, says McNeely, seem "impossible"—she needs the large arena for this sense of real physical movement. The large size, she says, enables viewers to imagine themselves walking into the worlds she creates—and for this reason she requires her work to be hung low. The panel paintings tell a story, made with color, form, and content, as the viewer moves from panel to panel.

Tryscadeckatick is organized rhythmically, square panels flanked by vertical panels, with a pulse of dark cypresses or diagonal black poles marching through some of the backgrounds, piercing the space around lighter, brighter human and animal figures in the foreground. Strong contrasts and an open, continuous composition tie the panels together with movement, a constant throughout. Human figures swing



Fig. 7. Juanita McNeely, *Tryscadeckatick, Ape* (detail) (1985-86), oil on linen, 6' x 52'. Collection the artist.



Fig. 8. Juanita McNeely, *I Saw* (2009), oil on linen, 40" x 42". Collection the artist.

and leap freely; a partially dismembered body hangs from a strap by the leg while another screaming figure spins on a disc. In the last panel, the open mouth of an ape fills the vertical canvas in what appears to be a bloodcurdling scream (Fig. 7). More drips and splashes heighten the energy of the paint as McNeely felt the need "to make the ugly and the terrible beautiful for myself." The delectable violet and turquoise hues and luminous flesh do this.

In the late 1990s, more complex compositions emerged, filling the canvas, often depicting flooded interiors with the figure perched precariously on a ladder or swing. Trapped in the studio by now, her experience of being closed in is expressed clearly in these paintings. Increasingly a more symbolic context emerged, distilling reality and making the statement fresh. She continually strove for rich surfaces and color that sings, sometimes with a clashing chromatic range, as is often the artillery of expressionist painters of difficult work. *Ladder* (1999; Pl. 13) in her *Window Series* shows a female figure falling towards the water below, surrounded by an enclosing room held up by a metronome-column. Blues and greens with dark shadows in the background help bring the figure forward. Tilted black ladders and lattices in the foreground frame and contain her as she floats in mid-air. Through a push-pull dynamic, McNeely is dealing with fears and nightmares that many of us have and are not easy to face.



Fig. 9. Juanita McNeely, *Free Figure Series: Life* (2009), oil on linen, 44" x 50". Collection the artist.

McNeely's activism took a new turn when she became a spokeswoman for Very Special Arts, founded in Washington, D.C., by Jean Kennedy Smith and internationally by a committee of ambassadors' wives. McNeely participated as a judge in their shows, including the White House 200th Anniversary Art Exhibition in 1992. The experience was inspiring for the artist—an opportunity to take part in an international community, to meet people from different cultures for the purpose of broadening the exposure of all artists, disabled or able bodied. Kara Kennedy filmed the artist in her studio for a PBS special on the organization.¹⁶

Recently, in more daringly executed works, McNeely has returned to simpler compositions, with canvases dominated by washes of color and masterful drawing for a dynamic effect. These works, done with a feeling of speed and confidence, have great spirituality, as in *I Saw* (2009; Fig. 8), a work sparked by the death of friends. A large monkey seems propelled backwards, as if recoiling from something seen off canvas; open mouthed, its hunched shoulders are pulled back by long arms between extended tapered, diagonal legs. This large sienna-tinted C-shape vibrates on a canvas still largely white, surrounded by rapid, emanating strokes and radiant cerulean streaks. Animals are subject matter McNeely finds powerful, and she often devotes entire canvases to them as metaphors for the inexpressible aspects of our human experiences. They can be put into positions that would be either too brutal or raw for a human, yet they allow powerful, primal emotions to be expressed.

Viewers find McNeely's work either violent or exciting; there seems to be little in between. Her simplified recent work still contains fantastic, acrobatic, leaping, struggling figures, with strong physicality everywhere. This is how she reaches ultimate transcendence. "My goal is painting. I'm in love with painting and with the imagery and with what you see and feel."¹⁷ She directly addresses this in the painting *Life* (2009; Fig. 9) from her Free Figure Series, a thinly painted image of the nude artist, seen from the back, with her hands madly smearing red paint or, more likely, blood, onto the canvas within the canvas. Vibrating lines around the torso and her swirling hair make the movement vivid. *Life* succinctly expresses what Juanita McNeely has in fact been doing for fifty years: becoming one with her painting. Says the artist, "If you lined up all my work, you'd have my life." •

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Notes

1. April Kingsley, "The Interiorized Image." *The Soho Weekly News*, (February 5, 1976): 21.
2. Juanita McNeely, Artist statement, NYFA application, October 19, 2009.
3. Interview with Juanita McNeely, January 17-18, 2010. All subsequent quotes without citations are from this extensive interview with the artist.

4. Juanita McNeely, Video interview with Kate Leonard, New York City, December 2006.
5. Ibid.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid.
8. Hilton Kramer, Review, *New York Times*, (October 31, 1971): D21.
9. Carter Ratcliffe, Review, *ARTnews*, (February, 1971): 23.
10. Juanita McNeely, Artist statement, catalogue, *Better Than Ever: Women Figurative Artists of the '70s Soho Co-ops*. March 1, 2009 (unpaginated).
11. Ibid.
12. Lawrence Alloway, Review, *The Nation* (April 22, 1978): 486.
13. Sharon Wybrants, "Painting Oneself," *Women Artists Newsletter*, (May 1976): 2.
14. Madeleine Burnside, NY Reviews, *ARTnews*, (Summer 1978): 203.
15. In 2003 McNeely was recognized as one of the major contributors to the Second Wave Feminist Revolution, 1966-80 Honor Roll sponsored by the Veteran Feminists of America.
16. Kara Kennedy, "A Very Special Arts Story—Freedom of Expression," Very Special Arts Production, Washington, D.C., October 25, 1992.
17. McNeely, Video interview, Kate Leonard.

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Pl.12. Juanita McNeely, *Tryscadeekatick* (3 panel detail) (1985-86), oil on linen, 6' x 52'. Collection the artist.



Pl. 13. Juanita McNeely, *Window Series: Ladder* (1999), oil on linen, 72" x 72". Collection the artist.