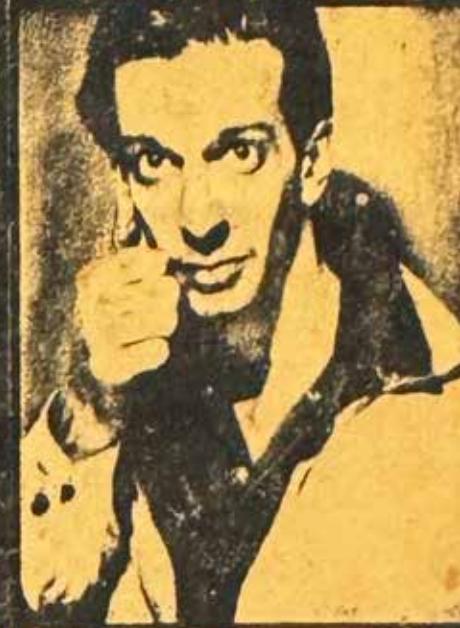
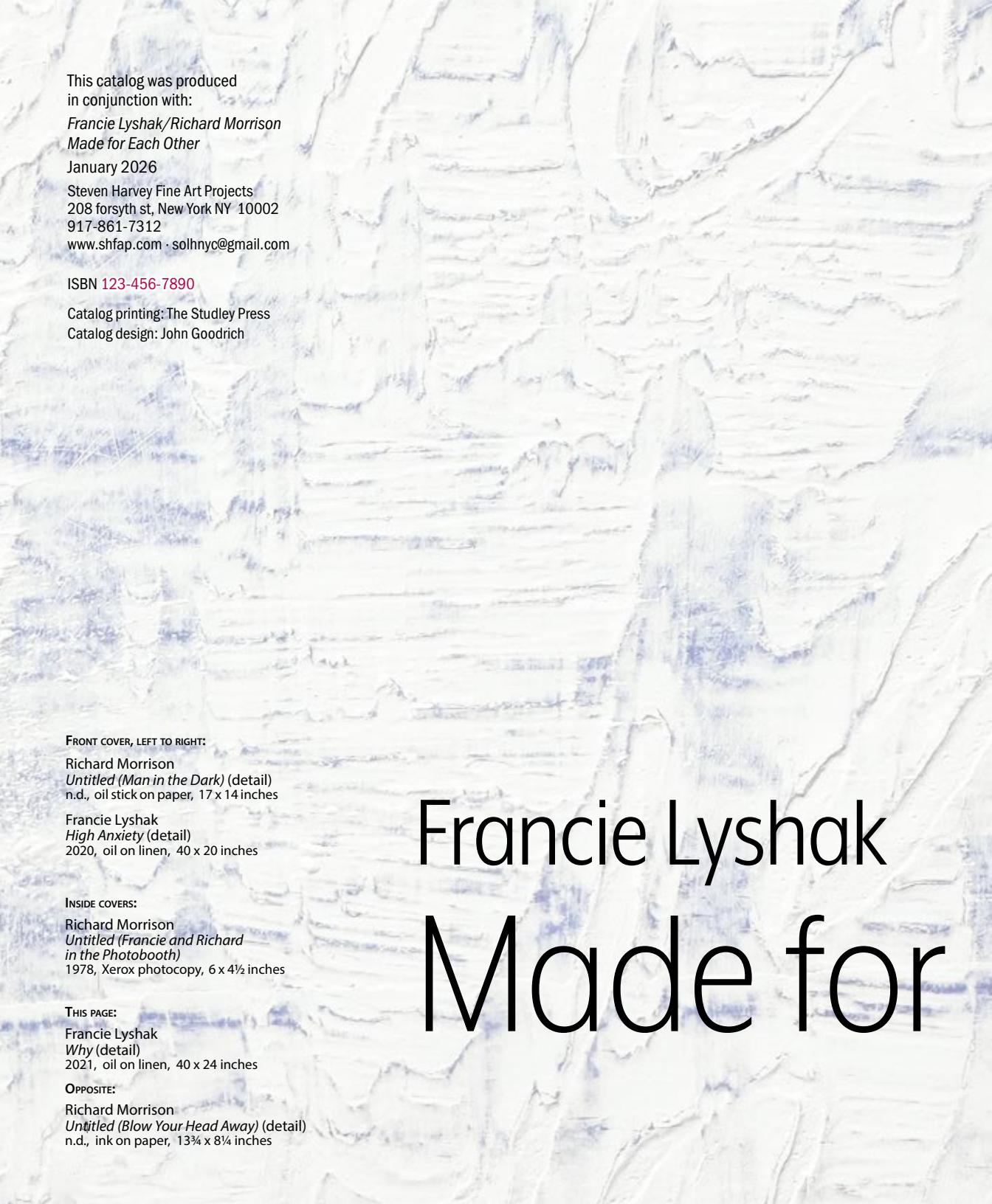
The background of the image is a dark, abstract painting. The left side features large, expressive brushstrokes in white, yellow, and brown, creating a textured, organic shape. The right side is dominated by vertical, thin, light-colored lines on a dark blue background, resembling a waterfall or a dense forest of tall, thin trees.

Francie
Lyshak

Richard
Morrison



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FRONT COVER, LEFT TO RIGHT:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Man in the Dark) (detail)
n.d., oil stick on paper, 17 x 14 inches

Francie Lyshak
High Anxiety (detail)
2020, oil on linen, 40 x 20 inches

INSIDE COVERS:

Richard Morrison
*Untitled (Francie and Richard
in the Photobooth)*
1978, Xerox photocopy, 6 x 4½ inches

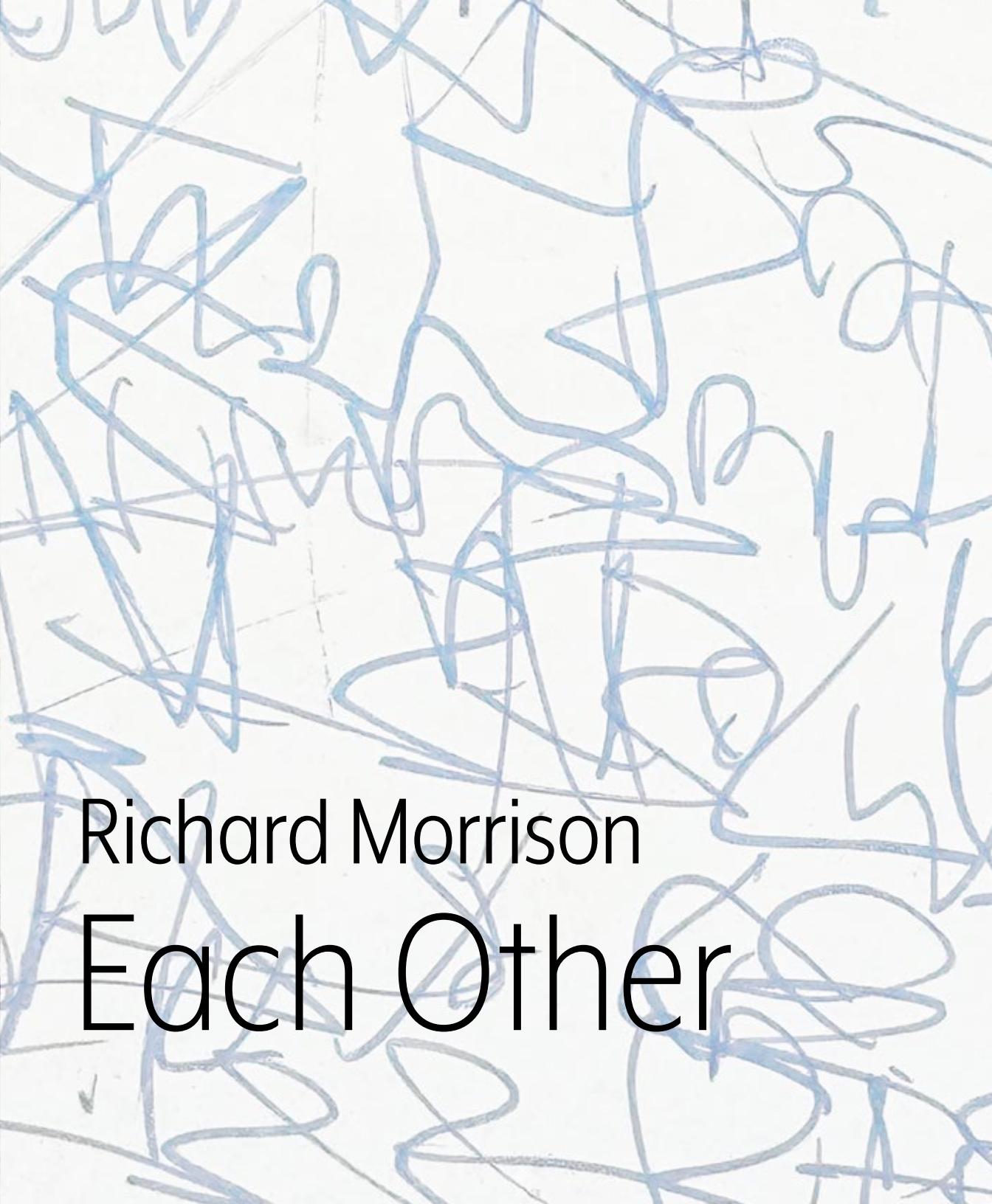
THIS PAGE:

Francie Lyshak
Why (detail)
2021, oil on linen, 40 x 24 inches

OPPOSITE:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Blow Your Head Away) (detail)
n.d., ink on paper, 13¾ x 8¼ inches

Francie Lyshak Made for



A dense, abstract background composed of numerous blue and grey hand-drawn lines on a white surface. The lines are organic, flowing, and interconnected, creating a complex web-like structure. Some lines are thick and prominent, while others are thin and delicate. The overall effect is one of movement, depth, and a sense of interconnectedness.

Richard Morrison
Each Other



Richard Morrison
Untitled (Couple)
n.d., oilstick on paper,
11 x 8 inches



Francie Lyshak / Richard Morrison:

*Shine On You Crazy Diamonds*¹

by Richard Milazzo

A caveat before beginning: I was never a part of Richard Morrison's East Village in the 1980s, neither before nor after the '80s, but always admired Bill Rice's work from afar, who was a vital part of it; and I only came to know Francie Lyshak during the more recent segment of her career – if that is what it can be called – when she turned her back on figurative painting (not really, not deeply²) and turned to abstract painting as a nonviolent form of revenge – although personally I'm not averse to all forms of violence, and while not a cannibal, like most New Yorkers, I'm no vegetarian. My neck of the woods were the Collins & Milazzo years in the East Village³ and beyond, configuring the post-Appropriation generation of artists,⁴ which took – or at least we did – not only the Neo-Expressionists,

or the Schnabelists,⁵ as it were, to task, but also, and rather unusually, the Picture Theory artists and their supporters at *October* magazine as our nemesis. While I did come around after those years, briefly supporting the work of Bill Rice,⁶ I never lifted a finger to support, or really knew, the work of the two artists in this show, Richard Morrison and Francie Lyshak, or many of the other artists belonging to the darker, more obscure side of the East Village: John Lurie, Peter Hujar, David Wojnarowicz, Barbara Ess,⁷ Jeff Weiss, Zoe Leonard, Jack Smith, Kiki Smith, or Morrison's life partner, Larry Mitchell. And there were so many, too many others, to list here – 'circles' within circles of artists and cultural dispositions overlapping each other like Venn diagrams. Although it must be said, when we started out, our part of the East Village,⁸ at least as a coordinated phenomenon of the art world, was nonexistent – pretty dark and obscure in its own right. In many ways, Francie's recent painting, *The Storm and the Chaos* (2025), captures perfectly not only this darkness but these various circles, and subtle (and not so subtle) dispositions and distinctions, but in a formalist manner, as she swirls and lays the black paint down in gestures unmanageable (sic) and unimaginable.

This is not to say I did not finally get around to knowing (I love double negatives and have lived my life as one, according to my partner, Joy Glass), peripherally, the work of Morrison, through the good auspices of Steven Harvey, a long-standing friend and among the braver and more singleminded gallerists in town, in terms of the artists he has decided to support; and I have become very close friends with Lyshak, and have exchanged innumerable emails with her and followed the work very closely in the last decade or so. And so, because of this personal dimension, and my enthusiasm for her work, not only will I start with Francie's work, but I would like the reader/viewer to see one of these double negatives in action, in the form of Francie's email to me, October 12, 2025, and my self-serving words right back at her:

“I was riding a subway car yesterday and realized
the majority of the people were misfits, like me –
too old, too tall, too short, too brown, too foreign, too tired,
too disabled, too poor, too alone, too odd, etc.”

“In other words, we are all made to believe we are misfits;
when, in fact, it is our status as outcasts that unites us –
at least just for one peaceful moment in that subway car.”

What's the alternative: normal? Fuck normal.

I'm a misfit-elitist – a barber's son turned groundless elitist,
whose only interest are the misfits of the world:
artists are the least of them. So those in your bus and in these subway,
or rather, subterranean lines will have to do for now:

those who are annoyingly too young and too self-assured,
too wired and yet so disconnected from the world,
crippled by their feelings of entitlement, too white, too guilty
and way too privileged, intellectual and yet too stupid (*c'est moi*).

Wait! Weren't the passengers on the fucking Mayflower outcasts,
and didn't the slaves arriving in slave ships
arrive almost at the same time as these fucking blue bloods?
Wait! Isn't this nation built on the shoulders of immigrants,

misfits, outcasts, circus performers, one and all?
So, who was in charge? Who, then, was the ringmaster?
He or she who was little more than a misfit, an outcast,
a circus performer himself, and, in this case, all too willing

to shove his head into the throat of a lion, swallow swords,
eat fire, walk the tightrope – not unlike Rachmaninov,
who, self-exiled, lived briefly in New Jersey, winded up in Beverly Hills,
and believed he was still writing Russian music.

Misfits, outcasts, circus performers, one and all –
figurative artists painting abstract paintings,
and other visionaries trying to capture realities hidden within realities,
slipping away so fast only half shadows survive,

elapsing in a circus in which the lights have gone out
and there is only silence to comfort their visions.
All three rings have become little more than faint echoes in the souls
of the derelict and untoward – miscreants, one and all.⁹

But we can see these 'double negatives' embodied kinetically not only in the
two black segments of Lyshak's *The Storm and the Chaos*, but also in *Dark Days*

(2024), in relation to the three broad strokes in black she positions side by side, vertically on one side and horizontally on the other. We can even see this dialectic in the juxtaposition of the green and gray vertical portions of Lyshak's *Made for Each Other* (2023) or in the smudges of green paint overlaid along two horizontal portions of *Revolution* (2020), the ground above, dark, and the one below, lighter, on raw canvas.

Yes, thank you, Francie, now you reminded me: in the East Village, in the very early 1980s, we were all misfits, outcasts, circus performers, revolutionaries of a sort, at least in our own minds; and the 'ringmasters' – the so-called curators, gallerists, critics and collectors (even if there were hardly any at that time) – well, they were among the most *outré* and *louche*, miscreants, one and all, and if they were united, were they all stuffed in the same bus... was it Jim Morrison's "blue bus" at *The End*¹⁰ of the line? I think not, and certainly no relative of Richard Morrison's. In 1980, Joy Division's¹¹ *Shadowplay*, released in 1979, was still ringing distressingly in my ear, followed a few months later by the Talking Heads' "Life During Wartime," during which I developed a crush on the two background singers, Lynn Mabry and Edna Holt. Do you remember how all the performers were running in place during the performance, in *Stop Making Sense*, as if they were running for their lives or for shelter? That's how I feel now, like I'm running in place, but running for dear life. And do you remember David Byrne asking rather irrationally at the end of the performance, "Does anybody have any questions?" and then fleeing the stage before anyone could actually ask any questions? But now I think I have more answers to questions than questions no one is willing to ask, not without the fear factor kicking in. *Shadowplay*, life during wartime, indeed. Miscreants, one and all.

And, as for the play of those shadows, you could not find any artist who depicted them more intensely and yet more indistinctly than Richard Morrison, in works such as *Untitled (Barbara Ess on a Bicycle)* or *Untitled (Francie in the Forest)* (1975),¹² *Untitled (Sidewalk Shadow)*, *Untitled (Paris Riots)*, and, mostly appropriately and emphatically, *Untitled (Man in the Dark)* (1977), where we think we see figures, or are made to see figures, as if parenthetically, which, in the blink of an eye, vanish into thin air. In a catalog accompanying Morrison's one-person exhibition at Steven Harvey's gallery in 2018, Gary Indiana wrote: "[Morrison's] pictures catch a reality continually slipping away, erupting in chaos, fracturing into incoherence; the most disturbing thing about Morrison's work is often that the artist seems as much a hapless



ABOVE:

Francie Lyshak
Made For Each Other
2023, oil on linen, 36 x 36 inches

RIGHT:

Francie Lyshak
Dark Days
2024, oil on linen, 12 x 24 inches





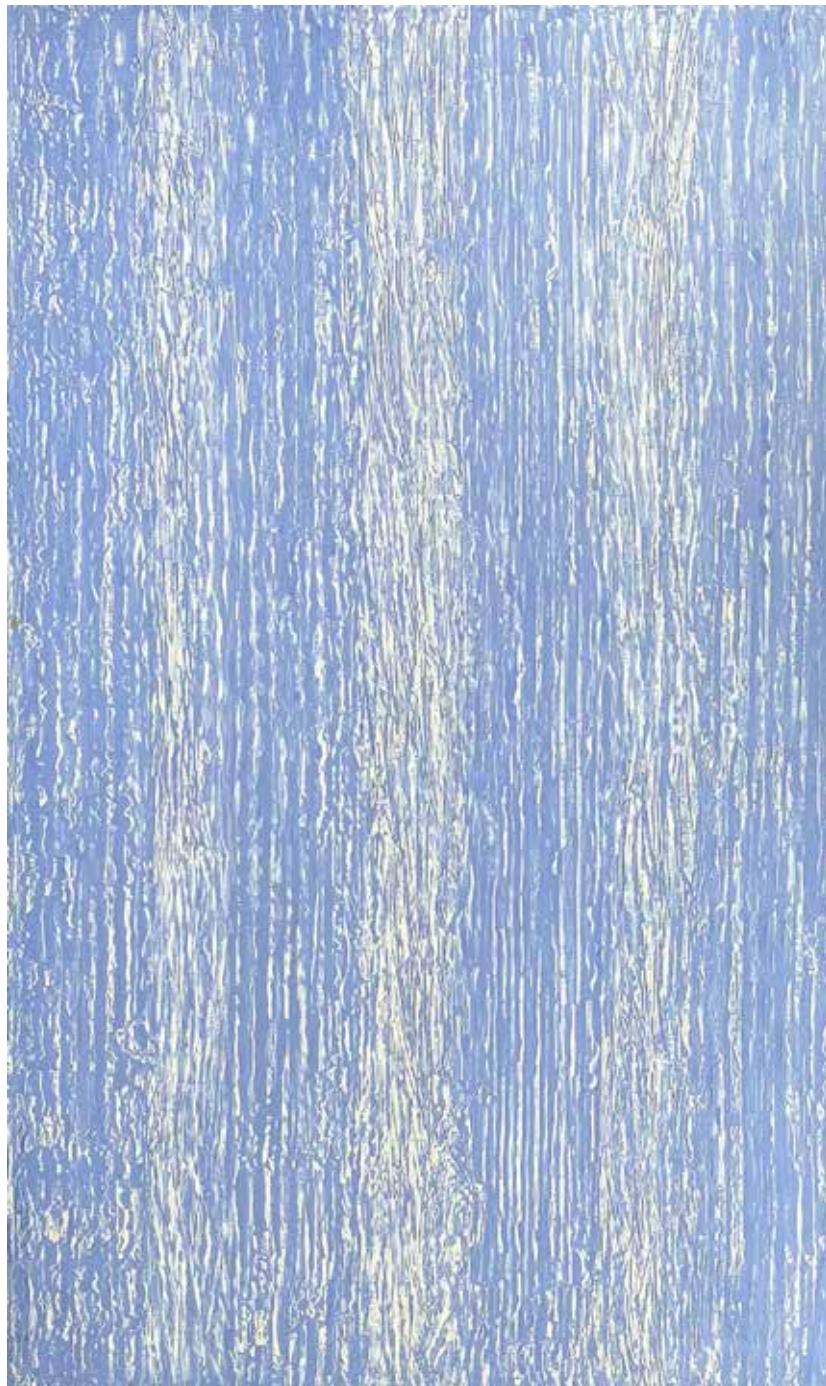
LEFT (FROM TOP):

Francie Lyshak
The Storm and Chaos (diptych)
2025, oil on linen,
36 x 72½ inches

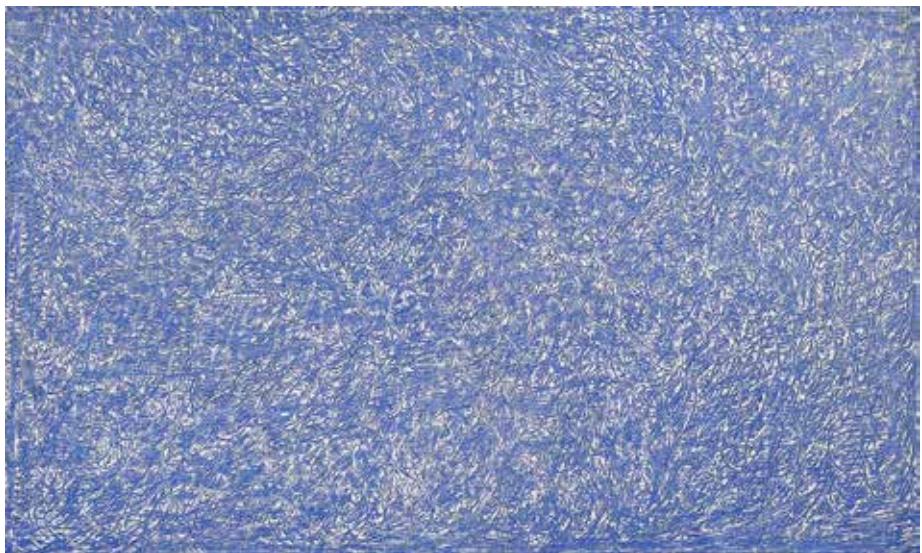
Francie Lyshak
Revolution
2020, oil on linen,
22 x 40 inches

Francie Lyshak
Why
2018, oil on linen,
40 x 24 inches





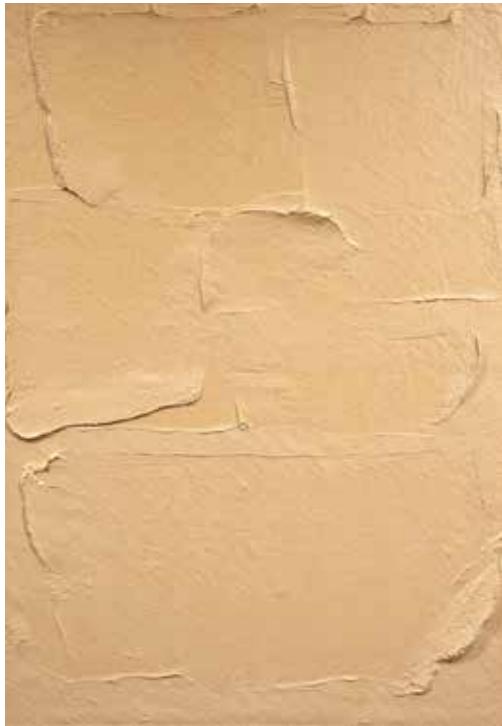
Francie Lyshak
High Anxiety
2020, oil on linen,
40 x 24 inches



Francie Lyshak
Crazy Lace
2020, oil on linen, 24 x 40 inches



Francie Lyshak
Rose Brambles
2021, oil on linen, 26 x 42 inches



Francie Lyshak
Tea With Cream
2022, oil on linen, 32 x 22 inches

spectator of the world he pictures as the viewer is – sometimes a dire, intolerable realm, where figures drizzle into the surrounding landscape or blur beyond recognition.”¹³

Buried in one of the end notes of this text, I spoke about the figurative dimension of humanity invariably operative in Francie Lyshak’s paintings, having begun her life as an artist painting representationally or figuratively. We can see this humanity playing itself out in her painting titles, in her email(s) to me, but most importantly in her gestures as a painter – a range of inventive abstract gestures that would have made Robert Ryman envious. Titles, in the past – just a sampling of recent ones – like *Chaos in the Storm*, *Different Together*, *Close Dancing*, *Pale Sky*, *Shattered*, *Frenzy*, *Half Crazy*. And still more recently: *Why* (2018), *High Anxiety* (2020), and *Made for Each Other* (2023). But all of them, psychologically nuanced. Emails that reveal her soul: “I’m slowly recovering from my dive into the realities of disease, death and grieving. [Any wonder that she would title a painting *Half Crazy*?] Not fun; but much to be garnered from it [...]” And no two paintings

that betray their ‘differences together.’ The dialectical irresolution implicit in the paintings’ juxtapositions or ‘couplings’ is precisely what constitutes the electric, and, at times, erotic charge and poignancy of the formal play of gestures and colors in the work. And lastly, I should mention a video Francie sent to me just this past summer that made me cry: “Inner Life: Portraits from Rome and Athens Collections, 2025,” compiled by her as she attempted to transcend “the realities of disease, death and grieving.” Which I can only hope Steven makes available on a monitor at the gallery. An extraordinary artist, an extraordinary human being. And there is no way to separate the two. No matter how black the storm and no matter how pale or unfriendly the skies. And, you guessed it: I have no intention of crossing the aisle. Aren’t we all in a frenzy and half-crazy these days? But this is not about your author; it’s about our artist, Francie Lyshak, with whom we are ‘dancing closely,’ and how she ‘portrays’ our times. *Dark Days, Grey Turbulence, Being on the Edge of the Void, All That Remains, High Anxiety, Here Gone*, indeed.

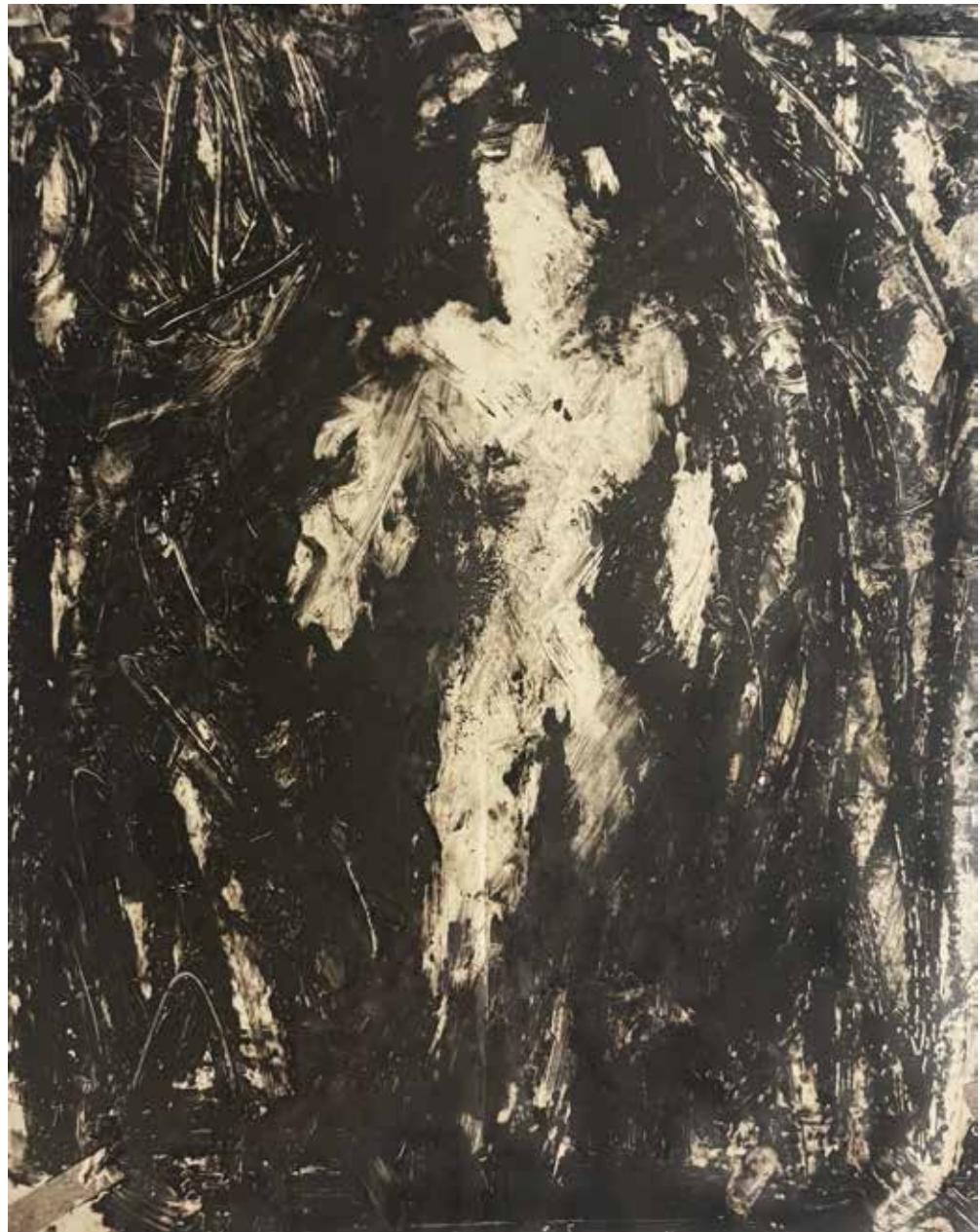
Let’s begin again, by allowing Francie Lyshak to defend herself, although she is hardly defensive; that is, by allowing her to speak in her own words, since she even has a painting with the Naumanesque title, *No*. And this, also, because Francie has done a series of important interviews online¹⁴ – with Edward Burns¹⁵ (a dear friend of mine, now deceased), Steven Harvey, John Lurie, Gary Indiana, and many others – attempting to salvage and preserve whatever is left of the community of East Village artists and writers who served as a life line for each other. “Made for each other,” indeed. This is an excerpt from her own contribution to these interviews: “My relationship to the people at The Bar and Bill Rice’s studio began in the mid-’70s. I came to New York with Richard Morrison (my best friend and a fellow visual artist) [can there be any doubt, given works by Morrison titled *Francie in the Forest*], Randy Wilson and Geri Burke (who were both dancers). Morrison introduced me to The Bar, which was a meeting place for an amazing community of artists. I’d go there in the late afternoon, drink and hang out with a few different people, including Bill.

“Bill was a completely remarkable and amazing man, a wonderful artist, great painter and a thrilling actor. He allowed me to exhibit my paintings in his studio. Morrison curated the shows. I had a one-woman show very early, one of my craziest, most over-the-top early works [....] That show

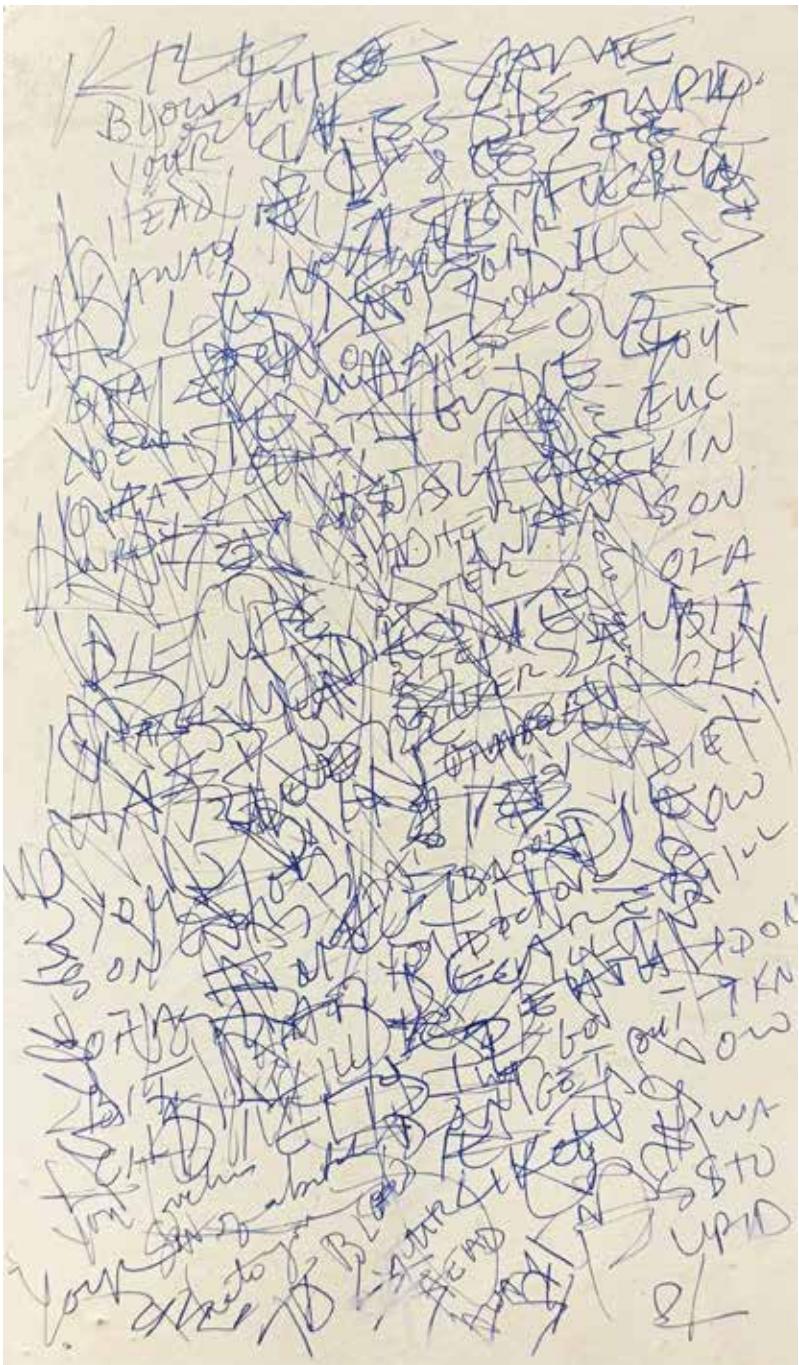
was filled with giant Amazonian women who were falling off cliffs, running, stabbing people, stabbing themselves and ripping out their body parts. The suffering and agony in those paintings was a projection of my inner self on full display. These were very big paintings, six feet tall and three feet wide. It was madness I did them at all. They had zero commercial value. I think I collected my inner torments and poured them into my art. While I was doing this, I was able to function moderately well in a job and in relationships. Although I have to say my romantic relationships were pretty disastrous [....] [Whose aren't?]

“One of the little snippets of memory I still have is from the *Salon/Saloon* show in 1985 at Bill Rice’s studio. It was a massive show with many artists who later became well-known in the arts, such as Chris Wool, Peter Hujar, David Wojnarowicz, Robert Gober and Jack Smith. The opening was filled to bursting. The mood was bacchanal. That’s when I was introduced to Wojnarowicz’s work. I remember seeing his photograph of a herd of buffalo diving off a cliff. That’s the image I remember the most from the exhibition. It’s permanently lodged in my brain. I think I identified with the buffalo.”¹⁶ Which, for me, the image, as recalled by Francie, reminds me of those infamous lines from J.D. Salinger’s novel, *Catcher in the Rye*: “Anyway, I keep picturing all these little kids playing some game in this big field of rye and all. Thousands of little kids, and nobody’s around – nobody big, I mean – except me. And I’m standing on the edge of some crazy cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff – I mean if they’re running and they don’t look where they’re going I have to come out from somewhere and catch them. That’s all I do all day. I’d just be the catcher in the rye and all. I know it’s crazy, but that’s the only thing I’d really like to be.”¹⁷ And sometimes I think that’s the only thing Francie would like to be, besides the very fine artist that she is, namely a catcher in the rye, possessed as she is of a kind and decent soul. Not something that is very valued in the art world, a soulless world beset by irony, duplicity and corruption.

More officially, Lyshak writes: “My practice is rooted in painting as a means of navigating inner life. I began my career immersed in New York’s East Village during the 1970s and ’80s, where I painted symbolic, figurative works charged with psychological intensity and feminist sensibility. These paintings – featuring dolls, toys, animals, and human figures – emerged from a desire to give form to the hidden narratives of vulnerabil-



Richard Morrison
Untitled (Man in the Dark)
1977, oilstick on paper, 17 x 14 inches



Richard Morrison
Untitled (Blow Your Head Away)
n.d., ink on paper, 13 3/4 x 8 1/4 inches

RIGHT:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Poured Ink with White)
n.d., ink on vellum, 13 x 16 inches

Below:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Ruins)
n.d., ink on vellum, 13 x 18 inches





ABOVE:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Open Book)
n.d., ink on paper, 15 x 25 inches

LEFT:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Blurry Window View)
n.d., photo print on paper, 6½ x 6¾ inches



Richard Morrison
Untitled (Black and White Verticals)
n.d., oilstick on paper, 18 x 24 inches



ABOVE:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Black and Blue)
n.d., mixed media, 13 x 16 inches

LEFT:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Moon Surface)
n.d., photo print on paper, 9 x 8½ inches

RIGHT:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Truro Beach Path)
n.d., photo print on paper, 6½ x 7¼ inches

BELOW:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Face Dick)
n.d., oilstick on paper, 14 x 11 inches





LEFT:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Francie in the Forest)
n.d., photo print on paper, 6 1/4 x 7 3/4 inches

B BELOW:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Sidewalk Shadow)
n.d., Xerox photocopy, 10 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches





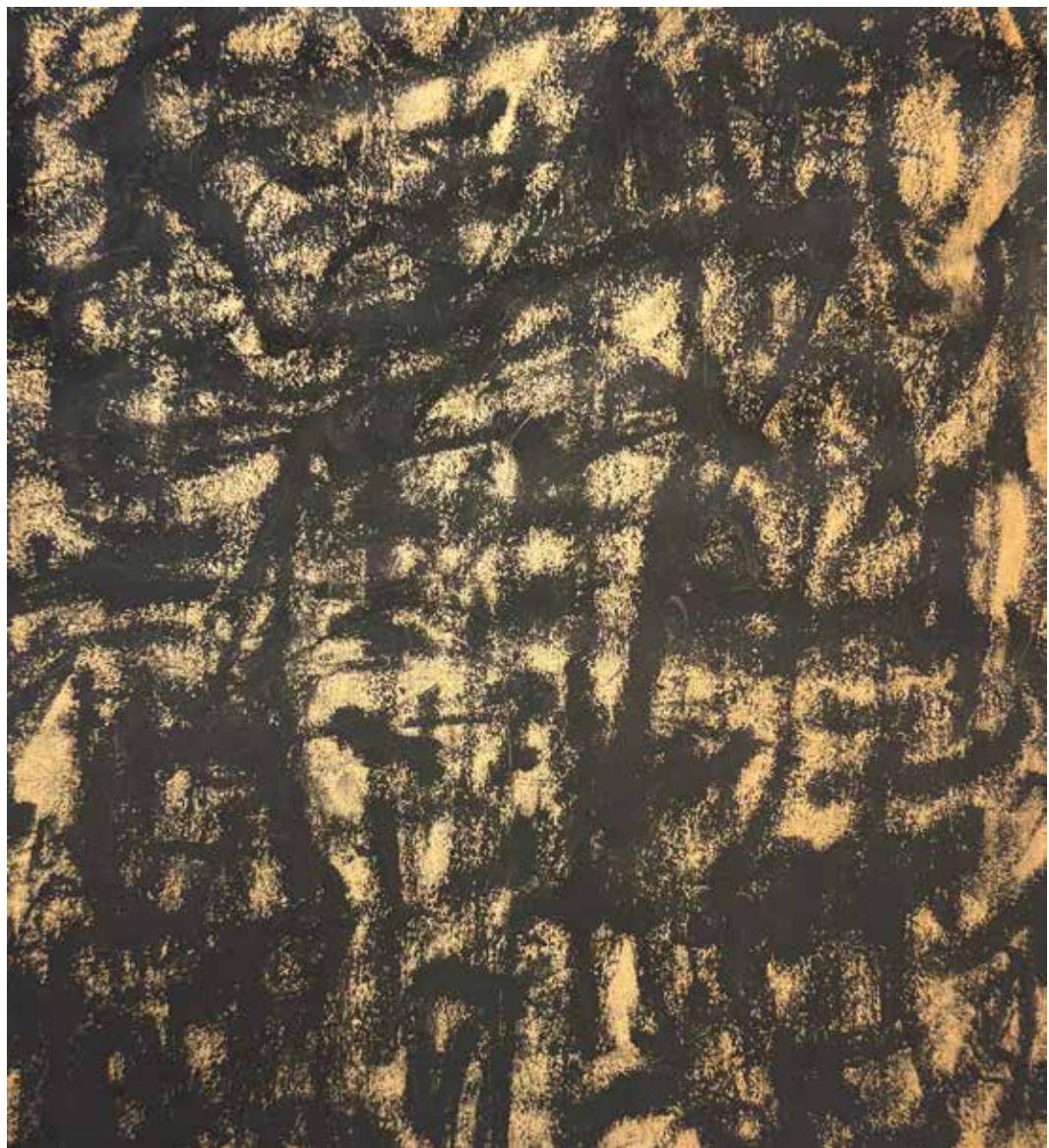
ABOVE:

Richard Morrison
Paris Riots
n.d., giclee print (edition of 2), 13 x 19 in.

RIGHT:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Barbara Ess on a Bicycle)
n.d., photoprint on paper,
12½ x 12½ inches





Richard Morrison
Untitled (Abstraction #13)
n.d., oilstick on paper, 13 x 12 inches



ABOVE:

Richard Morrison
Auschwitz
1986, photo print on paper, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches

RIGHT:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Pussy Willows)
1999, photo print on paper, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches



ity, survival, and resilience. [These “narratives” have become even more hidden or submerged in the abstract paintings. But, by the same token, I believe they have become all the more poignant and affective.]

“A pivotal project, “The Secret: Art and Healing from Childhood Sexual Abuse,” marked a turning point in both my life and work. Confronting trauma directly through paint and story, I witnessed the transformative power of art as a vehicle for healing. This experience reshaped my path and informed both my studio practice and my parallel work in art therapy, where I developed programs in psychiatric and community settings. [No matter how abstract, her paintings still have the ability or capacity to tell stories, which is what makes them push beyond the Abstract Minimalist values we associate with the paintings of Ryman, Kelly,¹⁸ and Mangold.]

“In time, my painting evolved away from figuration toward abstraction. I became drawn to surfaces, textures, and color fields that operate in a pre-verbal register – spaces where language falls away, and mood, memory, and presence take precedence. My current monochromatic reliefs invite viewers into a contemplative exchange with shifting light and surface, echoing inner states of solitude, intimacy, and mindfulness. [The fact that she describes the paintings as “reliefs” should give us some idea of how built up the facture is sometimes, although they are also quite capable of leaving us bereft, so to speak, in the process of enacting their more diaphanous threshold valences.]

“Across these decades, my work has remained dedicated to the unseen [or what I’m describing here as their diaphanous valences] and the unspeakable: to inner landscapes that resist direct narration, yet call for recognition. Whether through figuration or abstraction, my paintings seek to hold space for reflection, vulnerability, and renewal.”¹⁹ We see instances of such renewal, and even glimmers of humor, not only in the titles of such paintings as *Crazy Lace* (aka *Blue Blizzard*) (2020), *Rose Brambles* (2021), and *Tea with Cream* (2022), but in the many ways Lyshak finds to renew or reinvent her gestures, i.e., the way she lays down the paint on the canvas, in tiny squiggles, in wide swaths of paint, or in layers of color that are on the verge of disappearing. Needless to say, my vision of Lyshak’s work, or anyone’s work, for that matter, could never be so positive, as anyone who knows me well will know. Francie, especially. Brambles aplenty, roses, very few. But, on the other hand, it is incumbent upon me to be as objective as possible, and so if there

is something other than darkness at the end of the tunnel, then so be it. Let the light shine where it might or must – what did Pink Floyd compose: “Shine On You Crazy Diamond” – and let us hope that something like honesty might obtain in the forthcoming critical dynamics.

Basing my analysis of Richard Morrison’s art on the precious few works derived from his archive, several of which will be presented in this two-person exhibition with Francie Lyshak, we see an artist wielding oil-stick in an unruly manner, reminiscent of Cy Twombly, but only in a still more open-ended, anarchistic or self-negating manner: *Untitled (Black and White Verticals)*, *Untitled (Couple)*, *Untitled (Face Dick)*, *Untitled (Abstraction #13)*, and *Untitled (Man in the Dark)*. We see also various mixed media works and photos, or photo-related works, some derived from the TV screen and others taken more directly of fallen trees, desolate beach scenes, and various ‘landscapes,’ and some of people – many of the images seemingly evocative of – what did Lyshak title one of her paintings? – “being at the edge of the void.” Among these, we should list: *Untitled (Francie in the Forest, 1975)*, *Untitled (Auschwitz, 1986)*, *Untitled (Pussy Willows, 1999)* (dedicated to Francie), *Untitled (Barbara Ess on a Bicycle)*, *Untitled (Clouds)*, *Untitled (Blurry Window View)*, *(Untitled) Black and Blue*, *Untitled (Moon Surface or Sand)*, *Untitled (Truro Beach Path)*, and *Untitled (Sidewalk Shadow)*. And there are ink on paper works: *Untitled (Open Book)*, *Untitled (Poured Ink with White)*, *Untitled (Blow Your Head Away)* and *Untitled (Ruins)*. Indiana wrote beautifully, and even poignantly, about some of these or related works in the catalogue for Morrison’s show in 2018: “His work often reflects a sense of devastation that had to have been an important aspect of his inner life. His pictures on vellum suggest the struggle involved in making them, or seem to, their surfaces dappled by ghostly underimages and nebulous, shadowy masses [....]”

“It’s often impossible to tell exactly what is being shown, as if all matter within visual range is in a process of disintegration, or as if something carefully hidden resists the artist’s effort to fully reveal it. The photographs taken at a plaza in Mexico have the same jittery restiveness as the staccato lines of the drawing, *Paris Riots*. What Richard did (I can’t refer to him as ‘Morrison,’ it’s too art write-y) so adroitly in such pieces was to bring the act of witnessing reality into doubt, to demonstrate in several media how ephemeral what we see around us

and think we know actually is [....]" [Devastation and disintegration; the nebulous, shadowy, and ephemeral; ambiguity, restlessness and doubt, the latter obtain not only as procedural matters but as existential imperatives and animated Morrison's vision as an artist, and I suspect as a human being.]

"Much of Richard's work is 'abstract' insofar as it's ambiguous: an almost transparent, lingam shaped lump might be a sail or a body part – it's ostensibly a 'mountain' – and a darker, more definite brown streak near one edge of it is probably a human figure, but maybe not; in any case, even his least figural work usually alludes to the human body, or roughly pictures it, in ways that draw us into an awareness of longing and desire, isolation and melancholy. It reeks of sexuality, the blunt carnal connection that liberates us from the stranglehold of everyday contingency – within which we hear a piercing scream of revolt."²⁰ Allusion and contingency, each striving for their rightful place in a world view that could care less about hegemony. Even if you are deaf in an art world that is blind, I believe there was still no way you could not hear, and see or visualize, this "piercing scream of revolt." I doubt if Morrison was ever interested in things, and people, finding their right place in this world. Rightful, yes; but, right, I'm not so sure. I suspect he was hoping for no more than a sensuous, if not illicit, subsistence that was, however, faintly transcendent. "Objects, people, things are forever slightly out of reach, or, sometimes, violently blunt and immediate. The most conspicuous quality of his images is their pastness – even new, they had the appearance of memory traces, of things and people long lost to time, in recognition that every 'now' becomes 'then' a moment later, and will never again seem as real as the present."²¹ A sense or sensation of timelessness and transience that is dialectically subject to the transient beauty of the moment. Perfected by Morrison as the disruptive world of the transient seemingly flaunting the tragic beauty of the momentary.

Clearly, we can see, from these works and others, and Indiana's analyses and descriptions, that Morrison and Lyshak knew each other well, and so it should surprise no one to see Steven Harvey pairing them together in this exhibition, a pairing which Lyshak encouraged. If we are into categorizing works, then we will have very little success corralling Morrison's works, not even in terms of the materials he used, given his idiosyncratic approach. His is a sensibility seemingly off the cuff, works that avoid

the center ring, cultivating rather the marginal life of the visual world. The sideshow of the circus, teeming with so-called misfits and ill-fitting perceptions of the world, seemed far more interesting to him (and to me as a child, and to this day to me as a disappointed Holden Caulfieldish adult) than the three-rings at the center of the existential show. Sidewalk shadows, blurry windows, jumbles of words, and moon surfaces (or sand flowing, rushing, unbeknownst to each of us, endlessly through an hour glass) is what we will find here. Amorphous gestures overflowing with undisclosed emotions.

Auschwitz is particularly moving. A photo print on paper, only 6.25 x 9.5 inches, constitutes the blurry, almost indistinguishable portrait of a woman who barely exists as an image *per se*. It's not more than a fragment of her head, splayed hair and torso, lying prone. The tone of the photo is morose, and in brown hues that would extinguish her whole. And it is, in fact, the extreme physical execution or realization of the photo that embodies the dire condition of the subject, turning us, the viewer, not to mention the critic, into unreliable witnesses. While it may or may not be true, according to Adorno, that "writing poetry after the Holocaust is barbaric," it is not true that poetry cannot exist after the Shoah – witness the exquisite and provocative work of Paul Celan, who, however, ultimately, took his own life, slipping seamlessly, invisibly, into the Seine; and it is not true that Richard Morrison's photograph, or its 'poetry' or poetic valences, is barbaric, unless we redefine barbarism, at least in this instance, as an expression of the dire, the distraught, the unseemly, if not fatal, existence of the soul.

Steven Harvey, himself an artist as well as a gallerist, and close friend of both Lyshak and Morrison, confirms this aesthetic, this 'sidewalk' / sideshow *ethos*: "Let's talk specifically about Richard Morrison, who was Bill Rice's closest friend and my close friend. Richard was a wonderful enabler, in the most positive sense of the word, to everyone around him. He helped everyone do their work, to realize their work. He was selfless in doing that and incredible. At the same time he was making highly sophisticated, very interesting work on his own. For instance, at that time Richard had an apartment right around the corner from here on Stanton Street. At one point I was making a movie and he let me take over his apartment for months. We just hung all the film on his walls and he helped me edit this movie. Literally there was film hanging all over

his apartment for like four or five months. I can't remember how long it was. We'd go down and work on it. There was that sense of an alternative artistic universe – the ability to realize projects on a shoestring. It was fantastic. In a larger sense it was an amazing aesthetic community [....] [The shoestring existence of Morrison's own work should become evident from the works exhibited in this show. The intimacy of selflessness is what is ultimately on display in this remarkable exhibition, which I hope puts the lie to every selfie ever taken.]

"Francie: The neighborhood actually was on the fringe. It was not a neighborhood that anyone would move into. So that did create a low-rent kind of environment. [And we could say the 'fringe' existence of Morrison's work was perhaps profoundly connected to its being steeped in the extenuated life of this world Francie describes and which Steven delineates as an "alternative artistic universe."]

"Steven: Absolutely. You know the street where my gallery is now – Forsyth Street, below Houston and near Stanton Street, was just a dangerous block, a drug supermarket. This park, Sara Roosevelt Park, outside the gallery was a sketchy area, with prostitution and crack. It was during the crack cocaine period. It was not a hospitable climate, which turned out to be extremely hospitable [for art and artists] – the reverse effect. By not being attractive to the bourgeois, it made a great atmosphere for artists. Whereas now it's a place for young people to come and get drunk. It's mostly for restaurants or galleries or that kind of thing. [Again and again, we might find the truth of Morrison's work in Steven's words, the work being inhospitable in so many if not in every way possible – and not only in terms of their physical realization but also in subject matter that does not lend itself to bourgeois perception. And by the latter I also mean the conventions of avant-garde practice.²² If anyone could still *épater le bourgeoisie*, it certainly was Richard Morrison. And it is not just the bourgeoisie but the avant-garde who needs a good slapping.]

"Francie: Also, in some ways this community was a community of people who felt like they didn't fit in the so called 'normal' world. Certainly there was a large gay community and they were still struggling with acceptance. [We can see this dimension of community in such Morrison works as *Couple* and *Face Dick*.] I know I was affected profoundly by feminism. To be a woman and an artist who had any kind of voice in the world was a new kind of experience."²³ Let me reiterate the words of that very refined

and articulate poet cited above: “Fuck normal.” I think it is always the world outside the so-called normal world, the decentered world centered paradoxically around the pulsing heart, that is invariably more stimulating and capable of paradigmatic change. Here, again, I like what Indiana says: “How to say it? He was a first-rate artist in a third-rate world. He never pursued a career, never put himself forward [no more than Francie has], but when he showed something, people remembered it. His powers of observation were beyond shrewd. [Which is true of Lyshak, as well.]

“His sense of compassion was saintly. He noticed everything. He was kind. He had well defended boundaries. He understood everything far too well.”²⁴ Also very true of Francie, except that I do not think she ever defended her boundaries, both for better and for worse. She has left herself open to a world that is in so many ways brutal and unforgiving, and she has found a way to record the traces of this shamelessness and brutality within the porous or liminal world of her abstract paintings.

So, to return, in the context of this hyper-decentered world, which Harvey describes, instead of collaborating over the years with artists whom I helped to create a new center of the art world in the 1980s,²⁵ I have now for years, in my poetry books, collaborated almost exclusively with artists who find themselves on the periphery, both younger and older artists, for reasons that are too complex, too inhumane, to go into here. Except perhaps to say, because the art world has become so overwhelmingly corporate in nature. Galleries, like Matthew Marks and David Zwirner, who want us to believe they are avant-garde in some manner or other, are actually, from their very beginning, corporate in nature. Chelsea was, in fact, from the very initial stages utterly corporate in character – unlike SoHo or the Lower East Side or the East Village, which emerged indigenously over the years. Not a single one of the artists who have supported my books, far more than I have supported them, can find even marginal venues to show their work, at least not here in this bourgeoisie hell hole of a city, New York, among them, some several fairly well-known artists, as well: Abraham David Christian, William Anastasi (now deceased), Charlie Clough, George Hildrew, Joel Fisher, Aga Ousseinov, Holger Trülsch, Daniel Rothbart, Elliot Schwartz. Colette has always struggled to find a home, both a domestic one and the commercial one of a gallery.²⁶ I could go on, but I won’t.

Apart from the support of artists like Bill Rice, who themselves had very little support from the mainstream circus galleries, artists like Richard Morrison and Francie Lyshak would have had even fewer serious opportunities. Steven Harvey, of course, has dedicated himself to this task, and for this he should be acknowledged, having even given a Pop-up exhibition to one of the above-listed artists, George Hildrew.²⁷ Hildrew's show was titled, appropriately enough, *Hanging by a Thread*. And so many of these artists, such as Francie Lyshak and the now-deceased Richard Morrison, are or were doing just that: hanging on by a thread. But aren't we all, after all is said and done. An existential thread that connects us all, but can be easily severed by circumstances, usually by forces beyond our control. Hidden forces that I imagine are being depicted in works like Morrison's *Untitled (Black and Blue)*, *Untitled (Ruins)*, *Untitled (Abstraction #13)*, *Untitled (Poured Ink with White)*, and, oddly or ironically enough, in *Untitled (Open Book)*. Not that we are not sometimes our own worst enemies. But who are we to judge. In the end, there really is only the work. And this we can judge, and *should*, despite WOKE pronouncements to the contrary.

In a strange way, we are all hiding in the pages of an 'open book': "Richard's empathy for people-of-color, women and gay men and women was related to his understanding that a central characteristic of his barely pre-digital moment, was a complex layering of information to describe multiple human realities. He worked on layered transparencies and wrote in the margins. He broke down photographs xerographically. He made books from his Xeroxes. His *oeuvre* is rife with multiple versions of iconic images, like the riots he glimpsed emerging from the Metro in Paris in '68 and printed in reverse like a Chinese scroll, multiple images shot from TV of Attica and South Africa. Everything (unless gifted) remained unsigned, untitled and undated. Richard was not interested in authorial control *per se*. He was interested in a process that exposed systems of control and enslavement as described by Wilhelm Reich and Aimé Cesaire, as seen in the raw nerve ends of beauty and decay. He was the 'best artist,' because he had the deepest soul quality in his work. He described a dense, complex multi-cultural reality with a philosophy of resistance that reverberates with zombie-like tenacity in these dark days."²⁸ And, in this very complex and rarefied, but unspeakably humane context, I would have to say Francie, too, is the "best artist."

And so, two of these "best" or "first-rate artist[s] in a third-rate world," with their "deepest soul qualities," Francie Lyshak and Richard Morrison

(the latter, with the help of Francie and Steven Harvey) lay their works before us, both innocently and impudently, in this exhibition, tempting us not simply to judge but to shift paradigmatically our perceptions, our perceptual order of the world, to see where these works might finally find a place. A rightful if not a right, or, for that matter, wrong place. Neither normal nor aberrant, these works contribute in their own unique and incongruent ways to define not only the times they and we lived in but the times we are all living in now. Difficult times, for sure, but still pulsing with more life than many of us know what to do with. Not unlike this ‘communal’ preposition dangling, however disharmoniously, at the end of the sentence just behind us.

In any case, shine on you crazy diamonds, shine on. Dazzle us, Lyshak and Morrison, with your light, but mostly with your convergent and divergent luminous adumbrations.

New York City and Cincinnati, Ohio, October 2025

¹ “Shine on You Crazy Diamond” (1975) is the title of a Pink Floyd song, dedicated by the band to Syd Barrett who left the band because of “mental health problems.”

² However abstract the work has become, it has remained profoundly human, and it is really her ability to absorb the figurative dimension of this humanity in her so-called abstractions, or rather, in her abstract paintings. But I will get to this dialectic in the body of the essay above.

³ See my *Enter the Barbarians: Essays on the History and Culture of the Post-Appropriation Art of the 1980s – Vol. I: Allan McCollum* (New York - Tokyo - Hayama: Tsukuda Island Press, 2024). This book was precipitated by a lecture the author delivered at the conference “Political Values, Market Values, Art Values: The Ethics of American Art in the 1980s,” organized by AnnMarie Perl and Anthony Grudin, Department of Art and Archeology, Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey, October 31, 2020. See also my *Scam Likely: Post-Critical Essays on Art and Culture, 1988-2025* (New York: Index Books, 2025).

⁴ Ross Bleckner, James Welling, Peter Nadin, Kevin Larmon, Steven Parrino, Richard Prince, Peter Nagy, Sarah Charlesworth, Mark Innerst, Meyer Vaisman, Oliver Wasow, Gretchen Bender, Allan McCollum, Peter Halley, Jonathan Lasker, Haim Steinbach, Jeff Koons, Philip Taaffe, Robert Gober, Not Vital, David Diao, Saint Clair Cemin, and Annette Lemieux. In the late 1980s and early 1990s, Collins & Milazzo would go on to support such artists as Sal Scarpitta, Meg Webster, Lawrence Carroll, Vik Muniz, and Alessandro Twombly.

⁵ Anyone who attends his openings in a bathrobe, as Julian Schnabel did at one point in his career, and believed his work is the “closest we will ever come to Picasso,” needs no further introduction (sic). I guess we should all have our heads examined. But one thing is for sure, if you are to convince those around you of a piece insanity, you must believe it yourself; and it is this conviction that can more easily pass for authenticity. And the masters of such self-delusional conviction know this very well. And remember, I did not say ‘confidence,’ I said ‘conviction,’ as in being convicted and imprisoned in one’s own psychological cell of self-deceit.

⁶ *Bill Rice: New Paintings*, curated by Richard Milazzo, 11, rue Larrey at Sidney Janis Gallery, New York, December 14, 1995 - January 27, 1996. Color catalogue with texts by Richard Milazzo and Edward Burns. "In the early 1980s Richard Morrison and Larry Mitchell suggested that Bill open his studio to show his paintings and sculptures and those of his friends. Here many people saw not only Bill's work but the paintings and photography of David Wojnarowicz and Richard Morrison, among others. [Rice] painted less in these years because he had also begun acting in plays and films for such writer/directors as John Vaccaro, Jimmy Camecia, Ray Dobbins, Scott and Beth B., Charlie Ahearn, Gary Goldberg, Jim Neu, Charles Allcroft, Jacob Burkhardt and Jeff Weiss. For four summers, he and Gary Indiana ran a theater in the garden behind [Rice's] studio. One production which still rings in my ears was *Turmoil in the Garden*, a play Alan Frame fashioned from Wojnarowicz's *Sounds in the Distance*." Ed Burns, "A Look at Bill Rice," in *Bill Rice: New Paintings*, 5.

⁷ I might be exaggerating a bit here, since I knew and did work, occasionally, with David Wojnarowicz and Barbara Ess, and actually got to know Barbara quite well.

See the following, all curated by Collins & Milazzo, and accompanied by catalogue essays by Tricia Collins and Richard Milazzo: *Natural Genre: From the Neutral Subject to the Hypothesis of World Objects*, Fine Arts Gallery and Museum, School of Visual Arts, Florida State University, Tallahassee, Florida, Aug. 31-Sept. 30, 1984. Participating artists: Jane Bauman, Ericka Beckman, Alan Belcher, Bender, Bleckner, Tom Brazleton, Barry Bridgwood, Charlesworth, Carroll Dunham, Robert Garratt, Innerst, Larmon, Louise Lawler, McCollum, Nadin, Nagy, Joseph Nechvatal, Parrino, Louis Renzoni, Vaisman, Oliver Wasow, Welling, Wojnarowicz, Michael Zwack.

Ultrasurd, S.L. Simpson Gallery, Toronto, September 1986. Participating artists: Cemin, Charlesworth, Abraham David Christian, Charles Clough, Diao, Barbara Ess, Joel Fisher, Peter Hopkins, Suzanne Joelson, Lemieux, Olivier Mosset, McCollum, Nagy, Lucio Pozzi, Walter Robinson, Robin Rose, Tyler Turkle, Julie Wachtel, Wasow.

Media Post Media, Scott Hanson Gallery, New York, January 6 - February 9, 1988. Participating artists: Vikky Alexander, Bender, Charlesworth, Colette, Nancy Dwyer, Ess, Suzan Etkin, Jenny Holzer, Kruger, Lemieux, Sherrie Levine, Holt Quentel, Nancy Shaver, Cindy Sherman, Laurie Simmons, Karen Sylvester, Rosemarie Trockel, Wachtel, Webster.

The Last Decade: American Artists of the '80s, Tony Shafrazi Gallery, New York, September 15 - October 27, 1990. With an additional essay by Robert Pincus-Witten, and with photographic portraits of the artists by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders. Participating artists: Baechler, Basquiat, Bickerton, Bidlo, Bleckner, James Brown, Cemin, George Condo, Dunham, Fischl, Jedd Garet, Gober, Halley, Haring, Innerst, Koons, Kruger, Lasker, Lemieux, Sherrie Levine, Robert Mapplethorpe, McCollum, Prince, Salle, Scharf, Schnabel, Doug and Mike Starn, Steinbach, Gary Stephan, Taaffe, Tansey, Vaisman, Webster, Terry Winters, Wojnarowicz.

⁸ See endnote 4, above.

⁹ The title of this poem is "Misfits," dedicated to Francie Lyshak, written in New York City, October 12, 2025, in direct response to her email, that same day. The poem is included in the unpublished volume in progress, *Propositions in Winter: Poems of London, Hawaii, Penang, Saigon, Phnom Penh, Venice, 2025*.

¹⁰ "The End" by The Doors was released in 1967.

¹¹ The name of Joy Division's band is derived from that segment of Nazi concentration camps in which Jewish women were forced to sexually "comfort" Nazi soldiers.

¹² I supply dates of works by Richard Morrison only where they are available. But much of the work is undated.

¹³ Gary Indiana's essay in the catalogue is untitled. The catalogue was published by Steven Harvey to accompany Richard Morrison's one-person exhibition, *Richard Morrison: 1948-2015 - Die*, at Steven Harvey Fine Arts Projects (aka SHFAP), New York, January 3 - 31, 2018. The catalogue also includes an untitled text by Harvey. There are no page numbers.

¹⁴ "Francie Lyshak," *Interviews*, March 25, 2014, https://francielyshak.com/bar-01_franicie-lyshak/.

¹⁵ It was through Ed Burns that I met Paul Thek, who had at some point been Peter Hujar's boyfriend. So, in some distant way, Paul was part of the "alternative artistic universe" Steven Harvey describes (see endnote 20, below, for the reference.)

Ed called one day, asking us (Collins & Milazzo) to help Paul, who, Ed explained, was "down on his luck." Ed was nothing if not a master of understatement. He asked if we could make a studio visit. I said, of course, only to discover Paul's studio was in a Mini Storage space, where he was also living. The storage space was along the Westside Highway. After he cleared out his sleeping bag and the surrounding fast food scraps and wrappers, we went through quite a bit of his work. He moved very slowly and was extremely emaciated, at which point we realized he was very sick. We guessed it was AIDS. We continued with the studio visit, when he told us he needed a dealer, but "did not want a female dealer." I explained that we might be able to help, that perhaps someone like Brooke Alexander might be a good fit. Of course, we said we weren't sure we could make the connection, but would try. He immediately offered us two drawings on

newspaper with figures drawn in blue ink in exchange for the help. We explained we could not take them in exchange, mostly because we did not work that way, and especially since we had so far done nothing for him. I told him he was welcome to give us a gift if he liked someday out of friendship, but that was it.

In any case, it turned out, after talking to Brooke's director, Ted Bonin, the gallery would, indeed, be very interested in representing Paul. And so, Paul wound up showing there at least once, which I believe helped to pay for some of the medical bills when Paul went to the hospital where he died of AIDS. We liked Paul very much, and loved the work, especially some of the more radical periods.

We heard nothing about Paul for what seemed like a few years after he died, until I got a surprise phone call from Robert Wilson, who turned out to be Paul's executor. I had always admired his early operatic works, and believe I had fallen asleep at one of his 24-hour productions in New York City – where I think audience members were encouraged to take naps if they stayed for the whole performance. Or whatever. In any case, I stayed. But after the phone call, I wished I had never encountered him, who grilled me about Paul, mostly about whether I had an agreement or contract with Paul for work due to me and/or my partner (Collins), because all such terms had to be clarified if the will was to be fully and properly executed. I explained that Paul had offered long ago, when I first met him, to give us 2 drawings, but neither of us ever thought to follow up. However, nothing in truth was actually owed to us. He sounded relieved to hear me say that. But then, within a matter of seconds, I realized he would have contacted me and asked me such pointed questions only if Paul had left a note or somehow, sometime, making it clear we were to be given a no-strings-attached gift, which clearly Wilson did not want us to have.

In any case, I smelled a rat, and told him so. He told me he would see me in court with his attorney. Long story short, I appeared at a court hearing and explained to Wilson's attorney, we had no agreements that I knew of, other than Paul's premature non contractual intentions, but that if Paul wanted us to have something, we would accept the gift at this point only if it could be sold and the money be given to Paul's favorite charity or to the AIDS cause. When the judge heard a distorted version of this explanation, delivered mostly by Wilson's attorney, since I had no attorney and did not want to appear as if I was fighting for something that was only a hypothetical, the judge explained that without a written contract, any claims I or my partner, who was not there, might want to make were null and void.

When I left the courtroom Wilson's attorney silently smiled at me, at which point I told him, and later, Wilson, via fax, that I would forever make this incident known to the world for as long as I was alive and the context called for it, as in this case. Which is precisely what I'm doing here. I believe the court proceedings and my fax exchanges with Wilson still exist, and are conserved in my archive.

¹⁶ Francie Lyshak, "Interviews, March 25, 2014, https://francielyshak.com/bar-01_franicie-lyshak/.

¹⁷ Salinger, J.D., *Catcher in the Rye*, cited in "McBurney School and J.D. Salinger," in Richard Milazzo, *Scam Likely: Post-Critical Essays on Art and Culture, 1988-2025* (New York: Index Books, 2025), 331.

¹⁸ Not that I did not adore the works of Ellsworth Kelly.

¹⁹ Lyshak, Francie, <https://francielyshak.com>.

²⁰ Indiana, in *Richard Morrison: 1948-2015 – Die*, op. cit.

²¹ Ibid.

²² See the chapter on the anti-Duchampian *ethos* in my *Nostalgia for Scandal: The 'Not' Paintings, Sculptures, Works on Paper by Mike Bidlo*, with an Italian translation by Ginevra Quadrio Curzio (Modena, Italy: Galleria Mazzoli Editore, 2022); reprinted in *Scam Likely: Post-Critical Essays on Art and Culture, 1988-2025*, op. cit.

²³ "Steven Harvey," *Interviews*, conducted by Francie Lyshak, https://francielyshak.com/bar-01_franicie-lyshak/.

²⁴ Indiana, in *Richard Morrison: 1948-2015 – Die*, op. cit.

²⁵ See, again, endnote 4, above.

²⁶ See my "Colette's Berlin Night Drawings," in *Scam Likely: Post-Critical Essays on Art and Culture, 1988-2025*, op. cit., 323-28.

²⁷ *Hanging by a Thread: The Paintings of George Hildrew – A Pop-Up Exhibition*, curated by Richard Milazzo, Steven Harvey Fine Art Projects, October 15, 2018. Accompanied by the book, *Storyville: Poems 2007* by Richard Milazzo, with drawings by George Hildrew.

²⁸ Harvey, in *Richard Morrison: 1948-2015 – Die*, op. cit.

Richard Morrison

Exhibitions

Richard Morrison's earliest exhibition in NYC was "1980 World's Fair," at Snug Harbor, Staten Island, a 3-person exhibition with Francie Lyshak and Martha Fishkin in 1980. He co-curated and exhibited in Salon/Saloon at Bill Rice's Studio in NYC in 1984, a group exhibition including David Wojnarowicz, Chris Wool, Bob Gober, Jack Smith, Francie Lyshak and others. He showed at Gallery 303 in a group exhibition with Charles Ray and Nayland Blake in 1988. He was also in group exhibitions curated by Steven Harvey including "Factura" and "Social Sculpture" at Vrej Baghoomian Gallery showing with Cady Noland, Yoko Ono, Maya Lin and others in 1991. His works exhibited in a group show, "Paradise," in 2016 and he had a one person show, "Die" at Steven Harvey Fine Arts Projects in 2018.

Performance

Richard Morrison's installations have included "January" at 30 Bond Street and "2" at N.Y. Studio School. His other performances include "Dollar Value of Man" and "Einstein on the Beach" by Robert Wilson, "Airport Piece" by Cindy Lubar, and "Bicentual Valentine" by Julia Dares. He did photo and film documentation for Robert Wilson, John Lurie, Gary Indiana and Bill Rice.

Film

His own films include "Die," "Faces Funeral" and "Bust" done with David Wojnarowicz, produced by Larry Mitchell, Elyce Cheney and Steven Harvey, filmed and edited by Michael Kasino. He collaborated with Larry Mitchell and Michael Kasino on "Pay It No Mind," a documentary film about Marsha P. Johnson, released in 2012. He also did film collaborations with Steven Harvey and Bill Rice. He appeared in films by Jacob Burkhardt and Scott and Beth B.

Other Collaborations

He assisted other visual artists, musicians and writers with graphic design doing graphics for "Just Another Asshole" by Barbara Ess, "Him or Me" by Jim Neu, "Queer Free" by Calamus Books and a Lounge Lizards record jacket for John and Evan Lurie.

Education

He graduated with a teaching degree in Arts Education from Wayne State University, 1970.

Francie Lyshak

Selected One and Two-Person Exhibitions

Precarious Visions, Thom Adams Gallery, Manchester, NH, 2024
Mad Rose Gallery, Millerton, NY, 2024
Butler Institute of American Art, Youngstown, OH, 2021
Precarious Visions, Phillips Museum, Franklin & Marshall, PA, 2021
Inside/Outside, Carter Burden Gallery, NYC, 2021; Atmospheres, 2015; Gestures, 2017
La MaMa La Galleria, NYC-Place Imagined, 2004; The Spirit of Water, 1998; Dollhouse
Theatre, 1996; The Secret, 1993
Bill Rice Studio Solo Exhibitions, 1988, 1984

Selected Group Exhibitions

The Shape of Color: 5 Abstract Artists, Brickbottom Gallery, Somerville, MA, 2024
Lichtundfire Gallery, NYC-Wings of Desire, 2023; A Touch of Grey 2023; A Lighter Shade of
Pale, 2023 Lichtundfire-High Frequency, 2022; Speed of Light, 2022; Minimal Force,
2022; Stratosphere, 2022
Real Abstraction: Five Painters (curated by Peter Frank), 2021
Yard, Steven Harvey Fine Arts, NYC, 2019; Paradise, 2016
Visual Aids, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., NYC, 2013
DNA: East Side (with Wojnarowicz, Rice, Ess, Morrison, Lyshak), Provincetown, MA, 2011
Invitational Exhibition, A.I.R. Gallery, NYC, 1997
Walls, Denise Bibro Gallery, NYC, 1996
The First Decade, La MaMa La Galleria, NYC, 1992
Just Another Asshole #7, curated by Barbara Ess, Cash/Newhouse Gallery, NYC, 1985
Salon/Saloon, Bill Rice Studio, NYC, 1985

Awards and Honors

Award Winner, Oliver Art Center, Frankfort, Michigan, September, 2011
Stamford Art Assoc, 29th Annual Faber Birren National Color Award (juror: Paulina
Pobocha) CT, 2009
Art Quest Finalist, (curators: B. Haskell, H. Fox, J. Crist, W. Olander, N. Rifkin), NYC and LA, 1986
Museum of the Hudson Highlands Competition, (curator: Patterson Sims, 1985
Provincetown Art Association and Museum, Annual Prize Competition (juror: Alice Neel), 1983

Publications

The Shape of Color, by Claire Ogden, Cambridge Day, April 7, 2024
Wings of Desire, by Stephen Gambello, Tussle, September 2023
Abstract Singularity, by Jonathan Goodman, Art 511 Magazine, June, 2021
Review of Small Standing Tall, by Dominique Nahas, Dart Intl Magazine, May, 2021
Overview of Real Abstraction: Five Painters Beyond the Picture, by Peter Frank, March, 2021

First Indigo and Lifestyle, About Painting with Francie Lyshak, online, April, 2017
Indiana, Gary. One Brief Scuzzy Moment. New York Magazine, 12/6/04. pp. 48-52
Lyshak-Stelzer, F. The Secret: Art & Healing from Sexual Abuse, Safer Society Press, Brandon, VT, 1999
Spirits of the Deep: Francie Lyshak and Basil Twist at the Ocean of Infinite Metaphor, by Joe Vojtko, pp. 5-11. Review, 10-1-98
The Science and Art of Pain Management: Notes on the Nascent of Surrealist Epiphany, by Joe Vojtko, p. 11. Review, 1-15-98.

Collections

Butler Institute of American Art, Youngstown, Ohio
Phillips Museum at Franklin and Marshall, PA
Bronx Children's Psychiatric Center, Bronx, New York
Private collections in US and Great Britain

Education

Pratt Institute, Art Therapy and Creativity Development, Masters of Professional Studies, NYC, 1976-78
Wayne State University, Painting and Drawing, Bachelor's of Fine Arts, Detroit, Michigan, 1-69 to 5-70

BACK COVER:

Richard Morrison
Untitled (Clouds)
n.d., photo print on paper, 14 x 11 inches (framed)

