

LISA BOYLE GALLERY

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Reviews



Jon Rajkovich, *Reservoir*, 2004.

Jon Rajkovich and Doug Shaeffer

Lisa Boyle Gallery, through Jun 18 (see West Side).

The prevalence of hawks, flowers and deer marks much work of the generation of art makers who have fled from their abstract and conceptual predecessors. They've delved into nature imagery, attacking it with such vigor that flora and fauna, regardless of its medium, has become its own genre.

Jon Rajkovich's sculptures, while certainly fitting into the genre of playful animal art, manage to escape much of its triteness. In Rajkovich's work, strips of plastic morph into rocking-horse heads and sea monsters—objects of children's nightmares. Yet the most interesting sculpture only hints at imagery. In *Reservoir*, a white abstract glob of plastic flanked by a blue undulating band resembles a miniaturized snow peak. Here, the quality of being precious from up close—and boldly formal from a distance—is wholly engaging.

Like Rajkovich, Doug Shaeffer uses more than the occasional animal. In his small collages, fonts and doodles look like they have been appropriated from 1950s books and magazines. Many of the juxtapositions between the collaged images are amusing. In one, a cute pink-shadowed curtain is embellished with the word *cunt*. In others, the combination of words and illustrations seem as if they're straight out of a sappy Hallmark card. But don't mistake Shaeffer's work for fun and games: What must be covered up by fantasy and cuteness—possibly the current political situation—is what he subtly brings to the fore.—*Madeline Nusser*