

T MAGAZINE / ZOE BUCKMAN / FEBRUARY 18, 2018



And it has. Once your eye is trained to see Chicago's imprint, it is everywhere, and unmistakable. It's in Petra Collins's menstruation-positive T-shirts; in the forthcoming installation on Sunset Boulevard in L.A. by Zoe Buckman of a huge uterus drawn in neon tubing crowned with boxing gloves; in the pink "pussy hats" that are worn in opposition to Trump's election. Images like these — symbolically overt, politically and anatomically in-your-face, forcing a public confrontation with sexism — are all descended from Chicago's imagination.

Over our time together, I asked her several times, in several different ways, to tell me who she thought her inheritors and peers are. If she had a seat at "The Dinner Party," which names would flow from her? But she didn't want to answer the question. She has always felt out of step with the present. "Look, you know, before I get interested in somebody, they have to have a long, sustained career. Because that's what real art grows out of." Not the "make-it" dream, not bursts of youthful ingenuity, not critical acclaim — just continuing, no matter the circumstances, to make art. "That," she said, "is what I admire."