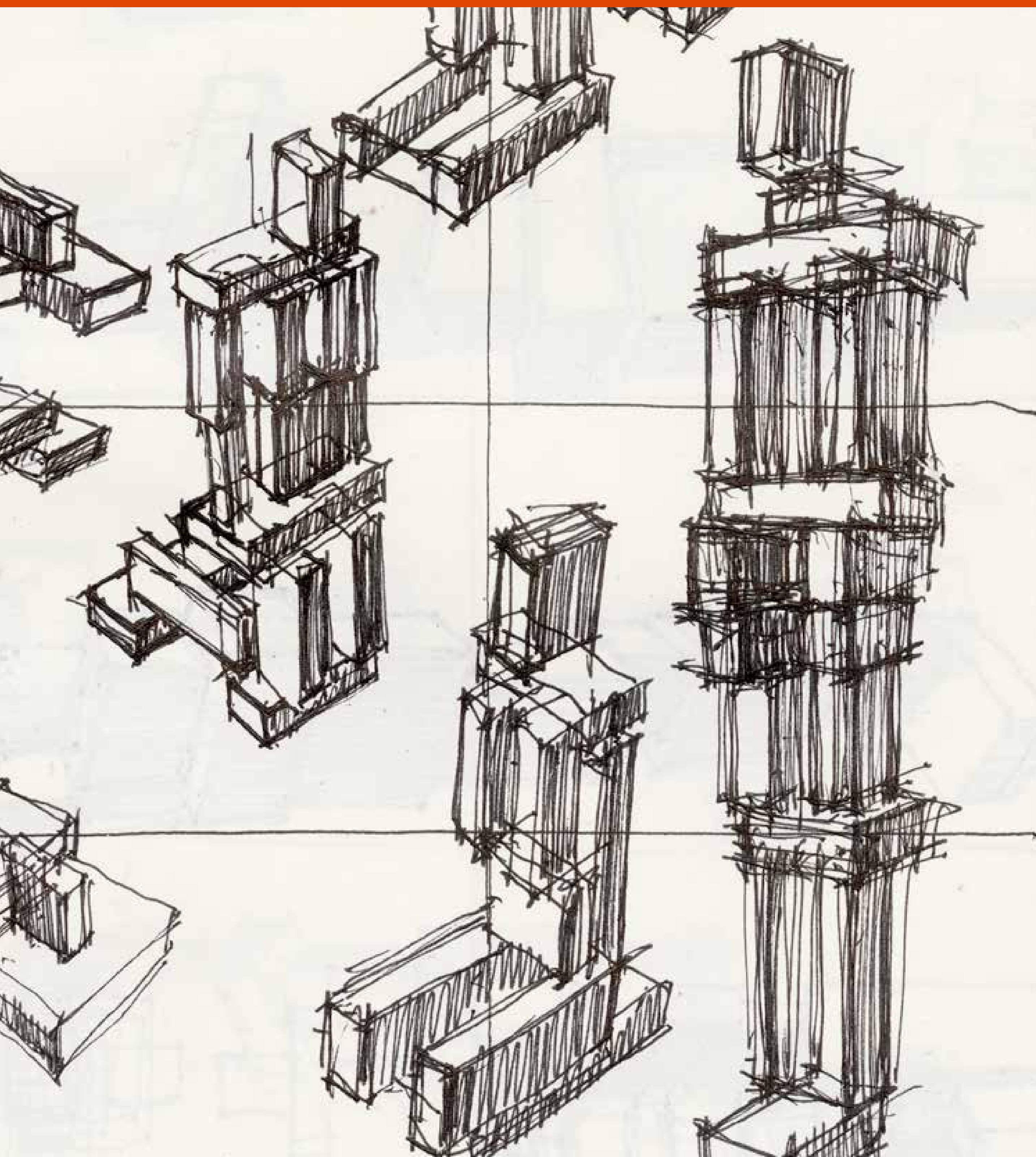
THE

NASHER

FALL 2025

FRANCISCO JOSUÉ ALVARADO ARAUJO HARRISON BLAKE **NATHAN CARTER**
ANTONY GORMLEY **EN IWAMURA** ROY LICHTENSTEIN **DELCY MORELOS**
VICTOR "MARKA27" QUIÑONEZ DANH VO **THE WESTBETH** MONSIEUR ZOHORE



On May 12 of this year, I moved to Dallas to become the third Director of the Nasher Sculpture Center, following in the distinguished footsteps of Steve Nash and Jeremy Strick. I was promptly warned about the Texas summer heat—which is something that I could have predicted—but I had no preparation for the warmth and generosity of this amazing community: our board and staff; our patrons; and the artists in North Texas.

As is often the case for an incoming director, I found myself in the position of presiding over projects that preceded me and took many years in the making. I am fortunate to say that this season's Antony Gormley survey is one of those projects. Gormley is widely recognized as one of the most influential figures working in the field of sculpture today. He was initially part of a generation of artists in the UK that reinvigorated the practice in the 1980s, and who were themselves following in the footsteps of great sculptors such as Henry Moore, Barbara Hepworth, and Anthony Caro—all well represented in the Nasher Sculpture Center collection. Gormley stood out among his peers for his keen interest in the human figure, which continues today, and which he expands beyond formal concerns to embrace a range of existential questions. I do know that you will want to come to see his show.

But there will be many other enticing occasions for you to return to the Nasher, as well. I know that our Free First Saturdays are a Dallas classic for families all over the city. Having partaken in a few of them myself, already, I can guarantee they deliver all the joy they promise. In October, The Great Create, which raises funds for our Education department, will certainly be a highlight. You may choose to join the engaging community who animates our vibrant 'til Midnight or just sit by yourself with old and new favorites by the pond, such as Barbara Hepworth's *Squares with Two Circles (Monolith)* and Ulrich Rückriem's *Untitled (#7)*. Rest assured that, on any of these occasions, I will be around, and very much looking forward to meeting you.

Carlos Basualdo
Director

Portrait of Nasher Sculpture Center Director Carlos Basualdo, 2025.
Photo by Allison V. Smith

From circa my childhood to circa the birth of my own children, I made art, in the traditional sense, falling hardest for printmaking. After graduate school, I maintained a studio practice, renting space in what is now an artist and writer's residency in Corsicana, Texas, followed by what is now a clothing boutique in West Dallas. I then moved to a building where martial artist and actor Chuck Norris once climbed rope, and finally to an 1876 Carpenter Gothic style home preserved at what was, until recently, a history park located on the grounds of Dallas's oldest city park. Each of these locations bore a sense of the past and life's inevitable bend of change, echoing the same sensations in my own life.

In the last few years that I produced work, I shifted my attention from my printing press to the boxes and drawers containing scraps of ink tests, failed proofs, dirty newsprints, and other mistakes, all of which I found too beautiful to toss in the trash; a visitor would find few complete thoughts. Still today, despite working in a museum of works finished and prepared for show, the action of making most holds my attention, and the spaces where art is haptic, stewing, and on-its-way are where I most want to be.

And, so, I've indulged. In this issue of *The Nasher*, we present to you the spaces and conditions behind a finished work. You will find studios of the past and present, encompassing living rooms, yards, and gardens, in Dallas and across the globe. You will uncover inspiration, whether it be Henry Moore's collection of stones, Antony Gormley's obsession with cave paintings, or Nathan Carter's eclectic urban flotsam. You will learn of the lengths artists go to when securing a place to make their work, sometimes facing challenges such as the cost of rent, access to equipment, or the need to constantly move ones practice and the objects that result from it.

Regardless of the form the space takes, be it a corner of a room or a corner of one's mind, creating and sharing a place for making is intimate, and intimacy requires generosity. From the artists who've pulled back the curtains, to the lookers who've peered inside, we are honored to be a part of it.

Adrienne Lichliter-Hines
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Details from Adrienne Lichliter-Hines's former studio spaces, Dallas, Texas. Photos by the artist.

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ON THE COVER: Antony Gormley, workbook, 2019. Photo courtesy of the artist

INSIDE FRONT COVER SPREAD: Installation view of *Tony Cragg: Please touch!*, at Kunstpalast, Düsseldorf, Germany, 2024. © 2025 Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York / VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn. Photo © Tony Cragg Studio

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Ceramicist En Iwamura's studio in Shigaraki, Japan, 2025. Photo by the artist

Silvia Benedetti

Silvia Benedetti is a New York-based Venezuelan art historian, curator, and writer. She received the 2023 Andy Warhol Foundation Arts Writers Grant for short-form writing. Her research focuses on critically reassessing and contextualizing the work of peripheral creators within a global framework, as well as the intersection of artistic and social practices. Her areas of interest include historical conceptual art and the blending of conceptual challenges and material properties. Her writing has appeared in museum catalogs and publications, including *Artforum*, *Hyperallergic*, *L'Hebdo du Quotidien de l'Art*, and *The Brooklyn Rail*.

Harrison Blake

Harrison Blake is a poet and arts writer based in Dallas, Texas. In their poems they often explore memory, desire, and transfiguration through language. Their writings appear and are forthcoming in *Southwest Contemporary*, *F Magazine*, *Sugar House Review*, *Driftwood Press*, *New Words (Press)*, and *Glasstire*.

Nathan Carter

Nathan Carter lives and works in Brooklyn, New York, where he envisions fictional worlds, channels a woman named Mars, and conjures her queer punk language of abstraction when making sculpture, drawing, painting, music, and films. He was born in Dallas, Texas.

Allison Glenn

Allison Glenn is a New York-based curator and writer focusing on the intersection of art and public space through public art and special projects, biennials, and major new commissions by a wide range of contemporary artists. For more than 15 years, Glenn has been devoted to realizing ambitious and experimental exhibitions and site-specific projects with artists working across the globe. She is Curator of the 2026 Toronto Biennial of Art.

Dr. Jon Wood

Dr. Jon Wood is an independent art historian and curator, with a particular interest in the history of the sculptor's studio. He worked for many years as Head of Research at the Henry Moore Institute and as co-editor of the *Sculpture Journal*. He has published on the studios of Constantin Brancusi, Henry Moore, Pablo Picasso, and Alberto Giacometti. His studio writings have been anthologized in several collections, including *The Fall of the Studio: Artists at Work* (Valiz, 2009), *The Studio Reader: On the Space of Artists* (The University of Chicago Press, 2010), and *The Studio* (The MIT Press and Whitechapel, 2012). He curated the survey exhibition *Close Encounters: The Sculptor's Studio in the Age of the Camera* at the Henry Moore Institute in 2001-2002.

Interior of Barbara Hepworth's carving workshop at Trewyn Studio, now Barbara Hepworth Museum and Sculpture Garden, St Ives, Cornwall. Barbara Hepworth © Bowness

Nathan Carter's studio in Brooklyn, New York, featuring *Will I Find Rosae Kiss-Me-Curls Upon Curvy Channels If I Navigate Through Regions Infernal?*, 2023. Photo courtesy of the artist

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AN ART HISTORIAN CONTEMPLATES THE LASTING INFLUENCE OF ARTISTS' STUDIOS

A Studio Without End

BY DR. JON WOOD

One of the most intriguing contemporary sculpture exhibitions staged in 2024 was *Tony Cragg: Please touch!* at the Kunstpalast in Düsseldorf, Germany. Putting temporarily on hold the usual rules and regulations of art museum exhibitions, the artist invited visitors to touch his sculptures, asking that they feel their way into his works, appreciating the tactile qualities of their forms and surfaces.

This was a rare opportunity. Typically, his sculpture exhibitions—like *Seeing Things* staged at the Nasher Sculpture Center in 2011—forbid such direct engagements. Now, however, visitors were given new physical access usually only available to the artist or owners of his works. Walking around the Kunstpalast exhibition, it was striking to watch people actively taking up this invitation, keenly running their fingers over the sculptures and exploring their textures, curvatures, and recesses. Perceptions shift when you touch sculpture, and different temperatures can also be sensed, as works in bronze, wood, fiberglass, and stone all sat alongside each other. Touch also generated speech, as room after room gradually filled with an inquisitive, conversational buzz.

Above: Detail view of *Tony Cragg: Please touch!*, at Kunstpalast, Düsseldorf, Germany, 2024. © 2025 Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York / VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn. Photo by Anne Orthen, courtesy of Kunstpalast

Opposite: Installation view of *Tony Cragg: Please touch!*, at Kunstpalast, Düsseldorf, Germany, 2024. © 2025 Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York / VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn. Photo by Anne Orthen, courtesy of Kunstpalast

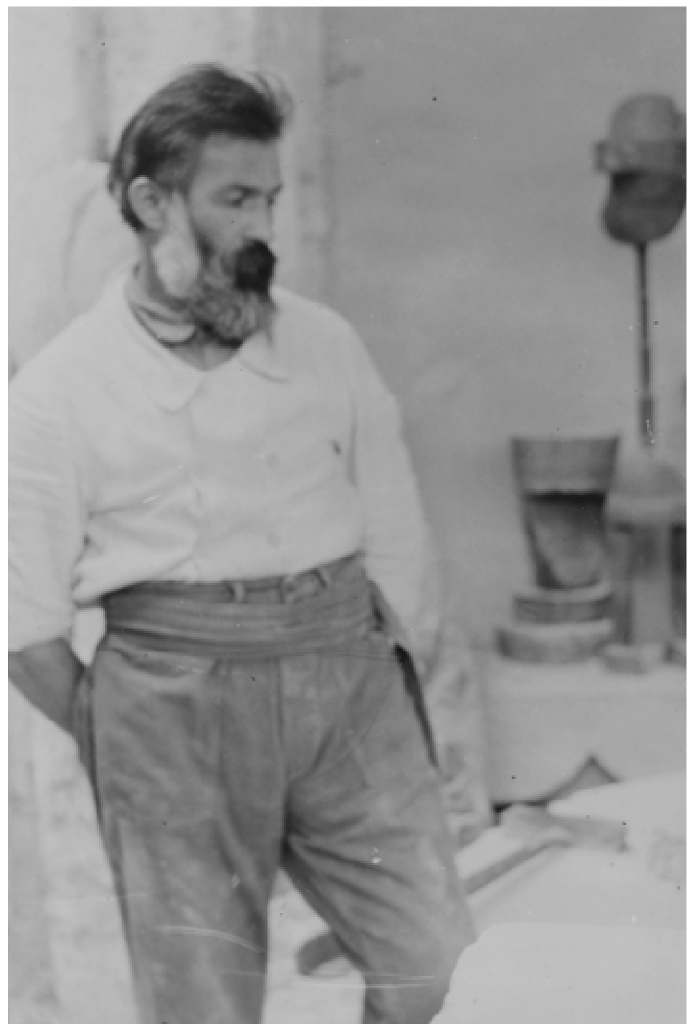
It was, however, the very last room of the *Please touch!* exhibition that particularly struck me. For here the invitation to touch abruptly ended—open-access display exchanged for a presentation of the sculptor's studio. Whereas the finished sculptures in the previous rooms had been made available for people to make their own, this studio space was the opposite, cast as belonging to the hands of the artist only. This creative domain intimated "work in progress" with an array of models, maquettes, objects (both made and found), and tools, all stacked on shelves and set out on worktables. Plaster and Jesmonite were placed beside wood, fiberglass, and polystyrene. Sculptures in the making sat beside fossils, stones, tape measures, brushes, tubes of glue, pencils, and paper. This was a room charged with potentiality: objects caught in the process of becoming, on their way to somewhere else. The transition from 'Please touch' to 'Please don't touch' was a clever and powerful way of concluding this exhibition. It looked simultaneously backwards and forwards, enabling visitors to have some insight into the kind of sculptural imagination and material thinking that had charged the works that they had already experienced up to that point, while also offering up glimpses into the works to come. It ended the exhibition with a dot-dot-dot, rather than a full stop.

Cragg's exhibition in Düsseldorf raises fascinating questions about the studio: about how studios might be exhibited and, in addition, about what happens when the artists who work in them are absent or no longer there. Such questions acquire a particular intensity when the artists are sculptors and the space is full of handmade ensembles of objects that have been placed, carefully or otherwise, by the sculptors themselves. As the American sculptor and art writer Sidney Geist once said in the context of the studio of the Romanian-born sculptor Constantin Brancusi: "A sculptor's studio is, in any event, more dramatic than a painter's; it is, indeed, a place in a sense in which a painter's studio is not." It is a place of "events" and "deeds," as Geist intimates, a zone of actions and activities. People make places, as is so often said, but this is especially the case in sculptors' studios.

Those art writers and curators researching the sculptor's work are all eyes and ears in such places, looking for fingerprints, hidden clues and subtle backstories, forensically seeking out the ways in which the artworks take their place with all the other material objects there. The studio detective has many questions. Why has an unwrapped framed print been placed beside a portrait bust? Whose is that guitar in the corner? Why has that old wooden case always been kept for pens and pencils? What is in that old string-bound shoe box? Which objects were bought by the artist and which were gifts? Questions such as these can grow and extend from such tantalizing objects to the space itself. How tall are the ceilings and what kinds of walls and floors have been installed? Why are the windows where they are and what views are afforded, in and out? Where does the light fall at midday and whereabouts does the sculptor like to sit? Such questions—and often so many unanswered ones—can lead to interesting answers that can help us better appreciate the coordinates of the work and how art and artist can subtly take their bearings from such places and their unique sculptural microclimates.

The studio has always captured the imaginations of viewers, offering up behind-the-scenes insights into how an artist thinks and creates. When the studio in question also doubles up as the artist's own place of residence, then things can become even more intriguing. Studio-homes (what the French call *maison-ateliers*) can frame and contain all manner of subtle art/life cross-fertilizations, as forms and ideas walk through walls, moving from one orbit of activity to another. Practice and biography can overlap more fluidly in such creative spaces, and the ways art objects take their bearings can be read in complicated ways.

When the studio belongs to an artist who has passed away, such questions acquire other kinds of resonance and poignancy. Over the last 50 years, we have become not only more accustomed to the idea of the studio exhibition but also more acquainted with the phenomenon of the studio museum and studio reconstruction. These carry different kinds of spatial, architectural, archaeological, biographical, and site-related issues, depending on whether or not they share the same site as the original studio used during the artist's lifetime. We find the studio museums of many artists from



Above: Brancusi in the studio, circa 1922. Gelatin silver print. 11 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches (29.2 x 24 cm). Digital Image © CNAC/MNAM, Dist. RMN-Grand Palais / Art Resource, NY. Photo by Georges Meguerditchian. © Succession Brancusi – All rights reserved (Adagp) 2025

Opposite: Brancusi workshop overview, 1925. Gelatin silver negative on glass. Digital Image © CNAC/MNAM, Dist. RMN-Grand Palais / Art Resource, NY. © Succession Brancusi – All rights reserved (Adagp) 2025

around the world, including Donald Judd, Frida Kahlo, Peter Blake, Barbara Hepworth, and Antoine Wiertz, and the reconstructed (and relocated) studios of Constantin Brancusi, Francis Bacon, Eduardo Paolozzi, Piet Mondrian, and Giorgio Morandi. Each of these raise different questions regarding the challenges of restaging and reconstructing the historical studios. They also invite us to ask what an artist's studio is today, and to look at why and how it has been variously restaged, installed, and reframed within, or in close proximity to, the walls of the art gallery and the museum.

Architect Renzo Piano's Atelier Brancusi, installed directly outside the Centre Pompidou in Paris in 1997, is now one of the classics of the reconstructed studio-home and makes for an excellent case study for such questions. This handsome stone and glass construction was based on Brancusi's earlier studio at no. 11 Impasse Ronsin, where the sculptor lived from the 1920s to his death, in 1957. In 1977, the studio was reconstructed outside the then brand-new Centre Pompidou, but over time this first reconstruction, which visitors could physically enter, became dilapidated. New premises were urgently needed. The new Piano reconstruction (the second reconstruction on this site) provided almost the whole studio plot but with floor-to-ceiling glass walls instead of some of the studio's solid walls, so that visitors could walk around the studio and look in from outside at the works on display. (Glass walls and glass windows have often been deployed in studio restagings, allowing viewers to look in without being let inside.)

The curatorial arrangement of the works in Atelier Brancusi was based on an assessment of how things were left at his death, combined with a careful consideration of the sculptor's substantial archive of his own studio photographs. These photographs showed the Centre Pompidou curators the kinds of sculptural ensembles and pairings Brancusi developed over the years, enabling them to create displays that, although originally devised from within four walls by the sculptor, could also now be appreciated by visitors walking around the outside looking in through the glass.

The elegance of Piano's solution has enabled admirers of Brancusi over the last 25 years to enjoy his sculpture in Paris. It gives an account of the studio at the original Impasse Ronsin site and of the 1977 reconstruction, capturing the atmosphere and aesthetics of the place powerfully, while allowing viewers to focus on the sculptures themselves. For those asking more forensic questions about the changing placement of works over time and the ways in which Brancusi lived and worked there, creating and developing the interior of this studio-home, there is a rich photographic archive to consult, full of tantalizing images and potential leads.

It is perhaps through this combination of architecture, careful curating, and archival presentation that artists' studios more generally can be most successfully presented. Visitors might not be able to touch the objects on display, but they can still look at, think of, and imagine the kinds of creative spaces that these studios once were. ■

Reconstruction of the Atelier Brancusi 1992–99. Renzo Piano Building Workshop Fonds 1989–99. Archives and Museum Activities Unit, Politecnico di Milano, ACL

Delcy Morelos

The large-scale sculptures and installations of Colombian artist Delcy Morelos transform organic material into sites for connection. Whether they be swelling mounds of aromatic soil or expansive arrangements of small earthen forms, her botanical creations prompt viewers to reconsider their relationship with the land. Morelos's studio in Bogotá is, much like her work, an extension of the earth. Her personal reserve of woven baskets, ceramic vessels, bottles of pigment, and other natural ephemera culminate in a sacred space.

"My studio, a womb-like space where time does not exist. Damp, dark, mutable, and with its own order. It expands, contorts, and shrinks, transforming along with the works that are born there. It changes with the light of day and the shadows cast by certain fears and the artificial lights that arrive with the nightfall.

There are too many things, I can't walk, I trip and fall, I can't see, but I feel. Coexisting with the collection of Amazonian baskets and chairs in which we sit to talk and weave, four black cats surround me in the darkness, dozing, dreaming, playing, feeling, and staring intently at that which I cannot see—perhaps at the place where ideas come from. In this space for creating and being, the memories and stories held by the textiles, baskets, and ceramics that I treasure whisper to me in the darkness, telling me of distant jungle universes where the soul of the world dwells.

Just as languages and techniques mutate, transfer, and intertwine, smells mix with paint, clay, water, fabric, and earth. In the workshop, as in life, activities overlap: active meditation, silence, slowness, and careful observation. Fear, anxiety, and pain mix with the smell of birth.

My studio has a window overlooking a garden from which I receive wisdom, tranquility, beauty, and hope; it is the beginning of a spiral. Hummingbirds visit the garden and me.

I can also say that my workshop goes with me. I carry it on my back like a snail carries its shell, which has grown with its body and can therefore contain it. Every step I take and every piece of land I inhabit is part of that other mobile and traveling workshop because the world and the horizon remain open, welcoming my gestures, guiding my hands, intuition, and understanding."

—Delcy Morelos

Top: Delcy Morelos. Portrait © Marian Goodman Gallery. Photo by Ernesto Monsalve. Opposite: Installation, *Delcy Morelos, Madre*, 2025. Earth, clay, water, wood, metal, jute, hay, straw, cinnamon, cloves, buckwheat, chia seeds, tobacco, honey. Dimensions variable. Exhibition view Hamburger Bahnhof – Nationalgalerie der Gegenwart. Courtesy the artist and Marian Goodman Gallery. Photo by Staatliche Museen zu Berlin, Nationalgalerie / Jacopo La Forgia

“In this space for creating and being, the memories and stories held by the textiles, baskets, and ceramics that I treasure whisper to me in the darkness, telling me of distant jungle universes where the soul of the world dwells.” —Delcy Morelos

Delcy Morelos’s studio in Bogotá, Colombia. Courtesy the artist and Marian Goodman Gallery. Photo by Ernesto Monsalve

OFF THE CANVAS

Roy Lichtenstein's Sculptural Study of the Brushstroke

BY DR. CATHERINE CRAFT

Has there ever been a more unlikely subject for a sculpture than a brushstroke? Even at its most forceful, in the sweeping, dripping gestures of a painter such as Willem de Kooning, a brushstroke is still bound to the canvas, maybe rising in slight impasto relief. Yet in the 1980s, Roy Lichtenstein began an ongoing series of sculptures in which colorful brushstrokes—set free from their support—leaned on one another, wove in and out of flowing grids, or ascended skyward.

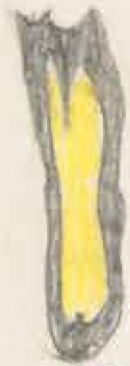
More than two dozen works in the Roy Lichtenstein Foundation's 2023 gift to the Nasher Sculpture Center and the Dallas Museum of Art center on the artist's Brushstroke sculptures: bronze and cherrywood versions; paper and foamcore maquettes for monumental projects; sketches exploring compositional and coloristic possibilities; and stencils for individual elements. They offer a fascinating view into Lichtenstein's imagination and sense of creative play as he explored the sculptural possibilities of the liquid traces left by the drag of a paintbrush.

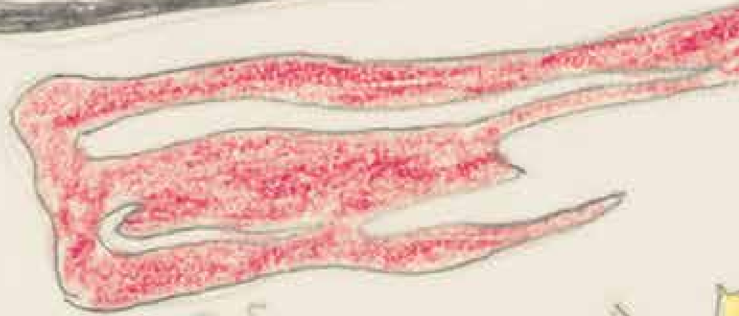
Lichtenstein had earlier considered the subject of brushstrokes in the mid-1960s, following the advent of his Pop paintings based on images from comic books. In 1965, he made one such work, based on a frame from the 1964 comic book *Strange Suspense Stories No. 72*, that rendered dramatic brushstrokes and several drips; at the lower edge of the canvas, the hand executing these swaths was just visible. From that composition, Lichtenstein moved to creating paintings that isolated gigantic brushstrokes of his own design. Despite the initial impression of spontaneity in their appearance, these works were clearly carefully planned and executed—incisive parodies of the Abstract Expressionist generation of artists who preceded Lichtenstein and who equated the dramatic, dripping application of paint with expressive sincerity.

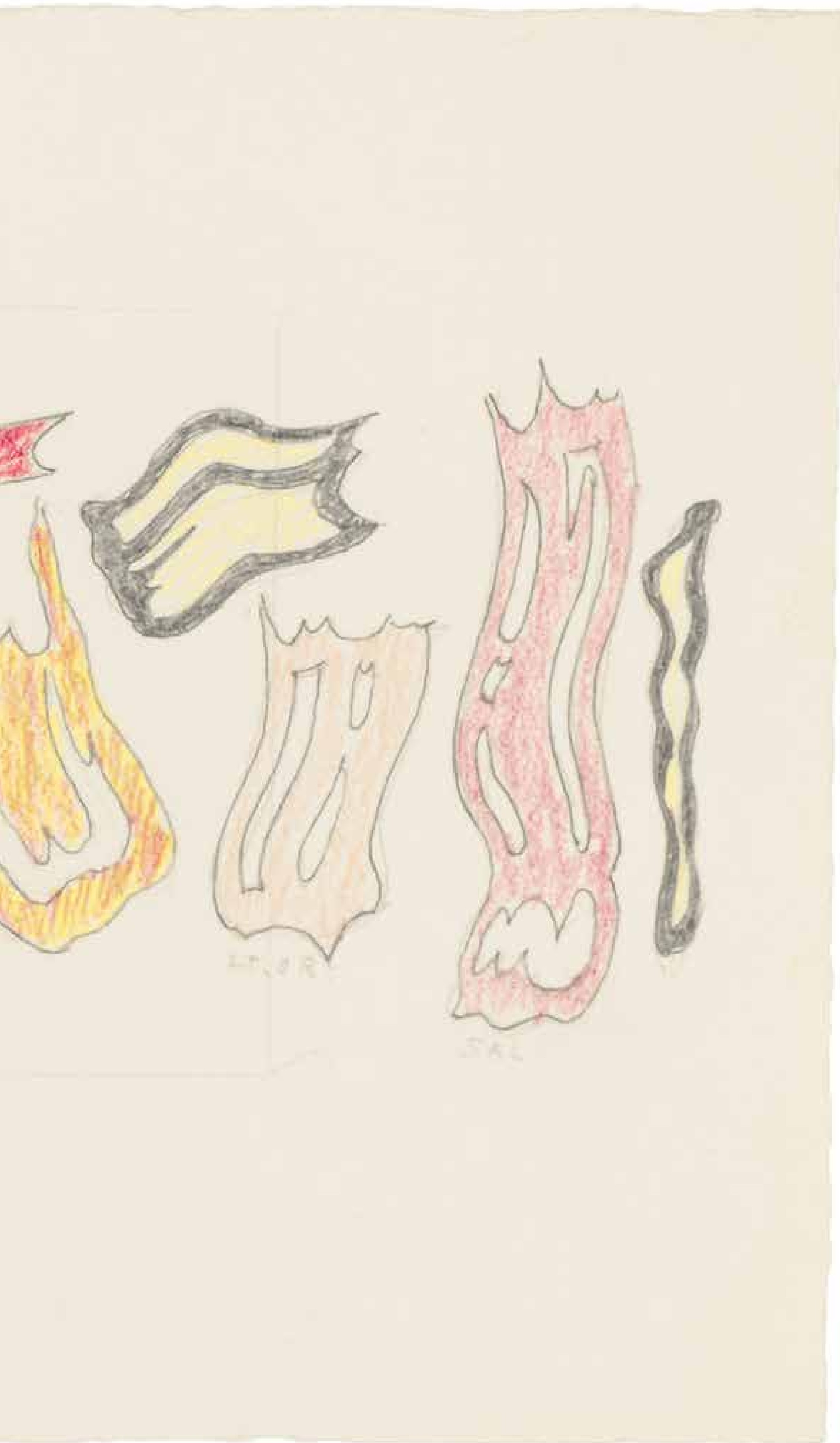
Top: Roy Lichtenstein, *White Brushstroke I*, 1965. Acrylic, oil, graphite pencil on canvas. 48 1/16 x 56 1/8 inches (122 x 142.5 cm). Photo © Sotheby's

Bottom: Roy Lichtenstein, *Brushstrokes ("Little Big Painting")* (Castelli), 1965. Acrylic, oil, graphite pencil on canvas. 68 x 80 inches (172.7 x 203.2 cm). Photo © Whitney Museum of American Art

Roy Lichtenstein, *Barcelona Head (Maquette)*, 1987. Cut painted paper, cut printed paper, graphite pencil on foamcore, T-pins, ball head pins. 36 13/16 x 22 1/8 x 15 inches (93.4 x 56 x 38 cm). © Roy Lichtenstein Foundation. Dallas Museum of Art and Nasher Sculpture Center, gift of the Roy Lichtenstein Foundation in Celebration of the Centennial of Roy Lichtenstein







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…these works were clearly carefully planned and executed—incisive parodies of the Abstract Expressionist generation of artists who preceded Lichtenstein and who equated the dramatic, dripping application of paint with expressive sincerity.

—Dr. Catherine Craft

Roy Lichtenstein, *Brushstroke VI (Study)*, c. 1985. Colored pencil, graphite pencil on paper. 7 3/8 x 10 7/16 in. (18.7 x 26.5 cm). © Roy Lichtenstein Foundation. Dallas Museum of Art and Nasher Sculpture Center, gift of the Roy Lichtenstein Foundation in Celebration of the Centennial of Roy Lichtenstein

Roy Lichtenstein, *Three Brushstrokes (Study)*, c. 1983. Cut painted paper, graphite pencil on board. 40 1/4 x 30 1/2 inches (102.2 x 77.5 cm). © Roy Lichtenstein Foundation. Dallas Museum of Art and Nasher Sculpture Center, gift of the Roy Lichtenstein Foundation in Celebration of the Centennial of Roy Lichtenstein

Roy Lichtenstein, *Three Brushstrokes*, 1983 (fabricated 1984). Painted aluminum. 121 1/2 x 26 1/2 x 43 inches (308.6 x 67.3 x 109.2 cm). The J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles, Gift of Fran and Ray Stark. © Estate of Roy Lichtenstein

Lichtenstein's Brushstroke paintings instead implied that these markers of individual identity were as conventional as any other type of image, as he explained: "Of course visible brushstrokes in a painting convey a sense of grand gesture; but in my hands, the brushstroke becomes a *depiction* of a grand gesture."

Lichtenstein's mid-1960s Brushstroke paintings often presented their dripping flourishes against a backdrop of the artist's by-then signature Ben-Day dots, based on a commercial printing process that used screens of small dots to create the appearance of various tonal ranges, such as a figure's skin color. They looked as neutral as conventional brushstrokes appeared to be grand. Prior to the Brushstroke paintings, however, Lichtenstein treated one element of his comic-strip paintings with curving, undulating rhythms: the flowing, often blond, hair of his heroines. This is evident in the sculptures he made the same year as he began exploring the brushstroke; several ceramic heads, including the Nasher Sculpture Center's *Head with Blue Shadow* (1965), juxtapose a swirling bouffant of hair with dots arrayed across the figure's face to indicate skin tone and shadow—a bold, if not absurd, addition to make to a three-dimensional object.

Still, few other stylistic concepts provided as much inspiration to Lichtenstein as the abstract, elemental motif of the brushstroke. Returning to it in the 1980s, he began adapting it not only to freestanding sculptural contexts but to monumental settings as well. To do so, he had to conceive of brushstrokes capable of defying gravity.

In *Three Brushstrokes* (1983), Lichtenstein isolated a trio of strokes, each rendered in one of the primary colors—red, yellow, blue—with strong linear elements of black and white as exaggerated indications of each brushstroke's interior contours. Now owned by the J. Paul Getty Museum, the completed aluminum sculpture stands more than 10 feet high; a study and two maquettes, owned by the Nasher Sculpture Center and the Dallas Museum of Art, suggest Lichtenstein's thought process as he considered the ways the three brushstrokes might interact with one another. Slotting the yellow stroke into the blue one defies the way that paint would normally behave, as does the red stroke that props up its yellow neighbor. The brushstrokes' overall configuration appears almost anthropomorphic, evoking the relaxed posture of a classical statue.

Likewise, in a group of six cherrywood reliefs from 1985–86, Lichtenstein explored such fantastical possibilities even more intensively, with brushstrokes weaving in and out of each other like basketry. He created separate images of each brushstroke

element in a group of related studies on paper, rendering their colors and shapes relative to one another and spreading them across the page like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle being fit together.

Most of the Brushstroke sculptures are abstract, which allowed the artist full reign to play with their formal elements. In an important exception, Lichtenstein's interests came full circle in the monumental *Barcelona Head*, a maquette for which is part of the Foundation's gift. In an approach that yields a surprisingly surrealistic work, Lichtenstein imagined a head composed of two longstanding elements of his paintings: brushstrokes and dots. The combination of swooping gestures and gridded circles harkens back to *Head with Blue Shadow*, but instead of the older work's tightly focused composition, *Barcelona Head* seems about to fly apart, its elements resolving into a woman's head through a momentary alignment of forces. Here and elsewhere, Lichtenstein's masterly formal control and wide-ranging ingenuity were nurtured by frequent moments of experimentation and play, as seen in a gift brimming with behind-the-scenes insights into the artist's inventive practice. ■

In early 2026, the Dallas Museum of Art and the Nasher Sculpture Center will display works selected from the shared gift from the Roy Lichtenstein Foundation.

Roy Lichtenstein, *Brushstroke V*, 1985–86. Painted cherrywood. 60 x 31 x 13 inches (152.4 x 78.7 x 33 cm). © Roy Lichtenstein Foundation. Dallas Museum of Art and Nasher Sculpture Center, gift of the Roy Lichtenstein Foundation in Celebration of the Centennial of Roy Lichtenstein

Victor ‘Marka27’ Quiñonez

Inside a 121-year-old former transit power station in Brooklyn, the nonprofit organization Powerhouse Arts offers collaborative workshop spaces and fabrication services to artists and designers in the New York area and beyond. Within its Public Art department, PHA assists artists throughout their public art projects, from concept design to fabrication and installation, providing the specialized equipment, space, and expertise often required for large, public works. One of PHA's Artist Subsidy Program recipients, Victor “Marka27” Quiñonez, was selected to be featured in *Open Call: Portals*, a summer 2025 exhibition at The Shed in New York featuring 12 NYC-based, early-career artists.

Mexican-born, Brooklyn-based Marka27 is an artist whose “Neo Indigenous” aesthetic draws inspiration from street culture, such as graffiti, with ancient Mexican motifs. For The Shed, he produced *Elevar La Cultura NYC*, a towering 20-foot-tall sculpture referencing a Mayan pyramid, composed of gold-painted ice coolers, textiles, and spiritual objects, activated by a mural and a projection. Throughout the grand structure, Marka27 honors the beauty and resilience of the city’s immigrant street vendors, composing vignettes of various cultures within the gilded coolers. The PHA team supported the fabrication of the internal steel structure and textile elements, and the overall installation of the work on The Shed’s outdoor plaza.

“Most artists tend to work alone 90 percent of the time, but to create work at this level it takes a strong team you trust that shares a genuine passion for creating impactful work. It’s needed because there should be more representation of how we approach monuments and outdoor sculptures.” —Victor “Marka27” Quiñonez

Left: Victor “Marka27” Quiñonez working in the Public Art fabrication department at Powerhouse Arts. Photo by Xavier Petromelis, courtesy of Powerhouse Arts and the artist; Opposite: Victor “Marka27” Quiñonez, *Elevar La Cultura NYC*, 2025. Photo by Gary Judkins

OPEN CALL: PORTALS
I: DIFFUSE CONTROL

"…it takes a strong team you trust that shares a genuine passion for creating impactful work."

—Victor "Marka27" Quiñonez

Victor "Marka27" Quiñonez working in the Public Art fabrication department at Powerhouse Arts. Photo by Xavier Petromelis, courtesy of Powerhouse Arts and the artist

BACKYARD BALANCE

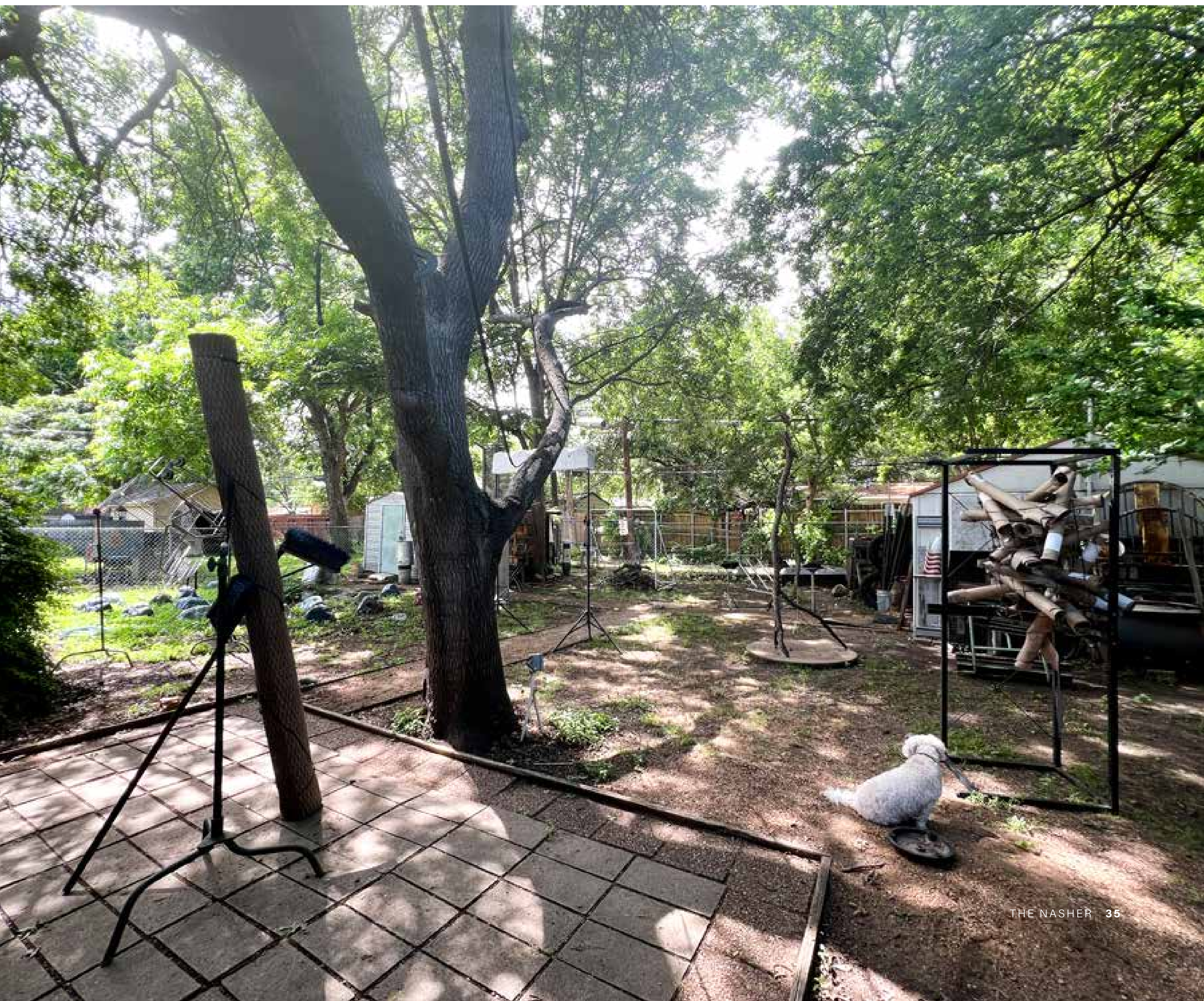
A STUDIO VISIT WITH FORT WORTH–BASED FRANCISCO JOSUÉ ALVARADO ARAUJO

BY SYDNEY SMITH

The backyard of the West Fort Worth bungalow that Francisco Josué Alvarado Araujo shares with two artist housemates, an elderly sheepdog, and a territorial Bichon Frise is an unlikely setting for a sculpture garden. Set off the street behind a jumble of vines that encircle the trunk of a dead tree, the house is slow to reveal itself. The home itself acts as a kind of portal to Alvarado Araujo's backyard studio *en plein air*. Through the kitchen door is a generous lawn occupied by ample and precariously arranged bits of junk. The contents of two sheds appear to have been exploded by an extremely thoughtful and careful bomb: A shopping cart flies upside-down atop two staggered metal pipes. ("It was an intrusive thought," he says.) A folded tarp stands up with a wide stance on its rolled-up legs, like the sheriff in an old cowboy movie. (It elegantly slumps over a few minutes before I depart.) Weathered chairs, ladders, watering cans, and indeterminable metal pieces of infinite variety are half-stored and half-sculpted in neat yet illogical stacks.

All images from Francisco Josué Alvarado Araujo's backyard workspace in Fort Worth, Texas, 2025. Photos by Adrienne Lichliter-Hines

> The garden highlights the phenomenon in any artist's studio of a fluidity between materials, ideas, experiments, and fully fledged artworks—how that process of transformation isn't always linear, how things sometimes (in Alvarado Araujo's case, quite literally) fall apart. —Sydney Smith



The 35-year-old Alvarado Araujo is best known for installations of impossibly balanced found objects that are as graceful and spare as they are volatile and slightly stressful. Much of the work included in his 2024 exhibition at Jessamine, an artist-run gallery in the former Belmont Hotel in Dallas, and numerous constructions that appeared in his backyard this May, maintain a tenuous equilibrium between objects whose precise shape and weight helps them stay together as if by fate. Each gives the impression of being displaced from homes where they've spent long lives being lounged upon or comfortably tucked on a shelf. His daily studio practice involves sitting on an upturned bucket, looking out at his collection, making some sketches from observation, and gathering the "courage or energy" to try a new arrangement. "If it doesn't work," he says, "I let it fall apart."

One function of Alvarado Araujo's backyard studio is a repository for these objects. A gleaner of urban sprawl, Alvarado Araujo cruises the metroplex in a white pickup, filling the bed with pieces of furniture, gardening tools, chunks of Styrofoam, old audiovisual equipment, and other bits and pieces with distinctive personalities, granted by their time in Texan homes as well as a certain outdated solidness of build. In contrast to other assemblage artists of his generation who search out the cheap, plentiful, and quickly cast-off debris of contemporary life, Alvarado Araujo's métier is decidedly less attached to the consumerist moment we inhabit. He seems to cherish the things he finds, declaring each special—"it doesn't seem like commercially manufactured stuff"—and describing how long he's had them or where they came from, as one describes treasured pets.

Choosing materials that appear so formed by their histories creates opportunities for these things to reflect Alvarado Araujo's own personal history and family ties. Born in Matehuala, Mexico, Alvarado Araujo moved to Fort Worth with his family as a child. Due to legal obstacles, he couldn't return until last year. Back in his birthplace, Alvarado Araujo found himself feeling disconnected. "There was this aspiration to go back, but once I did, there was nothing to go back to. That showed me that home can be anywhere." In his work, home and family appear in unlikely guises and esoteric gestures. The number five, for himself and his four siblings, reoccurs in the number of constituent elements in several sculptures. Pointing rhythmically to two lengths of faded wood held parallel by five diagonally leaning pieces of metal pipe, Alvarado Araujo declares "boy, girl, boy, girl; there are three of these metal pieces like us brothers, but one of them is always falling over. That made me think: That's us."

The garden highlights the phenomenon in any artist's studio of a fluidity between materials, ideas, experiments, and fully fledged artworks—how that process of transformation isn't always linear, how things sometimes (in Alvarado Araujo's case, quite literally) fall apart. "A lot of [this] stuff has been in shows," Alvarado Araujo says, gesturing to a row of bicycles staked through with a weathered two-by-four and a pair of lawn chairs spliced vertically together. "But once the display is over, it just goes back to being material. I have to store it somewhere and so it has to come apart." The same objects appear and reappear in different sculptures, either in exhibitions or as experiments in the backyard. Like dancers in a company, they take on different moods and characters. He makes the connection to his memories of life in Mexico, in communities where new things are scarcer and possessions are habitually repurposed and exchanged. Held onto for longer, they play many parts in their lifetimes.

Although he reuses the same objects, it's difficult for Alvarado Araujo to make the same sculpture twice. He recounts the time that *ar.ti.cu.la(ME)*, a wonderfully anarchic snarl of metal lockers wedged together with rubber exercise balls, fell apart at the Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth on a hot day. The conditions of a venue, and the changing quality of the materials themselves as they sit out in Alvarado Araujo's yard, create a volatile and always potentially kinetic installation. In his yard that afternoon, I thought about the terms in which virtually every system, institution, and industry is described in our current climate as broken, and about the radicality and grace of Alvarado Araujo's practice of simply letting things collapse. If something doesn't work, doesn't fit, it doesn't get thrown away, but repurposed and recombined into something totally new and sometimes altogether stronger.

The neighbors give the backyard studio a mixed review, for which Alvarado Araujo doesn't seem to blame them. But, as he says, "It's hard to change what you think is nice." He asks, "Is this art?" looking at a weathered orange Ikea chair. "I feel great after moving it and organizing it. I don't know if it's art; that in-between place is beautiful." When I ask if he knows when something is done, he says that he does. "Yes. If it's exciting." ■

Danh Vo

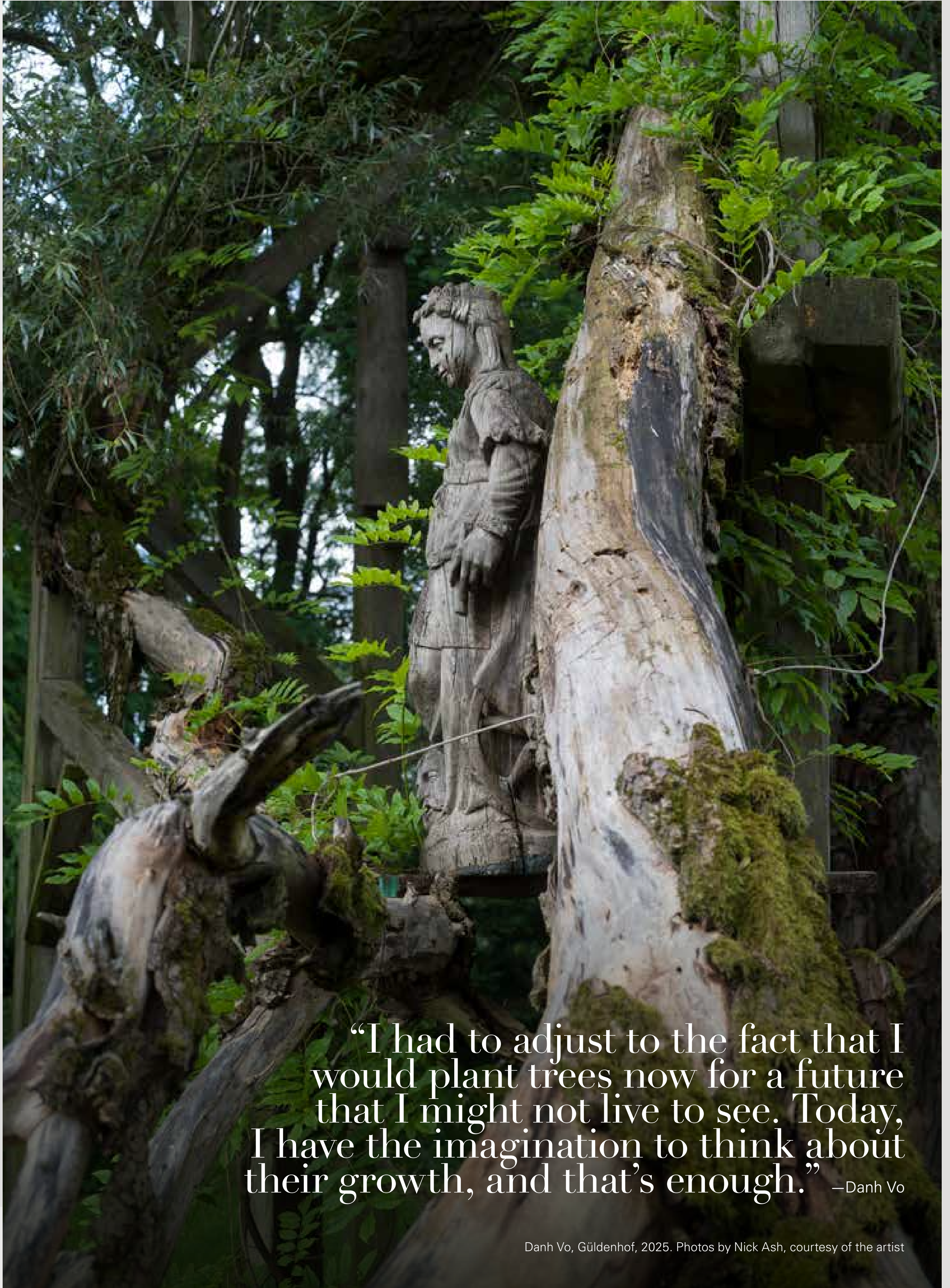
With an openness to personal relationships and fortuitous encounters, Danh Vo often takes contexts from life and exhibits them. He likes to consider the formation and dissolution of power structures, from the nation state to empires. Rather than tell binary stories of perpetrators and victims, he surfaces the ways that power enacts itself on the subject, through pleasure and pain, seduction and assimilation. His projects emerge through objects and images that have accrued meaning in the world, whether through their former ownership, their proximity to specific events, or their currency as universal icons.

Vo lives in Mexico City, Kyoto, and Berlin, but since 2017 also works on a farm housing project north of Berlin called Güldenhof. At first it was to serve as a storage space and studio but quickly became a new terrain for discovery. Today, many of Vo's religious relics and sculptures are retired to his lush gardens that connect to the renovated farmhouse, barns, and work studios. Quietly evolving, the farm has become a holistic ground for Vo's artistic project. There, vines crawl and flowers blossom, creating their own mutable relationships between the structures and objects of Vo's art and life.

"I thought I would be looking at trees; I never knew I would be growing flowers. [For Güldenhof], I asked Christine Schulz to work with me because I came across her garden and loved it. As a gardener, she's not motivated by commercial things; she has a kind of width…This whole time I am learning, and learning by doing, which is the best way.

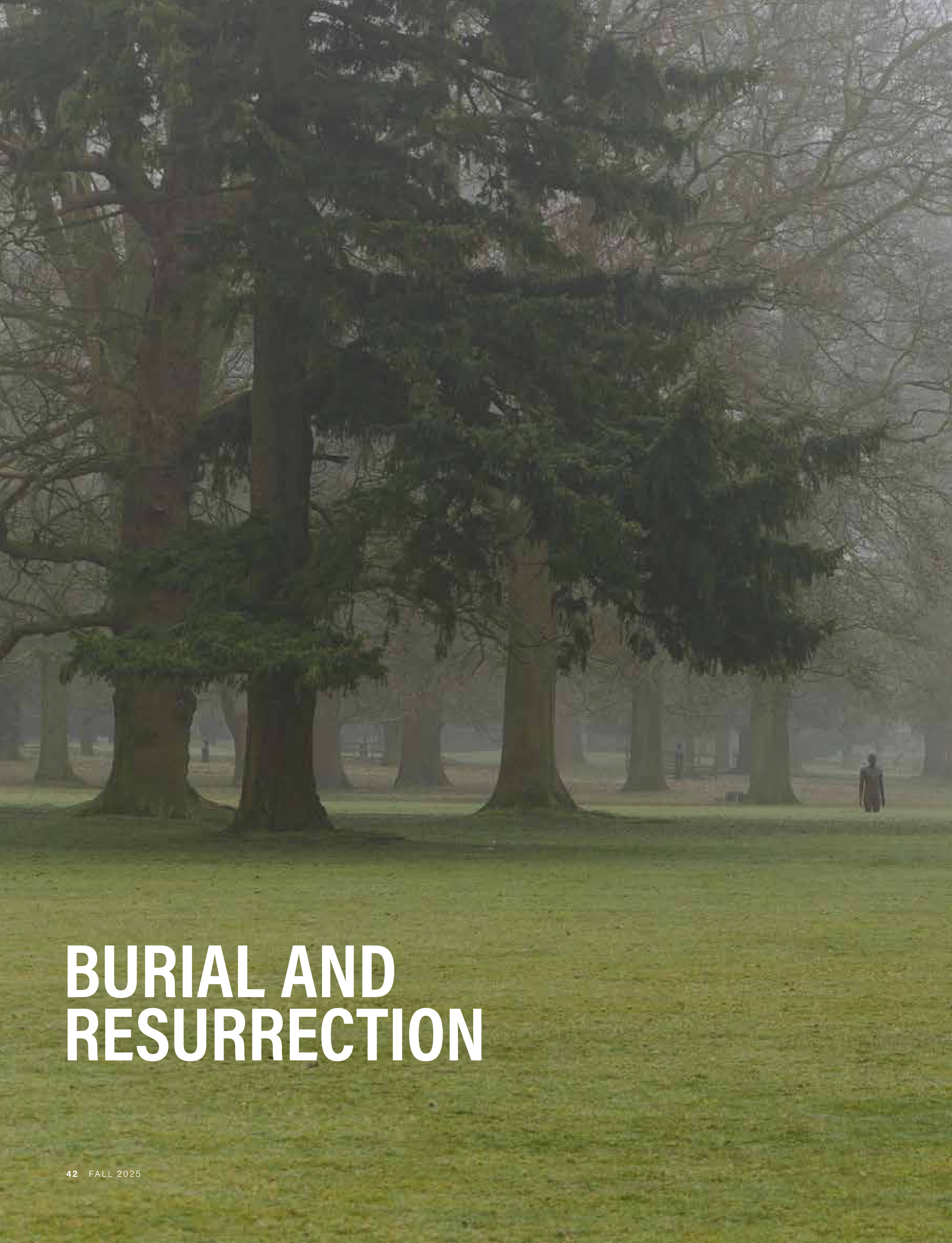
I think maybe the biggest impact has been on how I think about time. I wanted to plant some trees in Güldenhof that were already grown, but Christine said absolutely not. I had to adjust to the fact that I would plant trees now for a future that I might not live to see. Today, I have the imagination to think about their growth, and that's enough. It's also the idea that I can have all these failures in the garden, and next year [it] will be different. It's healthy because, in a way, it's the opposite of exhibition-making."

Above: Dahn Vo, photo by Heinz Peter Knes. Opposite Dahn Vo, *Tropeaolum,* 2023. Installation view, Bourse de Commerce—Pinault Collection, Paris. Photo by Aurélien Mole, courtesy of Pinault Collection.

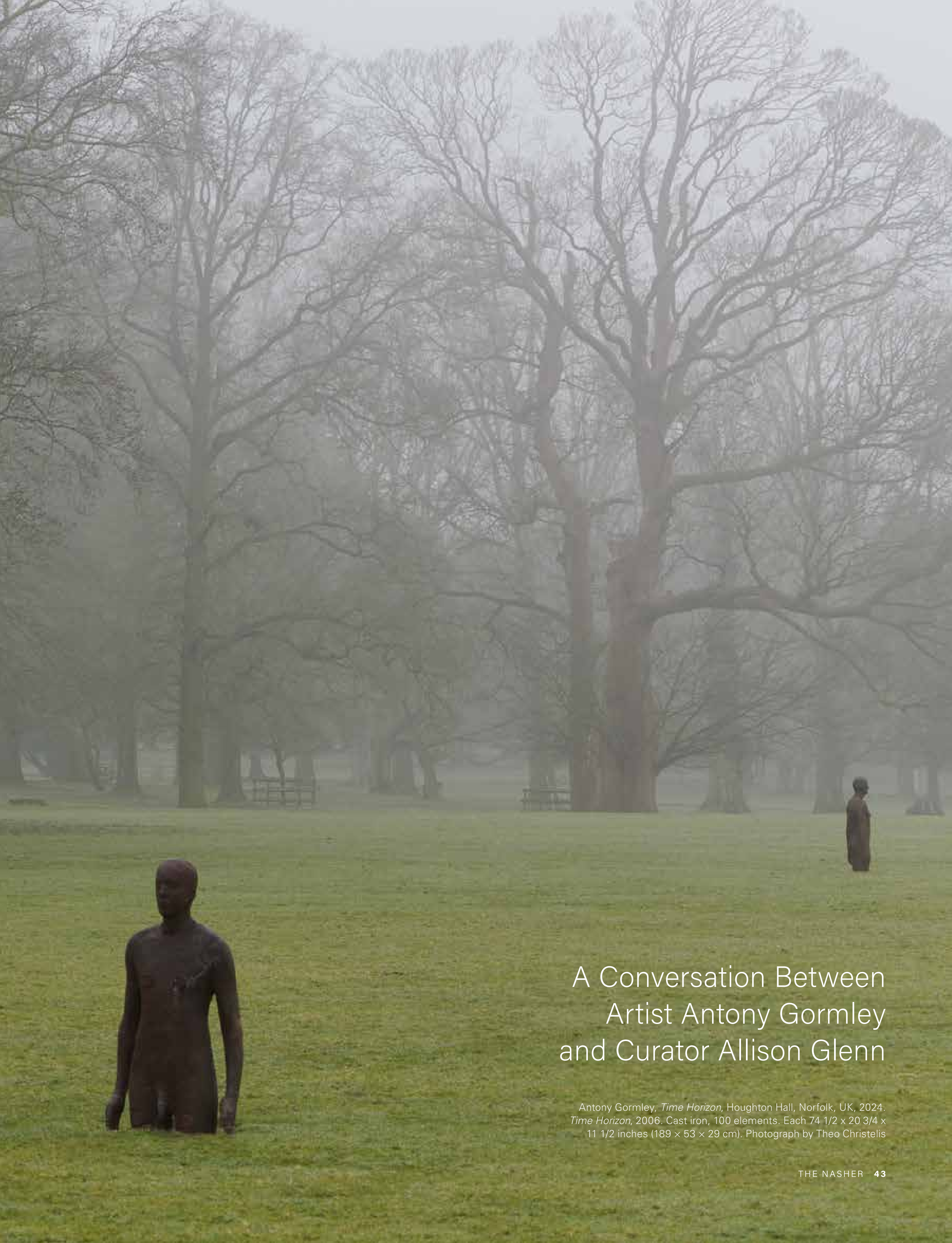


“I had to adjust to the fact that I would plant trees now for a future that I might not live to see. Today, I have the imagination to think about their growth, and that’s enough.” —Danh Vo

Danh Vo, Güldenhof, 2025. Photos by Nick Ash, courtesy of the artist



BURIAL AND RESURRECTION



A Conversation Between Artist Antony Gormley and Curator Allison Glenn

Antony Gormley, *Time Horizon,* Houghton Hall, Norfolk, UK, 2024. *Time Horizon*, 2006. Cast iron, 100 elements. Each 74 1/2 x 20 3/4 x 11 1/2 inches (189 × 53 × 29 cm). Photograph by Theo Christelis

> “I think good sculpture uses its stillness and silence to confront us with our own freedom.”
>
> —*Antony Gormley*

ALLISON GLENN: You have had such an illustrious and long career as an artist. How has it shaped the way you live your life outside of the studio?

ANTONY GORMLEY: I don’t think artists have careers, really. They have a vocation, and they follow it, and it’s a long and winding path. I didn’t become an artist to be famous. I became an artist because I couldn’t be anything else. For me, making is a form of being, feeling, and thinking that I can’t live without. I think I’ve always had a need to physically engage with the matter of the earth, but I didn’t realize what form it could take. I think the materials themselves, or the affordances within materials, have shaped me entirely.

I can think of my early experiments removing or undressing a tree, one annular ring at a time, to reveal the tree inside the tree, or the adding of layers on top of already existing things, whether they be fruit and vegetables or industrially made, human-made things. Those early experiments were really about what the surface of things reveals or how the skin of the thing differs from its presence or substance. I think that the relationship between substance and presence is absolutely still pertinent to my continued itch to make things, whether it’s to do with revelation or insulation. I am always skeptical about simply relying on how things look. Trying to copy appearance has never been the challenge that I’ve wanted to meet. I wanted to think about what lies on the other side of appearance and I feel that I’m still investigating that as a possibility.

GLENN: Do you have any habits that prepare you for that investigation? Whether philosophical or technical?

GORMLEY: You’ve got to be careful of habits, haven’t you? Because habits can become unconscious. And in a way, what one wants is to have rituals or disciplines that don’t become automatic because they’re the same as preconceptions and assumptions. I want to keep my skepticism alive, so I would be very worried if habits were driving my skepticism.

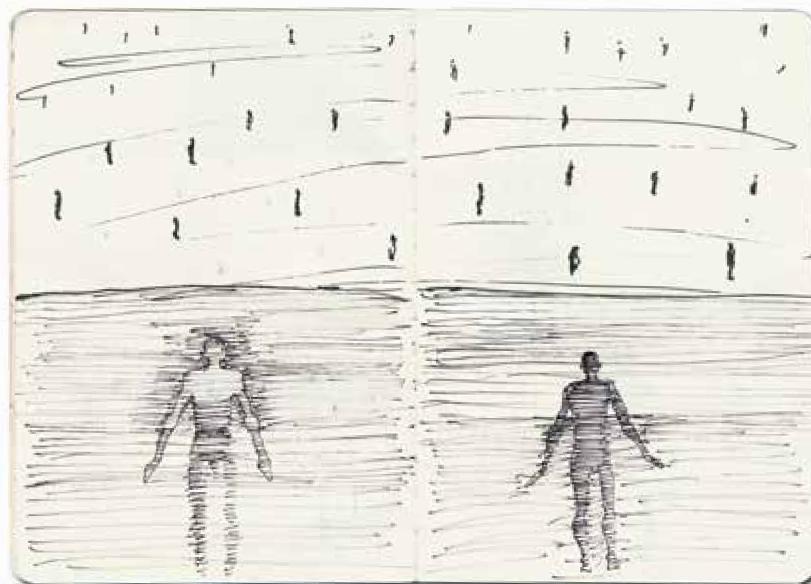
GLENN: Well, perhaps there are rituals or processes? Something in your daily life that anchors and grounds you.

GORMLEY: I guess my morning routines. They were to do meditation before, and now they have more to do with maintaining the body. I exercise every morning, and that puts me back in my body. I often wake up from a night of dreaming, or broken sleep, and it is as if I’m putting my body on or reestablishing the body as the place where I dwell. It’s an organism that has its own autonomy, but it’s my spaceship, my vehicle, and my vessel.

GLENN: The pen is more precise?

GORMLEY: Yes, but that’s interesting because the drawings are anything but precise. I’m not trying to define an edge; I’m trying to define the place of an object rather than describing the surface of the object. It’s about attitudes and how they connect.

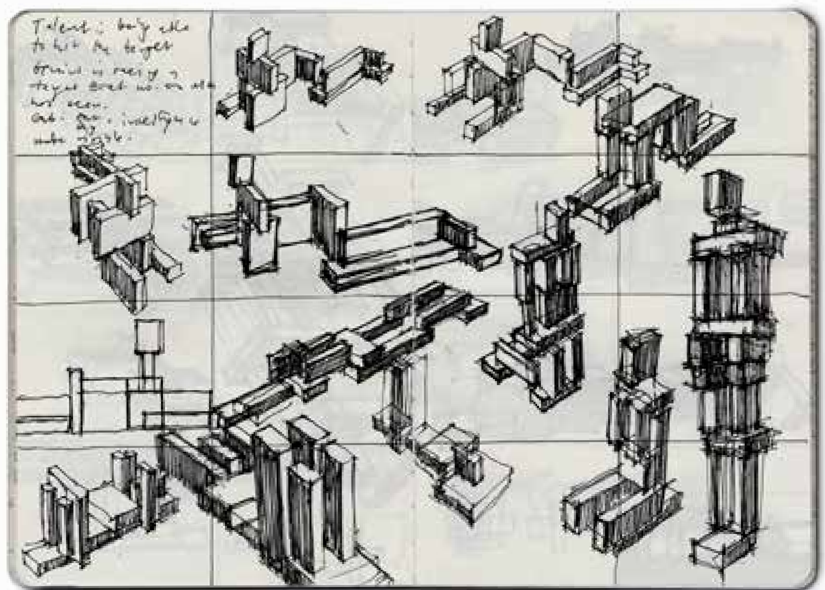
GLENN: I really appreciate how you talked about and reflected on your daily practice of meditation, and how that has shifted into moving and grounding yourself in the body, because your work is quite invested in bodies. I would like to follow up and dive into this through line, but I must first start by asking: What does sculpture mean to you?



GORMLEY: Sculpture is a thing in a world of things, but it doesn’t play the same game as most of the other things, which know how they fit in the world. A tree is rooted and, through the photosynthesis of its leaves, transfers light into substance and energy. All of the things that we share in our world, in our built environment, are, on the whole, functional. A sculpture doesn’t know how it fits in the world and refuses those functionalities. As such, it has enormous power.

Sculpture is still and silent. It resists, as it were, the use value that most things we share the world with have. I think a good sculpture uses its stillness and silence to confront us with our own freedom, and a really good sculpture uses its potential to make place, which means that it is synonymous with its context, and, in fact, its context becomes part of its content. Once it becomes a commodity object, it loses its power.

Sculpture is most powerfully evoked, I think, by the standing stone. This naturally made lump of mineral aggregation taken from its original context in or on or by the earth, once stood upright, becomes a marker in space that calls on our time. It calls on our precarity and the fact that we are here, in terms of geological time, for the blink of an eye.



This page, from top: Antony Gormley, *Another Place*, Crosby Beach, Merseyside, England, 2005–06; *Another Place*, 1997. Cast iron. 74 1/2 x 20 3/4 x 11 1/2 inches (189 × 53 × 29 cm) (100 elements). Photograph by Stephen White, London; Antony Gormley, *Aerial*, White Cube, New York, USA, 2024; *Big Sidle, 2023*. Cast iron. 105 1/2 x 34 1/2 x 25 inches (267.8 × 87.5 × 63.5 cm). Photograph by Theo Christelis, © White Cube; Antony Gormley's workbook, 2019.

Opposite: Antony Gormley's workbook, 2017

Antony Gormley, *LAST TREE*, 1979.
Cedar wood. 9 7/8 x 33 1/2 inches
(25 x 85 cm). © Antony Gormley

When you are walking across a moorland in northern England and you come across this vertical finger inserting itself into the limitlessness of the sky—the spatial dimension of the cosmos—it immediately asks you to inquire into your own motivations and mortality. That's what sculpture can do when it's allowed to do it.

GLENN: You have stated that in your work you aim to "engage with our collective experiences of the second body and the Anthropocene," which reminds me of the titular publication authored by Daisy Hildyard, *The Second Body*, where Hildyard introduces the concept of the "second body" as the collective, or larger, ecological and social systems that we inhabit. Hildyard's argument is that, although distinct from the first body, or the individual, the second body is completely impacted by every decision made by the individual; essentially articulating the idea of the second body as an intertwined network of living things. How does your work engage with ideas of the Anthropocene and ideas of the second body?

GORMLEY: I think mine and Daisy's interpretations of the second body are very distinct.

Daisy's second body is the biosphere in which we are completely embedded, but, which, in the current state of high-density living, we are very distant from.

My first body is the biological body we are born into, and my second body is the built world. The fact is that we are now well past the point where half of our species lives within the urban grid. We've become totally dependent on technology, and our lives have become indistinguishable from the world that we have made, and that world has become more and more intelligent. We're all dependent on our external brains. I would say my sculpture is a form of asking the question: Is this really what we want? Is not embodied firsthand experience—the immersion in the elements in the material world, the manifested animal nature of our existence—the very thing that is most precious? Is it not what allows us most potently to experience and interact with the greater-than-human world on which we totally depend, and from which we derive so much inspiration, life, and energy?

GLENN: I really appreciate that orientation and articulation of how the networked world we have built has removed us from the experience of really being. You have a real and deliberate interest in the body and one's phenomenological experience, and you explore this in your practice alongside a real material investigation of site, specifically by often including minerals and geologic histories within the research and development of your work. How did this emerge in your practice?

GORMLEY: When I was a child, I was always burying things, wanting to see how direct immersion in the earth would change them. Burial and then resurrection, or hiding and finding, have been with me from very early on.

Prehistoric standing stone on the Isle of Arran in North Ayrshire, Scotland. Photo © Nigel Hoy, dreamstime.com

At about 10 years old, I did my first archaeological dig. I went to Fishbourne, which is in West Sussex, just outside Chichester in England—the site of a Roman palace occupied from the end of the first century to the third century AD. This was an amazing place to be for a young, curious child. I found a boar's tooth, some fragments of red pottery and some tesserae from a mosaic. They're still in a little basket that I had at the time. That memory can be physical, carried through objects embedded in the earth, has been with me for a long time.

I've always wanted to enter the earth, and so ever since school, I've been a caver. That interest in caving evolved into [me] becoming absolutely passionate about the whole history of cave painting and sculpture. You could say the history of sculpture, universal in hominid culture, has gone to the rock as the carrier of our feelings about life and its vulnerability. Whether it's Homo erectus or Neanderthal, Cro-Magnon or Homo sapiens, we were tiny bands witnessing enormous herds, flocks, and shoals of vibrant life-forms that far outnumbered us. We respected them, we loved them, we were fearful of them, but we killed them in order to survive.

That relationship with the greater-than-human world, I think, has been maybe most powerfully expressed in the Chauvet Cave. But also think of those two deer in the Font-de-Gaume with the male stag bending down to lick the head of a female. That is one of the most touching images of affection and creaturely love in the whole history of art.

GLENN: To return to the relationship between your work and Daisy Hildyard's work: She authored an essay called *Landing* where she reflected on *Time Horizon* (2024), your recent public commission of 100 life-size sculptures distributed across 300 acres of the Houghton Hall park in Norfolk. These sculptures are arranged at a constant height irrespective of topography, with most submerged within the landscape—which now makes me think of your inner child and that desire to bury things—while others teeter atop concrete plinths. In *Landing*, Hildyard introduces a fairly new term for me called *solastalgia*, which is "the grief or longing for a place

From top, *The Factory*, Gormley's studio on King's Cross Road, London, 1974. © Antony Gormley; Antony Gormley, *SLEEPING PLACE*, 1974. Plaster and linen. 21 3/4 x 35 3/4 x 41 3/4 inches (55 x 91 x 106 cm). © Antony Gormley

“Think of those two deer in the Font-de-Gaume with the male stag bending down to lick the head of a female. That is one of the most touching images of affection and creaturely love in the whole history of art.”

—Antony Gormley

that no longer exists,” different from *nostalgia*, which can be understood as a sentimental longing for a subjective past. In what ways might the term solastalgia align with your ways of thinking?

GORMLEY: Yeah, this is something that [writer and theorist] Mark Fisher discusses, too, in his concept of “hauntology.” Are you aware of Mark Fisher’s work?

GLENN: Yes, but he’s new to me. As new as this solastalgia term is.

GORMLEY: He calls it nostalgia for things that you have not experienced. You might take as an example the recent film about Bob Dylan. Dylan is still alive, but to many young people, the Z generation, that whole story about the Newport Folk Festival, even Woodstock, is a thing in the deep past, but for which they have enormous nostalgia for, even though they’ve never experienced it. And I think this is what Mark Fisher talks about as a kind of haunting. It’s the haunting appeal of areas of experience that are simply not available but have enormous power.

Clockwise: Antony Gormley, *Sense*, 1991. Concrete. 29 1/4 x 24 1/2 x 23 1/2 inches (74.5 × 62.5 × 60 cm). Photograph by Stephen White & Co, London; Prototype of painting of the facsimile of the Chauvet cave in Vallon-Pont-d'Arc. Photo by Jeff Pachoud/AFP via Getty Images; A prehistoric Paleolithic cave painting from the Magdalenian period located in the Font-de-Gaume cave in the Vézère Valley, France; © Olivier Huard / CMN Dist. Art Resource, NY

I wonder if people have a nostalgia now for the ’60s, when education, which is a basic human right, was both monetarily and conceptually free.

I feel guilty in the face of the present state of university education. I was given a place at Cambridge in 1968 and entered into a world in which every form of conceptual and physical experimentation was invited and encouraged. And now I feel that everybody’s fighting for a place in a late-capitalist world that they don’t really believe in, but feel that a degree is a significant survival tool.

GLENN: I have solastalgia for the Boomer experience because it actually looks so free.

GORMLEY: Well, I think that you know exactly what I’m talking about. When I came back from India in mid-1974, I immediately found somewhere to squat, invited my friends, and, within a year, we had nearly 30 artists working in an abandoned factory that we never paid a penny for. And we had a five-story, mid-19th-century house stuffed with friends and associates from my university years. Money was the last thing that we cared about. The combination we find today of false scarcity and false desire—the twin instruments by which capitalism enchants us into modes of living and working—alienates us from ourselves and then produces chimeras of our own lost experience. The cyber world, with Instagram and selfies, is the principal engine of this. Sculpture is an important antidote because it brings us back to real things in the real world that encourage firsthand, physical experience.

GLENN: I completely agree.

GORMLEY: That’s a shame! We can’t have a good old barney!

GLENN: Unfortunately, we are too aligned there! But, I’d like to turn back to your work and the impact of architecture on your practice and specifically through a particular work, *The Model Room* (1994–2013).

GORMLEY: That is *The Model Room* acquired by Tate, but let’s forget that one and think about the new room at the Nasher. Models are an essential part of the evolution of any sculptural idea and language. We make models all the time, and we will be sending a whole group of models to the Nasher that relate, mainly, to projects that have been realized or are in the process of being realized. Some we may find are so ambitious that they can’t be realized. It’s slightly weird to be sending the final models of finished works. It makes it seem fixed, but, in fact, the [experience] leading up to the final model is often a long and winding road identified by many models, which evolve and change as they go.

As I’m sitting here in the studio, there are models everywhere, on different scales. This one’s lost its arm. These ones are so small that they come in little plastic bags, but they’re very useful. They are so important because they are toys and they’re mutable. You can place them on the ground and find relationships that work. And they are the means by which change takes place. I would say the big leap is from the drawing or the scan to the physical thing, but that leap is enabled by the model. The model room at the Nasher will have lots of models at different scales and in different materials, as well as 180 workbooks.

GLENN: Are you introducing any site-specific works in this survey?

GORMLEY: Well, the Nasher was very keen for me to make a work for the garden, but the garden is quite full already, so I felt that we could use the garden simply as an observation space to look at downtown Dallas: the surroundings of the museum itself. Like standing stones, there is a remarkable forest of high-rises that were not there when I visited Dallas for the first time, in the ’90s. I want to allow people to recognize and feel that. I’m making this field of Domains specifically for Dallas. They’re completely new works made at life scale from 10-millimeter-square-section, stainless-steel bar.

GLENN: Some will be placed on the roof as I understand it, looking over.

GORMLEY: Yes, there’ll be one on one of the pillars that holds up the roof of the Renzo Piano-designed museum. That’ll be the closest to the viewer. As I speak now, we have a few other agreed-upon sites. The idea is that you go out having stumbled across some of my works in the museum, and then maybe your attention is drawn to this high-rise context. I’m hoping that, because of the nature of the way these things are made, the different facets of those square elements will catch the sun in different ways. You may not be able to see the work itself, but you will be aware of the reflection from the surface of the works that are at the top of a tower.

GLENN: Incredible. I cannot wait. Okay, my last question is more personal. Who are your influences?

GORMLEY: My influences are very wide. In terms of sculpture, I love those modernist pioneers, whether it is Brancusi or Giacometti. I follow Giacometti insofar as I question what happened to art in the 20th century, that in liberating itself from service to power and the representation of people of power, it went into a concern with form that then rinsed itself of content or richness of meaning: color for color; paint for paint; metal for metal. I would like to think that Giacometti’s turning against the formalism, or even the surrealism of his early works in the 1930s, in order to confront existence itself, is something that I am also trying to do.

The distinction between us is that Giacometti uses the ancient injunction of the artist observing the model through separation. Distance from the body treated as an object is at the core of Giacometti’s project. I have turned my back on that and turned it inside out by saying, What we have got to do is recognize the strangeness of that found object that we live within and make an account of it from the inside.

My journey has been in the darkness of the body, inquiring into the ageless, objectless condition of being. ■

SURVEY: Antony Gormley *is on view at the Nasher Sculpture Center until January 4, 2026, including public works installed around the museum. Look up!*

Antony Gormley, *Event Horizon*, Madison Square Park, New York, USA, 2010. *Event Horizon*, 2007. 27 fiberglass and 4 cast iron figures. Each 74 1/2 x 20 3/4 x 11 1/2 inches (189 × 53 × 29 cm). Photograph by James Ewing, New York

The Nasher's Conservator Visits the Workspaces of Several Collection Artists, Past and Present

BY CLAIRE TAGGART

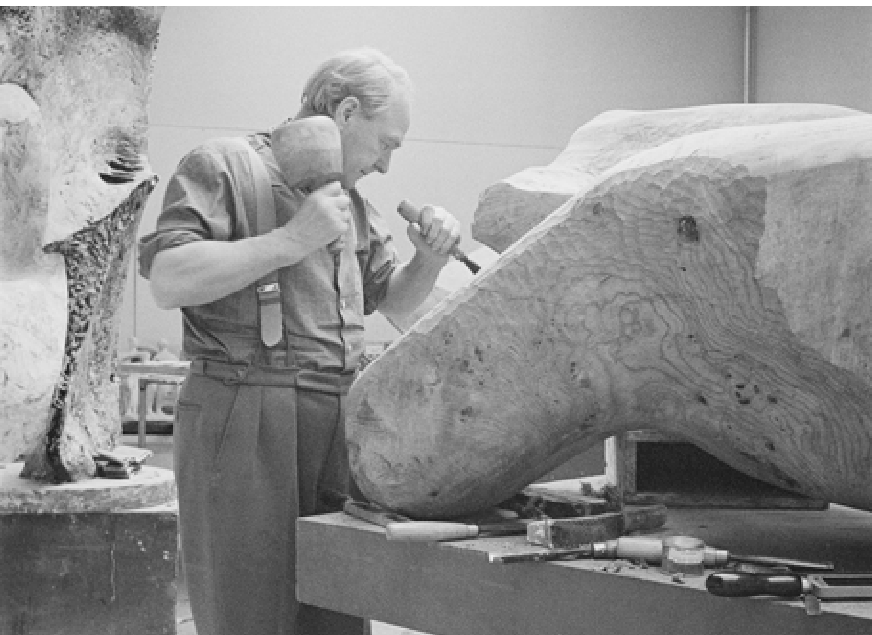
Stepping into an artist's studio—whether preserved by a foundation since their passing or still actively generating artwork at the hands of a living artist—is an illuminating experience for any visitor. But for conservators, these spaces contain a trove of insights that inform the long-term care of the artworks produced within them. Personal collections of stones and shells, maquettes, carving tools, commercially prepared paint samples, or test plates left to change over time impart clues as to how to best care for an artwork.

The permanently installed or seemingly frozen studio spaces of deceased artists present a special challenge for conservators, archivists, or collection managers, as they care for anything from finished works to notebook sketches, overall conveying a feeling that the artist has just left the working space. Finished works in particular may be presented in their ideal conservation condition and method of display, becoming an excellent resource when researching the treatment of a similar example.

During a recent visit to the Henry Moore Studios & Gardens, located near the rural hamlet of Much Hadham, north of London, I was struck by seeing the objects that Moore lived with every day. On a tour of his home, the guide made sure to introduce a collection of things found in a crush on every surface. From glass baubles and flint stones to various shells and artifacts Moore collected from other cultures, he maximized his surfaces for his pleasure and consideration. After visiting the Bourne Maquette Studio, deeper into the property, I came to learn just how these treasures informed Moore's work. He made innumerable miniatures of his realized sculptures, formed out of flint stones and plasticine. These bones and stones not only served as inspiration but were often assembled as stylized precursors later developed and cast in bronze.

The similarly bucolic Trewyn Studio, Barbara Hepworth's home and studios in St Ives on the Cornish coast of England, has been cared for by Tate since 1980, following the artist's death, in 1975. It remains representative of the artist's preferences for display and treatment of her outdoor sculpture, achieving an elegant presentation of her living and working spaces, complete with an array of her tools. I visited Trewyn Studio with the Tate conservation team in 2018 to assist with their routine maintenance of the outdoor sculpture. It was then that I learned of the careful restoration that was performed on the monumental bronze *Four-Square (Walk Through)* (1966) in 2017. With the surfaces refreshed, the tool marks carried from the original plaster to the final bronze were more discernible and easily compared with the very tools on display. Treatments such as this establish a benchmark for conservation professionals charged with interpreting a faded patina or the hidden signs of the artist's hand.

Preserving Fact and Feeling



Above: A shelf in Henry Moore's studio, with found objects and plaster maquettes. Photo by Jonty Wilde. © Henry Moore Foundation. All Rights Reserved, DACS 2025 / www.henry-moore.org

Left: Henry Moore carving the elmwood *Reclining Figure,* 1959–64. Photo by Errol Jackson. © Henry Moore Foundation. All Rights Reserved, DACS 2025 / www.henry-moore.org

While interning at the Judd Foundation in Marfa, Texas, I recall perusing paint swatches from Harley-Davidson retained in the archives. When conservators at the Whitney Museum of American Art discovered that one of their Donald Judd works, *Untitled* (1965), was painted in "HDHF Purple," for Harley-Davidson Hi-Fi Purple, this enabled them to confidently repaint their work with a similar color formula to closely match the original. The swatches in the archives are not necessarily accessed for direct color-matching, however, as paint formulas change, retaining them as a reference can help steer conservation decision-making.

Top: View of Barbara Hepworth Museum and Sculpture Garden, 2020, featuring *Four Square (Walk Through)*, 1966, on the right. Photo by Kirstin Prisk

Above: British sculptor Barbara Hepworth (1903–75) at work in 1950 on an abstract stone sculpture for the Dome of Discovery on London's South Bank for the Festival of Britain of 1951. Photo by Haywood Magee/Picture Post/Hulton Archive/Getty Images

Opposite: Interior of Barbara Hepworth's carving workshop at Trewyn Studio, which is now Barbara Hepworth Museum and Sculpture Garden, St Ives, Cornwall. Barbara Hepworth © Bowness

In contrast to preserved studios, there is the ongoing ingenuity of a bustling studio such as Antony Gormley's. I recently enjoyed a tour of the spaces and projects underway in his lofty, light-filled workshop in London. Gormley and his studio team have been carrying out a series of tests on different materials used by the artist, including lead and cast iron, that push metal surfaces in exciting directions. These experiments serve to inform the artist and fabricators of potential surface treatments, protective coatings, and display parameters. They also become valuable examples of future material challenges that those charged with preserving these artworks may encounter. Working with conservators, the studio has been exploring methods of treating Gormley's many sculptures made of lead, a collaboration that is mutually beneficial as discoveries are made.

For those of us working to preserve both the tangible and intangible elements an artist calls a final work, the studio space can be both a repository of reference material and an enchanting look into the working life of a creator. While paint samples and test plates can offer verified answers during a conservation project, there is value in sitting in the space that an artist once occupied, or in walking the path they traveled from home to studio. Conservators collect data and material specifications so that their practice can operate with as much objectivity as possible. But, in cases where interpretation is necessary, and finite information is not available, a honed and careful subjectivity and, in some ways, instinct, is a benefit.

While making my way through Moore's gardens, I picked up one of the many pieces of flint that speckled the earth and considered it, as Moore may have done. The opaline crust of the flint was split to sharply reveal the quartz inside. It was dimpled, evoking a face. Assessing this source material doesn't divulge a technical picture of Moore's final artworks; it does, however, remind me to maintain the natural nuance in a surface or enhance the soft shadows in a bronze form. When learning the techniques used to apply a patina to bronze, selecting the right chemical formulas and adjusting mixing ratios are those first quantifiable steps for a successful treatment. Sitting in the grass amongst a dozen Moore bronzes as the sun seems to illuminate the works from within provides an experience that feeds the less-tangible aspect of preserving an artwork's presence. ■

Henry Moore, *Large Reclining Figure*, 1984, at Henry Moore Studio & Gardens. Photo by Sarah Mercer. © Henry Moore Foundation All Rights Reserved, DACS 2025 / www.henry-moore.org

Monsieur Zohore

Monsieur Zohore is an Ivorian-American artist with geographic ties as boundless as his practice. Though he spends much of the year teaching in Richmond, Virginia, his practice travels with him to studios across the globe, stowed away in a suitcase, ready for play. His recurring use of humble or overlooked materials—such as paper towels, municipal infrastructure, surplus ephemera, and quotidian experiences—illuminates how systems of power permeate the everyday.

“My work moves the way I do: fast, curious, flexible, and always slightly overdressed for the weather. I don't bring a fixed perspective to new places; I let the place reroute me. Sometimes the bleach reacts differently. Sometimes the jokes land harder. Sometimes the paper towels get homesick.

Transfiguration isn't a metaphor in my practice—it's my preferred means of transacting. A bus tour can be a sculpture, a grocery list can be a thesis, a gift can be an indictment. Every site offers new ingredients, new irritants, new ghosts to bust. And, let's be honest: Wherever I go, someone is being racist, sexist, homophobic, or just deeply embarrassing. Which, thank god. Otherwise, what would I make work about? Or laugh at?”

This page, clockwise from left, 1-3: Monsieur Zohore's studio in Florence, 2023. Photos by Stefano Casati, courtesy of the artist and Magenta Plains; Installation view of *Monsieur Zohore: Tutto* at Amanita, Florence, 2023. Photo by Stefano Casati, courtesy of the artist and Magenta Plains

Next two pages, *Digital Paper Towel Work* by Monsieur Zohore, 2025. Courtesy of the artist and Magenta Plains.

WHERE IS MONSIEUR
ZOHORE'S STUDIO ?

“My work moves the way I do: fast, curious, flexible…”

— Monsieur Zohore

LOS ANGELES

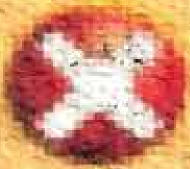
ATHÍNA

FIRENZE
PARIS

CHICHAGO

BACK

BALTIMORE



MIAMI
BERLIN

RICHMOND
CIUDAD DE MÉXICO

The Westbeth

In a 19th century Manhattan Building, Hundreds of Artists Live and Work

BY SILVIA BENEDETTI
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ORESTI TSONOPOULOS

Nowhere else in the world is quite like Westbeth, a true sanctuary for composers, playwrights, musicians, choreographers, actors, writers, and visual artists. This unique community emerged in 1970, repurposing the historic Bell Laboratories factory at West Street and Bethune—a hub where about 4,000 scientists worked, introducing groundbreaking technologies such as sound motion pictures, television transmission, color TV transmission, the digital computer, the transistor, and others, between 1898 and 1966. Transformed into 383 rent-stabilized, live-work units through renovations by architect Richard Meier; crucial funding from the National Endowment for the Arts and the J.M. Kaplan Fund; and the support of influential New Yorkers, Westbeth blossomed into the nation's largest federally subsidized arts colony, offering artists not just living and working areas but also a secure environment to raise their families in a city where prices relentlessly rise.

It took me nearly a decade of living in New York City to finally step foot into Westbeth. It was the summer of 2021. I found myself at the legendary, experimental artists' commune in Manhattan at the invitation of writer and photographer Kurt Hollander, who was facing the sad task of clearing out the apartment where he'd grown up. His mother, an anthropologist, had recently passed away, leaving behind a lifetime of memories and possessions in the 1,000-square-foot duplex. Kurt's mother and his father, a printmaker, had raised their children in this unique setting in bohemian West Village.

Every apartment in Westbeth brims with history, home to residents whose careers span the spectrum from highly successful to long-forgotten, and others whose artistic paths have significantly shifted over the years. Since 1970, many notable figures have called Westbeth home, including Tom Waits, Robert De Niro Sr., Paul Benjamin, and Vin Diesel, alongside visual artists such as Carl Andre, Lorraine O'Grady, Juanita McNeely, Hannah Wilke, and photographer Diane Arbus. In my recent visits I crossed a few times with Hans Haacke, a testament to the vibrant artistic presence that continues within its walls.

Early resident artist Charles Seplowin affectionately calls Westbeth a miracle. He notes the building's robust construction, vital during World War I and II; its double-thick walls and reinforced structure made demolition too costly and ultimately led to its repurposing as an artists' haven. Seplowin, who moved to Westbeth after graduating from Rhode Island School of Design (RISD), initially planned to open an iron foundry in the building; however, NYC fire laws prevented this. This led him to innovate by creating iron-like sculptures

Westbeth resident Charles Seplowin moved his studio to an old industrial elevator house on one of the building's multiple rooftops. His sculptures are made of Styrofoam, cut and shaped with hot wire.

Artist Tom Duncan's studio and apartment are filled with art, collectibles, and assemblages. He and his family moved to Westbeth in 1970, being one of the building's first residents.

from Styrofoam using a machine with a hot wire that follows lines from Adobe Illustrator to cut out shapes. As dean of the art department at Lehman College, he insisted on the importance of combining technology with art. After Hurricane Sandy destroyed his basement studio, Seplowin ingeniously relocated his creative space to an old industrial elevator house on one of Westbeth's multiple rooftops, offering views of downtown Manhattan. He maintains his residence on a separate rooftop, a traditional apartment he and his wife renovated and decorated with his sculptures.

Tom Duncan, renowned for his meticulous miniature recreation to Coney Island, *Dedicated to Coney Island* (1984-2002), was among Westbeth's first 50 tenants, arriving in 1970 with his wife and two young daughters. His cousin, who worked at Bell Laboratories, tipped him off about the artists' housing a year in advance. "I knew about it very early, even before *The New York Times*," he recalls, adding, "Honestly, I don't see how I could have survived in the city without this. I'm very, very grateful." His studio, located beneath what were train tracks of the old railroad that ran through part of the building, houses a significant portion. Here he

creates large, complex, and interactive sculptures that resemble three-dimensional collages, mixing toys and existing objects with his own fabricated creations. Born in Scotland in 1939, Duncan, through his work, explores his childhood memories of the second World War and the joy of immigrating to America. Duncan creates smaller pieces in his loft apartment, which brims with curiosities and collections, including model ships such as the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Westbeth is more than just a place with rent-stabilized residential units and artist studios. It also has a rotating studio program, a print studio, a ceramic studio, and a gallery. Valérie Hallier, the gallery director, currently occupies one of the rotating studios and her two-bedroom apartment is filled with her artwork. Flower petals are the most important element in her creations, which she mixes with self-portraits by adhering them to various surfaces, including canvases, plaster sculptures, and recycled objects. Hallier ensures that 50 percent of the gallery's shows feature Westbeth artists, all the while fostering partnerships with other institutions. A French-born Fulbright alumni, she secured a residency after being selected from 7,000 applicants. She entered the lottery in May 2019 and moved in April 2022—an unusually quick turnaround. Erin Quinn Purcell, an actor and playwright, waited 13 years for a residency there. The Westbeth theater, now managed by The New

The daughter of an actor/director and a theater historian, artist Rachel Urkowitz grew up at Westbeth and today is raising her two sons in the building where she has an apartment and studio

School, was the first place Quinn Purcell performed in New York City. Now she is the president of the Westbeth Artists Residents Council and lives there with her husband, jazz guitarist Peter Bernstein.

Rachel Urkowitz, a resident whose work involves choreographing reconfigurable objects in space, grew up at Westbeth. Her family moved in in 1970, when she was just two months old. Her mother was an actor, director, and theatre historian. Her father, a Shakespeare scholar, worked as a dramaturg. Urkowitz describes her Westbeth childhood as "a tremendous gift," highlighting the early Halloween parades—which evolved into the annual Greenwich Village tradition—as a significant

Giant flower petals adorn the Westbeth studio of artist and Westbeth Gallery Director Valérie Hallier.

memory. She recalls a childhood where the concept of "responsible adulthood" felt foreign, as her parents' artistic careers meant an unconventional lifestyle. Today, Urkowitz is raising her two sons in Westbeth. She creates plastic objects that can be taken apart, reassembled, and reconfigured in new ways. "I am very interested in sort of painting in the extended field," Urkowitz explains.

Westbeth is a unique example where New York's vibrant artistic past and present converge, nurturing generations of artists. From its beginnings as an innovative industrial center to its transformation into the nation's largest federally subsidized artist colony, Westbeth has always offered a vital sanctuary for creative people. Here, careers flourish, families are raised, and creativity across all practices is not only fostered, but woven into the fabric of everyday life. As Westbeth looks to the future, its continued existence is a testament to the idea that art, community, and affordability can coexist and thrive.

Entering Westbeth can seem like a journey through time, offering glimpses of the past. Walking its long corridors and hidden corners evokes a sense of discovery; it feels like a forgotten place that's also a hidden treasure waiting to be rediscovered. I just hope that for the future, it remains as a place where artists live, families grow, and creativity is cultivated, interwoven with everyday life, proving that art, community, and affordability can coexist and thrive. ■

En Iwamura

When you enter the Shigaraki village, home to an ancient Japanese kiln site, rich clay beds, and a still-thriving community of ceramicists, you may come upon a sea of thousands of tanuki statues. The mystical yōkai creatures, with their plump bellies and saucer-eyed stares, are based on the native tanuki, a breed of raccoon-like dog, and are a symbol of luck, prosperity, and mischief. It is there, inside an old gift shop, that you will find the studio of Japanese ceramicist En Iwamura.

Iwamura's sculptures and installations consist of amorphous faces and figures projecting simplified, cartoon-like expressions. His work is largely informed by the Japanese philosophical concept of ma, which is concerned with the space between two things—both beings and inanimate objects—and its influence on consciousness, emotion, and experience. One can't help but draw comparisons between the rows of folkloric figurines and those of Iwamura's making, which draw from both ancient and pop Japanese influences.

"When I was in the USA and other places outside of Japan, I was nomadic, hopping between ceramic residencies. I met many artist friends who travel the world and I liked that.

In 2018, I moved to Shigaraki as a resident at the Shigaraki Ceramic Cultural Park and stayed, thinking I could stay connected with my international ceramicist friends there. When I was abroad, local people supported me a lot and I wanted to support them in Shigaraki if they came to Japan.

Over time, I realized that Shigaraki's environment has inspired my works. Not only does it offer historical ceramics culture, but there are many international artists nearby—it's an active, contemporary art scene in a small, rural mountain village."

Left: Rows of tanuki sculptures outside a gift shop in Shigaraki, Japan. Photo by En Iwamura

Opposite, clockwise from top: Installation view of *En Iwamura: Mask*, Ross + Kramer Gallery, New York, 2025. Photo by Grace Dodds, courtesy of Ross + Kramer Gallery, New York; En Iwamura in his studio, in front of his kiln. Photo by Gentoku Katakura, courtesy of the artist and Ross + Kramer Gallery, New York; En Iwamura, *Neo Jomon: Blue Mask*, 2024 (detail). Glazed ceramic, gold. 23 x 36 x 14 5/8 inches (58.42 x 91.44 x 37.15 cm). Photo by Grace Dodds, courtesy of Ross + Kramer Gallery, New York

“Over time, I realized that Shigaraki’s environment has inspired my works. …it’s an active, contemporary art scene in a small, rural mountain village.”

—En Iwamura

En Iwamura’s studio in Shigaraki, Japan, 2025. Photo by the artist

BY NATHAN CARTER

The Countess deftly applied her makeup in the back seat of a large black hired car as it heroically bumped and bounced over a series of vicious roadway abnormalities.

Upon arrival at No. 82 18th Street, Brooklyn, New York, her driver pulls into an unregulated, open-air maintenance shop to repair a flat tire. The Countess peers out from the back seat of the car, looks up to see an artist named Nathan Carter, née Mars, sitting precariously on the ledge of an open second-floor window. He throws down a set of keys: "Come on up but watch your step," he says. "The staircase has a peculiar left-leaning tilt to it!" Catching the keys in one hand, behind her back, the Countess opens the door, cautiously steps inside and immediately encounters a small group of Brooklyn artist types hanging out on the staircase. One of them has an electric guitar; another sticks her tongue out; a third demands, "Hoo u?"

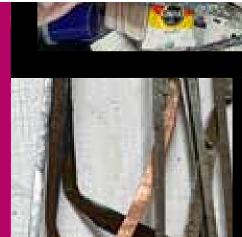
"I am the Countess von Vodcula, née Tangerloo, of Palace Schloss Schönbrunn," she replies, and I have ventured to South Brooklyn in the great city of New York to see the artist's studio."

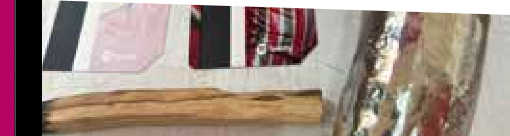
"He's upstairs" says the one with the guitar, as she gently strums the opening chords to *Nervous Breakdown*.

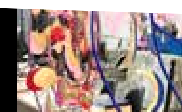
Up one flight and a left turn. The studio door opens. The unmistakable scent of Aedes de Venustas Copal Azur perfume is in the air.

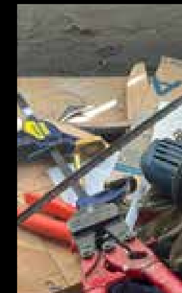
"Follow the light," says the artist, as the Countess' eyes adjust to the dark. Within the studio, she encounters…

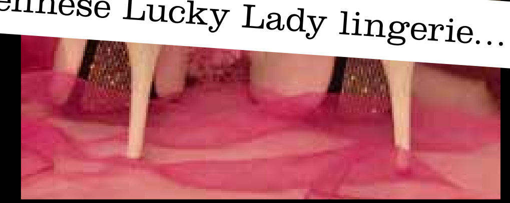
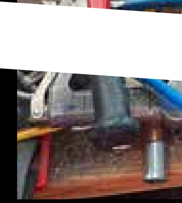
A flotilla of angry-looking dirigibles hovering near the ceiling, above a flock of frantic fruit bats…countersink drivers…Full-color-spectrum radar reflectors and fallen flowers…Abandoned metals and rescued plastics…Clay animals and fantasy maps…Intersexual botanical beings and plates…Fishnets, eyeliner and spiked hotstepper stiletto high heels…Conquistador garter collection for Switchblade Sally…Party dresses with matching Viennese Lucky Lady lingerie…





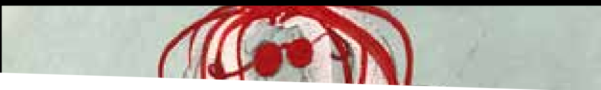


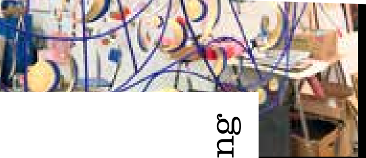


Workbenches piled high with an extraordinarily unorganized mountain of hand tools, welders and varied machinery…Tables with paint tins and tubes of every color, pencil shavings, used examination gloves…Several threatening-looking electric guitars and a fluorescent pink thong…Fascinators, party hats and batwing flying capes…Drill bits and curious floral proliferations…Peacock palaces…Queer and colorful machines that kill fascists…A library of special books and David Bowie MetroCards…Slayer-Metallica tequila cups and matching

And a big red bar for cocktails.





"I came to deepest Brooklyn in order to view your fabrications in their becoming," says the Countess, taking in the bar. "But I have found that this place is not only a productive workshop of whimsy but also a special locus where you practice the arcane art of irrational play."

"All day, every day—that it may be the last thing I ever do," says Nathan, as he reaches for a pair of glasses on a shelf behind the bar.

Discovering in the artist a friend most sympatico, the Countess exclaims, "We require an elixir that we may drink to this noble goal! But just a whisper of the devil's poison, sir—or shall I call you madam?" Nathan, or perhaps Mars, begins to pour her drink.

"All of the above, please," replies the artist, "and the pleasure will be mine." ■

The Nasher Sculpture Center is proud to include works by Nathan Carter in its permanent collection

Images of Nathan Carter's studio, Brooklyn, New York, courtesy of the artist

Family photo courtesy of Harrison Blake, New Mexico, 1994

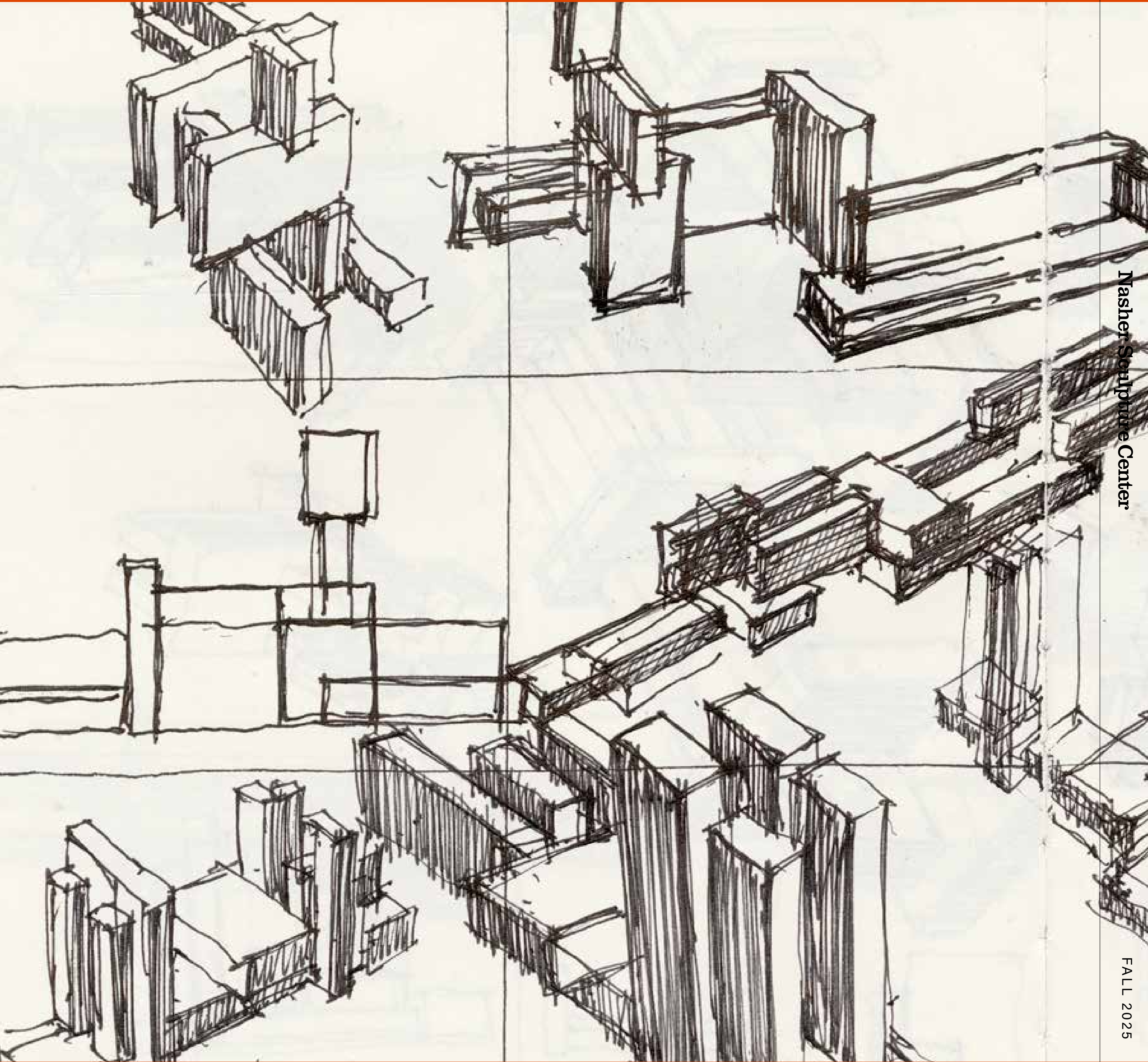
My Canyon, My Shelter
By harrison blake

not the river
but the drought's suggesting
a riverbed
in its place —
reptilian photograph
Puebloan desk
I sit on the shady side
of mind

— and is this not how fate
appears
to the canyoned?

Shadowed except
those first angles of afternoon
so that they only know
an apex sun;
only the mind at its warmest
but the body
yes,
this body
is warmer

THE NASHER



Nasher Sculpture Center

FALL 2025