

**SculptureCenter**  
**In Practice: Another Echo**

**Elena Ailes & Simon Belleau**  
**Nobutaka Aozaki**  
**Cudelice Brazelton**  
**Priyanka Dasgupta & Chad Marshall**  
**Carey Denniston**  
**Jules Gimbrone**  
**Baseera Khan**  
**Juliana Cerqueira Leite**  
**Courtney McClellan**  
**Jon Wang**  
**Carmen Winant**  
**Lachell Workman**

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t: 718.361.1750  
info@sculpture-center.org  
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January 29–April 2, 2018

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**Curated by SculptureCenter's**  
**2018 Curatorial Fellow Allie Tepper**

# SculptureCenter

## In Practice: Another Echo

# Another Echo

## Allie Tepper

2017 was a miserable year. In America in particular, with the ushering in of a new and reactionary political regime, it was a time marked by violent assaults to one's senses, to the safety and wellbeing of so many, and to language itself. Words fell apart. The night POTUS was elected, I sunk into bed and stared at the wall, only to see his shadow projected on it. I had been glued to election coverage for the past year, and on this darkest night realized I had let this man burn himself into the retina of my eye. The phenomenon was akin to an aural echo—an afterimage that lingered in sight from sustained exposure even after it had disappeared. I had lost control of the remote, the screen would not turn off.

There are many notions of what constitutes a public, and one aspect that seems universal is that the public is always personal, even when it is depersonalizing—even when human beings and our planet are treated as integers, or cargo on a boat. Public experiences invade our homes. The public is what we consume on our cell phones in bed before we fall asleep. We absorb it into our bodies, as afterimages and memory accrued while we navigate public institutions or walk to the corner store. The public affects our perception and our capacity for joy—our condition itself.

In our ailing society, with so many of our civil liberties at stake, we need diversified tactics of resistance, and spiritual armor, to change the channel and forge room for all beings. If the public is personal, what we do with our bodies, through voice and language, movement, and mark-making—with materials that we harness and adapt from the earth or the nearby Lowe's—can too shape our experiences and the forms of the public. We need to conjure and imprint our own ghosts and afterimages, our own echoes.

In curating this exhibition, *echo* emerged as a term that encompassed the work of reshaping public space while traversing the agitated terrain of contemporary life. An echo suggests an interaction and a return: an emanation that hits a surface and reverberates as instantaneous memory, a powerful tool for envisioning and rewriting history in the present. *In Practice: Another Echo* convenes twelve artists and artist teams—culled from an open call for submissions—who are doing this work. Often responding to imposed sociopolitical conditions, these artists share a preoccupation with the present moment: obscuring, adapting, and subverting surrounding signs and physical structures in order to inscribe other modes of being into the public—to witness, reinvent, and survive.

The works in this exhibition are fortifying, at times somber or ecstatic—persistent. We often encounter them several times: materials, gestures, and sound literally echo within the space. Across the work, which includes sculpture, live sound, video, and drawing, questions persist about how the self, in the midst of deep inner processing, can converse with the present. How do we, in a divided and unaccommodating society, extend ourselves into the world, particularly when what we need so often is sanctuary?

Throughout the exhibition, symbols appear marked on walls, imprinted and pasted as if in the caves of Lascaux or the prisons where inmates have inscribed their opposition to power. **Cudelice Brazelton** wields a heat gun with the grace of a barber, burning fade designs—an ancient vernacular carried on bodies throughout history—into the architecture of the building. To see a fade is to see the head turned, a looking away that speaks to protection and self-empowered disregard, an often necessary engagement with one’s environment and the present. Brazelton’s marks—made by scorching heavily dyed denim onto the wall—reflect the code-switching required of the artist while navigating life in the Midwest, from the steel foundry where he worked to his mother’s basement hair salon, a space of care and intimate exchange. We feel their tenderness and tough exterior at the same time. They move across the walls slyly, with elegance and weight. Like the industrial tools he handles, built for everyday use, Brazelton’s marks speak to the durability of the Black and working-class body, which is constantly expected to endure more, from having lived through a system that has oppressed it. How much can the wall take—what are the limits of one’s spirit and flesh? Brazelton probes the minds of the anonymous figures who bear these designs almost surgically.

**Nobutaka Aozaki** also collects a visual vernacular, in his case graffiti tags made on Priority Mail labels (USPS 228) that he has found stuck onto surfaces across New York City. Aozaki preserves the labels as a diaristic archive, which in light of New York’s highly corporate and gentrifying real estate market celebrates the creativity of anonymous artists who have devised an ingenious way to act and express themselves without restraint. The labels are a free part of the system, which artists adapt to create a nimble form of protest in public space. They contain anything from signature tags (many of which we see recur in Aozaki’s installation, revealing the persistence of particular individuals) to political cartoons (Yoda wearing Che Guevara’s cap) and aspirational messages (*love up yourself*). Aozaki annotates each slip with the location and time at which it was found, allowing us to read the shared paths that he and these strangers have traveled, filtered through his moment of encounter. He gathers this fugitive material from a place of admiration, assembling it carefully to recirculate and value it as history and cultural material.

Other artists’ practices involve reading body language made in response to conditions of imposition. **Juliana Cerqueira Leite** looks to the media, specifically the physical gestures of reporters and civilians sharing their experiences of geopolitical and humanitarian crises. Leite focuses on moments when individuals attempt to communicate or reenact their experiences of events that are beyond their agency, echoing them through the movements of her own body. Moving her arms and hands within a deep crate filled with wet clay, she produces a gestural void that becomes a mold for casting surreal sculptures that express the shortcomings of language and the shared weight of trauma. Though Leite does not claim to know the experiences of her subjects, she literally reenacts their positions to humanize events the media so often sensationalizes and to reveal the intimate politics of physically occupying space. Leite covers stories of a little boy in Yemen with burns, immigrants standing up to neo-Nazis in Greece, the arrest of gay and trans people in Lebanon, poverty in Baltimore, and more. Language returns to the sculptures in their titling, fragmented yet indexical to the conditions she enacts: *The first problem we had was reporting . . . they ridiculed and belittled . . . a mindset that does not see it as a crime . . . the movement of the earth actually lifted the house . . . back to school after I’ve earned more money . . . part of a struggle that my father, my grandfather, my people overcame in 1988.*

**Carmen Winant** amasses instructional images of women engaged in self-defense from a large archive that she began, subconsciously, during the 2016 presidential election campaign. In a political moment marked by an

avalanche of powerful, abusive men through the media, Winant impresses images from the past into a boulder-like mass that we must edge our way around, forming an inconvenient monument to strategies of resistance. The work sits defiantly in the room, the burden of a single victim turned into a collective and public burden. Its title, *Looking Forward to Being Attacked*, underlines the object’s assertiveness and strength—“I dare you to try me,” it seems to say. Winant’s piece materializes the labor of hundreds of bodies working against imposition and assault as well as her own effort to bring them together in solidarity. Beyond literal assault, which appears in these images entangled with moments of intimacy, the piece speaks to the ways in which one contends more broadly with patriarchy and power structures. How often, for instance, does one have to become a problem while navigating an institution in order to be heard?

Revisionist encounters with existing monuments concern artists such as **Baseera Khan**, who addresses a Richard Serra sculpture installed outside the Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Texas, from under an “acoustic sound blanket.” Khan—a queer femme Muslim-American disinherited from Serra’s lineage—throws sneakers up its side, plays trumpet in its interior, *three times for a new world order*, impresses its steel skin with her soft exterior. Her address is at once sanctimonious and profane. Not unlike her peer M. Lamar, who sings spirituals from under a long black cape, or many popular performers, from MF Doom to Sia, who obscure their bodies in public view, Khan’s blanket provides a space of sanctuary that enables her expression. In her installation [*Feat.*] she presents the footage, for the first time, as a series of karaoke films spliced with clips of her family, the Indian cult-classic film *Pakeezah*, and other past performances. The films, which speak to the artist’s experiences of displacement, play in a custom lounge: a Karaoke Spiritual Center of Love, decked with lights cast through a rotating arabesque chandelier and seats stitched from pleather, prayer rugs, her old underwear, and wedding garments. We duck under her blanket to enter an underground: a space to sing and dance away from modernist monumentality and the Confederate statuary in the nearby city center, a space of ecstatic futures. Khan’s playlist features music chosen according to a protective “logic of armor,” music of survival and world-building that gets her through her day, by artists such as Bibi Bourelly, Rihanna, and Kevin Abstract.

**Priyanka Dasgupta and Chad Marshall’s** installation *Passage* considers the current plight of American immigration, by revisiting the paths that Blacks and early twentieth-century Bengali sailors took to the United States in the holds of slave ships and the boiler rooms of British merchant vessels. “The New Colossus”—the sonnet by Emma Lazarus engraved on the base of the Statue of Liberty as a welcoming address to immigrants—echoes throughout the installation, newly translated into Yoruba and Bengali and set to traditional music by the artists’ collaborators Moses Mabayoje and Monjula Datta. The sound is mixed to evoke the call-and-response tradition indigenous to both cultures, heard through the distinct forms of music belonging to each: Yoruba talking drums and Bengali *Bhatiyali* boat songs. *Passage* is indebted to the scholarship of Vivek Bald on the lost histories of Bengali sailors who passed as Black in the early twentieth century, settling into communities of color in the wake of anti-Asian immigration laws in the US. Dasgupta and Marshall’s installation celebrates the spirit and culture that can emerge under conditions of forced displacement (what Frantz Fanon calls a “zone of non-being”), while critiquing the promise of the American dream. The lights of Times Square glow red at the end of the passage, the Bengali and Yoruba words for “welcome” at times obscuring its signage.

Other artists cast a quiet, haunting eye on the iterative cycles of injustice that occur in the criminal justice system. **Courtney McClellan** exhibits a new silent video, *Midlands (Part I)*, in which she examines the insidious relationship between performance and the law through her ongoing study of the American Mock Trial Association

and its local team at the University of Georgia, where she teaches. All mock trials are set in Midlands, a fictional state of little consequence, where the power of rhetoric and persuasion is practiced in a recurring score. In Midlands, there is no gender, race, or ethnicity, and all evidence is, paradoxically, fabricated and must be believed to be true. A witness in one case performs as an attorney in another. McClellan's video conjoins a typed description of the state of Midlands with dronelike camera footage that surveys the highly subjective space of an empty, iconic courtroom at the University of Georgia, where mock trials and Supreme Court proceedings are regularly conducted. The piece speaks to the bias and privilege built into the mechanisms of the law—its frequent blindness to the experience of a person actually pushed through the justice system—by bringing the fantasy of Midlands into the real space of the courtroom.

Lachell Workman's abstract sculptural installation references the vernacular of the streetside memorial and the RIP T-shirt, confronting us with a vision of human and environmental neglect. A pool of black asphalt on the building's basement floor appears heavy and cracked, dragged across a mess of T-shirts. Workman works abstraction to make a pointedly political installation that speaks to the Black lives that endure concerted public violence and are routinely destroyed without repercussions. *Untitled, to Be Cloaked in Black* addresses the quotidian atrocity that Christina Sharpe calls living in the "wake"—in the still-unfolding afterlives of slavery. A nearby slide projector casts a spotlight on a makeshift signpost made of white shirts, text moving as a litany across anonymous and obscured profiles. *Hold me down*, it reads when decipherable—a call of connection among kin to have one's back. The incessant churn of the slides fills the room, counting: a rupture to the silence that facilitates Black death.

Witnessing life forms in moments of transition and growth preoccupies several of the artists in the exhibition. Elena Ailes and Simon Belleau assemble a series of gray leather totems, "muted bodies" that push against their surroundings with quiet, expressive force. Urnlike, the bags are filled with fungi that in time emerge from their skin, unholding. In the words of poet Layli Long Soldier, *\*\*\* bring us to a returning no / an urning a vessel of corpse / ash in the active state of being*. Pools of resin leak from corners of the building and from a seemingly dormant leather skin, which lays splayed out, tongue askew, on the floor. A canary wing rests on a shelf of rock that juts out as a growth from a wall. *Canary in a coal mine*: a signal to miners of environmental toxins and potential death. A gold ring, left elsewhere, appears desirous, yearning. A response to the despair of being unheard within a flawed democracy, Ailes and Belleau look to one of nature's slowest processes—the growth of fungus—and foreground touch and duration as reparative rather than reactionary modes for weathering a long, slow process of healing.

With *Dysmorphias Draw a Line*, Jules Gimbrone asserts the presence of the flexible, nuanced body, in particular the sounding of queer subjects that are regularly silenced in the public sphere, through an ecology of transmuting, responsive materials and audio. An ensemble of glass vessels, placed in a line and filled with salt water and detritus, act as both instruments and speakers. Gimbrone records intimate dynamics generated between a mic and the resonant vessels—the feedback of the mic nearing the surface of the glass, the sound of water poured into its interior—as well as the artist's own body: the mic dragged along the hair of a leg, a vocal emanation recorded from inside the mouth, a hum or hiss. At times, Gimbrone voices the word *bad*, drawn out and stretched like the sound of a sheep, disarming the word of its decisive, snap-judgment quality, its assertion of an either this or that. Gimbrone sounds *bad* as if turning a POTUS tweet (#verybad) into a vibratory, wordless emanation. Transducers attached to the vessels let it all play back through the glass—at times to the point of breaking it, which too is

recorded, the broken pieces kept in circuit. Gimbrone scores the final collected sounds to let each piece play individually or to sweep through the line, a transmission across one permeable and peculiar body—*queer*, our natural state, Gimbrone believes—in a euphoric if at times discomfiting environment of sonic touch.

Jon Wang presents an immersive live-video ecology that meditates on the metamorphic life cycles of silkworms, inviting viewers into the artist's intimate and cinematic pursuit of queer architecture. Through a disorienting array of vantage points and video feeds, *Gardens of Perfect Exposure* magnifies an LED-bathed structure where silkworms can be seen spinning their cocoons—alluding to the paradoxes queer spaces and bodies face in today's highly mediated world. The piece takes its name from the Garden of Perfect Brightness—the Qing Dynasty pinnacle of imperial-palace and garden design that was pillaged and destroyed by British and French troops—to recontextualize the struggle for cultural material. Wang, who learned sericulture from scientist Kathryn Conway, has created a heated palatial habitat made from banal everyday materials (including a network of bath fixtures, roof repair fabric, hair, and a TV), which he adapts toward a new, queer function. To observe the piece, viewers must walk through clear weather-stripping into a room climate controlled for the silkworms' survival. The installation points to Wang's larger artistic practice, which dissolves the lines between hospitality, architecture, and filmmaking. A voiceover whispers to the worms from below, zooming between their perspective and that of the viewer to map a larger set of relations. *Who is Shimi*—the haunting question.

Carey Denniston presents videos edited from an ongoing FaceTime dialogue with Avery, her thirteen-year-old niece and a digital native living in Eastern Washington. Taken over the course of 2017, the videos are portraits of a "space of processing" that move through seemingly banal, but honest, conversations about friendship to Avery's digestion of current events. Avery speaks unaffectedly and with refreshing candor—a quality typical of her age and her character, as well as a sign of the remarkable trust and love she has for her Aunt Carey. Denniston has edited three videos from the footage, which she presents on iPads across from custom cubby-like seats made with denim jeans like the ones Avery wears, set in the cavities of the building's narrow basement hallway. We experience each video intimately, from Denniston's perspective, as Avery narrates her daily experience from her bedroom, school lawn, or on walks around her suburban neighborhood. Avery has no problem FaceTiming in public or being herself on the Internet, but mourns the '90s—a time she imagines as being free of technology, which would have made her life more full: *I would go outside, you could ride your bike to an ice-cream shop outside—or whatever*. We learn from Avery the politics of her playground, her exasperation with the constant hurricanes, earthquakes, and school shootings, and her complex search for "her person"—a solid friend who doesn't bash her and who shares her desire to explore abandoned spaces, to talk about the world ending and the nature of the universe. Reminding us that processing takes many forms, Denniston's project considers how we can contend with the conditions of our surroundings while empathetically extending ourselves into the world.



Installation view.



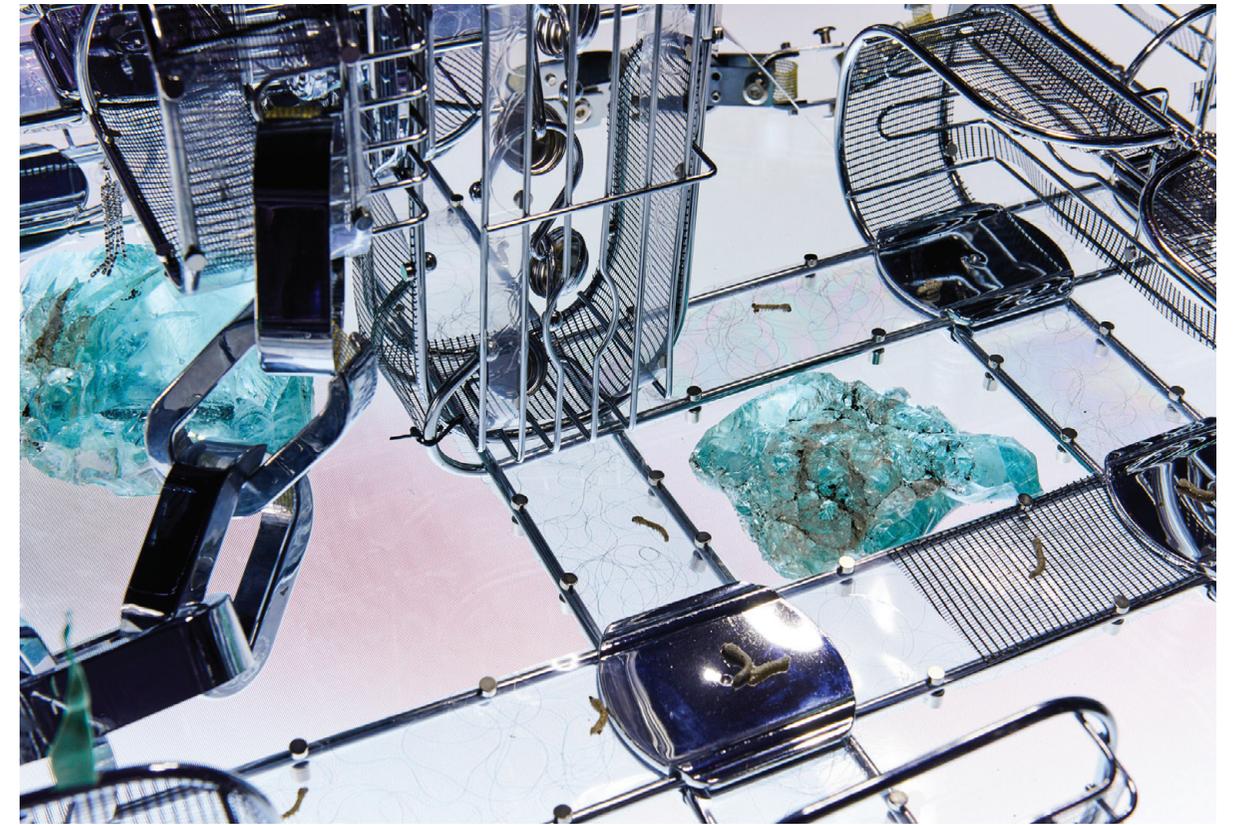
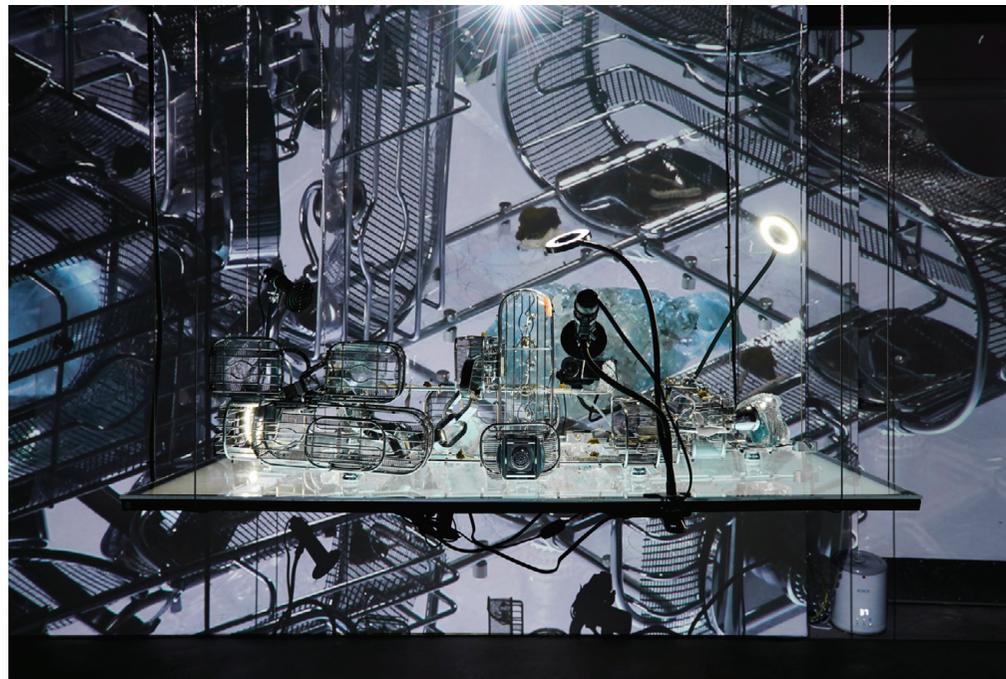
Carmen Winant, *Looking Forward To Being Attacked*, 2018, detail. Photo: Luke O'Halloran



Cudlice Brazelton, *Leo*, 2018, installation view.



Cudlice Brazelton, installation view.





Installation view.



Nobutaka Aozaki, *Label 228* (July 1, 2017 – Jan 17, 2018), 2018, detail.





Elena Ailes & Simon Belleau, *urning*, 2018, detail.



Elena Ailes & Simon Belleau, *urning*, 2018, detail.



Juliana Cerqueira Leite, detail.

Baseera Khan, *[Feat.]*, 2018, detail.



Baseera Khan, *[Feat.]*, 2018, detail.



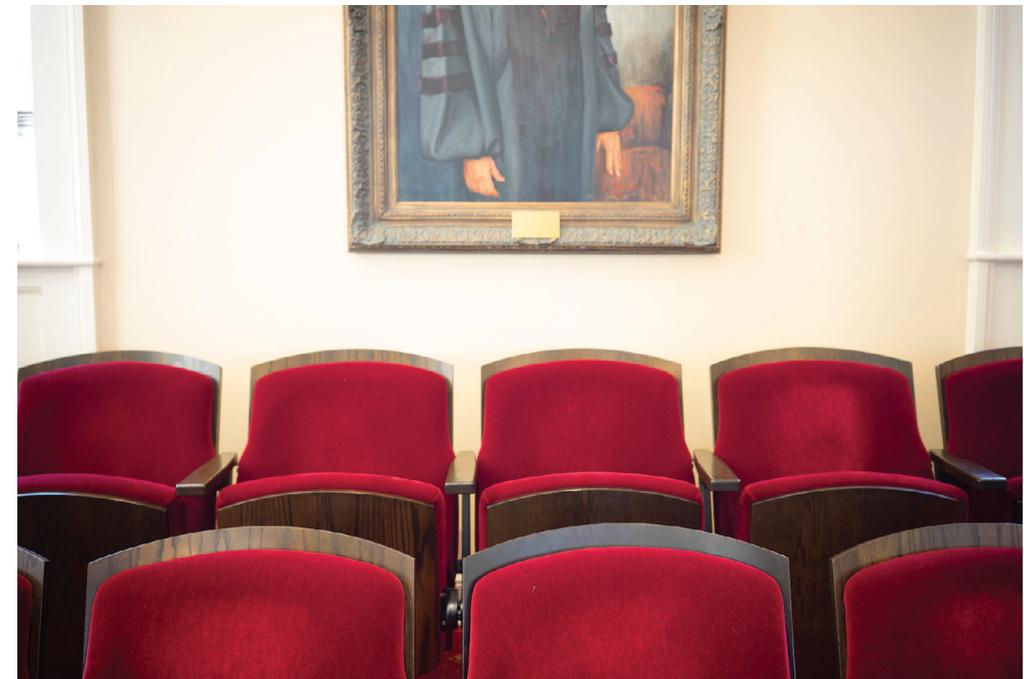
Baseera Khan, *[Feat.]*, 2018, detail.  
Baseera Khan, *[Feat.]*, 2018, video still.



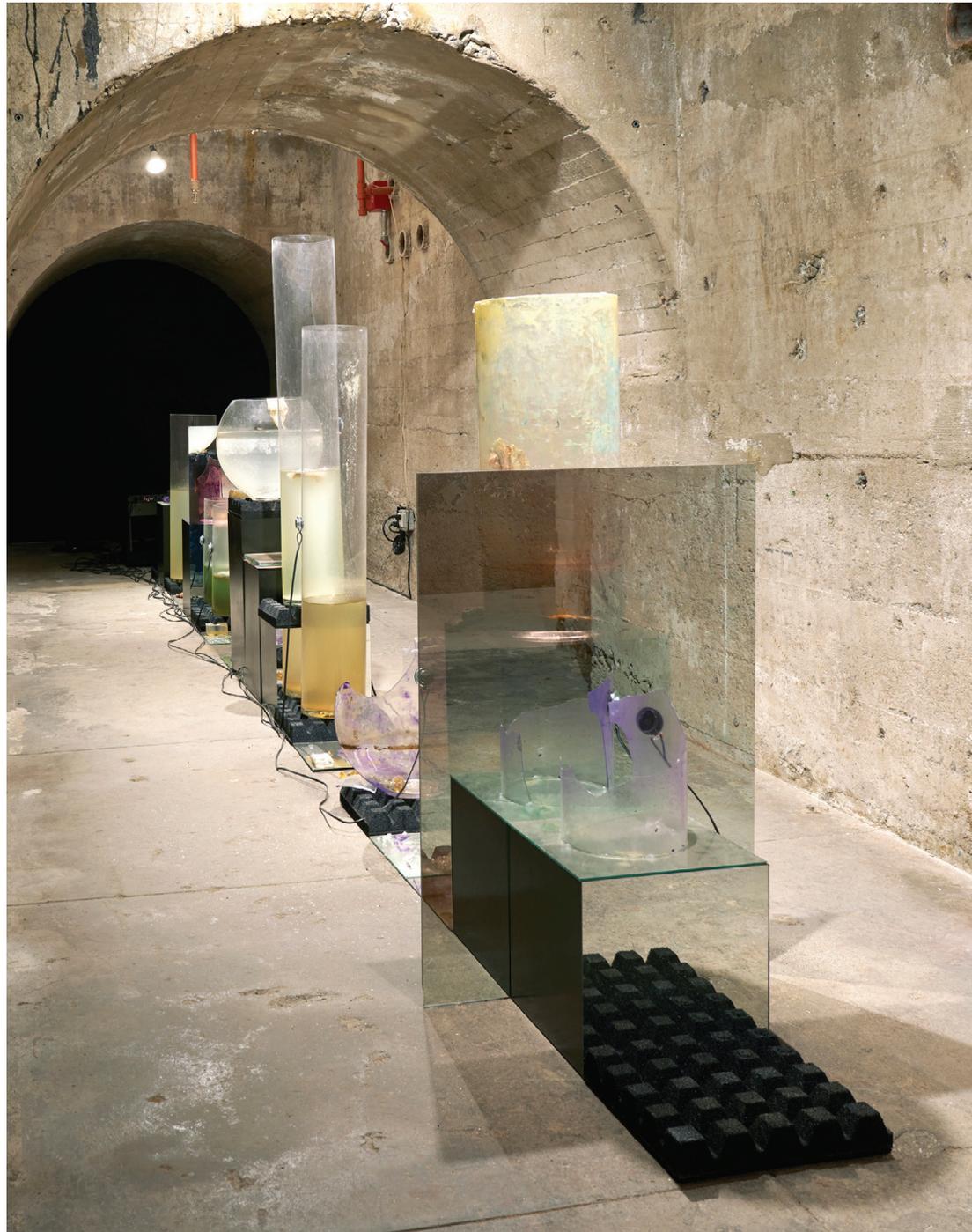
Installation view.



Lachell Workman, installation view.

Courtney McClellan, *Midlands (Part 1)*, 2018, installation view.Courtney McClellan, *Midlands (Part 1)*, 2018, video stills.

**Midlands is a state.**  
**Midlands occupies no land or territory.**  
**Midlands is governed by U.S. Federal Law.**  
**Midlands is U.S. Federal Law.**  
**In Midlands, there is no gender, race, or ethnicity.**  
**In Midlands, all evidence must be believed to be true.**  
**All evidence in Midlands is fabricated.**  
**It is possible that someone acts as a witness in one case,**  
**but performs as an attorney in another.**  
**Witnesses must pretend.**



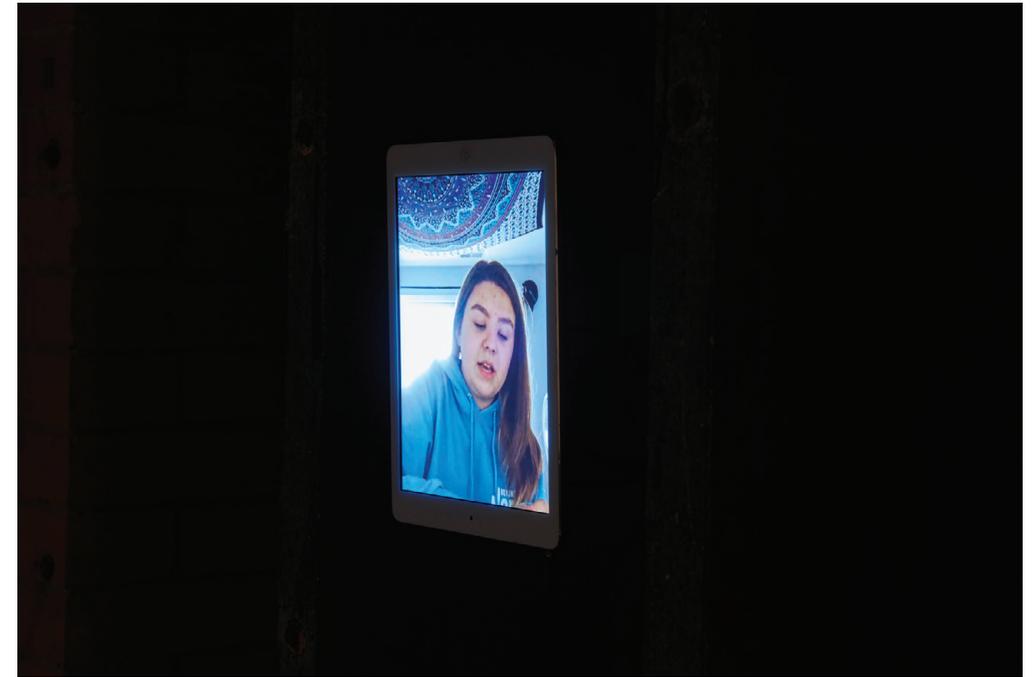
Jules Gimbrone, *Dysmorphias Draw a Line*, 2018, installation view.



Jules Gimbrone, *Dysmorphias Draw a Line*, 2018, detail.



Carey Denniston, installation view.



Carey Denniston, details.

# Checklist of Works in the Exhibition

## Elena Ailes & Simon Belleau

*urning*, 2018  
Leather, reishi mushrooms, wax, stone, canary wing, rubber latex, resin, horsehair, brass, steel  
Dimensions variable

## Nobutaka Aozaki

*Label 228 (July 1, 2017 – Jan 17, 2018)*, 2018  
Found USPS Label 228 stickers mounted on vellum, pen on paper  
Dimensions variable

## Cudelice Brazelton

*Crown*, 2018  
Scorched denim on wall  
Dimensions variable

*Leo*, 2018  
Scorched denim on wall  
Dimensions variable

*Saber*, 2018  
Scorched denim on wall  
Dimensions variable

*Sting*, 2018  
Scorched denim  
Dimensions variable

## Priyanka Dasgupta & Chad Marshall

*Passage*, 2018  
Cedar, mirrored plexiglass, video, sound  
Voice: Monjula Datta, Moses Mabajoye  
Sound mixing: Charles Okanlawon  
Dimensions variable

## Carey Denniston

*2017 was a crazy year for me. I did A. Lot. Of traveling, I met some amazing people I will never forget, I got another sister-in-law, I saw my brother graduate boot camp, and a lot more. My mental health went up and down and I continue to learn how to deal with things. 2017 was a year of me figuring out who and I am and where I stand who the people I surrounded myself with are good for me. I couldn't care less about being myself on the internet and around people thanks to some of the inspiring people I've come to know and love. I've expressed so much through music, art, and photography that without these things I would probably be going crazy by now. Although there was a lot of downs of 2017, there was a lot of ups and I'm excited about 2018.*, 2018  
Three videos on iPads, denim, plywood, foam, lights, speakers  
Videos: 20 minutes, 25 minutes, 25 minutes  
Dimensions variable

## Jules Gimbrone

*Dysmorphias Draw a Line*, 2018  
Recordings of feedback between vessels and of the artist's body, rotting fruit, glass shards, Gatorade, salt water, glycerin soap, grapefruit peels, razor blades, vegetable oil, beeswax, pigment, hair, tactile transducers, multi-channel amplifier, computer, audio interface, speaker cable, rubber, miscellaneous items  
Dimensions variable

## Baseera Khan

*[Feat.]*, 2018  
Custom lounge with eight unique seating panels with pleather, artist's underwear, prayer rugs, and LED lighting, fourteen karaoke videos, acoustic fabric ceiling, black and gold mirrored plexiglass chandelier  
Dimensions variable  
Courtesy the artist and OSMOS, New York

## Juliana Cerqueira Leite

*"The first problem we had was reporting... they ridiculed and belittled...a mindset that does not see it as a crime...the movement of the earth actually lifted the house...back to school after I've earned more money...part of a struggle that my father, my grandfather, my people overcame in 1988"*, 2018  
Forton MG, pigment, steel, glass fibers  
36 x 27 x 23 inches (91.4 x 68.6 x 58.4 cm)

*"Who speaks english?...Pakistan, then Turkey, then United States...this place has become known as where the river is born and dies...Did you at any point ask them why...when will I get married? When I finish my studies"*, 2018  
Forton MG, pigment, steel, glass fibers  
30 x 34 x 22 inches (76.2 x 86.4 x 55.9 cm)

## Courtney McClellan

*Midlands (Part 1)*, 2018  
HD video  
7:34 minutes

## Jon Wang

*Gardens of Perfect Exposure*, 2018  
Chromed bath fixtures, silkworms, roof repair fabric, laminated hair, glass gobs, TV, selfie ring lights, plexiglass, earrings, HD camcorders, rehydrated mulberry leaves, silk, magnets  
Dimensions variable

## Carmen Winant

*Looking Forward To Being Attacked*, 2018  
Foam, concrete patch, found images  
49 x 41 x 61 inches  
(124.5 x 104.1 x 155 cm)

## Lachell Workman

*Hold Me Down, a Litany*, 2018  
T-shirts, 35mm slide projector, slides  
Dimensions variable

*Untitled, To be Cloaked in Black*, 2018  
Asphalt, T-shirts  
Dimensions variable

Except where noted, all works courtesy the artists

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**SculptureCenter**  
**44-19 Purves Street**  
**Long Island City, New York**  
**718.361.1750**  
**[www.sculpture-center.org](http://www.sculpture-center.org)**

