Kate Newby

Michael Lett
312 Karangahape Road
Cnr K Rd & East St
PO Box 68287 Victoria St West
Auckland 1010
New Zealand
P+ 64 9 309 7848
contact@michaellett.com
www.michaellett.com

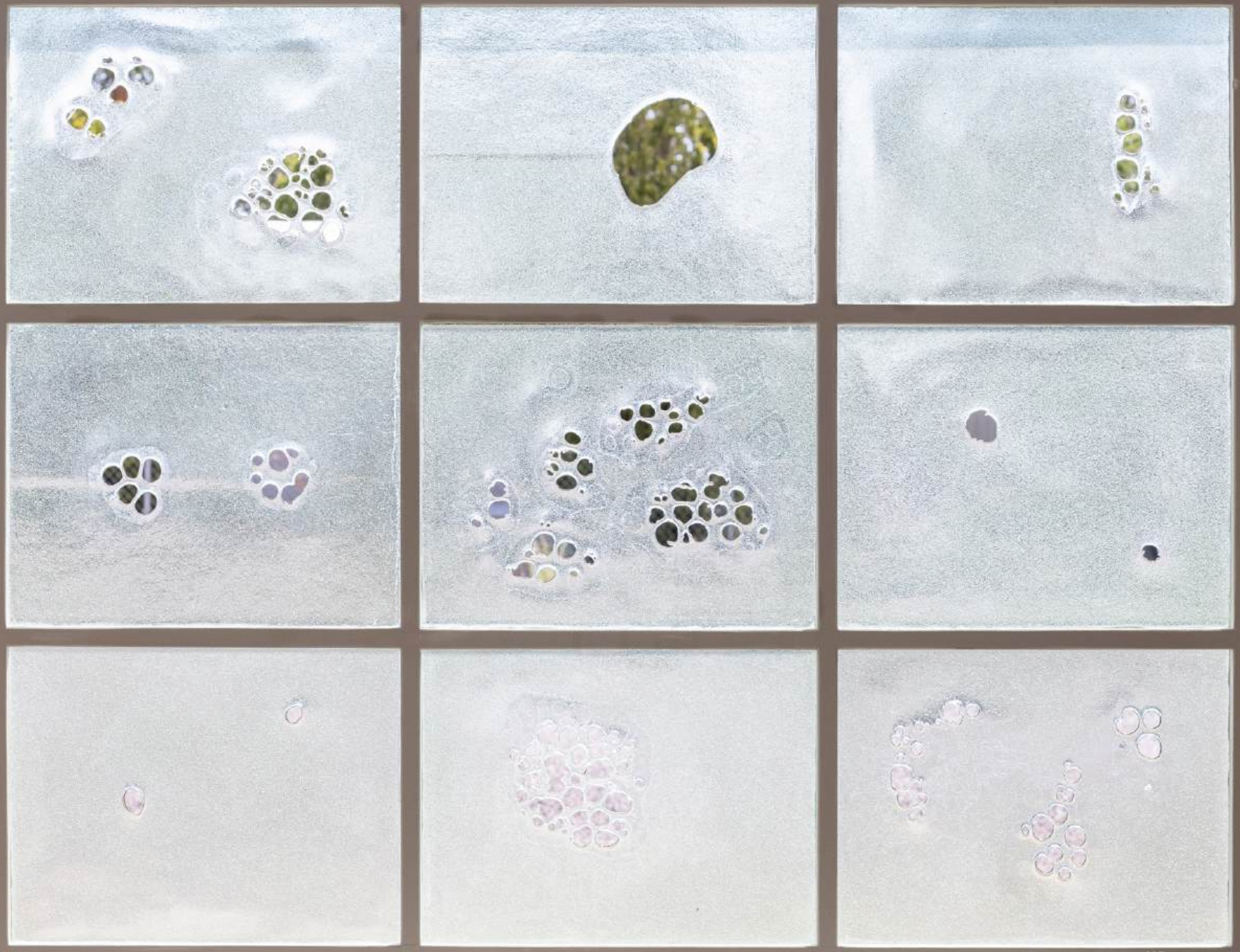
Kate Newby
Hours in Wind
Installation view
Museum of Contemporary Art Australia, Sydney, Australia, 2024

Kate Newby
Hours in Wind
Installation view
Museum of Contemporary Art Australia, Sydney, Australia, 2024

Kate Newby
Ecology: Dialogue on Circulations
Installation view
Le Forum, Ginza Maison Hermès, Tokyo, 2024

Kate Newby
What a great year for music
Installation view
Marfa Book Co, Marfa, Texas, 2023

Kate Newby
What a great year for music
Installation view
Marfa Book Co, Marfa, Texas, 2023



Kate Newby
What a great year for music
2023
glass, wood
1612 x 1270mm
Photograph: Alex Marks

Kate Newby
What a great year for music
Installation view
Marfa Book Co, Marfa, Texas, 2023

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Installation view
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Kate Newby
What a great year for music
Installation view
Marfa Book Co, Marfa, Texas, 2023

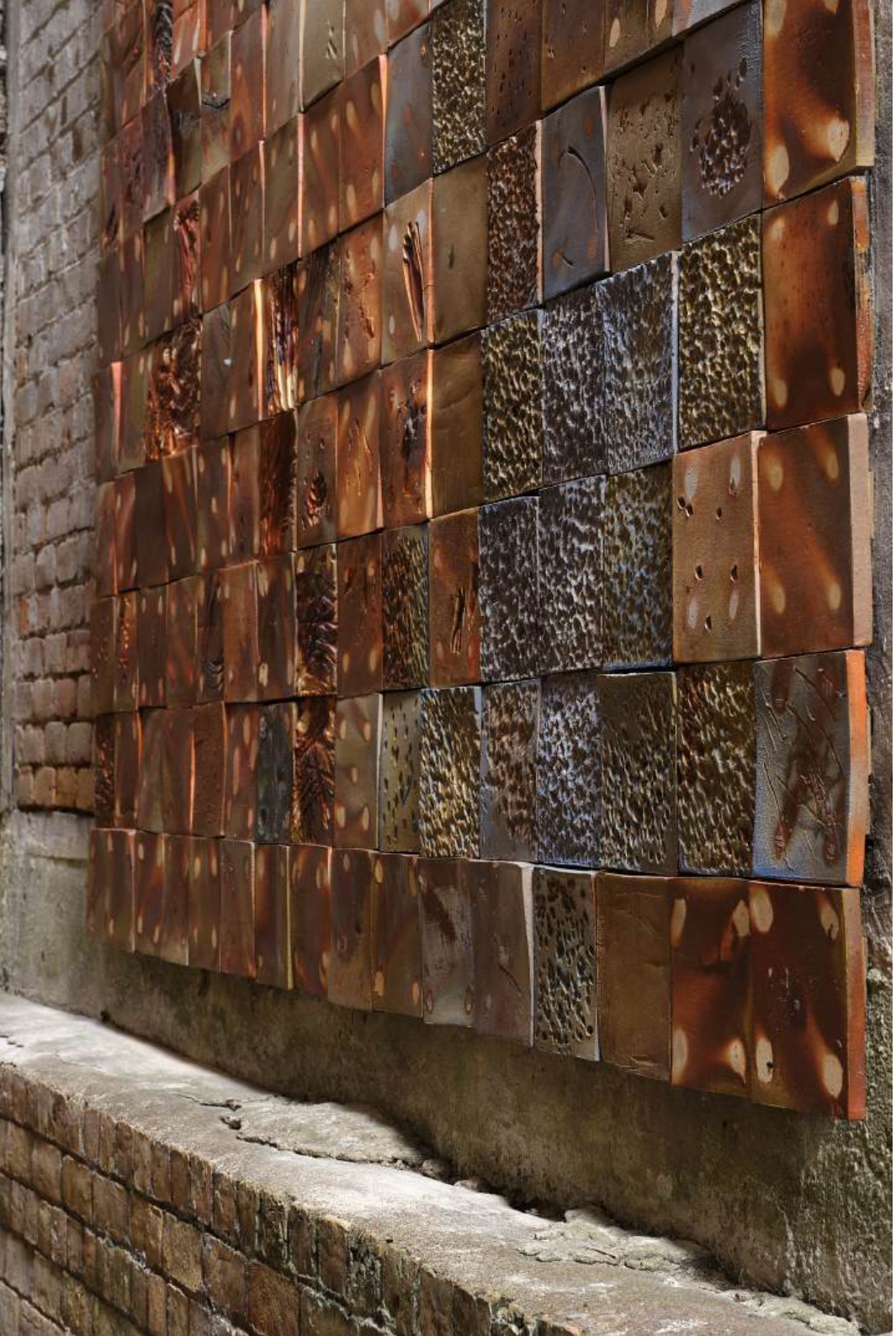
Kate Newby
Had us running with you
Installation view
Michael Lett, 3 East St, Auckland, 2023

Kate Newby
it is hard to believe that there is anything more than this
2023
porcelain, stoneware, found glass (Tāmaki Makaurau, Auckland)
installation dimensions vary
Michael Lett, 3 East St, Auckland, 2023

Kate Newby
it is hard to believe that there is anything more than this (detail)
2023
porcelain, stoneware, found glass (Tāmaki Makaurau, Auckland)
installation dimensions vary

Kate Newby
I like the way I am
2023
bronze, 380 x 175mm

Kate Newby
Had us running with you
Installation view
Michael Lett, 3 East St, Auckland, 2023



Kate Newby
I know the sky is ready (detail)
2023
wood fired stoneware
1990 x 3190 x 40mm

Kate Newby
Had us running with you
Installation view
Michael Lett, 3 East St, Auckland, 2023

Kate Newby
Had us running with you
Installation view
Michael Lett, 3 East St, Auckland, 2023

Kate Newby
Had us running with you
Installation view
Michael Lett, 3 East St, Auckland, 2023

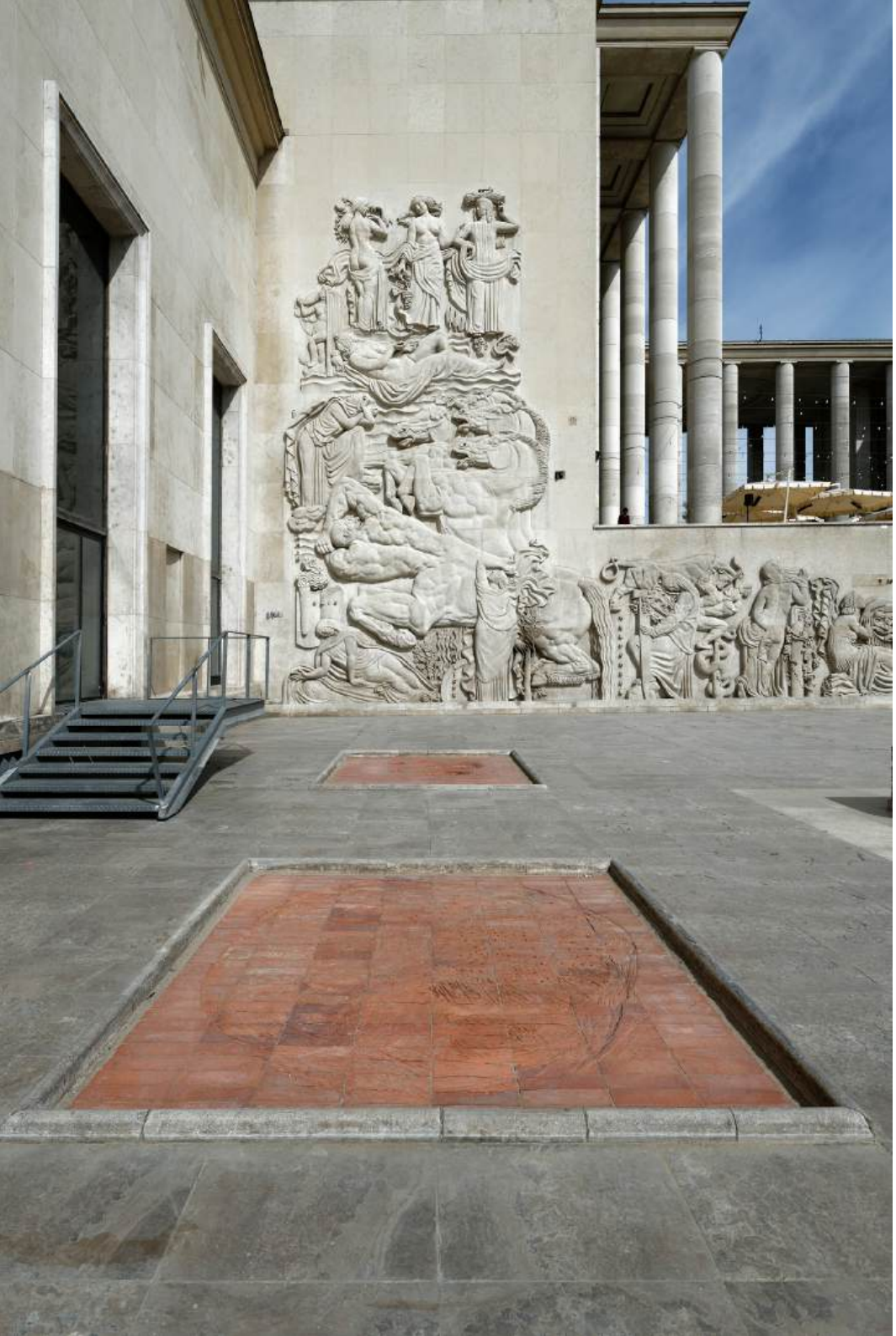
Kate Newby
In person is better
2023
glass
850 x 635 x 7 mm

Kate Newby
it makes my day so much better if i speak to all of you.
2022
Porcelain, minerals, found glass (Paris)
Produced at CRAFT (Limoges)
Installation view, *Réclamer la terre*
Palais de Tokyo (15.04.2022 – 04.09.2022).
Photo : Aurélien Mole

Kate Newby
it makes my day so much better if i speak to all of you.
2022
Porcelain, minerals, found glass (Paris)
Produced at CRAFT (Limoges)
Installation view, *Réclamer la terre*
Palais de Tokyo (15.04.2022 – 04.09.2022).
Photo : Aurélien Mole

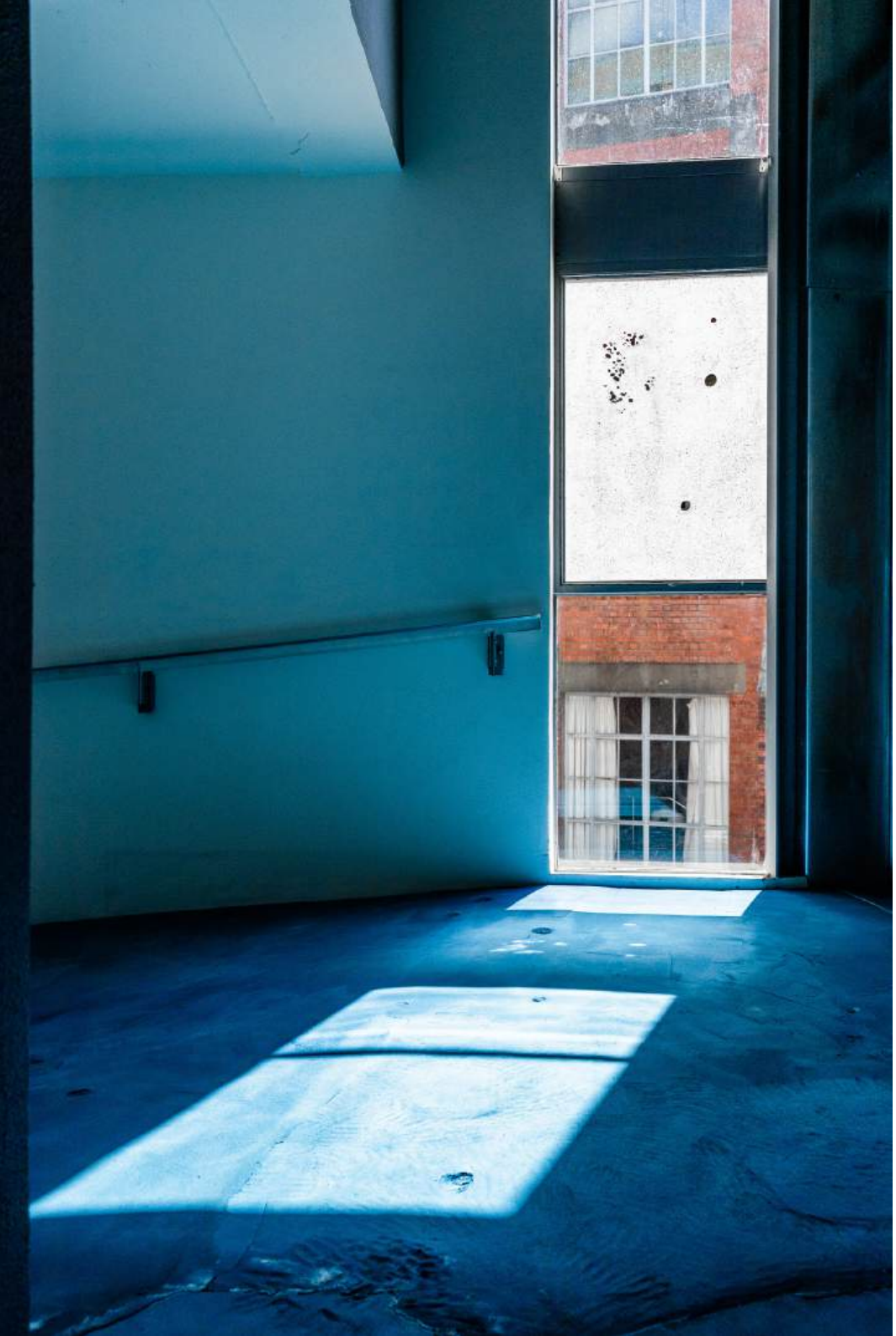
Kate Newby
you wish. you wish.
2022
glass, jaune d'argent
330 × 330 mm each
Installation view, *Réclamer la terre*
Palais de Tokyo (15.04.2022 – 04.09.2022).
Photo : Aurélien Mole

Kate Newby
The edge of the earth
2022
bricks, mortar
Produced with the support of Les Rairies (Montrieux)
Installation view, *Réclamer la terre*
Palais de Tokyo (15.04.2022 – 04.09.2022).
Photo : Aurélien Mole



Kate Newby
The edge of the earth
2022
bricks, mortar
Produced with the support of Les Rairies (Montrieux)
Installation view, *Réclamer la terre*
Palais de Tokyo (15.04.2022 – 04.09.2022).
Photo : Aurélien Mole

Kate Newby
SHE'S TALKING TO THE WALL
2012-2021
Installation view, 2022
Photo by Maarten Holl. Te Papa



Kate Newby
YES TOMORROW
Installation view
Adam Art Gallery, Wellington, March 2021

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YES TOMORROW
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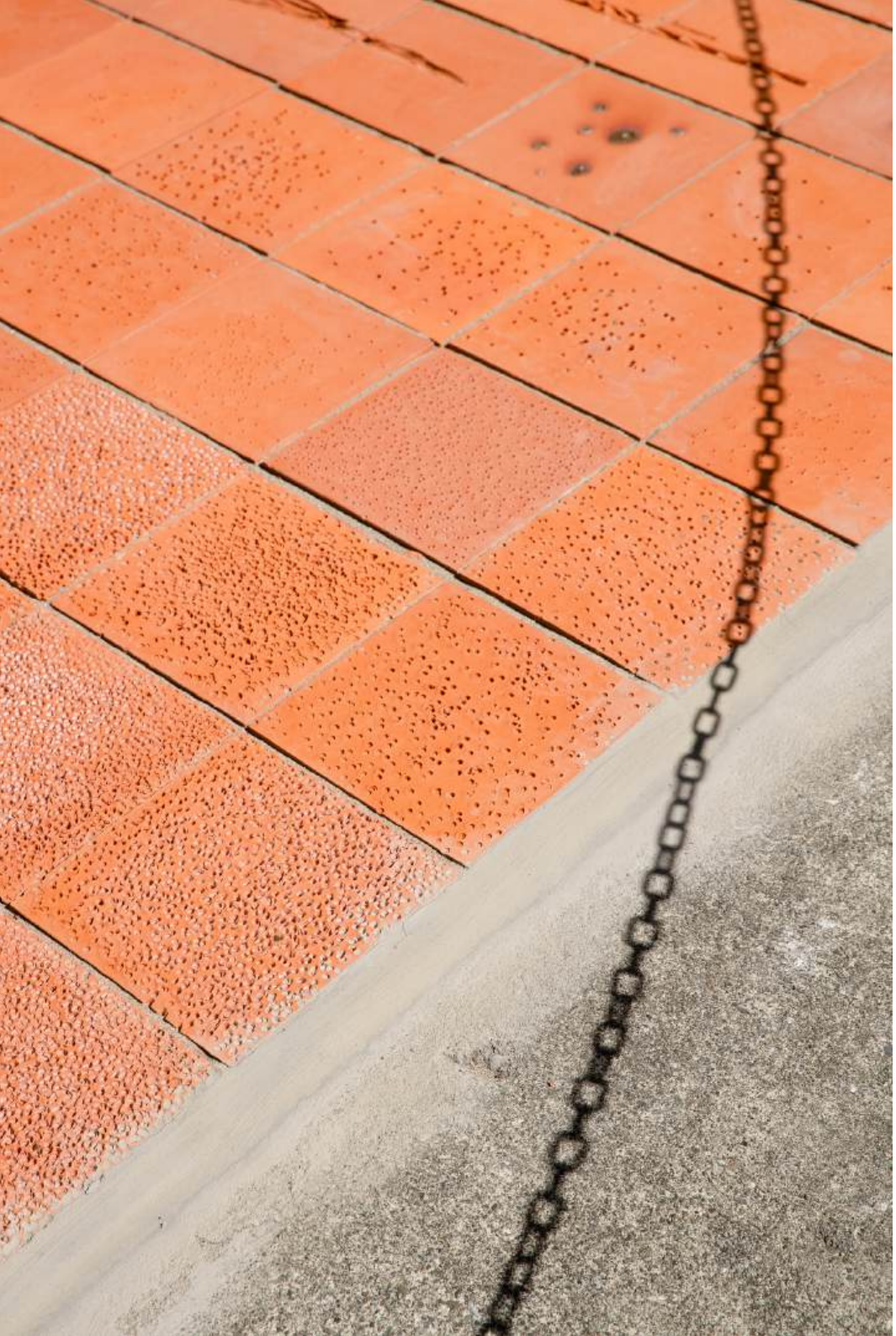
Installation view
Adam Art Gallery, Wellington, March 2021



Kate Newby
YES TOMORROW
Installation view
Adam Art Gallery, Wellington, March 2021

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YES TOMORROW
Installation view
Adam Art Gallery, Wellington, March 2021

Kate Newby
I can't nail the days down
Installation view
Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna, June 2018

Kate Newby
I can’t nail the days down
Installation view
Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna, June 2018

Kate Newby
Swift little verbs pushing the big nouns around
Installation view
Michael Lett, Auckland, January 2018

Kate Newby

Born 1979, Auckland
Lives and works in Floresville, Texas

EDUCATION

2010-2015
Doctorate of Fine Art, Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland

2007
Masters of Fine Art, (First Class Honors), Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland

2001
Bachelor of Fine Art, Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland

SELECTED EXHIBITIONS

2025
Cold Water, Sharjah Biennial, United Arab Emirates (solo)

2024
Hours in Wind, Museum of Contemporary Art Australia, Sydney, Australia (solo)
The Anticipation of Joy, Michael Lett, Auckland (group)
Ecology: Dialogue on Circulations, Le Forum, Ginza Maison Hermès, Tokyo (group)

2023
Intimate confession is a project, Blaffer Art Museum, Houston, Texas (group)
Our Ecology: Toward a Planetary Living, Mori Art Museum, Tokyo (group)
miles off road, FIne Arts, Sydney (solo)
What a great year for music, Marfa Book Co,, Marfa, Texas (solo)
Had us running with you, Michael Lett, Auckland (solo)

2022
So close, come on, The Sunday Painter, London (solo)
We are such stuff, Laurel Gitlen, NY (solo)
Feel Noise, curated by MacKenzie Stevens, testsite, Austin (solo)
Try doing anything without it, Art : Concept, Paris (solo)
wiggling together, falling apart, Michael Lett, Auckland (group)
Millefleurs, curated by Joël Riff, Moly-Sabata, Sablons, France (group)
Carbonate of Copper, curated by Jennifer Teets, Artpace, San Antonio (group)
Réclamer la Terre, curated by Daria de Beauvais, Palais de Tokyo, Paris (group)

2021
Swallowing Geography, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, NZ (group)
SCAPE Public Art, Christchurch, NZ (public art project)
COLD WATER, Fine Arts, Sydney, AUS (solo)
L'oeil du Serpent, Musée d'art contemporain de la Haute-Vienne Rochechouart, France (group)
YES TOMORROW, Adam Art Gallery Te Pātaka Toi, Wellington, NZ (solo)

2020
As long as you want, Michael Lett, Tāmaki Makaurau, Auckland, NZ (group)
Higher! Higher! Lower, lower. Louder Louder! Softer, softer, Shimmer, Rotterdam, NL (group)
As far as you can, Feuilleton, Los Angeles, USA (solo)
Patterns 11, Anne Mosseri-Marlio Gallerie, Basel, CH (group)
Tiny Things, SEPTEMBER, New York, USA (group)

2019
Bring Everyone, Fine Arts Sydney, Sydney, AUS (solo)
There are exactly four of them, CIBRIÁN, San Sebastian, ES (group)
Motion & Motive, Susan Hobbs, Toronto, CA (group)
Loved like a sunbeam, Madragoa, Lisbon, PT (solo)
City Price/sses, Palais de Tokyo, Paris, FR (group)
Nothing in my life feels big enough, Cooper Cole, Toronto, CA (solo)
The Garden of Cyrus, Fortnight Institute, New York, USA (group)
Indus2, Art : Concept, Paris, FR (group)
Unexplained Parade, Catriona Jeffries, Vancouver, CA (group)
Wild was the night, Institut d'Art Contemporain, Villeurbanne, FR (solo)
Notebook, 56 Henry, New York, USA (group)
A puzzling light and moving (Part II & III), Lumber Room, Portland, USA (solo)

2018
A puzzling light and moving (Part I), Lumber Room, Portland, Oregon, USA (solo)
Nothing that's over so soon should give you that much strength, Hordaland Kunstsente, Bergen, NO (solo)
Swift little verbs pushing the big nouns around, Michael Lett, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland, NZ (solo)
21st Biennale of Sydney, Sydney, AUS (group)
Juliette Blightman, Parbhu Makan, Kate Newby, Henrik Olesen, Michael Lett, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland, NZ (group)
Dwelling poetically, Mexico City: a case study, Australian Centre for Contemporary

Art, Melbourne, AUS (group)
I can't nail the days down, Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna, AT (solo)
All the stuff you already know, The Sunday Painter, London, UK (solo)
It was literally the wreck of jewels and the crash of gems..., Nicelle Beauchene, New York, USA (group)
Ritual, Aspen Art Museum, Aspen, Colorado, USA (group)
Belonging to a Place, An exhibition by Fogo Island Arts, Embassy of Canada, Washington DC, USA (group)
Still Life, September Gallery, New York, USA (group)
Further Thoughts on Earthly Materials, Kunsthaus Hamburg, Germany, DE (group)

2017
Let me be the wind that pulls your hair, Artpace, San Antonio, Texas, USA (solo)
In Practice: Material Deviance, curated by Alexis Wilkinson, Sculpture Center, New York, USA (group)
JADE BI, curated by Sara De Chiara, Galeria Madragoa, Lisbon, PT (group)

2016
Big Tree. Bird's Eye. Michael Lett, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland, NZ (solo)
The January February March, with Jennifer Kabat, (curated by Michelle Grabner), The Poor Farm, Wisconsin, USA (solo)
Cooper Cole, Toronto, CA (solo)
A plot of land, Dutton, New York, USA (group)
Every day I make my way, Minerva, Sydney, AUS (group)
Light switch and conduit: the Jim Barr and Mary Barr collection, Dunedin Public Art Gallery, Dunedin, NZ (group)

2015
Two aspirins a vitamin C tablet and some baking soda, Laurel Doody, Los Angeles, USA (solo)
Always humming, Gertrude Contemporary, Melbourne, AUS (solo)
I memorized it I loved it so much, Laurel Gitlen, New York, USA (solo)
Casualness: it's not about what it looks like it's about what it does, Old Folks Association, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland, NZ (solo)
Basel Miami, Laurel Gitlen booth, Miami, USA (group)
Natural Flavor, (curated by Vivien Trommer) Ludlow 38, New York, USA (group)
Thought Cupboard, The Dowse, Wellington, NZ (group)
The Secret and Abiding Politics of Stones, Casa del Lago, Mexico City, MX (group)
Homeful of Hands, Josh Lilley, London, UK (group)
Ordering Nature, Marianne Boesky, New York, USA (group)
5x5 (curated by John Parker), Hastings City Art Gallery, Hastings, NZ (group)
Inside Outside Upside Down, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland, NZ (group)
Parallel Oaxaca at Supplement London, Supplement, London, UK (group)
Where the trees line the water that falls asleep in the afternoon, P420, Bologna, IT (group)
Inside the City (curated by Janneke de Vries), GAK Gesellschaft für Aktuelle Kunst, Bremen, DE (group)
Lunch Poems, with Joanna Margaret Paul, Hopkinson Mossman, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland, NZ (group)
There Is Only One Catch And That Is Catch-22, Y Gallery, New York, USA (group)
NEW 15 (curated by Matt Hinkley), Australian Centre for Contemporary Art, Melbourne, AUS (group)
An Imprecise Science, Artspace, Sydney, AUS (group)
The January February March, The Western Catskills, New York, USA (group)
Eraser, Laurel Gitlen, New York, USA (group)

2014
Laura, Lucy, Mark and Felix, MODELAB, Wellington, NZ (solo)
I feel like a truck on a wet highway, Lulu, Mexico City, MX (solo)
Tiny-but-adventurous, Rokeby, London, UK (solo)
The Promise (curated by Axel Wieder), Arnolfini, Bristol, UK (group)
Fin, Utopian Slumps, Melbourne, AUS (group)
Portmanteaux, Hopkinson Mossman, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland, NZ (group)
Thin Air, Slopes, Melbourne, AUS (group)
Slip Cast, Dowse Museum, Lower Hutt, NZ (group)
Lovers (curated by Martin Basher), Starkwhite, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland, NZ (group)
Mud and Water, Rokeby, London, UK (group)

2013
Maybe I won't go to sleep at all. (curated by Anne-Claire Schmitz), La Loge, Brussels, BE (solo)
Let the other thing in (curated by Nicolaus Schafhausen), Fogo Island Gallery, Newfoundland, CA (solo)
What a day., Hopkinson Mossman, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland, NZ (solo)
How funny you are today New York, Greene Acres Garden, Clinton Hill, Brooklyn, USA (solo)
because the world is round it turns me on (curated by Clara Meister), Arratia Beer, Berlin (group)
The things we know (curated by Tim Saltarelli), Henningsen Gallery, Copenhagen (group)
Third/Fourth Artist Facilitated Biennial, Margaret Lawrence Gallery, Melbourne (group)

Between being and doing, Utopian Slumps, Melbourne (group)

2012
Crawl out your window, Walters Prize exhibition, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, Auckland (prize winner) (solo)
All parts. All the time., Olive St. Garden, Brooklyn (in association with New York City Department of Parks & Recreation and International Studio and Curatorial Program ISCP, New York) (solo)
How funny you are today, New York, Fort Greene Park, Brooklyn (in association with New York City Department of Parks & Recreation and International Studio and Curatorial Program ISCP, New York) (solo)
Everyone knows this is nowhere, castillo/corrales, Paris (group)
ISCP Open Studios, ISCP, Brooklyn, New York (group)
Running on Pebbles: through lines with incidents and increments (curated by Allan Smith), Snakepit, Auckland (group)
2011
Do more with your feeling, SUNDAY art fair, London (Hopkinson Mossman booth) (solo)
I'm just like a pile of leaves (curated by Natasha Conland), Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, Auckland (solo)
I'll follow you down the road, Hopkinson Mossman, Auckland (solo)
Prospect: New Zealand Art Now (curated by Kate Montgomery), Wellington City Gallery, Wellington (group)
Melanchotopia (curated by Nicolaus Schafhausen and Anne-Claire Schmitz), Witte de With, Rotterdam (group)
Out of a stone (curated by Daniel Munn), Banner Repeater, London (group)
Bas Jan Ader: Suspended between Laughter and Tears (curated by Pilar Tompkins Rivas), Museo de Arte Zapopan (MAZ) Guadalajara (group)

2010
Crawl out your window (curated by Janneke de Vries), GAK Gesellschaft für Aktuelle Kunst, Bremen (solo)
Burnt house. A little later, Gambia Castle, Auckland (solo)
Black Door Files, Black Door, Istanbul (group)
Bas Jan Ader: Suspended between Laughter and Tears (curated by Pilar Tompkins Rivas), Pitzer Art Galleries and Claremont Museum of Art, Los Angeles (group)
post-Office (curated by Robyn Pickens), Artspace, Auckland (group)
Texticles (curated by Ron McHaffie and Lisa Radford), TCB at the Melbourne Art Fair, Melbourne (group)
The sky, a window and a tree, in collaboration with Fiona Connor, CalArts, Los Angeles (group)

2009
Get off my garden, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland (solo)
Blow wind blow, Y3K Gallery, Melbourne (solo)
Cross Coloring, Hell Gallery, Melbourne (group)
IN CASE IT RAINS, IT MIGHT INVOLVE WATER (curated by Marijke Appleman for ADSF), Rotterdam (group)
The Future is Unwritten, The Adam Art Gallery, Wellington (group)
Today is OK, Gallery Manuela Klerkx, Milan (group)
2008
Thinking with your body, Gambia Castle, Auckland (solo)
Brussels Biennial 1 (curated by Nicolaus Schafhausen and Florian Waldvogel), Brussels (group)
Break: Towards a Public Realm, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth (group)
Give us a sign, Courtney Place Light Boxes, in association with City Gallery, Wellington (group)
Run!, Window, Auckland (group)
Let it be now, Christchurch Art Gallery, Christchurch (group)
4 th Y2K Melbourne biennale of art and design, TCB, Melbourne (group)
Hold Still (with Nick Austin), (curated by Claire Doherty), One Day Sculpture, Auckland (group)
The World (will soon turn our way) (with Fiona Connor and Marnie Slater) site-specific project, Mt Eden, Auckland (group)
Academy (with Ryan Moore), TCB, Melbourne (group)
Many directions, as much as possible, all over the country, 1301PE, Los Angeles (group)

2007
My Poetry, for example, Rooftop and vacant plot, Symonds Street, University of Auckland (solo)
On the Benefits of Building, Gambia Castle, Auckland (solo)
A Windy Fire, Te Tuhi, Auckland (solo)
Working on Talking (with Frances Stark and Ruth Buchanan), Gambia Castle, Auckland (group)
Moment Making: After the Situation, ARTSPACE, Auckland (group)
How W.H. Auden spends the night in a friend's house, Gambia Castle, Auckland (group)
Omnipresents, Gertrude Contemporary Art Spaces, Melbourne (group)
Twone (with Sriwhana Spong), Physics Room, Christchurch (group)
I Dig Your Voodoo, Joint Hassles, Melbourne (group)

2006
The Silver Clouds (curated by Cuckoo), Order and Progress/Next Wave Festival,

Melbourne (group)
Don't Rain on my Parade, Special, Auckland (group)
Inner City Real Estate, Enjoy Public Art Gallery, Wellington (group)

2004
Very Interesting, Very International, site-specific projects; Agile, Brooklyn, Berlin, Copenhagen (solo)
Remember New Zealand (curated by Tobias Berger), 26th Sao Paulo Biennale, São Paulo (group)
Cuckoobough, Westspace, Melbourne (group)

2003
Money for Nothing (curated by Tobias Berger), Artspace, Auckland, City Gallery, Wellington (group)
Vs, Michael Lett Gallery, Auckland (group)

2002
My Blues Song, Starkwhite, Auckland (solo)
Honestly, New Artists Show, Artspace, Auckland (group)
Fertilizer, High Street Project, Christchurch (group)

ARTIST BOOKS AND EXHIBITION CATALOGUES

2021
Kate Newby, YES TOMORROW, with an essay by Christina Barton, published by Adam Art Gallery Te Pātaka Toi, Wellington, NZ

2019
Kate Newby, Pocket Works, published by Lumber Room with texts by Sara Jaffe, Jennifer Kabat, Sarah Miller Meigs, Eileen Myles, Sarah Sentilles, Stephanie Snyder and Kyle Dancewicz
I can't nail the days down, edited by Kunsthalle Wien and published by Sternberg Press, Berlin with texts by Christina Barton, Juliane Bischoff, Chris Kraus, and Nicolaus Schafhausen

2018
Nothing that's over so soon should give you that much strength, Hordaland Kunstsenter, Bergen

2017
Swift little verbs pushing the big nouns around, The Chinati Foundation, Marfa
Let me be the wind that pulls your hair, artist book, San Antonio
In Practice: Material Deviance, curated by Alexis Wilkinson, Sculpture Center (catalogue)

2015
Laura, Lucy, Mark and Felix, MODELAB, Wellington (online catalogue)
Our first-second-third-fourth selves write our messages, NEW15, Melbourne (catalogue)

2013
Incredible feeling, Clouds Publishing, Auckland (monograph)
Let the other thing in, Fogo Island Arts and Sternberg Press, Berlin (catalogue)

2012
I went from a 5 to a 7, (with Fiona Connor), self-published artist, Los Angeles, Banff, Auckland (artist book)
I'm just like a pile of leaves, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, Auckland (catalogue)
2011
The sky, the wall and a tree, self-published with Fiona Connor and Gambia Castle Press, Los Angeles (artist book)
2010
Bas Jan Ader: Suspended Between Laughter and Tears, Claremont Museum of Art, Los Angeles (catalogue)
2009
Discreet and Popular, a monthly reader, Gambia Castle Press, Auckland
2008
Holding onto it only makes you sick, Gambia Castle Press, Auckland (artist book)
2007
My Poetry, for example, self-published, Auckland (artist book)
Architecture for Specific People, Gambia Castle Press, Auckland (artist book)

2004
A Creative and Artist Masterpiece, self-published, Aigle (artist book)
2003
Money for Nothing, Artspace, Auckland (artist book)
2001
My Blues Song, Starkwhite, Auckland (artist book)
Adam Art Gallery Te Pātaka Toi, Wellington

SELECTED ESSAYS, REVIEWS AND ARTICLES

2022

Alex Bacon, “Kate Newby’s Phenomena,” published on the occasion of So close,come on, The Sunday Painter, London
Jennifer Kabat “KATE NEWBY: We are such stuff,” published on the occasion of We are such stuff, Laurel Gitlen, New York City
Jennifer Teets, “Try doing anything without it,” published on the occasion of Try doing anything without it, Art: Concept, Paris
John Vincler, “Art That Rose Through the Cracks,” New York Times, October 9
Jennifer Teets, “Moonlight Over Texas,” Terremoto, CDMX 27.01.2022
Jennifer Teets, “Try doing anything without it,” Art: Concept. April 25

2021
Sophie Davis, Letting the Weather In, Art New Zealand 178, Autumn, 2021
Cameron Ah Loo-Matamua, And I do care, ArtNow, 7 May 2021
Lachlan Taylor, Shaper, Art News New Zealand, Autumn 2021
2020
Anna Gaissert, Kate Newby at Feuilleton, Artillery Magazine, 16 July 2020
Rosanna Albertini, Kate Newby: As far as you can, The Kite, July 2020
Neha Kale, Kate Newby: Small Gestures, Vault, February, Issue 29, 2020

2019
Claudia Arozqueta, Kate Newby’s Bring Everyone, Art-Agenda, December 2019
Jon Raymond, Kate Newby; lumber room, Artforum, May 2019
Chris Kraus, Chris Kraus on learning to cope after the Brett Kavanaugh debacle, Sleek Magazine, Berlin, 20 March 2019
Ross Simonini, Kate Newby, Art Review, January & February 2019

2018
Chris Kraus, Kate Newby’s Bones, Social Practices, Semiotext(e), 2018
Sam Korman, How to distribute your bricks and virtue, published on the occasion of All the stuff you already know, The Sunday Painter, London, 2018
Chloe Geoghegan, Kate Newby: I can’t nail the days down, Contemporary Hum, 8 August 2018
Chris Sharp, Following Kate Newby down the road, Mousse 64, Summer 2018
Figgy Guyver, Critic’s Guide to London: The Best Shows in Town, Frieze, 30 May 2018
Vivien Trommer, Highlight 5/12 - Kunsthalle Wien, Cuba Paris, 2018
Alexandra-Maria Toth, Kate Newby: I Can’t Nail the Days Down, PW-Magazine, 4 September 2018
Eloise Callister-Baker, The Unmissables: Four Exhibitions to see in March, Pantograph Punch, 2018
Sue Gardiner, The meaning of molecules, Art News New Zealand, vol.38, no.2, Winter 2018
Jon Bywater, Evangelism & clay : The 21st Biennale of Sydney, Art New Zealand, no.166, Winter 2018

2017
Neil Fauerso, “Artpace Spring Artist-in-Residence Exhibition,” Glasstire, 3 April 2017
Linnea West, Phone tag: Interview with Kate Newby, Phone Tag, 23 April 2017

2016
Kate Sutton, Kate Newby; Laurel Doody, Artforum, February 2016 (review)
Rosanna Albertini, Kate Newby: don’t be all scared like before, The Kite, 2016 (essay)

2015
Maura Edmond, Kate Newby ‘Always humming’, Primer, 2015, (article)
Rosanna Albertini, Kate Newby: Silent Bricks, The Kite, 2015 (essay)
Daniel Munn, Life Lived Outside, Le Roy 3, 2015 (article)
Chris Sharp, Eye of the Beholder, Osmos, Issue 06, Summer, 2015 (article)
Roberta Smith, Kate Newby and Helen Johnson at Laurel Gitlen, New York Times, 16 July 2015 (review)
Chris Sharp, Kate Newby, NEW15, 2015 (catalogue essay)

2014
Jennifer Kabat, In Focus: Kate Newby, Frieze Magazine, 2014 (article)
Francisco Goldman, Mexico City Mix, National Geographic Traveller, 2014 (article)
Leslie Moody Castro, Lulu, Mexico City, Artforum online, 2014 (review)
Jennifer Kabat, The Small Often Vague Things – Kate Newby’s Radically Slight Art, The Weeklings, 2014 (article)
Hamish Coney, Breakfast in America, Content Magazine, 2014 (article)

2013
Mami Kataoka, I like works when their condition as art is unclear, in Kate Newby: Let the other thing in, Sternberg Press, 2013 (essay)
Jennifer Kabat, It’s The Small Often Vague Things, in Kate Newby: Let the other thing in, Sternberg Press, 2013 (catalogue essay)
Kay Burns, Kate Newby: Let the Other Thing in, C Magazine, Issue 120, 2013 (review)
Chris Kraus, Kate Newby’s Bones, in Kate Newby: Incredible Feeling, Clouds Publishing, 2013 (essay)
Sarah Hopkinson, Kate Newby’s Outside, in Kate Newby: Incredible Feeling, Clouds Publishing, 2013 (essay)

2012
Julia Waite, If not concrete then what? Kate Newby's I'm just like a pile of leaves Archive, Reading Room 5, 2012
Sam Eichblatt, Occupy Brooklyn, Metro Magazine, Issue 363, 2012
2011
Sue Gardiner, Aspiring to the condition of architecture, Artnews, Spring 2011

2010
Jon Bywater, Discreet Poetry: Kate Newby's 'Get off my garden', 2010 (exhibition essay)
Allan Smith, Know how can do: E, F, G, K – busy with the elephant; or, Calculate, evaluate, improvise: Eve Armstrong; Fiona Connor; Gaelen MacDonald; Kate Newby, in Natural Selection, Issue 7, Winter 2010
2009
Sue Gardiner, You really had to be there!, Artnews, Autumn 2009

2008
Louise Menzies, Kate Newby & Nick Austin, Frieze online, 2008 (review)
Ruth Buchanan, Poems about nature documentaries, in Kate Newby: Holding onto it only makes you sick, Gambia Castle Press, Auckland

AWARDS & RESIDENCIES

2022
Ettore e Ines Fico Prize, Artissima, Milan

2021
Te Whare Hēra, Artist in Residence, Wellington

2019
The Joan Mitchell Foundation - 2019 Painters & Sculptors Grant

2017
The Chinati Foundation, Marfa, Texas
Spring 2017 International Artist-In-Residence Program, curated by Michelle Grabner, Artpace, San Antonio, Texas

2015
Gertrude Contemporary Residency, Melbourne
Creative New Zealand Work Grant

2008
Creative New Zealand Work Grant

2007
The University of Auckland Masters Degree Scholarship
Heneritta and Lola Anne Turnbridge Watercolour Scholarship

2006
Post Graduate Bursary, The University of Auckland

2002
Creative Communities Grant from the Auckland City Council for a site-responsive installation in Central Auckland
Creative Communities Grant from the Auckland City Council to fund an Artist-run Gallery

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

Art That Rose Through the Cracks

Three exemplary exhibitions draw attention to public space, from community gardens to rooftop sculptures.

Give this article

Miles Huston's "Plantwater, Part 1, Museum (Collection)," watering cans and folding steel shelves designed by the artist in the show "Cinderella Had a Farm" at Gordon Robichaux. via Gordon Robichaux; Photo by Gregory Carideo

By John Vincler
Oct. 9, 2022

In the 1980s, newly arrived in Manhattan, in exile from her native Chile, the artist Cecilia Vicuña found beauty in the crumbling buildings and waterfront, the broken sidewalks and vacant lots of TriBeCa, before it traded its grit for boutique galleries.

She'd paused to photograph the weeds and plant-life growing up between the cracks, sometimes embellishing them with thread or highlighting their geometries with chalk. These "Sidewalk Forests" (1981), as she called them, monumentalize the transitory, transforming what could be seen as brokenness or neglect into a vision of nature's insistent reaching toward the sun.

"Life Between Buildings," organized by Jody Graf, assistant curator at MoMA PS1, connects the development of community gardens in New York in the 1970s to the work of artists, including Vicuña and Gordon Matta-Clark, who began using overlooked outdoor sites — especially abandoned or seemingly unusable space in the city — in their art.

Detail from Cecilia Vicuña's "Sidewalk Forests" (1981) in the exhibition "Life Between Buildings" at MoMA PS1. Miles Huston; via Lehmann Maupin

Detail from Cecilia Vicuña's "Sidewalk Forests" (1981). The artist photographed plant-life growing up between the cracks, sometimes embellishing them with thread or highlighting their geometries with chalk. via the artist and Lehmann Maupin New York, Hong Kong, Seoul, and London.

The exhibition traces a history of art taking place in the neglected corners of the city, where nature sometimes seems to have been built over and largely pushed out. Two other exemplary current shows — Miles Huston's "Cinderella Had a Farm," at Gordon Robichaux, and Kate Newby's "We Are Such Stuff," at Laurel Gitlen — also ask viewers to consider their immediate surroundings, drawing their attention to communal public space.

Huston and Newby each differently bring the outside into the gallery through their work. For Huston, the humble watering can provides a means for reflecting on the reciprocal care between humans and plants. Newby captures the attention of viewers within the gallery to bring their gaze beyond to the streets, buildings and spaces outside.

Installation view of work by Cecilia Vicuña in the exhibition "Life Between Buildings" at MoMA PS1. via MoMA PS1; Photo by Steven Pancecenio

Huston's exhibition at Gordon Robichaux centers on the artist's collection of watering jugs shown in three distinct series: as sculptural forms on shelves presented as designed objects as in a museum, in uniform green monochromes hung neatly in a row from a rack with coin-deposit locks as at a cemetery, and another grouping in a heterogeneous, cluttered multicolored mass as they would be stored within a community garden.

The watering cans are surrounded by wall-mounted works in house-shaped frames within which Huston nests or juxtaposes combinations of images and found objects, ranging from a meme featuring Greta Thunberg to photos documenting striking farmers overtaking a highway in their tractors.

While the wall works use the tactics of collage to portray the globalized economy's impact on food security and climate change, it's the marvelously gnomic and more effective presentation of Huston's watering cans that allow the viewer to focus on how this simple object serves to honor and care for the dead or is employed within the democratic space of a shared garden.

On the Lower East Side, Laurel Gitlen gallery features two tile works that Newby, the sculptor and ceramist, calls "murals." Hung like paintings, they incorporate found objects, specifically glass, gathered from specific locales: the neighboring streets of New York, in "I Hate and Love" (2022) and Auckland, in the artist's native New Zealand, for "It's Close" (2022).

A print is almost hidden in the closet-like office space, and a large work of cord — made of blown glass, handmade rope, bronze and wire — stretches across the narrow gallery for the exhibition's title-work, "We Are Such Stuff" (2022). But these works account for less than half of the show.

Seeing the rest of the exhibition feels like being let in on a secret. It continues in the building's underused semipublic spaces upstairs. A cavelike industrial space behind the building's elevator-mechanical room houses two works of towering wall-mounted columns of overlapping, gently arching tiles like terra-cotta shingles. Around the corner, through a door onto the building's roof is another mural work incorporating glass from the artist's current home in Floresville, Texas.

That Was a Secret for Two Decades

'Avatar' and the Mystery of the Vanishing Blockbuster

Kate Newby's "Come Back Tomorrow Night and I'll Tell You" (2022), ceramic, found glass (Floresville, Texas), and minerals. via the artist and Laurel Gitlen, New York; Photo by Charles Benton

"Want to Start at the Beginning?" (2022), white brass, silver, stoneware, Limoges porcelain and glaze (9 pieces). Kate Newby; via Laurel Gitlen; Photo by Charles Benton

Back downstairs, the gallerist reached in her pocket to show one of three "pocket works" by Newby in the exhibition.

This one, called "Want to Start at the Beginning?" (2022), included a cast white brass replica of a soda can pull-tab and other rocklike objects made of stoneware, silver and Limoges porcelain. The work felt at once precious and subversive to touch and intentionally requires that the person working in the gallery begin a conversation with gallery visitors.

Gitlen also called my attention to the rooftops of neighboring buildings where colorful ceramic "rocks" were mounted by Newby, in "Go Often" (2022) and "I Can't Wait" (2022), both visible only distantly atop the architecture's ridgeline. Because of how the gallery sits near the top of its white building, oddly situated on a triangular lot, the view of the city is freed from the rigidity of the grid.

Kate Newby's "I Can't Wait" (2022), four pieces of ceramic "rocks" mounted on the rooftop of the gallery's neighboring building. via the artist and Laurel Gitlen, New York; Photo by Charles Benton

Cooperative Village spreads out panoramically, just south of the 24 community gardens on the Lower East Side, which have been mapped and documented by the Japan-based artist and composer Aki Onda in a room at PS1.

While you have to squint to see Newby's work in the distance from within the gallery, these flashes of color must also be a mysterious addition to the daily views of people looking out their windows in the neighborhood.

The works here aren't just ceramics; they are landscapes. As Vicuña found forests in the sidewalk cracks, the intervention of Newby's sculptures demand that we look out around us, and consider how we all must share and find space together.

Life Between Buildings

Through Jan. 16, 2023 at MoMA PS1, 22-25 Jackson Avenue, Long Island City, Queens. 718-784-2084, momaps1.org.

Cinderella Had a Farm

Through Oct 30 at Gordon Robichaux, 41 Union Square West, Manhattan; 646-678-5532, gordonrobichaux.com.

We Are Such Stuff

Through Oct. 22 at Laurel Gitlen Gallery, 465 Grand Street, Manhattan; 212-837-2854, laurelgitlen.com.

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How funny you are today, New York (2010-21) detail

Don't do too much

Kate Newby: *YES TOMORROW*

By Andrea Bell

I'm at a hotel rooftop bar in the Southbank of Meanjin, Brisbane with my boyfriend and a friend visiting from home. It's the early 2010s and we've just left the opening of a triennial blockbuster exhibition—working on which, caused me to question my career choice several times. My friend grabs her wallet for the first round, and along with her credit card out slips out a lone matchstick, glimmering silver in the candlelight. She quickly recovers it, cradled in the palm of her hand for our appreciation. We pause to process this tiny sculpture, briefly discussing artistic provenance, before the matchstick is casually returned to her pocket.

'I like works where their condition as art is unclear...'[1]

Kate Newby makes art to exist in the world. Whether in the form of a hand-held collection of silver cast pocket charms; a ceramic windchime strung up in a neighbourhood tree; a handmade stone skimmed into a canal; a kiln-fired clay puddle; or coloured concrete pavement littered with found and fabricated debris—her work celebrates 'the everyday and the minor, calling attention to hitherto unseen details.'[2]

1 Kate Newby, 'I like works when their condition is unclear–Kate Newby interviewed by Mami Kataoka', in Rosemary Heather and Nicolaus Schafhausen (eds.), *Kate Newby: Let the Other Thing In*, exh. cat., Fogo Island Gallery, 2013, Fogo Island Arts and Sternberg Press, Fogo Island CA and Berlin, p.30.
2 Kyle Dancewicz 'Nothing in my life feels big enough: Kate Newby's Pocket Works', in Allison Dubinsky (ed.) *Kate Newby, Pocket Works*, lumber room, 2019, Portland, Oregon, p.90.

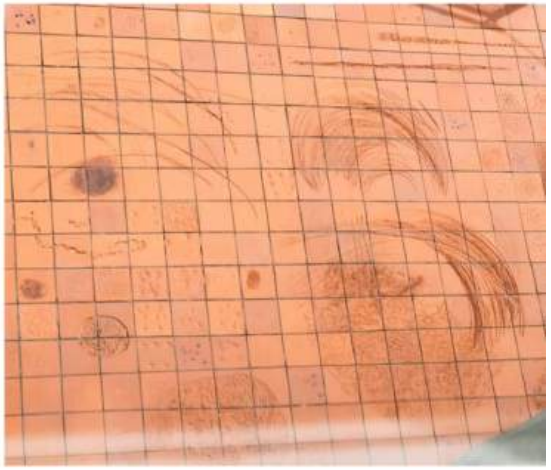
Newby grew up in a creative community at Te Henga, Bethells Beach on the West Coast of Tāmaki Makaurau. Her a childhood home was used at times as a workshop and pottery studio, complete with a wood kiln 'where the whole valley would come and fire pots.'[3] She went on to study at the Elam School of Fine Arts, where her idiosyncratic approach to ceramics could be attributed to what fellow graduate Nick Austin has described as a 'de-skilled art-school education.'[4] Over the years her father, the potter Stuart Newby, was according to Kate a 'tough... but...loving guiding voice.'[5] As she recalled: 'When I was at art school and I was writing on a cup and then glazing it, he was like: "Kate, you're being so lazy. Learn about the clay!"'[6]

YES TOMORROW at the Adam Art Gallery Te Pātaka Toi in Pōneke comprised 'seven sculptural gestures'[7] using the building as substrate, echoing the architecture and its surrounds. With walls intentionally left bare, works were experienced across several vantage points: looking up, looking down, inside and outside of the gallery. Furthering her interest in 'how and where sculpture happens'[8] the gallery was an anchor point from which Newby's works were arranged to 'catch the passage of time: the play of light, the effects of wind and rain, and the movements of viewers'[9].

'Galleries are typically designed to heighten our experience of something, to put something meaningful in a controlled environment to optimize our experience of it...I want the gallery to do exactly that, but re-direct attention to the environment as opposed to a discrete, defined "work".'[10]

3 Jessica-Belle Greer, 'Inside contemporary artist Kate Newby's creative family home in Te Henga', *Haven*, 17 May 2021, haven-magazine.co.nz/people/contemporary-artist-kate-newby-te-henga
4 Nick Austin, quoted in Megan Dunn, 'The Gorgeous Nothings: An Interview with Nick Austin' *The Pantograph Punch*, 18 June 2017, pantograph-punch.com/posts/interview-nick-austin
5 'Artist Kate Newby: turning galleries inside out: Saturday Morning with Kim Hill', *RNZ National / Te Reo Irirangi o Aotearoa*, 20 Feb 2021
6 'Artist reworks Adam Art Gallery building for new show', Victoria University Te Herenga Waka, 9 Feb 2021, wgtn.ac.nz/news/2021/02/artist-reworks-adam-art-gallery-building-for-new-show
7 Christina Barton, *Kate Newby YES TOMORROW* – exh. guide, Adam Art Gallery | Te Pātaka Toi, Wellington, 2021
8 Chris Sharp, 'FOLLOWING KATE NEWBY DOWN THE ROAD', *Mousse Contemporary Art Magazine*, issue 64, 2018, p.257
9 Christina Barton, 'A Thrown Stone, a Glass House. The Insider Ethics of Kate Newby', in *Kate Newby: I can't nail the days down* exh cat., Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna, 2018, p.123
10 Newby, *Let the Other Thing In*, p.26

You got to write a song and I got to be in it (2021), details



Above: *SHE'S TALKING TO THE WALL* (2012-21)

Below right: *How funny you are today, New York* (2010-21) details

Looking up:

Windows are a border, 'the threshold between the inside and the outside.'[11] For *Always humming* (2021) perforated custom cast glass panels,[12] retrofit into the gallery's window frames invited the Wellington 'breeze' into the gallery. Newby's open-air ventilation system breathed life into an otherwise heavily monitored, climate-controlled setting—her constellation of finger-pocked holes piercing the vacuum of the white cube.

Suspended within whistle-range, in hope of stirring a delicate chime or clang, *SHE'S TALKING TO THE WALL* (2012-21), presented a sleeping symphony of pendant-shaped windchimes, moulded in various lengths of blown glass and fired clay. This sampling plotted the artist's decade-long 'history of wind chime production'[13] including her first attempt at a Greenwich House Pottery class in New York, coloured with 'watered-down house paint because she didn't yet know how to glaze'.[14] She also humbly displayed chimes with broken ends 'knocked around by the elements'[15] after being hung for an extended period in Olive Street Garden in Brooklyn, New York.On the day of our visit the air was still but bursting with melodic potential.

11 Newby, RNZ
12 Created in collaboration with glass artist Claudia Borella
13 Barton, *YES TOMORROW*, Adam Art Gallery | Te Pātaka Toi, Wellington, 2021, p.138
14 Ibid
15 Ibid

Looking down:

'Every time I look at it I feel like I'm looking into a small universe.'[16]

you run it (2021) was a narrow channel sliced into the gallery's recycled rubber tyre flooring, filled with fragile mauve and rust-coloured clay shells; each cupping a tiny melted shard of glass carefully collected from footpath gutters or a local park by gallery staff, the artist's family and friends. Newby likewise repurposes 'scraps of language'[17], saying of her artwork titles: 'I work with words in the same way that I might work with broken glass from the sidewalk. I pluck it and I take it out of context, and then I re-exhibit it in a way. So I use words very much the same way as any other material. Where, I try not to alter it too much...'[18] This subtle, delicate work was so discreet, that it made a very slight but audible crunch when a nearby visitor unwittingly walked upon it.

'I always want to pull attention away from where one is standing to introduce or encourage movement in a space that is not necessarily prescribed by its usual function. In that way, the work is a sort of conductor, or stage where action can take place.'[19]

Viewable at varying heights from the balconies above, and more clearly intended for walking upon—or dancing upon by an overjoyed barefoot toddler—*What Kind of Day Has it Been* (2021) concealed the gallery's lower level floor with a wash of oceanic blue pigment screed. It spoke an urban dialect, scattered with small silver cast bottle caps, pull-tabs, matchsticks and other debris. Drawing with her body, Newby's scrawling, raking indentations 'bore traces of its making'[20], leaving rhythms, marks and footprints upon the ground. Though similar in concept to previous floor works, *What Kind of Day...*was imbued with 'an abundance of local detail.'[21] This work also paid attention to transient weather conditions, recalling land art influences such as Nancy Holt's *Sun Tunnels* (1973-76). At the time of our visit the ground was bathed in square-window-shaped patches of sunlight.

16 Newby, RNZ
17 Newby, Let the Other Thing In, p.30
18 Newby, RNZ
19 Newby, Let the Other Thing In, pp.19-22
20 Sarah Hopkinson, 'Kate Newby's Outside in', *Kate Newby: Incredible Feeling*, Clouds and Hopkinson Mossman, Auckland 2014, p.18
21 Chris Kraus, 'Splodges of Color', *I can't nail the days down*, p.132

Above: *How funny you are today, New York* (2010-21)

"Clay is just a rock. And all you do when you fire it, is you reverse that whole process of rock becoming clay. When you put it back through temperatures it goes back to being a rock, and I was like 'oh, I'll just make some rocks'."[22]

Inside:

The collectively titled, *How funny you are today, New York* (2010-21) chronologically chartered Newby's archive of fired and glazed handmade ceramic stones. Grouped in small clusters with handwritten labels, her presentation was like something you might expect to see in the hall of an amateur rock society. Her semi-museological approach was typical of past exhibits. However the specimens on display were only a small representation of her larger rock assembly line, thanks in part to her practice of gifting handmade stones to friends, with the request that they be skimmed into a nearby body of water 'to be repatriated with the natural world.'[23]

Outside:

Viewed through the gallery's rear windows, or circumnavigating the Adam's building exterior to an otherwise non-descript location, lay a flat grid of terracotta tiles, *You got to write a song and I got to be in it* (2021). Newby nearly always installs work outside in proximity the gallery, 'not wanting to reinforce one over the other.'[24]

As explained by curator Christina Barton: "...even when Newby installs her work in a non-art space, I would suggest that the 'art space' is her critical reference point. This is a physical architecture and a social structure to be worked with, a lens through which to view the world, and a limit to be transgressed."[25] In the creation of this work, Newby travelled to Matakana to work with Middle Earth Tiles, where she scratched, scuffed and etched each tile (made from a local seam of clay) before firing them in the factory's large industrial kiln.[26]

22 Newby, RNZ
23 Hopkinson, *Incredible Feeling*, p.46
24 Newby, RNZ
25 Barton, *I can't nail the days down*, p.122
26 Barton, *YES TOMORROW*

'I don't often make stand-alone sculpture. It always has this reliance on things bigger than itself.'[27]

On the bank of a grassy green hill within view of the Adam, Newby installed a channel of approximately 200 semi-cylindical, concave ceramic tiles. Though not dissimilar to Newby's previous thigh tile gutter pieces, this 45 metre work was in part inspired by Wellington's terracotta-tile stormwater drains; the slope at the Terrace Tunnel Park selected as a site with 'dormant potential'[28] and a place 'where water runs when it rains.'[29]

As my two year old discovered, it was great for rolling pebbles down too. This work cut into the body of the landscape, inserting an inverted chain of bodies of another kind. Created using a traditional technique first encountered by the artist in Southern France, this work was made possible thanks to a large number of *Touch Clay workshop* volunteers (listed in the work's title), who stacked up several hours with slabs of clay upon their thighs.

Though located some distance away from the Adam, such heavy institutional signage in this public space felt at odds with the artist's conscious lack of wall labels at the gallery. As Newby has noted elsewhere: 'Sometimes it seems like the more explanation that accompanies an artwork the more legitimate it is. But I wonder if context can be just as informative as anything else.'[30]

Although no photographs were included in the exhibition, the *YES TOMORROW* publication featured Polaroid snapshots documenting sources of inspiration, before and after clay firing images, and pictures of places and key people involved behind-the-scenes. All of which seems to have dreamily transpired during a largely Covid-free summer. Despite an abundance of resources, collaborators, and collective labour, *YES TOMORROW* was an ambitiously modest and understated exhibition.

'Don't do too much...let the material do its own thing...'[31]

27 Newby, in Greer, *Haven*
28 Hopkinson, *Incredible Feeling*, p.34
29 Barton, *YES TOMORROW*
30 Newby, *Let the Other Thing In*, p.38
31 Newby, RNZ

Kate Newby YES TOMORROW was exhibited at the Adam Art Gallery, Te Pātaka Toi, Wellington, 20 February – 30 May 2021.

Image Credit: Ted Whitaker, courtesy of the artist and Adam Art Gallery Te Pātaka Toi

Right: *Rob Duncan Megan Daniel Margaret Lynn Samuel Deb Nico Marilyn Sarah Henry Mieko Kate Ruth Mike Briana Justine Grace Romesh Josefine Madison Nerissa David Nina Gabrielle Dayle Isabelle Ana Lilith Christian Ruby Sophie Millie Michaela Loretta Laura Christina Alison Olly Miriam Fred Lise Hazel Simon Mia Anita Caroline Anna Prak Nadya Alba Xander Flavia Emma Stef Areez Bella Rachel Kirsty Kate Nicola Emerita Tim Megan Ruby Fina Felixe Elia Eva Ben Julian Bena Huhana Max Lily Tina Rose Bill and Teresa* (2021)

AND I DO CARE

On poetry, institutional interrogation, and Kate Newby's predilection for the everyday.

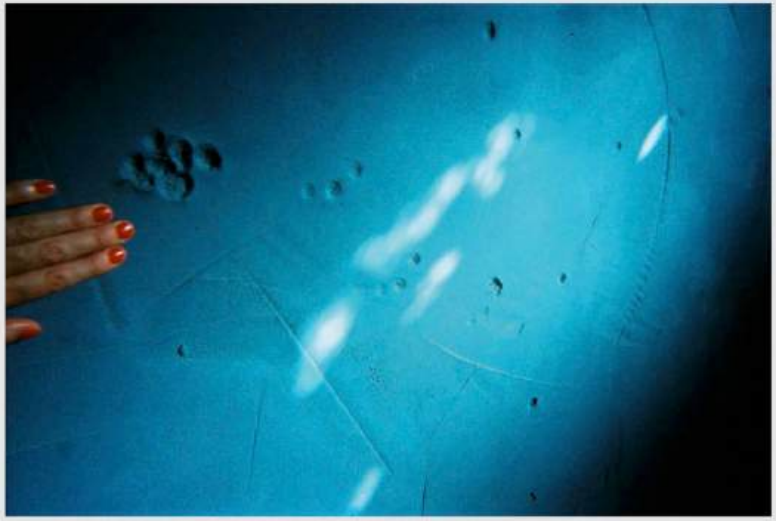


Photo Credit

Cameron Ah Loo-Matamua
May 07 2021

SHARE

The poem is at last between two persons instead of two pages. —Frank O'Hara

IF THE PAGE IS AT TIMES an unruly partner to the poet, so too is the gallery to the artist. The gallery—with all of its walls and its patrons, its curators and technicians, catalogues and art histories—does as much to cradle the artist as it does to confine them. Within this dilemma Kate Newby's work glides in like an incision, a deliberate imposition upon the temperature-controlled and neatly ordered parameters of the gallery. It is her page—cut up, bent out of shape, and twisted to her will.

Walking into the Adam Art Gallery Te Pūtaka Toi—the artist's most recent page—its lofty white walls and austere architecture seem more severe than usual. A kind gallery attendant peeks out from behind a computer screen to greet me and asks if I'm familiar with Newby's work. I think to myself they look a bit cold amidst all of this open space. The feeling is made all the more pronounced by Newby's utter stripping back of the gallery, from the removal of blinds to the complete omission of a wall-text announcing her exhibition *YES TOMORROW*. It is her largest undertaking in Aotearoa to date, and it challenges the capacity of the gallery to accommodate her distinct, evolving, and at times overwhelming sculptural idiom.

Photo Credit

NEWBY OFTEN MAKES REFERENCE to Frank O'Hara, the late New York School poet and former curator at the Museum of Modern Art, appropriating lines of his poetry as work titles when she takes a liking to portions of his meandering writings. She shares with me an old, weathered printout she made of 'Personism: A Manifesto,' written by O'Hara in 1959 as a letter to an unnamed friend. It's an entertaining treatise that moves from diaristic justifications ('It was founded by me after lunch with LeRoi Jones [later Amiri Baraka] on August 27, 1959, a day in which I was in love with someone (not Roi, by the way, a blond)') to vulgar philosophising ('As for measure and other technical apparatus, that's just common sense: If you're going to buy a pair of pants you want them to be tight enough so everyone will want to go to bed with you. There's nothing metaphysical about it.') He is funny, his writing flirtatious, and I giggle when I notice Newby has underlined that latter line about pants and metaphysics.

O'Hara's cynical sense of humour almost overshadows one of the points he was trying to make: that the poem, or art, should primarily form an experience, an unmediated communion between an author and their reader, that imagined yet real 'someone'. Rather than write the poem into existence, why not, O'Hara says, just pick up the telephone? Who really cares about all the pomp and circumstance? What about life and living? It is an idealistic position, and one that has influenced much of Newby's work. You can see it in her invocation of communal and folk artisanship, her uses of common materials such as clay and glass, and her attraction to the ephemeral matter that makes up our everyday lives. I think of the barrel tiles she creates with a group of eighty companions, each participant lending their thighs for the moulding of what is to become a channel-like drain on a hill five minutes' walk from the gallery. The distance from the gallery—that problematic page—provides a reprieve from all of the preciousness and expected orderliness.

Photo Credit

the poem, or art, should primarily form an experience, an unmediated communion between an author and their reader, that imagined yet real 'someone'.

ANOTHER DOCUMENT NEWBY SHARES with me is a practice statement she wrote in 2007 while studying for her master's at the Elam School of Fine Arts. It features expected terms such as 'building scenarios,' 'interventions,' 'rebuilding,' 'unbuilding,' and 'the everyday,' along with other, less expected ones such as 'détournement,' 'piracy,' and 'counter-monumental.' On reading those last three, a timid hunch I had lost all its trepidation and I began to follow its lead. Critics and curators have in the past skirted the politics of Newby's work, or at least not given it ample consideration. In 2014, in an otherwise detailed appraisal of the artist's practice, Jennifer Kabat proclaimed 'Newby's questions are subtle. This isn't institutional critique, nothing that heavy. The answers are left open-ended.' Slight as Newby's gestures may be, that declarative separation from a lineage of institutional interrogation seems burdensome, especially upon looking at her most recent work.

YES TOMORROW's commissioning curator, Tina Barton, might agree. In her catalogue essay for the exhibition, 'Seven Notes (for Kate),' she details the at-times gruelling lengths it took for the exhibition to be mounted, and the political dimension firmly placed within that. In her sixth note, frankly titled 'Strained Relations,' she says: (1)

> Newby's show tests the building, and its guardians. Usually art is placed inside its container, which serves as a neutral box, a safe haven [...] a space separate from the world designed for a special category of discrete objects we call 'art.' There's a politics to this, with prescribed responsibilities assigned to both institutional host and artist-guest [...] A history of institutional critique has tested this relationship, as Newby is well aware [...] and she's learnt from all of them about the value and purpose of the dialectical push/pull between 'white cube' and world.

Barton places Newby in a lineage with Hans Haacke, Nancy Holt, Francis Alys, Roni Horn, and the American minimalists. In person, Newby and I discuss another helpful addition: the arte povera movement, an early influence that continues to stream through her practice. The movement was famously aligned with the late critic and superstar curator Germano Celant, who gifted its name, literally translated as 'poor art.' Arte povera came into being during the social upheavals of the 1960s where artists began to metabolise into their practices the growing disdain and skepticism toward cultural institutions, governments, and history's grand narratives. Much of the work made under its banner was characterised by an elemental naivety in materials (earth, water, air, raw metals, stone) and placed an emphasis on the experiential capacity of art, attempting to move away from the growing commercialisation of the cultural sphere. In *Arte Povera*, Celant's influential book, his characterisation of the movement's quintessential artist echoes the same form of idealism found in O'Hara: 'He has chosen to live within direct experience, no longer the representative – the source of pop artists – he aspires to live, not to see.' (2)

The gallery is a monument, one that Newby and many artists before her have tried to counter, or at least antagonise. Mami Kataoka, in her judge's statement for the 2012 Walters Prize, extolled Newby's winning installation for being 'the most reserved but radical way of transcending the fixed architectural space for contemporary art, liberating us towards wider universal space.' This transcendence is as present in *YES TOMORROW*, if not more pointedly so. Within the space is her long 'scratch,' made directly into the gallery's peculiar rubber floors, patched up with hundreds of miniature ceramic and glass pools; there are her wind chimes, strung from the floor and led right up to the peak of the building, wobbling and signalling your eyes up, emphasising both the capacity of the gallery architecture and, moreover, its usual stagnancy—its 'dead space'; there are perforated panes of glass, pierced with finger-sized holes that disrupt and expose what sculptor Robert Morris might refer to as the 'insulated setting' of the gallery, its theoretical and physical lack of sensuality; and then there is that impossible blue floor, the inescapable anchor of the exhibition, lying proudly on top of that aforementioned page, superseding it in every way possible.

Photo Credit

Photo Credit

The gallery is a monument, one that Newby and many artists before her have tried to counter, or at least antagonise.

I VISIT NEWBY AT HER FAMILY HOME, out at Te Henga where she grew up. Here, she was surrounded by a community of artists and artisans. All that nature, too. Allie Eagle was a neighbour, taking her 'under her wing from a young age,' showing her how to use watercolours. Her dad built a kiln back in the day also, which local potters would come to use. She points at it familiarly. We talk through her work over coffee that her partner Rob has made, and she sorts through a box of her ceramics. She mentions reading a book, *Ninth Street Women*, which looks at the lives of painters Lee Krasner, Elaine de Kooning, Helen Frankenthaler, and others. I google it later that night and a *New York Times* review pops up. 'To be put in any category not defined by one's work is to be falsified.' That's de Kooning, speaking from 1971.

Another time, I run into Newby in Ngāmotu New Plymouth, where she is staying in an Airbnb just down the road from the Govett-Brewster. She knows that I've injured my leg and I'm quite fatigued, so she lets me nap in a spare room while she moulds clay that will house her scrounged-for glass. A few days later we message through Instagram, our conversation drifting from skincare to criticism. She recalls something that I said earlier in the week about criticism being a form of affection for a Virgo. I respond: 'I wouldn't bother if I didn't care, y'know?' to which she replies, 'YES' 'And I do care.'

Endnotes

(1) Newby, Kate, *Kate Newby Yes Tomorrow*, Wellington: Adam Art Gallery Te Pātaka Toi, 2021, 141-142.

(2) Celant, Germano, *Arte Povera*, New York & Washington: Praeger Publishers, 1969, 225.

SHARE

About the Author

Cameron Ah Loo-Matamua is a writer and curator based in Tāmaki Makaurau. They are a contributing writer for Artforum International and a curator at St Paul St Gallery, AUT.

@cameronahloomatamua

About the Artist

Kate Newby is represented in Aotearoa New Zealand by Michael Lett.

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Interview

Kate Newby

by Ross Simonini

"My work is about putting myself into situations where anything can happen. I'm not doing a lot, but I am fully immersed in the process"

I met Kate Newby in her Brooklyn studio, a simple, clean box of a room she occasionally used for mental wandering, but not for making art. She'd recently returned from installing her show *A puzzling light and moving* (2018), at the Lumber Room in Portland, Oregon, which would be up for a year, at her request. Over the coming months, she planned to revisit it, adding, removing and reconsidering the choices she had made during her original installation.

The show includes many of Newby's characteristic forms – tiles, wind chimes, puddles – all made from earthen materials: clay, cotton, wire, glass. The objects often appear weathered, like artefacts that could've been excavated from any global civilisation at any time. Her installations seem to reconstruct nooks from these timeless places and can express urban grandiosity and naturalistic modesty within the same space. For her recent show *I can't nail the days down* (2018) she used thousands of clay bricks to lay a floor in the Kunsthalle Wien. Throughout the room, the bricks were speckled with the kind of quiet gestures you might overlook in your local pavement: dimples, embedded coins, errant scratches. A viewer must engage the work with head down and gaze soft.

Newby spends much of her research time outside, strolling the streets around her exhibitions, gathering the elements of her art from the ground. Many of these little items could be called 'junk' or 'found', and yet her sculpture bears little resemblance to the kind of art that is historically associated with those descriptors. She often transforms and merges her findings with her own elegant fabrications to create something almost artless. Her work, both indoors and out, often feels continuous with the world around it, like an intimate encounter with a patch of grass in the centre of a vast metropolis.

As we spoke, Newby and I played with a collection of thimble-size sculptures she's made over the years. Many of these were metal castings of things from ephemeral life – a can tab, a match, a pebble – but she also laid out a collection of shell-like clay forms in a single gestural push. Each one is filled with bits of found glass, and then fired in a kiln to create melted, frozen puddles that fit into your pocket. She's made hundreds of these – compulsively, it seems – and has included them in many exhibitions as a part of her ever-growing vocabulary of objects.

Since moving from her home in New Zealand, Newby has only had a studio for a brief stint, preferring to make everything onsite. A few weeks after our meeting in the autumn, she unburdened herself of her short-lived studio space in New York and decided to work at home, which nicely suits her process.

"It actually feels good," she wrote to me, "like the studio was a stretch and I was trying something out. But it's good to consolidate and feel a bit safe as well. I remember we talked about energy and resources and taking care of the artistic self, and this all feels like a move towards that. I liked reading the comments in the interview about why I had a studio and I'm glad you got me in the moment when I was still in one… Maybe I'll never have one again?"

ROSS SIMONINI *We are in here in your studio, but you don't really use it like a studio.*

KATE NEWBY I don't make anything here. My work is made in installations. I go somewhere, bust out all this work and then leave. And I've been wondering, is that going to become unhealthy after a while?

RS *Unhealthy how?*

KN Well, I don't want to get depleted, and sometimes I feel very sad when I install a show and it opens and I never see that work again. I never get to revisit it, or spend time with it. Because the work can't come back here to the studio. I mean, my show in Vienna was 6,000 bricks. That shit isn't ever seen again… *can't* be seen again!

"Every time I pick up a piece of glass from the sidewalk, it's me walking, for one. It's me seeing the glass, for two. And it's me deciding if I feel safe enough in whatever situation I'm in to pick up the glass. Because it's actually quite embarrassing"

RS *What happens to that work after?*

KN Galleries don't want to store this stuff. In the case of the Vienna work, some got sent to the Kunsthaus Hamburg. Some of it was recycled. Now it's being reduced to 1,200 bricks and I'm going to ship that to my mum's house in New Zealand, because she can store them at the end of her driveway. She doesn't know this yet.

RS *These bricks and clay tiles you make often have impressions in them. What's your process to make those marks?*

KN Well, the brick works are made at brick factories. I carve into bricks when they have been formed but the clay is still unfired. I make marks by stabbing, scraping, carving; as well I push pieces of broken glass that I have picked up off the sidewalk into the unfired brick. The bricks then return to the factory line to be fired with all the other bricks. With the clay works I am throwing the clay on the ground, onto objects around the area that I am working, and I'm collecting these marks. Sometimes debris gets burned into the clay too. So I'm not really doing anything.

RS *It seems like you're doing something.*

KN I'm just performing an action. There's not a lot of craft involved. But I'm completely active. My work is about putting myself into situations where anything can happen. I'm not doing a lot, but I am fully immersed in the process. It's also active in the sense that, every time I pick up a piece of glass from the sidewalk, it's me walking, for one. It's me seeing the glass, for two. And it's me deciding if I feel safe enough in whatever situation I'm in to pick up the glass. Because it's actually quite embarrassing.

RS *Why?*

KN Because I'm crouched down often around trees, going through the dirt, and people say, "What are you doing, picking up dog shit?"

RS *How many times have people said that to you?*

KN Quite a few.

RS *Is the embarrassment part of the work?*

KN Yeah, it means I've become vulnerable.

RS *Did you collect things as a child?*

KN I'm actually not a big believer in picking things up.

RS *Really?*

KN Someone asked me the other day if I collect rocks, and I said, no! It's terrible to take rocks.

RS *But glass is ok?*

KN Yes. It's a refused material readily available, it's almost like cleaning in an insignificant way… Or shells. People give me shells, but I don't collect things. Sometimes I'll collect things if I'm sentimental. Like I had a Kombucha on the plane and it was called 'Clear Mind', and I liked that, so I kept the bottle cap.

RS *Are you always looking for things?*

KN Yes, but there are factors: how's my mood? Because sometimes I just can't do it. And: do I have pockets to carry it?

RS *You've made some work to be exhibited in pockets. For months at a time.*

KN I give work to security guards or attendants. Sometimes I've given these works to other artists who are in an exhibition with me. I like the idea that the work is getting shown privately. You

facing page Kate Newby.
Photo: Steffen Jagenburg. Courtesy the artist

can't see the work unless whoever has it wants to show you. I like how things come in and out of visibility. They are not presents, though. I ask the work to be sent back to me.

RS *To see how it transformed?*

KN The work gets vulnerable really quickly. Pieces get lost. And that's not uninteresting. Then you have the memory of it. A lot of the work is metal, and I don't seal them, so they are able to develop a natural patina from the hand touching. It's minimal. But I want to see the damage. [She takes a jar from a shelf and dumps the contents on the table: dozens of miniature sculptures] These are the ones I never give away. I've made several hundred of these.

RS *You seem pretty loose with your work.*

KN Oh yes. I'll give it away without thinking about it. I just got an email, which said that a bird shat on my roofing tiles in Portland, which is great. What a success!

RS *Would you call these little works 'charms'?*

KN No, because 'charm' elevates them. I want *you* to elevate them. What matters is that *you* find them valuable. [Holding a twig cast in metal] This is from my father's avocado tree.

RS *Do you tell viewers this?*

KN No. I push back on narrative. It makes it easier for people to have narrative. But I'm stubborn about it. I don't know why. Most of my work needs special attention. It needs weather, circumstance. The tiles need rain and the wind chimes need wind. They're always changing. What's a puddle if it's not outside in the rain?

RS *Which is why you have to work onsite.*

KN Yeah. It's exhausting. This recent show [at the Lumber Room], I made it in two and half weeks.

RS *When did you start working this way?*

KN 2010. My first major exhibition was in Bremen at the GAK [Gesellschaft für Aktuelle Kunst]. I was in New Zealand and I got an email out of nowhere. So I arrived in Bremen and made the whole show there, over the course of five weeks, and I just stayed on afterward. It set the precedent for me. Then I moved to New York in 2012.

RS *What was the art community like in New Zealand?*

KN Quite positive. I grew up on a beach on the west coast of Auckland, 40 minutes from downtown. In the bush, really. I was part of an artist-run space called Gambia Castle. Rent's cheap there, so you can run a space with your friends. And I was working in hospitality and could get by on that. It's small, too, so it's an entangled community, and there's a nice competition. We all made each other better.

A puzzling light and moving, 2018 (installation view). Photo: Worksighted. Courtesy the artist and Lumber Room, Portland

Here, in New York, it's so vast and everyone is busy. I'm really happy that I'm an artist from New Zealand. I think New Zealand artists are good artists. I believe that. I don't know why. Maybe because of our remoteness, being at the bottom of the world. Or because we're both self-deprecating and wildly energetic. It's a recently colonised place and it was the first country in the world to give women the vote. Our female prime minister is unmarried and just gave birth. Stuff like that happens. It makes for interesting artists.

RS *Why did you leave?*

KN I never left on purpose, but I'm glad I left when I did. I just kind of moved around, and New York was the place I left my stuff. And now I'm thirty-nine and I don't know if I want to move again. I always thought I'd wind up in Brussels. I love it there.

RS *Why do you have a studio if you don't use it?*

KN I only got this studio a year and a half ago. It's my first real studio since art school. It's a big deal. I just needed my own room, to think about things, to rejuvenate. This morning I just made a playlist of songs I loved from 1994. And it doesn't feel unhealthy doing that. It feels good. I always listen to songs over and over again, and those are the songs on the list: Mazzy Star, Jane's Addiction, Cowboy Junkies, songs from the *Singles* soundtrack [1992], the *Empire Records* soundtrack [1995]. Music meant and means a lot to me.

RS *Are you nostalgic?*

KN I wish I looked back more. My work requires a lot of first, quick responses. Working with clay is like that. So making this mixtape is a way to balance that out.

RS *When you said you wanted to balance out your lifestyle, what do you mean?*

KN I just want to get better at lifestyle. Artists have a lot of agency. I can say what I need. I need time to think. I recently pushed off some shows to help myself, but it's hard, because if you're not showing, you're not making money. It's emotionally confusing.

RS *Are you a fully professional artist?*

KN Yeah. But I was getting my doctorate in art for a while and living off of the scholarship that came with that. I don't sell a lot of work. But what else am I gonna do? I travel too much to get a job. I have cheap rent. I don't spend a lot. I'm a taxpayer in the US but [legally] I'm a 'nonresident', and I'm also a 'nonresident' in New Zealand. So I'm a nonresident everywhere! So I find it hard to get grants. It doesn't matter, though. I cherish making art. I'm flabbergasted that I get to do what I'm doing. But this doesn't

top I love you poems, 2018, assorted clay and found glass, dimensions variable. Photo: Worksighted. Courtesy the artist and Lumber Room, Portland

above The more I listen to it the more I love it, 2017, glass, beer bottles. Photo: Johan Wahlgren. Courtesy Index – Contemporary Swedish Art Foundation, Stockholm

top Were there no impossibilities, 2018, glass, wire, 210 × 170 × 30 cm. Photo: Lewis Ronald. Courtesy the artist and The Sunday Painter, London

above I can't will the days down, 2018 (installation view). Photo: Jorit Aust. Courtesy the artist and Kunsthalle Wien

mean I'm living it up. I find it tough to pay for yoga classes, but I'm not going hungry. I was swimming all summer because the pool was free. I picked up ten cents on the ground yesterday and that was all I made this month. I mean, when do we get to calm down, relax and pat ourselves on the back?

RS *Are you suspicious of art at all?*

KN I'm not sure when art is about thinking and when it's about feeling. I think through doing things. It's funny, I like Patti Smith but I don't want to watch a documentary on her. I'm hesitant to learn more. I'm the same with process. I try to come at materials blindly, like glass and clay. I give myself permission to go into a glass studio and know nothing. I can just play around with glass frit and make choices.

RS *Artmaking is basically decision-making.*

KN I really don't like looking at work when I feel like the artist hasn't made a decision. I can see when they didn't know what was going on. They felt overwhelmed making it. I like specific work. Sometimes people can't make their minds up. They find everything appealing.

RS *Does this happen to you?*

KN Yeah, I can tell when it happens in my own work, too, but it's usually a few days too late, after the show's open. Maybe I wasn't in the space of being able to make decisions. I just know when I'm tapped into the thing. But it's also way more complex than that. It's like the Patti Smith thing. I don't want to refine what I know. I don't want to complicate it. But I've never really vocalised this before. None of what I'm saying is very thought out.

> "I push back on narrative. I don't know why. Most of my work needs special attention. It needs weather, circumstance. The tiles need rain and the wind chimes need wind. They're always changing. What's a puddle if it's not outside in the rain?"

RS *Seems appropriate though, for the subject.*

KN I think a lot about how I like to see work. I like the feeling of not knowing when a work ends and where it begins. But I think that's often done with less, not more. For instance, I love the *Sun Tunnels* [1973–76] by Nancy Holt. It's committed. I think about commitment all the time – to materials, situations, words. People muck around too much. This is why I give myself a set amount of time to work on projects. I like confidence and face-to-face interaction. I worked on the Biennale of Sydney recently, and it was all on email. How could I tell them what I want when I haven't even been to the site? I found that very hard. I'm not an artist who sketches up things.

But I'm still trying to understand the ways I want to work. For me, assertiveness is the goal. In Vienna for my show at the Kunsthalle Wien I wanted to do something but I was afraid to ask, because it would be so much work for everyone involved. And then I thought: is that really how I'm making decisions? That's why I have a studio, to think and keep myself from making lame decisions. I was going to make a decision because it was too hard for people I don't know who are paid to help me. And I almost didn't catch it. But that's just the self-limiting aspect of being a woman, a person from New Zealand and a sensitive person. If I'm not careful, these things can go unchecked. I can't be bossed around by art.

Not this time, not for me (detail), 2017, mixed media, dimensions variable. Photo: Kyle Knodell. Courtesy the artist and Sculpture Center, New York

Ross Simonini is an artist and writer living in New York and California

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FOLLOWING KATE NEWBY

BY CHRIS SHARP

A rock in this pocket., 2018 (detail), 21st Biennale of Sydney installation view at Cockatoo Island, 2018. Commissioned by the Biennale of Sydney with assistance from Creative New Zealand; Michael Lett, Auckland; Austral Bricks; Paving By Design Pty Ltd. Courtesy the artist; Michael Lett, Auckland; Fine Arts, Sydney. Photo: silversalt photography

DOWN THE ROAD

Swift little verbs pushing the big nouns around (detail), 2018, *Swift little verbs pushing the big nouns around* installation view at Michael Lett, Auckland, 2018. Courtesy: the artist and Michael Lett, Auckland. Photo: Alex North

Swift little verbs pushing the big nouns around (detail), 2018, *Swift little verbs pushing the big nouns around* installation view at Michael Lett, Auckland, 2018. Courtesy: the artist and Michael Lett, Auckland. Photo: Alex North

I can't nail the days down installation view at Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna, 2018. Courtesy: the artist. Photo: Jorit Aust

Arriving in Marfa on a Sunday / Marfa New Years Day, 2017. *Swift little verbs pushing the big nouns around* installation view at Michael Lett, Auckland, 2018. Courtesy: the artist and Michael Lett, Auckland. Photo: Alex North

A rock in this pocket., 2018 (details), 21st Biennale of Sydney installation views at Cockatoo Island, 2018. Commissioned by the Biennale of Sydney with assistance from Creative New Zealand; Michael Lett, Auckland; Austral Bricks; Paving By Design Pty Ltd. Courtesy the artist; Michael Lett, Auckland; Fine Arts, Sydney. Photo: silversalt photography

Marfa residency, 2017. © Kate Newby. Courtesy: the artist and Michael Lett, Auckland

Marfa residency, 2017 © Kate Newby. Courtesy: the artist and Michael Lett, Auckland

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In an age of such profound distrust, the seemingly naive candor and trust of Kate Newby's work strikes me as almost heroic. It is probably most succinctly conveyed in the language she uses, for instance in her work and exhibition titles.

One phrase in particular always stays with me: "I'll follow you down the road," the title of her 2011 exhibition at Hopkinson Mossman gallery in Auckland, New Zealand. Interestingly, that direct address also brings to mind one of Newby's personal artistic heroes, Frank O'Hara, and his mock manifesto and movement, Personism. "Personism," O'Hara wrote somewhat ironically in his celebrated 1961 manifesto, "has nothing to do with philosophy, it's all art… One of its minimal aspects is to address itself to one person (other than the poet himself), thus evoking overtones of love without destroying love's life-giving vulgarity." Such a statement feels almost like a key to Newby's work, and something the viewer should keep in mind when looking at it. But before discussing how the work operates, I should say a few words about what it is.

Kate Newby is essentially a sculptor, working with ceramics, casting and glass, textiles and wood, among other materials. Generally of a modest, even intimate scale, the work has nevertheless been known to occupy entire rooms or other spaces through architectural interventions or subtle modifications, which range from altered floors to expansive layers of modified bricks to textile walls. Only ever figurative symbolically, her ceramic, porcelain, cast silver "pebbles," "rocks," or flora are sometimes inserted in "puddles" of poured, pigmented concrete. Over the last few years, Newby has been making wind chimes out of ceramic, porcelain, and cast metal, which might be placed outside or inside and have recently evolved into hanging, tendril-like or vertebrae-like sculptures consisting of irregularly round objects stacked up like spines. At times, the works include elements she finds on walks, primarily in New York's Central Park, which could be anything from debris to broken bits of glass, which are fired with the ceramics, becoming small, transparent puddles among the concave surfaces of the ceramics, single combinations of which can also be small, stand-alone sculptures, as in her recent solo at Michael Lett gallery, Auckland, and Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna.

The architectural interventions can consist of low, raised platforms, which are sometimes painted and bedecked with various collections of materials, which are liable to assume a rune-like syntax, as in her show at Laurel Gitlen gallery in New York in 2015, or semitransparent fabric walls hanging in front of windows or solid walls. Newby has a propensity to leave a given exhibition space and site works, such as puddles or ceramic rocks, either nearby the exhibition space or somewhere in the same city. This propensity is motivated less by an antipathy for the white cube and more by an interest in lived experience, which the white cube in terms of his interest in what he called the dialectal quality of art: something that evolves and changes and has a much greater chance of happening, it goes without saying, outside the white cube. As such, the work is ideally never removed from human experience. It exists in the world and is subject to its vicissitudes. This is precisely why, although what Newby does is embedded in studio practice, walking and the peripatetic mode play such an important role in what she makes. Hers is a practice that seeks to continually break down the barriers of the studio and the outside world, and in doing so, not necessarily deny art its rarefied space and thus collapse the boundaries between art and life, but rather assert the degree to which art and life are mutually dependent. Such an affirmation is as informed by the legacy of the post-studio practice of Francis Alÿs, which is very out-in-the-world, as by the apparent spontaneity and lived-ness (for lack of a better word) of O'Hara's poetry.

Whence the humanity of the work, and its refreshing lack of (defensive) irony or cynicism. This may lead to accusations of sincerity or earnestness, but the work's conspicuous humanity has a lot more to do with trust, which lies in a rare willingness to be vulnerable. This vulnerability is evident in everything from the relative fragility of the work as it makes its way through the world, to the language the artist uses to communicate it (as in her titles), to how she presents it. For instance, one series consists of a collection of ceramic and silver pebble-size objects, which the institutional guard or invigilator keeps in his or her pocket and shares with visitors upon request, letting them handle the objects themselves.

Given the interactive component, this might seem to evoke something along the lines of relational aesthetics, but that is not the case at all. Newby is much more interested in how and where sculpture happens—or even, at times, how it un-happens. I am thinking in particular of her series of ceramic skipping stones, which she gives to someone who skips them on a body of water while she photographs the action. The most interesting part of this work might be the difficulty of locating exactly when and where it happens: in the creation of the ceramic stone? Its being handed over? Its final resting place at the bottom of the body of water? The act of skipping? the photography and/or the resulting photograph?

I think the work comprises all of these. And thus, despite its apparent simplicity, it puts a productive pressure on the very notion of sculpture. Newby never takes sculpture for granted, but always questions what it is, how it can be, and where it can take

Chris Sharp, "Following Kate Newby", MOUSSE 63, 2018