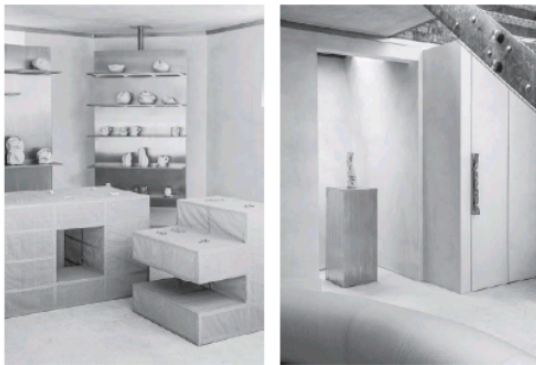


People Places Things

HIGHLIGHTS FROM TMAGAZINE.COM

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Creative Lessons

Since starting her brand Completedworks in 2013, the British jeweler Anna Jewsbury has sold her signature organic forms and asymmetrical earrings online and through retailers. But she wanted to have more direct interactions with her customers and she's created a space for just that. Ms. Jewsbury has opened a store, showroom and workshop in London. During the renovation, the British interior designer Hollie Bowden riffed on Ms. Jewsbury's designs. Her crinkled and folded Cohesion earrings inspired hammered metal cupboard han-

dles. Completedworks will also offer free monthly classes starting during London Fashion Week, promoting "the dying art of practical work," Ms. Jewsbury said. "We want people to spend more time using their hands — making, foraging, gardening." First up, on Thursday, is a pottery class led by the brand's in-house ceramics designer; future programming includes an ikebana workshop and a talk on sustainable food practices with the Los Angeles-based chef Junya Yamasaki. completedworks.com
TILLY MACALISTER SMITH

COVET THIS

In the Cut

"I still go out to collect random logs on the side of the road, or off-cuts from arborists when I see them cutting down a tree," said Vince Skelly, the California-based sculptor. With his carved works, which recall megalithic histories and the Flintstones' furniture, Mr. Skelly follows the wood's grain and knots, letting the raw material inform each design. For a new show titled "A Conversation With Trees," opening this month at the Claremont Lewis Museum of Art in Claremont, Calif., Mr. Skelly responded to some of the recent events that have affected the surrounding landscape. Last year, a fierce windstorm swept through the town, downing some 300 trees. "I drove around clearing roads and parks in

an attempt to help the community," he said. "Each piece of wood I salvaged came from a special place like the Botanic Garden, which I've been visiting since before I could walk." Another two pieces in the show use naturally felled old-growth redwood bearing the scars of wildfire. Mr. Skelly hopes that his work honors the lives of the trees he uses.

"We have a direct relationship with trees," he said. "We use their shade. They provide oxygen and beauty. When they get taken down, they don't have to be gone forever." The show will feature seven new works. "A Conversation With Trees" will be on view through April 23. clmoa.org
DANA COVET



BOY: JAMES HAMILTON/GETTY IMAGES; BOY: ADAM ROSE/GETTY IMAGES; BOY: ADAM ROSE/GETTY IMAGES; BOY: ADAM ROSE/GETTY IMAGES

VIEW THIS

They Draw You In

You can't tell what they're thinking: The men stare outward with a look that suggests they're scared, maybe, or horny, or just acclimating to the portraitist for whom they're sitting and, thus, slightly uncomfortable. (It's weird being drawn.)

They must have felt all of that: The artist, Larry Stanton, often made colored pencil and conté crayon portraits of guys he hardly knew — those he befriended, or slept with, or ran into on Fire Island, sometimes writing their names in the corners so they became close with people like the painter David Hockney and the Met curator Henry Geldzahler, both of whom inspired Mr. Stanton's work. Most of his best drawings were made between 1980 and 1984: It was then, according to the gallerist Daniel Cooney, who is hosting his second solo show of Mr. Stanton's work at his

Chelsea space, that Mr. Stanton stopped drinking and began focusing on large, brightly shaded portraits, in which the subjects look both very '80s and eternally vulnerable.

These were the disappearing years, when so many gay men started losing each other. Mr. Stanton died of pneumonia complications in 1984, a year before the first HIV test was approved for use. He was 37, and you can sense — particularly in his paintings — that he still had much left to learn.

Now, with help from Mr. Lambert (who's in his 80s), there's something of a Stanton renaissance underway: A monograph, "Think of Me When It Thunders," came out last year; Acne Studios is doing a capsule collection. But seeing the works in person on the walls of Mr. Cooney's gallery, you're reminded of what it means to make your own family. "Larry Stanton: Drawings and Paintings 1974-84" is on view through March 4. danielcooney.com
KURT SOLLER

THIRD WHEEL | GINA CHERELUS

Artwork by, and for, the Brokenhearted

On Valentine's Day, a Brooklyn exhibition offered creative solace to the recently single.

WHERE DO BROKEN HEARTS go on Valentine's Day? Or any day, for that matter? While romantics across the city were presumably holding hands over small bistro tables at overpriced restaurants or seated inside theaters in their best outfits, more than 150 people took refuge at an AllInOne Collective warehouse near Green-Wood Cemetery, in Brooklyn, communing over their shared grief instead of spending the night alone at home.

Jack Carrick woke up early Valentine's Day morning for a cross-country flight from Seattle to New York, his soon-to-be new home.

He landed at about 9 a.m. and settled into his suite in Brooklyn. After dinner that evening, Mr. Carrick, 29, headed to his first outing as one of the city's newest residents: an art installation entirely inspired by broken hearts.

Posts about the event on Instagram caught his attention because he was still dealing with the end of a three-and-a-half-year relationship.

"It ended in August, but I'm definitely still processing," a jet-lagged Mr. Carrick said. "It felt like it would be interesting to be around artists and other people and art that represents how I'm feeling."

Mr. Carrick was not the only one. "My ex and I broke things off the day after Valentine's Day like a year ago," said Mars Grace, 22, whose friend encouraged her to go to the event to take her mind off the holiday this year. (Ms. Grace had recently posted herself crying in an Instagram story.) "She was like: 'You should just come

out. Everyone's going to be heartbroken, and it's going to be cathartic.'"

The one-night-only event, "Why Is Everyone Breaking Up Right Now?" was the brainchild of the artist Blair Simmons, who just a few weeks earlier had herself been broken up with by her partner of seven years. After her group of friends swarmed in to support her, she realized that she wasn't the only person in her social circle reeling from a recent breakup.

"It really feels so good to be around people who are going through it, and I feel really lucky that I have my squad," she said in a phone interview before the show. "And my instincts are to bring more people together so that people don't feel alone."

After prematurely joining the dating app Hinge and immediately regretting it, Ms. Simmons, 29, decided to repurpose her profile as an open call for art and objects from users who had experienced breakups, including platonic ones, in the past 18 months. In just a couple of days, she received hundreds of messages and submissions on the app and elsewhere online.

Ms. Simmons and her fellow curators Maya Pollack, Molly Ritzmiller and Silvia Beatriz Absaib selected 29 artists to feature in the show. One of the pieces, a red checked quilt peppered with short thoughts titled "Where I Lay," was created by the artist Natalya Kornblum-Laudi in part from a letter she had written in response to a breakup. The color of the text matched the color of the fabric, making it hard to read except from inches away.

"The letter is so vulnerable, so I used every toy in my toolbox to mask the vulnerability," Ms. Kornblum-Laudi, 26, said. "It's about multiple people, multiple exes, multiple experiences. My dad's in there."

Sean Turner, a 19-year-old artist, submitted a series of self-portraits he had taken



"Please Take My Baggage," a work by Blair Simmons in the one-night show "Why Is Everyone Breaking Up Right Now?" in Brooklyn.

on film, titled "Our Hearts May Weep but Our Bodies Sing," which was made after a "friendship breakup" he experienced a year ago.

"I think it's honestly worse than anything I've ever been through," Mr. Turner said, adding that the show was his first time being featured in an exhibition. "We had an argument and we couldn't resolve it."

Ms. Simmons decided to take a more literal approach with her own installation, "Please Take My Baggage," a roughly seven-foot-tall iridescent tower of hundreds of small bags and boxes filled with things from the apartment she had previously shared with her ex. Some of the objects had been gifts — which obviously had to go — but others were more benign fragments, things

that simply reminded her of their relationship. Instead of throwing these miniature time capsules out, she invited guests to take a bag of them home at the end of the night.

"Everybody will get a little piece of my broken relationship to go," she explained.

Tickets for the group show were \$15. (Ms. Simmons said the proceeds had gone directly to the participating artists and curators.) When they weren't admiring the installations or laughing over wine, pink marshmallow cereal treats and ceviche, guests were stealing early peeks inside Ms. Simmons's "baggage," trying to determine which they would go home with.

Among the gifts claimed were an Ostrich-puller, a glittery cowboy hat, tote bags, framed art prints, dinnerware, caffeine supplements, a can of pinto beans, a small bottle of adhesive remover, instant ramen and a tube of chips. Word traveled in the room that someone had picked a bag with glasses inside that appeared to be from Fendi.

One woman pulled out a white cereal bowl with a blue fish on it before tucking it back inside the bag. Later in the night, a man would find the same bowl and tuck it under his arm with modest excitement.

Ms. Simmons said she was feeling not only supported during this tough time, but also proud that she could support others on what can be a rough day for the singles.

"A lot of people have said that it's nice to be able to be around each other in a moment that could be hard and instead we made it a little fun, a little dark, a little silly," she said. "This has been a pretty transformative night for me."

About 20 minutes before things wrapped up, as the sounds of Lauryn Hill's "Ex-Factor" boomed from speakers, the last handful of guests sifted through the remaining bits of the pile, while others departed with smiles into the quiet Brooklyn street.

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