



View of "Liz Magor: Personalize," 2025. From left: *Shift*, 2025; *Fist (yellow)*, 2025. Photo: Kunning Huang.

Liz Magor

by Mika Lee

Liz Magor's sculptures have luxuriated in the realm of the downtrodden and dejected for years. Take *Seasonal*, 2018, a spoonful of wintry melancholy comprising a stuffed walrus toy, a folded sheet of wrapping paper, and a tinsel garland, all displayed in a grouping of stacked translucent containers, shrouded by sheets of hazy polyester film. The work is an unceremonious tomb, a rumination on the degenerative power of nostalgia. The title of Magor's solo outing at Andrew Kreps Gallery, "Personalize," aptly suggested that the viewer make the work their own, finding out how to interpret the ambiguously beguiling elements of the four pieces that were on view here.

Fist (yellow) (all works 2025) consisted of a sculpted, clenched hand the color of a cheap dish glove, protruding from a wall roughly seven feet above the floor. It gripped an elongated length of twisted beige rubber swathed in mesh, which tapered to a point and nearly touched the ground. Slightly below the hand were two red map pins, popping through the mesh as if in a silent panic. The rubber form looked like a mutant root vegetable yanked from the earth, or a dead beast being flaunted like a hunting trophy—it evoked a captive, muted sentence. On the facing wall was *Fist's* chubbier sibling, *Meeting*, a blobby aluminum coil painted white and topped by a purple hand. Sunken deep into one of its misshapen swirls were two stuffed-animal eyes, gazing out into space. The sculpture resembled a corporeal dust devil being firmly held in place.

Propped between these works was *Episode*, which appeared to be crafted out of cardboard but was actually a cast of the material, executed with polymerized gypsum, a modified plaster. The object resembled a child's wonky depiction of a person: two thin legs supported a single rounded form—an amalgamated torso/head—that evoked a rolled-up bundle of paper trash. Wedged into its "mouth" was a small fowl painted an iridescent copper; the creature's yellow leg was partially exposed. *Episode* flickered between being a diseased womb and a toothless maw, a thing both desperately starving and eerily fecund.

In the gallery's storefront window was *Shift*, another bizarre arrangement of convincing replicas. Atop a facsimile of a tufted and buttoned cushion balanced on a pair of blocks was a cast-gypsum figure rendered in matte black: an inflated, oblong shape with a bovine face, connected to the modernist-looking "bench" by a brunette hair extension. At first blush, it seemed that the head was the whole sculpture, playfully posed on a piece of discarded furniture. Instead, the work's separate components began to read as parts of a cobbled-together, hybrid creature—half living, half dead.

Magor's dingy and whimsical sculptures felt like unearthed memories. While the artist has always mined the aesthetics of the forgotten, she forgoes any easy or cheap sentimentality. Her works are disinterments from some stark and dreary past, simultaneously familiar and alien. These pieces felt like haunted entities that could not be animated—beings that should likely remain stifled and still.



Liz Magor, *Episode*, 2025, polymerized gypsum, 47 x 28 x 13 inches (119.4 x 71.1 x 33 cm.)