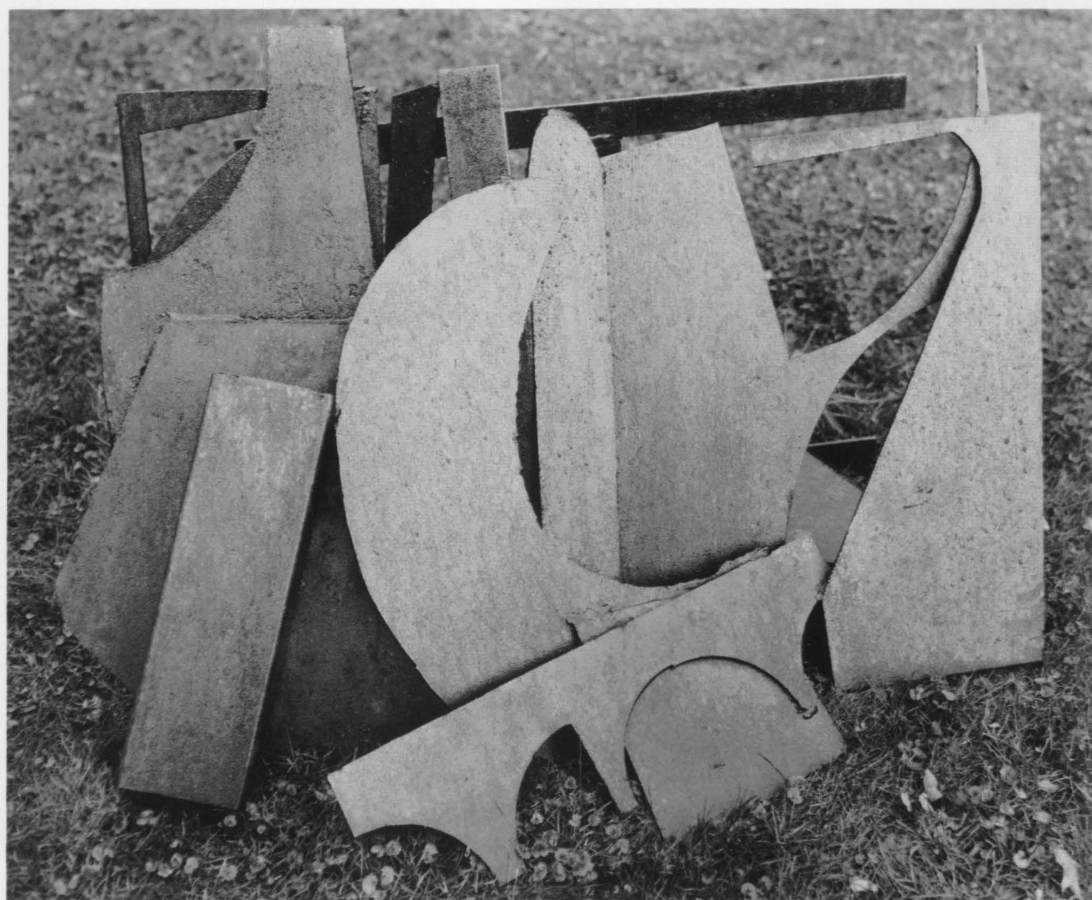


Willard Boeppple





Sticks and Stones
Steel 1974
30" x 56" x 35"

Cover:
Tree
White Cedar 1989
83" x 35½" x 30"

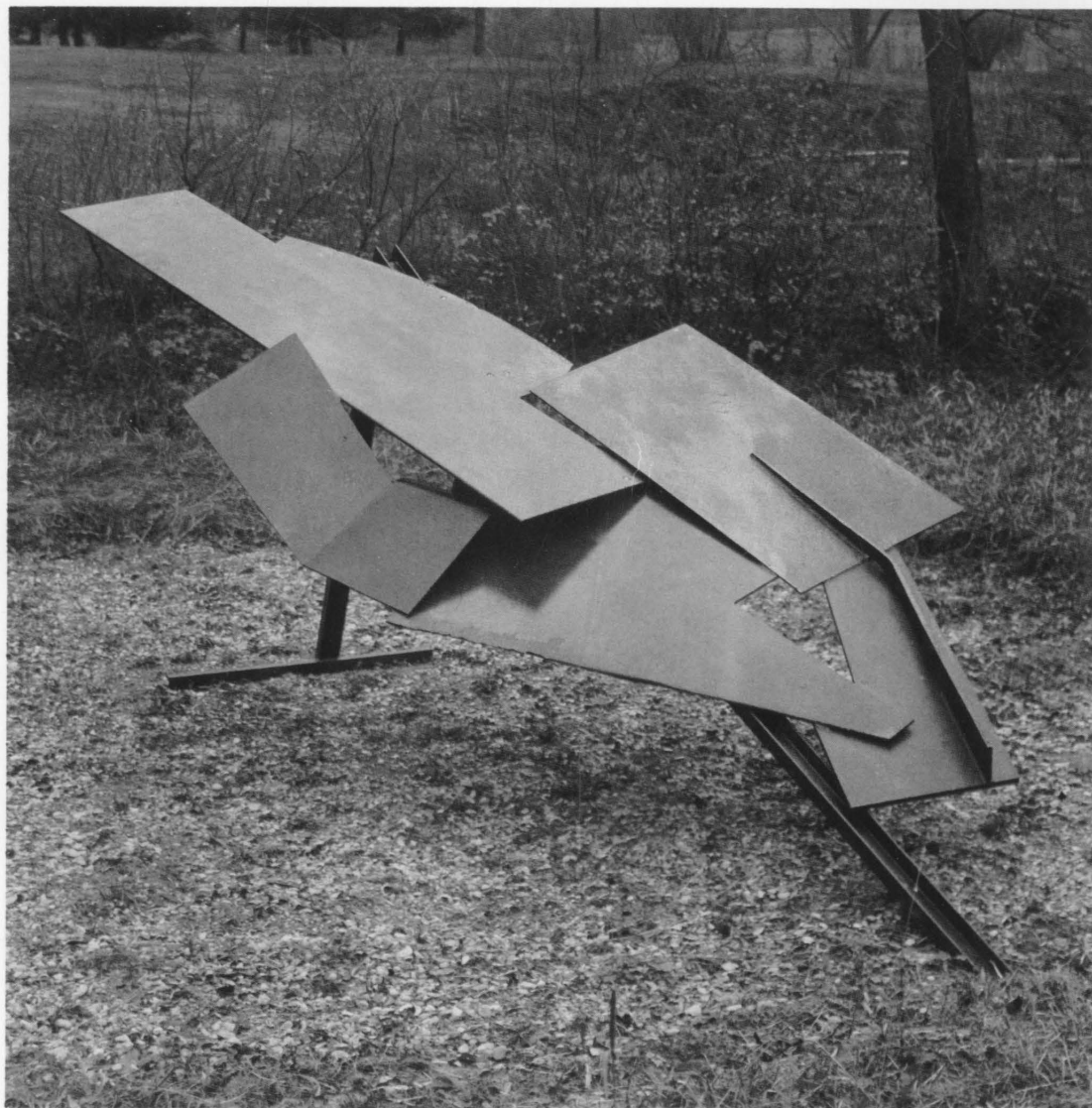
Photography: Matthew Ranson

Willard Boepple Sculpture: 1970-1990

Usdan Gallery
Bennington College
Bennington, Vermont
April 3 - April 26

1990

This exhibition is
made possible through
the generosity of
Suzanne Lemberg Usdan



Stick Around
Steel 1979
68" x 170" x 67"

Breaking Loose from Conventions:
The Rise of Willard Boepple's Art
by Andrew Hudson

Last January, after three days of concentrated looking at Willard Boepple's sculptures in Vermont and in New York, I visited the Museum of Modern Art, and as I stepped into the grand, calm, central room of Matisse, I had the distinct impression, "This is just like where I've come from!" My eyes and mind were still full of Boepple's recent pieces—his thin, spare ladders; his "baroque," filled-in ladders; his more recent thick blocky ladders, one of them a duo with a ladder turned upside-down—and coming upon Matisse in all his glory—*Goldfish*; *The Piano Lesson*; *The Rose Marble Table*; *The Moroccans*; *View of Notre Dame*—there seemed no break, no disjunction, no discontinuity. The vista of Matisse's great paintings quietly, unexpectedly, gratifyingly confirmed my responses to Boepple's work of the past few years; yes, this experience said, these new sculptures are very very good; yes, he really is up there at the top, operating at the highest level of all. Afterwards I wondered if I could trace how Boepple managed this, how his art got to be as good as Matisse, and if there was some secret to it all that I could learn from, myself. Looking back over Boepple's career, I remembered the analogy I often make between artists and vineyards. Different years produce different vintages; some years the wine or the art is merely so-so, or merely good; some years it is superlative; some years it goes beyond superlatives. With many artists, alas, after a few magnificent seasons, the art starts to go downhill. But a few of the very best artists, once they have got to the top, somehow manage to keep the quality up, and for many years, many seasons, replenish and renew themselves and their work. I think we can chart this kind of development in Willard Boepple's art; it's marked by a dozen years of slow, steady learning, and then there is a sudden interruption, followed by a rebirth and a radiant flowering.

From the start, Boepple had the great good fortune to fall in among some of the leading artists of his time, who acted as teachers and mentors to him. First, there was Richard Diebenkorn, who was a friend and neighbor while Boepple was being brought up by his mother in California. Whenever he came to dinner, Diebenkorn

would ask to see the young teenager's work, and was always supportive, stimulating and encouraging. He taught Boepple to have a serious attitude towards his work, and to treat art like a job, where you spent eight to ten hours a day in the studio. Later, studying at City College in New York, Boepple encountered an outstanding teacher Madeleine Gekiere, who taught her students how to break loose from academic conventions and to nurture a spirit of adventure and fun in their art. After graduating from City College in February 1969, Boepple went to Bennington to visit his father, and rented a painting studio in Hoosick Falls. While there, he met Isaac Witkin, who offered him a job as his sculpture assistant and in doing so transformed the 24-year-old Boepple's approach to art. The first day he worked for Witkin it came upon Boepple like a flash of light that he should be making sculpture, not painting. Today, Boepple still speaks of Witkin with enormous gratitude, as a wonderful teacher, a man who "has sculpture in his gut and communicates this with great passion and feeling."

That fall, Boepple was hired as the sculpture assistant at Bennington College, where he taught welding; at the same time he set up his own independent welding shop. Soon, he was doing occasional work for Anthony Caro and Kenneth Noland, but he worked principally during those early "apprentice" years as a fabricator for Jules Olitski. Assisting at the College, creating sculptures for other artists – that was how Boepple made his living and earned the money that enabled him to spend half his time making his own art.

In 1977, Boepple began teaching at the Boston Museum School, and in 1978 he moved to New York, where he set up a sculpture studio in Brooklyn. He was showing at Acquavella Contemporary Art, was thoroughly enjoying his teaching at Boston, was beginning to make a name for himself, when all at once, with the demonic swiftness with which that disease takes hold, he fell victim to the Guillain-Barré Syndrome in December 1982.

II

This dreadful illness did something important for Boepple's art; it gave him a second start. (Indeed, on first seeing the small sculptures that came from his beginning to work again in the hospital, I was reminded

of the renewal of vitality that took place in Matisse's art in 1940, after the operation that he had not expected to survive.) Forced in on himself in the long, tedious boredom of being completely paralyzed, Boepple found himself yearning to make art. But, since he did not have the use of his hands, he had to reinvent his method of working from scratch. Other people's hands would have to do the physical work, and as soon as he could talk, he would tell them what to do. He started doing so in August or September of 1983, and rapidly discovered that being over-specific, deliberate and precise did not work out – the result too often looked "like an Erector-Set." On the contrary, he found that when people slightly misunderstood him, picked up the wrong piece of material, things often went very well. (He also found that non-artist's hands worked best.) To verbalize what he was doing was something to which Boepple was quite unaccustomed when working in the studio; in the hospital, he gallantly turned this into an adventure. As he said to me, "I had to figure out a new way of being fluid, of making accidents and surprises happen." He had to develop a language and a feel for how to push the other person along so that the creation of the sculpture gathered momentum, and the sculpture itself began to take on its own life.

Boepple used balsa wood since it was lightweight, and concentrated on making small pieces, so they could be stored under his bed. His immediate task was to set about creating his own inventory of shapes. He would ask a hospital visitor to clench his fist, trace that on a piece of balsa wood, and cut it out – or it could be anything at hand in the office down the hallway from his room; a bar of soap, an eyeglass case, the handle on a filing cabinet, the shadow cast by a bottle, or by the way the light was falling on the desk. These forms would be traced, then cut, and he would have his helper place one piece on top of another, then alter it – the forms were generally joined together within or around a basic diamond frame of balsa strips. Listening to music freed him, and contributed to the flow and the improvisation – and without his consciously planning it, the sculptures started to stand up, just about the same time that Boepple started walking. He said afterwards, many many times, that worrying about a piece of sculpture, whether this bit was too big or too small, or that bit was too thin or too thick, was a heaven-sent escape from the unutterable monotony of having to sit in a

wheelchair barely able to talk and unable to move. Besides, it was fun. As he said to me, last January, "I always find that when things are going stale, what I need to do is to change the way I work. Certainly, making sculpture verbally did that in spades!" After he came out of the hospital, Boepple continued to work in balsa wood, had some of the pieces cast in bronze, and had a few re-created on a much larger scale, in steel. When I first saw these pieces, I fell in love with them; they seemed to me some of the freshest and most original sculpture around – and a real breakthrough for Boepple himself.

III

Stressing the "slow and painful" work of preparation, which he called "cultivating and soil," Matisse wrote in 1948 that "When an artist has not known how to prepare for his time of flowering, by work which bears little resemblance to the final result, he has a short future before him." As we look back on Boepple's work of 1970-82, during the years before his illness, I think we can see him wholeheartedly embarked on just such a preparation. By assimilating and absorbing all the lessons he could learn from the older sculptors around him, he mastered their artistic language and entered into an ongoing tradition of sculpture in welded steel. He also got to know very quickly what it felt like to create an ambitious work of art. One of the very first pieces he made, *Long John* of 1970, in which two closely parallel thin steel rods are raised 12 inches off the ground and extend the awesome length of 23 feet to join an I-beam and two horizontal planes, caused Issac Witkin to remark, "This sculpture will haunt you for the rest of your life!" (But, as Boepple confessed to me, it was Witkin's words that ended up haunting him, not the sculpture.)

Evidence of his awareness and appreciation of Witkin's work – and also Olitski's – turns up in Boepple's subsequent sculptures. There's an echo of Witkin's superb *Angola* and *Shogun* of 1968 in the upright, rounded steel sheets of Boepple's *Bellows Falls* of 1975, and in the large-scale, scalloped planes of his *John Deere* of 1976, where the commanding tent shapes spread out and occupy the ground in the easy, expansive manner of Witkin's later pieces. And Boepple seems to have learned much from Olitski's "Ring"



The Weir
Steel 1988
101" x 17½" x 48"



Tender to Maggie
Steel 1979
63" x 40" x 30"

sculptures of the early 1970s about the simplicity that's possible in sculpture – how a few curved sheets of steel can suggest a volume, or how curving, interlocking shapes can “fit” together in an oddly quiet, fulfilling way. These lessons lie, I think, behind Boepple's arc-forming *Shade* of 1975 and the lidded, honeyed nestling of his *Rum* of 1976. A slightly earlier piece by Boepple, composed, like some of Olitski's “Stacked” sculptures, of vertical curved sheets of steel with their backs turned on the viewer, is titled *Demikovsky*, Olitski's patronym. His closeness to Witkin and Olitski probably saved Boepple from coming too much under the influence of Caro, whose titanic work has proved a stumbling block to other younger sculptors. There's an occasional hint of Caro in Boepple's early work, in *Bo Jangles*, for instance, or *Turkeys Can't Dance* – but Caro's impact seems strongest in Boepple's later and larger *Stick Around* of 1979, where the diamond, boat-like shape created by its collaged planes and the way *Stick Around* stakes out its territory in one long single footstep recall the articulated forms and horizontal movement of Caro's *Cool Deck* of 1970-71. *Stick Around* has a pivotal importance in Boepple's work, for it is both a summation of what has gone before – the climax, the grand apogee of the collage pieces belonging to Boepple's “fireplace” series – and a preview or anticipation of the later ladders. Indeed, the way in which its long front leg moves forward from a sturdy rear strut to lift up the interwoven cut planes of its collage makes *Stick Around* look like a “fireplace” piece attempting to become a ladder. Boepple's “fireplace” sculptures date from 1974 and 1978-79 and relate quite closely to his recent, filled-in ladders, for they were made in a similar loose way. Boepple would begin them as though working on a painting, playing with the parts on the floor, or leaning them against the wall, and impose an “order of the picture plane” on the “chaos of bits” until he ended up “finding the sculpture in the thing.” Then he would work on getting the assembled collage “lifted up and put into the world, as a visual pleasure.” “There are touches of this,” Boepple added to me, “in the way the ladders get built; a framework and then all this visual stuff packed into them, the tumult! This gets to be fun, setting up the order and the chaos, and letting them fight it out!” There is certainly visual pleasure and a fusion of the orderly and the irrational in my favorite “fireplace”

piece, *Sticks and Stones* of 1974. Here, an unlikely, odd encounter occurs between all manner of left-over scraps and remnants of cut-out sheets, with their accompanying negative-space silhouettes; the assorted parts seem to have fallen together of their own accord into an intricate, integrated mélange of abstract shapes. This collage, for all the world like a Cubist still-life of flag, bottle, fruit, tendril, knife and jug, is pushed into the foreground to grab our attention by a nonchalantly improvised fence composed of a few verticals and horizontals. "As fresh as a daisy," I'd call this piece.

IV

Boepple has often used physical objects as sources for sculpture. In his first solo exhibition at Noah Goldowsky Gallery in 1974, he intended to show a piece based on folding chairs ("It didn't work," he told me) as well as the picture-plane pieces or "Fireplaces." Of the latter he said, "I wanted to make sculptures that had warmth and intimacy. I had this notion of a fireplace – Matisse talked about the armchair, about making something that put one at peace with the world, their sense of being enhanced, that certainty – if you can get that from art, what more do you want?" He remembered that Caro used to say he wanted to make sculptures "as vivid as a person" – Boepple himself made table pieces based on a cat curled up, and then in 1980 a large piece called *Rice and Beans*, based on and made out of bits of railings, "human scale, with a structural, architectural element – regular railing height, the height one uses." He first got the ladder idea in 1979-80, working in his studio in Brooklyn. "A ladder is human," he told me, "its form is dictated by human proportion – the distance from ankle to knee, the distance between levels, risers, the pitch of the body climbing. It has a strong figural element without being figurative. We're very aware of it, as we are of the placement of a doorknob or the level of a table or chair. A ladder is hopeful and human, has to do with interval and rising – I wondered whether we might not use it as a vehicle and starting point for sculptures."

And so the first ladders, or "Proto-Ladders" arrived; *Vermont Transit*; *Stephanie*; *Voodoo Step*. I saw *Vermont Transit* in Bennington last January – it is really a tripod, not a four-legged ladder – and I thought the

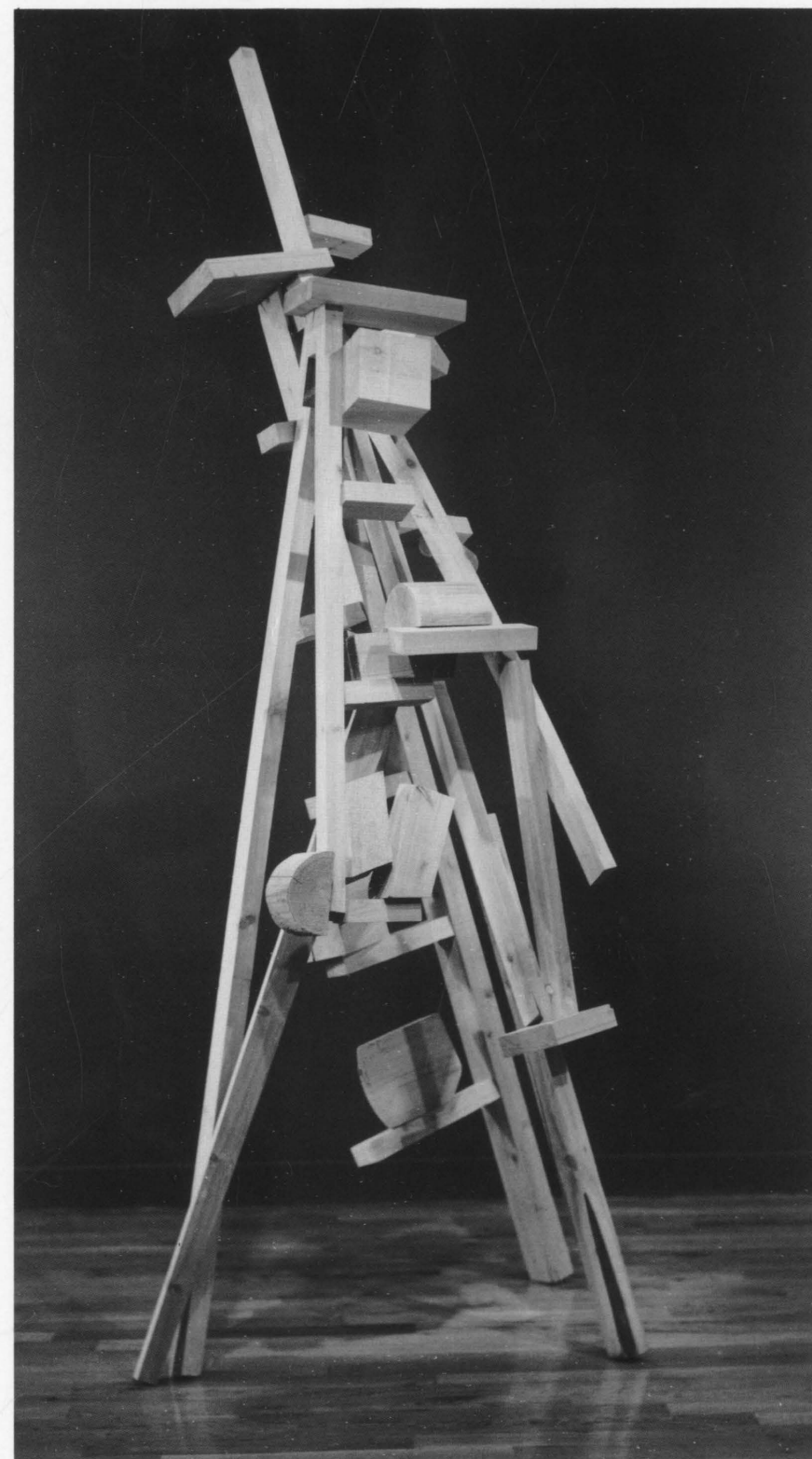
curves and odd angles of its "steps" and "top" made it seem rather flimsy and contrived. When Boepple returned to the ladder theme after his illness in 1986, he produced small, regular ladders that were cast in bronze or re-created on a large scale in steel; these ladders were very plain and direct, stark, simple, geometric – as close to being a ladder as they could get while still remaining a sculpture. When I first saw them, I didn't care for them, since I was so much enamoured of the more variegated shapes and spontaneous relationships of his previous balsa wood pieces. However, I now see that in the bold move of these plain, simple ladders Boepple was laying the foundations for what was to come later – and I've come to realize that they "work," and to like some of them quite a bit. The spare, tall, lean, ten-foot-high steel ladders – *The Weir* of 1986, with a clear view cut through the center of its steps so that it is scarcely a ladder at all; *Natural History #1* and *#2* of 1988, each with a missing leg and syncopated placements of planks, blocks and cylinder suggesting cut-away rungs – are perhaps the fulfillment of the promise held out by the long narrow stretch of the two rods in Boepple's early *Long John*. Boepple himself remarked to me that these quiet, "slow," "absolutely spare steel ladders were motivated by a drive to get down to the simplest most basic form." In 1987 the filled-in ladders constructed in cedar that I call "baroque," made their appearance and I was instantly swept off my feet – their exuberant accumulation of detail made them almost burst at the seams, kept shouting aloud, wouldn't stay still, went so beyond reason or understanding. Here were entire universes composed of wooden elements, eccentric conglomerations of various parts that intruded, abutted, joined and related to each other in strange, unexpected ways, while at the same time each element remained its own idiosyncratic self. I found these filled-in ladders profoundly disturbing, utterly delicious, and endlessly rewarding to look at and walk around, and I spent a lot of time discovering and enjoying more and more in them. Boepple began making these filled-in ladders at Triangle Workshop in the summer of 1987 – his assistant the sculptor Jeff Mills went with him and set up a woodshop so they could work directly. An actual ladder would get built first, and then Boepple would start playing with it, filling it in, stuffing it with all the shapes and cuts and widths and planks and sections of tree.

"The actual structure gets cut up, after it's been filled with stuff," Boepple explained to me. "The making happens after it starts to get filled – adding, shifting, taking more out, just working with that ladder, trying to de-ladder it some." An instance of a strategic cut, or "de-laddering," would be the rung that's chopped out of *Famous Grouse #3*, to make room for the inner bits to come twisting, tumbling, blocking, wedging, cascading down.

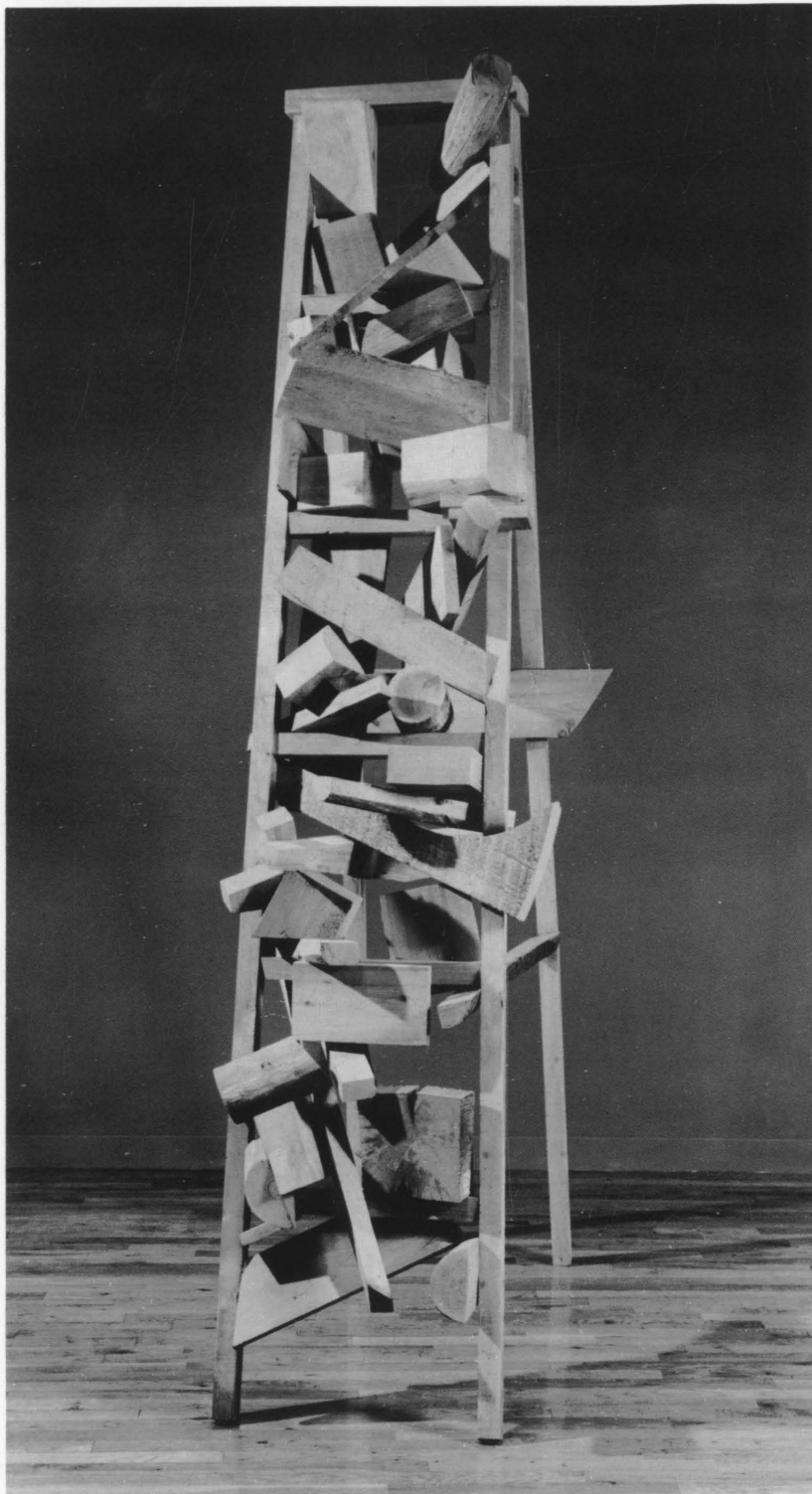
As these cedar ladders progress, Boepple's experiments with "de-laddering" become more radical. There's a piece called *Tender to Angus* of 1988, where the front legs are taken off one ladder, sawn in half down the middle of the rungs, then reattached, back-to-front, to rear legs, and top and then plonked down, as a curious flanged construction, on top of a second, "normal" ladder. In *Uncle Albert*, also of 1988, a runged rear leg has been sawn from the original structure, moved from back to front and turned upside-down; only a few sections of rung are still long enough to join the newly matched pairs of legs, and it is the "fillings," the nuggets of blocks, logs, chunks, wedges of wood that stick to the legs and rungs like snails clinging to the sides of a fish tank, that hold the ladder together. The overall feeling is of something random, natural, organic, and totally satisfying – the variety of the clusters, their tilts and thrusts, their crossings and conjunctions, the rhythm of their movement as they take possession of the ladder and assert themselves in space – all of this feels "just right."

"I work on two or three at a time," Boepple said to me. "A piece might be worked on for three or four weeks. We get a session going, spend a month or six weeks working on them. Some come, declare themselves quickly; others are more of a struggle, take longer – I put them in a corner and come back to them." In *Victoria*, made, like *Famous Grouse #3* and *Uncle Albert*, at Jeff Mills' shop in Brooklyn, the legs and tops of two cut-apart ladders have been put together one above the other so as to create a dizzying, ascending vortex of tripodal legs packed and punctuated by sections of rung, blocks, half-logs, and wedges of wood, that crowd upwards to a final isolated leg that gesticulates like the wave of a hand, high up and free of care. Boepple describes *Victoria* as "two ladders, de-laddered and then re-laddered!"

In Boepple's hands, the ladder, in fact, ceases to be a



Victoria
White Cedar 1988
93" x 46" x 40"



Famous Grouse #2
White Cedar 1987
99" x 27" x 56"

ladder at all – it becomes the springboard, the staging ground, the excuse for something else. Long planks hurtle through the scaffolding at all angles and in all directions to disguise the basic shape of *Noah*, made from a balsa model in 1988. The work has become so alive, so *active*, that *verbs* seem more appropriate to describe it than *nouns* – charging off, now here, now there, the planks or “spears,” as Boepple calls them, touch, connect, pass, traverse, cross, counterbalance, collide. The sheer inventiveness, playfulness, onrush and daring of it all is a joy to behold. “You have to be loose about these things,” said Boepple. “I started dissolving them, turning them, packing them, all the different ways you could use the ladder, being playful, seeing how *loose* you could make this fairly rigid structure. It was a struggle between order and chaos – isn’t it always?”

Boepple’s most recent series, the thick, blocky ladders, have 10 x 10 inch laminated legs, rungs, and tops, and are named after the treeless, barren, stripped-to-a-crust Hebrides Islands which the artist visited in 1987. In *Barra* of 1989, unevenness in the white paint applied to the cedar and subtle irregularities in the geometry of its form make the work light and playful, despite its heavier volume; the top, which is only partially a top, is tilted, isn’t parallel to the horizontal rungs, which gives it a jaunty panache; the legs are askew, seem almost to be walking; and the non-repetitive rungs ascend in a different plane as they step backwards into the legs. In *Tiree*, one short ladder has been turned upside-down on top of another, to set off a twisting, contorting motion as the upper ladder turns in counterdirection to the one supporting it; and once again the rungs mount or descend in a different direction to the blocky legs that they join. The effect is akin to the Third Manager’s caperings in the ballet *Parade*, where the dancer in the front portion of Picasso’s Cubist Horse costume gets lifted up by his partner, while his legs perform a high kick in the air.

V

So we end with Boepple going from strength to strength, creating at the height of his powers, producing masterpieces in his mid-forties, just as Matisse did in those magnificent paintings in the Museum of Modern Art. What is the secret, and how did he get there?

First of all, Boepple had the insight to recognize the worth of the artists who preceded him, and to learn from them. (Goya is supposed to have said, "There are no great teachers, only great students.") Then, Boepple had the temerity and the tenacity to use what he learned from them in his own art. (Matisse said: "The personality of the artist develops and asserts itself through the struggles it has to go through when pitted against other personalities.") Then, Boepple had such an urgent desire to make sculpture while in the hospital that he was ready to use the fragile medium of balsa wood. (Let us remember that it was while he was in the hospital recovering from appendicitis that the 20-year-old Matisse painted for the first time, making copies of reproductions, and decided to become a painter, rather than a lawyer – a great blessing for all of us, though, given his analytical, inquiring mind, Matisse would probably have made a very good lawyer.)

While in the hospital, in order to work there, Boepple invented from scratch a completely new method of making sculpture. (When Braque and Picasso invented Cubism they hadn't the foggiest notion of what they were about, moved ahead entirely on instinct.) After his illness, when Boepple picked up again the theme of the ladder, the experience of using balsa wood got him interested in wood – and in this way he moved himself out of the welded steel sculpture tradition and into a territory uniquely his own. (Matisse said, "I found myself or my artistic personality by looking over my earliest works. They rarely deceive." Boepple's eventual flowering in the ladders is prefigured in his "Fireplace" pieces.) Finally, taking to heart the lesson of his early teacher, Madeleine Gekiere, about upsetting conventions, as well as everything else his mentors had had to say on the same subject, Boepple realized that the way to proceed was to continually break loose from his own methods of working – to saw up those ladders; to fill them; to thicken them; to "de-ladder" them; to turn them upside-down; to wreak havoc on them in the hopes of discovering a new order. (Matisse warns us that "An artist must never be a prisoner of himself, prisoner of a style, prisoner of a reputation, prisoner of success, etc.")

Last January, exploring Boepple's work at Bennington, I came upon a small sculpture composed of thin metal pipes and sections of cylinder stacked vertically, almost haphazardly together, sitting low in the grass, like an inconsequential object, or a forgotten flower. This piece,

which I enjoyed almost as much as *Sticks and Stones*, reminded me of two sculptures, one by Olitski and the other by David Smith. Olitski's majestic *Greenberg Variations* of 1974, now in the collection of the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Gardens, is so titled because it originated from a suggestion by the critic, Clement Greenberg, that a stack of simple curved sheets among Olitski's supply of material could be made into sculpture, just the way it was. Olitski not only elaborated on this suggestion in this piece, but proceeded to develop it into a whole new series of sculptures. (Olitski is perhaps the supreme example in our time of an artist continually changing, taking risks, challenging himself and defying his own past successes.)

David Smith once said that he hoped to find a new strain of work through sweeping his studio floor and accidentally pushing some pieces of metal together. There's a photograph of Smith kneeling on the floor of the huge abandoned ironworks at Voltri in 1962 next to an irregular pile of small "see-through" cubes of steel that perhaps just happened to be there, or that Smith had just assembled, without thinking. This pile, shortened by two cubes, eventually made its way into his superb "Still Life" piece, *Voltri XVI*, now on show at the National Gallery of Art. With their conjunction of disparate, idiosyncratic elements, Boepple's filled ladders have the same inexplicable magic as this piece by Smith, and his similar "Still Lives," *Voltri XIX*, *Volturn XX*, and *VB XXIII* – the difference is, that Boepple's pieces are far from "still" and suggest continual movement.

Like his illustrious predecessors, Boepple has learned how to use accident and intuition constructively, how to seize on accident and serendipitous happenstance to break out of his own conventions. He found that when his hospital visitor misunderstood him, when his instructions weren't overly clear, the balsa wood sculptures developed more rewardingly, more successfully. Making the "fireplace" pieces and the new ladders, he deliberately set up a battle between order and chaos. "I guess artists are always trying to figure out different ways to work," he said to me. "So each time you make a sculpture, it's as though you're discovering a way to make sculpture" through the life that the making of each piece takes on – so that it's a new experience, a re-learning, each time."

How to escape the past conventions of art, of other

people's art, of one's own art, is a lesson that gets passed down from one generation of artists to the next. Matisse tells this well in the six pages of handwritten notes entitled "The Bouquet" in his cut-out book *Jazz*:

When I take a walk in the garden I pick flower after flower, gathering them as I go, one after the other into the crook of my arm. Then I go into the house with the intention of painting them. After I have rearranged them in my own way, what a disappointment; all their charm is lost in this arrangement. What has happened? The unconscious grouping made when my taste led me from flower to flower, has been replaced by a conscious arrangement, the result of remembered bouquets long since dead, which have left in my memory the bygone charm with which I have burdened this new bouquet.

Renoir told me: 'When I have arranged a bouquet in order to paint it, I go round to the side I have not looked at.'

So spoke Renoir, whose dream was to found a "Society of Irregulars," to Matisse, leader of the "Fauves," or "Wild Beasts." "There's no room for respectability in art," Boepple said to me, emphasizing once again that conventions have to be broken. We're lucky today that his art now exists, to teach us the same lesson.

Washington, D.C.
February 1990

©Andrew Hudson 1990



Barra
White Cedar 1989
86" x 40" x 47"

Willard Boepple

- 1945 Born, Bennington, Vermont
- 1963 Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture
- 1963-4 University of California at Berkeley
- 1967 Rhode Island School of Design
- 1968 City College of City University of New York, B.A.
- 1969-73 Technical Assistant in Sculpture, Bennington College
- 1977-87 Faculty, School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

One Man Exhibitions

- 1989 Francis Graham-Dixon Gallery, London, April 21-May 21
- 1989 Greenberg Wilson Gallery, New York, Feb. 2-Feb. 28
- 1988 Mead Art Museum, Amherst College, April 21-May 22
- 1986 Thomas Segal Gallery, Boston, Oct. 1-Nov. 14
- 1985 Acquavella Contemporary Art, New York, Sept. 26-Oct. 25
- 1982 Thomas Segal Gallery, Boston, April 10-May 5
- 1981 Acquavella Contemporary Art, New York, Dec. 3-Dec. 31
- 1980 Acquavella Contemporary Art, New York, Feb. 23-March 13
- 1978 Dart Gallery, Chicago, May 15-June 10
- 1978 Acquavella Contemporary Art, New York, April 1-April 29
- 1977 Acquavella Contemporary Art, New York, March 19-April 13
- 1976 Acquavella Contemporary Art, New York, March 13-April 7
- 1974 Noah Goldowsky Gallery, New York, March 3-April 1
- 1971 McCullough Park Foundation, North Bennington, Vermont

Group Exhibitions

- 1990 Douglas Drake Gallery, New York "Wood", Nov. 21-Jan. 27
- 1990 National Gallery of Botswana, The Thapong Exhibition, Dec.-Feb.
- 1989 Francis Graham-Dixon Gallery, London, Gallery Artists, Dec. 13-Jan. 8
- 1989 Delta Gallery, Harare Zimbabwe, Group Exhibition, July 1-July 30
- 1988 National Gallery of Zimbabwe, Artists of The Pachi Pamwe Workshop, Aug.
- 1987 Matthew Scott Gallery, South Miami, Florida, May 21-June 14
- 1987 Triangle Artists Workshop, Pine Plains, New York, July
- 1987 Lever/Meyerson Gallery, New York, 'Modern and Contemporary Masters', April 8-June 13
- 1986 Made in the U.S.A., 909 Third Avenue, New York, Nov. 18-Feb. 14
- 1986 Francis J. Greenburger Foundation Awards Show, Ruth Siegel Ltd., New York, June 25-July 11
- 1985 Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago 'Selections from the William J. Hokin Collection', April 20-June 16
- 1985 Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland, 'Group Show', May-June
- 1984 Acquavella Contemporary Art, New York, Sept. 17-Oct. 27
- 1983 Danforth Museum, Framingham, Massachusetts, 'Abstract Art in New England', Feb. 27-April 24
- 1980 Columbia Plaza, Washington, D.C., 'Columbia Plaza Sculpture Show', June 1-Sept. 30
- 1979 Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, 'Sculpture from the Collection'
- 1978 Park McCullough House, North Bennington, Vermont, 'Fifteen Sculptors in Steel Around Bennington, 1963-1978', Aug. 12-Oct. 15
- 1978 Joe and Emily Lowe Art Gallery, Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York, 'Ten by Ten/Sculpture Space', Oct. 1-Oct. 22
- 1977 Kennedy Galleries, New York 'Artists Salute Skowhegan'
- 1977 Munson Williams Proctor Institute, 'Sculpture Space'

- 1977 Kirkland Art Center, Clinton, New York, 'Sculpture Space'
- 1973 Currier Gallery, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H. & Art Gallery of The State University at Potsdam, New York, 'New New England Sculpture'
- 1972 André Emmerich Gallery, 'Five Sculptors From Bennington'
- 1970-71 Schenectady Museum, Schenectady, New York, 'Regional Exhibition'

Prizes

- Ford Foundation faculty enrichment grant, 1982
- Francis Greenburger Foundation prize, 1986
- The New York State Association of Architects Citation for the Triangle Collaborative Architecture Project, 1988

Collections

- Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
- Museum of Fine Arts, Boston
- Edmonton Art Gallery, Alberta, Canada
- Storm King Art Center, Mountainville, New York
- The General Electric Corporation, Boston, Massachusetts
- William J. Hokin Collection, Chicago, Illinois
- Francis J. Greenburger, New York
- Federated Union of Black Artists, South Africa
- National Gallery of Botswana

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