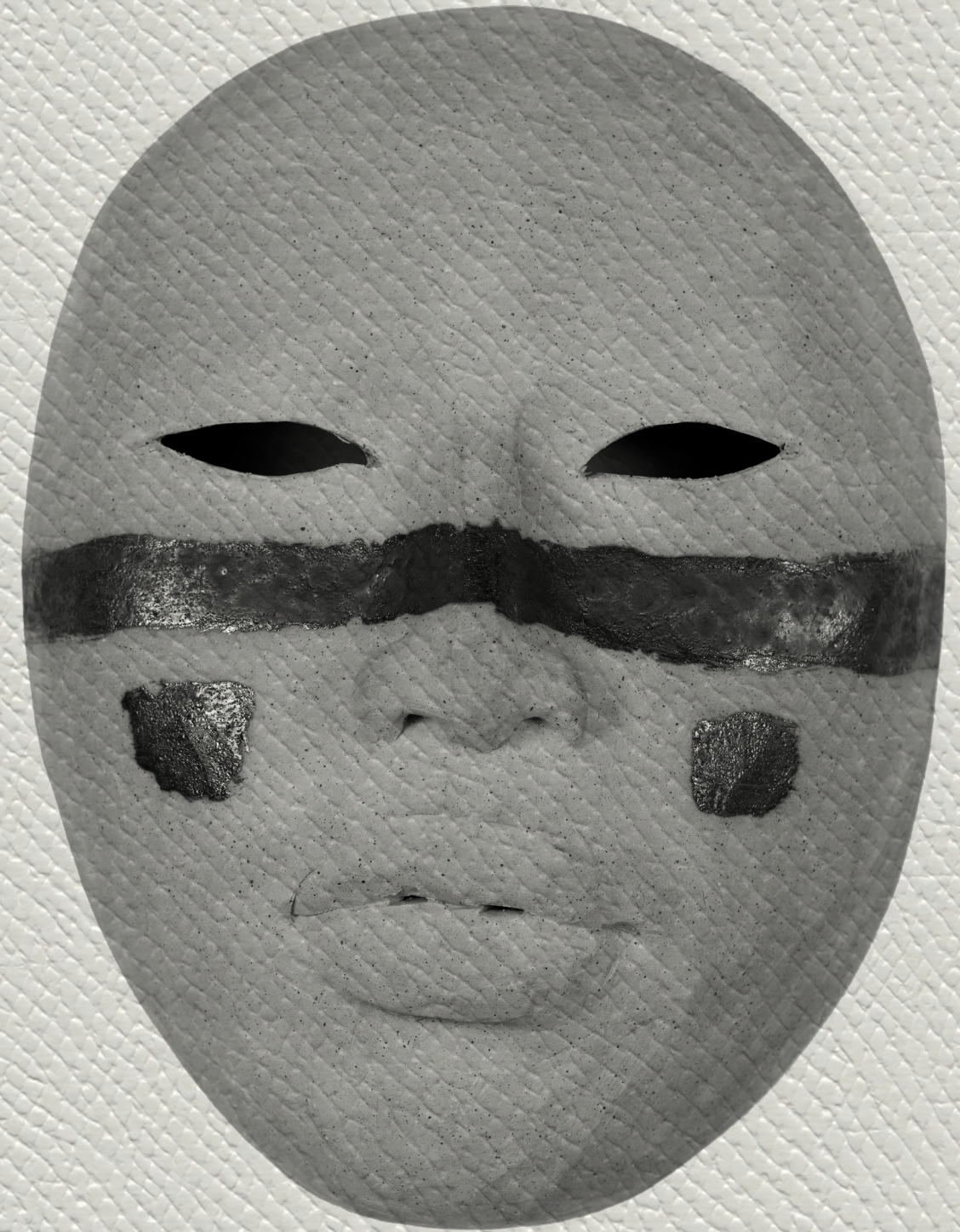


Rose B. Simpson



Journeys of Clay

Rose B. Simpson
Journeys *of* Clay

Rose B. Simpson
Journeys of Clay

NORTON MUSEUM OF ART

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Rose B. Simpson in her studio, Santa Clara Pueblo, New Mexico, 2018.

DIRECTOR'S FOREWORD

GHISLAIN D'HUMIÈRES

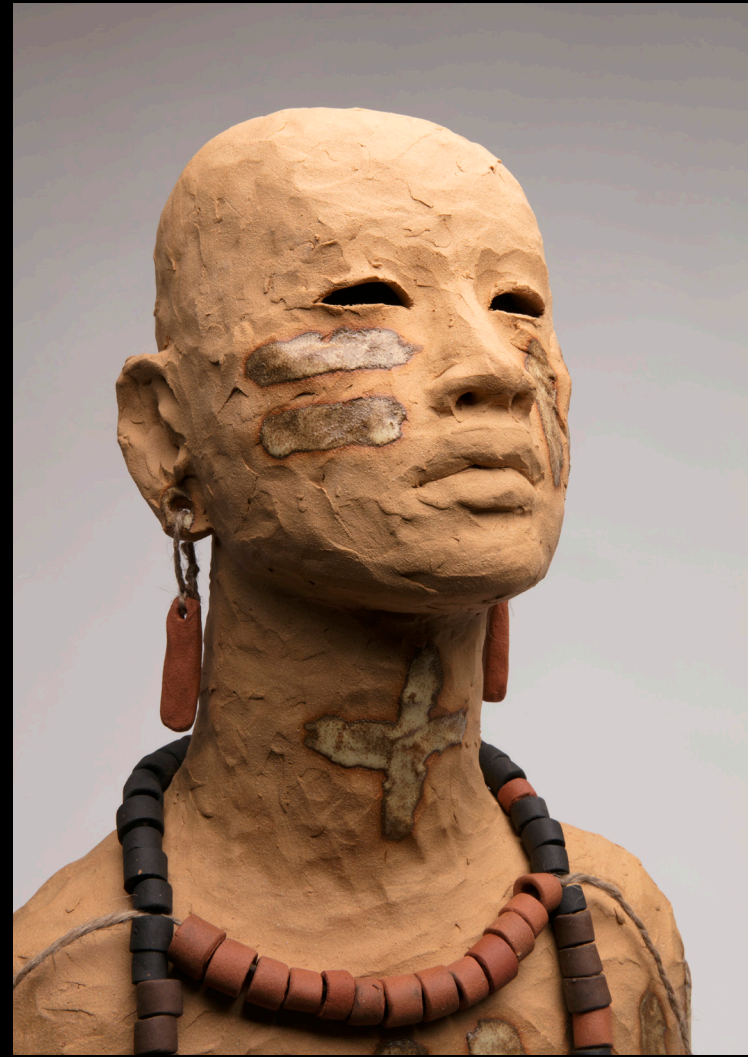
Kenneth C. Griffin Director and CEO, Norton Museum of Art

The Norton Museum of Art is honored to organize and present this survey of Rose B. Simpson's work. Culling artworks from the last decade of Simpson's practice, *Rose B. Simpson: Journeys of Clay* traces the artist's inspiration, lineage, and personal and artistic trajectory. The exhibition showcases her work alongside that of her mother, the artist Roxanne Swentzell; her grandmother, Rina Swentzell; and her great-grandmother, Rose "Gia" Naranjo, each of whom have influenced Simpson's practice. Both Rose and Roxanne are leading figures in New Mexico's Indigenous arts community, and Simpson is now a familiar name in museums all over the country.

Journeys of Clay also marks the ninth installment in the Norton's signature exhibition series: Recognition of Art by Women (RAW). Launched in 2011, RAW was created through the visionary support of Alan Davis and Mary Lou Dauray and The Leonard and Sophie Davis Fund/MLDauray Arts Initiative to address the gender imbalance in the arts by consistently highlighting extraordinary, living women artists through solo exhibitions. RAW exhibitions are among the Norton's most high-profile exhibitions; they are installed in key galleries, interpreted through dynamic public programs, and accompanied by original publications like this one. With *Journeys of Clay*, we are thrilled to put Rose B. Simpson in the company of previous RAW artists such as Jenny Saville, Sylvia Plimack Mangold, Phyllida Barlow, Klara Kristalova, Njideka Akunyili Crosby, Svenja Deininger, Nina Chanel Abney, and María Berrío.

We are, of course, all deeply indebted to the artist, whose powerful and engaging work offers our audiences an opportunity to experience the spiritual importance of artmaking. We share our thanks as well with Roxanne Swentzell for her compelling sculptures that collectively represent emotion, the personal journey, and the significance of family. Ultimately, *Journeys of Clay* focuses on one artist while simultaneously telling a deeper story of collaboration, community, and maternal unity.

The organization of *Journeys of Clay* was led by Arden Sherman, Glenn W. and Cornelia T. Bailey Senior Curator of Contemporary Art, who imbued it with her passion for working with women artists and promoting marginalized voices and narratives. She was supported by Pamela Solares, Sophie Davis Fellow for Inclusion, Diversity, Equity, and Access, who brought her personal commitment to platforming women artists through both curation and public programs. Together, Sherman and Solares have organized a monumental exhibition and publication. I am grateful for their thoughtful approach to displaying powerful and often overlooked subject matter in contemporary art, and for their ability to manage all aspects of this project.



Clockwise: detail images of Beauty the beast, 2021; please hold 1, 2021; and Legacy, 2022.





Young Rose dancing at a Tewa ceremony, 1991.



Rina Swentzell with her daughter Roxanne Swentzell, 2002.

We remain enormously grateful, as always, to Alan Davis, Mary Lou Dauray, and The Leonard and Sophie Davis Fund/MLDauray Arts Initiative, for their support of *Journeys of Clay* and the entire RAW initiative. One of their goals in supporting RAW has always been to inspire others to do the same, and I am thrilled to note that so many have done so for this exhibition, including the Cornelia T. Bailey Foundation, the Hartfield Foundation, and Morgan Stanley, with further support provided by the Diane Belfer Endowment for Sculpture. Funding for this publication was provided by the generosity of the Girlfriend Fund. Additionally, funds for *Journeys of Clay* and future RAW exhibitions were provided by the artists, galleries, donors, and buyers who participated in the Norton Museum of Art's 80th Anniversary Art Auction.

We are also grateful to all the collectors who generously loaned works to the exhibition; and to Jessica Silverman Gallery, Jack Shainman Gallery, and Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art for their unwavering support of this exhibition and of Simpson's work.

And last but certainly not least, it is because of the hard work of the Norton's remarkable, determined team that this exhibition was possible. The expanse of this project runs deep through all branches of the Museum, from our leaders in Development and External Affairs, Human Resources, Finance, and Operations, to our creative minds on the Curatorial team; from our inclusive and thoughtful colleagues in the Learning and Community Engagement department, to those working in Visitor Experience who keep the exhibition experience activated throughout the run of show. In particular, I extend my gratitude to the Norton Museum of Art Board of Trustees, who foster and shape our institution for the visitors of today and of tomorrow. Without all of you, the Norton would not be able to present impactful exhibitions like *Rose B. Simpson: Journeys of Clay*.



Hands of Roxanne Swentzell, her daughter, Rose B. Simpson, and granddaughter, Cedar, touching one of Roxanne's sculptures, 2019.

CURATOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

ARDEN SHERMAN

Glenn W. and Cornelia T. Bailey Senior Curator of Contemporary Art

It is the Norton Museum of Art's honor to recognize the mastery of Rose B. Simpson and her family through the organization of *Rose B. Simpson: Journeys of Clay*, on view from March 23 through September 1, 2024. The roots planted by Rose's ancestors in New Mexico seventy generations ago continue to spread across the world, and Simpson's work is a commanding expression of the strength of this lineage.

Journeys of Clay would not have been possible without the generous support of Alan Davis and Mary Lou Dauray, whose gifts from the Sophie Davis Fund/MLDauray Arts Initiative brought the Recognition of Art by Women (RAW) program to life. In addition to the RAW program, funding from the Sophie Davis Fund/MLDauray Arts Initiative supports the Sophie Davis Fellowship for Inclusion, Diversity, Equity, and Access, a position at the museum that has been critical to the realization of this exhibition.

We are indebted to Rose B. Simpson's gallerists Jessica Silverman (Jessica Silverman Gallery, San Francisco), Jack Shainman (Jack Shainman Gallery, New York), and John Addison (Chiaroscuro Contemporary Art, Santa Fe) for their support in the development of this project. Special acknowledgement must be paid to Kathryn Wade, Director at Jessica Silverman Gallery, whose relentless dedication to our vision allowed for this partnership with Rose, her family, and their collectors. Jaci Auletto, Director at Jack Shainman Gallery, has been an invaluable collaborator and connector, generously and patiently contributing to the exhibition initiative. We are also extremely grateful to Cindy Talamantes from the Roxanne Swentzell Tower Gallery in New Mexico for supporting the spectacular contributions to this show and enabling a profound conversation between the work of Rose and her mother, Roxanne Swentzell. Thanks to the tireless registrars Owen Christoph and Katie Cunningham at Jessica Silverman Gallery whose exceptional organizational skills and positive attitudes were fundamental to our successful exhibition planning experience. Spatial designer Catherine Connell has been an enormous asset to this project as well. Her meticulous plotting of the installation design has been critical to the exhibition's development. Lastly, we extend our deepest gratitude to the lenders to this exhibition without whom it would not have been possible to present such a comprehensive view of the last decade of Rose B. Simpson's practice.

This publication was made possible through the efforts of several talented people whose contributions undoubtedly make this book an important document of Rose's oeuvre. My thanks to Rose B. Simpson for her willingness to open herself in written form, and to Roxanne Swentzell for her deeply personal tribute to her grandmother, Rose Naranjo, affectionately referred to as *Gia*. We are grateful to Beata Tsosie-Peña, a Tewa activist, poet,

educator, permaculture specialist, mother, and friend to Rose and Roxanne, who thoughtfully interviewed the artists for this book. I extend my appreciation to our editor Liz Rae Heise-Glass for her discerning eye and careful edits to our publication and written materials. Special thanks to Elizabeth Karp-Evans, Adam Turnbull, Maria Ylvisaker, and Ayline Le Sourd at the publishing house Pacific whose enthusiasm and understanding of the impact of Rose's work propelled this book forward.

I extend my greatest thanks to my colleagues at the Norton, nearly all of whom have contributed to the realization of this exhibition. I greatly appreciate the tremendous and immediate enthusiasm of Ghislain d'Humières, Kenneth C. Griffin Director and CEO; Abby Ashley, Chief Development and External Affairs Officer; Leslie Francisco, Director of Institutional Giving; and Clara M. Fecht Director of Individual Giving, who worked closely with our very generous benefactors, to continue financial support of this exhibition. Gratitude goes to our spirited colleagues in the Learning and Community Engagement department who created thoughtful programming to complement this exhibition; and tremendous thanks to the team in the Curatorial department: J. Rachel Gustafson, Chief Curatorial Operations and Research Officer; Tiera Ndlovu, Curatorial Research Associate; Sarah Bass, Curatorial Operations Assistant; Pamela Parry, Senior Registrar and Collections Manager; Victoria Pesta, Associate Registrar; and Lorraine Bond, Director of Creative Services. I also express sincere gratitude to John Welter, Director of Exhibition Design & Installation, along with his small but mighty team of art handlers: Carlos Faure and Ashley Kerr. Most important to the success of this project has been Pamela Solares, Sophie Davis Fellow for Inclusion, Diversity, Equity, and Access, who has been essential to every aspect of the exhibition, from concept development and research to public programming, audience relations, and the creation of this publication. Endless thanks.

Above all, it is to Rose B. Simpson that I extend my most heartfelt gratitude. Throughout the past year, I have been privileged to get to know Rose, meet her family, and see how a singular person—as special as she is—can truly impact those around her. Be it through artmaking, community engagement, or autobody work, Rose moves through the world with intention and careful consideration in all she takes on. She has worked graciously and sympathetically on this exhibition all the while maintaining her other work obligations and attending to daily community business. Thank you, Rose, for your dedication and for sharing your vision.

Ancestor 3, 2016
Ceramic
18 ½ × 15 ½ × 8 ½ in.
(47 × 39.4 × 21.6 cm)



Ancestor 5, 2016
Ceramic
18 ½ × 14 ½ × 7 in.
(47 × 36.8 × 17.8 cm)



Beauty the beast, 2021
Ceramic, glaze, grout, steel, wood,
lava beads, leather beads, clay beads,
glass beads, copper beads, twine,
and epoxy
29 ½ × 8 × 9 in.
(74.9 × 20.3 × 22.9 cm)



Bridge A, 2023
Ceramic, steel, and grout
88 × 20 × 15 in.
(223.5 × 50.8 × 38.1 cm)



Cairn, 2017-2018
Ceramic and mixed media
49 × 12 × 12 in.
(124.5 × 30.5 × 30.5 cm)



Crown II, 2017
Ceramic, steel, and leather
67 × 22 × 10 in.
(170.2 × 55.9 × 25.4 cm)



ROSE B. SIMPSON IN FIVE ACTS

ARDEN SHERMAN AND PAMELA SOLARES

THE FUNERAL

There's a lot to learn from Rose B. Simpson. One of the principal lessons that Rose has taught us is that she can't actually teach us anything. To be taught is to experience.

Our experience started with a goose. The first day we pulled up to Rose's studio in Santa Clara Pueblo, she walked over to greet us and told us, gravely, that there had been a tragedy. It scared us a little, setting foot as outsiders on tribal land, pounding our sneakers on this storied dirt, unsure of what was happening now and what had happened before. Rose guided us over to a large, fenced-in bird coop where we lowered our gazes over the carcass of a female goose. Somehow, the goose had lodged her neck in an opening of the hexagonal mesh fence. In her own panic and an effort to escape, she must have yanked herself back too hard and fractured her neck. Surrounded by shrubs and scattered, loose, white feathers, she lay lifeless and beautiful, still entangled in mesh. Rose explained that the male goose who cried in agony over his deceased counterpart had also suddenly lost all their goslings just days before. The grieving creature produced such excruciating, repetitive, loud sounds that his honks permeated the studio buildings, our bodies, and eventually, our memories.

A sense of relief washed over our party as soon as Roxanne Swentzell arrived. Maybe it is because she is Rose's mother and holds the identity of mother as a kind of self-image or simply because she possesses the natural characteristics of a nurturer. When she saw Roxanne walking towards us, still standing over the goose, Rose proclaimed, "Mama will know what to do." Roxanne briefly greeted us and then confidently entered the pen to inspect the scene. She unraveled the cadaver from the fence, picked her up, and cradled the lifeless creature. There was a moment of discussion where we deliberated on what to do with her. Roxanne suggested fleetingly—perhaps half-jokingly—that we eat her. But little Cedar, Rose's daughter who is affectionately referred to as "Nugget," vehemently disapproved. Instead, under Rose and Roxanne's guidance, we picked up shovels and walked toward the garden where the corn crops grew. With Nugget sitting beside her, Roxanne maneuvered the sun-bleached red backhoe to dig a sizeable hole. She laid the goose into the pocket of open earth, and we buried her, all of us shoveling dirt together and pressing into the ground with our feet. At the end of the impromptu funeral, Rose asked for the young ones—Cedar and her cousin Ailani—to say a few words or sing, but both shyly declined. The cycle of life and death felt so immediate, so tangible. Throughout all of it, the devastating cries of the heart-broken male goose pierced the sky—and saturated our thoughts for the days that followed.



Rose's brother, Santiago Romero, writes on the back of her t-shirt while waiting for their parents at the Santa Fe Indian Market, early 2000s.



Cedar, also known as "Nugget," Rose, and Roxanne in their studio compound, Santa Clara Pueblo, summer 2023.



Roxanne with the goose in his pen, Santa Clara Pueblo, summer 2023.

THE STUDIO

Reverence is a word that Rose B. Simpson uses often. Meaning “deep respect,” this word contains both a verb and a noun, which can perhaps explain Rose’s liking for it. Reverence represents something both concrete and fluid at the same time. We have watched as Rose embodies reverence—in her daily movements around her studio, her interactions with her family, friends, galleries, collectors, and visitors. She moves through space intentionally, possessing an inner quiet that tempers any frenetic energy surrounding her. When speaking, her cadence is calming and confident. Even when she’s goofing around, her presence is self-assured, commanding, and gentle. At Santa Clara Pueblo, Rose gave us a tour of her new studio buildings. We viewed an airport hangar-style structure with a curved metal roof and poured concrete floors that will be the shop for her automotive work. Moments later, she was telling us a story about a little haunted house nearby. Storytelling has always been one of Rose’s most special abilities, we learned. Entering another structure—slated to be her new studio—we found Rose’s friend inside working on the adobe mud walls. Rose walked us through the rooms, sharing her visions for the different spaces, a magical blend of old and new reflecting both the preservation of tradition and the energy of a fresh start.

Touring around the family compound, we journeyed deeper into Rose’s world. A look into her garage—which houses sculptures in progress, a slew of supplies, and the skeleton of a vintage two-door car stripped of its tires—offered an insight into the breadth of her creative practice. Remnants of other artists’ work hang throughout the space, too: friends who have enriched her life. She led us through her many past lives and facets of her current one, sharing stories about her time in the music industry with her punk band, Chocolate Helicopter, and her hip-hop group, Garbage Pail Kidz; her love for the fast-food chain Sonic; and reasons behind her various piercings and tattoos. Her love for her Jeep was evident; Rose takes great pride in adorning her cars, applying equal care for her possessions as she does her creations. Through these acts of reverence, she reaps the rewards of hard work. Most memorably, Rose divulged that she had fallen in love with competitive flamenco dancing and spoke passionately about the influence of her instructor on that part of her life. Through her detailed storytelling, we could imagine how her body felt when dancing and understand the support of the community she built around dance and movement.

Once in her current studio, we were tasked with organizing beads and untangling twine for a sculpture featured in her November 2023 show with Jessica Silverman Gallery in San Francisco. At work on our tedious tasks, we listened to her recount dreams, visions for tomorrow, and stories of her ancestors. All the while, she coiled wet clay onto the large, hollow mass of a future artwork. Sitting in the cool of her shadowed studio, we witnessed Rose’s practice in action. The way she works is mostly solitary, on the land of her ancestors, focused on one body of work at a time and with little evidence of past objects or projects



Scenes from Rose's studio and vignettes from the family compound, Santa Clara Pueblo, summer 2023.

around her. In this moment, it became clear why Rose works with clay the way she does. Besides organizing and detangling, studio assistants would be rendered useless for Rose. Her works require her touch: her pieces are imbued with the knowledge, emotion, and experience that only Rose can transmit.

THE FAMILY

While Rose's family is the product of an estimated seventy generations of potters and ceramicists, we can trace Rose's artistic lineage back to her great-, great-, great-grandmother, Corn Tassel, a prolific healer and potter. After the death of her daughter and son-in-law from the Spanish Flu in the late 1910s, Corn Tassel adopted and raised her grandchildren along with the orphaned children of other parents who succumbed to the disease. Along with generosity and resilience, Corn Tassel passed down knowledge of daily harvesting and Tewa traditions of pottery to these children. She and her granddaughter, Rose Naranjo, would gather clay, requesting permission from the Earth to harvest its sacred offerings.

Rose Naranjo, fondly known as *Gia* (the Tewa word for mother), perpetuated this knowledge and instilled it in her own children. Prioritizing financial stability and education, Gia ensured each could make a living from pottery at a time when earthenware was becoming popular among the American masses. Gia was the sun in the center of a massive solar system, rearing ten children, over twenty grandchildren, and nearly just as many great-grandchildren.

Rina, one of Rose Naranjo's seven daughters, became a historian and an activist, receiving a bachelor's in education, a master's in architecture, and a PhD in American Studies. Rina's specialty was Native American history and culture, specifically Pueblo culture. She combined her architectural education with her traditional knowledge to build her home out of adobe, mud plaster, concrete, and timber. The home reflects the talents and labors of this multitalented family, with walls built by Rina's daughter, Roxanne, plasterwork applied by her son-in-law, and construction performed by her grandsons. A natural storyteller with a soft but intentional voice, Rina was a recognized lecturer, an educator, and a published author.

From Rina came Roxanne Swentzell, Rose B. Simpson's mother. As a child, Roxanne struggled to communicate until she picked up clay and shaped it into vignettes that expressed her feelings. Roxanne's sculptures are representations of womanhood, beauty ideals, love, and loss. Their soft, smooth surfaces, expressive faces, and oversized hands and feet are uniquely hers. Like it does to her daughter, Rose, the clay speaks to Roxanne as she sculpts. And just as her daughter would later, Roxanne's began to deviate from traditional Pueblo pottery, gradually morphing that knowledge, over time, to create sculptural representations of the human condition.

Community is not just a word to Rose and to Roxanne, it's a lifestyle. Every aspect of their lives has been lived in harmony with their ancestors, family, and friends in the rich historical and cultural makeup of New Mexican soil. Rose's community takes the form of a spider's web, with emanating threads that bind them together. The delicate and resilient web has been woven with care over centuries by countless *Gias* who persevered despite colonization and forced displacement. The knowledge they possess is integral to the family's lineage and is the result of thousands of years of evolution that comes with an ingrained sense of respect for the practice of working with clay. Rose B. Simpson has proven to be a master web-maker, weaving together invisible silk strings of intersecting legacies that bind her sculptures to the energy of her ancestors and of her present community.

THE JOURNEYS

Rose's clay figures are guardians, witnesses, and reflections of herself and her community. To keep them safe on their travels to museums, collections, and various art centers, she adorns them with symbols of protection in the form of necklaces and power objects made of various found and organic materials like metal and leather. Rose's work looked different before she became a mother. Her sculptures possessed a distinctly androgynous presence that occasionally tipped towards the masculine. Likened to post-apocalyptic steampunk characters, these works were composed of metal and automobile parts, ropes, spikes, and large clay rings. In these works, Rose expressed an understanding of empowerment that was stereotypically masculine—disruptive, intimidating, and impossible to ignore. After experiencing motherhood, however, Rose came to understand the strengths of femininity: love, generosity, focus, and resilience. Instead of layering on power objects, Simpson began to take a gentler approach, adorning her figures with beaded necklaces in place of the hardware of earlier iterations. *Genesis*, 2017 (p. 38), Rose's first piece after becoming a mother, illustrates this initial shift in perception. The sculpture of a woman cradling her baby sits at just thirty-two inches tall, yet it commands the space it occupies. Adorned with a halo-like steel ring on her crown and ribboned fabric across her waist, this mother has an "X" carved on her belly, the skin across her body marked with dots and lines. These symbols represent a shared DNA among Rose's sculptural progenies. Every mark is intentional and representational, even if Rose does not directly reveal their meanings. Lines often indicate passages of time, temporal journeys; while equal signs indicate deer prints or paths; Xs symbolize protection or animal tracks; and stars, shaped like plus signs, represent guidance.

For Rose, the act of creating builds neural pathways for healing, and constantly evolving (and letting go) is part of the process. She developed her own slap-slab technique in which she slaps bits of clay on a surface until they become very thin, and then tears them



Touring around Rose's garage and future automotive space, Santa Clara Pueblo, summer 2023.



into pieces to apply to the sculpture where they will quickly dry, adhering to the structure. Through this process, she is forced to live with imperfections and reject Western ideals of what beautiful art should be. Sculpting has taught her to revel in her own humanness, to enjoy the process, and embrace blemishes. Her work reminds her that she must listen in order to learn. After Rose finishes a sculpture, it leaves her studio space. She spends countless hours creating works with her hands, then suddenly, they're out of her hands into the hands of strangers. When asked how she felt about saying goodbye to these deeply personal creations, she replies that they were meant to leave. Their destinies lie in their individual journeys. While Rose admits it sometimes hurts to release them, she believes that they land exactly where they are meant to be. These beings aren't meant to stay with Rose, a woman who is already seeking awareness. She's merely a messenger, a medium between their earthly beginnings and the work they must do. Her sculptures are vessels for communication, influenced by all the aspects of her life and the lives of her ancestors before her. She sends them off into the world with eyes open, full of intention, to watch the world around them.

THE LESSON

If one work by Rose shows the artist's hand, a collection of works tells the story of her career. Once afraid of the night sky and its boundless stars, Simpson now understands the significance of being so small in a universe so vast and belonging to something greater. This exhibition at the Norton Museum of Art, *Rose B. Simpson: Journeys of Clay*, is an entry point into understanding Rose's explorations of self. In *Journeys of Clay*, Rose is a giant planet inside a dynamic solar system, which includes her mother, Roxanne Swentzell; her grandmother, Rina Swentzell; and her great-grandmother, Rose "Gia" Naranjo, the sun around which the rest orbit. The exhibition traces Rose's work from the last decade, placing objects from disparate moments of the artist's life together in conversation. Shown alongside works by her matrilineal makers, these works form constellations that share the story of a woman's life, of ancestral knowledge, and of voices that speak to each other through clay.

For Rose, boundaries are an essential form of self-protection and preservation. Rose's work is meant for the rest of us, those who need to be reminded—as Simpson says—that we are guests. Guests on this Earth, guests in these communities, and guests in our bodies. As guests, we must learn to be respectful and considerate to ourselves, each other, and the planet. We must listen and remember that what we know is only a sliver of the knowledge we are capable of containing. We learned from Rose that self-awareness and mindfulness unlock the door to the rest of the world. Being centered in ourselves, we are able to be open to others and to question, to wonder, and to create for our future descendants. Rose preserves the health of herself and her community through intentional decision making and thoughtful organizing.

Rose's priorities lie with her commitments to her community, her family, and her home. It's a valuable lesson, and a gift. If we can impart one bit of advice from what we've learned through our time with Rose, it's to behave like you are being watched and aim to move through the world with integrity and openness. Like her sculptures that she sends out to become sentinels, we, too, should become guardians of the Earth.

Arden Sherman is the *Glenn W. and Cornelia T. Bailey Senior Curator of Contemporary Art*.
Pamela Solares is the *Sophie Davis Fellow for Inclusion, Diversity, Equity, and Access*.

Genesis, 2017
Ceramic and mixed media
33 × 9 × 6 in.
(83.8 × 22.9 × 15.2 cm)





Delegate, 2022
 Glazed ceramic, steel, hardware,
 twine, rope, and grout
 75 × 21 × 16 in.
 (190.5 × 53.3 × 40.6 cm)





What's up, 2019
Ceramic, glaze, jute string,
sterling silver, and steel
58 ½ in. (148.6 cm) tall



Great Lengths, 2018
Ceramic, leather,
and mixed media
118 × 19 × 17 in.
(299.7 × 48.3 × 43.2 cm)



Young Rose next to an adobe horno, a traditional type of outdoor oven, that she helped build with her mother, 1988.

THE UNFOLDING

ROSE B. SIMPSON

Hello. My name is Rose. When I was a kid, I was known as Rosie. Sometimes, the people who knew me then still call me that. If I were at home, I would say I am from the Badger clan of the Winter People of Santa Clara Pueblo. I would tell you what my borrowed woman name is this lifetime. A literal translation to English makes it sound like “Cloud Flower,” but I think it’s a lot more than that. It has always felt like a lot more than that. I don’t like feeling as if I have been lost in translation, but maybe there are things that have to stay unknown. Unrevealed.

I was told in a ceremony one time that my name was my medicine. I took it literally and drank rose hip tea regularly for a while. Then there’s a thing called spellcheck; spellcheck often turns “Rose” into “Rise.” So, one afternoon I was standing in the late summer yard watering the roses with the hose, and one of those spectacular evening clouds, the ones laced with orange, caught my eye up there. My eyes rose to meet it.

My name is an affirmation: that which has already happened. A manifestation. A past-tense verb. I think about the act of rising, rising to occasion, rising up in protest, rising up in intention, in form. I think about how, when used in the past tense, it has already been done. And when there is belief that it has been done, then it is. Risen.

When I was a kid, I got the nickname “Bean.” I didn’t have a middle name on my birth certificate and at one point I decided that would be my middle name since it was used so much. In the early days of what became an art career, a very likable older woman with a strong background in marketing came to one of my openings and gave me some unsolicited business advice: to always use the “B.” I asked her why, and she just said, “Trust me.” I have used the “B.” since. Thank you, mystery friend.

When Rose became *rise-in-the-past-tense*, the “B.” had a new meaning to me. As I spoke my name, as I visualized the unfolding petals of time and life, the thorns I have grown to understand, and the active verb I had found in the word, the nourishing seed of “B.” became “Be” to me, and it echoed: “Rose! Be.” And my sculptural work began releasing its doing and becoming its being, and I have worked to remember the Be in that which Rose.

I was standing a few nights ago watching a nearly full moon rise over the mountains. Our fall-time valley went from mysterious dark to a glowing orange as the moonlight reflected off the changing cottonwood and apricot leaves in the yard. The moon-colored reds, oranges, and yellows gave off an otherworldly essence, one that rang down the muscles along my spine and along the backs of my arms and dripped electrically off the tips of my pinky fingers. It hit like a punch of beauty. Not just any kind of beauty, but that which

brings meaning—a reminder of why we might be here at all. The kind of reminder that melts time.

As I stood there breathing in that moonlight, I knew what it must feel like to be my mother. I felt something that she has never explained to me—but then why would she. It's a pause, a breath, the unexplainable. Maybe it is that moment of resonance when you see yourself in the magic of the natural world. And I experienced her as I realized myself in all that is.

Then that moment of gratitude transformed into my grandmother. I saw the moonlit leaves through her eyes, I felt her soul. I reached my gaze to the hill above the cottonwood leaves where long moon shadows raked behind the still profiles of juniper trees evenly spaced on the rolling high desert slope. There was my great-grandmother, Rose, in a smile. And there I found hundreds of ancestors, standing in the light of the moon, feeling this. They were there with me, before me, among me. Like the petals of the rose, unfolding together.

"I get it! I know this! I knew this! There will be knowing."

I breathed in the mystery. It boiled up in my stomach, lungs, up the back of my throat, and bloomed as tears out my eyes. I let it drip to the dirt. I let it be known. Cloud Flower.

I am here.

You are.

I am here.

You are.

I am here.

I often wonder. I actually spend quite a lot of time in wonder. Then I search.

When I first saw the circular map of my astrological chart, I saw it as though I were standing in the stratosphere, looking through the layout of planets to little human me, thinking I know what I am doing with my day. Little me with a plan. Little me with deadlines and taxes. Little me vacuuming the goat head stickers out of my Jeep at the car wash.

I look again and I see my big, human self looking up at the sky—the sky that terrified me as a child. I see the planets creaking through the universe, fishhooks on line attached from planets to my knees, my heels, my lungs. As a young person I avoided looking up at a night sky: the vastness was overwhelming. My grandpas held my shoulders in the driveway and pointed out the constellations, gave them names, and I couldn't stand it. My lungs shriveled and I squirmed away from Cassiopeia and Ursa Major. *How dare we*, I thought. If I had known the word then, I would have used it: *Irreverent*.

In the past five years, I've grown to know my Libra sun, Aquarius rising, and Aries moon. I let them guide me. My sun considers every option, my rising looks for the ones far outside any box, and my moon gives me fire for the process so I care deeply. Like my names, they have become medicine. Now I look to the night sky, still abstract and mysterious, and



Roxanne stands on the door frame of the house she built in Santa Clara Pueblo. Her daughter, Rose B. Simpson, and son, Porter Swentzell, stand below, 1987.



Portrait of Rose "Gia" Naranjo, 1970.



Roxanne with young Rose, 1992.

I call out to my fear to lead me deep into (or up to) the places that will give the most water to my roots. When I'm not stuck being little human me, stopping at stoplights in the middle of the night, I remember to wonder to the mystery and then I listen. Wonder, listen, wonder listen, wonderlisten.

My art practice is a practice that reminds me. As I work, I wonder. As I work, I listen.

I was given clay by my mother. It wasn't given, actually—it was shown. Something that wasn't for me to touch without respect. It was withheld and divvied out carefully, slowly, so that I cherished the moments when I was able to interact with it. It came prepackaged with reverence. I knew this Mother fed us, nourished us, and was to be treated as the most important member of our family. We lived within, among, amidst her.

My mother's borrowed woman name this life is "Frost Flower." The translation, again, falls short. Her mother's borrowed woman name this life was "Leaf Lake," and this name has returned to my own daughter. My great-grandmother was "Prairie Flower," and every single English interpretation sounds hollow and vacant. When the sounds in our Tewa language pour fourth, there is context, there is sound, there is smell; there are the thousand ways the language bridges all things and senses. It is in relationship. As we are blessed to borrow this life, we are blessed to know one facet of creation oh so intimately, this time.

When I work, I wonder. When I work, I listen. I'm listening with my fascia. My fingers fold the clay, spin it, like my mother and hers and hers and hers waaaaay back. My fascia is knowing the clay, becoming one with it. The electricity of my atoms releases into the dampness and returns with a new knowing. This is how I was taught to listen. To listen to the stars, to listen to a feeling, a smell, to let the voiceless speak and to hear. When words fail, there is nothing lost to translation.

The petals unfurl and unfurl, a constant rolling. I am closing my eyes to fill with trust. I am closing my eyes to fill with gratitude—gratitude for the journey herself. Reverence for the ever unknown. The returning. The releasing.

Growing Pains, 2021
Ceramic, steel brake rotor, steel rod,
leather, reed, twine, and epoxy
73 ½ × 13 ½ × 13 ½ in.
(186.7 × 34.3 × 34.3 cm)



Highway, 2022
Ceramic, steel, grout,
twine, and beads
49 ½ × 11 × 10 in.
(125.7 × 27.9 × 25.4 cm)





Old Masters, 2021
Ceramic, glaze, grout, steel,
leather, wire, scrim, string,
twine, concrete, and epoxy
Larger: 72 ½ × 16 × 18 in.
(184.2 × 40.6 × 45.7 cm)
Smaller: 70 × 16 × 18 in.
(177.8 × 40.6 × 45.7 cm)

ID, 2022
Ceramic, steel, twine, lava,
hematite, petrified wood, bone,
trade glass, pyrite, silver, shell,
wood, metal, and turquoise beads
41 × 7 × 9 in.
(104.1 × 17.8 × 22.9 cm)



Legacy, 2022
Ceramic, glaze, grout,
and found objects
Larger: 39 ½ × 9 ½ × 8 in.
(100.3 × 24.1 × 20.3 cm)
Smaller: 28 × 6 × 6 ½ in.
(71.1 × 15.2 × 16.5 cm)

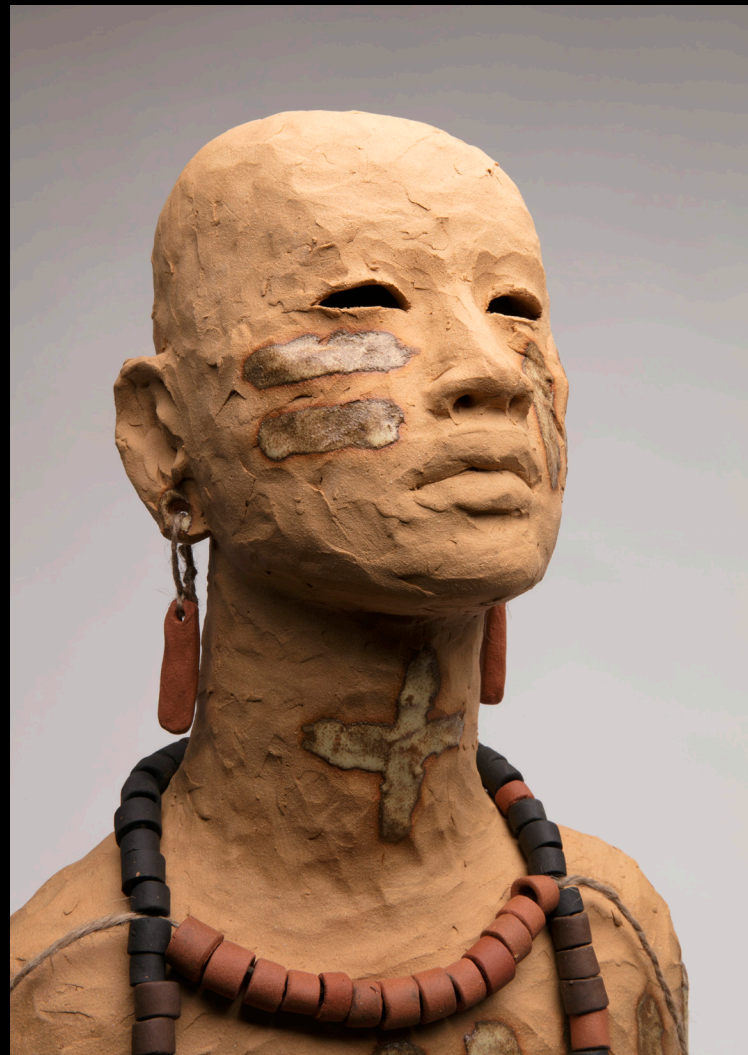




Open, 2022
 Ceramic, twine, pearls,
 and steel
 20 ½ × 6 ¼ × 6 ¼ in.
 (52.1 × 15.9 × 15.9 cm)



please hold 1, 2021
 Ceramic, glaze, and twine
 29 ½ × 12 × 7 in.
 (74.9 × 30.5 × 17.8 cm)





Star Being 1, 2022
 Ceramic, steel, stone, bone,
 pyrite, lava, and silver beads
 39 × 7 × 9 in.
 (99.1 × 17.8 × 22.9 cm)

Storyteller, 2021
 Ceramic, glaze, steel,
 leather, and epoxy
 67 × 29 × 26 in.
 (170.2 × 73.7 × 66 cm)





Roxanne Swentzell poses with one of her sculptures, 2018.



Roxanne Swentzell, Full Circle, 2017, Ceramic.



Roxanne Swentzell's grandparents, Michael "Ta" Naranjo and Rose "Gia" Naranjo, 1970s.

GIA A FAMILY OF ARTISTS AND MORE...

ROXANNE SWENTZELL

There is a flavor to each family. When I stepped back and viewed my extended Naranjo family, I couldn't help but be impressed. At first (being an artist myself), I noticed a surprising number of well-established artists starting with my grandmother, Rose Naranjo. I thought that this would be a great way to start looking at this family by starting with Rose or rather Gia (what we all called her, which translates into Mother). Mothers are central to families and calling this show Gia would give the show a center ... a place to start. My grandmother had many children and raised a few others. Those children had many children, and so on, for five generations before she passed away in 2004. It is not fair to talk about Gia without talking about Ta ("Father" or my grandfather, Michael Naranjo). Of course, they created this family together, but there's something about starting with Gia that acknowledges that she was, for better or for worse, the person who centralized this family, through love, guilt, force, or just plain need. We ALL buzzed around her like drones around a queen bee. When she died, the hub of this family died with her. I would like to take time to acknowledge this. We all have our own nuclear families and friends, but for five generations this woman created a world that spun around her, extending far and wide, pulling our many nuclear families into her orbit. For many of our individual lives, this orbit was all-consuming. It was the thread that bound us to her, and we loved and hated it. Maybe she held the key to how community is held together ... you let yourself need each other. She needed us and we needed to be needed. But the times had changed and the Western mindset of individualism had seeped into the Pueblos and we, too, wanted our own lives with our own cars, private property, names, nuclear families held away from extended families out of different ideas and beliefs. The Pueblo sense of one large extended family of cousins, aunts and uncles, grandparents and great-grandparents had been pierced by the sword of "Me verses You." Gia was still functioning under the old Pueblo belief that the hive is only strong when we work together around our mother. And she was our MOTHER.

As the wave of her life and death has settled some, I look around me and see what is left. I see our family, scattered here and there, slowly trying to establish "hives" of their own. I see remnants of Her everywhere: strong mothers, a deep sense of home, strong work ethics, and a strong sense of being. I feel overwhelmingly proud of US. We are an amazing group

of people. I wanted to show us to the world, but mostly, I wanted to show us to ourselves. I wanted to mirror to us what we came through and became. As I looked around, I saw not only amazing artists and craftsmen, I saw ground-breaking scholars, scientists, athletes, builders, singers, dancers, and spiritual leaders. And I saw such physically beautiful people that I wanted to gloat over us all ... just for a moment before it passes and we disappear into the vast history of mankind. We are a moment in time that merged from a situation that was shifting, struggling with the future and the past, a moment in time that had its own unique flavor. This is our family that buzzed around Gia for over sixty years. This is our family that created its own art and culture, its own strengths and weaknesses ... our own heart.

Before we all go our separate ways, I would like to take a moment to look at us before the hive swarms away forever. We are all strong, amazing individuals, but we all owe some of that strength to Gia, our queen bee for so many years. It is no small feat to hold five generations together for so long. As I breathe a sigh of relief at times that we are all free to go our separate ways, I also have a need to look back and bow my head with respect, gratitude, and awe at every one of us. We are part of this amazing story, this chapter in time.

I stop and acknowledge Gia's Family.

This text was authored by Roxanne Swentzell on the occasion of the exhibition *Gia (A Family of Artists)*, organized by the Roxanne Swentzell Tower Gallery (Santa Fe, NM) in 2008. It has been edited for formatting and clarity for inclusion in the present publication and is used with permission of the author.



Rina Swentzell holds one of her pots, 2010.



Roxanne and Rina share a tender moment, 2010.

PUEBLO MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

RINA SWENTZELL

“In the old Pueblo world, the most important, most sacred, human connection is to the earth. All our connections to the self, our human community, and the outside world are defined by that most basic relationship to the earth, to The Mother. All beings, including humans, emerge from her. She is the source of life, joy, and meaning because she guides our thoughts, actions, and relationships which we, Pueblo people, Pueblo artists, strive to maintain.

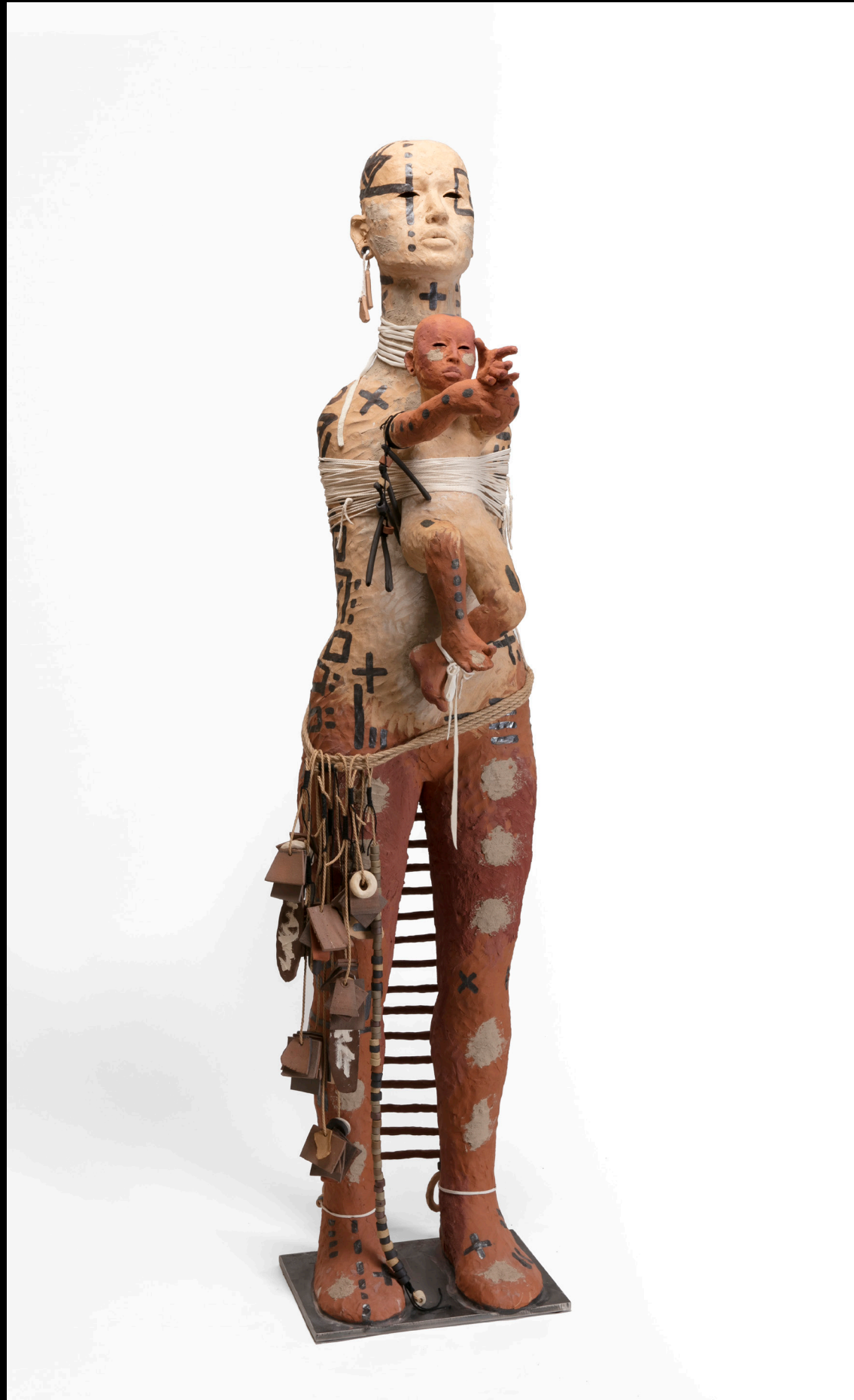
‘Gia’ is the word for mother in the Tewa language. The earth is ‘*nungbe gia*,’ our mother. She is the model for human thought and conduct. It is unlike the paternal Western world where father and masculinity are supreme. In Pueblo thinking, it is not even female, which is but a category of gender. The idea of mother in the Pueblo is more holistic in that it includes both female and male. We call our biological mothers ‘gias.’ But we also call males, who are wise, compassionate and soulful people ‘gias’ or mothers. Everyone then can strive to be a ‘gia’ through appropriate thought and conduct. A compassionate and nurturing ‘gia’ is the ideal person. Even the spatial world is egalitarian rather than hierarchical. Again, contrary powers are balanced so that none can come to dominate the other.

In this space, the sense of mother is sacred. Clay, as the stuff of the earth, is of that sacredness. Our special affinity with clay is a natural part of our legacy from the earth, the ultimate mother. That legacy affirms the aesthetic and creativity of the earth, which passes on to us as her children. Like the earth mother, we are productive, courageous, creative, and embracing. And so, the legacy passes from mother to daughter in unspoken actions.

Before one feast day at Santa Clara Pueblo, some women had gathered at my mother’s house to make bread, pies, and cookies. One woman was especially proficient. She was asked how she had learned to do these tasks so easily. She responded that of course she had learned in the same way that everyone else learned, which was to watch, listen, and do. And so it happens with mothers and daughters between whom there are daily unspoken thoughts and movements.

Recently I talked with a woman who had moved away from her home pueblo and who was visiting her daughter at San Juan Pueblo. She was struck by how easy it was to be with her daughter. Her exclamation was, ‘It is like being with myself!’ And, in that sense, it is easy to be with clay, the stuff of The Mother. And because we are one with her, and in her image, her sacredness easily passes in art through us as mothers and daughters.”

This text was authored by Rina Swentzell and originally published in the exhibition brochure accompanying *Mothers and Daughters: Stories in Clay*, organized by the Heard Museum (Phoenix, AZ) in 2009. It has been edited for formatting and clarity for inclusion in the present publication and is used with permission of the author’s family.



Two Selves, 2023
Ceramic, steel, grout,
twine and hide
73 ½ × 19 × 22 in.
(186.7 × 48.3 × 55.9 cm)





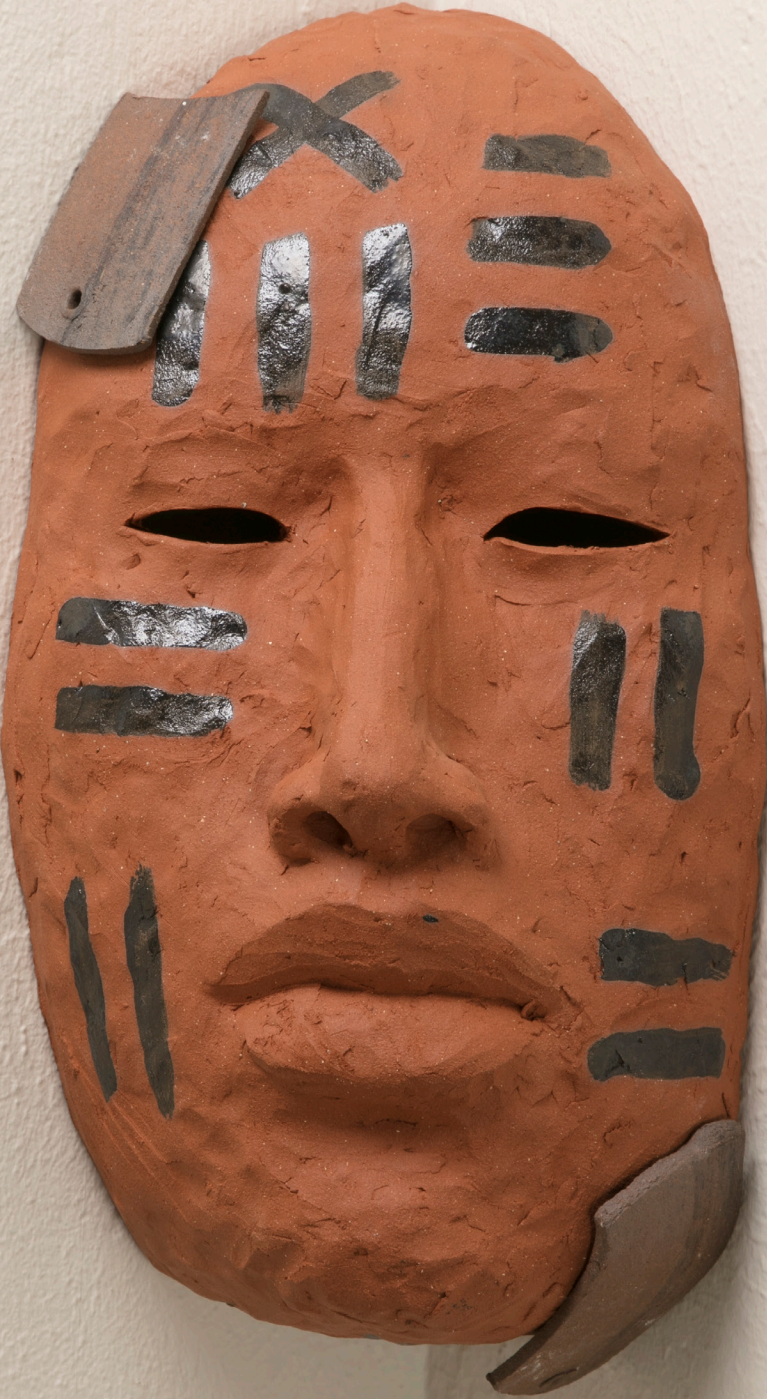
Truss, 2021
Ceramics, glaze, twine,
beads, and brake drum
76 ½ × 14 × 14 in.
(194.3 × 35.6 × 35.6 cm)



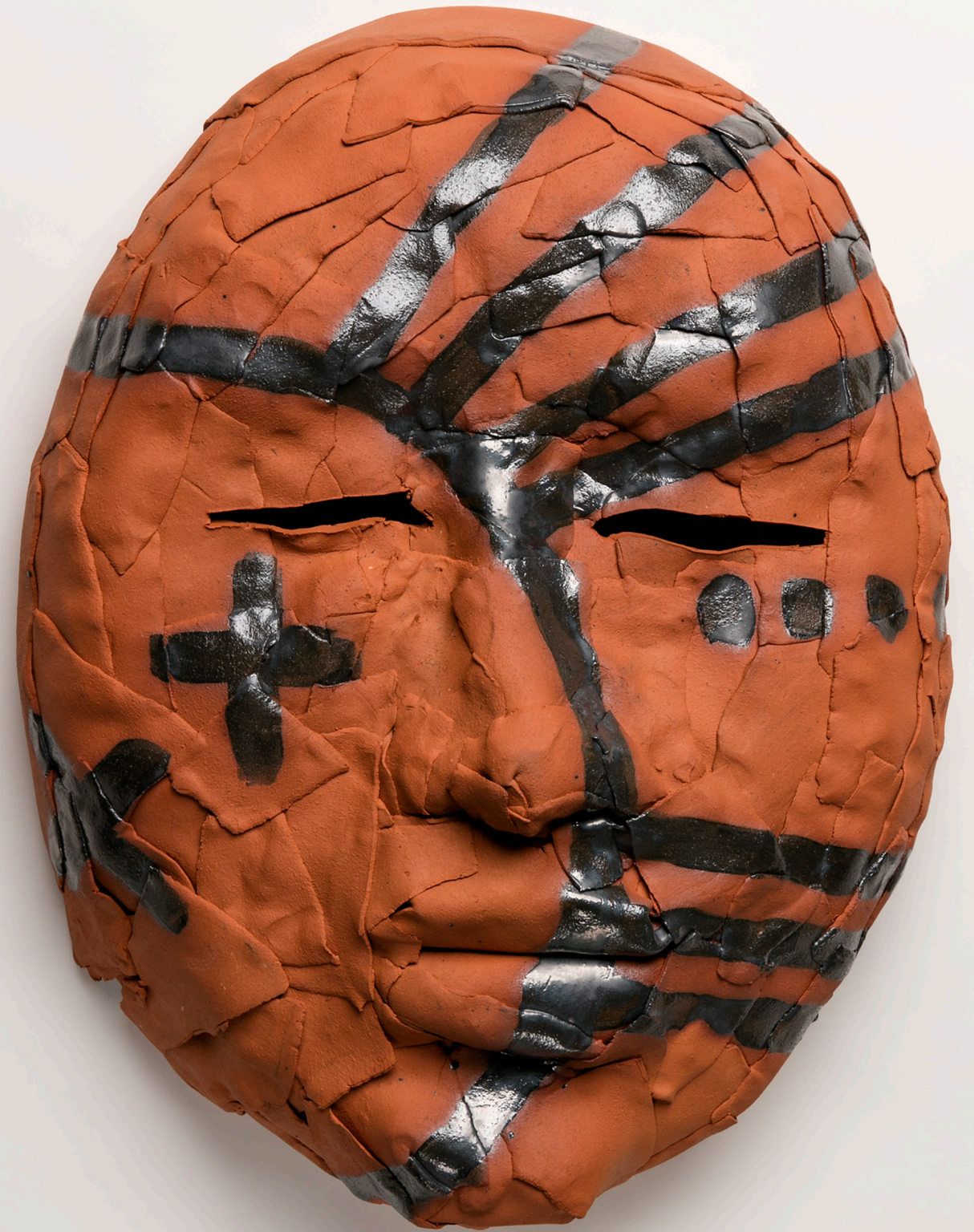
Vital Organ: Gut, 2022
Clay, twine, grout, and glaze
91 × 19 × 13 in.
(231.1 × 48.3 × 33 cm)



¼ I, 2021
Ceramic
15 ½ × 8 × 8 in.
(39.4 × 20.3 × 20.3 cm)



Ancestor 1, 2016
Ceramic
18 × 14.5 × 7 in.
(45.7 × 36.8 × 17.8 cm)



Ancestor 2, 2016
Ceramic
19 × 13.5 × 7 in.
(48.3 × 34.3 × 17.8 cm)





Santa Clara Pueblo landscape, summer 2023.



Rose's great-grandparents cut timber for the roof of the Baptist church they built in Santa Clara Pueblo, 1950s.

BEING HOME: A CONVERSATION WITH ROSE B. SIMPSON AND ROXANNE SWENTZELL LED BY BEATA TSOSIE-PEÑA

In Santa Clara Pueblo, history is enmeshed into everyday life: from stories to daily customs upheld, life circulates in active conversation with the past. Creativity and the desire to contribute to their community and the world extend far beyond clay for this family of women. In addition to her work as a prolific sculptor, Roxanne Swentzell is a permaculture expert specializing in native plants and crops. Her dedication to the field is integral: she is the custodian and caretaker of a native seed bank housed in a cool adobe building on the family's compound. Listening to Roxanne speak about her work, there's no other way to understand her drive other than to envision a sense of duty deeply rooted in her being. Roxanne has passed on this diligence to her daughter, Rose B. Simpson, whose creative practice expands outward from sculpture into realms of drawing, automotive repair, dance, and music. However, for both women, their Indigenous traditions are cardinal to their identities, values, and priorities. Annually dancing in ceremonies and participating in the gatherings of the Santa Clara Winter People are anchoring traditions in their lives. That spirit to create, commune, and engage reflects of the family's legacy of empowered, talented, and influential women.

In this interview, Rose and Roxanne open up about questions of artistic intention, inheritance, and impact in dialogue with their friend, Beata Tsosie-Peña. Beata is a mother, doula, poet, community organizer, and seed-saver focused on Indigenous Sustainable Design. Her tireless work as a doula provides care, educational services, and safety around natural birth within the Native community. She's a relentless, fearless, and optimistic woman with deep knowledge of her community. This conversation reflects the understanding these women have of their place inside their Pueblo and the larger world.

— Arden Sherman

BEATA TSOSIE-PENˆA: It’s neat to talk to you both in a different context than usual. I always see you both at work on your art and it’s special to get to ask the questions I want to ask about your work. To start, what does it mean for you both to be in an exhibition together? I know there have been collaborations between you two in the past, like at the Heard Museum, but what does doing this intergenerational exhibition feel like? What does it mean for each of you?

ROSE B. SIMPSON: We did something together at the IAIA Museum¹ in the early 2000s and then *Mothers and Daughters: Stories in Clay* at the Heard Museum in 2009–2010. Those were good experiences for me. I’m excited about this exhibition because I don’t think people understand my context too much and I think it’s really important to share that. None of us exist in a void, including me. I was thinking about how much we’re influenced by the people around us and how important our family is when it comes to our creative processes, even if it is just through being shown that it’s okay to be an artist. With each new generation, we grow a little bit further away from the pain of colonization. I think about my great-grandma and how much she was willing to stick her neck out and say things; for her, the fear of repercussion was still super close. Brave women like Grandma Rina pushed further to question things, to bring up issues, and to express herself in ways she felt she needed to without repercussions. Then there is the work my mom has done to really push through so many boundaries, stereotypes, and expectations, to follow her heart and do something extraordinary in her life. All these people have helped me to do the work that I’m able to do, because they showed me how to be brave. It’s important to understand that context.

ROXANNE SWENTZELL: I think it’s always important to place people inside their context. In the Western world, especially in the art and professional worlds, they want to pretend people exist outside of a context. They want to be individualized to the point that they don’t come from anywhere. It’s not real, because like Rose said, nobody exists in a vacuum. We all come from somewhere. This is an exhibition for Rose, but she’s acknowledging where she came from to that Western world out there. It’s important for us—as Native people who *don’t* often forget because we’re so communally bonded—to show the world that it’s *okay* to belong somewhere. It’s *okay* to have come from somebody. It’s *okay* to have traits and trades and a storyline. The Western world wants to act like you just suddenly appeared from nowhere and can go anywhere and do anything and not be responsible for your own histories.

We are a continuous story, and your ancestors are watching your progress. That’s what I like about being included in the show: it’s a good reminder in a Western context that we are connected to the past.

SIMPSON: It’s important, too, that the connections shown here are on the matrilineal side. I *do* have a dad, and he *did* influence me. But I think that our world has so much favored those patriarchal lineages while oftentimes our relationships to our mothers are actually—dare I say—more important. Our relationship to our mothers all the way back is a stronger bond and maybe a more influential one.

TSOSIE-PENˆA: I was thinking of our matrilineal ways of knowing as Tewa peoples. Thinking about how you, Rose, were a little egg in your grandma Rina when Ko’o Rox² was being formed, and how Ko’o Rox was a little egg in *Gia* when she was being formed. You both were held in your grandmothers—literally. That’s why Indigenous ways of knowing are matrilineal. Because we understood the science of how reproduction happens in the matrilineal lines. Thinking about that, the lessons learned through clay, and the exhibition’s title, *Journeys of Clay*, let’s talk about the metaphor of journeys and bloodlines. Do we have these shared experiences on a cellular level—like a cellular memory or a genetic memory?

SWENTZELL: I love that, Beata. It’s good to remember that we were inside our grandmothers and that they were holding us first. In our family, we’re such clay people that it’s been nice to have it manifest in a trade that we keep handing down through the generations. I feel honored and lucky to be part of the female line that handed me clay when I was a child and I keep passing it on. Wow, what an incredible gift to have been given.

SIMPSON: The idea of the creators being the mothers and the grandmothers—it’s like we’ve been crafted. We were created, made as people. Just like the clay, we were formed. I began like a light of inspiration inside the mother’s line. Thinking about the fact that when I was in my mother’s belly, and as she was making me, my daughter was also there, too, makes me feel supported. Supported like a hug that goes back forever. I feel held and claimed. I always think about how if you say “mae-mae” or “ko’o,”³ then the person you’re addressing must claim you back as a niece or nephew even if they’re not your direct uncle or auntie and elder. Being claimed is an important thing because then people watch out for one another and are responsible for each other. When



Young Roxanne kneels behind her sculpture, Sheep Woman, 1990.



Big Clown Woman, 2004, installed at Roxanne Swentzell Tower Gallery, summer 2023.



Roxanne Swentzell smiles in front of the addition she built for her grandmother's home in Santa Clara Pueblo, 1984.



Two Selves, 2023, in progress at Rose's studio, Santa Clara Pueblo, 2023.

you're claimed, you're protected, you're supported, you're nurtured—and it goes both ways. So when young people say “mae-mae” or “ko’o,”—“auntie” or “uncle”—they are claiming others as their own elders and therefore assuming their responsibility. By doing that, others claim you back. Echoing what my mom said about clay—that’s how we build community. I think sometimes being a part of a community can be intimidating or frustrating or difficult; there’s often hard feelings because you are in relationship with people and with ideas, and with culture, and in our case, the history of our experience. But it’s a beautiful thing to be in community, too. I don’t think that you can be a whole person without that kind of context, without being claimed and without claiming others as yours. If one of the little kids come up to me and says “Hey, ko’o!” All of a sudden, I think, “I will do anything for you! Haha, I’m so happy to be your ko’o! Call me ko’o again. What do you want for Christmas?” I get tickled. I feel like that when claiming goes both ways, that’s how we build community. That is care and that’s how we serve one another.

TSOSIE-PEÑA: The way you’re both grounded in community has always stood out to me and is something I really admire. Even as super busy professional artists, you still hold your family and community and cultural obligations as priorities. You are models for the community to be so grounded in that, and it shows in your work. The strength of your work stands tall and balanced; there is a solidity to both your work that comes forward. What does it feel like to have the pull of people wanting your time, energy, and work outside of the Pueblo? How do you balance the need to focus on our local community and people with the knowledge, connections, and needs of the vast Indigenous world beyond the reservation’s boundaries?

SWENTZELL: It has been a lifetime of working between two very different worlds: one that is very community-based and another that is very individualistically based. We’re in a modern time that is influenced and colonized by the Western world. In the ways that we are colonized we’re having to deal with the money world. As a Pueblo community we really did things differently before colonization; it was clear that we took care of each other. We survived because we are communal: everyone is important in that herd, that tribe, that community. Now we’re dealing with tensions that pull us away from that and the pressure to thrive in an “every man for himself” sort of mentality that came with colonization, of ownership and private property. “This is mine, not yours,” thinking. That’s a real conflict for our village.

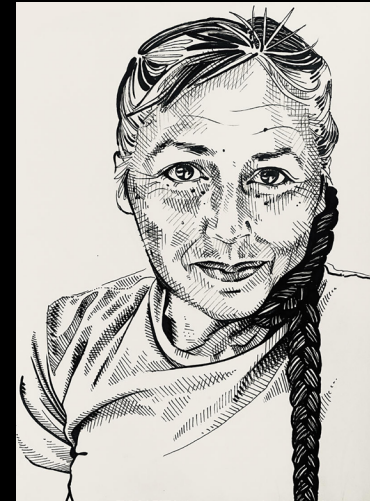
We struggle with trying to live in those two worlds because we must pay our car bills and our phone bills. We deal with the outside world through paying taxes and in contrast, we have this community that we’re still connected to. Like Rose said, in our relations we’re expected to and have the desire to take care of each other, to make sure nobody goes hungry. Nobody is homeless. Nobody is hurting. I was brought up in both worlds and I see the value in our traditional world view of taking care of each other. That’s the better world that we need to remember and return to completely because it foregrounds not only care for our people, but also for our earth. If we take care of our brothers and sisters, animals, plants, and our land, then it can keep going. It’s a bigger lift than the me-centric existence where what matters is what I have instead of making sure everybody around me is okay. I try to help in the ways that I can, and I’ve chosen to use much of my career as an artist—or my recognition as somebody who made money from art—and put it back into the community for a healthier future.

SIMPSON: I’ve lived away from Santa Clara a couple of times in my life. I lived in Albuquerque and then Santa Fe for a little bit, and I went to school in Rhode Island and Japan. But I would always come home to dance or to participate. I knew I wanted to be home and that it was important to be home. I know this because I left for a little bit and went to school. I think I know the feeling of being an American person in the city context. Knowing what it feels like to be an individual and make my own decisions no matter what or who it affects, and I don’t like it. I like being home and I want to be home and to be a participant in home. I want to know everyone and have them know me and be a part of things and feel like I’m a part of things. What I love most about it is giving myself to something bigger. I feel good when I show up for ceremony or to help. I feel filled up, and I realized that service is actually the real fruit of life.

Becoming a parent has helped me understand that it feels good to give, to help, and to participate. It feels good to sweat in prayer. It feels good to laugh with everyone while getting a job done. I stay home because I want to be a part of that—I have a bad fear of missing out on what’s happening. When I can’t come, I feel horrible and nauseous—“You guys are doing this without me, and I can’t come!” So, one of my goals in my life is to slow down more so that I can have more time to just walk and say hi to the trees to say hi to our brothers and sisters, the rocks and the plants—to be present. I feel like growing a sense of awareness and a heightened feeling



*Glimpses of Rose and her studio compound,
Santa Clara Pueblo, summer 2023.*



*Clockwise:
Rose removing artworks from her kiln,
summer 2023.*

*Roxanne Swentzell illustrated by Rose B.
Simpson, 2020.*

Rose welding in her garage, 2019.



of self helps me make better decisions in my life. The faster I go and the more time I spend working in cities, the more numb I feel to the intuitive things. I spin out and then I need to ground myself, so family, community, and place are really good for grounding. I don't think I would have made it this far if I didn't have that. I would have made worse decisions than I already have without community. That's why I want to stay a part of the community. I think accountability is so important and what I've noticed in the Western art world is that many people don't feel like they're being watched so they do or say—or be—whatever they want. There's beautiful freedom in that, in some ways. But I have found a lot of wisdom and strength in guidelines. I understand that what I say or do is going to affect more than just myself, it will affect people at home. I must consider everything I'm doing. If I'm putting it out there, I need to stand behind it 100%. I consider things much longer, or harder, than I think some of my non-Native peers or contemporaries do.

TSOSIE-PENÁ: Working with clay offers up so many metaphors because of all the elements that go into processing it and making something functional out of it. I've heard you talk about the pieces being utilitarian and about the generational pottery, too. I think about visiting our ancestral sites up at the Puye Cliff Dwellings⁴ and remember that there are our shards laying everywhere. There are other sites I've visited that have been looted to the point where there's nothing left and those stories are not available anymore. It's erasure of that connection, of letting things live out their natural cycle. I've heard Saya Rina⁵ speak about this—about honoring the beingness of objects and letting them live out their lives—even if they're objects like pots or pieces of art. As a creator, you breathe life into these inanimate objects. Like with your daughters: you breathe life into them through the umbilical cord until they take their first breath. Rose, do you think you would still be home if you weren't a mother? When you became a mother, did anything change or shift in your consciousness?

SIMPSON: I realized that home became personified. My daughter is now my home, our relationship is home. My mother is home, wherever she is. When I'm lonely or lost, I feel far away. We have Earth and our great Mother as home. It becomes a being that you're in relationship with, and that relationship is home. The relationship is the place. I can't think of anything more beautiful and comforting than that moment of understanding and that moment of belonging.

Becoming a mother is terrifying. Before, I didn't think that I could or would be able to love this hard and this much.

That—in and of itself—is both scary and the ultimate blessing. I learned about being a child and being a daughter by becoming a mother. I have a better understanding and compassion towards my own mom for what I put her through. I'll say I'm sorry to her with every last breath and it still won't be enough.

TSOSIE-PENÁ: I know you're a poet, Rose, too, and Ko'o Rox, I feel that your poetry is your work. The subtle human emotions you're able to capture in a piece—I've never seen that before in sculpture. These expressions that you feel in life become real through the artwork. Have you thought about these metaphors of working with clay and earth and our Nung Ochuu Quijo⁶, our Grandmother Earth, which is the matrilineal line?

SWENTZELL: I have spent my whole life in the Mother, whether I'm farming in soil, building with adobe, or sculpting in clay—it's still Earth. I remember driving back from Oregon when I was seventeen years old, coming back home after trying my hand at college. I made it to Utah and camped out in some canyons for the night. After I parked, the first thing I did was crawl out of that car. You become so ungrounded when you're flying around or driving. So, the first thing I needed to do was put myself on the ground. I had to ground myself by just laying on her and letting her hold me. The next thing I did was sculpt a big face in the arroyo where the sand was nice. I remember it was so much fun making this face because by moving it around, I could make the Earth look back at me. I remember laying next to this face on the ground and hugging it. I could rest for a while before I drove the rest of the way home. There have been many times where I'm making a piece in clay and it feels like I'm not necessarily *doing* the work. I'm just the tool that makes it happen. Maybe there are bigger forces and the Earth herself speaking through these pieces. I learn many lessons through doing this work; when it's looking back at me, I understand why the object needs to come out this way. It's coming through these speakers, through the Earth, and it just keeps going. Whether building a building or farming, it's all the same. Sculpting is where it becomes literal, looking right at you, sometimes scolding you, or smiling at you, giving you a kiss, or holding your hand.

TSOSIE-PENÁ: There's this action with clay, a way of relating to Earth as you're creating, an exchange in the moment that becomes very easily personified. As Tewa and Indigenous people, we understand that we have a responsibility to put



Rose's daughter Cedar, also known as "Nugget," blowing bubbles at the family studio compound, Santa Clara Pueblo, summer 2023.



Rose and her mother Roxanne pose in front of the Roxanne Swentzell Tower Gallery, 2010.

consciousness into things we create. I wonder about managing those contradictions that exist in being Indigenous but also being colonized. In the art world, museums and galleries—spaces that don’t have a function other than a space for viewing—remove the sensory experience of touch. I sometimes feel sorrow and grief in museums, seeing pottery or the kill pots⁷ taken from grave sites, knowing that their return to Earth was disrupted. The earth we’re handling is literally our ancestors; they returned to it. We have a lot of meaningful cultural practices around how we’re born and how we’re buried. Have you ever struggled with these contradictions of what happens when you put things in an exhibition in the Western art world? I know that Ko’o Rox, you use your own dishes that you make—you’re still a very traditional potter using the stuff you make. But recently we’ve had to switch to pottery being more for art and visual purposes.

SIMPSON: I feel a similar heartbreak when I’m around museums and collections that have grown silent and cold. When I make a sculpture and I say goodbye and send it off, I kiss it on the forehead and say, “Do good work out there.” Who am I to know where that work goes or what their work is? But I believe in them and I believe they’ll find their way to where they’re supposed to go and where they’ll do the most work. If I were speaking to the choir, if what I was doing was for our community and my art found a way to benefit our people, it would be a different thing. I wouldn’t necessarily be making what I’m making because my works go out into the world and have conversations with people who may not understand what we’re talking about. So, they have to go into those white boxes, and they have to stand there and be a contrast to that world, and hopefully the prayer I put into them wakes people up to a consciousness they forgot, or haven’t had access to before. I always think of the American way as a bratty two-year-old who is very entitled and has no accountability or relationships. Oftentimes we forget that we’re being watched and think we can do or have whatever we want—it’s the mentality of a spoiled child. I imagine that I’ll learn and change my viewpoints one day and I hope I always will. However, one thing I tell myself is that my works have their own journeys. Each piece has its own journey to do the work that I prayed would happen with it. It’s really hard sometimes to see where they end up and I have to shake my head and be like, “Who am I to know?” Maybe the most despicable, heartless places where they can end up is actually where they can do the most work. If they were around likeminded people, they wouldn’t be doing the important work. That’s how I believe the work is utilitarian. The works

are actual workers with a job to do. Just like Mama was saying, I believe that they use *me* to birth them into this world: I create them because they needed to be created, so I’m the last person to judge where they end up.

That’s what I’ve been telling myself and how I make myself feel okay about it. I’m not saying poor me, but I may not be able to do it forever because it hurts and it’s hard and I have a limit to how much I can do. For self-care reasons, there might be a moment where I say, “Okay! I’m done. No more.” I may have to change the direction of my prayer towards a different thing. The threshold of the portal is closed for a little while as I figure out my purpose and refine my intention so that I am a more respectful, responsible, and conscious person.

SWENTZELL: I do think her work is very much speaking to another choir.

TSOSIE-PENÑA: Are there any barriers or challenges you feel that you still must navigate, Ko’o Rox, around the Western art world and sending your work out there?

SWENTZELL: Always. For me, I believe I’m doing a slightly different dance than the one Rose is doing. Mine started off in a different manner and purpose. I’m speaking to the choir of hearts out there. I believe there are beating hearts all around the world that all respond to the right sound. I think that my mission is to send out an SOS through my sculptures telling everyone: “We’re not alone. Let’s hold hands. Let’s be. Let’s come together as one people, as one being that is of loving intent and loving heart.” It is for my survival, and for their survival. I have people that see my work from all over the world that respond to the quality of human emotion inherent to it. Human emotion is a common language and the most important connection; it’s a reminder of our common humanity.

TSOSIE-PENÑA: You’re talking about a vibrational knowledge in what you’re creating. I’m also curious about how other art influences you both. Music, in particular—which is how I came to know you, Rose, through the subculture scene when you were in a band and we were both running around. Now there’s Ailani [Rose’s niece] making music, and I am reminded of that the heartbeat of our mother we hear in the womb is our first drum. This matrilineal drum that we hear in utero has a certain vibration. When we’re born, we enter into two musical worlds. I sometimes wonder to myself—“How am I still listening to like heavy metal?”—some



Young Rose with puppy, 1988.

stuff that is not necessarily in the loving energetic frequency. People don't realize that about me, and perhaps about you too, Rose. What is music's influence on you today? How have you come to understand the realities of being part of broader subcultures as an Indigenous person, and how has that influenced your work?

SIMPSON: I think being a performer was incredibly influential for me because performing makes the expression immediate. Performing music is pure emotion in the moment. You have to be very present in that intense experience when performing. I found empowerment with that. A lot of my experience being part of underground cultures and music gave me a purpose, something to care for, and a drive for life. Even if it was hip hop or punk rock—it was a fire that I needed to keep burning. Music and performance helped me understand how to carry myself in certain spaces and how to approach things bravely. I have a nice stereo in my studio where I like to listen to all kinds of stuff like reggae. I dance while I work. The vibrations of all my favorite artists echo through the studio space and the clay picks it up. If I'm happy or singing along or feeling a certain way, that energetically transforms the sculptural work itself. When I look at a piece, I think of everybody I listen to. There are all these secret collaborators and I wonder how much musicians realize their effect on artists. That would be a cool conversation to have one day.

SWENTZELL: I don't think that a loving heart means that one doesn't scream and yell and fully express things. What I mean by that is that feelings are present, and they matter because you wouldn't feel if you didn't care. One person can show care by being angry. One can be really hurt or really happy. We can be all those things at the same time. A dead heart is what's scary because then you don't feel anything at all. All the arts are wonderful in their vibration of feeling.

TSOSIE-PEN˜A: It's a blessing that we have home and a sense of belonging in Santa Clara Pueblo, and you both offer great generosity towards our community. We have strong matrilineal role models that taught us we were able to be artists even though, historically, that wasn't always possible. We were those seedlings in our grandmothers—we experienced the reality of what they were living through. After the pain of the systemic harms of colonization, art can be a healing force. I think that the more we can break those patterns of harm the more we can set a different tone for our children in this world, creating a culture of peace for them to be born into. This is an important moment of beingness, and for coming

into our human "beingness" in a ceremonial way; I think a lot about that as a birth worker. You both have intentions and emotions that you're honoring as you're creating your artwork. Many young people haven't yet experienced that belonging and unconditional love and can be more guarded because they've been harmed. Would you have any advice for your younger selves? What advice would you give to young people? For those who are perhaps feeling disconnected, or those who have experienced trauma with their family? What is possible for healing? How has art helped you heal?

SIMPSON: I am growing a new respect for elders because of their capacity to push through hard things. Giving birth is a hard thing that you push through. It's the mother and the child. Making a piece of art can be a difficult thing. But we just keep going until we get to the other side. I've been thinking about hard feelings like heartbreak or rage, dismay or frustration. Often I want to dismiss these emotions and find a way to stuff them down or deny them. But they persist and then they don't get processed. These feelings don't move through to find some sort of answer on the other side if we dismiss them. There is a way through every hard feeling and every hard experience if you dedicate yourself to the action and push your way through the difficult parts to the other side. As a young person, I didn't want to stay in discomfort. Even as a little kid—we have this fresh body and one that can't handle pain for very long because pain is a strange thing. As we get older, we can handle more and can sit with pain longer. We can sit with those hard feelings until we get through to the other side. That's something that's learned, developed like a muscle; if you keep running, you can run further and further and further. We push through and keep going to get to the other side. On the other side there will be answers you never even thought existed. What I've been finding is with dedication, there is a beautiful release.

SWENTZELL: I would say—to those who are struggling, who feel like they don't have a chance, don't have the community, or don't have the love that they need, all of that—you're stronger than you think you are. If nobody is around to hold your hand, hold your own hand. If there's no one there to hold you and love you, put your arms around yourself and love yourself. Like Rose said, there are horrible feelings that we all go through, huge amounts of pain that we all experience. But you know what? You're stronger than you think and you can get through it. The biggest lessons I have learned in my life were through hardships and times that I thought it was all too unbearable. I just kept going through it,

and I found myself in a new place because of it, and came out amazed at how I got through it. I learned how to sculpt because I couldn't speak for many years in my childhood. I use sculpting to talk for me. Something that is difficult can actually end up being a blessing. Don't give up. Keep trying. It's amazing what we're capable of.

TSOSIE-PEN˜A: What would you tell your grandmothers if they were young and you could talk to them? Would it be different or the same?

SWENTZELL: I would like to tell my grandma, "Thank you for believing in me. Thank you for believing. I was stronger than I knew I was."

SIMPSON: I guess that's our role: to believe in ourselves. I'm going to believe in you, for you until you believe in yourself. I love that.

1 The IAIA Museum of Contemporary Native Arts (MoCNA) is a part of the
Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The IAIA also
includes a college and research center dedicated to Indigenous arts and culture.
2 Ko'o directly translates to "mother's sister" in the Tewa language. The term is
colloquially used to describe elders as "auntie" or "uncle". In this case, Tsosie-Peña
is fondly referring to Roxanne Swentzell as "Ko'o Rox" or "Auntie Rox". Tewa is
one of five Tanoan languages spoken by the Pueblo people of New Mexico.
3 Mae-mae translates to "uncle" in Tewa and ko'o means "aunt" in the Tewa
language. The spelling of these words, and many words in Tewa, varies among
the different Pueblos, families, and tribe members.
4 The Puye Cliff Dwellings are the ruins of an abandoned pueblo, located in Santa
Clara Canyon on Santa Clara Pueblo Reservation land near Española, New Mexico.
5 Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Puye_Cliff_Dwellings
Saya means "grandmother" in the Tewa language. Here Tsosie-Peña refers to Rina
Swentzell as "Grandma Rina". Rina Swentzell is the mother of Roxanne Swentzell
and a beloved figure of the Santa Clara Pueblo community.
6 Here, Tsosie-Peña uses the Tewa phrase "Nung Ochuu Quijo" to describe
Mother Earth.
7 The kill pots that Tsosie-Peña references are ancient clay bowls dating back
approximately one thousand years found on ceremonial grounds. The pots were
discovered with a perfect circle carved in the center, usually in the middle of a
painting of an animal or geometric pattern. It is unclear the exact significance, but
many believe the bowls were placed over the head of the dead at the time of burial,
and the hole allowed the spirit of the deceased to escape to the spirit world.
Sources:
<https://spookeats.com/2018/08/29/mimbres-kill-holes-strange-unusual-spotlight/>
<https://www.metmuseum.org/art/collection/search/310575>

WORKS BY
ROXANNE SWENTZELL

Full Circle, 2017
Ceramic
10 × 7 × 10 ½ in.
(25.4 × 17.78 × 26.67 cm)



Holding Myself Together, 1986
Ceramic
19 ½ × 13 × 9 ½ in.
(48.8 × 33 × 24.1 cm)





Concerned, 2023
 Ceramic
 9 ½ × 8 × 5 in.
 (24.1 × 20.3 × 12.7 cm)



Layers, 2023
Ceramic
14 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 9 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
(37.5 x 23.2 x 14 cm)



Earth's Thoughts, 2023
Ceramic
16 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
(41.3 x 29.2 x 14 cm)



WORKS BY RINA SWENTZELL AND ROSE 'GIA' NARANJO

RINA SWENTZELL
(Santa Clara Pueblo, 1939 – 2015)

Pot, 1970
Wheel thrown dug clay and glaze
10 × 11 in. (25.4 × 27.94 cm)



ROSE NARANJO
(Santa Clara Pueblo, 1917 – 2004)

Pot, 1988
Hand coiled and pit fired
micaceous clay
13 ¼ × 14 ¼ in. (33.7 × 36.2 cm)



ROSE B. SIMPSON: JOURNEYS OF CLAY
EXHIBITION CHECKLIST

ROSE B. SIMPSON
(Santa Clara Pueblo, born 1983)

Ancestor 1, 2016
Ceramic
18 × 14 ½ × 7 in. (45.7 × 36.8 × 17.8 cm)
John and Laura Meyer

Ancestor 2, 2016
Ceramic
19 × 13 ½ × 7 in. (48.3 × 34.3 × 17.8 cm)
Collection of Scott Allocco and Dr. Douglas Clark,
Santa Fe, NM

Ancestor 3, 2016
Ceramic
18 ½ × 15 ½ × 8 ½ in. (47 × 39.4 × 21.6 cm)
Private Collection

Ancestor 5, 2016
Ceramic
18 ½ × 14 ½ × 7 in. (47 × 36.8 × 17.8 cm)
Courtesy of Mark and Susan Gilbertson, Miami, FL

Crown II, 2017
Ceramic, steel, and leather
67 × 22 × 10 in. (170.2 × 55.9 × 25.4 cm)
Gochman Family Collection

Genesis, 2017
Ceramic and mixed media
33 × 9 × 6 in. (83.8 × 22.9 × 15.2 cm)
Courtesy of Rose B. Simpson

Cairn, 2017 – 2018
Ceramic and mixed media
49 × 12 × 12 in. (124.5 × 30.5 × 30.5 cm)
Courtesy of Jessica Silverman and Sarah Thornton,
San Francisco

Great Lengths, 2018
Ceramic and mixed media
118 × 19 × 17 in. (299.7 × 48.3 × 43.2 cm)
Collection of Beth Rudin DeWoody

What's up, 2019
Ceramic, glaze, jute string, sterling silver, and steel
58 ½ in. (148.6 cm) tall
Private Collection

¼ I, 2021
Ceramic
15 ½ × 8 × 8 in. (39.4 × 20.3 × 20.3 cm)
Collection of Noel E.D. Kirnon

Beauty the beast, 2021
Ceramic, glaze, grout, steel, wood, lava beads, leather
beads, clay beads, glass beads, copper beads, twine,
and epoxy
29 ½ × 8 × 9 in. (74.9 × 20.3 × 22.9 cm)
Forge Project Collection, traditional lands of the
Moh-He-Con-Nuck

Growing Pains, 2021
Ceramic, steel brake rotor, steel rod, leather,
reed, twine, and epoxy
73 ½ × 13 ½ × 13 ½ in. (186.7 × 34.3 × 34.3 cm)
Courtesy of the collection of Nicolas Rohatyn and
Jeanne Greenberg Rohatyn, New York

Old Masters, 2021
Ceramic, glaze, grout, steel, leather, wire, scrim,
string, twine, concrete, and epoxy
Larger: 72 ½ × 16 × 18 in. (184.2 × 40.6 × 45.7 cm)
Smaller: 70 × 16 × 18 in. (177.8 × 40.6 × 45.7 cm)
Private Collection. Courtesy of Jack Shainman Gallery,
New York

please hold I, 2021
Ceramic, glaze, and twine
29 ½ × 12 × 7 in. (74.9 × 30.5 × 17.8 cm)
Property of a Private Collection, Boston

Truss, 2021
Ceramic, glaze, twine, beads, and brake drum
76 ½ × 14 × 14 in. (194.3 × 35.6 × 35.6 cm)
Collection of Charlotte and Herbert S. Wagner III

Storyteller, 2021
Ceramic, glaze, steel, leather, and epoxy
67 × 29 × 26 in. (170.2 × 73.7 × 66 cm)
Collection of Dr. Robert B. Feldman, New York

Delegate, 2022
Glazed ceramic, steel, hardware, twine, rope, and grout
75 × 21 × 16 in. (190.5 × 53.3 × 40.6 cm)
Courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts,
Museum Commission and Purchase

Dream I, 2022
Ceramic and glaze
23 ½ × 18 × 8 in. (59.7 × 45.7 × 20.3 cm)
Private Collection, McLean, VA

Highway, 2022
Ceramic, steel, grout, twine, and beads
49 ½ × 11 × 10 in. (125.7 × 27.9 × 25.4 cm)
Bridgitt and Bruce Evans

ID, 2022
Ceramic, steel, twine, lava, hematite, petrified wood,
bone, trade glass, pyrite, silver, shell, wood, metal,
and turquoise beads
41 × 7 × 9 in. (104.1 × 17.8 × 22.9 cm)
Collection of Martin Z. Margulies, Miami

Legacy, 2022
Ceramic, glaze, grout, and found objects
Larger: 39 ½ × 9 ½ × 8 in. (100.3 × 24.1 × 20.3 cm)
Smaller: 28 × 6 × 6 ½ in. (71.1 × 15.2 × 16.5 cm)
Property of a Private Collection, Boston, MA

Open, 2022
Ceramic, twine, pearls, and steel
20 ½ × 6 ¼ × 6 ¼ in. (52.1 × 15.9 × 15.9 cm)
Collection of Kate and Gerald Chertavian

Star Being I, 2022
Ceramic, steel, stone, bone, pyrite, lava, and silver beads
39 × 7 × 9 in. (99.1 × 17.8 × 22.9 cm)
Collection of Sasha and Charlie Sealy

Vital Organ: Gut, 2022
Ceramic, twine, grout, and glaze
91 × 19 × 13 in. (231.1 × 48.3 × 33 cm)
© Rose B. Simpson. Courtesy of Jack Shainman Gallery,
New York, and Jessica Silvermna Gallery, San Francisco

Bridge A, 2023
Ceramic, steel, and grout
88 × 20 × 15 in. (223.5 × 50.8 × 38.1 cm)
Courtesy of the Carmel Barasch Family Collection

Two Selves, 2023
Ceramic, steel, grout, twine, and hide
73 ½ × 19 × 22 in. (186.7 × 48.3 × 55.9 cm)
Courtesy of the Mint Museum, Charlotte, NC,
Museum Purchase through MMCDF Collections Board
Acquisition Fund, Windgate Fund, and Charles W. Beam
Accessions Endowment

Untitled, 2023
Ceramic and glaze
8 ½ × 6 ½ × 4 ½ in. (21.6 × 16.5 × 11.4 cm)
Courtesy of Rose B. Simpson

Untitled, 2023
Ceramic and glaze
8 ⅙ × 6 ¾ × 4 ¼ in. (20.6 × 17.1 × 10.8 cm)
Courtesy of Rose B. Simpson

Mask 1, 2023
Ceramic and glaze
14 × 10 × 5 ½ in. (35.6 × 25.4 × 14 cm)
Courtesy of the artist and Jessica Silverman Gallery,
San Francisco

Mask 2, 2023
Ceramic and glaze
13 ½ × 9 ½ × 5 ½ in. (34.3 × 24.1 × 14 cm)
Courtesy of the artist and Jessica Silverman Gallery,
San Francisco

Mask 3, 2023
Ceramic and glaze
14 × 11 × 5 ⅝ in. (35.6 × 27.9 × 1.6 cm)
Courtesy of the artist and Jessica Silverman Gallery,
San Francisco

Mask 4, 2023
Ceramic and glaze
15 ¼ × 12 × 6 ⅙ in. (38.6 × 30.5 × 15.6 cm)
Courtesy of the artist and Jessica Silverman Gallery,
San Francisco

ROXANNE SWENTZELL
(Santa Clara Pueblo, born 1962)

Holding Myself Together, 1986
Ceramic
19 ½ × 13 × 9 ½ in. (48.8 × 33 × 24.1 cm)
Courtesy of the artist and Roxanne Swentzell
Tower Gallery

Big Clown Woman, 2004
Ceramic
66 × 32 × 17 in. (167.6 × 81.3 × 43.2 cm)
Courtesy of the artist and Roxanne Swentzell
Tower Gallery

Full Circle, 2017
Ceramic
10 × 7 × 10 ½ in. (25.4 × 17.8 × 26.7 cm)
Collection of Margaret Love

A Little Vulnerability, 2018
Ceramic
17 × 13 × 17 in. (43.2 × 33 × 43.2 cm)
Courtesy of the artist and Roxanne Swentzell
Tower Gallery

Knucklehead, 2022
Ceramic
19 × 14 × 13 in. (48.3 × 35.6 × 33 cm)
Courtesy of the artist and Roxanne Swentzell
Tower Gallery

Earth's Thoughts, 2023
Ceramic
16 ¼ × 11 ½ × 5 ½ in. (41.3 × 29.2 × 14 cm)
Courtesy of the artist and Roxanne Swentzell
Tower Gallery

Layers, 2023
Ceramic
14 ¾ × 9 ⅙ × 5 ½ in. (37.5 × 23.2 × 14 cm)
Courtesy of the artist and Roxanne Swentzell
Tower Gallery

Concerned, 2023
Ceramic
9 ½ × 8 × 5 in. (24.1 × 20.3 × 12.7 cm)
Courtesy of the artist and Roxanne Swentzell
Tower Gallery

RINA SWENTZELL
(Santa Clara Pueblo, 1939 – 2015)

Pot, 1970
Wheel thrown dug clay and glaze
10 × 11 in. (25.4 × 27.94 cm)
Courtesy of Roxanne Swentzell

ROSE NARANJO
(Santa Clara Pueblo, 1917 – 2004)

Pot, 1988
Hand coiled and pit fired micaceous clay
13 ¼ × 14 ¼ in. (33.7 × 36.2 cm)
Courtesy of Roxanne Swentzell

ARTISTS' BIOGRAPHIES

ROSE B. SIMPSON
b. 1983, Santa Clara Pueblo (Tewa: Kha-’Po Owingeh)

Rose B. Simpson is a mixed media artist whose practice encompasses sculpture, auto body work, installation, performance art, music, writing, and fashion. Simpson received a BFA from the University of New Mexico in 2007, an MFA in Ceramics from the Rhode Island School of Design in 2011, a certificate in Automotive Sciences from the Northern New Mexico College in 2015, and a second MFA in Creative Non-Fiction from the Institute of American Indian Arts in 2018. Simpon currently sits on the board of directors for Tewa Women United, in Española, New Mexico; the Flowering Tree Permaculture Institute in Santa Clara Pueblo, New Mexico; and the Institute of American Indian Arts Board of Trustees in Washington, D.C. An artist descending from a multigenerational matrilineal line of ceramicists, Simpson combines ancestral and contemporary knowledge to create mixed media sculptures using clay, organic found materials, and car parts.

ROXANNE SWENTZELL
b. 1962, Santa Clara Pueblo (Tewa: Kha-’Po Owingeh)

Roxanne Swentzell is a sculptor whose expressive figures represent universal human experiences through a Tewa lens. As a child, Swentzell developed her sculptural style after discovering it could help her communicate more effectively; today, she continues to use clay as a translator between her and the wider world. Swentzell received her education at the Institute of American Indian Arts and the Portland Museum Art School. In 2003, Swentzell opened the Roxanne Swentzell Tower Gallery in Pojoaque, New Mexico, and in 2015, she was awarded an Honorary Doctorate Degree from the Institute of American Indian Arts. Swentzell currently acts as the Director, Secretary, and Treasurer of the Flowering Tree Permaculture Institute in Santa Fe, a non-profit that works to promote and engage communities based on Indigenous ways of knowing.

RINA SWENTZELL
1939 – 2015, Santa Clara Pueblo (Tewa: Kha-’Po Owingeh)

Rina Swentzell (Née: Naranjo) was an architect, potter, educator, author, historian, and lecturer. Swentzell received a BA in Education from New Mexico Highlands University before receiving her MA and PhD in American Studies from the University of New Mexico. In 1989, Swentzell received an International Woman Award from UNM’s Women’s Studies Program. In addition to being a visiting lecturer at Yale and Oxford, Swentzell published a children’s book titled *Children of Clay: A Family of Pueblo Potters (We Are Still Here)* and co-authored *To Touch the Past: The Painted Pottery of the Mimbres People*. A community activist, Swentzell helped organize People for Membership, a group fighting for more inclusivity in the membership regulations for the Santa Clara Pueblo.

ROSE NARANJO
1917 – 2004, Santa Clara Pueblo (Tewa: Kha-’Po Owingeh)

Rose Naranjo, affectionately known as “Gia” by her loved ones, was a traditional Tewa potter and the matriarch of a renowned family of artists including Michael Naranjo, Teresita Naranjo, Jody Folwell, and Nora Naranjo-Morse, in addition to Rina and Roxanne Swentzell, and Rose B. Simpson. In 1994, Naranjo was honored by the city of Santa Fe as of one of Santa Fe’s Living Treasures in recognition of her role as a craftswoman, matriarch, and community elder.

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS

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Courtesy of the artist and Roxanne Swentzell Tower Gallery.

Work by Rina Swentzell © Rina Swentzell.
Courtesy of Roxanne Swentzell.

Work by Rose Naranjo © Rose Naranjo.
Courtesy of Roxanne Swentzell.

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Back cover: Rose B. Simpson. *Ancestor* 1, 2016 (p. 83)

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pp. 8 (top left), 21, 42, 50-51: John Wilson White
pp. 8 (bottom left, top right), 22-23, 25, 39, 40–41, 43, 52–53, 58–63, 74–75: Addison Doty
p. 10 (bottom): Amy Archer
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