

# ANTONY GORMLEY

## *STATION, 2013 - 2015*

The heroism of the statue is in danger of collapse. The works are called STATIONS, a word that for me relates to the stations of the cross and to redemptive suffering, but here, replaced by something closer to an eastern idea of a vertical system of energies, whether the chakras of yoga or the meridians of acupuncture. The STATIONS are instruments against which we all feel our own scale, our own weight, our own density. Each of these works plays the same tune but in a different register...

Here is a model of a high-rise building made in human form that replaces anatomy with the syntax of architecture. Instead of this being a regular grid, as in most steel or concrete-framed buildings, these supports or columns are placed irregularly; they go where they have to in order to take the load. What I'm trying to do is to question the certainties that both sculpture and architecture attempt to give us. None of these works are stable or solid, the intervals between the floors are not consistent, and actually, as engineering, they are at the edge of what's possible. They are very fragile forms. The uprights and the floors in STATION XVI, for example, are all 5 millimetres: the minimum amount of material needed to create the model. The full load is going through the four columns at the ankles.

These frame-bodies are very different from the mass-bodies... This is also a way of thinking about the body: the body is also something that mediates between earth and sky, between deep space and the planet. I also call them STATIONS because they are purposefully static. This is a frame made for the space that a body once occupied, a body looking at the horizon. There is a twist: the feet face 90 degrees to the head to give the feel of alert awareness; looking out. I want to inscribe that idea of that distant horizon, the horizontal .... through and into the body.

The horizon is our final limit. It moves with us as we move through time and space and yet is also a constant objective condition. It is a collective subjective experience: we live in a body and the body has a skin, the skin is covered with clothes, clothes are protected with rooms, the rooms cohere into buildings, and the buildings form villages, towns, cities. They are all containers but the final container is the horizon, our perceptual skin. These sculptures are, in a way, an expression of this internalisation of an edge. Each work does it to different measure.

This is a meditation on what is happening to us while we are living in higher density and high-rise buildings. Maybe we no longer feel the earth. In living this form of collective life away from the ground, we become more and more dependent on technology and satellite-aided communication. So how stable or unstable are we? .... This is an investigation of the high-rise, what the Empire State Building, the Shard or the great towers in Shanghai express: this idea that we can leave the earth.

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