Like his starry contemporary the late Ken Price, this veteran of the California ceramic-sculpture renaissance of six decades ago studied with Peter Voulkos and developed surreal or abstract variations on the cup form, which is to ceramics roughly what the nude is to painting. Unlike Price, Nagle has stayed true to cup scale through the years, while expunging any hint of utility. No two of his works are alike, and they’re rarely more than six inches high. But, at close range, they become monumental, conjoining clay, polyurethane, and epoxy resin to create textures—smooth or nubbly, shiny or matte—in such chromatic chords as yellow, black, and pale blue or gray, pink, and oxblood. One resembles a pink ice-cream sandwich, with two boxy green chunks of something atop it at one end and a glossy black handlebar mustache at the other.

— Peter Schjeldahl