



Forman at work in 2018. Below: A 2017 piece titled *Jakobshavn Glacier, Greenland, 69° 47' 31.092"N 49° 47' 31.7076"W*.



Make/Believe

An artist captures disappearing wonders—in chilling detail.

IN 2016, Zaria Forman joined a NASA mission (Operation IceBridge) to explore Antarctica, boarding a plane with scientists and engineers who were aerially mapping precisely where and how rapidly the polar continent is losing ice. But Forman, 36, isn't a researcher; she's a Brooklyn artist who snaps pictures of real-life floes and glaciers, then painstakingly documents them in pastels. "There's

awe and sadness when you visit somewhere at the forefront of climate change," says Forman, who's also trekked to vanishing domains in Greenland, Norway, and Arctic Canada. "Words don't do these places justice. I guess that's why I make drawings—and I feel like I have to create as many as I can."

Some of Forman's pieces stretch between seven and 12 feet and require months of intricate work, which she

does by hand—literally: "I love feeling the pigment without any tool in between." The majestic blue-and-white results, smudged and rubbed into being, are meant to inspire action and expose viewers to corners of the world that may not last. "I stay as true as possible to the landscapes I witness so people can be transported," Forman says. "One of the best compliments I've ever received is, 'Wow! I feel cold!'" —**ZOE DONALDSON**

O LIBS

Broadcast journalist (and new mom at age 48!) Tamron Hall, whose self-titled daytime TV talk show premieres September 9, fills in a few fun blanks.

THE FIRST THING I DO WHEN I GET HOME IS...strip naked, lie on my bed, and tune out the world. I hate confinement. When I was a kid, I'd put on my pajamas only to pull them right off. My mom is going to scream that I said that.

I CAN'T HELP IT, BUT...I'm a Virgo, and I pay attention to every single thing that's out of place in my home. If a book has been moved, I notice. I drive my husband crazy.

MY MOST PRIZED POSSESSION IS...a photo of the first house I ever lived in, in Texas. It was what you'd call a shotgun shack—you could look through the front door straight to the back. My grandfather built it; it had a tin roof, cinder block steps, and a porch for his rocking chair. To me, it was the most important place in the world.

IF I HADN'T ENDED UP A JOURNALIST, I'D BE...a blackjack dealer. That job is almost like doing an interview, when you're reading a person and interpreting their answers. So many fascinating nonverbal cues to analyze!

MY FUNNIEST FLAW IS...I have really big teeth. Viewers have commented on them, too—once you get on national TV, people tend to tell you everything that's weird about you.

I ALWAYS TRAVEL WITH...lavender-scented wipes to clean every part of my plane seat. Since having a baby in April, I've become even more obsessed with cleanliness. I recently flew home from Orlando, and after I'd degermed everything, another passenger said, "Gosh, this plane smells good." I wanted to say, "Don't thank Delta—thank me!" —**AS TOLD TO MOLLY SIMMS**

