HOW DOES IT FEEL? INQUIRIES INTO CONTEMPORARY SCULPTURE

HOW DOES IT FEEL?
INQUIRIES INTO CONTEMPORARY SCULPTURE

SculptureCenter

black dog publishing
london uk

This publication is the third volume in the series *Inquiries into Contemporary Sculpture*, published by Black Dog Publishing, London, and SculptureCenter, Long Island City, New York. Posing a sequence of provocative questions, the series offers a vigorous investigation into the meaning and role of sculpture, providing multivalent perspectives rather than definitive answers. This approach is in keeping with SculptureCenter's mission to push the discourse around sculpture—its production, display, and distribution—into fresh, uncharted, and experimental territories.

CONTENTS

Anicka Yi 7

Acknowledgements 8

Introduction 9

Alexander Dumbadze 11

Jenni Sorkin 16

Ruba Katrib 25

Tauba Auerbach 33

Casey Jane Ellison 34

Lars Bang Larsen 36

Gelitin 38

Mika Yoshitake 40

Josh Kline 42

Adriana Lara 44

Liz Glynn 45

Lawrence Abu Hamdan 48

Jeanine Oleson 50

Jennifer Teets 52

Rochelle Goldberg 53

Lynn Hershman Leeson 54

Aki Sasamoto 56

Magali Reus 57

Chus Martínez 58

Contributors 61

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

In 2013, SculptureCenter launched the book series *Inquiries into Contemporary Sculpture* to examine the questions and concerns of artists and others working and thinking through sculpture today. The volumes in this series directly and obliquely reflect on the aesthetic strategies and positions that SculptureCenter's exhibitions, artist commissions, performances, and public programs facilitate. Situated within our efforts to discursively engage artists and audiences around issues of cultural production and meaning, *Inquiries into Contemporary Sculpture* has provided an opportunity to focus a cross-section of our field on concise but open-ended questions rooted in the history and legacy of sculpture. Throughout the series, the answers to these questions intentionally move across practical and theoretical registers. *Where is Production?* considered the increasingly multifaceted modes and sites of production in contemporary sculpture. *What about Power?* investigated sculpture's relationship to systems of authority and control. And, finally, this volume, *How Does It Feel?*, circles sculpture's affective range and bodily evocations.

We are grateful to all the artists we work with through our exhibitions and programs, as it is their work and our exchanges with them that generate the questions and insights that have shaped the parameters of this series. I want to specifically thank the artists, writers, and curators who have contributed to this book for responding to our prompt with such intelligence and creativity. SculptureCenter's Curator, Ruba Katrib, has steered this project with care and rigor, and I want also to thank Lucy Flint for her astute editing.

This book and the *Inquiries into Contemporary Sculpture* series further SculptureCenter's contribution to a broad international discourse on contemporary art, and we are delighted to partner with Black Dog Publishing in this effort. Our programs would not be possible without the generous support of our government, foundation, and individual supporters, who are named in the colophon of this publication. I want to pay special recognition to our Board of Trustees, who support and facilitate the open-ended research and experimentation that has become a hallmark of our program.

Mary Ceruti
Executive Director and Chief Curator

INTRODUCTION
HOW DOES IT FEEL?

"Don't touch the art" is a standard instruction on museum walls, intended to protect and safeguard work that has been entrusted to the institution for its care. But what about art that touches *us*? *How Does It Feel?*, the most recent volume in the series *Inquiries into Contemporary Sculpture*, examines sensory aspects of contemporary sculpture that go beyond the visual. This inquiry does not focus on works of art that invite specific physical interactions, but, rather, explores the bodily relationship between works and their receivers. Identifying artistic practices that incorporate notions of tactility, smell, sound, and taste, as well as introducing related theoretical considerations, the contributions to this volume investigate the potential of sculpture to affect us holistically.

We started by posing the following questions: Beyond sight, how does sculpture engage physicality? How are the senses considered within contemporary art? How has this changed with digital technologies? What are the new materials and strategies artists use to evoke particular sensations and what are the old ones? Intentionally omitting any interpretation of either sculpture or feeling, we asked the contributors to respond to our prompts with an essay, short text, and/or image.

The wide-ranging responses demonstrate that artists working with sculpture today are able to dramatically increase the receiver's experiential range, and that a multisensorial experience of sculpture prompts an uncanny emotional identification. A sculpture is no longer simply an object to circle, but a perceptual event that might enlist many or all of our senses to change our understanding of our own bodies. Among the arts, sculpture is uniquely equipped to address this expanded notion of the bodily condition. Sharing the space of a room, objects and human beings engage in a series of interactions that can arouse sentiments that are quite different from those sparked by, say, the perception of a flat, pictorial image.

In addition to the receiver's experience, the contributions in this volume explore the artist's process, a durational course that is increasingly complicated by new developments in digital technology. How do artists respond to changing notions of tactility and emotion in relation to new technologies? What is the significance of the artist's hand in an age of industrial fabrication (however personal or even idiosyncratic the instructions)? These are just a few of the perspectives and considerations under examination in this book. In addressing them, the contributing historians, curators, and artists bring thought-provoking insights into the sensate potential of some of today's most complex art.

Mary Ceruti and Ruba Katrib

Between You and Me

Alexander Dumbadze

When I began graduate school in the late 1990s, I knew little about minimalism. My limited understanding came from a college seminar on conceptual art as well as readings pursued on the side. A narrative eventually took hold as I waded through both primary and secondary material. I remember thinking Robert Morris was important, less because I liked his work and more because Rosalind Krauss extolled his virtues. Latent in her advocacy was a disavowal of Donald Judd, Morris's peer and, at least from Judd's perspective, rival. Krauss supported Morris because he embraced medium specificity. Judd professed different commitments: when he had a solo show at the Green Gallery in 1963, he was better known as a critic than as an artist. Though the pieces Judd exhibited were, for the most part, on the floor, they were difficult to classify as sculpture since they lacked a pedestal. They were also painted—something strange for sculpture—but they were not recognizable as paintings either. They were too obdurate, too there, confronting the viewer with a strange, assertive presence. Judd later called works like these "specific objects", forms that were neither painting nor sculpture but matter-of-factly themselves.[1]

I had previously seen several Judds in person: all in museums, all under standardized, relatively sterile conditions. I was indifferent to them, unable to determine how I should experience them. Judd was interested in American Pragmatic philosophy, the work, for example, of Charles Sanders Peirce. Out of curiosity, and with the encouragement of my dissertation advisor, I began to read Peirce, and was immediately taken by his vision of the world, the explanation of the mechanisms of thoughts and judgments he gave in his theory of signs, his description of a type of thinking by doing—knowledge obtained through trial and error, for every failure, progress made toward a never-to-be-revealed truth. These thoughts were in my mind when I went to the Chinati Foundation in Marfa, Texas, in the fall of 2000. Judd started to visit the small West Texas town in 1971 and toward the end of the decade purchased sizable quantities of land as well as the abandoned buildings of a former military installation. He modified these decrepit structures, turning them into ideal situations in which to view his art. I walked through the compound in relative solitude, which is perhaps why my encounter with Judd's 100 untitled works in mill aluminum of 1982–1986 was so profound. Many of the details from that afternoon have faded from my memory. Certain images remain vivid, but they represent mere seconds or maybe minutes of an interaction that seemed outside time, but in actuality went on for a couple of hours. It is an experience I remember viscerally, and when I think back to that day, what I recall is a welling knot in my stomach, a simultaneous conflagration of joy and apprehension, one that intensified as I moved back and forth through the space, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, sometimes sitting down to rest against one of the evenly spaced concrete columns. I became increasingly aware that something strange was happening, that what I was experiencing was completely new to me.

It is difficult to historicize phenomenological events, to record not only a shift in the way one feels but also a larger social change that ushers in a new sensory convention. Experience tends to be singular until we put it into words. Then it becomes part of something bigger, shared, borrowed from things beyond the individual and his or her encounter. Good art criticism takes this fact to heart. The art writing of Michael Fried is a case in point. His allegiance in the 1960s was to the art of his dear friend Frank Stella, whose brand of painting drew confused responses from observers: were these slablike, nearly monumental compositions paintings, or sculptures, or something else entirely? Fried saw them resolutely as painting. Judd and others, like Lucy Lippard, thought Stella's art occupied the newly-emerging third space between painting and sculpture.

Fried maintained that there could be no confusion between mediums, whose limits, he thought, allow judgment to be made. They also assure the viewer that what is before him or her is art, not just a mere object. Judd's formal explorations terrified Fried. He foresaw a descent into critical chaos, and his anxiety became manifest in his 1967 essay "Art and Objecthood".[2] The existence of Judd's work in the space between painting and sculpture made it, in Fried's mind, non-art, and although he abhorred what he saw, he better recognized than most the subtleties of Judd's works—their reliance on temporality and their latent anthropomorphism. Fried preferred that one take in a painting all at once, creating an experience, if one was lucky, of a constantly renewing present. Minimal art's thingness, in contrast, necessitates that viewers circumambulate the structure. Meaning unfolds moment by moment, something horrific for Fried. The same holds for the haunting presence he ascribes to these nearly monumental works of art, whose object-like status hints at human approximation, as if they were a kind of hollow body that sneaks up on the viewer, jolting him or her into acknowledging that they demand human engagement in order to function as art. Fried's apprehension makes clear that abandoning medium specificity enables the meaning of an object or sculpture (however one wants to refer to it) to be found in ethics rather than aesthetics, an alteration in critical disposition that helps explain why we often, weirdly and in many ways unconsciously, treat artworks like people: friends we are overjoyed to see, surprised and wonderfully happy to be in their presence.[3]

Standing before Judd's 100 mill aluminum boxes in the long, light-filled rectangular space, I felt as if I were playing catch-up with them.[4] The works not only set the agenda for our encounter, but they reoriented the conversation each time I thought I had a handle on what was before me. I was taken aback by how the things, oddly, were not static, despite being so literally set in their ways. Each box, even though it shares the dimensions and materials of every other box, is unique—a partition in one is placed differently in another, one might have a slant or a gaping hole—causing me to constantly update and recalculate my relation to the other works around me. So many permutations and combinations presenting themselves, the multiplying variability, the ever-increasing complexities of form intersecting with other forms, all mediated by my moving body, were made only more complicated by the changing conditions: the descending sun shifting the angle of its rays, the afternoon clouds acting as a filter, the luminosity in the space adjusting accordingly, affecting the way the light bounced off the objects, making them feel utterly alive.

I did not understand the implications of my sensations at the time. I came to learn that Judd hoped to create in his art something that could be perceived as whole, something that unified "dissimilars" (his term) into an indissoluble entity, to present, without representing, the union of thought and feeling, which is, at the

Donald Judd, 100 untitled works in mill aluminum, 1982–1986.
Donald Judd Art © 2016 Judd Foundation/Artists Right Society (ARS), New York.
Courtesy Chinati Foundation, Marfa, TX.

most basic level, a key aspect of being human. The rejection of medium specificity liberates both the object and the viewer from any obligations to traditional aesthetic comportment. Thing and person can be as they wish, and agency flows between the two. We project onto the works; they affect us back. It is hard not to see sculpture as people. Not as a stand-in for presence or as a substitute for the warmth of human touch, but functioning in a way familiar to the coming and goings of daily life.

It is absurd to suggest that a seismic transformation in the way people relate to art objects began in the 1960s and continues today. The story of Pygmalion, for instance, reminds us of the powerful allure sculptures have always had. How we feel, how we sense a work of art, is always mediated by language—feeling into thought, thought into feeling. Social codes, conventions, all falling under the provenance of language, help us order the world. For a while, discussions around medium provided a powerful tool with which to categorize, judge, and proselytize the merits of an artwork. The legacies of these proclamations still loom large. But the actions of Judd, the very presence of his objects—amid a host of doings by other artists, works of art, gestures, and performances—peeled back the filter of medium specificity and diminished the hold of its attendant connotations and discursive limitations. What we today call sculpture is more exposed, more particular, more a thing in the world, something that brings objects and people into its orbit, the creator of social situations independent, perhaps, from us. But just as we never know what other people think or feel unless we engage them in some manner, so it is with the sculpture that beckons us to come over and maybe, just maybe, strike up a relationship. Two entities communicating, affecting one another, who accrete meaning into something solid and sympathetic.

I struggle to put my experience before the Judds into words. I like being caught between feeling and thought, always about to translate, always stuttering just a bit, enjoying the quiet: my speechlessness a space in which sensation can

well. This interstitial space of language in formation, my emotions on the edge of becoming socialized, belongs to me and the mill aluminum boxes alone. No one can take it away from us. We will always have that feeling.

This essay is dedicated to Richard Shiff.

1 Judd, Donald, "Specific Objects", *Donald Judd Complete Writings 1959–1975*, Halifax, Nova Scotia: The Press of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, 1975, pp. 181–189.
2 Fried, Michael, "Art and Objecthood", *Artforum* 5, no 10, June 1967, pp. 12–23. It should be noted that Fried also talked at length about Robert Morris in this essay. Although Judd and Morris saw major distinctions in their practice, Fried discusses their art as part of the same enterprise.
3 Rebentisch, Juliane, "Participation in Art: 10 Theses", in Alexander Dumbadze and Suzanne Hudson, eds., *Contemporary Art: 1989 to the Present*, Malden, MA: Wiley-Blackwell, 2013, pp. 267–276. I am indebted to Rebentisch's argument.
4 For more on this topic, see Shiff, Richard, "Donald Judd: Fast Thinking", in *Donald Judd: Late Work*, New York: Pace-Wildenstein, 2000, pp. 4–23; and Shiff, Richard, "Donald Judd, Safe from Birds", in Nicholas Serota, ed., *Donald Judd*, New York: Distributed Art Publishers, 2004, pp. 28–63. Both texts have deeply influenced my thinking on Judd.

Material Bodies:

Aaron McIntosh and Jesse Harrod

Jenni Sorkin

We do not encounter [artworks] in isolation: we bring a history of sensation to them.[1]
—Jennifer Doyle

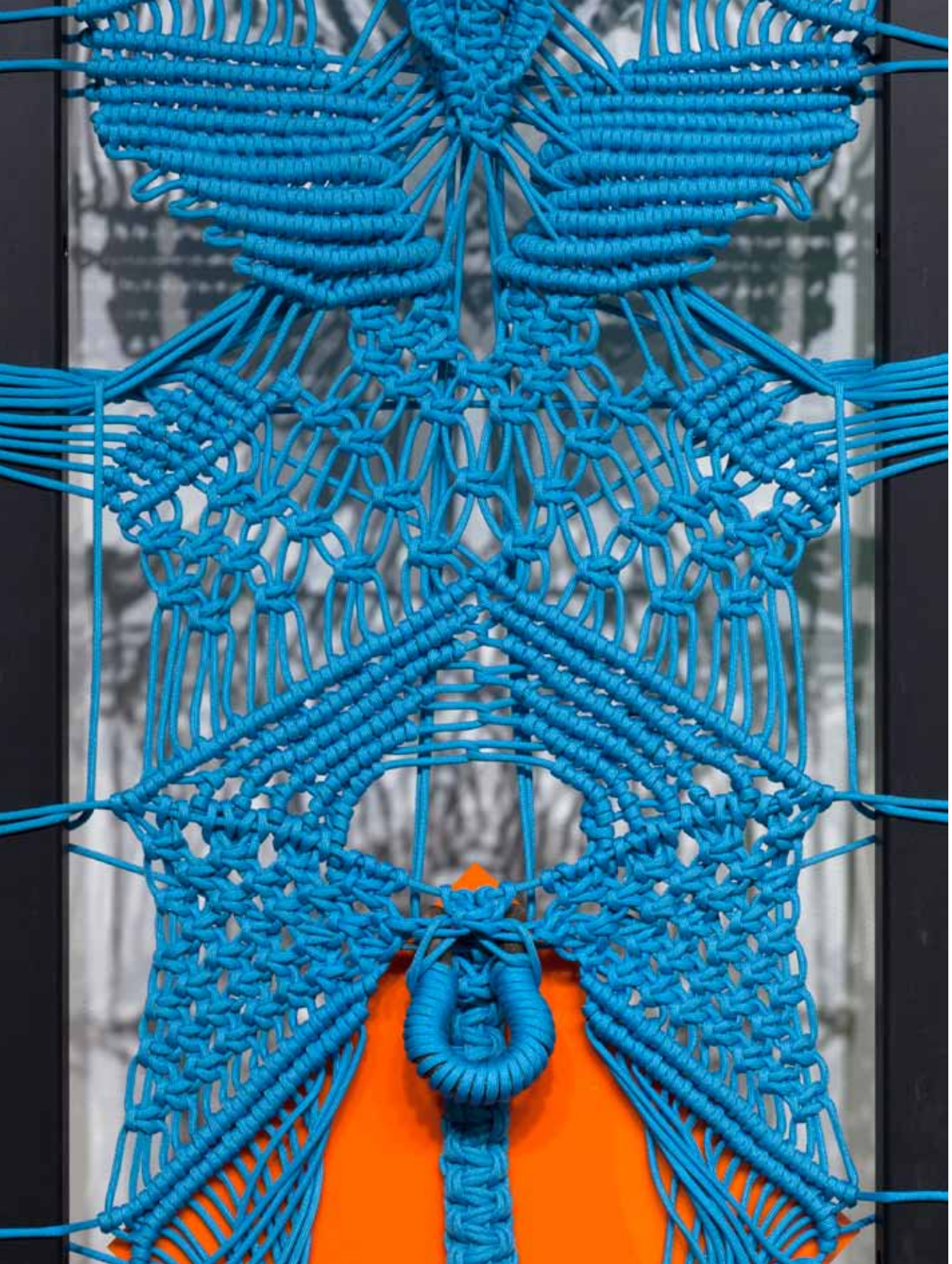
Ever since the tenets of minimalism and multiculturalism began to merge, sculpture has explored a plaintive, if highly abstracted, version of subjectivity. In the 1990s, Felix Gonzalez-Torres became *the* shining example of an intensely lyrical strain of sculptural minimalism—shining right down to the glossy wrappers of his untitled candy piles. In these works, the singularity of a commonplace, found material is transformed through counting. Such numerical precision goes back to Carl Andre's 1960s-era modular hay bales, bricks, and stones stacked or laid in a geometric configuration. In Gonzalez-Torres's *"Untitled" (Portrait of Ross in L.A.)*, 1991, individually wrapped hard candies, each in an identical but differently colored cellophane wrapper, are heaped in a corner of the gallery, ideally adding up to 175 pounds, a nod to the body weight of an adult male, in this instance Ross, Gonzalez-Torres's sick lover, ravaged by the muscular wasting that accompanies full-blown AIDS. All sweetness and dissolve, the candy is an effective metaphor for both loss and for the ephemeral nature of romantic love, which lives on after death, haunting the bereaved with its afterglow.

"Untitled" (Portrait of Ross in L.A.) is an effective portrait because it is completed by visitors, who are encouraged to take, unwrap, and ingest the candy, marking their presence by making the pile one piece lighter, a kind of witnessing that could be said to betray the artist by literally feeding on his sorrow. The viewer is stunted, stupefied by the sculpture's grief, imparted through touch. The candy is key. It dissolves the contract between viewer and museum to not touch. Rather, *"Untitled" (Portrait of Ross in L.A.)* says, please touch, reach out to feel something. And that something is the pleasure of empathy.

The psychological resonance of Gonzalez-Torres's work cannot be underestimated for the millennial generation of queer artists working today. Aaron McIntosh and Jesse Harrod are two such artists who follow in this haptic tradition. Rather than using candy, they use the sensation of touch to queer the body and, by extension, the sculptural objects they make.

In *The Couch*, 2010, McIntosh has replaced the upholstery of a found couch with fabric he printed with a collage of digital reproductions of 1950s-era pulp fiction, vintage gay erotic personal ads, and pornography. The fabric, projecting his once-closeted fantasies, arouses the urge to touch and explore: it is a skin itching with unrealized desires. The couch is additionally coded as shorthand for psychoanalytic inquiry, shrouded in the Freudian fear and self-loathing McIntosh endured as a gay teenager in a repressive Southern Baptist household. It is the kind of couch one would find in any working-class American den, with scalloped contouring and wooden arms, homely and comforting, ending in ruffle trim. But this couch dreams in color: it is festooned with muscle men with bulging biceps, penis cartoons, boys on boys, and stolen kisses on the covers of hetero romance novels with titles such as *The Wrong Wife*. As in Gonzalez-Torres's *"Untitled" (Portrait of Ross in L.A.)*, the viewer is invited to recreate the artist's experience, here by reclining to become enveloped in the fantasy

(overleaf) Jesse Harrod, *Rangers*, 2014–present.
Macramé, cloth, powder coated steel.
Photo: Steven Probert. Courtesy the artist.



Jesse Harrod, *Rangers*, 2014–present (detail).
Macramé, cloth, powder coated steel.
Photo: Steven Probert. Courtesy the artist.

of same-sex desire. The material body of the sculpture, then, merges with the visitor, rerouting the artwork's hypervisual content and swaddling it instead in a haptic sensuality, a touch-centered exploration. As McIntosh writes, "Those hunks, jocks, military guys, and older men didn't exist outside of the pages of pornography until I started college. And it took some time for me to understand that a desire formed around looking at naked guys was actually a yearning to be sexually, emotionally, and intellectually connected with men off the page."[2]

In Jesse Harrod's ongoing series of sculptures, *Rangers*, which began in 2014, she too refers to textiles, here as a stand-in for the female body. On interchangeable, modular steel armatures she deftly improvises bright acrylic textile structures, using macramé, a technique with strongly amateur associations. These framing devices relay a synoptic history of weaving, starting with the portable frame looms—also known as "lap looms"—that are used by children and novices as a point of entry into the medium. Regulated by hand, the looms engage simple manual skills through which beginners are encouraged to improvise pre-weaving techniques such as wrapping, looping, and interlacing as a means of understanding the structural potential of textiles. One such example is the classic over-under-over crisscross pattern used to weave entry-level domestic textiles such as placemats or potholders. As human-scale objects, the upright bodies of the *Rangers* are reminiscent of the work of John McCracken, whose leaning, modular slab paintings became icons of the 1960s California Finish Fetish movement, a West Coast engagement with minimalism. Radiantly colored in bright hues, McCracken's standardized, interchangeable units were renowned for their slick, chrome-like surfaces (hence the "fetish" surrounding "finish"), which enhance reductivism and impart the illusion of fabrication.

McCracken's hidden handiwork is in direct contrast with the haptic webs of macramé in Harrod's *Rangers*. Rejecting the seamless surface, Harrod subverts modularity to initiate a conversation about same-sex desire, instead representing the fragmented body through open-form work that evokes both porousness and tensile strength. The modularity of minimalism is exploited to create a plethora of female forms.

Macramé is full of intersections. The textile is formed by making a series of ornamental knots, called "hitches", that create free-form patterns, many of which spiral or become repeating chains, braids, or sequences that resemble organic structures such as webs and nets. They are nearly all monochromatic, and each sculpture is patterned with prominently recurring holes, enclosures, and voids. This formal strategy adeptly delivers sexual content: ovoid, vaginal forms made on enlarged "lap looms" highlight the female lap as a place of warmth, sensual exploration, and desire. The intricate patterning ensconced on each framework conveys a sense of individuality—each body in its unique glory—yet their arrangement suggests an event, a party, perhaps, or a bar: a cluster of five, offset by a couple or a pair, and a loner, one apart from the others, negotiating the parameters of a social space. "Hitch" is also a well-known colloquialism for marriage, literally joining or connecting two people. Harrod's labor-intensive handwork, then, takes a sly turn, conjuring the manual stimulation that unites two (female) lovers. The language surrounding the creative process of *Rangers* is, thus, utterly sexualized, and Harrod foregrounds this sublimated level of

(overleaf) Aaron McIntosh, *The Couch*, 2010.
Courtesy the artist.


BEAU
MALE DELIVER

content, transforming it into a primary narrative through the distinctive materiality of her sculptures.

In 2014, the works of McIntosh and Harrod were exhibited together in *Queer Threads: Crafting Identity and Community*, a group show curated by John Chaich and held at the Leslie-Lohman Museum of Gay and Lesbian Art in SoHo in New York before traveling to the Maryland Institute College of Art's Decker Gallery in Baltimore in 2015. The show explored textile-based processes in sculpture and installation that explore queer identity. Individually, the material bodies that McIntosh and Harrod produce are distinctive, but, as the exhibition argues, they are associated in forming part of a broader movement privileging the haptic in contemporary art. From Gonzalez-Torres onward to the present, sculpture has consistently benefited as material hierarchies have been overturned.

1 Doyle, Jennifer, *Hold It Against Me*, Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 2013.
2 McIntosh, Aaron, "Parallel Closets", *Brooklyn Rail*, April 2014, www.brooklynrail.org/2014/04/criticspage/parallel-closets.

It feels like... flesh

Ruba Katrib

A piece of copper-plated plaster jammed into a chunk of dental plastic, Marcel Duchamp's 1954 *Coin de chasteté* (*Wedge of Chastity*) was created as a wedding gift for his bride, Teeny Matisse. When the two parts of the object are separated, a delicately crafted vagina is visible, sculpted within the material dentists use to make an impression of the mouth.[1] The flexible material's pink color, smooth curves, and sheen vividly conjure the intimate flesh, a notable instance of a barely manipulated hunk of material standing in for the human body.

Wedge of Chastity contributed to an artistic conversation on the intersection of bodies, sensuality, and technology that persisted into the mid-twentieth century. Duchamp's use of a consumer-grade plastic as a stand-in for flesh marks a unique shift in material approaches to human depiction. The dental plastic has an a priori medical association with the body—specifically, it replicates the oral cavity, taking an impression of the contours and gaps of the teeth, and its surface appearance corresponds to that of the gums. Duchamp's minor intervention in the plastic to create a hidden vagina distances the object from a traditionally sculpted body and moves it toward a hybrid physicality in which the organic and the synthetic are merged along with the two distant and related orifices.

In the case of *Wedge of Chastity*, the intervention of what appears to be a metallic device also makes the piece emblematic of Duchamp's articulation of sensuality within the framework of industry. One of his most famous works, *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even (The Large Glass)*, 1915–1923, depicts a sexualized encounter of various figures that has been mechanized as a clinical assembly line of bodies and secretions. The factory scenario of bodily functions abstracts the figures, turning them into machines of exchange. In another example of the administration of erogenous body parts, Duchamp used a painted foam rubber breast for his design of the cover of the 1947 *International Surrealist* exhibition catalogue. Appropriately, the title of the object is *Prière de toucher* (*Please Touch*), an instruction as much as a description.

The representation of the body as material to be systematically—almost bureaucratically—manipulated is a thread through much of Duchamp's works, an idea aligned with a post-Fordist notion of the body as instrumentalized by new machines and labor practices. In the wake of the Second Industrial Revolution, which ushered in the electric age, early-twentieth-century artists participating in the avant-garde movements of Dada and surrealism began to investigate the machine's impact on daily modern life, particularly its relationship to the body. The fetishized sculptures of the surrealists, often intimate in scale, responded to a rapidly transforming corporeal reality most dramatically evidenced by the bodily dismemberment and destruction unleashed by advanced war technologies. The surrealists frequently worked with the fragmented body, using a language of "part-objects" that has sparked psychoanalytically charged discussions about loss and eroticism, commodity culture, and the politics of the body in relation to new devices.[2]

Though the fractured and dislocated body appears regularly in twentieth-century art from the cubists on, Duchamp's fragmentation in *Wedge of Chastity* is markedly different from, for example, André Masson's use of found mannequin parts. Duchamp does not present the body as a ready-made commodity or a

Marcel Duchamp, *Wedge of Chastity*, 1954 (cast 1963).
Bronze, plastic.

Courtesy Tate, London.

mass-produced representation to be manipulated: its recognizable features are, instead, nearly entirely absent. The work posits that it isn't necessary to shape the material into a pelvis in order to understand that we are looking at a segment of the body. The material itself is enough to evoke flesh.

In addition to depictions of the body as part rather than whole, synthetic sculptural materials have appeared in artists' work regularly over the decades since the pioneering *Wedge of Chastity*. Eva Hesse, who saw the sculpture in a Duchamp exhibition in Bern in 1964, turned to latex, fiberglass, and plastics to represent uncanny bodily forms.[3] In the 1970s, Hannah Wilke chewed gum and kneaded pencil erasers into rubbery sculptures resembling vaginas. The technologically abstracted body that these molds and impressions reference was increasingly incorporated into machines, gadgets, and products. In the work of many contemporary artists, it breaks down even further. In our digital age of designer pharmaceuticals, radical medical procedures, rampant consumerism, and environmental crisis, the composition of the body is more and more a site of investigation. And skin, as the charged sheath between

Nairy Baghramian, *RETAINER*, 2013.
Installation view at SculptureCenter, New York.
Photo: Jason Mandella.

interior and exterior realms, becomes a porous barrier that new sculpture freely traverses. In its innovative material eccentricity, *Wedge of Chastity* is a significant precursor of works by contemporary artists using plastics and man-made compounds to represent organic forms.

The surface of flesh is evoked in many of Iranian artist Nairy Baghramian's works. The title of her sculpture *Retainer*, 2012, is a play on words, variously referring to a device for holding something in space, a security deposit or fee, and a corrective dental appliance. The structure is comprised of a semicircular group of monumental, roughly rectangular flat forms made of resin, colored to evoke or blend in with skin. The human form isn't literally replicated, abstracted, or cut up, but summoned with synthetic materials that gesture toward the corporeal. Supported by polished steel stands that conjure the orthodontic associations of the work's title, the resin panels are translucent and permeable, open to light and to the movement of people and objects around them. The towering sculptural ensemble both contains and merges with human bodies, superimposing its tissue onto theirs. The material quality of Baghramian's sculpture alludes to internal realms and the features of skin without literally depicting them.

Similarly to Duchamp's use of a material shorthand to represent the body, Swiss artist Pamela Rosenkranz elaborates the surface quality of skin

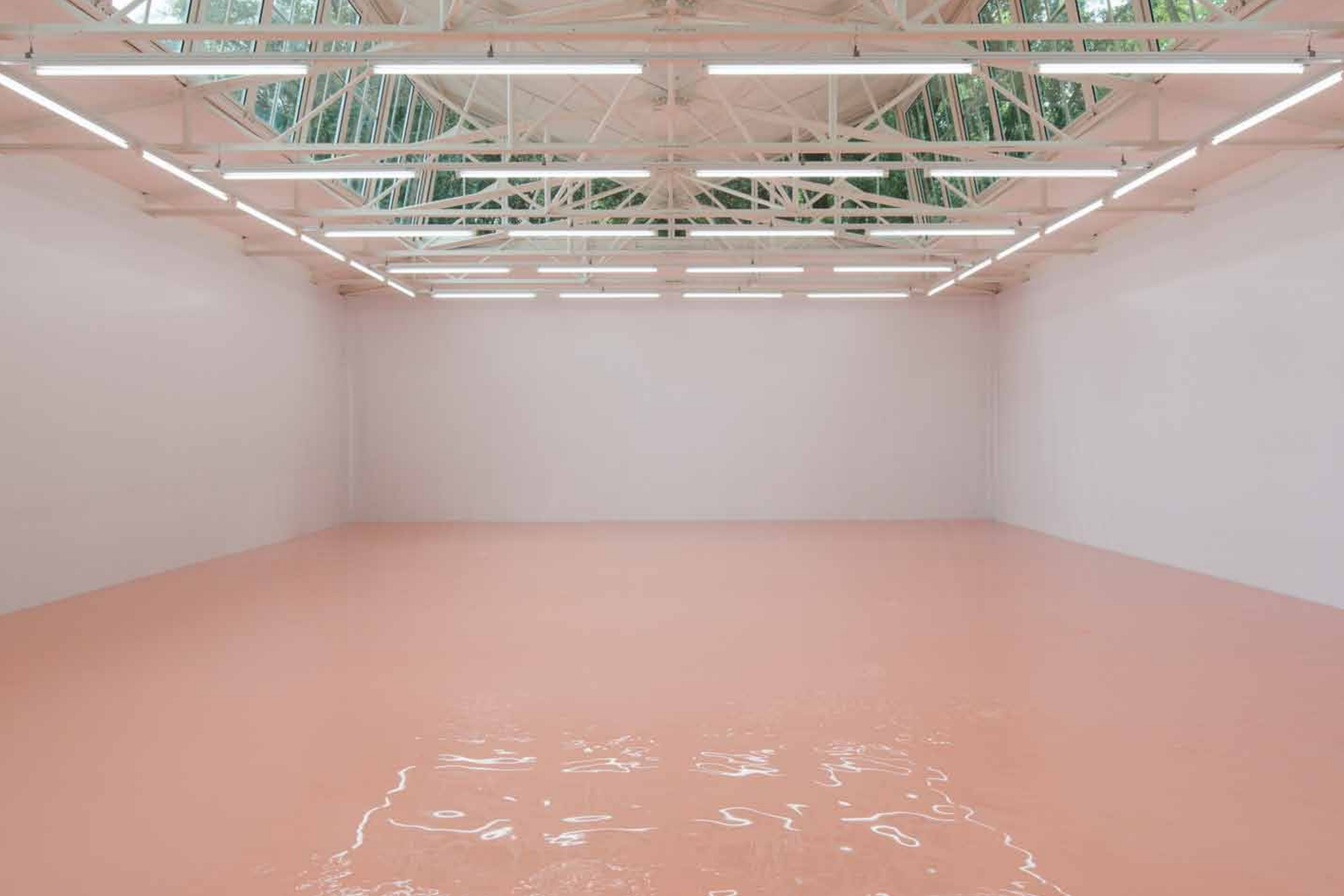
to make it into a synecdoche for the body. In several sculptures, she has incorporated DragonSkin, a sophisticated silicone material used in prostheses and special effects applications to mimic the tones and textures of human skin. Like Duchamp, Rosenkranz has counted on the familiarity of a material as a commercial-grade stand-in for the body. Filling plastic bottles and sneakers with the artificial skin, she has created objects that contain an image of the human form in its most base constitution: puddles of flesh.

A work Rosenkranz made for the Venice Biennale, *Our Product*, 2015, features a pool filled with a skin-colored liquid that exudes a scent biologically formulated to mimic that of a baby's skin. In a booklet accompanying the work, various real and fake compounds are listed as the composition of the substance on view. Here, the legibility of skin does not hinge on the structure of the body, normally shaped into head, torso, and limbs. Shimmering and rippling with a life of its own, this skin matter appears to have escaped the confines of the organizing skeletal structure that has informed depictions of human bodies throughout the history of art. Further, its material makeup is credited as a hybrid of synthetic and organic compounds, real and imagined. *Our Product* has also freed itself from the ubiquitous commodities that Rosenkranz regularly uses in her works—this skin is no longer molded by objects intimately tied to the body and its performance, like water bottles and running shoes, but can take on any shape, fit into any container. Attributing new synthetic and organic compounds to the "product" on view, a sea of free-form tissue, Rosenkranz highlights another aspect of the relationship between industry and body: though malleability of form is inherent to the body at a micro level, at a macro scale it can be transformed —in both a perceptual and scientific sense—through new technologies. Our knowledge of skin's porousness, as well as the information it carries and leaves behind as the DNA in its cells, alters our fundamental understanding of its function as well as material constitution; creating an ever-growing list of new biological influences from anti-aging creams and super foods to pollution and other biohazards.

Flesh has become a central element in the representation of the body in contemporary sculpture, but no longer as an indexical feature in images of the body or even body-related forms. The tactility of fleshiness, achieved through material, color, texture, and smell, now stands in for the body in a way that moves the artistic concern very far away from the form on which it used to focus. Verisimilitude now calls for artifice. A bronze sculpture cast from the mold of a model may reflect veracity in shape, scale, and topography, but new strategies for corporeal representation afford both a new proximity and a new interpretive expansiveness in relation to physicality.

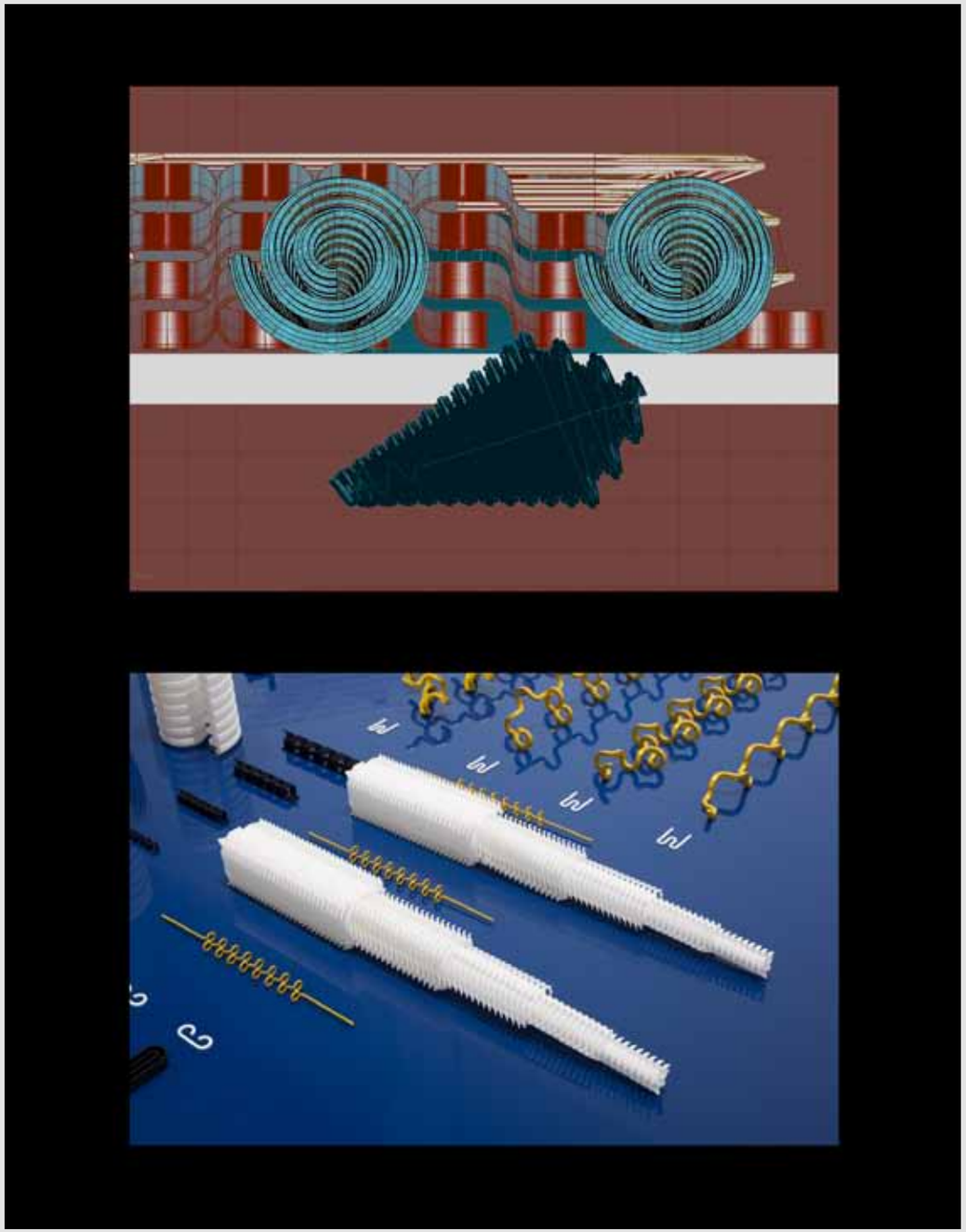
The essential qualities of the body—its hardness, softness, size, textures, and specialized functions—are in dispute, as are the body's beginning and end: bodies ingest materials and absorb organisms, and leave their residue on other materials. Recent sculpture emphasizes these microscopic and sensorial aspects of the living body. Shapes that do not literally correlate with the body's anatomy are instead embodiments of the body's contemporary condition. It now can form around other things, or remain in a shifting state. "Fleshy" has become a descriptive term, one that moves beyond the human form to its material

(overleaf) Pamela Rosenkranz, *Our Product*, 2015.
Installation view, Swiss Pavillon, 56th Venice Biennale.
Photo: Marc Asekhame.



makeup. The notion of the figurative takes on a new meaning when the organic merges with the synthetic to depict the body as something unfixed, malleable, and remote.

1 In incorporating a synthetic material resembling bodily tissue, this work is unique within a group of three related erotic sculptures by Duchamp that also includes *Objet-dard* (*Dart Object*), 1951, and *Feuille de vigne femelle* (*Female Fig Leaf*), 1961. See Helen Molesworth, ed., *Part Object Part Sculpture*, Columbus, Ohio: Wexner Center for the Arts, 2005, p. 29.
2 For a description of Melanie Klein's psychoanalytical notion of part-objects, see Nixon, Mignon, *Fantastic Reality: Louise Bourgeois and a Story of Modern Art*, Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 2005, p. 8.
3 Fer, Briony, "The Scatter: Sculpture as Leftover", in Molesworth, *Part Object Part Sculpture*, p. 225.



Tauba Auerbach, *Altar/Engine*, 2016.
Rendering process screenshot and detail of installation.

Existing .obj: Data for Subtle Casey Bot

Casey Jane Ellison, 2014
20.6 MB, .obj file
$2000.00 (Contact CJE for purchase)
-Available to be 3D printed, implanted with handmade robot
-And then burned
-Almost doesn't exist
-Doesn't exist if you don't want it to
-Available to be made into robot by artist for a price
Next page for details on how to make it exist and not burned

Accidentally Incinerated Subtle Casey Bot

Casey Jane Ellison, 2014
0 MB,0x0x0 inches, Ash.
$00,000.00 (Contact CJE for purchase)
-Was forgotten by artist and then taken to junk place
-Where they burn trash
-Robot was handmade and cost the artist $7000.00-ish
-Now she is free of it
-She could make you another one for $7000.00
-Plus cost of not being free of it anymore

In *Kalligone*, published in 1800, the philosopher Johann Gottfried Herder emphasizes the role of the senses in the aesthetic experience.[1] The ideological nemesis of his treatise is Immanuel Kant, whom he takes to task for spreading a "transcendental influenza" among the young. Rejecting Western philosophy's conventional distinction between mind and body, Herder argues that the mind is essentially connected to the sense organs. From this follows that aesthetic experience is nothing a priori distinct from other sources of happiness or unhappiness. Where Kant sees the morally good as a feature, or even a purpose, of aesthetic experience, Herder sees it as "cramping" experience. Accordingly, what is agreeable in aesthetic experience is not disinterested pleasure, but what "strengthens my existence".

To affirm and fortify existence, any division of the arts must attend to the specificity of the senses, which on their side are connected through cultivation. In lines that are both lucid and rousing, Herder writes:

> What gives the eye a proper measure, a quick judgment about correct, fitting, beautiful figures, and forms the eye through the hand, the hand through the eye; what accustoms the ear to hear with understanding, not only the tones but also the thoughts of human speech; what accustoms the tongue to express these thoughts, as its nature and its purpose demand; that is fine art and cultivates human beings.

In Herder's view, any theory of aesthetic education must be grounded in an understanding of the immanence of consciousness and the specificity of aesthetic experience—that is, in the particular properties of sight, hearing, touch, speech, and song. Importantly, he sees truthful experience as based in tactility rather than in the "deceit" of eyesight. Thus, the privileged art forms were, for Herder, those that bypass visual experience. These include the migratory properties of sound and the elasticity of hearing, and sculpture's availability to touch—at least by "the hand through the eye". This is how the soul *mitschwingt*, literally "swings", or oscillates.

Today, Herder's work is an object of the history of philosophy, and notions of "fine art", "cultivation", "beauty", and "truth" reveal the vintage of his text. And yet it isn't out of key with the aesthetic sensibility and perceptual predispositions of today's reader. His take on art as non-autonomous and transversal to multiple realms is far from alien to contemporary art. Opening up the body-mind nexus via the tongue as the tone- and word-forming, non-gendered, and pink-colored organ of any body, his text is attuned to perceptual matter's growth into thought. A synesthetic rearrangement of modernist perceptual hierarchies in a rewiring of the nervous system, it represents another genealogy for aesthetic thought. Herder couches his aesthetics of effect in the delightful term *Wille zur Wirkung*, the "will to effect". Volition is not muscular intentionality but instead the capacity to pick up a variable relation of forces, including those external to the subject's control, and to produce and transmit them. Possessed by nothing or nobody, the will to effect is a quality that vibrantly passes across human bodies, thing-bodies, and physical and perceptual matter. Again, it is not a question of morality or freedom but of what strengthens individual and collective existence.

A globalized order, Alain Badiou writes, is transcendent in the way that it has the power to configure from afar and give law and order to collective mechanisms.[2] So this is how we are enabled to feel: Swing and oscillate against the transcendental flu that art catches whenever it is hitched to fake universals, to essentialism and identity, to the whole and the same, to the money, and all the rest that cramps art and aesthetic experience.

Gesundheit.

1 All quotations by Herder are from Ostermann, Friedrich, *Die Idee des Schöpferischen*, in Herders Kalligone, Bern: Francke Verlag, 1968. All translations are the author's own.
2 Badiou, Alain, *The Meaning of Sarkozy*, London: Verso, 2008.

Gelitin, *Klunk Garden*, 2009.
Installation view at Tomio Koyama Gallery, Tokyo.
Photo: Kei Okano.

A garden fell towards us like the sound of "klunk".

A fake satori, that came after many visits to Ryoanji Garden in Kyoto.

A misunderstanding whereupon something could grow.

Paintings, bonsai sculptures, lamp and lantern were arranged in the smaller gallery. The usual entrance to the main gallery was closed with a wall and replaced by a small, duck down entrance which could be reached via a stair and bridge. The visitor entered through onto the viewing platform.

Becoming a rock brought the garden to fruition. When one rock became tired, she or he retreated underground to contact another rock. The two rocks would change position then.

After watching the garden for a long time, one could see rocks disappearing and being replaced by slightly different rocks and rocks of slightly different gender. The rocks could feel the glances of the audience, depending on which part of it was exposed to the visitor's sight.

Susumu Koshimizu, *Perpendicular Line 1*, 1969.
Brass, piano wire. Brass: 3 1/8 x 3 1/8 inches; piano wire: 222 inches. Installed dimensions variable.
Photo: Joshua White. Courtesy the artist and Blum & Poe, Los Angeles/New York/Tokyo.

In what ways do we sense pure groundedness? In 1969, Susumu Koshimizu exhibited *Perpendicular Line 1*, a simple conical brass weight hung from the ceiling by a piano wire.[1] The artist's intention was to question the vertical axis so fundamental to sculpture, highlighting the fact that the earth's gravitational pull does not always conform to a 90-degree angle to the plane of the ground. The conical weight continually moved ever so slightly, upending the perceived stability of a perpendicular axis and questioning the disjunction between the physical and virtual properties of space.

Measurement, as Marshall McLuhan pointed out in 1962, was made possible by the instrumental understanding of space, and had dominated the visual world even as the Euclidian foundations of that world were overturned by theories of relativity, cosmology, and topology. McLuhan quotes an anthropologist about the way the Inuit (then called "Eskimos"), who have a "non-visual" sense of space, measure things: "They don't regard space as static, and therefore measurable; hence they have no formal units of spatial measurement just as they have no uniform divisions of time. The carver is indifferent to the demands of the optical eye, he lets each piece fill its own space, create its own world, without reference to background or anything external to it."[2]

This reliance on sensory perception as opposed to measurement also applies to Nobuo Sekine's *Phase of Nothingness—Water*, 1969, in which two black stainless-steel containers of the same mass and volume are filled to the brim with water. In these minimalist, industrial forms, one notices ripples of light hitting the fluid surface, the water grounding the objects against the plane of the floor. Koshimizu once recalled that the earth's flatness is felt from a deeply ingrained familiarity with the sun-glistened surfaces of wet paddy fields. By questioning the fundamentals of perception, Koshimizu was not only reconciling the gap between the intellectual nature of his practice and its connection to experience, but also responding to the skepticism that led to the intense political and social upheaval against the Vietnam War.

Today, in the wake of works that increasingly generate areas of ambiguity between actual and virtual reality—for example, the "uncanny valley" effect rooted in the simultaneous feelings of repulsion and attraction that arise in response to digitized images exhibiting a human likeness—reflecting on questions of groundedness and the fluidity of forms seems all the more critical to understanding the corporeal limits of perception and the sensory optics, tactility, and intuition of matter.

1 Presented as part of a three-person exhibition at Muramatsu Gallery in Tokyo, *Perpendicular Line 1* was the first work Susumu Koshimizu made after assisting Nobuo Sekine with his *Phase—Mother Earth*, 1968, a work comprised of a cylindrical hole dug in the earth and, adjacently, a cylindrical structure of the same size and shape holding the displaced earth. This work would come to be associated with the birth of the Japanese art movement Mono-ha (School of Things), to which both artists belong.

2 McLuhan, Marshall, *Gutenberg Galaxy*, Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1962, p. 66.

Since 2007, I have used an expanded/open-ended palette of materials in my work: human-made and emotionally evocative phenomena of all sorts—products, substances, food, pharmaceuticals, places, people, their faces, images, sounds, brands, fictional characters, etc.—that cause a strong and often uncontrollable response in the viewer. Sampling opens up the possibility of writing in our society's true vernacular—a visceral and irrational form of communication built out of emotional responses to combined and composited cultural stimuli. A language based on feelings.

Josh Kline, *Tooth Final Conflict*, 2010.
Glass, Oral B toothbrushes, Crest toothpaste.
Dimensions variable.
Courtesy the artist and 47 Canal, New York.

From the *Banana Book* series

A couple years ago, I began a cycle of performances at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art titled *[de-]lusions of Grandeur: Monumentality and Other Myths*. The initial impetus was to look at the process of conceiving, fabricating, moving, and maintaining large-scale works of minimalist sculpture. I had come to sculpture (from photography) at a time when notions of the artist's hand and expression were wildly out of vogue, and had turned to the work of Auguste Rodin for this project as an afterthought, doing due diligence in my research. I had no interest in figurative sculpture, and until this time was wary of large-scale bronze. Bronze was the place where contemporary sculpture went to die and where sculptors went to live comfortably, producing editions of a finite, identifiable aesthetic.

And then, unfortunately, I fell in love. (What a romantic, antiquated notion, completely at odds with my conceptual rigor.) When I began reading about Rodin's process, I became obsessed with the Rodin who worked with bits and pieces of the unfinished *Gates of Hell* littering the floor, and the Rodin who fondly kept his *Monument to Balzac* in the garden after its negative early reception. This Rodin was not the lauded masculine behemoth criticized by Rosalind Krauss, but the Rodin of fragmentation and failure.

When I entered the foundry, a warehouse covered with layers of plaster dust and metal chips, scented with wax and propane, I felt blind. I didn't know how to see the sculpture in the dead-looking wax positive in front of me, and I was afraid I had made a horrible mistake. I looked at the reference images of the plaster from which the work had been molded and cast, and began cutting into the piece, removing the chunks of wax where clay had been used to fill the deep undercuts. Slowly, the lightness of the body emerged.

At the foundry, I had to learn how to use a whole new set of tools. I had first been called in to "approve" four of the waxes for casting, but I ended up staying throughout the day and on for several weeks to complete the process. Each piece is detailed according to a 128-page document specifying every hanging string, deep void, and odd texture. "Micro bubbles" in the surface are filled, parting lines are removed (while parting lines in the positive are re-created), texture is reproduced with burlap dipped in wax, and every missing thread is added back in.

During this process, I was often asked why I didn't have an assistant or the foundry do it. I recognize that it's outmoded to argue that the artist's hand makes any difference at all, yet I will make just this argument. I would never argue that a natural-born talent guides my hands or that my suspicions that I lacked this gift are what kept me from sculpture for so long. Much of what I know how to do with material I taught myself, slowly, through trial and error, or picked up with gentle instruction. That said, I know what I want, and it is completely ineffable,

a level of detail that is not ordinary. I cannot explain it to someone, I cannot tell you when it will be achieved. I know only when the piece feels incomplete, inadequate, not yet.

No one is ever going to care as much as the artists themselves, and not everyone has time to care every day. But I contend that caring matters, and that there is an important difference between literally phoning in the work and taking the time to figure it out. Contemporary art today rewards the new and the next, and delivers on demand, immediately. But I would argue for a different form of immediacy—the feeling of the object in hand and the infinite space-time that opens up, if only one allows it.

Liz Glynn, *Untitled (Burgher with Extended Arm)*, 2014 (detail).
Courtesy the artist and Paula Cooper Gallery, New York.

When your voice is propelled through the air, it hits the objects in your vicinity and causes tiny vibrations on their surfaces. At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, a group of computer scientists have discovered that by video recording an object using high-speed cameras, they can extract these minute vibrations and recover the sound that was responsible. This gives them the ability to turn everyday objects—a bag of chips, a glass of water, a potted plant, a box of tissues—into a listening device, or what they call a visual microphone. As one of the inventors explains: "You're hearing from the perspective of the object. Or, actually, *feeling* from the perspective of the object. When we think of hearing, the question we ask is, what are the frequencies that are coming to us? But for the object, it's not just a matter of what those frequencies are, it's also the matter of which frequencies the object responds to, which tells you a lot about the object itself. It's similar to being at a concert where's there's very loud music playing: there might be music across all frequencies, but what you feel in your chest is the bass kick. Objects have a similar experience in some ways—there are certain frequencies they're just built to respond to."[1]

1 Abe Davis, interviewed by the author, December 2014.

Jeanine Oleson, still from work-in-progress film, (color/sound), 2015.

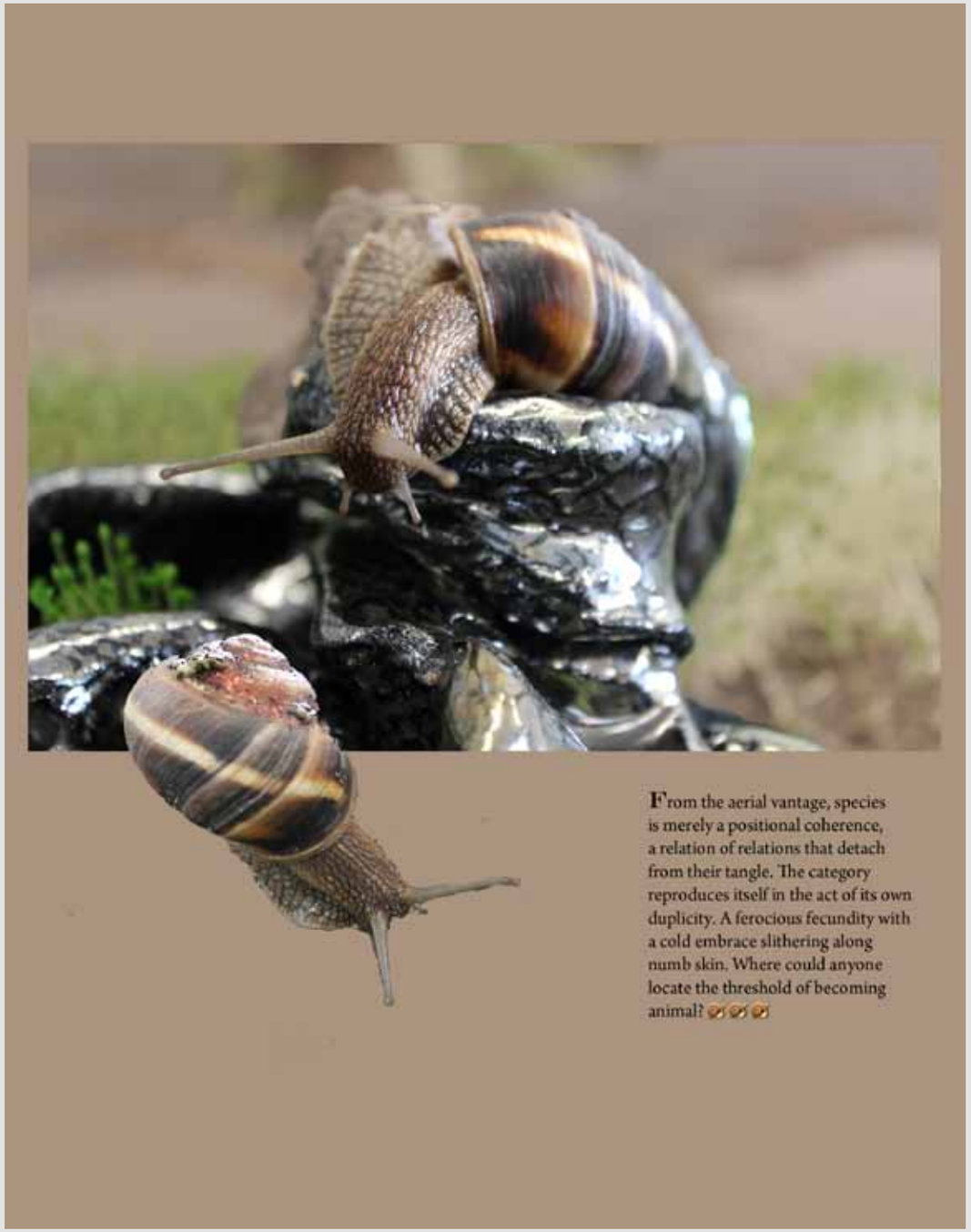
In this still, a performer (Beth Griffith) is responding to a clay "touch score" which is manipulated and reacted to vocally at the mouth of a cave—material shaping and conducting language and singing. The interaction of touch and sound modifies the typical relationship of musical scoring toward the sensory in this performance film about linguistic and political abstraction, land and matter.

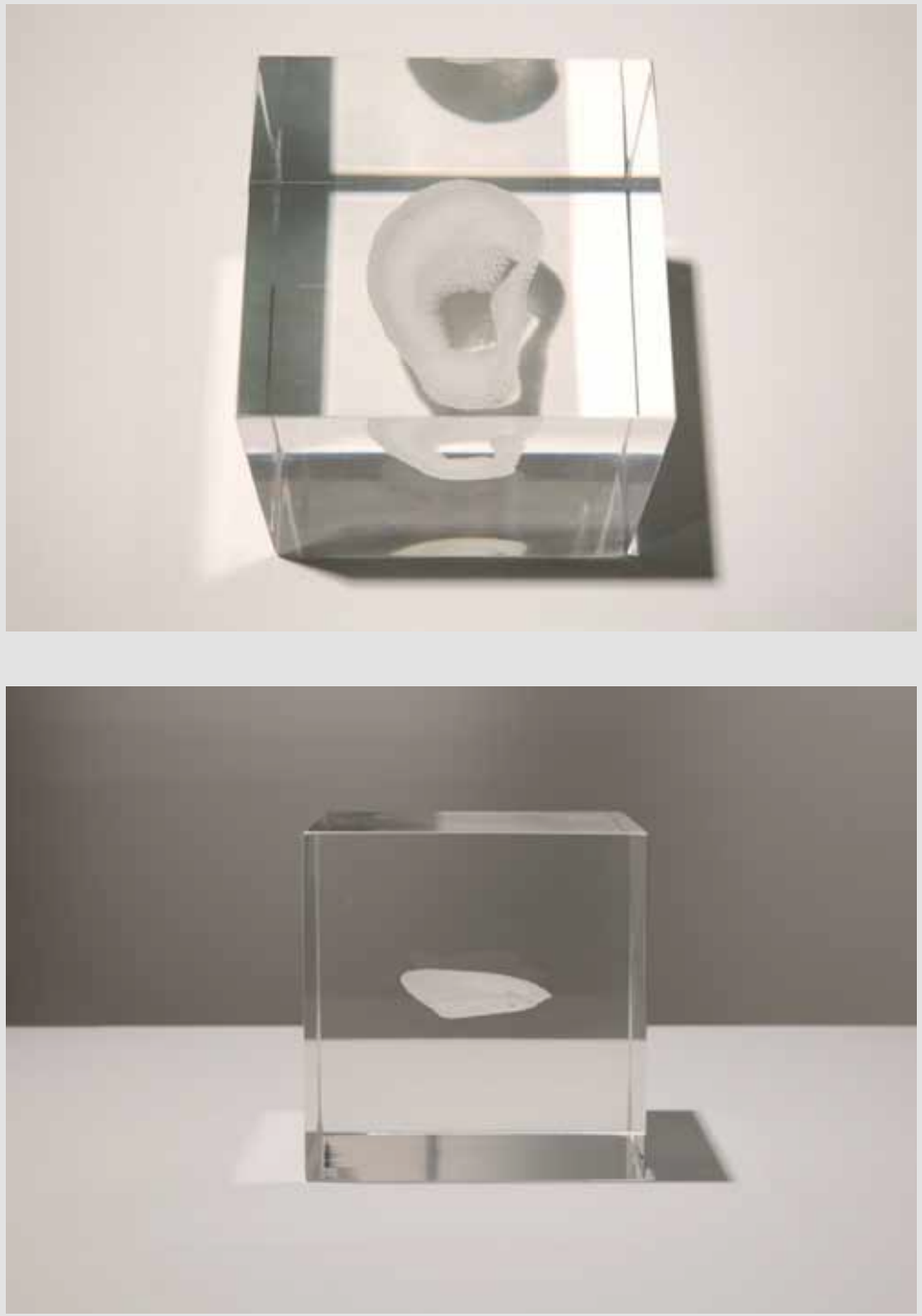
Can material be considered a methodology in aesthetics? And if so, hypothetically speaking, could this methodology have a way of performing in the world, recomposing itself to offer alternatives for the sensorial and the faculties? Could the methodology take a processual-sculptural form?

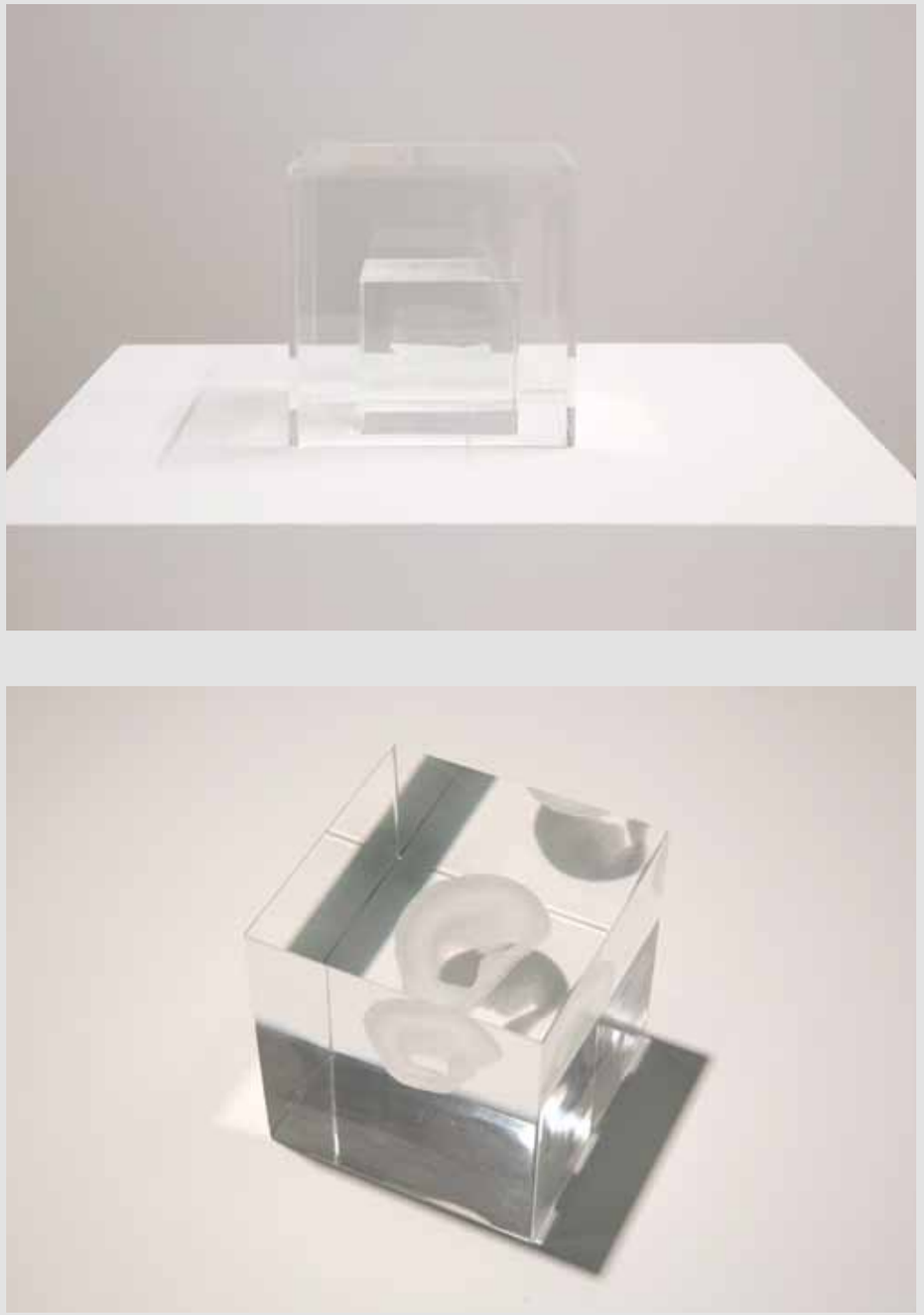
Materials such as cheese, pharmaceutical terra-sigillata clay, and mud (recent research axes of mine) become something else in the building of an exhibition or an essay. Like epistemological selves or fodders withholding other meanings and functions, they become precarious traces, absorbents, displaced bodies, or emblems, and within their movement, they come into being, transitioning towards materiality and entity.

Ingestion, as we know it, is the consumption of a substance by an organism. Organism, though, is a hybrid concept, located from the outset within different kinds of practices—metaphysical, ideological, and biological. Ingestion offers one route to discuss a politics of nature, a way to gain insight into the perceived tensions between nature and culture, in the sense of a consumable body. It is the corridor to embodiment (of thought and matter), a kind of tunnel or metonym for thinking about the self/collectivity in aesthetics and, hence, sculpture's theoretical and absolute frame.

Metamorphs. Oozy, silky, slimy goo. A couple of years ago, I took a group of artists to participate in a collective mud bath at a medical health spa in Druskininkai, Lithuania, near the border with Belarus. This was a preamble to a life writing exercise on mud as a methodology—a time-based sludge revelry of physiological speculations and absurd pathologies. Dipping into the gunk, we asked ourselves, where did the black earth come from, and where would it return to? Deeming it a "ceramics without the fire", we later precipitated different ways of tracing the sinking, hindered and entrapped in writing on time (as a direct influence from the bath). The hows of getting down in the mire to sculpt the muck of that which tends to fall. One artist wrote, "Mud does things with memory. It isn't like a lens to previousness." If not previousness, then what is to come? Could mud be a kind of transportation toward bodily metamorphosis? An allegory of the contingency of systems?







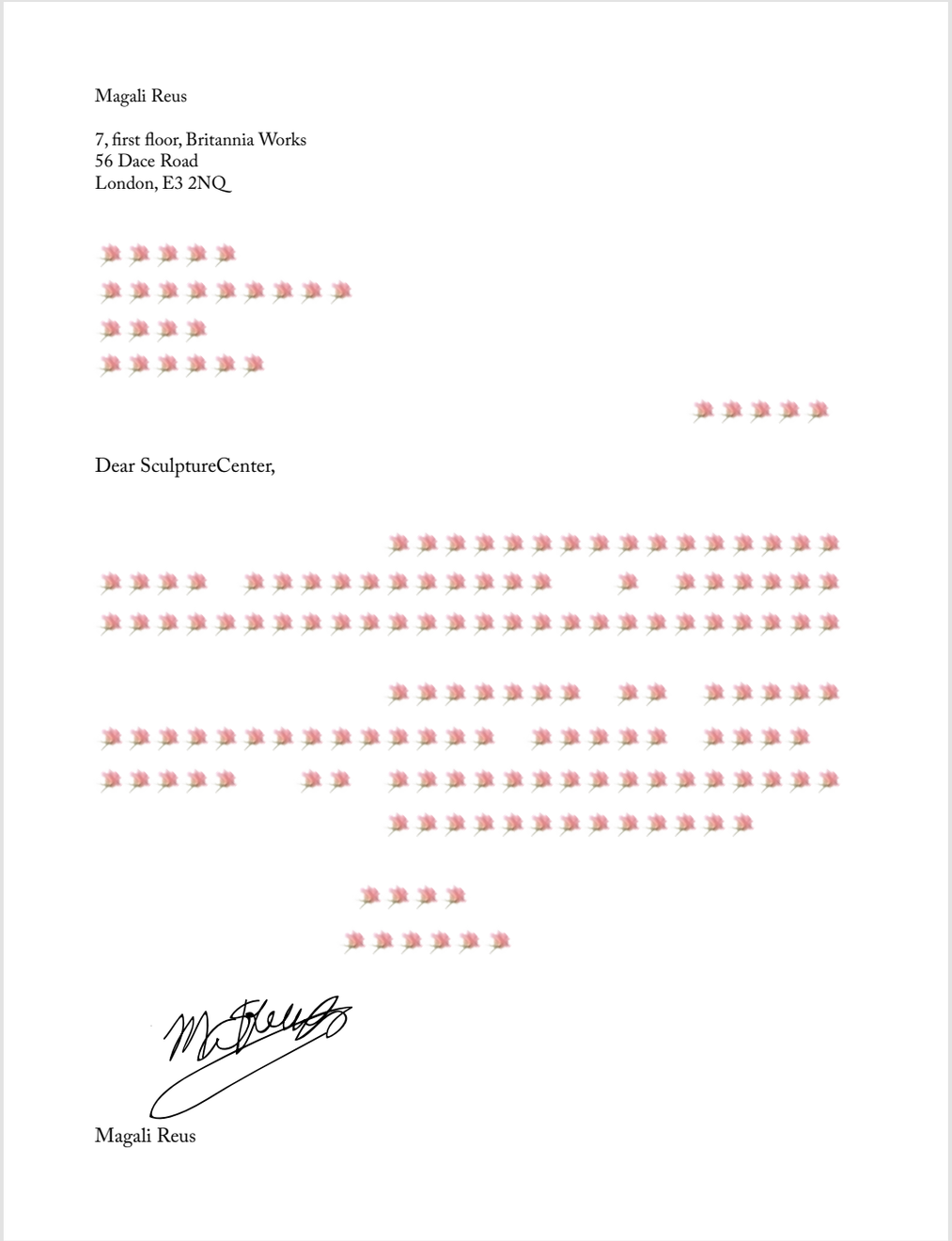
Lynn Hershman Leeson, *Cube with Bio Printed Ear Scaffold*, 2013.
Acrylic and Acrylonitrile butadiene styrene (ABS) plastic.
4 x 4 x 4 inches.

Hands are vividly present, no matter how immaterial a sculpture is. ("Hands" taken broadly, since a sculptor may not use them for sculptures made by fabricators or machines.) I consider all that ooze coming out of an object in front of me as related to its maker's hands. I have instinctual reactions to the trace of these hands, and cannot escape making subjective judgments on the personality that moves them. It does not take me long to agree or disagree with the decisions expressed in those hand movements.

Objects (also taken broadly, as things that ooze may not have tangible shapes) are haunted with such bodily compatibility issues, even when they are minor, as long as the maker included her/his body and senses in their conception. In that space, a sculpture exists, or the space may itself be the sculpture, and it envelops me with the unavoidable smell of a living character. Sculpture is not about style for me, sculpture is about personality.

Recently, I had a strong allergic reaction to an artwork, causing me to break out in hives. Later that week, I met an unbearable person at a social gathering, only to learn that this person was the author of the very sculpture that left me bedridden. Unfortunately, this kind of correlation has happened to me more than a few times. When the object has not yet departed far from its living maker, it stinks. It is a powerful idea that a sculpture can emit enough odor to make me hate its as-yet-unknown maker. Due to our cultural proximity, contemporary sculpture seems so fresh and scented that I immediately sense the personalities behind the works. Such a visceral mode of communication leads me to physical reactions that broach no questions. The opposite event, though rare, is a joy. Not every person I like makes sculpture I like. But so far, my no/no reactions seem to match the works and their makers. I want to see more of the yes/yes correlations.

I want to dig more deeply into what attracts and disgusts me in this seemingly instinctual mode of communication, in which the actuality of sculpture together with its emissions can cause physical responses. The directness of the stink and the warmth of the work as measured in joules reminds me of dance. What if one could develop a keener receptive sense to detect the smell of a work that has survived much time and distance? What are the potential effects of sculptures made at a massive scale or by collective hands? If I can expand on this dance form, I may be able to feel and move with a greater number of personalities. The sculptural pursuit is connected to my skewed desire to interact with humanity with this hypothesis: the vivid presence of the world of objects never lies.



Johannes Willi, *TREE (Abies Alba)*, 2015.
Installation view at at Der TANK, Basel.
Photo: Christian Knörr.

"A tree?!" you may exclaim, surprised.
"And just what are your objections?" the tree might respond.

I recently reread a text by Gilles Deleuze in which he writes: "We're tired of trees. We should stop believing in trees, roots, and radicles. They've made us suffer too much."[1] The French philosopher was, of course, thinking of the tree as an image, a metaphor for genealogical thinking or modern dualism. My text, however, is not about philosophy, but rather about *TREE (Abies Alba)*, which, we can safely say, argues against Deleuze.

TREE (Abies Alba), 2015, is a sculptural work by Johannes Willi, in collaboration with Vera Bruggmann, commissioned for Der TANK, the exhibition space of the Institut Kunst's sculpture workshop in Basel. As a conceptual apparatus, the work contributes to the current discourse on dematerialized exhibitions that expand our notions on the presentation of art. Feeling the tree is an exercise that helps us reflect on the way we think about artistic production today, and the space between conceptual forms of art and avant-garde ideas of form (and the inverse). An organic form modified by the artist becomes a sculptural piece.

Mythology offers many examples of humans morphing into animals, a transformation that illustrates the different ways we can interpret intelligence, a journey from human rationality to the human-as-animal processes of intuition and instinct. However, there are fewer examples of such transferences between humans and plants. Plants do not have a spine, a centralized nervous system, and are therefore assumed to be farther away than animals from an articulated intelligence. Recently, however, science and art have discovered in plants an incredibly eloquent form of interaction with the world. Like the bacteria that inhabit our body and determine the information processed by neurotransmitters, trees, though blind, entirely modify our environment, simply by breathing. *TREE* is a humble species—Abies Alba, silver fir—free from all the metaphorical struggles we historically have put trees through. *TREE* is here to meet us, to sense us. *TREE* has hands and gummy hair. It has been through the experience and limits of industrial life, it is a *TREE*-of-the-world, so to speak. Its major purpose is to gather us all to it to see that this piece of life is also the subject of artistic and ontological research.

1 Deleuze, Gilles and Felix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, trans. Brian Massumi, Minneapolis, Minnesota: University of Minnesota Press, 1987, p. 15

Contributors

Tauba Auerbach is an artist based in New York City.

Alexander Dumbadze is an Associate Professor of Art History and Chair of the Department of Fine Arts and Art History at The George Washington University, Washington, D.C.

Casey Jane Ellison is a writer, comedian, and artist based in Los Angeles.

Lawrence Abu Hamdan is an artist and private ear based in Beirut.

Gelitin is a group of four artists based in Vienna.

Liz Glynn is an artist based in Los Angeles.

Rochelle Goldberg is an artist based in New York City.

Ruba Katrib is Curator at SculptureCenter, New York City.

Josh Kline is an artist and curator based in New York City.

Adriana Lara is an artist, performer, and editor based in Mexico City.

Lars Bang Larsen is an art historian, independent curator, and writer based in São Paulo and Copenhagen.

Lynn Hershman Leeson is an artist and filmmaker based in San Francisco and New York City.

Chus Martínez is Head of the Institute of Art of the FHNW Academy of Arts and Design, Basel.

Jeanine Oleson is an artist based in New York City.

Magali Reus is an artist based in London.

Aki Sasamoto is an artist based in New York City.

Jenni Sorkin is Assistant Professor of History of Art and Architecture at the University of California, Santa Barbara.

Jennifer Teets is a curator, writer, and lecturer based in Paris.

Anicka Yi is an artist based in New York City.

Mika Yoshitake is Associate Curator at the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, D.C.

SculptureCenter
44–19 Purves Street
Long Island City
New York 11101
Tel: 718.361.1750
www.sculpture-center.org

SculptureCenter's exhibitions and operating support is generously provided by grants from The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts; the Lambent Foundation; Fund of Tides Foundation; New York City Department of Cultural Affairs, in partnership with the City Council; Kraus Family Foundation; New York State Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Andrew M. Cuomo and the New York State Legislature; A. Woodner Fund; Jeanne Donovan Fisher; The National Endowment for the Arts; The Pollock-Krasner Foundation; and contributions from our Board of Trustees and Director's Circle. Additional funding is provided by the Milton and Sally Avery Arts Foundation and through contributions from many generous individuals.

SculptureCenter

Black Dog Publishing Limited
10a Acton Street, London WC1X 9NG
United Kingdom

Tel: +44 (0)20 7713 5097
Fax: +44 (0)20 7713 8682
info@blackdogonline.com
www.blackdogonline.com

British Library Cataloguing-in-Publication Data.
A CIP record for this book is available from the British Library.
ISBN 978 1 910433 68 3.

Designed at Black Dog Publishing.

Black Dog Publishing Limited, London, UK, is an environmentally responsible company. *How Does It Feel? Inquiries into Contemporary Sculpture* is printed on sustainably sourced paper.

Where is Production? Inquiries into Contemporary Sculpture and *What about Power? Inquiries into Contemporary Sculpture,* the first two titles in this series are also available from Black Dog Publishing.

Where is Production?
ISBN 978 1 908966 25 4

What about Power?
ISBN 978 1 908966 84 1

art design fashion
history photography
theory and things

www.blackdogonline.com