

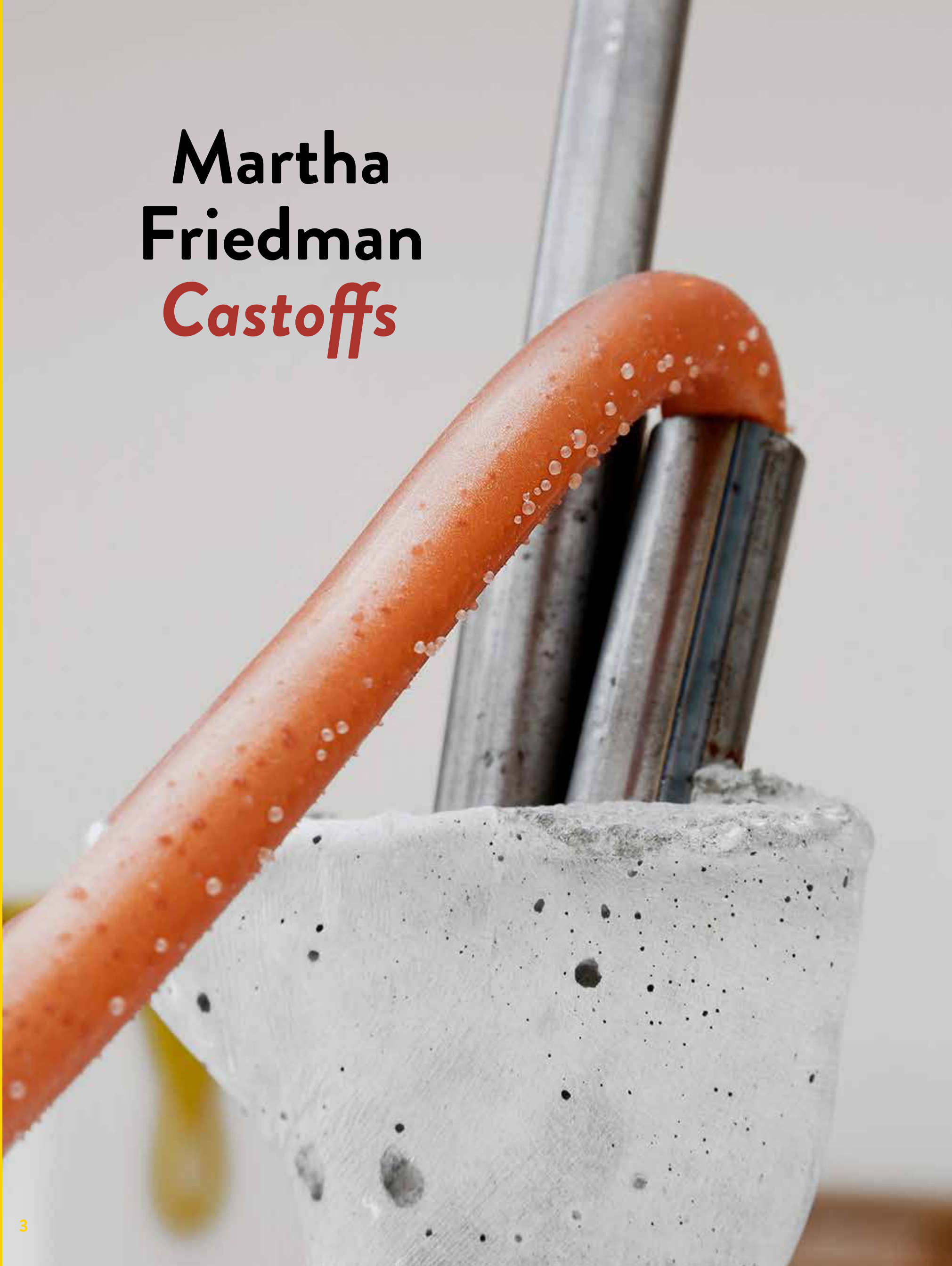
Martha Friedman *Castoffs*



Henry

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HENRY ART GALLERY



**Martha
Friedman**
Castoffs

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Foreword

It was a pleasure and a privilege to present *Martha Friedman: Castoffs*, an exhibition of all new figurative sculpture by Martha Friedman. This work is a dynamic expression of Friedman's ongoing interest in the vulnerabilities, anxieties, and pleasures of having a body. Elegant blown-glass finger forms punctuated a grid of pedestals holding hybrid constructions made of metal, rubber, and concrete cast body parts of Friedman's frequent collaborator, dancer and choreographer Silas Riener. Long invested in processes and materials that evoke the body, Friedman here represented the figure directly, exploring the complexity of the body as material, object, and subject.

The Henry prides itself as a platform for artists to pursue new and evolving aspects of their practice. What started as experiments in Friedman's studio, coalesced into a beautifully engaging set of works that energetically occupied the large volume of the Henry's light-filled lower level gallery. I am particularly thankful to Henry Associate Curator Nina Bozicnik, the organizer of the exhibition and lead on this publication, for her commitment to realizing this project and stewarding Friedman's artistic vision. Bozicnik's keen eye, depth of intelligence, and generosity of spirit informed all aspects of the exhibition and accompanying catalogue. Thanks go, too, to Susan Lewandowski, Manager of Exhibitions and Registration for deftly handling the logistics of the exhibition; Alex Hines, Assistant Registrar, and Jes Gettler, Lead Preparator and Exhibition Designer, along with fellow preparators Max Pethe and Webster Crowell, for working with poise and professionalism to realize a finessed installation. We are grateful, as well, to Emily Madrigal, the artist's studio assistant, who was essential to the successful presentation of Friedman's complex works, and Emily Schmierer, former Curatorial Department Coordinator, who was instrumental in the development of this publication.

We extend our appreciation to those who joined Bozicnik in contributing texts to this publication, opening a discursive field around *Castoffs*; scholar Brooke Holmes, and art historian and scholar Tina M. Campt, who have been in dialogue with Friedman about her work for several years. Their thoughtful consideration of Friedman's work enriches the experience of the sculptures. Campt's contribution is an experimental essay that lyrically animates an encounter with Friedman's work and addresses the intimacy and labor of its making, while Holmes draws from her studies as a scholar of Classics to explore how Friedman's work opens a conversation about the body as a subject of history as well as a material vulnerable to the passage of time.

Gratitude also goes to Henry Graphic Designer Sarah Bergmann for designing this publication that handsomely translates the tactile richness of Friedman's sculptures to the space of the page. Our appreciation also extends to the Barr Ferree Publication Fund at Princeton University, which contributed generously to the production of this publication. We are also grateful to the ongoing support of the Seattle Office of Arts & Culture and their support in funding the *Castoffs* exhibition.

Finally, we are indebted to Martha Friedman for sharing her artistic vision and verve so generously, and entrusting the Henry to debut her new work. Friedman's depth of commitment and collegial spirit made the exhibition and this publication possible, and made the experience of working together a delight. We are filled with gratitude and appreciation for the opportunity to share Friedman's work with our audiences in hopes that it inspires others as much as it has inspired us all.

Sylvia Wolf,
John S. Behnke Director



Castoffs

Nina Bozicnik

Castoffs is an exhibition of new work by Martha Friedman that synthesizes her ongoing interest in the human body as a subject of sculptural inquiry. Central to this exhibition is a group of hybrid forms that bring together hand-cast concrete body parts with studio scraps of silicon rubber and metal spikes in combinations that riff on classical sculpture and surrealist assemblage. Populating the sunlight-filled space of the Henry's large lower level gallery, their effect reimagines the vision of a nineteenth-century sculpture hall; instead of marble, bronze or plaster casts of chiseled figures in reified form, the gallery stages an encounter more perverse in its visceral evocations, with bodily entities neither contained nor defined neatly.

The body Friedman deconstructs is of central significance to the evolution and provocation of this work. Each cast is made from the body of her friend and frequent collaborator, Silas Riener, a dancer and choreographer acclaimed for his virtuosic performance, a rising cultural icon known for the control he commands over his body. In previous work together such as *Pore* (2015) at Locust Projects in Miami, Riener tangled himself within Friedman's large and heavy rubber sculptures, exploring his bodily limits and the dynamic between agency and constraint. In contrast, the work in *Castoffs* was made in the intimate space of Friedman's studio. Riener contorted himself into hard-to-hold postures that challenged his endurance, and Friedman hurried to make molds of the resulting shapes. The ensuing concrete cast parts deform and disembody Riener as they track the enfolding of subject, material, and object, complicating the historically gendered power dynamic between male sculptor and female model. Within this consensual act of artistic exploration there is mutual pleasure in seeking new sensation and expression. As Riener explores his embodiment, Friedman challenges her acumen as a manipulator of materials, while also tangling with her reverence for and rejection of Riener's idealized masculine form and the symbolic place it occupies in the cultural and social imaginary.

In the composite sculptures that make use of Riener's disarticulated body, Friedman denaturalizes his virtuosic male figure, disrupting illusions of wholeness, as well as the discrete and impenetrable bounds that his admired form signifies. Flexible rubber tubes pool and cascade in ways evocative of leaking fluids, and metal support structures penetrate to foreground the visceral realities of the body as unstable and susceptible to collapse. In the gallery, the leaky and unbounded bodies rest perched atop pedestals in ways that challenge outmoded social hierarchies that value the contained, and shame the body that leaks.¹ Here, the leak, often feminized, is indiscriminate. And as such, Friedman pokes holes in an enduring image of male power shored up by myths of bodily difference dependent on control and mastery. The title *Castoffs* is an allusion to this desire for loosening the sediment of inherited traditions and congealed models of social value, while also referencing the process and materials used in making the work. In the place of an unwavering durability, Friedman presents us with vulnerability, and the potential undoing of constructed expectations that circumscribe gendered bodies.

The assemblages of parts that result in Friedman's sculptures stymie the potential to project an idealized image of the whole back onto the part. A calf intersects a back. A concrete mass extends from a buttock, generating a different view of what might constitute a body altogether. Such incongruent amalgamations differ markedly from say a recent "re-reconstruction" of a late sixteenth/early seventeenth-century statue of the Roman god Bacchus, in which conservationists modeled a replacement arm on that of a college athlete.² Whereas this effort restores optimized function to the body, Friedman's sculptures disrupt it. In Friedman's sculptures, industrial metal combined with fleshy surfaces undercut a cyborg vision of enhancement, counteracting rather than augmenting the body's expected purpose. This is Riener's body made other to itself; determined form and function made fragile.

Displayed within a four-by-seven grid, Friedman's composite sculptures create an open matrix that viewers continuously enter, placing themselves inside and among the dispersed parts in a blurring of interior and exterior that multiples across the exhibition. As viewers move within the grid, the field visually shifts making cohesion and distillation into a unified whole impossible. Punctuating the grid are three elegant and over-sized, blown-glass finger forms, which in their solidity, suggest an effort to hold the dispersed contents about them together. Simultaneously, the probing gesture of these fingers courts an action of undoing, their presence evoking a dual desire to fix and unfix. Inspired by Egyptian two-finger amulets placed at the site of incision during mummification to protect the integrity of the embalmed body, Friedman's fingers play at the boundary between inside and outside. But unlike the flattened, almost two-dimensional artifacts that inspired them, Friedman's curved fingers signal a transgression of the threshold, a desire to touch, to open.

Fingers that probe the boundary between interior and exterior are a potent symbol for Friedman's *Castoffs*, an exhibition that at its center challenges the determinacy of boundedness. The exhibition dynamically operates in this space where individual bodies are not unto themselves alone, but constituted by a dynamic set of physical and psychic relationships. In part, *Castoffs* offers a way to consider what structures of knowing might loosen when we touch at these multiple meetings. What methods open for thinking the body, the gendered body differently?

¹ See Emma Pask, "Becoming a Leak", *The New Inquiry*, May 30, 2017, <https://thenewinquiry.com/becoming-a-leak/>

² See Sarah Rose Sharp, "College Basketball Poses to Lend an Ancient Roman Statue an Arm," *Hyperallergic*, January 9, 2019, <https://hyperallergic.com>

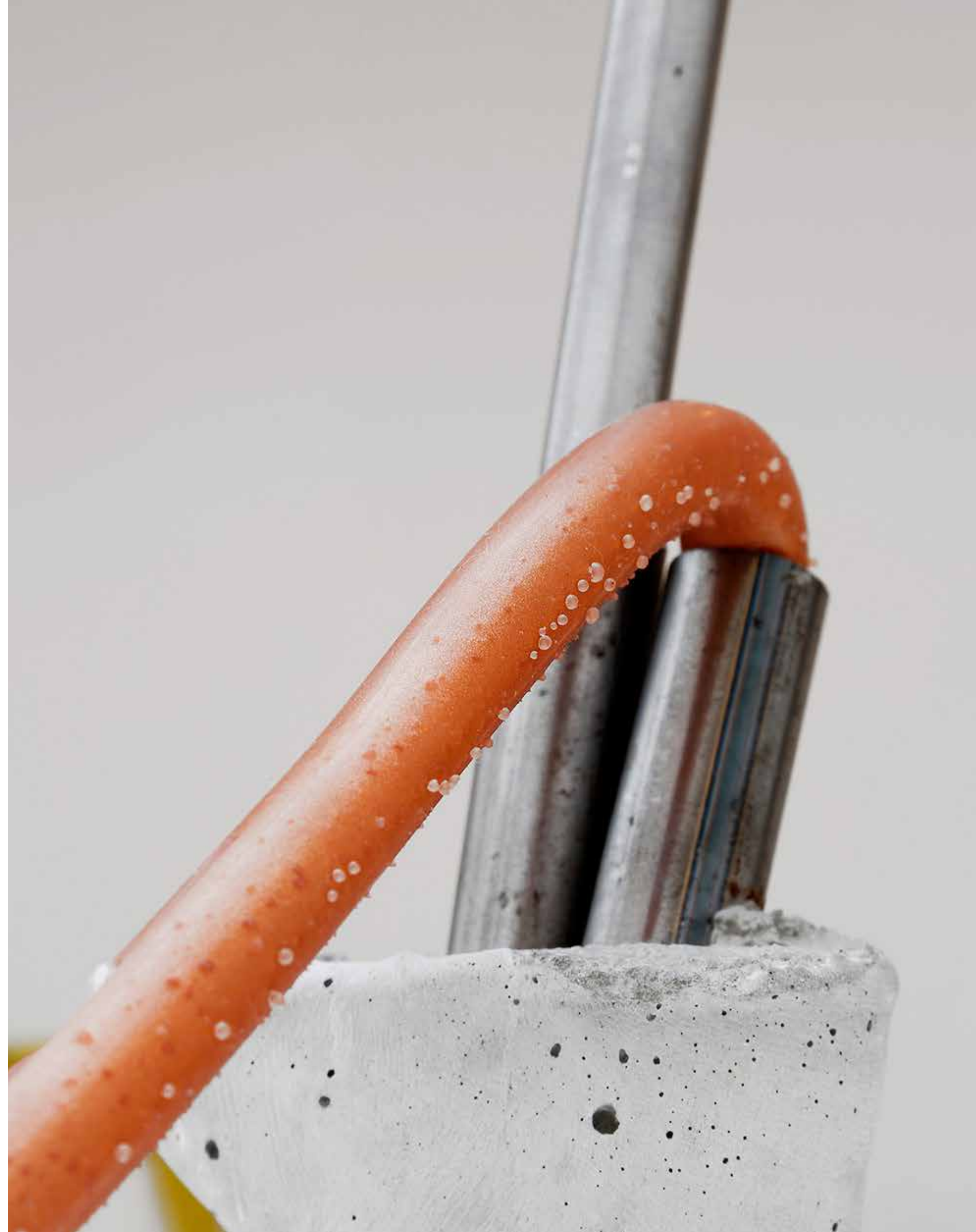


















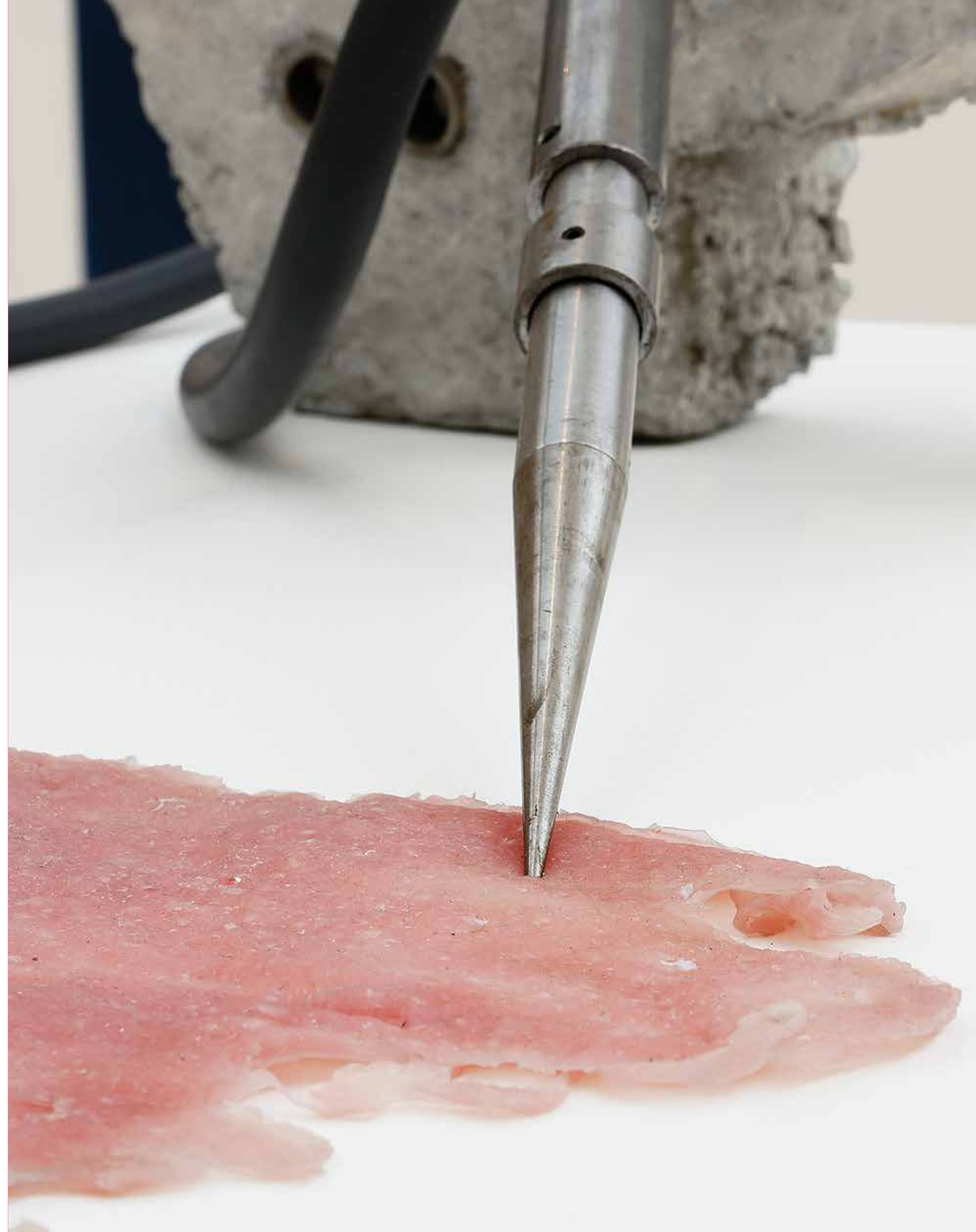




























Em/Bodied Materiality

Tina M. Campt

Before I met Silas, in most of my sculpture, often the material of rubber was the stand in for a body . . . Then he and I started working together, and his body became a material, his body entered the work. And it made sense for that work to be durational, to be performative because of this living amazing body that I was collaborating with and working with . . . I decided to turn his body into a material, to try and pull his human form back into material, instead of it being a body that sets material in contrast . . . When Silas comes into the work he is a body and a material, and now, in this work, I'm trying to turn his body into a material, or into an object.

—Martha Friedman, interview with the author and Silas Riener

I have to figure out how to sustain the shape. Once Martha starts mixing the alginate, the material that the mold is composed of, there is a period of time where it's really wet and it seeps into all the crevices. And then there's a really narrow window where all the detail is being captured, and the material is changing form . . . I know that I'm almost done when the temperature of the plaster stops being hot. Those are the ways in which I know how much time has passed. The only things I feel I really have to hold onto are these experiences of temperature or the duration of pain or my breathing. The way that I know I'm alive and not a sculpture of myself are these really basic parts of reality, like heat transfer.

—Silas Riener, interview with the author and Martha Friedman

The material itself is cold, both to the eye as well as to the touch. Its porous gray hue is the lifeless color of dis/ease. Its texture is uneven: in some places rocky pebbles suggest lunar surface with smoother, marble-like surfaces elsewhere. From one vantage point, it is formless and random, from another, inescapably corporeal. The digits of a thumb or toe, the crease of an elbow, the curve of a buttock—these are the identifiable body parts discernable at first glance. Others, if not most, are far less easily recognizable. They span an intentional spectrum from ambiguity to deformity in ways that taunt the viewer and solicit a riddle of guesswork to decipher and reembody the absent figure that cast off and left behind his body parts for the pleasure of public display or consumption.

Their disembodiment is multiple. It begins with disaggregation and literal dismemberment from any semblance of a whole. It continues with the merging of material with flesh and the casting of a living body in concrete, the consummate building material that transforms from liquid into solid structures. It reaches an unsettling zenith through its piercing with or mounting on steel spikes, its sensual draping, penetration, inter-digitation or intertwining with rubber tubing, or its resting in curious repose on rippling or perforated rubber sheets of indigo or crimson that seem to drip, ooze, and flow beneath them. The latter suggests the fluids absent from but inherent to these disembodied parts. They suggest the messier interiors laid bare by disembowelment. They connect corporeal interiority and exteriority by conjuring the life-blood and guts that animate and aspirate human bodies.

*Clothes off, full exposure, complete vulnerability
Lie on the floor, take a position, strike a pose, shift, try again.
A look, a gaze, a labored reflection on each posture, gesture, position
Corrections, instructions, adaptation, adjustment
A conversation ensues: this works, not that, this is good. . .
Isolate and select the desired configuration; capture in an image—both
a photograph and a memory.
A conversation ensues: How long can you hold it? Is it painful? Too
intense? Okay, let's try it.
Mix the alginate—tick-tick
Form it to the body—tick-tock
Be very still—tick-tick
Try to breathe—tick-tock
Wait 'til it sets—tick-tick
Hot to warm, warm to cool, sustain the pose, sustain (the) feeling—
tick-tock
Remove the mold. Release the body. Next pose.*

Shining out within this serial display are three objects that simultaneously do and do not cohere with the larger group. They do not share the inert qualities of the larger set. They are glistening and luminous. Unlike the precarious positioning of their fellow 'members', they stand upright and rise skyward: three pairs of fingers in gold, smoky ombre, and translucent glass. These differently cast bodily extensions are continuous and contiguous with the other members of the series, both part of and contrary to the larger set. Unlike the others, which transpose body into material, they are an enactment of the inverse. Enlarged at an exponential scale, they recreate the ancient Egyptian amulets that sutured the wounds of embalming to accompany the bodies of the dead in the transition from one plane of life to another. The embalming process they signify sustained the lifeless body for the next journey of its former inhabitant.

Our visual encounter with these serial dismemberments is destabilizing. Raised high on white pedestals, we engage them at eye-level in ways that disrupt and preclude ocular mastery. Do we, can we take the full measure of the work at this unfamiliar elevation? Can we discern their synchrony in the absence of a birds-eye view? We must yield to their lack of narrative and to the monumentality of the assembled fragments. We must interact with them in space, in all of their three-dimensions.

The provocative assemblage that is Martha Friedman's *Castoffs* is perhaps best understood as a self-curated sculpture. Comprised of the upcycled remains of older works merged with new sculptures created from concrete casts from pulled molds of her long-time collaborator, dancer and choreographer, Silas Riener, and hand-blown glass reproductions of ancient artifacts, the installation is an exquisite instantiation of the tensions of form and abstraction, virtuosity and deformity, and the labor of merging embodiment and materiality. The work is a collaboration in all respects: from the coordination of Riener's capacity to create and sustain his body in virtuosic poses, to Friedman's own capacity to calibrate the alchemy of alginate and concrete and their transition from liquid to solid, to her collaboration with Anders Rydstedt and UrbanGlass Brooklyn to orchestrate the four-person ensemble of artisan glass-blowers required to create the large-scale glass amulets.

Friedman's practice is as physical as the corporeal objects she creates and, in turn, deconstructs in *Castoffs*. It is a deconstruction that reshapes our encounter with the bodies this work refuses to allow us to master. Her disembodiment of the body into parts renders the virtuosity of Riener's body deformed—deflecting us away from a seduction with the dancer's body. Refusing this aestheticism, Friedman labors to create ambiguity and in doing so, challenges the expectations of gender normativity. Pressing and squeezing genitals against soft and hard surfaces, her disaggregated bodies play with gender by disguising and deforming it, even when in full view. Both in the collaborations that produced the work, as well as in the casts that emerge from those productions, extremity is Friedman's medium as well as her muse—the extremity of bodily contortion and physical exertion.

From holding an extreme pose for an extended period of time while encased in alginate, to manipulating hundreds of pounds of molten glass and shaping it through breath into three-foot high fingers, the labor of embodied materiality infuses Friedman's ability to enliven the em/bodied materiality she casts so stunningly in concrete and in glass. In doing so she conjures a blurred line between bodies and material, yet she does so with infinite forms of care. They are forms of care made manifest in the supple relationships she forges between soft and hard surfaces, pointy and blunt forms, vertical and horizontal planes. They are forms of care that find expression in the intensely tender relations of trust she forms with the individuals she includes in her practice. It is a practice exemplified most strikingly by Friedman and Riener's own descriptions of their creative process, which they recount as nothing less than intimate two-person choreography of care.















Time-Lapse: On Martha Friedman's *Castoffs*

Brooke Holmes

The body exists in time. The claim is so obviously true that it risks being only a truism. It becomes interesting if it's read not as a statement about bodies lived and witnessed, about bones and flesh and the bacteria in the gut and the synapses in the brain, but as a statement about "the body"—that is, the body as a concept we use to make sense of the world and our place in it and the place of others in their sameness and their difference from us. In its life as a concept that takes decisive shape in classical Greece, the physical body has long behaved as the standing testament to what time demands of human beings and what time claims from them.¹ In this capacity, it holds out a place for that which obeys different rules, coolly aloof from embodied time: mind or soul or god or the Idea. It's worth emphasizing at the outset, then, that in making the body the emblem of what is fatally entangled in time, we are firmly within the history of the body: loving and hating it, noticing it and studiously ignoring it, opening it up and defending its boundaries. It can be easy to overlook the body's historicity precisely because it has been so persistently imagined as transhistorical and transcultural.² Nevertheless, the casting of the body as time's pawn is itself a process existing in time, stepped in history.

It is this double-sided time of the body that is inhabited and, in turn, enacted by Martha Friedman's group of sculptures in *Castoffs*. The installation comprises thirty-two evenly spaced pedestals raised uncomfortably high. Each pedestal, with a few exceptions, displays a composition involving some mix of concrete casts made from the body of the dancer Silas Riener; rubber mats, blocks, and tubes; and steel plates, poles, spikes, and pipes. The exceptions are three pedestals holding aloft three pairs of enormous and exquisitely detailed glass fingers, slightly bent in a pose of probing. The palette is rigorously gray except for the rare, bright colors of the rubber and the gleam of the fingers. To enter this gridded domain is to confront the body's fall into time at two levels operating simultaneously.

First and foremost, the sculptures are composed of and are themselves flagrantly *made* objects, openly bearing the marks of their discontinuous creation in time and the ever-present possibility of disassembly. They exaggerate the body as an assemblage of parts, held together with seams and spikes. They reject the figure of an organism governed by a single, timeless, unifying form. In their fabricated heterogeneity, they recall the cyborg made famous over the past few decades by Donna Haraway and its defiantly monstrous fusions of human and nonhuman.³ They recall, too, the human body that Plato builds in his cosmological magnum opus, the *Timaeus*, perhaps the most influential text on the creation of the world for the Arabic and Latin philosophical traditions at least through the sixteenth century. In the *Timaeus*, the lesser gods, acting on instructions from the master Demiurge, rivet together the cosmic building blocks to design the human body.⁴ Immortal souls will fall from the stars into these bodies in utero. They will enter the world spinning from the tumult of birth and spend the rest of their lives trying to realign with astral harmonies by resisting the body's centrifugal tendencies: its innate, fluid instability, the slow erosion of its joints and the resulting dissolution. Those souls that fail this task are reborn first as women, then as animals.

The hierarchy of Plato's ladder no longer surprises us, but we still despair of finding our way off of it.

Haraway's commitment to the cyborg was born out of her grappling with the long, stubborn history of the body as both the prison of the soul, as it usually is in Plato, and the usually obedient, feminized partner of form, as it comes to be in Plato's student and successor, Aristotle. Here, then, we are also working on the other side of the body's time: its historicity. Friedman's castoffs intervene in the historical life of the body most directly by addressing the tradition of classical sculpture as a privileged domain for the transcendence of mortal bodies into timelessness. From the eighteenth century, when Johann Joachim Winckelmann founded the modern discipline of art history on the guiding principles of ancient Greek sculpture, the classical body—male, muscular, and chiseled from white marble—has been the defining ideal of the plastic arts.⁵ Already in the fifth century BCE, the Greek sculptor Polykleitus had created his paradigmatic *Doryphorus* (Spearbearer) as a celebration of the rational order encoded in the exemplary male form. Polykleitus was working at a moment when the Hippocratic medical writers were simultaneously mapping the physical body as a mostly hidden domain of volatile fluids requiring the vigilance and discipline of technique (*technē*). In this context, the classical form of the Spearbearer has the air of a defensive fantasy. Indeed, the sculptor often appears in Aristotle and Galen as a figure much like the doctor, heroically imposing form on the body, keeping it from falling apart and drowning in its own matter.

In *Castoffs*, Friedman sets out not so much to invert the entrenched hierarchy of form and matter as to interrogate what form fears in matter and the defenses that this fear produces. Rather than decline to accept the conventionally male agency aligned with the sculptor, she instead cannily experiments with it in the registers of mimicry, exaggeration, and collaboration. In so doing, she lays claim to the sculptor's capacity to powerfully restructure corporeal imaginaries across time as well as under highly local conditions.

The force of Friedman's claim is announced by the use of the grid, that modernist bulwark against mess.⁶ But in Friedman's installation, the grid houses a menagerie of strategies for turning tradition on its head: the concrete casts taken from Riener, Friedman's muse; the flows and tubes of rubber; the reuse of earlier work and material; the cold violence of the steel implements; the finely-detailed, over-scaled fingers inspired by Egyptian rituals of mummification. The very proliferation of techniques is integral to Friedman's idiosyncratic challenge to the tenacious binaries of classic structuralism. There are different ways, she suggests, to reverse Platonism (to borrow a phrase used by the philosopher Gilles Deleuze to challenge the tyranny of form and mind in philosophy and the arts).⁷

The processes of casting and mold-making have been integral to Friedman's practice throughout her career. With *Castoffs*, these processes come center stage as both the means of producing objects and, in some sense, the very content of the exhibition. The mechanics of casting inherently challenge the idea of the artwork as a singular masterpiece by

introducing the possibility of serial repetition (seriality is, in fact, an often occluded dimension of classical sculpture, as the art historian Salvatore Settis has emphasized).⁸ But the cast’s promise of seriality always risks reinstating the hope of faithful replication. In *Castoffs*, that promise is systematically undermined by the contingencies of process, which become a mirror to the infinite variability of the model. In Friedman’s concrete casts of Riener, the mold “takes” the form of the body but it takes the body with it, too, in the stray hair caught and carried over to the concrete, or the odd fold of skin that clouds our recognition of what it is we’re looking at. If these relics bring us tantalizingly close to the singular referent of Riener’s body, they also bear witness to something even slipperier, the specific encounters of flesh and mold, mold and concrete—and the particular and only partially predictable behaviors of each material. They bear witness, we should note, only as traces of an event rather than as clear reflections of a process. Even formally, the body is captured in bits and pieces with no regard for the natural cuts of textbook anatomy. Instead, Friedman imposes a frame on the male body contorted in ways that defy legibility, at once comic and seductive.

The erotic imagination of the romantic-modernist fragment haunts Friedman’s casts of Riener.⁹ Yet, parts find surprising partners. The casts are penetrated and encircled by alien materials, suggesting unexpected gazes. Rubber tubing in shades of the four humors uncoils like guts from an inside that at times turns out to be all surface, or slips through gaps with the unnerving agility of an epiphyte, or a prosthetic feeding device. At times, the tubes hang limply, pulling the forms earthward and echoing the drapes and folds of the rubber mats. Friedman has long been fascinated with the humors, the liquid stuffs that dominated medico-philosophical models of the human being from classical Greece well into the eighteenth century. She’s toyed with them before, most notably in *Pore* (2015), which was made up of four enormous, ceiling-hung rubber sculptures, one for each of the canonical humors (phlegm, blood, yellow bile, black bile), each one paired with costume and choreography for Riener, who performed with the piece. Scraps from *Pore* reappear in *Castoffs*, reassembled with other castoffs from Friedman’s corpus of work. In her reuse of earlier material, Friedman overlays and displaces the historical time of the physical body with biographical time. But biographical time is in no way linear. It does not imply organic development. Rather, in reuse, too, the techniques of juxtaposition and assemblage dominate; parts again find surprising partners.

Especially assertive in the exhibition’s cast of collaborators are the steel poles, spikes, and pipes, which dramatically punctuate the visual field of the grid. They often act as prostheses, lending the casts of body parts vital support and fending off harm. But their power to defend is

inseparable from the violence of preemptive penetration, as if protection required first the blunt demonstration of violability. They plug the very holes that Friedman’s interventions in the casts have created. Holes are the greatest threat to bodies in classical philosophy: they allow the outside in. Then again, bodies do get hurt. What makes this collection of sculpture so endlessly fascinating and disturbing is Friedman’s use of insentient materials to work the ambivalent juncture between bodies and vulnerability. The strategy works at multiple levels. At close proximity, you feel the pointed pressure of the steel spikes on their rubber mats like a sharp object on your own skin. Inside the installation, Friedman imposes a claustrophobic verticality. Rather than dispensing with the pedestals that help scale the classical body up to ideal dimensions, she exaggerates their height, perhaps reading minimalism’s telltale floor work as false modesty.¹⁰ The pedestals elevate the sculptures. But they also flaunt the horizontality of the limp tubes and loose folds and splayed parts held to whatever verticality they have only with violence. The pedestal-as-prop reinforces the sense of the steel poles as prosthetic spines of the phallic. The aggression of the metal is both the object and the means of critique.

The three pairs of large glass fingers insert themselves here. They are modeled on ancient Egyptian amulets that were laid over the cut produced by mummification, covering the hole but also memorializing its refusal to close and, so, the need for protection. That they are Egyptian asks to be read as a challenge to the conventionally Greco-Roman classical in the aftermath of Martin Bernal’s *Black Athena* trilogy and the debates it triggered over a quarter of a century ago.¹¹ Bernal provocatively located the origins of Greece and “the West” in ancient Egypt and Phoenicia and argued that by denying this paternity, we remain mired in the racism of nineteenth-century classicism. Friedman’s fingers echo this challenge, probing the classicizing and anti-classicizing terms of the installation and the very logic of the museum as art-historical institution.

But the fingers are not only critique. They flirt, in the spirit of amulets, with the fantasy of recuperated wholeness, and with the exoticization of that fantasy (the anthropological double bind). In their probing, they insinuate a pleasure that refuses the procreative urges of another origin story. They make no secret of their material: glass is a fragile defense (beware the stones of others, the critique deflected back). Still, there they are, taking up space, above it all, larger than life, stunning, glossy objects—unbroken. Friedman’s glass fingers aren’t perfect, but they also seem to warn against the fetish of imperfection, and contingency, and holes. They are made things, products of mind and collective labor and creativity. They remain alive to the blur and the noise involved in making an image of something in time. At the same time, they seem to want a body to live in different times simultaneously, to live at speeds other than the rate of decay. They ask: Could we care for our mortality, rather than our immortality, in this spirit?

1 See Alex Potts, *Flesh and the Ideal: Winckelmann and the Origins of Art History* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1993).

2 See Alex Potts, *Flesh and the Ideal: Winckelmann and the Origins of Art History* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1993).

3 Donna Haraway, “A Cyborg Manifesto: Science, Technology, and Socialist-Feminism in the Late Twentieth Century,” in *Simians, Cyborgs, and Women: The Reinvention of Nature* (New York: Routledge, 1991). Haraway has herself moved away the cyborg in favor of the companion animal for thinking about the human interface with the non-human: see *Donna Haraway, The Companion Species Manifesto: Dogs, People, and Significant Otherness* (Chicago: Prickly Paradigm Press, 2003).

4 Plato, *Timaeus*, 69c–81e; 90a–92c.

5 See Alex Potts, *Flesh and the Ideal: Winckelmann and the Origins of Art History* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1993).

6 On the modernist grid, see Rosalind E. Krauss, “Grids,” in *The Originality of the Avant-Garde and Other Modernist Myths*, 9–22 (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1986).

7 On the reversal of Platonism, Deleuze’s essay on Plato’s Sophist in the appendix to *The Logic of Sense* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1988) is an excellent place to start, but in fact “reversing Platonism” also stands as a leitmotif of his entire philosophical corpus.

8 Salvatore Settis, “Supremely Original: Classical Art as Serial, Iterative, Portable,” in Salvatore Settis with Anna Anguissola and Davide Gasparotto (eds.), *Serial/Portable Classic: Multiplying Art in Greece and Rome*, 51–72 (Milan: Fondazione Prada, 2015). The book accompanies two major exhibitions curated by Settis in 2015 at Fondazione Prada in Milan and Venice (“Serial Classic” and “Portable Classic,” respectively).

9 For a distillation of the imaginary around the fragment, see Rainer Maria Rilke’s “Archaic Torso of Apollo”:

We cannot know his legendary head
with eyes like ripening fruit. And yet his torso
is still suffused with brilliance from inside
like a lamp, in which his gaze, now turned to low,

gleams in all its power. Otherwise
the curved breast could not dazzle you so, nor could
a smile run through the placid hips and thighs
to that dark center where procreation flared.

Otherwise this stone would seem defaced
beneath the translucent cascade of the shoulders
and would not glisten like a wild beast’s fur:

would not, from all the borders of itself,
burst like a star: for here there is no place
that does not see you. You must change your life.
(trans. Stephen Mitchell)

10 On the “lateral spread” of Carl Andre’s floor work, in particular, as anti-phallic, see Briony Fer, “Carl Andre and the Fall of Sculpture,” in Ian Cole (ed.), *Carl Andre and the Sculptural Imagination: Museum of Modern Art Papers, Volume Two*, 37–43 (Oxford: Museum of Modern Art Oxford, 1996). The pedestal is often read specifically as a prop of classicizing authority. Rem Koolhaas declares that the “apparent symbiosis between classical sculpture and the pedestal has not been questioned for over 20 centuries now” (“The Socle and the Vitrine,” in *Serial/Portable Classic*, 199)—until, that is, his decision to strip pedestals from the exhibition “Serial Classic.” The decision aimed specifically at restoring intimacy between viewers and classical objects, freeing them from experts, and reanimating the sculptures.

11 Martin Bernal, *Black Athena: The Afroasiatic Roots of Classical Civilization*, 3 vols. (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1987–2006).

























Contributors

Brooke Holmes is the Robert F. Goheen Professor in the Humanities and Professor of Classics at Princeton University. She has published widely on the history and philosophy of the body and materialism, the history of medicine and the life sciences, Ancient Greek literature, and the history and theory of classicism, especially in philosophy and aesthetics. Her most recent publication was the co-edited experimental book *Liquid Antiquity* (DESTE Foundation for Contemporary Art, 2017), which was accompanied by a video installation designed by Diller Scofidio + Renfro and first exhibited at the Benaki Museum in Athens, Greece.

Tina M. Camp is Claire Tow and Ann Whitney Olin Professor of Africana and Women's, Gender and Sexuality Studies at Barnard College-Columbia University. She is the author of three books: *Other Germans: Black Germans and the Politics of Race, Gender and Memory in the Third Reich* (2004), *Image Matters: Archive, Photography and the African Diaspora in Europe* (2012), and *Listening to Images* (2017).

Martha Friedman is a Full-time Lecturer and Director of the Visual Arts Program at Princeton University. Recent solo exhibitions of her work have been held at The Institute of Fine Arts, New York (2016-2017); Locust Projects, Miami, FL (2015-2016); WallSpace, New York (2012); Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit, MI (2010); and the deCordova Sculpture Park + Museum, Lincoln, MA (2010). Her work has featured in numerous group exhibitions in the U.S. and internationally. She was the recipient of a 2017 Visiting Artist Fellowship at UrbanGlass, Brooklyn, and the recipient of a 2016 National Endowment for the Arts grant in collaboration with Susan Marshall Dance Company. Friedman earned her BFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 1998 and her MFA from Yale University School of Art in 2003. Friedman was born in Detroit, Michigan in 1975, and currently lives and works in Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

Nina Bozicnik is Associate Curator at the Henry Art Gallery, where she has organized exhibitions including *Between Bodies* (2018-2019), as well as the museum-wide exhibition *The Time. The Place. Contemporary Art from the Collection* (2017-2018). She has also organized solo presentations and projects with artists including Demian DinéYazhi' (2018), Lauren Woods (w/ Michelle Hagedorn, 2017), Chris E. Vargas and the Museum of Transgender History and Art (2016-2017), and Michelle Handelman (2015), among others. Prior to the Henry, Bozicnik held curatorial positions at the Currier Museum of Art, Manchester, NH; deCordova Sculpture Park + Museum, Lincoln, MA, and the Tufts University Art Gallery, Medford, MA.

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HENRY ART GALLERY

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All works by Martha Friedman

29 Untitled sculptures. 2018

Concrete, silicone rubber, and steel

Work dimensions vary; Pedestal dimensions: 49 x 38 x 24 inches

Collection of the artist, with exceptions below:

Page xxx: Collection of Beth Rudin DeWoody

Page xxx: Collection of Henry Art Gallery, purchased with funds from Beth Rudin DeWoody

Untitled. 2018

Glass

Dimensions

Collection of Beth Rudin DeWoody

Untitled. 2018

Glass and pigment

Dimensions

Collection of the artist

Untitled. 2018

Glass and gold

Dimensions

Collection of the artist

