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## ***Nauman's Body of Sculpture***

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In June 1966 Bruce Nauman earned a master's degree in art with an emphasis on sculpture from the University of California, Davis. That fall he began to put his training to work as a teacher of sculpture at the San Francisco Art Institute. Nearly two years later he was still employed teaching sculpture (spring 1968 was his final semester): three studios, totaling ten contact hours per week, a class load that nowadays would amount to more or less a full-time job. Mostly beginners, his students, so the course catalogue declared, were to work "in clay, plaster, wood, and other materials" and to benefit from a lecture on sculptural topics presented by various members of the faculty no less than once a week.<sup>1</sup>

These few details summon an institutional context for Nauman's professional formation and early career. It is clear that he was trained and hired to know whereof he spoke. The Art Institute did not merely ask its sculpture instructors to cover a required (and provided) syllabus; the school also expected each teacher "to present material from his experience, convictions and technical knowledge in the order and at the rate which, in his judgement, will be best related to the needs of the individual student."<sup>2</sup> If these demands, which trust in the independence and maturity of "master artist-teachers,"<sup>3</sup> need stressing, it is because they help to define a peculiar phenomenon. As one local observer put it, the arts flourished "underground" in San Francisco; under such conditions, art schools and art departments alone were able to maintain the diversity and self-direction that allowed a "vigorously independent atmosphere."<sup>4</sup> This is Bay Area boosterism, perhaps, yet the fact remains that Nauman emerged from UC Davis as a professional sculptor in the making (or so his Davis diploma promised), and it was as an instructor of sculpture (thus a "master artist-teacher") that he first found work that paid. Yet we still might be inclined to dismiss the significance of these concrete circumstances, not least because they don't quite square with how we customarily understand this particular artist's coming-of-age. For years now, Nauman's art has seemed unclassifiable according to standard media distinctions. Instead it includes whatever experiment emerged from his studio, whether it involved writing, drawing, casting, pacing, filming, or stomping: the space was a Petri dish.

How did this come about? As the artist tells it, context was all. The story, which dates to a 1970 interview with Willoughby Sharp, has assumed something of the status of a myth of origins: "The first real change came when I had a studio. I was working very little, teaching a class one night a week... and I didn't know what to do with all that time. There was nothing in the studio because I didn't have much money for materials. So I was forced to examine myself, and what I was doing there."<sup>5</sup> By these now-familiar lights, Nauman's medium was transformed (dematerialized) to be come both process and practice; the artist was freed from the inbuilt limits of traditional materials to focus on the actions and motives of the embodied self.

Like many myths, this one aims to offer an explanation. It speaks to a circumstance: Nauman's art had left behind the limits and allegiances built into devotion to a single discipline. And as myths

often do, it seems quite persuasive if taken on its own peculiar terms. Nauman did stomp, pace, film, and much, much more. Trouble arises only if and when we change the frame. What happens, for example, if we move from myth to motive, or to a scrutiny of particular artistic practices and products? What if we aim to grasp what it was that the artist's innovative actions were working against? What might this newly inclusive studio art have been devised to reject? These questions motivate this essay because there is still so much to understand about what is sometimes termed the "post medium" condition. The task does not merely involve grasping what, in supplanting medium by mediums (as well as media), artists hoped to accomplish.<sup>6</sup> Even more interesting, perhaps, is how that transformation initially came about. It did not happen overnight. A traditional medium-sculpture, in Nauman's case - had to be decisively conquered and then aggressively destroyed. Such a process - it was endemic in the 1960s - could not help but demonstrate, however obliquely, what an artist took the enemy's strengths and weaknesses to be. What this means is that the new media artists gave an account of the "old" medium they aimed to put aside, whether it was painting or sculpture. Forced superannuation is a form of dependency, if not quite a tribute, and it is only through such back handed reliance that the non-art practices so characteristic of the moment could have managed to carry the day.

Let us return, then, to Nauman as the sculptor he was apparently training to become. What did he actually know about his future specialty? As might be expected, answers are circumstantial at best. On the one hand, the art department at Davis in the early 1960s was young and experimental, and its master's program, established in 1961, was still working out the kinks. New professors, including those inventive object-makers Robert Arneson, William T. Wiley, and Manuel Neri, were arriving nearly every year. On the other hand, though, the real centerpieces of sculpture at Davis were the metal-casting foundry and curriculum set up by Tio L. Giambruni, who, in buying and installing the necessary equipment, created one of the first such facilities to be established at any West Coast university. Even so, given its emphasis on bronze and the monument, the Davis program in sculpture hardly seemed modern: on the contrary, with its molten metals and milling assistants, it is remembered for its distinctly Renaissance methods and feel. We might imagine that such a context was inimical to Nauman, yet Giambruni's casting course was one that he (as well as "hundreds" of other students) made sure to be able to take.<sup>7</sup>

It is typical of Nauman in the 1960s that his time in the foundry promptly sparked perverse uses of the lessons Giambruni aimed to impart. Process, not product, was still the issue, but in a notably low-tech way. As Neil Benezra has phrased it, Nauman's work now "focused on the process of making itself by analyzing the venerable tradition of casting."<sup>8</sup> No one should be misled by this reference to "analysis": less intellectual than practical, it yielded up quite new rudiments of form. Turning his back on the finely tuned operations of the caster, Nauman's anti-technology was distinctly, even aggressively deskilled. While he relied on plaster molds and models, like a traditional caster, his were based on clay originals quickly massed as rough-and-ready forms.<sup>9</sup> Long loafs and large lozenges were his specialty, "soft-shape" forms, he called them, which resemble nothing so much as outsized versions of a boozy baker's ill-formed wares. Such shapes were promptly joined by hard-edged molds and models put together from cardboard and wood. Both formal categories - the hard and the soft - served to generate a whole series of resin and polyester pieces, yet the results did not have the feel of authentic originals so much as comic replicants. Nauman soon realized, as had Auguste Rodin before him, that more than one cast could be taken from any molded matrix and its identical products joined together to form a strangely palindromic whole.<sup>10</sup> It's as if "Madam, I'm Adam" had been reformulated as sculpture. The result was a physical pun.

Yet internal replication is not all these strange works were after. Mere skins painted onto and then

lifted off the mold's surface, they looked like remainders (and reminders) of some obviously absent form. What kind of form, however, was difficult to say. When Fidel Danieli called them "end or waste products," the reference seemed more industrial than natural, as befitted their look as hollow, repetitious oddments of utilitarian materials. In his next breath, however, Danieli changed register: nature triumphed, with Nauman's "molds" (his fiberglass sculptures) now emerging as versions of some "static frozen chrysalis."<sup>11</sup> The new phrasing speaks to the brittle lightness and odd aliveness of fiberglass; as Eva Hesse realized, this industrially coded material cannot help but quicken even the most mundane object with its translucency.

Danieli was responding not only to Nauman's first solo exhibition (a selection of fiberglass works at the Nicholas Wilder Gallery, Los Angeles, in May-June 1966), but also to whatever, as a local critic, he had seen in Nauman's famous studio. Its contents would soon become more widely known. In the fall of 1966 Lucy R. Lippard included Nauman's work in *Eccentric Abstraction*, the now-notorious exhibition staged at the Fischbach Gallery, New York.<sup>12</sup> What is salient - perhaps even epochal - about that context is its effort to define what Lippard announced as a new, "non-sculptural" style. The deconstructive tenets of this new work moved beyond the nature/culture duality that (however unwittingly) Danieli was forced to note, yet the same basic contradictions remain in play: imaginative, sensual, non-spatial, anti-formal, the new work was decisively bodily, though in a wholly new way. It combined deathly passivity with vital presence, thanks to an uncanny sleight of hand. Now opposites ally: form and content are one. "The future of sculpture," Lippard hopefully concluded, "may very well lie in such non-sculptural styles."<sup>13</sup>

What needs emphasizing for our purposes, however, is how decidedly that non-sculptural future set itself against the example of an all-too-sculptural past. For Lippard, Nauman was her clearest case in point: "Nauman's pieces," she declared, "are carelessly surfaced, somewhat aged, blurred and repellent, wholly non-sculptural and deceptively inconsequential at first sight." Why did Lippard trot out this laundry list of quasi faults? The answer is simple: Behind each of Nauman's apparent failings stands a shadow antithesis, a bygone practice of sculpture that the artist has coolly trumped. Real sculpture is supposed to be timeless; it wants to be looked at; it has something to say. Its meticulous surfaces are made to last. Not Nauman's. But this is not all: When Lippard asserts that the fragility of Nauman's works "suggests fragmentation," that his pieces are "disturbingly self-sufficient," and that this quality has the "toughness of lost, left-over function and a total lack of elegance," the outworn ethos of monolith and monument haunts her every word.<sup>14</sup>

Perhaps it does not seem odd that Lippard's backhanded endorsement was not universally echoed. Yet she was in pitch-perfect tune with the changing times. By 1966 Robert Morris and Donald Judd had established the tenets of the new Minimalist aesthetic: the success of the *Primary Structures* show, held in April at the Jewish Museum, New York, had proved as much.<sup>15</sup> (Needless to say, the art magazines had brought Nauman word of their work.<sup>16</sup>) And with Richard Tuttle having already begun to exhibit his hand-shaped wall pieces (including two in San Francisco, which Nauman saw and promptly made use of), the whole gamut of Post-Minimalist structural dissolutions was waiting in the wings.<sup>17</sup> There is no doubt that Nauman stood there too, ready to move away from Minimalism via an "early" focus, as Marcia Tucker put it six years later, "on certain physical properties without reference to the object as such" - in place of objecthood were actions: "leaning, hanging, bending, tearing, folding, propping."<sup>18</sup> What is striking about these postures and movements is how most court real confusion between the artist and his objects. Who does what? When Mel Bochner complained that "Nauman's work is really not-work," a similar problem loomed. When "work" merely "looks like a lot of rags thrown on the ground or draped on the wall," the problem can be traced back to the artist's actions: he isn't doing an adequate job, and "not-work" results. Likewise, if his "not-work" looks tired ("The tiredness of it is unusual"), its maker (let alone

his creative juices) must be exhausted too.<sup>19</sup>

Or so Bochner sneered. Yet he got it wrong. Nauman was just at the beginning of a process of dismantling an entire system of representation theretofore impervious to exhaustion, a system deeply bound up with solidity, presence, coherence, thingness, and embodiment. I do not think this formula overstates the case. If sculpture's age-old resources were materiality and bodiliness, then these same characteristics could not help but bear the brunt of Nauman's clever seditions and sneak attacks. Both terms rely on physical presence, and sculpture's physicality is what Nauman aimed to dismantle next.

His means were straightforward, efficiently mobilizing an explicit understanding of sculpture as both body and thing. The product was the proof. Already, late in 1966, he had measured (perhaps with assistance) the right rear quarter of his body, somewhere about buttock height. The curved line that resulted was then used, in triplicate, as a template to design a quasi-geometrical container made from galvanized iron and standing, like the artist, precisely six feet tall.

I called this process straightforward: What about it (if anything) might be said to fit that term? The answer is "the result." For while the viewer certainly still confronts a physical object (a work made, remember, by - or sometimes at the behest of - a certified sculptor), it now conforms to a practical rather than an ornamental purpose; it has become a working object, one that claims its readiness for (horrifying) use.<sup>20</sup> Dubbed *Storage Capsule for the Right Rear Quarter of My Body*, it imagines nothing less than the meticulous butchering of the artist's carcass, even while it prepares a shipshape casket ready to seal away the harrowing remains. "Sculpture" - the "real" thing - was never quite like this. Yet the piece is sculptural nonetheless, not least in its emphasis on a part of the body we can only feel and never see. Now we realize why the dealer Nicholas Wilder was subjected to two full months of nightmares after encountering his first work by Nauman.<sup>21</sup> The memory was only exorcised, so Nauman tells it, when Wilder gave him his first solo show.

In the mid-1960s Nauman devised a whole variety of methods to do away with sculptural objects both as bodies and as physical things. Like the *Storage Capsule*, they summon the body in absentia, replacing it with some tangible token that tries, however incompetently, to reference a fleshly part. Or sometimes to mime that role. Take, for example, the justly famous untitled work of 1967 that combines a folded pair of waxen arms with a knotted length of hawser, the hefty grade of rope that comes in handy for tying up a ship. Nauman used it quite differently, to suggest the innards (bones, muscles, arteries, and sinews) of a waxen carapace. The conjunction is deeply distressing, not least because of the materials in play. The arms themselves, vividly present, not only mine the meticulous naturalism traditionally achievable in wax, but also back it with the illusion of solidity supplied by a plaster cast. Above the elbows, however, naturalism screeches to a harrowing halt. This is a body, we soon realize, that has no insides; its subtle surfaces conceal only twisted hanks of hemp on which the arms are strung. It is up to the viewer to decide what the knots suggest. Perhaps they are merely material, although their asymmetry makes them seem more purposeful than that. Rope and arms form a unit or circuit that summons a particular posture or stance. Part bravado, part wariness, they summon the studio, the place where the twentieth-century artist most often struck a pose. But this is only one possible reading. Might they not stand in for the psychic makeup of an otherwise anonymous subject?<sup>22</sup> Is this the 1960s self? Such an empathic or historical reading, of course, would be entirely consistent with traditional responses to "sculpture" - a realization that only insists on how difficult it is to make something non-sculptural; "sculpture" will out.

One solution would be to dispense with the body entirely, which of course Nauman also did. In a whole series of works, also begun in 1966, he imagined various "devices," as some were labeled, to serve as supplements to a body that otherwise would be lost or wayward or, in some cases, simply incomplete. Among the latter is *Device for a Left Armpit* (1967), as well as *Neon Templates of the*

*Left Half of My Body Taken at Ten-Inch Intervals* (1966), both of which not only register the body in its absence, but also are capable of summoning it as an imagined phantom form. The question, of course, is what manner of corporeal being - how shapeless or shapely, how much marked by the measuring process - is thereby implied. Could a body actually risk being fitted back into - or initially used to generate - such strange constraints? What would be the cost to life and limb?

Nauman's other devices seem less threatening, though even more (anti)sculptural. Chief among them are two *Devices to Stand In* (1965-66, p. 130), though their effects were fleshed out, so to speak, by assorted other pieces, mostly destroyed, which operated in similar ways. Each aimed to limit or fix the body in a spatial surrounding by providing it with somewhere to stand. In the case of the *Devices*, that locus is offered by a brass or steel wedge with a foot slot. (Other versions, now destroyed, used a rubber mat with left and right footprints, or a slotted cardboard box.<sup>23</sup>) On the one hand, each of these experiments awaits some human presence for completion; on the other, its integrity as a work insists that completion never come. Instead, the viewer is promised only an imaginative payback, when she summons yet another phantom figure to stand within the waiting slot. What would it actually be like to take up that position? A sacrifice, no doubt. Fixed in place like a column, you could not avoid taking the place of sculpture, in a substitution that would also be a loss. For if a *Device* would allow sculpture to feed itself on a body's aliveness, it would extract a high price. Thus commandeered, the victim would be frozen to the spot. The result would be a body turned into a sculpture, standing upright within the confines of a room. Would that body be a Nauman? Of course. Here he poses as Pygmalion's negative alter ego, while the frozen viewer plays Galatea in reverse.

What the *Devices* also demonstrate, however, is that how sculpture and space come together was for Nauman a major issue. (To call it long-standing would be to attempt a Nauman-style pun.) Only consider the title of his first artist book: *Pictures of Sculpture in a Room* (1965-66). Privately published while its author was still at Davis, the brief pamphlet presents small-scale photographs of four different sculptures, one per page. Each shows a single sculpture in isolation in the generic room of the pamphlet's title.<sup>24</sup> And not only does each represent a different sculptural format, but each, by virtue of its placement and action (hanging, leaning, etc.), adopts a different pose. None is truly animated, and none nightmarish, yet given the four individuating characterizations offered by the photographs (in this, they look like portraits), it seems clear that some such imaginative process was already under way. (Along these lines, it is worth recalling Tucker's remark apropos of the sculpture that "a change in position affects the properties of volume, shape, size and location."<sup>25</sup>) Once again the context was the studio. There, Nauman had already begun taking positions himself, in a performance that three years later would be recorded on video. (The performance had several titles - *28 Positions Piece*, *Seven Consecutive Poses*, and *Wall-Floor Positions* - the last of these being reemployed for the video work.<sup>26</sup> At this juncture, it is enough to note the brief catalogue of his movements that he offered to an interviewer ("standing with my back to the wall for about forty-five seconds or a minute, leaning out from the wall, then bending at the waist, squatting, sitting, then finally standing up") and the question that ensued: "Did [the performance] relate to sculptural problems that you were thinking about then?" Nauman answered, "Yes."<sup>27</sup>

It will not do, of course, to exaggerate the violence implied by Nauman's artworks: some were as mundane as the actions just described. Yet no one can mistake his absurdist's propensity for macabre play. His interests leaned toward the body in various kinds of extremes: frozen still or trapped in meaningless motion, absented, fragmented, even rendered into parts. Or into fat. I say this on the basis of a strange work attempted circa 1967, though later destroyed.<sup>28</sup> Seven wax slabs, each again termed a template of the left side of the artist's body, were stacked six feet high, in a makeshift tower, along with seven cans of grease. The whole arrangement was apparently built up

on the principles of classical proportion, which dictate that the beautiful body should stand seven heads tall. Instead of heads, however, Nauman relied on containers of grease. Though it hardly amounted to a body, the result (inevitably titled *Wax Templates of the Left Half of My Body Separated by Cans of Grease*) was just bodily enough to make its anti-canonical point. Yet it also offered something much more ghoulish: a knacker's vision of the body as remainder, boiled down to its greasy remains. As a motif for sculpture, the idea harked back no further than to Joseph Beuys's *Fat Chair* (1963), which likewise replaced a body with a residue of fat.<sup>29</sup> Carefully measured, Beuys's slab sits on its chair like a proxy or substitute, leaving the viewer to wonder where its parent body went.

The answer that Nauman ultimately gave to that question was simple: to the studio. If it was there that the body was first absented from his sculpture, it was also there that the body aimed to equate itself, all too abjectly, with sculptural form. The guiding wish behind many of the artist's performances seems to have been to approach the simultaneous aliveness and deadness of the sculpted work of art. Not only did such exercises have the body declaring its thereness as a mere physical property or activity - a condition of the various ways (walking, stamping, stomping, bouncing) it took up space - but in two instances they imagined it assuming basic geometries - sphere and cylinder - in animate approximations of Minimalist works of art.<sup>30</sup> How might this be done? To make a cylinder, for example, the performer was to lie "along the wall/floor junction of the room, face into the corner." Not only is it easy to identify this location as one much frequented by Nauman's objects, but it is also clear that once established there, every fiber of the performer's body was to concentrate on being as cylindrically as it possibly could. How? "Concentrate on straightening and lengthening the body along a line which passes through the center of the body parallel to the corner of the room in which you lie. At the same time attempt to draw the body in around the line. Then attempt to push that line into the corner of the room."<sup>31</sup> It should be clear that the exercise pitted utter immobility against extreme bodily concentration, even exertion. And it is likewise obvious that for a body to approach a bodily Minimalism, every fiber of its being had to be kept on red alert.

I began this essay with the claim that Nauman's assault on sculpture inevitably gave an account of the very medium it worked to take apart. What better way to conclude, then, than by asking once more what Nauman took sculpture to be? Two major points stand out. First is his sense of sculpture's terse concreteness (as opposed to painting, which he mistrusted as "lush"). Of course, that physicality seems an obvious quality, but what precisely does it mean? Nauman's 1960s investigations took that question to heart. His answer goes like this: As an object, sculpture offers a means of description, even delimitation. It deals in edges, backs, and sides. It separates itself from its surround. One reason this seemed invaluable to an artist like Nauman was because those same limits could not help but raise the question of what it might mean to exceed them. Sculpture, in its defining claim to presence, inevitably evoked such excesses, just as its surfaces summoned sensations of both inside and out. Yet traditional sculpture does not really like to dwell on these conditions, however inescapable they are. It does not always assert them as the defining fact. For Nauman, by contrast, no ontological distinction could be more salient ("Both what's inside and what's outside determine our physical, physiological and psychological responses - how we look at an object").<sup>32</sup> In fact, demonstrating those determinations defined a further aspect of his goals, not only for the early fiberglass pieces but also in his later revisions of those objects, works like *Platform Made Up of the Space between Two Rectilinear Boxes on the Floor* (1966, p. 138) and *A Cast of the Space under My Chair*.<sup>33</sup> All these pieces point to a fascination with edges, which emerge uncannily where none can be perceived. In casting, Nauman has said, "I always like the

parting lines and the seams - things that help to locate the structure of an object, but in the finished sculpture usually get removed."<sup>34</sup> The implication is clear: through a project of recovering once-invisible links and edges, new and more accurate structures can be revealed. We might say that Nauman's objects do away with perimeters by the contradictory tactic of bringing them to light. Nauman took limits seriously, and followed where they led him: toward the vagaries of domestic objects and interior space. It was there that he envisioned the body, one object among many, but possessing a fragile aliveness that could not quite be quelled. Nauman used sculpture to measure that aliveness, as well as to push aliveness to a crux. His work holds the body hostage to the threat (and the necessity) of an encounter with sculpture as a frozen corpse. I say "necessity" advisedly. Nauman, alone of all his contemporaries, took the medium to heart. This is why we can do no better in concluding than to remember his now-notorious attentions to a figure both beloved and reviled in the 1960s, sculpture's elder statesman Henry Moore. A whole series of works-among them a wax-coated relief sculpture promptly editioned in iron, several elaborate drawings, and two large-scale photographs - do their best to enter the debate, with Nauman speaking for both sides. In one image, Moore is symbolically enshrined: a tomb-cum-storage capsule preserves him, as if cryogenically frozen, for some future age. In another, a strange whirling light trap is set going, as if to catch Moore's spirit in its coils. In another, "Moore" (with Nauman as his stand-in) is imaged as if "bound to fail": his arms tied behind him, he looks like Nauman's hostage, until we remember that with Nauman in the role of the elder sculptor, the younger, for all intents and purposes, becomes hostage to himself. As so often with Nauman, the sadism is playful, up to a point. The masochism too. "A point in space is a place for an argument," declared Wittgenstein.<sup>35</sup> In Nauman's case, the quarrel is staged by recourse to a medium to which he owed everything, but which he was fully resolved to leave physically and analytically exhausted - as indeed he did.

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<sup>1</sup> Information on Nauman's classes and teaching schedule, as well as photocopies from the catalogue *College of the San Francisco Art Institute, 1967-68*, was helpfully provided by Jeff Gunderson, archivist at the San Francisco Art Institute.

<sup>2</sup> *College of the San Francisco Art Institute, 1967-68*, 38.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> Elizabeth Baker and Joseph Raffaele, "The Way-Out West: Interviews with Four San Francisco Artists," *Artnews* 66, no. 4 (Summer 1967); reprinted in Janet Kraynak, ed., *Please Pay Attention Please: Bruce Nauman's Words: Writings and Interviews* (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 2003), 102.

<sup>5</sup> Willoughby Sharp, "Nauman Interview," *Arts Magazine*, March 1970; reprinted in Kraynak, ed., *Please Pay Attention Please*, 117-18.

<sup>6</sup> In using both *mediums* and *media* here, I am invoking the practice followed and explained by Rosalind Krauss in "*A Voyage on the North Sea*": *Art in the Age of the Post-Medium Condition* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1999), 5-7.

<sup>7</sup> See the in memoriam memo for Giambruni, signed by fellow Davis professors R. M. Johnson, M. C. Reagan, and D. Schapiro, in the *Online Archive of California*, [http://texts.cdlib.org/xtf/view?docId = hb6h4nb3q7&doc.view = frames&chunk.id = div00017&toc.depth = 1&toc.id =](http://texts.cdlib.org/xtf/view?docId=hb6h4nb3q7&doc.view=frames&chunk.id=div00017&toc.depth=1&toc.id=), accessed September 20, 2005. Nauman later made clear that he saw the Davis sculpture program, with its devotion to clay or casting and total neglect of welding, as distinctly outmoded. The focus on bronzes seems to have sent his mind back to the faux "bronzes" he had seen made out of tinted fiberglass while he was an undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin. (Michele De Angelus, "Interview with Bruce Nauman" (1980), in Kraynak, ed., *Please Pay Attention Please*, 225-26.)

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<sup>8</sup> Neal Benezra, "Surveying Nauman," in Joan Simon, ed., *Bruce Nauman: Exhibition Catalogue and Catalogue Raisonné* (Minneapolis: Walker Art Center, 1994), 19. (Catalogue raisonné numbers are hereafter denoted by the abbreviation "CR.")

<sup>9</sup> Based on the evidence offered by the list of destroyed works in Joan Simon's catalogue raisonné, Nauman seems to have initially believed it possible to sidestep the use of a plaster mold taken from the initial clay "soft-shape." His first attempt in fiberglass and resin, based directly on a clay model and now documented only by a photograph, did not have the desired effect. (See CR D-1.)

<sup>10</sup> Such works include CR 17-23.

<sup>11</sup> Fidel A. Danieli, "The Art of Bruce Nauman," *Artforum* 6, no. 4 (December 1967), 16.

<sup>12</sup> The show apparently included only a few works by Nauman, among them CR 59, now on extended loan to the Guggenheim Museum from the Panza Collection. Though installed horizontally at the Fischbach Gallery, it is most often treated as a vertical work.

<sup>13</sup> Lucy R. Lippard, "Eccentric Abstraction," *Art International* 10, no. 9 (November 1966); reprinted in Richard Armstrong and Richard Marshall, eds., *The New Sculpture 1965-75: Between Geometry and Gesture* (New York: Whitney Museum of American Art, 1990), 58.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, 57.

<sup>15</sup> On *Primary Structures*, see James Meyer, *Minimalism: Art and Polemics in the Sixties* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 2001), 13-24.

<sup>16</sup> De Angelus, "Interview with Bruce Nauman," 226.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, 226-27. The works by Tuttle that Nauman had encountered were part of *The Seventh Selection of the Society for the Encouragement of Contemporary Art: A New York Collector Selects*, San Francisco Museum of Art, January 22-February 14, 1965, and are identified in the exhibition checklist as *Abstract Picture* (c. 1964, oil on canvas and wood) and *Silver Abstract* (1964, plywood construction). The latter is now known as *Silver Picture* or *Silver Abstraction*.

<sup>18</sup> Marcia Tucker, "Bruce Nauman," in *Bruce Nauman: Work from 1965 to 1972* (Los Angeles: Los Angeles County Museum of Art; New York: Praeger, 1972), 32. It is worth noting that Tucker's list bears greater relation than does Nauman's sculpture to Richard Serra's "Verb List" of 1967-68. The comparison is telling, as Serra's list, which is composed of thirty-seven imperatives (beginning "to scatter, to arrange, to repair, to discard" and ending "to continue") and seventeen prepositional phrases ("of waves, of electromagnetic, of inertia... to tides of reflection... of time, of carbonization"), insists on intentions and references, while Tucker, as noticed above, is concerned with actions or processes. (See Richard Serra, *Writings/Interviews* [Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1994], 4.)

<sup>19</sup> Mel Bochner, "Eccentric Abstraction," *Arts Magazine* 41 (November 1966), 58; quoted in Richard Armstrong, "Between Geometry and Gesture," *The New Sculpture 1965-75*, 14.

<sup>20</sup> Asked by Raffaele to comment on the importance of process versus conception in his work (whether the actual doing or the image itself mattered more), Nauman replied, "A little of each-although it would be O.K. if someone else made it. The problem is, you can't get someone else to make it right. I've had that problem. I think I make the plans as well as they can be made, and then I bring them to somebody. And they make the piece wrong. Or they can make it stronger and do it an other way." (Baker and Raffaele, "The Way-Out West," 106.)

<sup>21</sup> See De Angelus, "Interview with Bruce Nauman," 242. Nauman describes the piece seen by Wilder as a "low plastic piece" in the possession of Tony Delap; the piece has since deteriorated and no longer exists.

<sup>22</sup> Robert Morris has also used rope to summon bodily sensations. See his *Untitled (Knots)* of 1963, a painted wood and hemp rope piece now at the Detroit Institute of Arts. Not only is this piece certainly part of the Nauman pedigree, but it also invokes an important precedent for Nauman: Jasper Johns's *Target with Plaster Casts* (1955).

<sup>23</sup> These are CR D-9 and D-17. Danieli refers to "a recent green and red rubber pad to be stood upon," which may well be D-9. (Danieli, "The Art of Bruce Nauman," 18.)

<sup>24</sup> See CR 48; Simon provides identifications of the four sculptures in her entry regarding this work. My thanks to Anne Byrd for viewing the copy of this book at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, as my proxy, and for providing me with scans of its images.

<sup>25</sup> Tucker, "Bruce Nauman," 32.



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<sup>26</sup> The Davis performance is identified in the catalogue raisonné as CR 5; its video version is CR 138.

<sup>27</sup> Sharp, "Nauman Interview," 122.

<sup>28</sup> The work is CR D-21. My discussion relies on the information provided by the catalogue raisonné.

<sup>29</sup> Although Nauman did not see Beuys's work until a trip to Dusseldorf in 1968, he had heard tell of it some years earlier. In his interview with De Angelus, he recalled that in about 1965 or 1966 he met the curator Kasper Koenig, who "told [him] some things about Joseph Beuys" (De Angelus, "Interview with Bruce Nauman," 251). Nauman's own chair work, *A Cast of the Space under My Chair*; though cast in its definitive concrete version during the German trip, dates in conception to three years before. It is possible that as a spatial concretization, the piece also responds to the rendering of human presence as fat.

<sup>30</sup> Nauman's instructions for *Body as a Cylinder* and *Body as a Sphere* seem to have been formulated by 1969. (See Bruce Nauman, "Notes and Projects," *Artforum* 9, no. 4 [December 1970]; reprinted in Kraynak, ed., *Please Pay Attention Please*, 57.)

<sup>31</sup> Ibid.

<sup>32</sup> Joan Simon, "Breaking the Silence: An Interview with Bruce Nauman," *Art in America* 76, no. 9 (September 1988); reprinted in Kraynak, ed., *Please Pay Attention Please*, 324.

<sup>33</sup> For *Platform Made Up of the Space between Two Rectilinear Boxes on the Floor*; see CR 50; for *A Cast of the Space under My Chair*; see CR 102 (see also n. 29 above).

<sup>34</sup> Simon, "Breaking the Silence," 324.

<sup>35</sup> Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, 2.0131; quoted in Ann Wilson Lloyd, "Casting about with Bruce Nauman," *Sculpture* 13, no. 4 (July-August 1994), 20-27.