

Making GIRLS

SAME  
SAME

We feel an affinity  
No top on

Who: MATERIAL GIRLS (NY team present)

What: Exhibition Opportunity Meeting February 20th, 2018

Where: SVA Curatorial Practice Graduate Program Headquarters

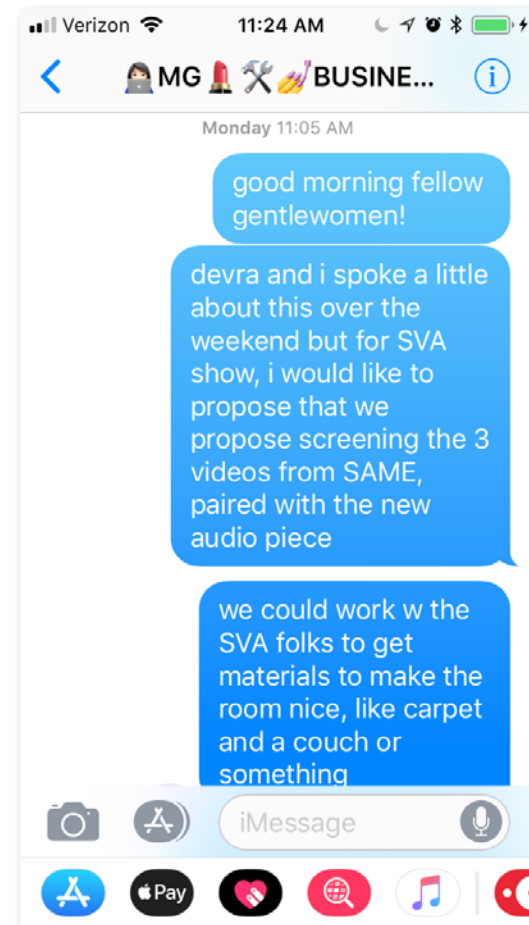
Why: Because we're worth it

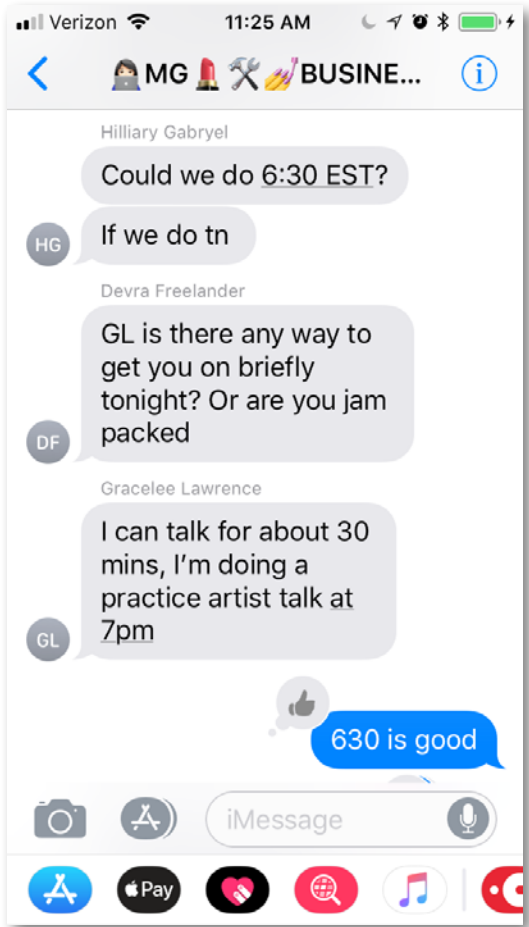
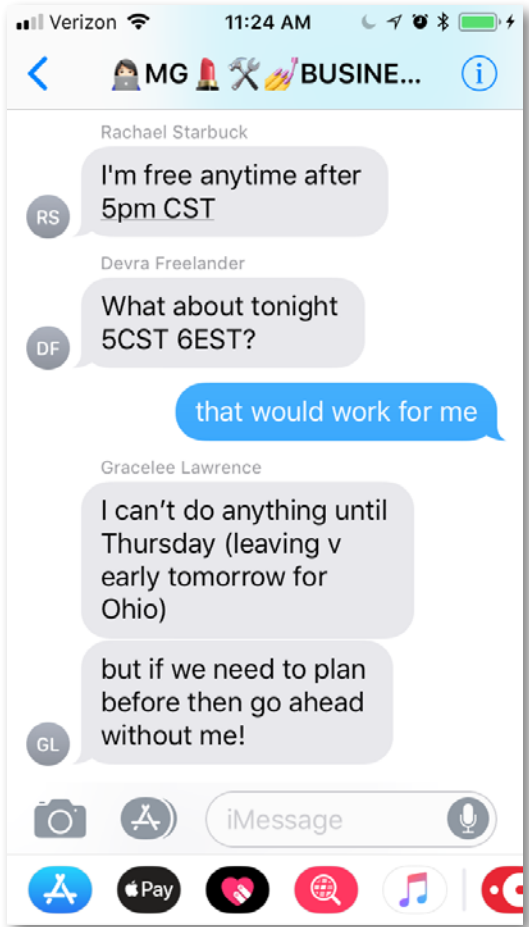
## HELLO ANGELS,

Once again we have been invited to create and exhibit a collaborative installation-based work - this time by SVA's Curatorial Practice Graduate Program. Our point person is none other than current student Jessle Bandler Firestone from mission NNF at Trestle Projects.


What a time to be alive angels! The future rests in our hands and the outcome is up to us! Our task at hand is to create 1-2 artistic proposals and corresponding budgets (\*with the potential for SVA to cover some of the proposed material costs) based on the information provided and submit for review to SVA headquarters. Together, as a team I know we can conquer; let's generate some springboard ideas ([in google doc](#))?

xoxo







*SAME* is a collaborative video project featuring video footage shot by the 6 Material Girls as well as 6 additional artists we each admired and wanted to collaborate with (Bárbara Cartier, Cara Chan, Sydni Gause, Emily Hartley-Skudder, E.M. Joseph & Anne Clare Rogers). For a period of 2-3 months we all sent each other short (10-15 sec) videos over group chat of moments, gestures, touches, textures, actions etc. from our daily lives that caught our interest. We then tried to recreate or mirror each others gestures or observations as best we could from our own spaces and sent those videos back to the group.

 Hilliary Gabryel  
12:25 PM Mar 29 Resolve


phone crashed since then, but i remember checking before and thought it was 6 weeks?

 Claire Lachow  
1:23 PM Mar 29


i guess counting the time before we invited in the other 6 artists?


 Hilliary Gabryel  
1:45 PM Mar 29

ah got ya!

 Rachael Starbuck  
2:26 PM Mar 29

Yeah when I was going back through old messages we started the first group text with the 6 of us around November so thats why I put that timeline

 Gracelee Lawr...  
4:59 PM Mar 29 Resolve

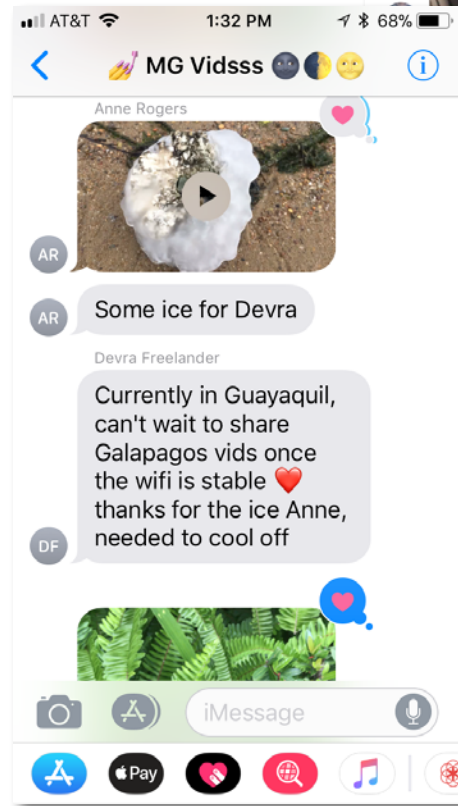
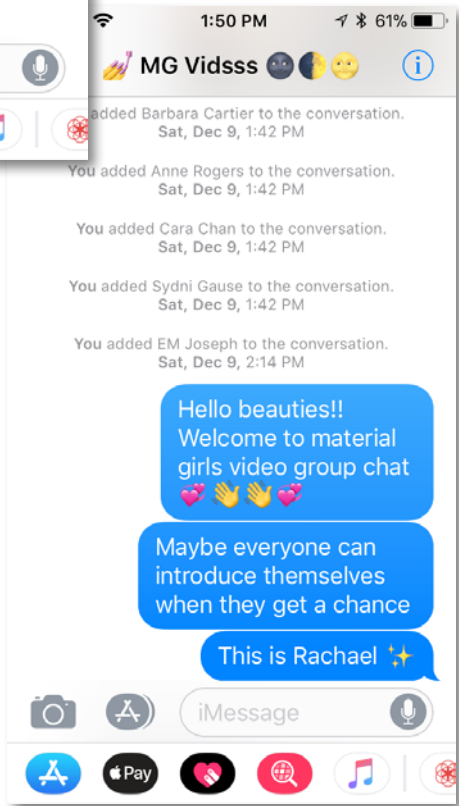
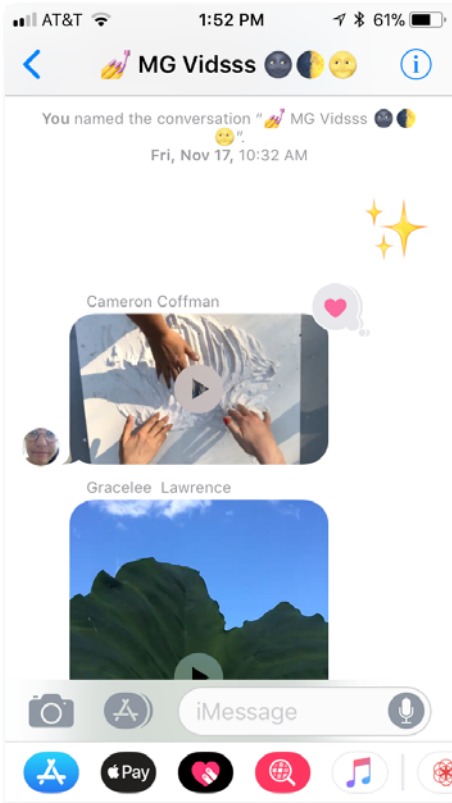


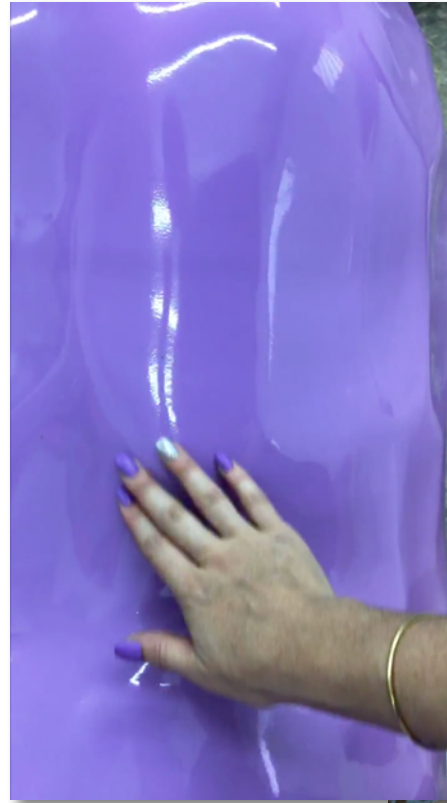
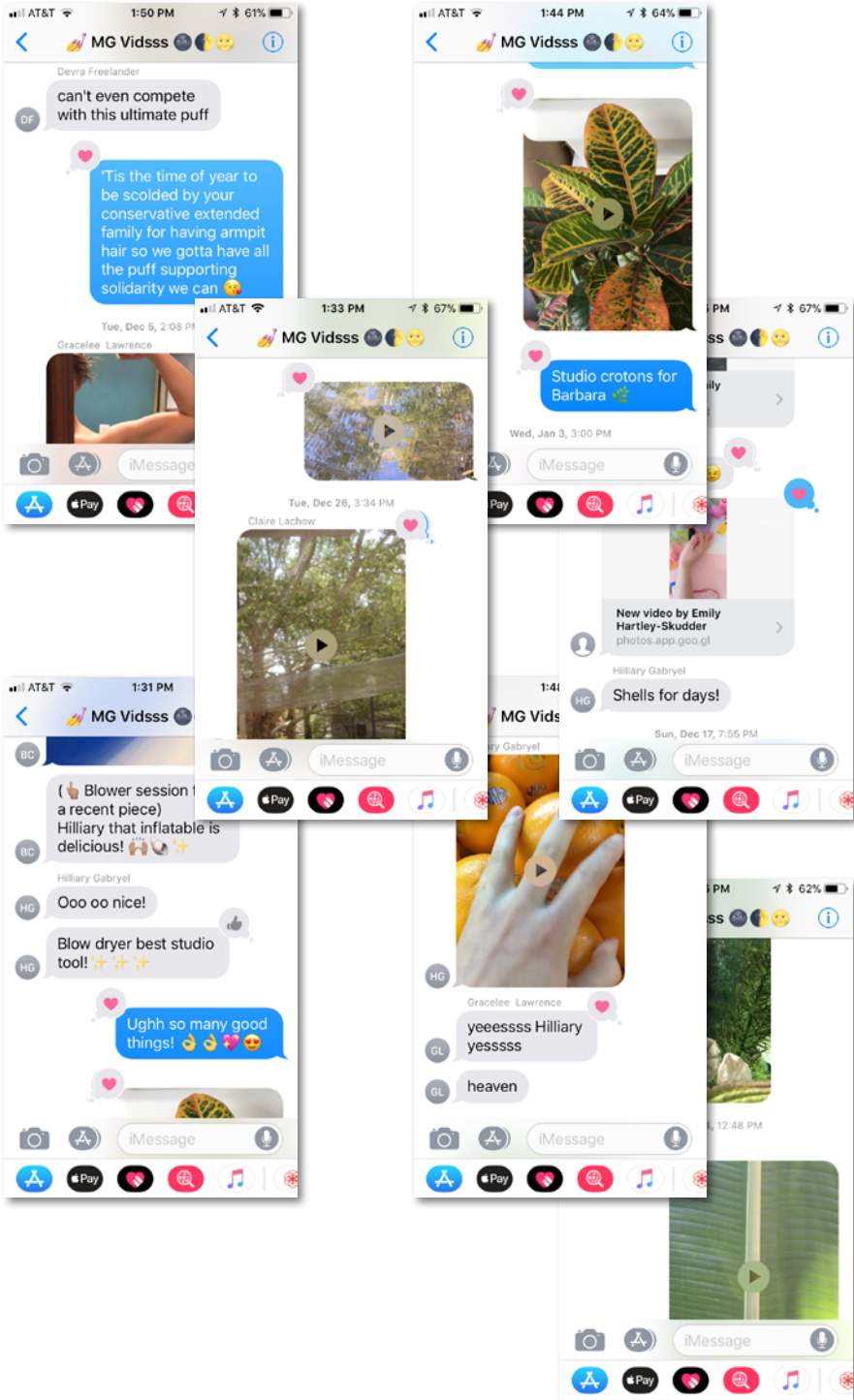
Through the process of compiling the videos for this piece we began to learn and sync with each others movements and interests— the way one of us pets her cat translated to another hand brushing a tropical plant, adjusting her hair, or caressing a block of ice. We thought of each other, spread out across continents, as we moved through our daily lives. We collected lots of videos of shells when we found out a couple of the girls were coincidentally making work using shells. Water, in all its different states, is another overlapping theme is a lot of our individual work so there was naturally a lot of moist moments.

Once our archive was large enough we were able to identify new parallels and categories of touch and attention (pressing, panning, flowing, smoothing, stirring, rubbing, wiggling— shells, liquids, plants, pets, fur, fruits, condensation, bubbling...) We began editing the footage together by fluidly following and tying together these overlapping threads.

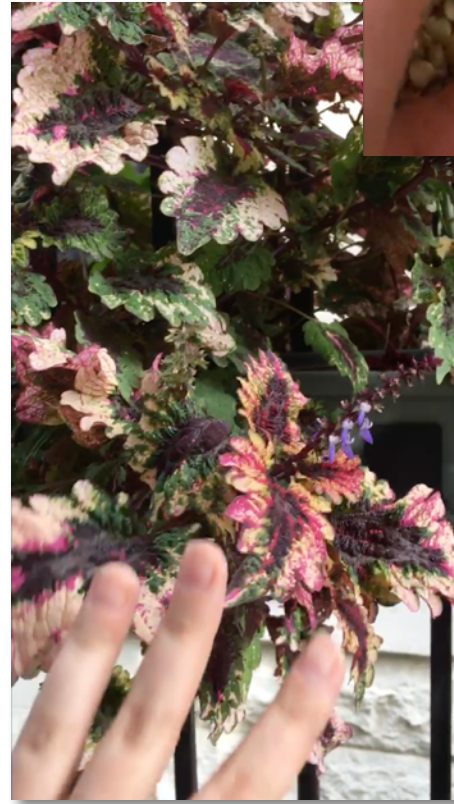
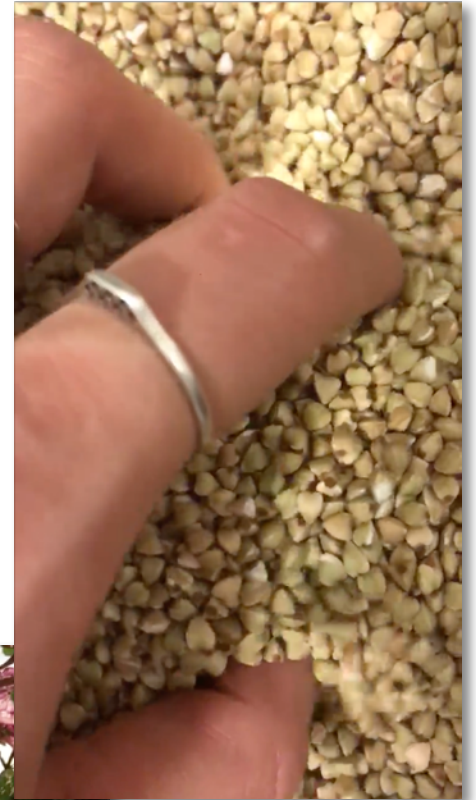
So the themes developed pretty organically from our lives and the language actually came later after we had already compiled the bulk of the archive and then those emerging themes/ keywords/ categories etc. played a role in the editing process.

This visual long-distance version of the telephone game was a way of connecting with each other in a more tangible and tactile way across distance.





pressing  
panning  
flowing  
squishing  
smoothing  
wiggling  
zooming  
stroking  
spinning  
stirring



AS MEMBERS of human society, perhaps the most difficult task we face daily is that of touching one another—whether the touch is physical, moral, emotional, or imaginary. Contact is crisis. As the anthropologists say, “Every touch is a modified blow.”<sup>1</sup> The difficulty presented by any instance of contact is that of violating a fixed boundary, transgressing a closed category where one does not belong. The ancient Greeks seem to have been even more sensitive than we are to such transgressions and to the crucial importance of boundaries, both personal and extrapersonal, as guarantors of human order. Their society developed a complex cultural apparatus, including such rituals as supplication, hospitality, and gift-exchange, which historians and anthropologists are only recently coming to understand as mechanisms for defining and securing the boundaries of everything in the habitable world. Civilization is a function of boundaries.

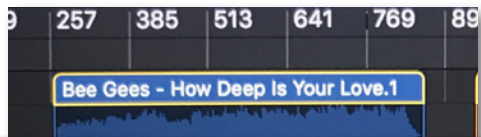
ness and in surfeit understanding is diminished” (A19 VS).<sup>6</sup> The assault of emotion was also thought to be an endangering wetness. Emotion pours into a person and melts, loosens, dissolves him. Fear is “wet” (ὕγρὸν, 122.4 W)<sup>7</sup> and causes Anakreon to “drip” (ἀνασταλύζω, 395.4 PMG). Painful anxiety “falls in drops” within the minds of Aiskhylos’ chorus (στάζει, Ag. 179–80).<sup>8</sup> Envy melts the eyes and heart of the envious in a Hellenistic epigram (AP 11.193). The emotions of *erōs* are especially liquid and liquefying. *Erōs* pours, drips, heats, softens, melts, loosens, cooks, boils, dissolves.<sup>9</sup> Men pride themselves on being able to resist such assaults on their physiological and psychological boundaries.

of masculinity) or *hēmiōn* and *arpen* (“masculine”) against *ἄπειρον* (“the unbounded”) and *θηλυ* (“feminine”) (Aristotle, *Met.* 986a22ff).

The assumptions about women that underlie the views of Plato, Aristotle, and the Pythagoreans can be traced to the earliest legends of the Greeks. In myth, woman’s boundaries are pliant, porous, mutable. Her power to control them is inadequate, her concern for them unreliable. Deformation attends her. She swells, she shrinks, she leaks, she is penetrated, she suffers metamorphoses. The women of mythology regularly lose their form in monstrosity. Io turns into a heifer, Kallisto becomes a bear. Medusa sprouts snakes from her head.

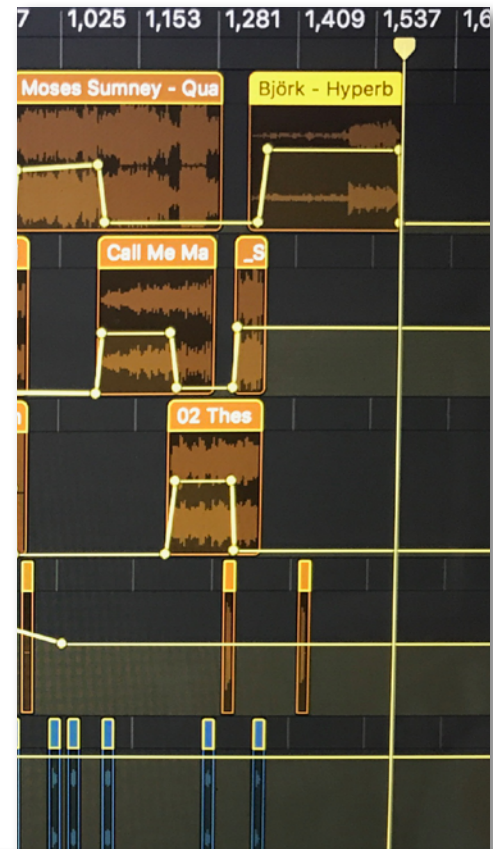
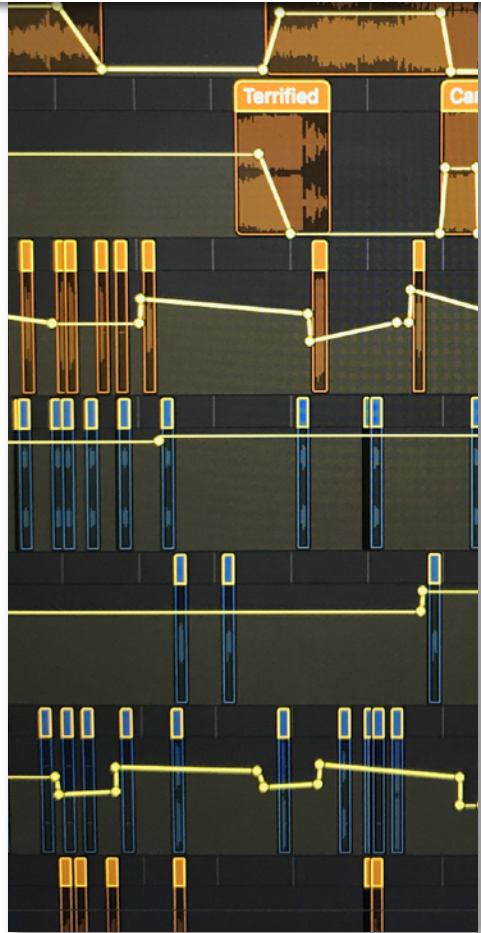
Deformation attends her





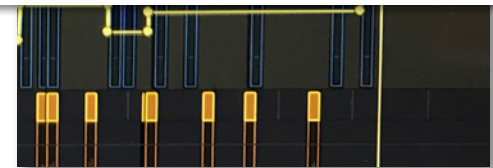
*we feel an affinity*

*we feel an affinity* is an original soundpiece by MATERIAL GIRLS, featuring familiar pop songs elongated into sweeping soundscapes, and punctuated by recitations of texts by Virginia Woolf, Lydia Davis, Rosemarie Waldrop, Helene Cixous, Siri Hustvedt, Patti Smith, Laura U. Marks, Annie Dillard, Max Ritvo, D.W. Winnicott, Murasaki Shikibu, and William James.



For this piece, we each included songs and texts that were significant to the themes of *xenomorphs* (boundaries, heterogeneous bodies, etc.) We recited the texts, together and individually, over the songs.

We altered the songs by slowing them down so much that sometimes they became completely unrecognizable ambient soundscapes (for example, around 21 minutes in you might be able to sort of recognize "Everytime" by Britney Spears). There is something really entrancing about slowing down a song so much that you can live in every nanosecond of it, where simple melody changes become seismic shifts in color and texture.





Our look was as if two lovers, or deadly enemies, met unexpectedly on an  
 thinking of something else: a clearing blow to the gut. It was also a bright bl  
 brains, with all the charge and intimate grate of rubbed balloons. It emptie  
 the fields, and drained the pond; the world dismantled and tumbled into the  
 at each other that way, our skulls would split and drop to our shoulders. But  
 — Annie Dillard, *Living Like Weasels*

I am here, she says, I've learned that life consists in fitting my body to the e  
 — Rosmarie Waldrop, *Reluctant Gravities*

My shadow locks my presence to the ground. It's real enough and outside  
 high noon.  
 — Rosmarie Waldrop, *Reluctant Gravities*

We all live on the same surface, the same skin. If others are unfathom  
 number of folds to really reach them.  
 — Laura U. Marks, *Touch*

The pleasure of yielding may be that the self is broken down only to be reb  
 — Laura U. Marks, *Touch*

“Real things in the darkness seem no realer than dreams.”  
 — [Murasaki Shikibu, \*The Tale of Genji\*](#)

perfect moon  
 I am calling  
 perfect moon  
 clad impure  
 I approach  
 your naked neck  
 barefoot  
 baying  
 perfect moon  
 perfect moon  
 I am with you  
 perfect moon  
 I adore  
 surrendering

- March 5, 4:34 PM  
Current version  
Claire Lachow
- February
- February 27, 2:38 PM  
Devra Freeland
- February 27, 2:06 PM  
Devra Freeland
- February 26, 1:24 PM  
Claire Lachow
- February 26, 12:03 PM  
Devra Freeland
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- February 25, 9:04 PM  
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Claire Lachow  
Hilliary Gabryel  
Rachael Starbuck
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Gracelee Lawrence
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Claire Lachow
- February 12, 3:14 PM  
Devra Freeland
- January
- January 21, 5:47 PM  
Claire Lachow
- January 21, 1:31 AM  
Gracelee Lawrence



