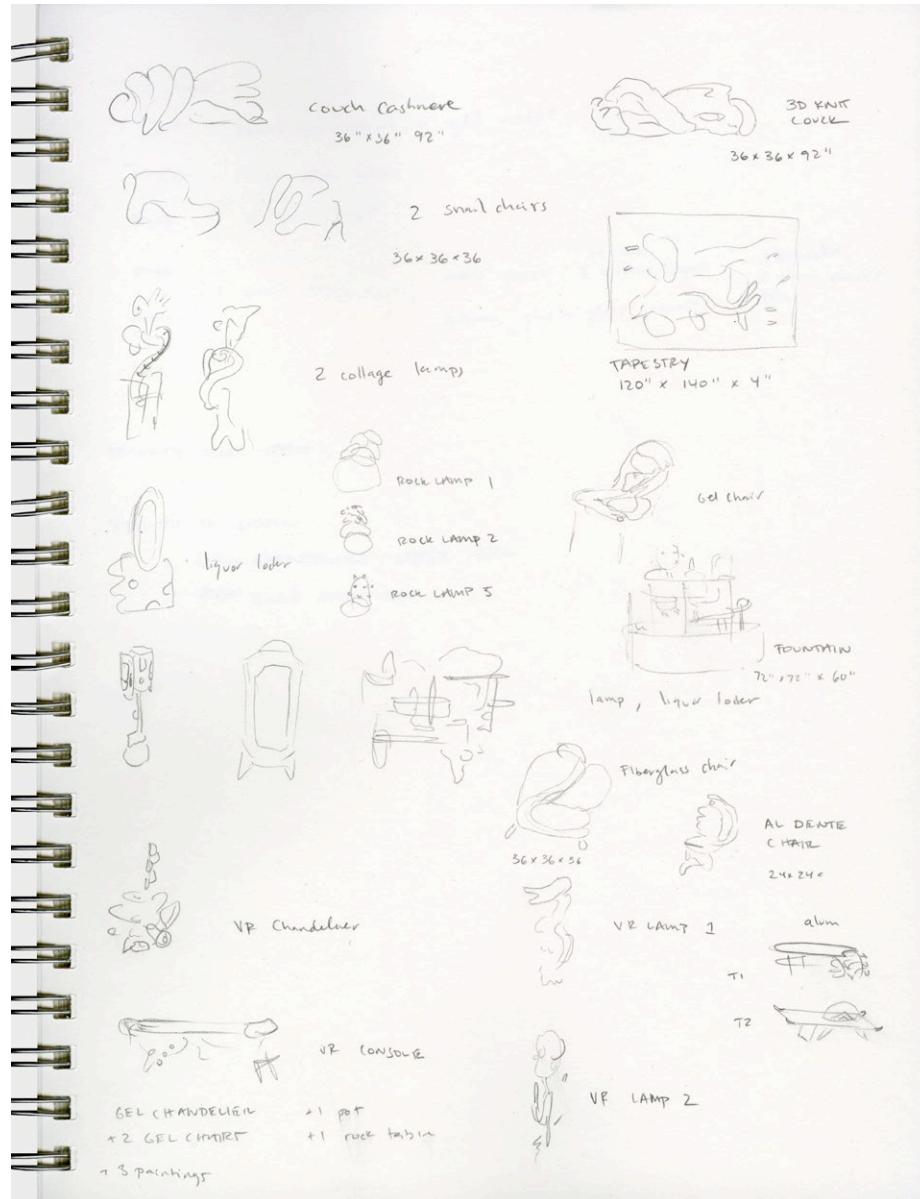




MISHA KAHN:
SOFT BODIES, HARD SPACES

FRIEDMAN BENDA 515 WEST 26TH STREET NEW YORK NY 10001



Page from sketchbook, 2019

Misha Kahn: *The Shock of the Now*

Glenn Adamson, Senior Scholar at the Yale Center for British Art

I'm not really trying to make timeless objects—just trying to make things that keep track of what it feels like to be alive right this second. —Misha Kahn

How does it feel out there, on the very precipice of the present? Most of us don't even think to ask. We surround ourselves with what is familiar, and leave newness to someone else—a specialist in what's happening now. To such emissaries of the contemporary, we reserve the name of "artist."

Misha Kahn is almost typecast for the role. He is, as many have said, the ultimate millennial designer. Voice of his generation. Furniture design's answer to Ryan Trecartin and Lady Gaga. A one-man macrotrend. Since graduating from RISD in 2011, his rise has been meteoric, fueled partly by his personal charisma but primarily by his prolific, associative imagination. Yet for all that he is a genuine phenomenon, it would be dead wrong to stereotype him as just the Next Big Thing, recklessly chasing novelty for its own sake. Kahn has described this newest exhibition at Friedman Benda as "earnest and classical." I would like to take him at his word.

We might start with the exhibition's title: *Soft Bodies, Hard Spaces*. If that sounds to you like it has something to do with modernist architecture, you're exactly right. Rather like the kid at the end of *The Emperor's New Clothes* ("but he's wearing nothing at all!") Kahn has a talent for seeing clearly through cultural pretensions, and for him, it is really deeply strange that we humans, squishy and irregular as we are, spend so much of our time in inflexible rectangles. "What teen girls feel about magazines," Kahn says, "I feel about the built environment. It's like body dysmorphia." He makes another, related observation, too: even as we're throwing up giant boxes to live and work in, we put figural sculpture and anthropomorphic design objects in them. Presumably we hope to mirror ourselves. But these objects look like people only on the outside. What about their innards? If we are going to take the trouble to shape the objects around us in our own image, shouldn't we go all the way?

Allow this thought process to zoom ahead to its semi-logical conclusion, as Kahn always does, and you arrive at some of the shapes in his current work: friendly enough, yet spilling their guts. And already here, in this particular serpentine alleyway in the complex map of his thinking, we see how Kahn both is and is not deeply concerned with "the now." On the one hand he looks around him—say, in New York City—and is bemused by what he sees. (Spaces don't come much harder than Hudson Yards, for example, the newly completed mega-development just a few blocks north of Friedman Benda.)

Kahn distrusts repetitive, neo-modernist surfaces: “I think it creates bad energy for humans to see replicas of anything, and we’re already subject to so much of this, like bricks or sidewalk blocks or cars or most things. It creates both the idea of infinite resources and personal insufficiency simultaneously.” He is trying to provide an alternative. This is what lies behind the wild formal variation in his work, his aversion to straight lines and serial units. He wants to refuse the logic of endless availability: “you can’t just take as much as you want.”

And here, we begin to see just how different Kahn’s idea of the now is from that of the modernist avant garde, in which the designer was understood as perched bravely on the prow of history, an all-conquering powerful figure, dispensing a better way of life to the rest of us. That was a grand conception, while it lasted. But it is tragically ill-suited to our present conditions. Today, unilateral authority has become deeply suspect, while novelty feels like a society-wide addiction, our special curse. Already fifty years ago, the artist Robert Smithson saw this coming. He observed that change, once it becomes sufficiently rapid, paradoxically comes to feel like paralysis: “actions swirl around one so fast they appear inactive... Direct political action becomes a matter of trying to pick poison out of boiling stew.” (Hard to believe that wasn’t written in 2020.) This leaves for the artist—what? Just stirring the pot? Smithson didn’t quite say, though the spiraling vortex of his work was an answer, of a kind. In the half-century since, the problem has only metastasized. What does it mean to be new, now? Do we still hold a special place for the creative soul—the special being who lights the world on fire? Or is it all just flotsam, so much junk twisting into an ocean gyre?

Such dizzying thoughts swirl around in my head when I think about Kahn and his work. He does react to the contemporary environment, sensitively and intuitively; and he does propose ways that we might live differently. This places him authentically into a lineage extending back through modernism to the fantastical environments of the Art Nouveau era. (He loves to present his work in unified, immersive installations—a throwback to the glory days of the Gesamtkunstwerk.) Yet he has also made a decisive break with this canonical tradition, through his radical embrace of contingency. In early February, Kahn and I were standing in his studio, surveying the glorious wreckage of his exhibition that was still rising into being. “Design could have developed this way already, it just didn’t,” he said. “But it’s not too late!” It was a funny comment, but also a profound one, which comes close to the heart of how Kahn understands the now. He is not setting himself up to critique anything or anyone else, in the approved avant garde manner. Rather, he manifests presentness as “still-not-too-lateness,” a continual search, a constant unfolding, an open-ended happening. The result is something like a dream state, as much psychological as actual. To inhabit a Misha Kahn environment completely, you would actually need to be Misha Kahn.

This extreme individualism, verging on solipsism, has helped him to evade the impasse that Smithson described half a century ago—what eventually become recognizable as the postmodern dilemma, in which gyrations of style lose their significance, becoming a “free play of signifiers” (as they used to say when I was in graduate school). But that’s not a problem if you can create your own semiotic gravity field. That is what Kahn has done... but I’m making this sound too complicated. For him, in a certain way, it’s simple. Step one: create a world parallel to our own. Step two: populate it with objects. It is a *modus operandi* very much of our era, noticeably similar, for example, to the overlapping genres of virtual reality, video gaming, and social media—all of which involve the construction of elaborate alternative realities. The difference is that Kahn is creating his microcosm on his own, using artisanal procedures of his own devising. He shows us what the twenty-first century would look like if it were not being served up cold, in digital space, but instead in the palpable heat of the creative moment.

Here it helps to have at least a little grasp of the making processes that Kahn employs. This is a large topic in its own right, as he is involved in so many different materials and techniques. There are certain tendencies that cross this polymorphous spectrum, though, the most important being a habit of transmutation. Almost always, in the genesis of his objects, something soft has become hard, or vice versa. Something trashy has been refined—or, again, vice versa. This methodology can already be seen in Kahn’s first series, titled *Heyerdahl* after the intrepid ocean voyager. It involved sewing together plastic forms and ramming them full of pigmented concrete, which he allowed to cure inside the bag mold. During the hardening process, he had to constantly but slowly manipulate the form so that it would be evenly filled, a movement he compares to “a yoga sun dance.” The result retains the puckered seams of the sewn sleeve, but is perfectly rigid. Subsequently Kahn developed a related series that he called *Kon Tiki* (after Thor Heyerdahl’s most famous book). These are made by filling a sewn bag with cotton, then taking a mold off that surface, then using the mold to create an aluminum casting. In this way he completed a conceptual loop, “materials being cast in a regular way to imitate materials being cast in an irregular way.” Both in *Heyerdahl* and *Kon Tiki*, we see how Kahn meets the world around him with a quicksilver ingenuity, infusing its materials with his own sensibility. If his oeuvre is best understood as an alt-version of our world, an extended improvisatory riff on it, then DIY transmutation is the portal from here to there.

Another body of work entitled *Claymation* reflects Kahn’s interest in biomorphic Surrealism, as well as recent animation, including the cartoon Ren & Stimpy (which aired from 1991 to 1995, when was growing up in Minnesota). This high-low cultural mixology is particularly evident in the protrusions he includes here and there in the pieces, which could be interpreted either as sinister Surrealist figuration, or comical lolling tongues, or even trailing drool. For all the pseudo-slapstick, though, the *Claymation* works are possessed of considerable formal intelligence.

The interplay of thickly modeled passages with a slender armature of rods, and occasional unexpected moment of elegance—a polished sphere held aloft by a curling tentacle—make for complex and energetic compositions.

From their inception, the Claymation pieces had a strong virtual aspect—they seemed to call a quasi-fictional milieu into being, simply by virtue of their own existence. They were originally made using traditional techniques: hand-sketching followed by small maquettes to test the forms, then a full-sized model, then a mold, then the final casting. Recently however, Kahn has more fully realized the potential of the series by using a VR sculpting tool, which allows him to shape forms in digital space. This has so many advantages that he likens it to a “cheat code” in a video game. First of all, it’s fast, particularly because the blobby forms that Kahn is using are very natural to the program. “It’s hard to do straight lines,” he says, “but it wants fantasy. It’s like, please, make me a monster.” With this virtual tool, he can slide right past the hesitations he might otherwise have in taking a stupid risk: he can try anything, and if he doesn’t like it, just click once to undo it. Also, intriguingly, VR has no gravity. The forms can hover in midair, be moved around, cut and pasted. It’s like you’re God, making a sculpture. And as Kahn points out with sincere appreciation, you can even do it lying in bed.

The danger of using a digital tool like this, of course, is path dependency. We’ve all seen them, in profusion: the objects that look like they were generated by a piece of software, rather than a human being. And as Kahn gladly admits, “every kid in America can sculpt these same type of things.” But here’s where his interest in transmutation comes in again. Once he has the rendering how he wants it, he executes a physical model of its constituent parts, either through 3D printing or CNC-carving, and then casts those elements in wax. At this point the forms become analog, and take on new life, “sitting in the sun, getting dinged up, or tossed around in the sand pit.” Finally they are cast in metal, at massive scale, and assembled—not exactly a typical suburban kid’s undertaking. In so doing, he is mating one of the newest artistic technologies to one of the oldest. (“It makes a bridge between worlds,” he says. “Good furniture can take you on a trip.”) A comparable application of the same idea is seen in *A Loose Understanding of the Space-Time Continuum*, a tapestry that Kahn designed in VR and then had woven at the Stephens Tapestry Studio in Swaziland. The image is flat, obviously, but it features an illusory push-pull of abstract squiggles, which pass over and under one another in a complex snarl. The “real” matrix of the textile is entangled, visually and conceptually, with both the depicted tangle of forms and the “hyper-real” digital realm in which they were spawned.

Perhaps coincidentally, the tapestry also looks a little like a high-resolution scan of brain tissue. Stand in front of it, or any of Kahn’s creations, and you can almost hear the snap, crackle and pop of synapses firing. And this brings us back, once more, to the question of his contemporaneity. As should now be clear, this is not really a matter of style. Kahn may now have gone digital (a little), but to walk through his exhibition is to navigate numerous accumulated pasts: Surrealism and Art Nouveau, tiki bars and Tommy Bahama shirts, classical sculpture and classic sci fi. What makes Kahn such a compelling avatar of the present is his ability to mix all this together, at Google-ish speed, put it in the blender of his imagination, and lend this unruly miscellany the quality of subjectivity that all great art needs, not just to reflect its time, but to transcend it. All this was leading to him, here and now, all along. Sow the wind. Reap the whirlwind. Repeat.

FOG: GO WEST YOUNG MAN
SAN FRANCISCO, 2015





RETURN OF SATURN:
COMING OF AGE IN THE 21ST CENTURY
FRIEDMAN BENDA, 2016







The Slippery Feel of Inevitability, 2016
Hand carded, spun and dyed mohair and poly-cotton
106.5 x 146.5 inches
270.5 x 372.1 cm
Edition of 3



HEYERDAHL

Heyerdahl Table, 2014
Concrete and pigment
27.75 x 29.75 x 31.25 inches
70.5 x 75.6 x 79.4 cm



Heyerdahl Party Machine, 2014
Concrete, pigment, stones, plastic
59 x 32 x 25 inches
149.9 x 81.3 x 63.5 cm



Heyerdahl Bench, 2014
Concrete and pigment
16.25 x 55.5 x 14.75 inches
41.3 x 141 x 37.5 cm



Heyerdahl Floor Lamp, 2013
Concrete, canvas and pigment
81.5 x 15 x 8 inches
208.3 x 38.1 x 20.3 cm



Heyerdahl Stool, 2014
Concrete and pigment
13.25 x 10.5 x 10.5 inches
33.7 x 26.7 x 26.7 cm





Jupiter, 2016
Concrete, pigment
31.5 x 18 x 18 inches
80 x 45.7 x 45.7 cm

Neptune, 2016
Concrete, pigment, zipper
20 x 15 x 15 inches
50.8 x 38.1 x 38.1 cm

Venus, 2016
Concrete, pigment, zipper
22.5 x 17 x 17 inches
57.2 x 43.2 x 43.2 cm

SATURDAY MORNING &
GHOST SHRIMP

Saturday Morning Series: Yellow Wall Mirror, 2015
Resin, mirror and automotive paint
78.25 x 52 x 7 inches
198.8 x 132.1 x 17.8 cm



Saturday Morning Series: Wall Mirror/Sconce, 2014
Resin, vinyl, glass, foil and electrical wiring
25 x 31 x 7 inches
63.5 x 78.7 x 17.8 cm



Sconce, 2015
Resin and automotive paint
40 x 22 x 10.5 inches
101.6 x 55.9 x 26.7 cm



Sconce, 2015
Resin and automotive paint
20.5 x 28.75 x 6 inches
52.1 x 73 x 15.2 cm



Saturday Morning Series: Sconce, 2013

Resin and vinyl

22.5 x 12 x 10 inches

57.2 x 30.5 x 25.4 cm



Black Ghost Shrimp Sconce, 2015
Vinyl, wiring, fan, rubber tubing, feathers, magic sculpt and paint
37 x 16 x 11 inches
94 x 40.6 x 27.9 cm



Ghost Shrimp Noir Chandelier, 2016
Vinyl, electronics
48 x 48 x 48 inches
121.9 x 121.9 x 121.9 cm



Saturday Morning Series: Tumbling in Turmoil, 2017
Urethane resin, auto paint, mirror
50.75 x 35 x 6.25 inches
128.9 x 88.9 x 15.9 cm



On the Occasion of the Crumbling of Our Empire, 2017
Powder-coated aluminum
78 x 52 x 7 inches
198 x 132 x 18 cm
Edition of 8



On the Occasion of the Crumbling of Our Empire, 2017

Powder-coated aluminum

78 x 52 x 7 inches

198 x 132 x 18 cm

Edition of 8



KON TIKI

Kon Tiki Stool (Matte Satin Finish), 2016

Aluminum

16 x 12 x 14.5 inches

40.6 x 30.5 x 36.8 cm

Edition of 8



Kon Tiki, 2016
Aluminum
34.25 x 53 x 13.25 inches
87 x 134.6 x 33.7 cm
Edition of 8



Kon Tiki Grandé, 2018
Bronze
27 x 68 x 13 inches
69 x 173 x 33 cm
Edition of 8



CRINKLE CAST

Side Table, 2015
Bronze
19 x 11.25 x 11.5 inches
48.3 x 28.6 x 29.2 cm
Edition of 8



Side Table, 2015
Bronze
25.5 x 11 x 13 inches
64.8 x 27.9 x 33 cm
Edition of 8



Coffee Table, 2015
Bronze
17.75 x 31.25 x 24.75 inches
45.1 x 79.4 x 62.9 cm
Edition of 8



Floor Lamp B, 2015
Bronze
71.65 x 18.11 x 18.11 inches
182 x 46 x 46 cm
Edition of 8

Floor Lamp A, 2015
Bronze
71.75 x 17.25 x 17.25 inches
182 x 44 x 44 cm
Edition of 8



Table Lamp C, 2015
Bronze
17.32 x 18.11 x 3.94 inches
44 x 46 x 10 cm
Edition of 8



Miss Fishy, 2016
Bronze
35.5 x 16.5 x 15 inches
90 x 42 x 38 cm
Edition of 8



Axolotl Remains, 2018
Bronze
33.5 x 19 x 24.5 inches
85 x 48 x 62 cm
Edition of 8



MIDDEN HEAP
FRIEDMAN BENDA, 2017







Gates to a Special Part of Hell Reserved for People Who Don't Recycle, 2017

Found objects, mixed media, steel, resin

Left: 100 x 36 x 19 inches

254 x 91.5 x 48 cm

Right: 100 x 36 x 17 inches

254 x 91.5 x 43 cm



Wanderer 1, 2016
Bronze, mixed media
80.5 x 27 x 28 inches
204.5 x 69 x 71 cm
1 of a unique series



Wanderer 2, 2016
Bronze, mixed media
75 x 25 x 23 inches
190.5 x 63.5 x 58.5 cm
1 of a unique series



Rasta Mirror, 2017
Mirror-polished bronze
55 x 47 x 6.5 inches
140 x 119 x 16.5 cm
Edition of 8



A Melted Down Stolen Car Engine Poured on a Pile of Crap, 2016
Aluminum, found objects
28 x 57 x 27.5 inches
71 x 145 x 70 cm



Smashed Car Console, 2016
Aluminum, steel, mixed media
32 x 48 x 40 inches
81 x 122 x 102 cm



Filthy Rich Pig Bench, 2016
Bronze, found objects, mixed media
18.5 x 50.5 x 22 inches
47 x 128 x 56 cm





Raise Your Hand (Floor Lamp), 2017
Glass, powder-coated steel
71 x 32 x 24 inches
180 x 81 x 61 cm



Squirm, 2017
Steel, glass, fur
46 x 23.5 x 24 inches
117 x 60 x 61 cm



Those Little Polished Stones They Always Sell at Gift Shops, 2017

Glass, powder-coated steel

26 x 17 x 12.5 inches

66 x 43 x 32 cm

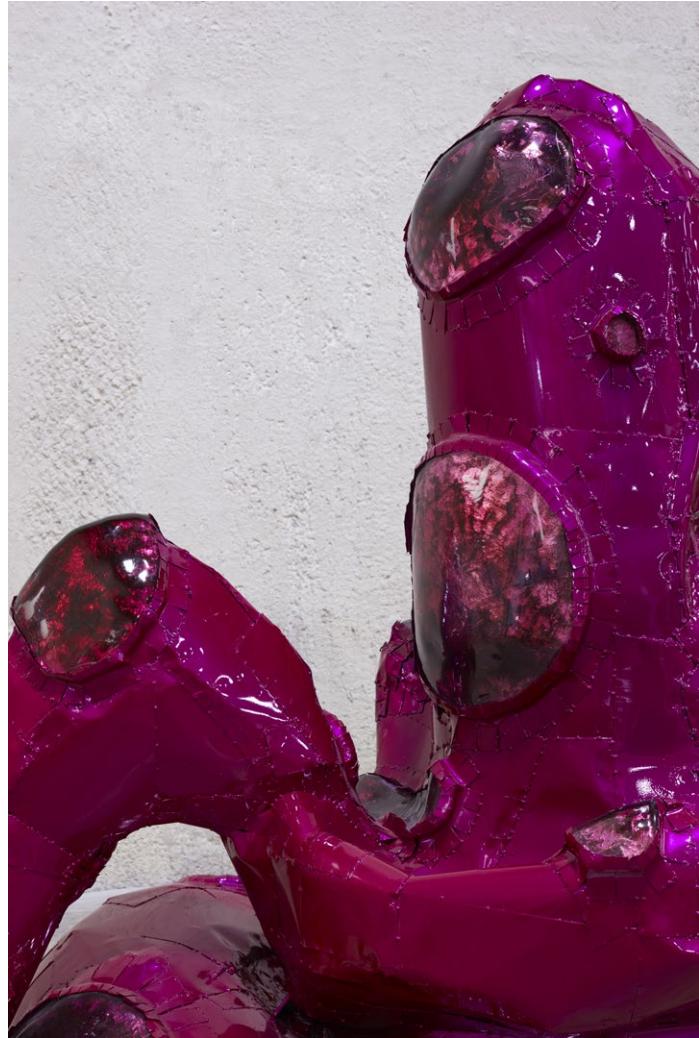
Those Little Polished Stones They Always Sell at Gift Shops, 2017

Glass, powder-coated steel

47 x 16 x 12 inches

120 x 41 x 30.5 cm





Not The Way It Was Left, 2017
Glass, steel, automotive paint
65 x 60 x 53 inches
165 x 152 x 135 cm



Clam B, 2017

Concrete, found mixed media, glass

Large element: 40 x 28 x 18 inches

102 x 71 x 46 cm

Small element: 16.5 x 23 x 13 inches

42 x 58 x 33 cm



PUZZLE

A Loose Line, 2019
Mixed media, mirror glass
46 x 26 x 12 inches
117 x 66 x 30.5 cm



The Color We Decided to Believe In, 2019
Mixed media, mirror glass
50 x 33 x 10 inches
127 x 84 x 25.5 cm



A Cantankerous System, 2019
Mixed media, mirror glass
48 x 34 x 11 inches
122 x 87 x 28 cm



ROCK

Rock Bottom, 2017
Bronze, unakite
30.5 x 82 x 44 inches
77.5 x 208 x 112 cm



Pipsqweek, Chateau, Etc., 2018

Chalcedite, bronze

20 x 25.5 x 20.25 inches

51 x 65 x 51.5 cm

My Sweet Sweet Kitty Donna's Failing, Diabetic Kidney, 2018

Indigo Gabbro, bronze

21 x 26 x 14.5 inches

53 x 66 x 36.75 cm



The Courage to Face Unpleasant Tasks, 2019
Red jasper, bronze
36 x 53.25 x 18.5 inches
91.5 x 135 x 47 cm



Purification of the Heart, 2019
Rose quartz, bronze
30.75 x 21 x 19.5 inches
78 x 53 x 50 cm



Ironing Board, 2018
Jasper, anodized aluminum
22 x 30 x 16 inches
56 x 76 x 40.5 cm





Candy Soaked Molars and Gold Fillings, 2019

Rose quartz, bronze

29 x 65 x 18 inches

74 x 165 x 46 cm



Over the Edge, 2019
Unakite, white bronze
36 x 48 x 24 inches
91.5 x 122 x 61 cm



A Little Help Across the Sidewalk Please, 2020
Rose quartz, glass, wool
26 x 18.5 x 18.5 inches
66 x 47 x 47 cm



Remember Dreams, Access to Ancient Wisdom, 2020

Jadeite, glass

31.5 x 21.5 x 21.5 inches

80 x 55 x 55 cm



June at the Cloisters, 2019
Tiger's eye, jasper and hematite, bronze
84 x 32 x 26 inches
213.4 x 81.3 x 66 cm



CLAYMATION



Slurp, Snap, Arm Akimbo, 2018

Bronze

33 x 32 x 32 inches

84 x 82 x 82 cm

Edition of 8



Tingle Tangle Mingle Mangle, 2017
Bronze
53 x 90 x 25 inches
135 x 230 x 63.5 cm
Edition of 8





All The Things I Forgot, 2019

Bronze

54 x 39 x 36 inches

137 x 99 x 92 cm





One Shoe, A Fold of Love Handle, a Rogue Dog Ball, 2019

Bronze

35 x 21 x 21 inches

89 x 53 x 53 cm

Edition of 8



Al Dente, 2019
Aluminum
35 x 21 x 21 inches
89 x 53 x 53 cm
Edition of 8



Around the Tree and into the Hole, 2018
Steel and plywood frame, cashmere upholstery
40 x 128 x 64 inches
102 x 325 x 163 cm



American Gothic, 2018
Wood, steel, cashmere
34 x 38 x 35 inches
86.5 x 96.5 x 89 cm



Snail and the Slug, 2018
Steel, maple, cashmere
65 x 77 x 41 inches
165 x 196 x 104 cm



Pig of the Sea, 2019
Wood, steel, cashmere
42 x 96 x 42 inches
106.7 x 244 x 107 cm



Ammonoid Alpha, 2020
Cashmere, stainless steel
30 x 29 x 33.5 inches
76 x 74 x 85 cm

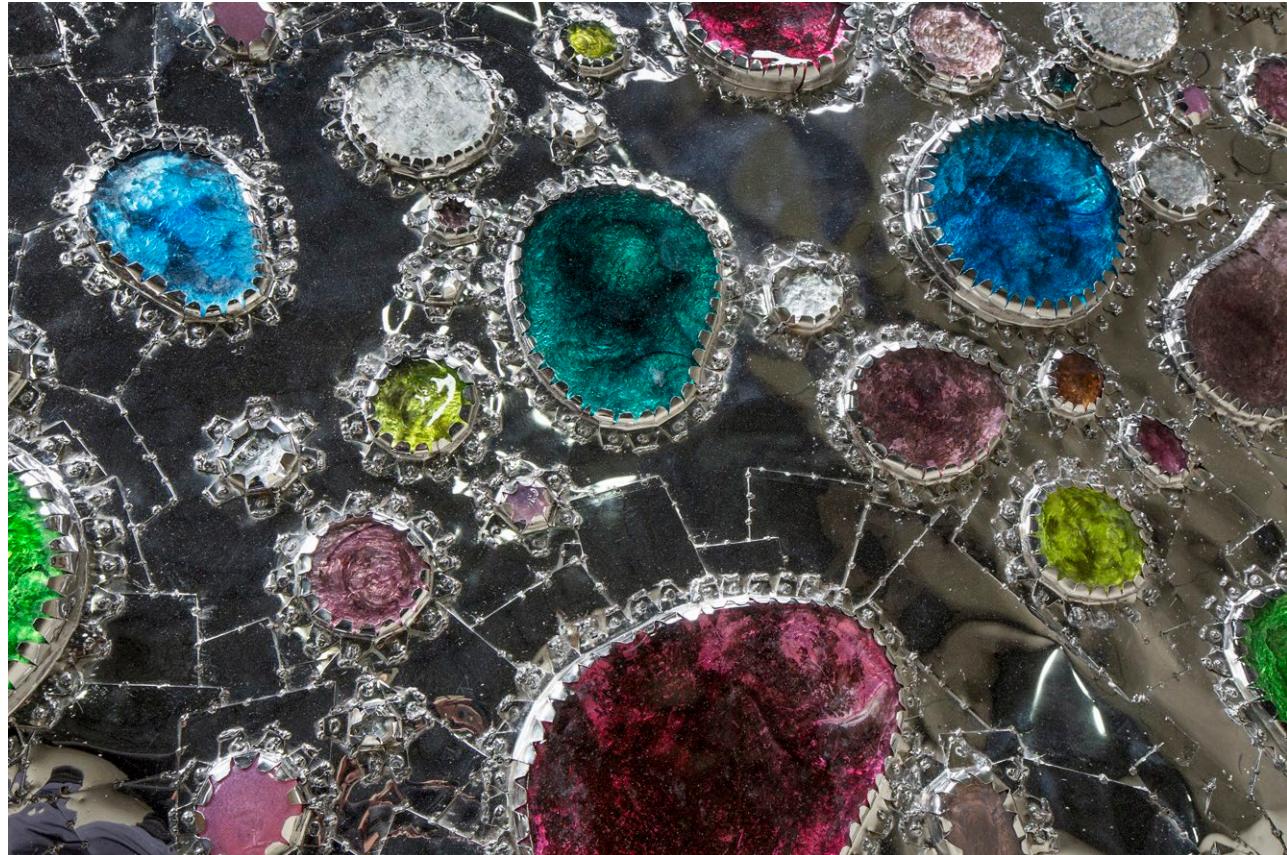
Ammonoid Omega, 2020
Cashmere, stainless steel
33.75 x 38 x 32 inches
86 x 96.5 x 81 cm



BLOB

Blip Blop Bloop Blaaaaat, 2018
Glass, steel, copper
46 x 80 x 36 inches
117 x 203 x 91.5 cm





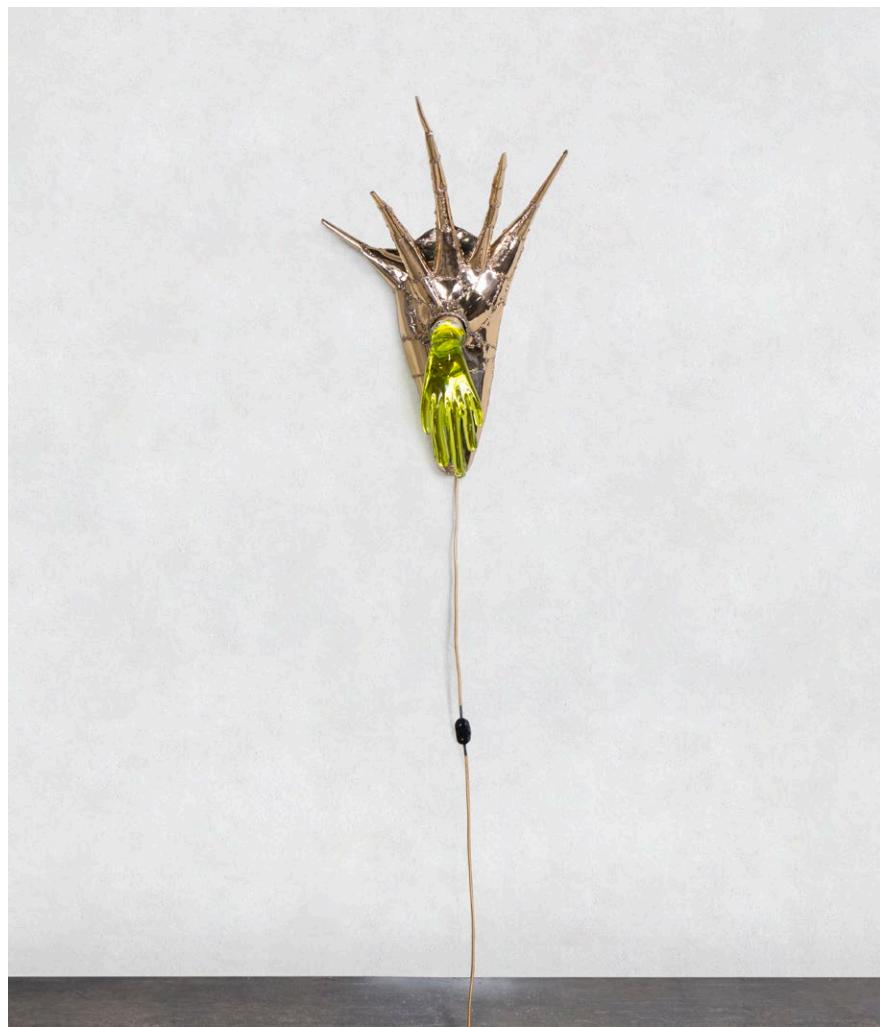
Back Bend Starfish Puts on all Her Jewels for Her Workout, 2018

Stainless steel, glass

21 x 90 x 63 inches

53 x 229 x 160 cm





Enchanté Sconce, 2018
Bronze, glass
32 x 28 x 17 inches
81 x 71 x 43 cm





Liquor Locker (Copper), 2018

Copper, bronze, glass

77 x 30 x 30 inches

196 x 76 x 76 cm



SCRAPPY

Scrappy Grand, 2017
Found objects, mixed media, ceramic beads, grass, fibers
110 x 84.5 x 44.5 inches
280 x 215 x 113 cm



Malkern's Ghost, 2017

Found objects, mixed media, ceramic beads, grass, hand-dyed grass and fibers

98 x 78 x 36 inches

249 x 198 x 92 cm



Bits and Pieces, 2018
Found objects, mixed media, ceramic beads, grass, fibers
103 x 66 x 37 inches
262 x 168 x 94 cm



The Burrower, 2017
Mixed media
86.5 x 45.25 x 27.5 inches
220 x 115 x 70 cm





Scratchy, 2019
Hand-woven fiber, glass
89 x 48 x 40 inches
226 x 123 x 102 cm



Down the Road to the Right, 2018
Lavumisa, found mixed grasses, glass, lighting
64 x 70 x 60 inches
163 x 178 x 153 cm



SPEECHLESS: DIFFERENT BY DESIGN

DALLAS MUSEUM OF ART, 2019-2020

HIGH MUSEUM OF ART, 2020









SOFT BODIES, HARD SPACES
FRIEDMAN BENDA, 2020





A Loose Understanding of the Space-Time Continuum, 2020
Mohair
118 x 118 inches
300 x 300 cm
Unique series of 3



Kinky Colon, 2020
Ceramic, glass, stainless steel, aluminum
78.8 x 27.25 x 25.25 inches
200.2 x 69.2 x 64.1 cm



Stye Goes to Paris, 2019
Fiberglass
35 x 42.5 x 42 inches
89 x 108 x 107 cm







Storage for Light, Emotions, and Transient Thought, 2020

Aluminum, glass

86 x 73 x 20 inches

219 x 186 x 51 cm





Don't Even Get Me Started, 2020

Bronze, pine, stainless steel, steel, glass, stone, cement,
aluminum, terracotta

29.5 x 43.5 x 33 inches

75 x 110.5 x 84 cm





Moon Child, 2020
Powder-coated aluminum, stainless steel, ceramic
15 x 50 x 36 inches
38.1 x 127 x 91.4 cm





The Loose Lemon Drops in His Pocket, 2020

Glass, aluminum

75.5 x 28 x 18 inches

192 x 71 x 46 cm







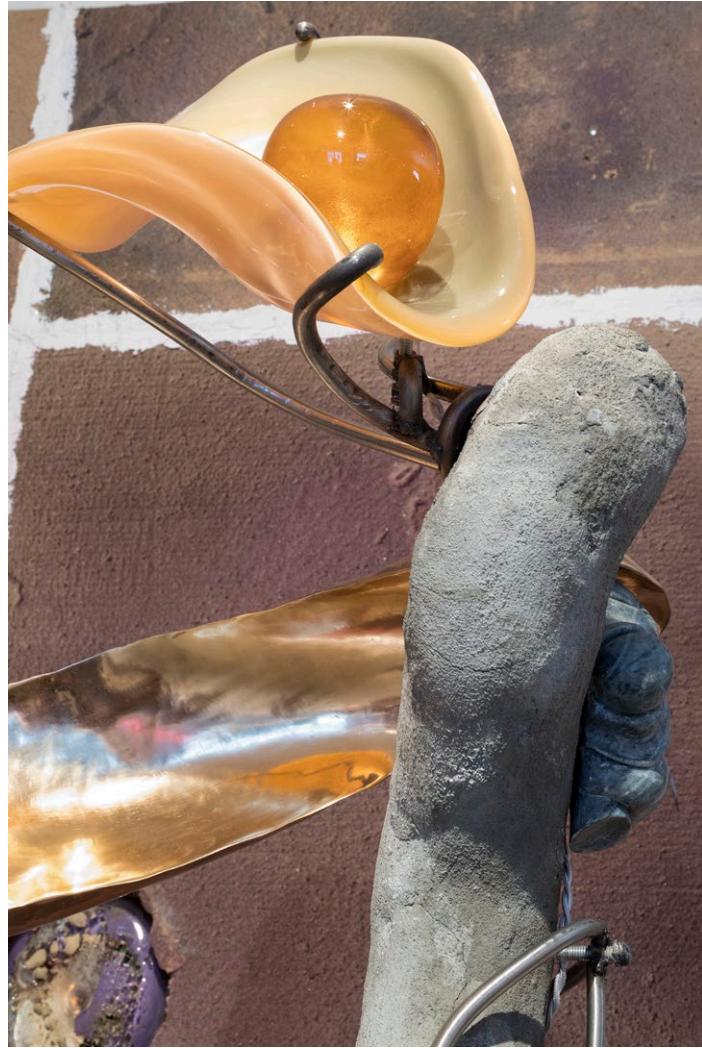
Lone Pickle in Empty Fridge, 2019
Stainless steel, glass, resin, auto paint
74.5 x 49 x 26.25 inches
189 x 124.5 x 67 cm



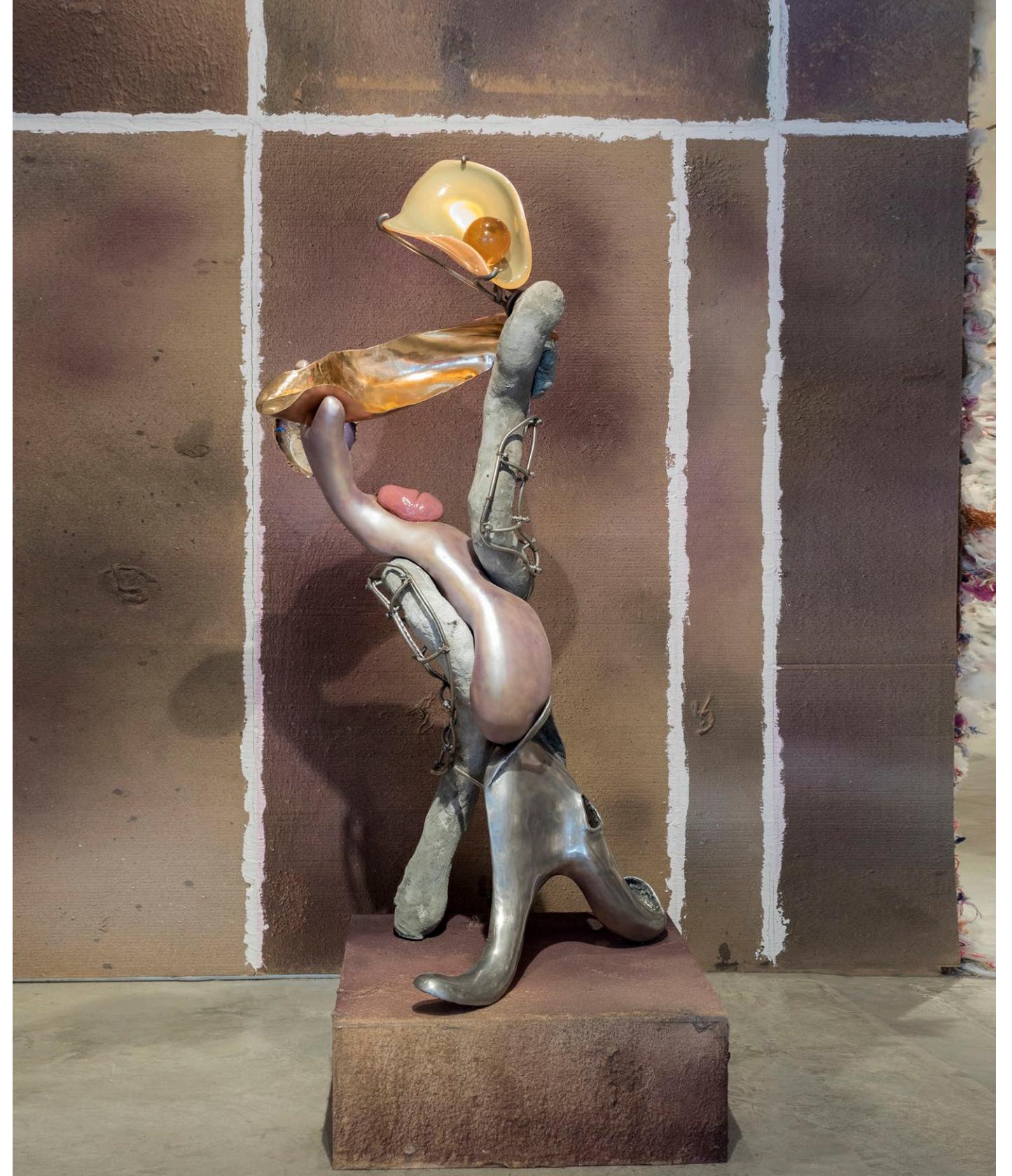


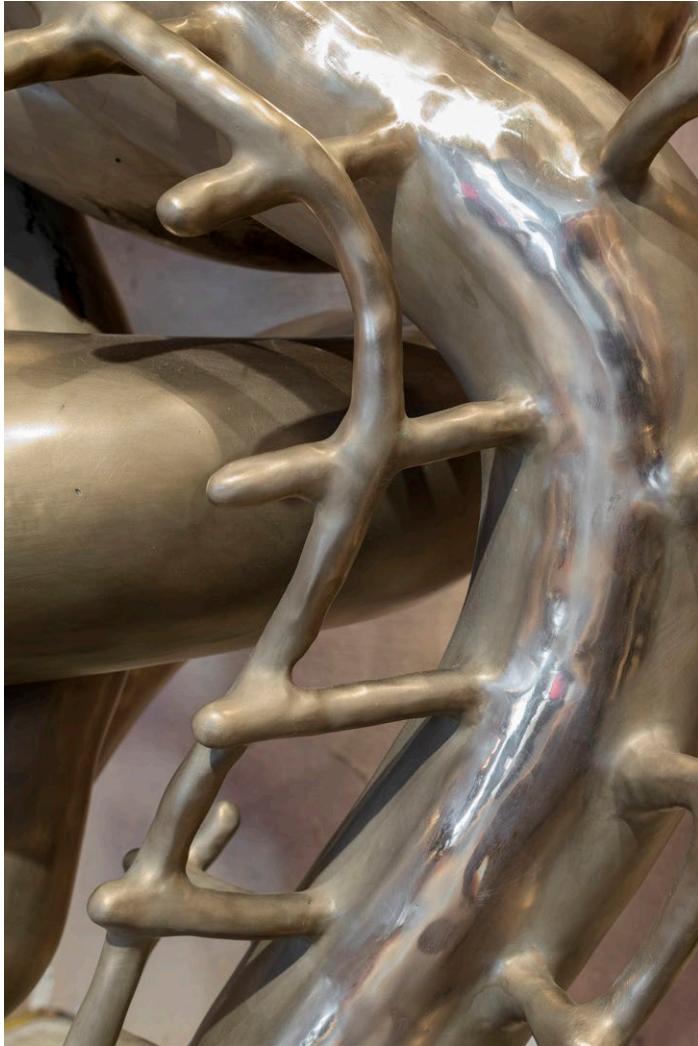
Slide to the Left, 2020
Stainless steel, concrete, glass fiberglass, ceramic, bamboo, wool
79 x 25 x 21 inches
201 x 63.5 x 53 cm



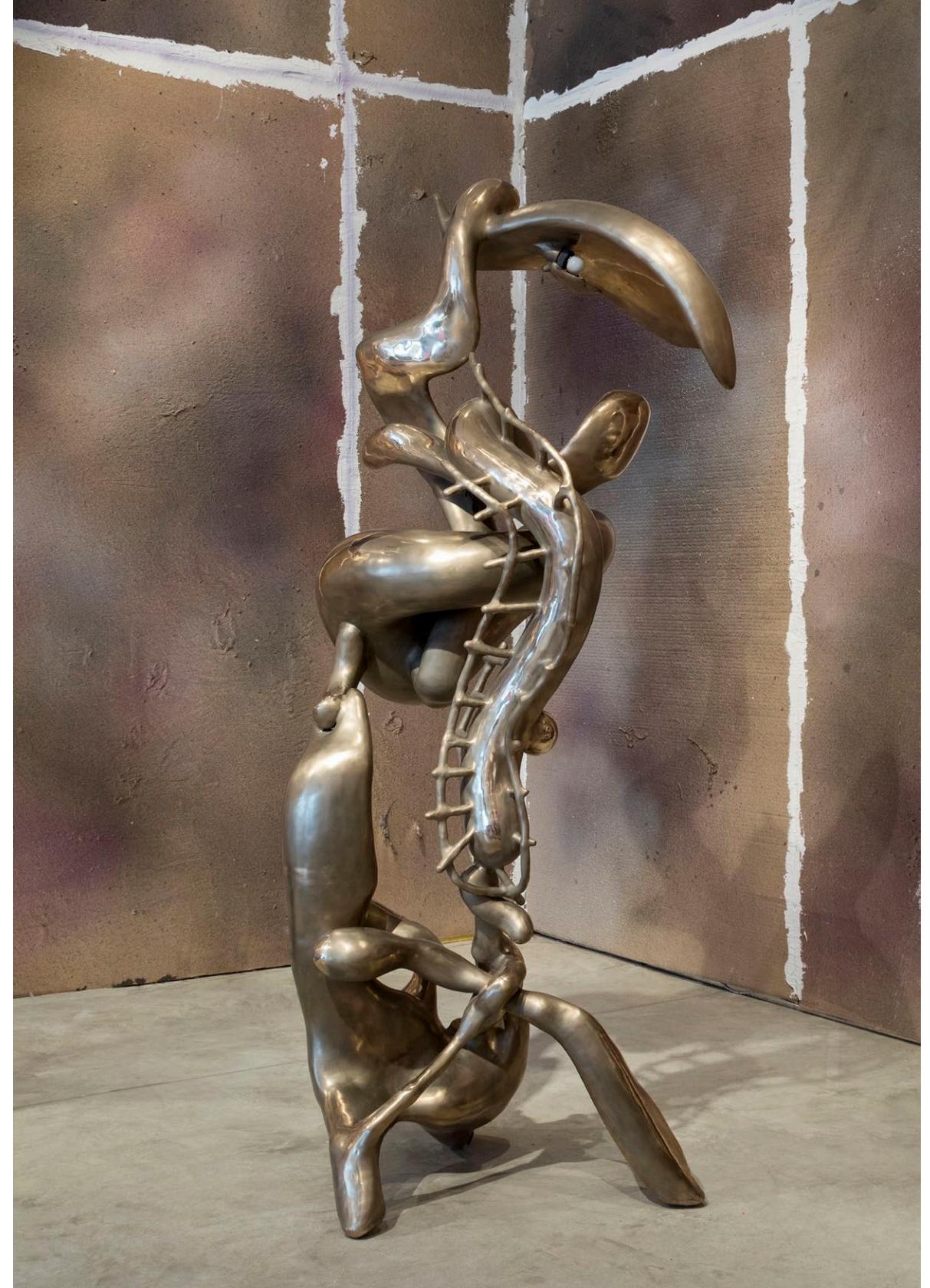


Slide to the Right, 2019
Stainless steel, concrete, glass fiberglass, ceramic, bamboo, wool
73 x 37 x 37 inches
185.4 x 94 x 94 cm





What? This Old Thing?, 2020
Bronze
72.75 x 29.5 x 26.75 inches
185 x 75 x 68 cm





MISHA KAHN: SOFT BODIES, HARD SPACES

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