

(A short index of reviews of my work in which my body is described)

Beside me a thin guy clutches a homemade vase. [...] We pull into Philadelphia just after noon and immediately the thin guy drops his vase on the sidewalk in front of the bus.

Heins, Scott. "The Fung Wah Biennial Took Me On A Weird Art Field Trip." *The Gothamist*, 17 Mar. 2016.

To look at Milner — just 25, thin like a butter knife, short of muscle, soft-spoken, pale, and always invisible even as he is present in the way a child can be in a room full of adults — you wonder if this marathon might actually kill him.

Rinaldi, Ray Mark. "Denver's Adam Milner will talk and talk for 24 hours straight." *The Denver Post*, 19 Sept. 2013.

His placid eyes were fixed on the projector screen ahead, as if he were watching a playback of his memory on the screen. [...] He'd sat elegantly at the back of the classroom, legs crossed, back straight. In person, he's a gentle-looking man, with soft brown hair and small relaxed shoulders. His hands clasped properly on his knee and his eyes, however calm, gleamed with a kind of composed passion. [...] His voice is dreamy, whimsical, soft but not timid. His words sound like poetic streams of thought, fresh from his mind.

Chan, Bonnie. "An Artist's Diary." 7 Dec. 2015.

I once had sex with someone and our skin never touched. Even so, bodies are porous things, seeping into each other, leaving traces behind. Inside and outside, what's mine and what's yours, where I begin and end; these are confusing distinctions that break down the more they're interrogated.

My friend Jenn, after 10 years of friendship, wanted to get a buzzcut like in high school. She asked if I might want her braids, and if she could come over so I could snip them off. It's vulnerable to offer your body to someone; it's also hard to accept it. She came over and I snipped each braid, one by one, and held her in my hands. Now, after a couple years have passed, the braids are more mine than hers. As I have clung to them, kept them safe, updated the rubber bands that have snapped or disintegrated, lived with them and shown them in artworks, they are part of me. And I'm sure I am part of them, my literal cells trapped between the tightly-made braids, a fusion from years of intimate handling.

A conservator created a custom plastic pouch for them and also tied on a white ribbon to better contain them. When I mixed my things with the things of Andy Warhol, the museum conservationist ended up making custom archival boxes or envelopes for every object I had introduced. These weren't part of the presentation, but instead something that he did to keep my things safe while they were in the museum's possession in the days leading up to installing the project. Likely, these containers also served to keep the collection safe from me, from my contamination. I think he did this automatically, without a second thought, even though they had been laying around in my bedroom and studio all along, "unprotected"; when things enter the museum, they are contained, protected, preserved.

(When I worked at the Clyfford Still Museum I remember hearing stories about how the artist had rolled his paintings up and stashed them in the corner of his barn studio, letting them pick up bits of grass or hay, the paint cracking or sticking to itself because it was still a bit wet. Conservators painstakingly returned each painting to its proper condition, a condition which never existed but for a moment, before he rolled it up, put it away, and started another. The bodies of the paintings were diligently separated from the body of the barn.) To freeze something in time is to try to reverse inevitabilities that bodies seep, collapse, and merge into each other at all times.

When I interspersed mine and Warhol's things in museum vitrines, there were conversations about how to keep the museum's archive pure or uninfected. Could we put Andy's wig on a riser or little plinth? Could we keep Jenn's hair in the plastic? No, we couldn't. These conversations revealed a humorous paranoia implicit in trying to save things: the fear that, at some point, even under glass, the things might engage in some kind of mingling, some kind of behavior that might merge their bodies: a strand of hair from Andy's wig and a strand of hair from Jenn's braids might get a little too close, might even trade places; the Prince and the Pauper but with hair. And more than likely, they were right. Even so, we ultimately forewent any risers or containers. I kept Jenn's braids in the archival ribbon, but threw away the plastic.

I used to blur my body with the bodies of strangers by donating blood, though I didn't think of it that way at the time. I did this several times as a teenager. I just wanted to help, and I seemed to have more than enough of it (my rosy cheeks, the constant nosebleeds). But there was something important happening there, that my body was being used to combine with the body of another person who I would never know, and that this might help them. It was a literally connective gesture, where I felt closer to strangers on the street, to all humankind, because our bodies were so clearly mixing with each other, creating an unseen and unknown network or larger body. (Later, I learned that my blood was sold for around \$240 a pint, which is a lot of money, but also less than I might have guessed. Also later, I learned that I could no longer donate blood and that this way of connecting was over.)

Now, I share a body (bodies) with someone named Fred. If there was fear that two items in a vitrine might integrate, then I can guarantee Fred and I have integrated. I don't need to explain what I mean, but I do mean more than sex.