

Tirza True Latimer, Wifredo Lam, Charles Henri Ford, Ariel Goldberg, Noam Parness, Robert Giard, Alexis Clements, Barbara Smith, Pamela Sneed, Susanna Koetter, Kiyon Williams, Orlee Malka, Joseph Liatela, Aika Akhmetova, Rasel Ahmed, Fontaine Capel, Nona Faustine, Patricia Lannes, Nirvana Santos, Stanley Stellar, Avram Finkelstein, Deborah Kass, Glenn Ligon, Yevgeniy Fiks, Angela Dufresne, Catalina Schliebener, Russell Perkins, Ronak K. Kapadia, Chitra Ganesh, Marianna Bender, Katharina Poblitzki, Hilton Als, Lola Flash, Perry Brass, John Burton Harter

INTERSECTIONALITY

ISSUE 68



The Archive

4 OTHER POINTS OF VIEW

Text by Tirza True Latimer

10 BUFFERING THE LENS

Text by Ariel Goldberg and Noam Parness

16 THE BLACK FEMINIST ROOTS OF INTERSECTIONALITY

Text by Alexis Clements

20 INTERSECTIONALITY IN THE STUDIO

Guest Curated by Pamela Sneed

24 Susanna Koetter

26 Kiyon Williams

28 Orlee Malka

30 Joseph Liatela

32 Aika Akhmetova

34 Rasel Ahmed

36 Fontaine Capel

38 Nona Faustine

40 INTERSECTIONALITY: A PEDAGOGICAL FRAMEWORK

Text by Patricia Lannes and Nirvana Santos

44 OMNISCIENT: QUEER DOCUMENTATION IN AN IMAGE CULTURE

Text by Avram Finkelstein

52 UTOPIAS 2020

54 Chitra Ganesh

56 Juan Bauer & Jason Mangiarotti

58 Wanda Acosta

60 JOHN BURTON HARTER, AN ENDURING LEGACY

Text by Perry Bass

“There is no such thing as a single-issue struggle because we do not live single-issue lives.” — Audre Lorde

Dear Friends,

As we continue to define a vision for the future of the Leslie-Lohman Museum of Art, the concept of Intersectionality is at the center of the many conversations among staff, board of trustees, and collaborators. Is it possible to reflect the LGBTQ+ experience in an authentic way without paying attention to issues of race, ethnicity, class, and ability? The answer to that question brought us back to the 1977 statement from the Combahee River Collective and to the writings from Kimberlé Crenshaw who in the 1980s stated that “Intersectionality” is an analytic sensibility, a way of thinking about identity and its relationship to power. Originally articulated on behalf of black women, the term brought to light the invisibility of many constituents within groups that claim them as members but often fail to represent them.

From Charles Henri Ford and his colleagues defying the equalizing norms of modernism in the 1940s (*Other Points of View*, page 4), to the poignant feature guest curated by Pamela Sneed which primarily focuses on a group of her students navigating complex and layered intersectional issues through their artistic practice and lives (*Intersectionality in the Studio*, page 20), to the desire of a brown feminist Queer utopia expressed so beautifully by Chitra Ganesh on our upcoming iteration of QUEERPOWER (page 54), the pages in this issue of *The Archive* are all built around the idea of intersectionality. We seek to bring light the experiences and issues that are a result of the complex set of identities that makes each and every one of us unique.

This year, we hope members of our community, museum visitors, and program participants have the opportunity to see themselves reflected in our content in a much more nuanced and intersectional way.

Onwards!



Gonzalo Casals
Executive Director

Other Points

The art journal *View*, edited by Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler from 1940 to 1947, highlighted vibrant cultural enterprises that escape notice in formalist taxonomies of modern art. For the first half of the twentieth century, the so-called American Century, when distilling the unique characteristics of American modernism preoccupied influential art-world figures from Alfred Stieglitz and his circle to the critic Clement Greenberg, *View* examined cultural life in the Americas from divergent perspectives.¹ Bringing together surrealists, magic realists, neo-romantics, and self-taught artists from Europe and the Americas, *View* cultivated alternative understandings of both the qualifier “American” and the term “modernism.”

of View

Text by Tirza True Latimer

¹Henry Luce, creator of the *Time-Life* publishing empire, in his editorial for *Life*, February 17, 1941, declared that the twentieth-century must be, “to a significant degree, an American Century.”

View contributors bucked prevailing professional trends by working collaboratively in such arenas as opera, ballet, and theater. Instead of making claims about art’s “autonomy” (its absolute independence from the social contexts of its production) they explored art’s implication in modern social and sexual relations. Rather than espousing notions of medium-specific purity, they privileged interdisciplinary and hybrid genres. And, at a time of heightened nationalism, they devoted much of their creative energy to sustaining affiliations across territorial boundaries.

The exhibition looks the mid-twentieth-century artistic scene in America through the lens of *View* magazine, re-introducing queer artists and critics—foremost Charles Henri Ford (1908–2012), Parker Tyler (1904–1974), and Pavel Tchelitchew (1898–1957)—who had a significant impact on modern art in America between the two World Wars, but then disappeared from its history. At the same time, the exhibition recontextualizes (and reawakens the strangeness of) certain modernists now considered canonical. These modernists include Joseph

Cornell (1903–1972), who created a wrap-around cover for the January 1943 issue of *View*; Alexander Calder (1898–1976), whose work appears on the cover in Spring 1944; Georgia O’Keeffe (1887–1986), whose painting was reproduced on the cover of the Summer 1944 issue; and Isamu Noguchi (1904–1988) whose sketch for the cover of the October 1946 issue is displayed in the exhibition.

The exhibition is distinctive in that it places emphasis on ephemeral objects and events, alongside fine art objects, to show modernism from unaccustomed angles. While restoring *View* magazine to a place of prominence among mid-century journals of art and criticism, *Other Points of View* also spotlights some of the theatrical initiatives that gave the magazine’s contributors their first opportunities for creative collaboration in the United States. The opera *Four Saints in Three Acts*, with libretto by Gertrude Stein, score by Virgil Thomson, choreography by Frederick Ashton, décor by Florine Stettheimer, and an all African American chorus directed by Eva Jessye, set the stage for subsequent group endeavors. The opera premiered at the Wadsworth



Fig. 1

² Charles Henri Ford, letter to subscribers dated 3 April 1947, YCAL MSS 32, box 4, Beinecke Rare Books and Manuscript Collection, Yale University.

³ Mark Polizzotti, *Revolution of the Mind: The Life of André Breton* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1995): 508. Thank you, Michael Taylor.

⁴ Greenberg's essay "American-Type Painting," published in the *Partisan Review* in 1955, emphasizes the national specificity of noteworthy contemporary artistic practices, specifically color field painting. Greenberg elaborated the development of modern art in terms of purity (the elimination of extraneous or "literary" content) and pictorial flatness.

⁵ In the *Partisan Review* article "The Renaissance of the Little Mag," Greenberg characterized the editors of *View* as an "American species" of surrealist that "identifies literature and art with its social life." Clement Greenberg, "The Renaissance of the Little Mag," *Partisan Review* 7:1 (January–February 1941): 73.

Atheneum Museum of Art in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1934. Two years later, the Wadsworth hosted *The Paper Ball*, a masquerade extravaganza staged in the museum's atrium, which Tchelitchev had festooned with a three-story cut-paper décor. By paying serious attention to social life, collaboration, and ephemeral practices dismissed as eccentric distractions in their day, *Other Points of View* restores diversity—including, importantly, queerness—to the field of American art.

View helped to form modernism's queer matrix. "View's unique contribution," Ford explained to potential backers in a fundraising letter, "is to give voice to cultural manifestations...not necessarily falling within prescribed modern styles and forms, but always expressing ideas that are vital and out-of-the-ordinary."² What did out-of-the-ordinary mean to Ford? The covers and contents of *View*, compared to other publications produced in the U.S. during an era of escalating nationalist fervor, seem to anticipate a label viciously deployed by Senator Joseph McCarthy (in office 1947–1957) only a few years later to stigmatize and censure all manner of diversity, any deviation from the norm, as "un-American."

According to the surrealist leader André Breton, exiled in New York during the 1940s, *View* was nothing more than a showcase for cosmopolitan queers—or, as Breton put it, "pederasty international."³ Yes, many of the contributors to *View* were gay. But just as many were not. Was there more political intentionality behind *View* magazine's

extra-ordinary-ness than Breton was willing or able to admit? As contemporary viewers, looking back, it is clear that the journal doesn't jibe with the progress narrative of modernism espoused by Clement Greenberg. But could *View's* commitment to the out-of-the-ordinary be understood as a mode of resistance to the era's narrowing notions of modernism and American-ness?

Presenting ill-assorted work by aliens, misfits, immigrants, itinerants, conscientious objectors, autodidacts, free thinkers, and sexual outlaws, *View* magazine represented both America and modernism as spaces of possibility for social outcasts, eccentrics, and resisters of artistic norms, and discrepant cultural discourses. Looking at *View* reveals an unfamiliar, highly unstable, and exceptionally diverse modernist landscape that does not conform to the art historical narratives we have inherited.

By collaborating across various kinds of boundaries, the artists associated with *View* openly acknowledged the importance in their development of social networks. This at a time when rugged individualism accrued value as a particularly American attribute and Greenberg—with his essay "American-Type Painting" among other writings—shaped new discourses of American modernism based on values that *View* contested.⁴

View was, for Greenberg, anathema. You could say he formulated his thoughts about modernism 'against' *View* and all that the magazine represented. He complained that for the *View* milieu art was merely a backdrop for their social (and sexual) lives.⁵ While the editors of *View* never proselytized about their political beliefs or social values (which included homophilia, anti-racism, and sex-positivity), they facilitated and benefited from transactions in the cultural arena that relied on and reinforced their sexual-social connections, and made them quite apparent to those in the know. Neither Charles Henri Ford nor Parker Tyler would have contradicted Greenberg's critique that *View* identified art with social life.

Indeed, contre Greenberg, *View* saw sociability as one of the magazine's great strengths. *View* labored to create a social space of intellectual and artistic exchange for contributors and readers alike. The quarterly publication was only one of a number of related *View* enterprises. *View* published books under its imprimatur, including a bi-lingual edition of André Breton's *Young Cherry Trees Secured Against Hares* (1947). *View* hosted small exhibitions in the magazine's midtown offices and also partnered with Julien Levy Gallery and Hugo Gallery to present work by artists *View* featured in its issues. Ford and Tyler were among the first to throw lavish opening parties in New York galleries, complete with flower arrangements and champagne. In a few

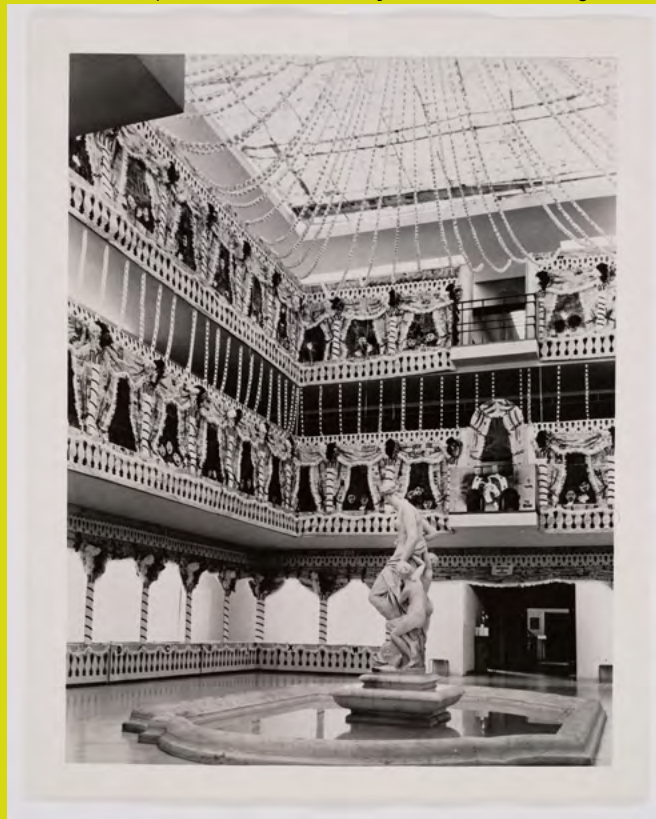


Fig. 2



Fig. 3



Fig. 4: Charles Henri Ford, *untitled Poem Poster*, 1964. Offset print (Printer: Vassily Papachrysanthou), 39.375 x 27.625 in. Image courtesy of Indra Tamang, Executor, Charles Henri Ford Artistic Estate.

Fig. 4



Fig. 5

⁶ The release of *View*'s May 1942 "Tchelitchev Issue," for instance, coincided with a Tchelitchev retrospective at Julien Levy Gallery; a display ad for the show appeared on page one of the magazine.

⁷ The 2001 documentary *Sleep in a Nest of Flames*, Symbiosis Films (James Dowell and John Kolomvakis) features a contemporary reconstruction of Ford's surrealist puppet play, *A Sentimental Playlet*, with music by Paul Bowles. The original puppets were designed by the Swiss Surrealist artist Kurt Seligmann (1900–1962) and his spouse Arlette Seligmann (1906–1992). The play premiered at Spivy's Roof nightclub in New York City, in June of 1946.

⁸ Clement Greenberg, "The Renaissance of the Little Mag," *Partisan Review* 7:1 (January–February 1941): 73.

⁹ Clement Greenberg, "The Renaissance of the Little Mag," 74.

¹⁰ Charles Henri Ford, interview by Bruce Wolmer, *Bomb* 18 (Winter 1987) <http://bombsite.com/issues/18/articles/868> (accessed 6/9/13).

¹¹ See Parker Tyler, *Screening the Sexes: Homosexuality in the Movies* (New York: Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1972).

instances, issues of *View* doubled as catalogues for these shows, with Parker Tyler generating critical texts.⁶ *View* also sponsored Jazz concerts and lectures (including one by Jean-Paul Sartre at Carnegie Hall), and organized experimental theatrical performances.⁷ *View* co-founded the off-Broadway Theatre Ubu, where Charles Henri Ford's sister, Ruth Ford, starred. *View* reported on and advertised these events, which were often highlights of New York Bohemia's social season, thus expanding the lively boundaries of the magazine.

But in Greenberg's estimation, *View*'s imbrication in social life trivialized the artistic vocation. "This social life is complicated and satisfying," he quipped. "The gossip is good if you know the names; if you know the people I imagine it might get to be a little too much."⁸ Greenberg concluded his coverage of *View* in a review titled "The Renaissance of the Little Mag" with the over-zealous declaration, "I am for the extinction of the milieu."⁹ Does homophobia alone account for the violence of Greenberg's attack? Or was he, perhaps, threatened by the alternatives of modern creative practice that *View* modeled with its ebullient eclecticism?

Against the backdrop of Greenbergian formalism, the eccentric modernists spotlighted in *View* stood apart. They built practices and sustained relationships based on affinities not defined in nationalist or formalist terms. They did not participate in the progress narrative that defined modern art as a long arc toward abstraction, beginning in Paris at the dawn of the

twentieth century and reaching an apogee in New York in the wake of America's Second-World-War victory. The artistic alliances loosely binding *View*'s artists together formed, instead, around resistance to categorization, convention, and normativity. Their kinship was based on affection (and often desire) for one another, as well as a commonly espoused solidarity with all manner of queers and misfits.

Throughout the 1940s, *View* magazine vied with and responded to such influential journals as the *Partisan Review*, where Greenberg's criticism appeared, and Breton's "official" surrealist magazine *VVV*. Yet by the 1950s *View* had vanished, leaving behind barely a trace on the historical record. *View*'s "war work," as Ford described it, effectively ended with the shutdown of *View* in 1947.¹⁰ A cultural war in the U.S. had begun, however, and this was not a war that the *View* milieu could win at that time.

The exhibition *Other Points of View* traces not only the lineage of the *View* enterprise (its debt to Gertrude Stein's generation) but also its legacy. Charles Henri Ford's *Poem Poster* series from the 1960s and Parker Tyler's writings on homosexuality in cinema from the early 1970s lent further impetus to a cultural trajectory that such artists as Andy Warhol (1928–1987) and Jack Smith (1932–1989) made even more visible.¹¹ *Other Points of View* at Leslie-Lohman Museum sheds light on this queer history of modern and contemporary art.

OTHER POINTS OF VIEW
On View: February 8 – May 17, 2020
Curated by Tirza True Latimer

Tirza True Latimer, Professor of Visual Studies, California College of the Arts, is author of *Eccentric Modernisms: Making Differences in the History of American Art* (2016).

Fig. 5: Theater Ubu announcement, back cover, *View* (December 1946). Image courtesy Tirza True Latimer.

Fig. 5

Buffering The Lens

Text by Ariel Goldberg and Noam Parness

*Uncanny effects: effects as of the frame; as of the mask: effects of focal length.*¹

— Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick

¹Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, "White Glasses," *The Yale Journal of Criticism* 5, no. 3 (1992) 197.

²Ibid

³Robert Giard Journal Entry on Eve Sedgwick, 1999, New York City, Notebook 7, Robert Giard Papers, 1 Box, The New York Public Library, Manuscripts, Archives, and Rare Books.

Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick (1950–2009) prepared her essay entitled *White Glasses* as a premature obituary for her friend Michael Lynch (1944–1991). Lynch was an author, English professor, and LGBT and AIDS activist in Toronto, who would live with HIV for only two more months following Sedgwick's May 1991 presentation of this essay at the City University of New York's Center for Lesbian and Gay Studies Conference in New York City. By this time, Robert Giard (1939–2002) was six years into his project, *Particular Voices: Portraits of Gay and Lesbian Writers*, in which he would document over 600 LGBTQ authors throughout the course of two decades. One year before he began *Particular Voices*, Giard photographed Michael Lynch in Amagansett, New York in 1984 (Figure 1). In this image, Lynch's nude body is shadowed against a white brick wall and dappled in repeating hyphens of sunlight. While his body, with bathing suit tan lines visible, angles away from the camera, Lynch's face confronts us; his eyes gaze casually toward the viewer, toward the lens, toward the photographer.

This image suggests a warm and playful afternoon in the Hamptons. Giard, a self-taught photographer who lived in Amagansett since 1974, chose to print this close up image of Lynch. Yet the contact sheets that accompany this photo session include a series of frames where Giard zoomed his camera out. Giard paid attention to other elements such as the window on an adjacent wall, or a pool skimmer peeking out from the sunlit lawn. These details hovering at the edge of the frame betray the single photograph that Giard printed by presenting a fuller scene, and suggesting a wider context for its making. No longer a frozen memory of Lynch, the

contact sheet gives access to other options, failures, overexposures, and processes.

As curators of *Uncanny Effects*, we have been utilizing Sedgwick's "uncanny" not only as our title, but more importantly, as an organizing principle for this exhibition. Sedgwick describes how her attempt to purchase an almost identical pair of white glasses that frame Michael Lynch's face allows for an identification with him: "When I am with Michael, often suddenly it will be as if we were fused together at a distance of half an inch from the eye."² Sedgwick's description for the functions of a lens and a frame, and their attempts at identification (or perhaps at mimicry), is an apt metaphor for Giard's photographic process. Through his lens Giard tried to learn about the cultural production, experiences, and personal environments of the people he photographed. However, the ongoing sharpening of eyeglasses offers a point of contrast to the brief shutter of a camera lens.

While many of Giard's images circulate as attentive portraits of writers, what is perhaps lesser known is the research and literary aspects that surrounded Giard's image-making. Before each photoshoot with an author as part of *Particular Voices*, he would be sure to read some of their writings to get a sense of the authors' works and literary contributions. At first, correspondence would be mailed back-and-forth to inquire about a photoshoot, then book manuscripts sent (if no titles were in print), letters exchanged about using images for author headshots, and, sometimes, permission requested to reproduce or exhibit an author's image. Giard, it turns out, photographed Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick in



Fig. 1

Fig. 2: Robert Giard, *Portrait of the Photographer*, 1982, silver gelatin print, 10 x 8 in. © the Estate of Robert Giard.



Fig. 2

1999, as a late addition to *Particular Voices*. “ES is an Honorary Gay; her ‘queerness’ qualifies her for my archive.”³ We still have not been able to locate the photographs that Giard took of this scholar and artist, which evidences how vast his portraiture practice was. We suspect Sedgwick’s image is not at the surface of Giard’s archive because she was photographed immediately after his book and major exhibition of *Particular Voices* took shape, and her images were not edited into the mix of his newer project, *Queer Views*. Perhaps Sedgwick characterized a grey area that troubled his identity-based categories. Her image waits to be activated.

emphasis on lesbian writing active from 1976–1990, we found that over half the contributors posed for Giard, including Samuel Ace (b. 1954) who used Giard’s author photo for him on his first collection of poems *Normal Sex* (1994), and the United States’ current Poet Laureate, Joy Harjo (b. 1951).

Just as the majority of Giard’s portraiture was specific to the daily environments of his sitters’, the space of Giard’s image production occurred in his home. He printed all of his negatives in a closet-like darkroom with a layover across the hall to the kitchen’s water flow, which would be out of commission for cooking when it was rigged to wash his prints. In one of the early self-portraits of *Uncanny Effects*, Giard is wearing a rubber apron, indicating the toxicity to the chemical baths used for gelatin silver printing, yet he is still exposed, without a shirt on and barefoot. He both protects and makes his body vulnerable to his materials (Figure 2).

Giard shot almost exclusively on black and white film, usually with a twin-lens reflex Rolleicord camera on a tripod with no artificial lights. While committing himself to making photographs, Giard worked modestly and persistently in Amagansett. In the late 1970s, he began teaching photography courses at Southampton Community College, and by the early 1980s, was participating in local activities such as the East End Gay Organization’s mixed gender consciousness raising group. *Uncanny Effects* is as much a show with notable figures’ portraits as it is a portrait of a photographer who was working against the grain of photographers who were swept into the art market starting in the 1980s who have now become household names.

Inspired by two plays in 1985—William Hoffman’s (1939–2017) *As Is* and Larry Kramer’s (b. 1935) *The Normal Heart*—Giard felt it imperative to document gay and lesbian authors in a time when his peers were dying in the early years of the HIV/AIDS crisis. Giard produced portraits for a growing tide of queer cultural production in the United States during a period of acute homophobia and ongoing state violence toward lives that fell outside the white hegemony. Giard continued, all the while, his seemingly more meandering but continuous practice of nudes, still lives, and landscapes, which began prior to the organizing principle of a state of emergency that marks *Particular Voices*, which has often been plucked as his most distinguished body of work.

In curating a retrospective of Giard’s work, we are concerned with the precise question of how Giard can speak to the now. Do we have enough reflective space from the late 20th century to understand its image production? As white male toxicity reaches its unholy apex, Giard shared an embodiment of limitations that, we believe, he tried to face as necessary modes of departure in the task of

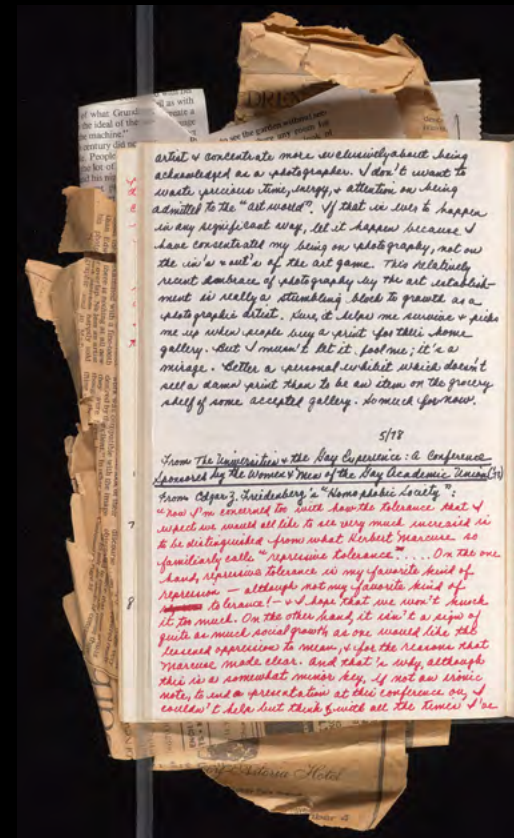


Fig. 3

Giard often left one portrait session with more names, phone numbers, and addresses for future portraits. His process is marked not only by the pace of analogue film, but an analogue network. We value the comparative slowness of Giard’s practice to modes of photographing today. Suggestions of who to follow were not presented by an algorithm, but by in person conversations and correspondences that relied on the durational movements of the postal systems, landlines, and answering machines. We are met with these networks when looking at the rich histories of small press LGBTQ publishing of the late 20th century. In a Table of Contents for issue 16 of *Conditions* (1989), a feminist literary journal with an

Fig. 3: Robert Giard Journal Entry, May 1978, Robert Giard Papers, Yale Collection of American Literature, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, © the Estate of Robert Giard.

photographic representation. His portraiture alternates between tense and expansive negotiations of communicating with another's image through the lens. He attempted to build relationships that were necessary to buffer the lens. He knew he wanted to represent those who lived life from perspectives and experiences different than his own, but shared being "lesbian" and "gay."

Giard processed this tension between himself and the people he photographed through writing in small, metal coil bound notebooks, immediately after his shoots as if exposing another type of film through words. He wrote about arriving at the sitter's house, if he was late or early—always traveling by public transit—what mood he was in, what mood they seemed to be in, contextualized by the tenor of their previous letters or phone calls. If not already friends, he questioned how they would relate both during the task of the portrait and outside of it. In his journals, Giard personalized memories of gossip, insecurities, and rough observations about the intimate space of people's homes and their neighborhoods. On his ferry ride from Audre Lorde's (1934–1992) Staten Island home, he meditated on what it meant to see the Statue of Liberty. He narrated if he arrived at someone's home while they were going through a painful break up. He sometimes recorded an attraction to his sitters while photographing them, or noted someone's ambivalence and resistance to the camera's and Giard's own gaze. He used the space of his journal to meditate on how he imagined, or sometimes even discussed, the specific experience of being imaged. He was drawn to take portraits of writers because he too, was a writer; just before he passed away, he began his *Queer Views* project, about very early LGBTQ activists and geographic sites of relevance, which was intended to include his own writings alongside his photographs.

Giard's *Particular Voices* journals, located at the New York Public Library (NYPL), were restricted for 20 years, according to the stipulations of Giard's donation. This April they fortuitously became available to researchers at NYPL, the same site of his first major exhibition of *Particular Voices* in 1998, a year after the book version of the project was published by The MIT Press. A selection of Giard's journals featured in *Uncanny Effects* are at the heart of understanding the nuances of his practice. How does Giard's writing gesture towards kinship in his images? The shutter flirted with potential. Camera equipment rubbed against questions.

Uncanny Effects does not promise a representative sample of Giard's practice as a whole; instead it is a snapshot of what we, as curators, find relevant and interesting to share in this moment, which is his process, and the traces of contact forged through the photograph. We selected images of artists,

writers, and activists, as well as the occasionally anonymous sitters of his nude portraits. We feature portraits of individuals whose work we wanted to learn more about, searching through the lens of how Giard connected to this person, and engaging with their cultural production in conversation with Giard's correspondences and journal entries.

Giard took a dual category as his starting point for *Particular Voices*: that of "lesbian" and "gay," which we update three decades later to LGBTQ (and which, by the late 1990s, he would change to "queer"). Some of those Giard photographed, such as Patrick Califia (b. 1954) and Samuel Ace, transitioned their genders after their portraits were taken. In one journal entry from 1999, Giard notes how Sylvia Rivera (1951–2002) corrected the pronoun he used for her friend Chelsea during their portrait session (Figure 4). In his journal entry for a shoot with Minnie Bruce Pratt (b. 1946) and Leslie Feinberg (1949–2014) in 1993, he records their recommendations to read the work of Kate Bornstein (b. 1948), and how he learned more about gender. Giard was afoot to constant change because he wanted to preserve life being lived; he saw the precariousness of queer lives and their histories.

The categories that structured Giard's projects now pose challenges for us as curators. We are one of many stewards of his work since he died suddenly of a heart attack in 2002. We too struggle with similar grey areas that alleged identity categories prompt and duplicate. With each image, contact sheet, correspondence, we invoke our attempt to regenerate his network, to notify those who are still living about our intent to include their image in *Uncanny Effects*. We want to pick up on conversations between Giard and those he photographed. We want to get in touch, to see how those people remember him and their experience of being photographed by him. We want to know how they relate to their image now.

UNCANNY EFFECTS: Robert Giard's Currents of Connection
On View: January 22 – April 19, 2020
Curated by Ariel Goldberg and Noam Parness

Noam Parness is assistant curator at the Leslie-Lohman Museum of Art.

Ariel Goldberg's publications include *The Estrangement Principle* (Nightboat Books, 2016) and *The Photographer* (Roof Books, 2015). Goldberg's writing has most recently appeared in *Afterimage*, *e-flux*, *Artforum*, and *Art in America*.



Fig. 4

Fig. 4: Robert Giard, *Sylvia Rivera*, Brooklyn, 1999, silver gelatin print, 14 x 14 in. © the Estate of Robert Giard.

The Black Feminist Roots

of Intersectionality

Text by Alexis Clements

The history is long and remarkably consistent. From Sojourner Truth's powerful critiques of abolitionists in the mid-1800s for refusing to fight for Black women's rights in tandem with the rights of black men, to Anna Julia Cooper's 1892 book, *A Voice from the South*, in which she declared, "The colored woman of to-day [sic] occupies, one may say, a unique position in this country. . . She is confronted by both a woman question and a race problem."¹ To playwright Lorraine Hansberry describing the realities faced by Black women in an interview with broadcaster Studs Terkel: "The most oppressed group of any oppressed group will be its women," which in turn makes them "twice militant because they're twice oppressed."² To the Boston-based Combahee River Collective's (CRC) 1977 statement on the "simultaneous" nature of the oppressions they faced:

The most general statement of our politics at the present time would be that we are actively committed to struggling against racial, sexual, heterosexual, and class oppression, and see as our particular task the development of integrated analysis and practice based upon the fact that the major systems of oppression are interlocking.³

To legal scholar Kimberlé Crenshaw's incisive 1989 legal analysis of the unique position of Black women attempting to bring discrimination claims within the US legal system, in which she coined the term 'intersectionality': "They experience discrimination as Black women—not the sum of race and sex discrimination, but as Black women."⁴ And even more recently to the platform published in 2016 by The Movement for Black Lives:

We are intentional about amplifying the particular experience of state and gendered violence that Black queer, trans, gender nonconforming, women and intersex people face. There can be no liberation for all Black people if we do not center and fight for those who have been marginalized.⁵

¹Anna Julia Cooper, *A Voice from the South* (Ohio: Aldine Printing House, 1892), 134

²Studs Terkel, recorded interview with Lorraine Hansberry, May 12, 1959. <https://studsterkel.wfnt.com/programs/lorraine-hansberry-discusses-her-play-raisin-sun?t=NaN%2CNaN&a=%2C> (accessed December 6, 2019).

³Combahee River Collective, "A Black Feminist Statement," in *This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color*, Fourth Edition (Albany: SUNY Press, 2015), 210.

⁴Kimberlé Crenshaw, "Demarginalizing the Intersection of Race and Sex: A Black Feminist Critique of Antidiscrimination Doctrine, Feminist Theory and Antiracist Politics," *University of Chicago Legal Forum* (1989), 149.

⁵The Movement for Black Lives, "Platform," *The Movement for Black Lives*, <https://policy.m4bl.org/platform/> (accessed December 6, 2019).

This ongoing legacy of Black feminist thought is not so much a thread as a river coursing across history, to borrow CRC's metaphor—a clear and forceful insistence on the recognition of the unique position of Black women, and later also of Black trans, gender nonconforming, and intersex people, as well as a forthright claim to their power.

The term “intersectionality” is everywhere today. It is used, abused, co-opted, and maligned in countless settings. In some of its most cynical uses it has become a stand-in for the hackneyed term “diversity,” a limp gesture often made by white leadership to reference a hoped-for or theoretical presence of people of color without any move by that same leadership to cede space, resources, or control to those individuals.

As CRC co-founder Barbara Smith told me in a phone conversation, which centered on intersectionality: “The actual grasp of what it all means is still only known by some, and the ‘some’ are people, generally, who are very involved in the movements of which our work was very formative and catalytic.”⁶ Barbara Smith along with her sister Beverly Smith, and Demita Frazier wrote the Combahee River Collective's groundbreaking 1977

statement. The group chose the Combahee River as part of their moniker because it is the river upon which Harriet Tubman led over 700 enslaved people to their freedom.

While many people have heard of the work of Kimberlé Crenshaw, particularly Crenshaw's impact as the person who coined the term ‘intersectionality’ and popularized an understanding of its meaning, far fewer people know of the Combahee River Collective's work, even though their statement preceded Crenshaw's term and has served as a direct influence on decades of activism. Most recently the CRC's impact can be traced to the Black women who founded the Black Lives Matter movement,⁷ and the activists in Puerto Rico who formed the Colectiva Feminista en Construcción (Colectiva Feminista), which helped lead the 2019 protests that forced the resignation of the island's governor, Ricardo Rosselló (in office 2017–2019). For example, Shariana Ferrer, a co-founder of Puerto Rico's Colectiva Feminista, in an article appearing on the Shondaland blog wrote: “Our manifesto is in the tradition of the Combahee River Collective... We are the daughters and heirs of black feminism in traditions of resistance in the Caribbean and in Latin America.”⁸

The world is better for having both Crenshaw's work and the Combahee River Collective's statement, not to mention the centuries of work, analysis, and struggle by Black women that preceded them. But here I want to focus on the CRC's statement because it is less widely known and because it reaches far beyond many similar statements in its analysis. As Barbara Smith stated:

⁶ Barbara Smith, phone conversation with author, November 30, 2019.

⁷ This point is discussed in the interview with Black Lives Matter co-founder Alicia Garza featured in Keeanga-Yamahtta Taylor's book *How We Got Free: Black Feminism and the Combahee River Collective* (Chicago: Haymarket Books, 2017). Include the quote's page number here.

⁸ Sandra Guzmán, “Meet the Women Leading Puerto Rico's Feminist Revolution,” *Shondaland*, <https://www.shondaland.com/live/a28653844/puerto-rico-protests-feminist-revolution/> (accessed December 6, 2019)

⁹ Smith, phone conversation with author.

Another reason that the work of the Combahee River Collective is not as well-known is because we were bonafide members of the left... I really feel that it's our leftist politics that gives the statement its uniqueness, its impact, and its staying power, at the very same time that it causes it to be ignored.⁹

The Smith sisters and Frazier came to the CRC with years of activism under their belts, working on a range of issues from anti-war efforts and Black liberation to abortion access and women's health. Those struggles, and the challenges they faced within them as Black queer women, along with their socialist and materialist analysis of the ways in which economics, class, and capitalism played a crucial role in the machinery of oppression, were what drove them to form the CRC. While for some today, many points in their statement may seem self-evident, the reality is that at the time their statement was formulated, it was an utterly revolutionary act to bring all of those pieces together, because as the women of the CRC knew firsthand, many would-be revolutionary groups talked a big game, but when it came down to it, there was always a pecking order that asked women, or queer people, or Black people, or some other group, to take a step back, to wait until later, because something else needed to come first.

Their statement also reveals the lie behind superficial efforts toward “inclusion” that came later in the 1980s and 90s. When the analysis stops at simply acknowledging race and/or gender, society's solutions often pivot around putting more women and/or people of color in the room without ever redistributing power or resources, and without changing the structure of the rooms themselves. As Smith asserted:

When those concepts began to be very popular I referred to diversity and multiculturalism as ‘all the colors in the crayon box’... We don't have to really examine what the meaning is of different histories and their relationships to power, different realities of oppression, we don't have to address all of that because we're just so happy we have all the colors.¹⁰

The power of rooting contemporary understandings of intersectionality in the CRC's statement, and the longer history of Black feminism, is to put pressure on those who would avoid confronting oppression, while wanting to appear culturally and politically savvy. As Demita Frazier noted when thinking about how the term has been abused in the popular culture in her chapter of Keeanga-Yamahtta Taylor's 2017 book *How We Got Free: Black Feminism and the Combahee River Collective*, “I wouldn't say co-opted if it weren't for the fact that there's still this big divide between practice and theory, right?” The CRC statement, drawn from the authors' own experience, and their refusal to continue to participate in activism that excluded their demands, evokes the centuries-old motto that has since been adopted by disability rights activists: “Nothing for us without us.” It serves as a reminder that work should not and cannot be done in their name, or using their analysis, without incorporating the people whose liberation struggles shaped it. Barbara Smith summarized it best in our conversation and her

words are a great reminder to anyone who would take up the mantle of doing intersectional work:

Most people know what's happening to them. And if asked, and given a context, they can say what it is they're experiencing and what's wrong. That's how you begin to build politically... you can talk to people, the most targeted by structural oppressions. And you let them take leadership and tell you what's happening... There are those of us who study this stuff; there are those of us who are very fortunate to have gotten a higher education—we think, we write, we create, et cetera. But at the end of the day... we have to always take our agendas for moving forward from people who understand exactly what's going on.”¹¹

¹⁰ Smith, phone conversation with author.

¹¹ Smith, phone conversation with author.

Alexis Clements is a writer and filmmaker based in Brooklyn, NY. A regular contributor to *Hyperallergic*, her writing has also appeared in *The Los Angeles Review of Books*, *The Guardian*, and *The Brooklyn Rail* among others.

Intersectionality In The Studio

Susanna Koetter

Kiyan Williams

Orlee Malka

Joseph Liatela

Aika Akhmetova

Rasel Ahmed

Guest Curated by Pamela Sneed

I gravitate to places past their prime
 No longer hot spots or trendy destinations...
 Where it once may have been avoided at all costs
 I might now choose to go to Cancún Mexico
 for a quick get-away
 Now that all the hipsters have invaded all other parts of The Yucatán
 Looking for more untouched, pristine, authentic,
 even spiritual experiences
 I have a new and reignited love for Cancún
 Because I'm not a night-life person
 or looking for a straight hook-up
 I can go there unperturbed
 Find some pocket of pristine beach and turquoise water
 and just relax
 practically invisible to the red faces of sun burnt white tourists.

Fontaine Capel

Nona Faustine

These days, like Cancún for some, the term lesbianism is in decline; it isn't a popular destination. It's been replaced with words like Queer among others. Perhaps that's part of the evolutionary process of language. There was a time in the early 90's when I too stopped identifying as lesbian. It was after I'd spent almost a year traveling as a performer/poet in London. It was the first time I traveled that far from home for any real length of time. Many things changed for me. After spending time in the UK I saw myself as an artist who was part of an international and world community.

I belonged to a global community that now describes the millions taken out of Africa, forced into labor in the Caribbean and American colonies; I was part of a diaspora.

After being in Europe I could no longer identify with just a few Black Lesbians that lived and traveled below 14th Street in Manhattan. I also developed new questions asking myself: Was being Gay or Lesbian enough to unite us as a community? Was a shared skin color enough to unite people? My inability to identify as a Lesbian also came from some



Fig. 1

supreme disappointments I'd experienced in early Lesbian relationships. I became aware of the hypocrisy of lesbians who bullied other women, operated in cliques, shamed and shunned others. At that time I didn't feel Lesbian aptly described my desire, which is fluid. I do know that I have never identified as a straight person. For a brief time I identified as a Lesbian identified bisexual.

That didn't change until sometime later in the late 90s when I had to conduct a writing workshop at a remote school in upstate New York. There, I was introduced to a young Black Lesbian writer who was very isolated because of her identity. She was suffering. I thought about what it was like to hear and see Audre Lorde speak in the late 80s and early 90s and how much it meant for me to hear her say out loud: "I am a Black Lesbian, mother, warrior poet doing my work, coming to ask you if you're doing yours?"

Her pride and declaration of identity saved me. With the young woman whom I met I knew I couldn't lie or avoid. Her life and perhaps mine depended on it. So I

said, "I'm a Black Lesbian too." Those words marked my return to lesbianism and being able to name myself as such. I also learned it didn't or doesn't have to be about what a community did or doesn't do, it's about me and how I define myself and what I need.

At this time now more than ever I need to assert myself as a Black Lesbian. I need to declare publicly, "I love women." I need to say this in a culture that despises women and Blackness, dykes, the working class, the disabled and the under-resourced. We live in an environment where cis women and trans women of color are brutally murdered daily and both populations impact me, where domestic violence is an epidemic in America and Lesbians of every color and class are murdered systemically, and yet there is no public outcry. In 2015 I published *Gift*, a chapbook with Belladonna chaplets series. It was named after the murder of a 23-year-old Black Lesbian in South Africa named Gift Makau who had been raped and strangled with a hose shoved into her mouth. I wanted there to be a document for Gift, that somewhere someone would say her life mattered and to create a piece of literature where there was none, and probably outside of what I wrote there will never be.

For me, to say I am a Lesbian is way of fighting, to raise my fist as Winnie and Nelson Mandela did at the height of apartheid, to signal we are still here. There are still so many including myself that need to see us.

Years ago I taught at a school where Queer culture was rendered invisible. I finally encountered a young Black gay man who was out in my class. Because of him, I decided to incorporate Queer history into all of my lessons. I wanted him to know he was not alone and that our contributions throughout history mattered. After every class he never failed to turn to me and say, "Thank you Pamela."

At present I teach online at School of the Art Institute Chicago, in their low residency MFA program. I also teach at Columbia University in the MFA in Visual Arts program. I teach New Genres, Poetry, Performance, and Visual Culture. When I was approached to curate this section on Intersectionality for the *The Archive*, I decided to primarily focus on my students, with the exception on Nona Faustine. For each artist I asked both general and specific questions about intersectionality and its complexities including: what they want others to know and think about and what they don't see of the artists themselves. I also wanted to reference specific conversations we've had together in their studios. I wanted people to see and hear what I experience in studio visits with my students at Columbia. We have conversations about Queerness, intersectionality, and art that the general public are rarely privy to. So often

conversations on intersectionality and overlapping identities become route. I believe the reason that many movements fail is because of their failure to recognize and discuss intersectionality. In many ways I think we have come a long way from when poet Essex Hemphill discussed having to choose between his Blackness and Queerness in the 1989 experimental film *Tongues Untied* and how each identity to him is vital and equal. Still, with most students that I've met regardless of school or region or background, they all voice a feeling of invisibility. The artist students that I know are dealing with such complex and layered issues. Bravely through their artistic practice and lives they are forging paths where and when there are none. Each of them in their own way is courageous, like the Queer artist who had to leave Bangladesh after being targeted by the Taliban—or a young Latinx woman fighting the erasure and gentrification of her New York neighborhood. I also asked my friend Nona Faustine whom I consider a Queer ally whose work and photography on slavery touches me and speaks to my own work. Her struggle as a Black single mother written here makes me cry. There are many other touching essays here Orlee, Joseph, Susanna, Kiyan, Aika, Rasel and Fontaine.

For many of the people I asked to participate in this discussion, it is their first time penning a personal essay. For others such as a Queer artist from Iran dealing with survival and erasure and another from Hong Kong who lives and works, here while being terrified by the Chinese government's shooting of protestors, it was too difficult to speak of and write on such issues, at least for now. Every day they are terrified while fighting marginalization in Trump's America.

I spent the last month and a half assembling and curating artists for this section on intersectionality. I had to convince some that their stories and art were important. After doing this and honoring my own commitment to provide a space for artists to speak, I was hesitant to include my own visual work. I am a relatively new visual artist, practicing and learning for four years while working as a visual artist unconsciously all my life. I was originally willing to provide a space for others, but not for myself. I told myself, "Oh they just want to hear you as a poet." But I am and have always been an interdisciplinary artist. For my visual work, I paint and create collages. As in my own life, I take broken torn and scraps of things and reorder them to sculpt something beautiful that feels whole. In an upcoming show with Avram Finklestein

at Leslie-Lohman Museum of Art, I will exhibit a triptych of full-length body collages. One has a slave ship projected on a jet black body, to portray the way that bodies contain history and how the personal and political intersect.

Recently, I confided to a friend of mine that I wanted to write an article about anti-blackness within Queer and artistic communities. I am constantly dealing with situations where all the players are white. They refuse to see or hear me, I'm projected upon just as Trayvon Martin and Sandra Bland were projected upon before being murdered. Sometimes in those white faces I see fear. I'm only a caricature in their fantasy. My expertise, intelligence, and integrity is undervalued and unseen. It's remarkable how comfortable they seem in this, they don't see or experience anything wrong. Sometimes, I feel as if I'm still living in the apartheid era where whites fashion out great lives for themselves, free from responsibility, in which their lives are built on Black labor and Black pain.



Fig. 2

Pamela Sneed is a poet, performer, visual artist and professor. She lives in New York City, and will publish a new poetry and prose book with City Lights in September 2020 edited by Amy Scholder. She is author of *Imagine Being More Afraid of Freedom than Slavery, Kong and Other Works, Gift, Black Panther*, and *Sweet Dreams* by Belladonna Press.

Susanna Koetter is a former painter and trained printmaker from Boston, MA. She is currently working with fabric dye processes for a forthcoming series of flags. Koetter recently received her MFA from Columbia University, and lives in New York.

Susanna Koetter

I'm not Chinese but generally when a stranger takes a stab at my identity—always unsolicited—that is usually the guess. Two examples come to mind; one from childhood and the other from last week. We were in Montana to visit my father's aunt, a woman just shy of a century who was raised by literal homesteaders. I think it was Kalispell, although my memory escapes me. As we were strolling along Main Street we met eyes with a boy who was accompanying his bike across the way and without even asking, he just remarked, dumbfounded,

"I've never seen a Chinese person before." As a reflex I retort, "We're Korean." I couldn't understand why my mother didn't take offense to such a statement, and instead just smiled as the boy just repeated himself. "I'd never seen a Chinese person before." It wasn't clear if he was really speaking to us.

The second example is far less formative, and perhaps only memorable because of its proximity to the present. It is so formulaic I am certain to forget it as soon as the next one takes place. I was waiting in line for the bathroom at a bar, which invariably translates into an invitation for conversation from a strange, usually white, man. Drunkenly he asks, "Are you Chinese?" To which I answer, "No, are you Chinese?" A pause; confused, "No." As if it were already mapped out, the bathroom door opens and I gesture, dismissively, a "rock on" hand sign.

There's no telling how the world sees me until they decide to tell me. As a mixed person I am graciously offered this telling, on average, about once a week. Seldom does anyone ever ask *who* I am, instead preferring the *what*. I've come to realize that the speculations of my face will reflect the querent more than anyone else.

Besides Kalispell, I've only felt the weight of that stare in rural Korea, in a place I coincidentally cannot remember, also on the street with my mother, this time to get lunch with her sisters and my older cousin who also mixed, but who I am told looks more Korean. There were no words, only a self-consciousness detectable to my mother, who assured me that the Ajjumas (older women) may have never seen people that looked like me and my cousin before. Years later, while studying Korean one summer in college, a teacher asked me if my father was a soldier. I was confused by such a question because didn't the war end 60 years ago? It didn't occur to me at the time the two Koreas drawn at the 38th parallel was a living testament to the fact that the war never ended to begin with.

I call it "racial dysmorphia," which is basically another way of saying that I do not—rather, cannot—see my face with any consistency or certainty as to what I may appear as. Clearly there is some *type* that is registered in the back of people's minds, and in looking there is the pursuit to be satisfied by apt categorization. Often these clues are also in and of themselves, racist. For instance, it is not a coincidence they could tell I was asian through my "eyes." I've developed a resistance to giving strangers complete answers: as soon as I begin to sense a *what* or a *where* pointed in my direction, I will respond with anything but my mother's ethnicity; I want in this engagement to prove again that "Boston," the only place I could ever call home, is not a satisfactory answer. I am interested in this pursuit of identifying signs; where seeing becomes an act of assigning meaning, finding therein a relationship between the querent and the world, between what is and is not, what is inside and outside the boundaries of a word.



Fig. 1



Fig. 2

So I collect the epithelia of the world around me: bags, wrappers, signs, flags, icons—the stuff that is so pervasive that it is like a word we rely on to speak, but whose bodies, unlike sound, cannot evaporate in time. (The plastic island roughly the size of Texas in the middle of the Pacific, tangentially, is also testimony to this fact.) Particularly, and perhaps unsurprisingly, I am drawn to the terms which speak to me personally, images that appear too persistent to be arbitrary, like the happenstance that one might glance at the clock every day at 11:11. My hope is that through public, graphic language I can establish a common ground of interpretation between myself and the viewer, a ground which may or may not mean the same thing to either participant. They are terms that I resist identification with but I cannot help but hold, like when I swore off America and falling for white women after Trump got elected, only to find myself presently retracing the 50 stars and

returning consistently to the copper face of my *Lady Diana*, an intaglio plate which may eventually prove to be my longest love. Admittedly I do not always agree with what I see before me on the wall, but I also know consciousness can be a liar. Perhaps I am also selecting these terms to reclaim agency of the *what* and the *where*, to create a space of interpretation alleviated from the duress of leading questions.

What feels the most true, perhaps, is the contradiction that I could truly love a symbol which represents the very thing I resent. Perhaps all I'm trying to say is, "I am American," or, "my native tongue is English"; the kind statements that are as conventional as the flag outside the post office and and peppered along the skyline, but which may, depending on the *what*, register everything as contradiction.

Kiyan Williams is a multidisciplinary artist from Newark, NJ. They are an assistant professor at Virginia Commonwealth University.

Kiyan Williams

In my recent work I collect dirt, sediment, and debris from sites of loss in the African diaspora: the ruins of slave castles and plantations in the American South, low-income residential buildings demolished by corporate developers, street corners where Black trans women were murdered. Through digging up and giving shape to dirt, I bear witness to the historical, ongoing, and quotidian violence that shape Black queer and trans life in America. I shape the residue of Black loss and transform it into objects that contend with collective amnesia and social neglect.

My work draws relationships between the ongoing historical trauma of slavery and the contemporary forms of displacement that impact my life as a Black non-binary transfemme person. I articulate the connections between the displacement I experience as being a descendant of people who were stolen from their homelands and forced to build the U.S. empire, and the displacement I experience as a Black transfemme person from the hood who is marginalized from traditional places of belonging and who is impacted by gentrification. I draw on my experiences at the confluence of my racial, class, and gender identities, and attempt to reconcile the violences that try to dispossess me from my own body, the land I live on, and the land my ancestors labored on.

My work, *The Vessel / Womb / Abyss* is a meditation on the capacity for subjugated and dominated lifeforms to grow in hostile conditions that were not built for our survival. Evoking the shape of a slave ship and a sarcophagus, the sculpture is made of soil from plantations in the Caribbean and American South. Mushrooms sprouted atop the surface of the soil, small insects made a home in it, and a green leaf blossomed in the center. The particularly species of fungi in the work is cup fungi, which grow in soil that has been displaced from its origins; the soil is nutrient deficient and incapable of growing plants. The fungi decompose any dead and decaying matter in the soil in order to make it nutrient rich and hospitable for other forms of life. The ecological systems of regeneration and transformation are an allegory for the capacity for Blackness and queerness and transness to emerge in conditions that are inhospitable and hostile toward life. They hold the capacity to break down, recycle, remix, and repurpose whatever is present so that life might be sustained and regenerate the soil so that new ecosystems might emerge in the wake of white supremacist cis heteropatriarchal capitalism that has devastated the planet and made it inhospitable for many different forms of life.



Fig. 1



Fig. 2

Fig. 2: Kiyan Williams, *The Vessel / Womb / Abyss*, 2019, soil from plantation ruins, fungi, plant, steel armature, 84 x 24 x 36 in. Courtesy the artist.

Fig. 1: Kiyan Williams, *Meditation on the Making of America*, 2019, soil from plantation ruins, canvas, wood panel, 144 x 96 in. Courtesy the artist.

Orlee Malka is an interdisciplinary artist living in New York City. Her conceptual and collaborative work considers the possibilities of art making within forms of collapse.

Orlee Malka

Sometimes I think of intersectionality as bearing brokenness. Carrying it every day as being pieces. Being the other to a system that doesn't work. The wrong kind of Jew, Arab, Queer, the one with a disability. I'm mostly a survivor of a system that gratifies pain. And by gratify I do not mean in any way that it's worthwhile.

To me, the word bisexuality sounds like a kind of phenomena. This kind of queerness always felt like something seen as a pre-existing condition. However, we were always here in rooms of transition and letting love happen regardless of gender and beyond gender.

Being intersectional is to bear an archive of erasure, but I know something existed. I don't come from nothingness. As someone who grew up with a complex ethnicity in Israel/Palestine, I always felt that I bear that erasure within the culture that I grew up in. So, from an early age I learned how to speak "their" language. I learned to disguise my inner dilemmas and my background, my non-visible blackness, that of my father's North African side. In order to survive I was required to comply and agree to cultural and spiritual erasure and to face a given assertion that Arab-Jews needed to be rehabilitated because we came from nothing. One of the names for the language spoken by us is *Schluchit*, which is spoken by the Amazigh/ Berber people of North Africa. In Israel/Palestine, *Schluchit* became a slur for a degenerate/ dirty person. It was when I was participating in different actions

against the occupation of Palestine that I realized how much silencing was part of my life. I felt that I didn't have the words to define what kind of *Mizrahi* (the Hebrew word for Eastern) I am. Another part of my ancestry has been living in Jerusalem, Palestine for more than two centuries. My history was told to me only within a context of passing-on pieces. We had gone through de-Arabization, which meant that our loved ones stopped speaking their mother tongue (Arabic) and therefore this linguistic erasure performed shame. We live in space (both west and non-west) of what was left after colonialism. In a time where academic research often perpetuates a colonialist construct.

I surrender to language. I use mud and words as means. I think it's a way to belong, or a making that is about belonging. I also know there is an inheritance to this, which includes me gifting this onwards to others beyond lifetimes. It's a form of extended kinship, fearless family-making, so to speak. I pass on something from my mothers, fathers, friends, and allies. When I speak it, it becomes a part of me that was always there. I think of my piece, *Self portrait with a Water Carrier* (2018), which I made in New York, as a work of mourning to the unconsolated. I hold my body in a position of servitude, but also of strength and balance, especially while walking. It's an offering to my grandmothers made of a language of connective tissue with water, mud and light.



Fig. 1



Fig. 2

Fig. 2: Orlee Malka, *Fountain*, 2018, sculpture, dimensions variable. Courtesy of Orlee Malka. Photo: © Orlee Malka

Fig. 1: Orlee Malka, *Self portrait as a Water Carrier*, 2018, Photograph, 6 x 3 in. Courtesy of Orlee Malka

Joseph Liatela is a multi-disciplinary artist based in New York City working in performance, video, and sculpture. He is currently an MFA candidate in New Genres at Columbia University.

Joseph Liatela

Our bodies are ours, yet they are not solely our own as they are the medium for our interfacing with the world. As a transgender individual, I see the limitations of embodiment, projection, gender, and visibility as sites rife with potential. These elements inform my practice in which I question institutional, cultural, and medico-legal notions of what constitutes a “complete” or “correct” bodily formation. Utilizing what “marks” my body as a dissenting body—such as surgical scars, hormone replacement therapy, and medical technology—I make work that examines issues of representation, biopolitics, and the questioning of authenticity.

My background in printmaking fostered an interest in how the manipulation of a surface—such as scars on skin or embossing on paper—alters how it is perceived, and has informed my approach to creating politically grounded, identity-based work. Conscious of the ways history and cultural production manifest in the trans body, my work combines theory and practice in order to examine the processes of identification, and the social conventions and cultural conditions that uphold and perpetuate these processes.

Working from a lineage that includes artists and writers such as Ana Mendieta (1948–1985) and Judith Butler, I am inspired to utilize queer and feminist approaches to phenomenological

concepts of human embodiment. For example, my endurance performance *Bound* (2017), performed for Clifford Owens’s Performance Art Seminar at the Denniston Hill Artist Residency, contemplates how the social constructs that are projected onto dissenting bodies often require the constriction of one’s physical form while moving through public space. In it, I reference my past relationship with the daily ritual of chest binding by suspending myself from a single-point shibari rope tie around my chest until I am no longer able to safely remain in suspension. I ask the viewers to “help me,” resulting in the audience untying the rope to reveal bruises which align with my scars from gender-affirming surgery. Utilizing the body as material, both Mendieta’s *Untitled (Glass on Body Imprints)* (1972) and my piece *Bound* (2017) aim to distinguish between the physiological components that make up bodily existence, and the social connotations the othered body takes on in the context of lived experience.¹ Through manipulating the surface of my physical form in order to distort gendered signifiers, my work considers the sedimentary nature of the histories assumed by, and impressed upon, the othered body. In doing so, my work examines the performative nature of identity, demonstrating how it is perceived and enacted at the level of the body.

¹Judith Butler, “Performance Acts and Gender Constitution,” *Theatre Journal* 40, no. 4 (1988): 519–531.



Fig. 1



Fig. 2

Fig. 2: Joseph Liatela, *Bound*, 2017, live performance for *Open House* at Denniston Hill, curated by Clifford Owens, TRT of Performance, 35 minutes. Images courtesy the artist.

Fig. 1: Joseph Liatela, *Bound*, 2017, live performance for *Open House* at Denniston Hill, curated by Clifford Owens, TRT of Performance, 35 minutes. Images courtesy the artist.

Aika Akhmetova is an interdisciplinary artist and writer from Kazakhstan. They live and work in New York City.

Aika Akhmetova

When I was 4 or 5 years old I was taken away from my parents at the Istanbul Airport. I have very little memory of the incident: maybe I remember being pulled away from my mom, maybe I remember someone screaming, and maybe I remember being taken into a room. Maybe I remember or maybe it's my brain trying to generate a memory of a seemingly important and traumatic event. When my mom tells the story it surely seems important. She says that she was holding my hand and carrying my brother when she heard someone exclaim and point in our direction. Everything else happened quickly. Some guards approached my mom, then took me away and told my parents to follow them. Security questioned them in separate rooms and that's when my parents found out that the authorities thought that my mom was stealing a child (me). I look a lot like my dad and I look nothing like my mom. The authorities thought that a white woman was stealing a Turkish child and both of those assumptions were incorrect.

We laugh at this story because that's what we do about traumatic events. We laugh at this story because we know that coming from a country that is only 28-years-old independent means having our identity constantly rethought, questioned, and twisted. Today, I can proudly identify as Kazakh, Central Asian, Brown, Queer, Non-binary. Some identities were put onto me. Some identities I chose. 10-15 years ago the only way I was identified while traveling was as a Middle Eastern girl. In elementary school I remember words "metis" and "mulatto" being

thrown around by my peers. Obviously, all three terms were incorrect. Now you hear words such as "indigenous," "Central Asian" and "Brown".

Just 7-8 years ago I couldn't escape being Kazakh, "looking" Kazakh, my relatives would laugh at my attempts to learn English, saying that I will never run away from how Kazakh I am; it's just pouring out of me. Now when I return home, I hear more and more "you don't really look Kazakh." Oh what a moment it was when I realized that they weren't referring to my facial features and my skin. It was my short haircut, my clothes, the way I stand and walk, how deep I let my voice get sometimes, because my family would remind me that "we don't have gay people in Kazakhstan" or that being gay was "some Western nonsense." They want me to choose one; I can't have both. Societally, I can't be both queer and Kazakh. And what does it mean to be queer, Kazakh, and non-binary? Is this identity just a collection of sounds, which people claim to not know, but which are sounds that can trigger a violent response?

The idea that I can't be more than one thing is what makes me invisible most of the time and most visible in moments of anger and danger. Queer and non-binary are invisible at home. Kazakh is most visible at home but invisible everywhere else. However, in moments of violence I am seen as all three but then I vanish again. This constant push and pull from being invisible is where the despair lays. Mainly, because you cannot advocate for something you "cannot" see.



Fig. 1



Fig. 2

Fig. 2: Aika Akhmetova, *Mom's Orchard*, 2019, video installation with apples, 1 x 3 x 6 ft. Image courtesy of the artist.

Fig. 1: Aika Akhmetova, *Dog's Growl*, 2018, performance with video projection. Image courtesy of the artist.

Rasel Ahmed is a transdisciplinary artist and community-based archivist. He is the co-founder of Bangladesh's first and only printed LGBT magazine *Roopbaan* and produced a comic book featuring Asia's first Muslim lesbian comic heroine. He is currently pursuing an MFA in Visual Art at Columbia University.

Rasel Ahmed

In fear of state-sponsored abuses, I made an overnight decision to leave Bangladesh, the country where I spent my entire life. I became a threat for the government after co-founding and editing *Roopbaan*, the first printed LGBTQ magazine in Bangladesh (published January, 2014) which was inspired by an iconic folk theater character. In the original text of the folk play *Rahim Badsa* and *Roopbaan Kanya*, a pubescent girl named Roopbaan is married to a newborn child and forced into exile in a jungle to save the infant from a death prophecy. Roopbaan is then carried by a boat with her twelve-day-old husband to an unforeseeable *bonobash* (exile in the forest) administered by civil-military collaboration in the fictional kingdom of *Nirashpur*.

The magazine I started, however, was born in a Bangladesh where enforced disappearance, abduction, killing, and torture in secret detention centers became a regimented part of state governance. Law enforcement agencies—particularly Rapid Action Battalion, an elite anti-terrorist police force, abducted around 500 Bangladeshi citizens and killed many of them since 2009 in their efforts of silencing critics and dissidents. In a response to increasing cases of enforced disappearance, the Bangladeshi Minister of Law, Anisul Huq told the local press, "Whom will you say disappeared? Many businessmen went into hiding failing to repay their loans in this country. Some people went missing after developing an extramarital relationship."¹ In a propaganda-fueled nation where state machinery is manufacturing mythical narratives to cover up its crimes, I am reimagining a theater of *Roopbaan*, where the protagonist

is exiled in an ungoverned territory of a forest outside the fantasy of 'nation-state' where she develops sustainable relationships with indigenous communities and environments. In this land of 'no-nation', *Roopbaan* exercises a queer-oedipal relationship with her body (by not aging) and infant husband (whom she nourishes and protects). She becomes part of the ecology of the trees, water, minerals, non-plant species and indigenous tribes by exchanging energy between the canopy and the atmosphere across temporal and spatial scale. While the State remains to be a source of colonial oppression that operates through gender violence and exile, the force of feminine energy and the 'ungoverned' biomass of the forest fruitfully illuminate the shift in the 'colonial matrix of power.'

After making a hasty decision to leave the capital, Dhaka, I only half packed my luggage. This was in part because I didn't have enough time, but was also because I believed I was making a temporary relocation. I realized how unprepared I was at the Bangladeshi/Indian border. At the Benapole checkpoint I found out that Indian customs wouldn't allow me to cross immigration with Bangladeshi currency. I was carrying 10,000 Bangladeshi Taka (around \$120 USD) as I also didn't have time to convert money. Much like the folk story where a boatman carried Roopbaan to the forest of exile in exchange for a gold coin that is equivalent to the 'wealth of seven kings,' a middleman appeared at the immigration room. He negotiated with customs officers and managed my clearance. I lost track of him after crossing the fully crowded immigration waiting room and couldn't offer him anything. Four days later while I



Fig. 1

¹Raad Rahmen, "How Bangladesh's LGBT Community Is Dealing with Threats and Machete Attacks," *Vice*, June 2, 2016, https://www.vice.com/en_us/article/9b89v3/how-bangladesh-is-dealing-with-threats-and-machete-attacks.

was buying used books in Kolkata, India, members from the local Bangladeshi chapter of Al-Qaeda broke into the house of *Roopbaan's* publisher and hacked him and another gay activist to death. At a press conference followed by the killing, Bangladesh's Home Minister Asaduzzaman Khan condemned *Roopbaan* magazine instead of condemning the killers and he denied protection for people involved with 'homosexual' publications. This press conference set the stage for my exile with half-empty luggage.²

When I started my MFA at Columbia University, I left my art studio fully empty for over a month with only my luggage in a corner. It's a footnote that my 'home' is a work in progress that fits squarely within the epistemology of non-citizenship, which I proposed in my reimagined theater of *Roopbaan*. My act of not using the art facilities at Columbia University profoundly

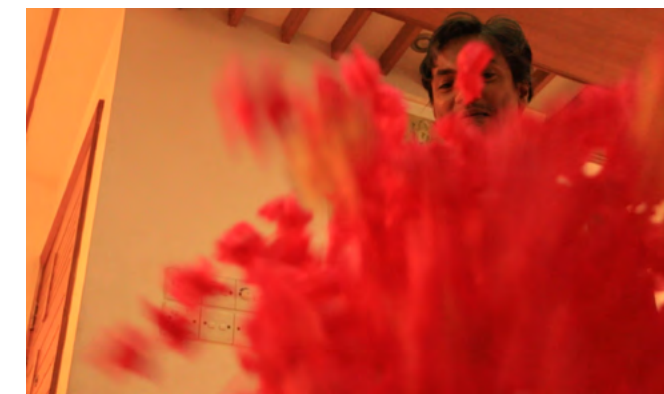


Fig. 2

affected several faculty members. While some showed their discomfort with an empty art studio (completely ignoring the presence of the luggage), more than one explicitly expressed their amazement that I had made my way to an art school. One faculty member in particular, who did notice my luggage, suggested that I turn it into a golden sculpture, because she assumed that I was from India and believed that all Indians love gold.

My intention and experience of unbecoming as an 'artist citizen' through these experiences opens up the possibility of potent manipulation in my artistic practice of making video, text, image, and narratives. I am contesting the notion of exile by reinventing sites of displacement as multitudinous simulations of different arrangements that also renegotiate national identity and disciplinary knowledge.

¹Faisal Mahmud, "How Enforced Disappearances Get Suppressed in Bangladeshi Media," *The Diplomat*, August 30, 2018, <https://thediplomat.com/2018/08/how-enforced-disappearances-get-suppressed-in-bangladeshi-media/>.

Fig. 2: Rasel Ahmed, *Roopbaan, Rainbow Rally*, 2016, 1920 x 1080 pixel. Courtesy the artist.

Fig. 1: Valentine Syed, 2014, *Roopbaan Cover, magazine*, 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 in. Courtesy Rasel Ahmed/ Editor: Rasel Ahmed.

Fontaine Capel is an interdisciplinary artist and organizer born, raised, and working in New York City. She is a current MFA candidate at Columbia University.

Fontaine Capel

The stoop takes up most of the room. I built it out of wood, and finished it with a brown stone-textured paint. On a recent Sunday, during my Columbia University School of the Arts MFA program's open studios, I watched a stream of visitors climb up, sit down, and gaze out from the stoop over Harlem's 125th Street. Some stayed for a moment, and some for much longer, listening to the 1 train, watching traffic flow past the newly-shuttered McDonald's, and chatting with friends. Some found the pair of headphones hanging beneath the steps and listened to their looping audio: voice messages responding to Columbia's plan to demolish the McDonald's and replace it with a university-owned hotel. Some poked their heads in, but didn't enter the room far enough to see past the wooden framework. Many asked about my motivations and process.

But one question gave me pause: "What am I looking at?" If the question hadn't been asked so confrontationally by a man in quite so expensive looking a suit, I might have answered: Every artwork I make, event I throw, performance I endure, or project I run is just me asking and answering my own long-simmering question: How should I take up space right now? The answer I posited in my Columbia studio overlooking a rapidly-gentrifying Harlem was a life-sized replica of a real stoop: the entrance

to the Brooklyn apartment building where my mother and her sibling grew up. It's where my grandparents helped raise me; where I learned to roll my "r"s while my parents were at work. My Cuban-American family had rented that home for over half a century before they were displaced by developers and replaced with high-paying tenants.

I am simultaneously affected by gentrification and benefitting from an institution that perpetuates it; I have immense educational privilege and terrifying financial instability; access to resources and crushing student debt; I'm a child of Latinx immigrants who is simultaneously racialized and white-passing, but, always with private-school diction, and soon with an Ivy League degree.

And so as I work toward my thesis again I wonder: How should I take up space? In this moment, in this institution? How much? How forcefully? How gleefully? How furiously? How much of a mess can I afford to make and with how much abandon? But most importantly: How can I continue to make space for others, and how much should I hold space for myself?



Fig. 1

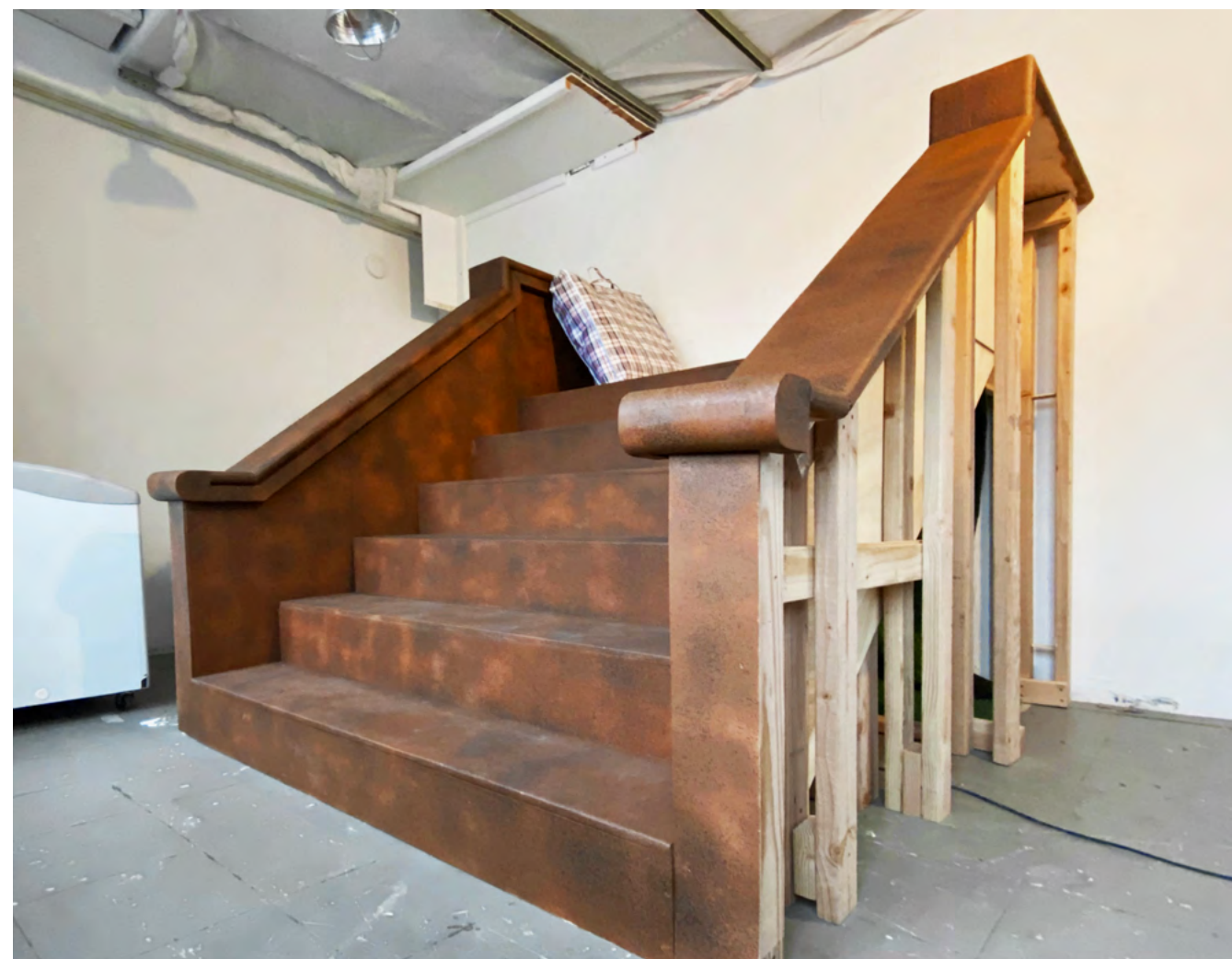


Fig. 2

Fig. 2: Fontaine Capel, *Open Studio*, 2019. Installation documentation. 9 x 14 ft. Courtesy the artist.

Fig. 1: Fontaine Capel, *Así Que... Yo Tu Sobes*, 2018. Performance Documentation. Photo: © Nabil Vega.

Nona Faustine is an American photographer and visual artist, born and raised in Brooklyn, NY. Her work focuses on history, identity, representation, and what it means to be a woman in the 21st century.

Nona Faustine

"I never seen nobody that looked like me up on that big screen," was uttered by DaVine Joy Randolph Reeds's character Lady Reed to Dolemite (played by Eddie Murphy) in the 2019 film *Dolemite Is My Name*. I uttered those same words to myself as I thought about what I wanted my art to do. Every time I walked into a museum in New York City, where I was born—or a museum anywhere for that matter—I never saw anyone who looked like me. There weren't any representations of dark brown skin or fleshy, round, curvy bodies. More importantly there weren't any woman of my socio-economic background. When I walk down the streets, I'm just another anonymous Black woman, and Ar'n't I A Woman. When I walked into museums mostly the only brown faces I saw beside mine were the security guards. Black women like me were invisible in the art world.

In classes while pursuing my MFA at the International Center of Photography, I was visible, but I felt invisible. The work I wanted to make and cared about was deemed irrelevant. I was told by a fellow classmate that I didn't belong there, that I was the dumbest in the class, and that I "devalued her degree by being in the program." You will eat all of those words one day I thought.

Entering graduate school I was an unemployed, single mother with a toddler receiving public assistance. When employees at New York's Human Resources Administration (HRA) found out I was in a MFA program they looked at me like I was crazy. "You can't be on public assistance and be in a MFA program." I sacrificed everything to pursue my degree. I took out huge student loans to pay tuition and to live. I was lucky enough to have a mother and a sister who believed in me; they pushed me to return to school and return to photography. "Get that degree woman." "Don't let your talent go to waste," they told me. They took care of my daughter while I studied. My sister came with me during my photo shoots on the

street. We were a two-woman team. She had my back while I stood in the streets of New York naked, vulnerable, and a little crazy. That memory makes tears come to my eyes. But, what about the women like me who don't have any of that support? The women who don't have a vehicle to express their joy, rage, anger, and sorrow?

When President Obama first took office in 2008, the dreams that we shared as a nation were dreams that I had for my newborn baby. I placed her on the bed near our analog television as Obama was sworn in at his Inauguration. I held my Nikon F camera loaded with black and white film, composed the picture, and clicked the shutter for posterity and for hope. In 2012 we still had a Black President in the White House; however, the slights, insults, mirco-agressions and full aggressions were increasing. The horrific events I was observing and absorbing around me weren't being discussed in my graduate program. The deaths of black men and woman due to police brutality were racking up and only just beginning to gain attention in the media. The killing of Eric Garner in 2014 after I graduated would spotlight that, but only because we all witnessed the video of his public execution. They've been killing Black men and woman like that publicly since New York's beginnings. The streets around Centre and Chambers Streets are filled with the ghosts of those early New Yorkers.

In 2012 while persevering in graduate school, despite outward hostility, I conceived of a photographic self-portraiture series *White Shoes*. It is a series of photographs taken at sites of slavery throughout New York City. The Brooklyn neighborhood in which I grew up in was hit by the ugly phenomenon of gentrification. Brown faces had begun to disappear and passengers exiting the familiar stops along the Q train were changing rapidly. My little family and neighbors were holding on, but for how long? I began to



Fig. 1



Fig. 2

think of all those Black New Yorkers before us, the first ones with faces right out of Africa. Faces which I'd never seen, but for which looking in the mirror is the closest I could get to them. What of those human beings that came in chains, built the city, filled in the canals, streams and leveled the forests of Manhattan, built the roads, tilled the land, and died after being worked to death laying in unmarked graves now under buildings?

If there is still a city of New York in the future, will New Yorkers know that I existed? Will they

know that me and mine were here? We were an integral cultural economic force of New York City, who breathed new life into the city after White Flight. We created new art forms on every level: fashion, dance, literature, music, film, performance, and the visual arts. We turned the trains into kinetic pieces of art, organized block parties, hooking up turntables with juice from the street light. "Let the music play" sang Shannon, into all night sessions of improvisation creating a new form of jazz. We helped to build this city again just as our black and white ancestors did before us.

Intersectionality:

In 2017, the newly expanded Leslie-Lohman Museum of Art introduced its first ever school-based programming which focused on “collecting, preserving and storytelling.” For the first time, the Museum saw school-aged children regularly engaging with the Museum’s exhibitions and collections. Students had the opportunity to experience the Museum as a place where they could see themselves in the gallery walls, and connect with other community members. Since this initial program, we have engaged hundreds of public school students and educators through guided visits, in classroom residencies, professional development for teachers, and hosted numerous events that brought the LGBTQ+ community together.



Fig. 1

Text by Patricia Lannes and Nirvana Santos

A Pedagogical Framework

As a result of this engagement process we learned about the needs of LGBTQ+ students and educators. Young adults are proposing new ways of understanding identities as a way to make sense of themselves and the world around them. From a more fluid and personal way of relating to gender, race and ethnicity, to an emphasis on inclusivity and an intersectional approach to self-identification, newer generations seem to be freed from traditional binary constructs.

In the necessary conversations to help students explore their identities and relationship with their world, and for teachers to create the tools to support this journey. In doing so, our educators moved away from object-based education to art-based educational experiences rooted in dialogue and storytelling.

This trend is very much present in the New York City public school system, as is often indicated to us by teachers, administrators, Gender and Sexuality Alliance (GSA) coordinators, and social workers. We have learned that caregivers and adults need to negotiate between two social systems: a rigid binary system representing cultural and historical societal experiences and a more fluid approach to understanding gender, race, ethnicity, sexuality, and class in a more expansive and intersectional way.

Educational philosopher Maxine Greene stated, “It takes imagination to break with ordinary classifications and come in touch with actual young people in their actual lived situations. It takes imagination on the part of the young people to perceive openings through which they can move.”¹ At the Museum, art is the instigator. Art helps us address and understand complexity and ambiguity. It is multilayered, speaks to the now and then, it is universal, yet can be personal. It allows us to think, explore, imagine, wonder, discuss, project, and connect with ourselves and with each other.

While our staff and educators started to develop ways to address this need with the Museum’s resources as a point of departure, the Leslie-Lohman Museum of Art was embarking on a transformative process to expand its reach beyond its founding community. It was time to embrace a new and expansive definition of the term Queer and tend to the needs of all communities under the LGBTQ+ umbrella.

On any given day, students—in conversation with our museum educators—take agency of their museum experience. For example, as the educators invite the students to spend some time visually exploring *Brian and Friend, Gay Pride Day, NYC* (1980) by photographer Stanley Stellar, educators play a key role in guiding the conversation in a fluid and natural manner, letting the group thoroughly explore the image, always looking for possible new interpretations and points of view. After asking the viewers to spend time silently discovering the work of art, the facilitator invites the group to dive into what might be going on in this photograph. Always using open-ended questions or questions by including words such as “might” or “may” engage the viewer in a process of various possibilities. Participants have an

By adopting the tenets of the queer frame work of fluidity, self-identification, and intersectionality, the Museum’s education team saw the opportunity to provide experiences for public school students and teachers to engage

¹Maxine Greene, *Releasing the Imagination: Essays on Education, the Arts, and Social Change* (San Francisco: Jossey-Bass Inc., 1995).

²Elizabeth Merritt, *Capture the Flag: the struggle over representation and identity*, <https://www.aam-us.org/2017/05/12/capture-the-flag-the-struggle-over-representation-and-identity/> (American Alliance of Museums, 2017).

opportunity to understand multiple points of view as well as start creating collective knowledge that might question assumptions and push participants to re-think their stance.

Starting with questions that guide and inspire visual exploration, educators help the group to build a collective understanding of the image: What is going on in this photograph? What does their body language, their gaze, and the way that they are dressed, tell us about the sitters? What might be the gender signifiers?

After deconstructing the image, the educator will offer questions that elicit interpretation and critical thinking. Who might be represented in the work? What assumptions might we make? What might be the sitters' relationship? What does the title of the photograph tell us about the subjects?

Educators gently guide the participants towards making personal connections with the work of art. How might this photograph connect with you? Does it bring back memories? Can you think of the connection of the title and issues of visibility? What might be situations where you felt like the "friend" in the photograph? How might we consider this photograph an example of intersectionality? What might be symbols of power? What type of complexities and ambiguities is the image presenting?

Slowly, the facilitator has guided viewers through questions that elicit deep looking while examining the connection of this image to their own lives and to intersectionality and forms of domination, all while learning to critically examine the world around them. The participants have embarked on a journey of visual and personal exploration that fosters community building and a sense of belonging.

Elizabeth Merritt, the founding director of the American Alliance of Museum's (AAM) Center for the Future of Museums states, "We are also beginning to accept, once

we stop forcing people into binary categories, that sexual orientation and gender are both continuums. Sixteen percent of Americans identify themselves neither fully hetero nor homosexual, but somewhere in between." She continues, "But accepting fluid boundaries can heighten concerns over representation and control. Are there limits to the right to claim one's own identity? Who has standing to speak on behalf of a community?"²

In response to our community needs and new trends in our society, the Museum's education team decided to create a Learning Center for Arts and Intersectionality. The center will provide a platform for research, conversations, educational experiences, and exhibitions aimed to create opportunities for cultural empowerment, self-identification, and social capital for young adults and their caregivers.

We expect the Learning Center for Arts and Intersectionality to be the place where the complexity of the viewer interacts with the complexity of the work of art, giving space to deep and layered conversations. We envision it as a fluid and conceptual space, in constant evolution where the participants' interests and needs guide our approach to learning. We stand for a Learning Center of Arts and Intersectionality that is a dynamic space and construct where our stakeholders actively re-define its mission and vision; where queerness is constantly investigated and creatively expressed; where art is the catalyst for thinking, exploration, experimentation, questioning, dialogue, disruption, self-empowerment, belonging, and creation; where the exploration of our intersecting identities gives a deeper self-awareness and becomes the lens on how we view and understand the world; where incorporating experiences and points of view of other's into one's own perception of the world creates a diverse collective knowledge. This vision for the Museum's Learning Center for the Arts and Intersectionality is created in the hope that we are jointly working to shape a more fluid, free, inclusive, respectful, and empathetic society.

OMNISCIENT: Queer Documentation in an Image Culture

Text by Avram Finkelstein

Here, in the formative decades of the twenty-first century, a generation of theory over signification has assumed new shadings, lit, as it is, by the camera phone screen. In this LCD future perfect, teasing newer understandings of identity from the torrent of avatars and digitally filtered selfies we are force-fed by pocket computers is somewhat futile. In an "image culture" boosted by digital accelerants, many of our suppositions about representation are vestigial.

And so, the earliest predicament of the twenty-first century is not simply America's having joined the international march of proto-fascism, but the "image dilemma" that made it possible. Celebrities

like Trump have turned up in politics for decades, and were packaged like soft drinks long before that, but we've never had performance art pass as policy before Twitter. With our toes dangling over the black hole of information technologies, we watch the documentary veracity of the photograph consumed in its eddy. The JPEGs that swirl below us appear decentralized, but they are delivered by systems that are owned and wholly integrated. Likewise, social media has revealed its potential for misrepresenting persons, places, and intentionality. So how do we discern what is actual? If we can't believe our eyes in a culture fueled on images, what on earth are images *for*? Within a rapidly intensifying digital image commons how do we *perform*



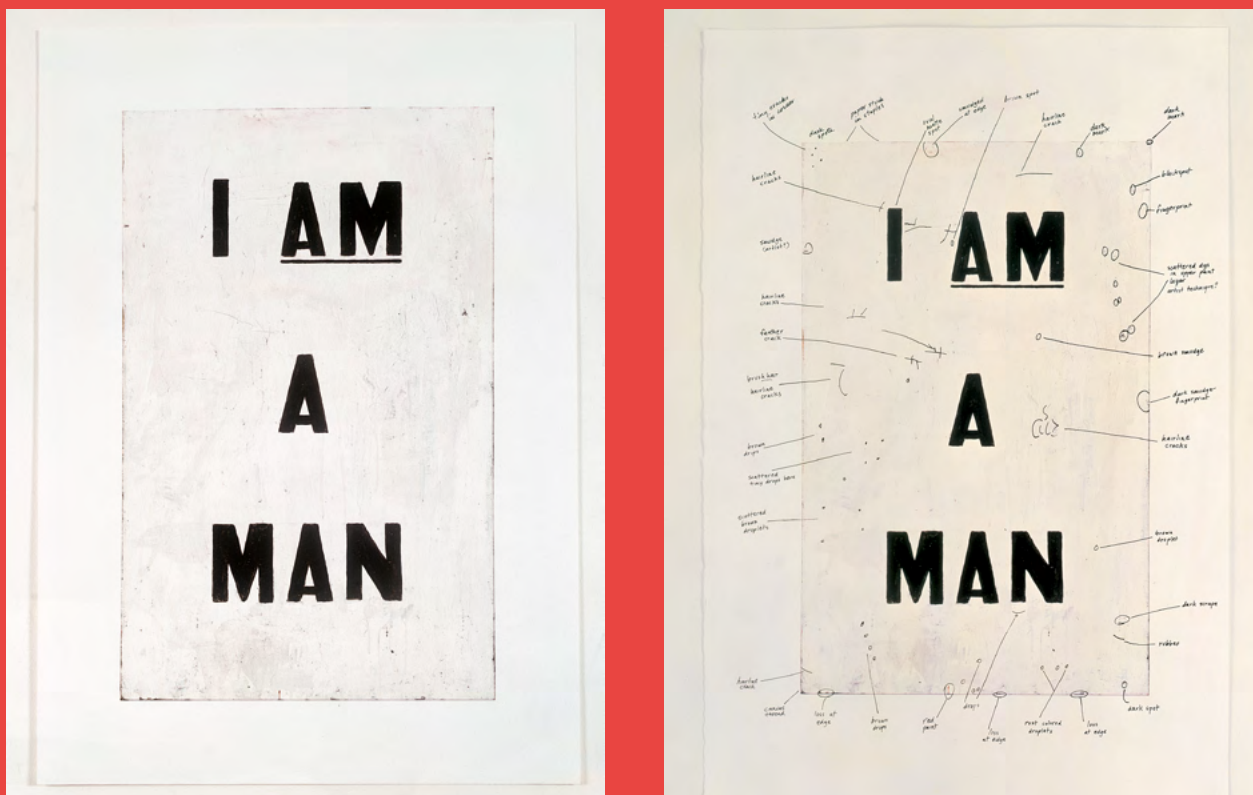


Fig. 2



Fig. 3

participation when we can't possibly know what we're participating in?

And if the image commons itself is in a twist about all this, doesn't that leave queer publics with an image dilemma all our own? After all, to be queer is to be summed up in a glance and to face assumptions based on how we present. So what can queerness possibly *look* like, on a landscape of Möbius non-orientability? Moreover, what is identity, now that personhood has been proven the abstraction we theorized it to be? And as we struggle for traction in the contested space of the queer archive, how do we document queer cultural practice going forward, when image obsolescence occurs in a machine-learned zeptosecond?

One could argue for calm, that our "image culture" is still young, having only solidified during the television age. But that was actually seventy years ago. One might also say that queer people have no particular entitlement here, since we did not *invent* our image culture. Placing Alan Turing's contribution to theoretical computer science to the side for the moment, we have always been all over it and on the vanguard, from Vaslav Nijinsky to Bill T. Jones, from Jean Cocteau to Cheryl Dunye, from John Cage to Justin Vivian Bond, from Michel Foucault

to José Esteban Muñoz, from Rudi Gernreich to Alexander McQueen, and let's not forget the tribal elder of image documentation, Andy Warhol. Queers helped construct our image commons, from culture and academia to activism and art. We may not rule the world, but when it comes to the images used to portray it, we have certainly shaped it from the periphery.

OMNISCIENT: Queer Documentation in an Image Culture explores the re-situation of representation and identity with a wave of a *détournement* faery wand. This survey hones in on scenarios only visible from the social margins, such as Russell Perkins's audio-tapes of the clamor of casino one-armed bandits, which he transposed into a chorale for acoustic voices. To complete his critique of the tensions between the digital and the human in late-stage capitalism, and the risks working-class Americans take to survive it, he overprinted the layered score on the copyrighted pink newsprint of the *Financial Times*.

Further meditations on economic survival come from José Rafael Perozo, who began painting on Bolívars, Venezuela's currency, when the economy crashed (it was good paper, and otherwise useless); from Fred Wilson, who constructs a giant Golem

out of money; Esvin Alarcón Lam, who replicates a historic monument out of clothing made in China and then gives it all away; and Anna Sew Hoy, who destroys her own sculpture with a sledge hammer. Glenn Ligon further dissects valuation, along with race and memory, in his painting based on the "I Am A Man" placards worn by Memphis sanitation strikers, and its *doppelgänger*, a condition report on the work by an art museum conservator.

While America's original image factory, Hollywood, was focused on filling theaters, actress Gena Rowlands was making ground-breaking choices that redefined the way women would be portrayed in film. Angela Dufresne's depiction of *The School of Gena Rowlands* is queer pedagogy itself, raging on behalf of the punk and the hidden, restoring the marginal to proper social proportion. Chitra Ganesh deftly rereads Hollywood for what it is, a manufactory of supremacies, in her silent film mash-up of colonialist anxieties, fantasias, and stereotypes of Middle Eastern, African, Asian, and South Asian relationships to mortality, mysticism, technology, and the natural world.

Aliza Shvarts proves that documentation doesn't need to be verifiable to carry the same weight as truth, unfolding banners of reprinted social

media responses to her controversial *Untitled [Senior Thesis]*, 2008, in which she repeatedly self-inseminated and ingested abortifacients. Stephen Andrews's crayon rubbings of war are strung into a cartoon about the secondary terrors of the Department of Defense's post-Vietnam experiments in "conflict management," and for Erik Hanson, cartoons are slug-fest clouds of male fetish. Catalina Schliebener takes a sidelong glance at cartoon imagery as childhood gender mythology, in pop-up collage-work based on the Christian Right's perceived lasciviousness of Disney's *Little Mermaid*, and Kang Seung Lee meticulously renders intergenerational memorialization as an empty bed, constructing a shrine to both David Wojnarowicz and Peter Hujar.

Scale is also considered in this exhibition, as the ultimate reversal of power by putting monumentalism into queer hands, through Liz Collins's sure-footed re-imagining of the 1982 cult film, *Liquid Sky*, depicting bodies as destabilized abstractions of the frailties of human desire. Roey Victoria Heifetz's graphite transgendered gigantism juxtaposes the radical legacy of nineteenth century dandyism against current trans depictions. Camilo Godoy's billboard advertisement for mixed-race polyamory is staged where it will do the most good,



Fig. 5: Catalina Schliebener, *Rorschach Test 2*, 2019, Collage on book 7 1/2 x 7 1/2 in. (18 1/2 x 18 1/2 cm). Image courtesy the artist.



Fig. 5

(Previous Page) Angella Dufresne, *The School of Gena Rowlands*, 2016, Oil on canvas, 84 x 132 in. Image courtesy the artist and Yossi Milo Gallery.



Fig. 6

in the family theme park of Times Square, and the mythic codes of Jason Villegas's logo totems document late-capitalism as a crosshatching of symbols of wealth and the universal symbols Joseph Campbell spent a lifetime studying.

It is commonly understood that the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand in 1914 started WWI and set the entire twentieth century into motion. Similarly, the century ahead is being mapped in front of our eyes, with increasing ferocity. Still, history moves slowly, like a battleship changing direction. Images, however, move at the speed of light, and on the Internet they leave an indelible vapor trail.

In 1968 Andy Warhol drolly informed us "In the future, everyone will be world-famous for fifteen minutes," an uncanny prognostication that now belongs to American folklore.¹ It does stand to reason that an artist who staked our image culture as turf might have made such a prediction, although only a queer artist would have said so. What he didn't imagine—or didn't tell us if he did— was that every nanosecond of it would be documented, it be more ubiquitous than print, film,

and television combined, and in addition to being the subject we would also become editor, curator, journalist, marketer, manager, litigator, archivist, technocrat, mediator, and critic. He didn't tell us that the content we generate might replace other forms of commerce, or for those fifteen minutes we might be locked in competition with seven billion other celebrities, or how integral digital relevance might become to social survival. Warhol didn't live long enough to find out how easy, or true, or terrifying his prediction would be. Or that he would inspire generations of queer artists to map our image culture with the same innately queer love/hate alienation he himself articulated.

OMNISCIENT: Queer Documentation in an Image Culture
On View: May 12 – Aug 23, 2020 & June 6 – Sept 13, 2020
Curated by Avram Finkelstein

Avram Finkelstein is a founding member of the Silence=Death and Gran Fury collectives. His work is in the collections of MoMA, The Whitney, and The New Museum. His book, *After Silence: A History of AIDS Through its Images*, is available through UC Press.

¹Shapiro, Fred R., *The Yale Book of Quotations* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2006), 797, column 2.

Fig. 6: Yevgeniy Fiks, *Andy Warhol and The Pittsburgh Labor Files*, 2011–2016, dimensions vary. Courtesy the artist.



Join us for our third annual Spring Benefit celebrating leaders at the intersection of Arts and Social Justice

Utopias 2020

HONORING

CHITRA GANESH
QUEERPOWER Public Art Commission

WANDA ACOSTA
Community Advocacy Award

JASON BAUER & JUAN MANGIAROTTI
Young Queer Philanthropy Award

MUSIC

DJ Rekha

Tuesday, March 31, 2020, 6-9 PM
Tickets Available at leslielohman.org

Honorary Host: \$2,000
(includes a 10 ticket bundle)
Reception Tickets:
\$100 (\$90 for members)

For information contact:
development@leslielohman.org or
212-431-2609 x 15.

All funds raised at the Spring Benefit
directly benefit the Leslie-Lohman
Museum of Art operations and programs.

Image: Chitra Ganesh, *Sultana's Dream*, 2018, Portfolio of 27 Linocuts on BFK Rives Tan, 280gsm, 20 1/8 x 16 1/8 in. Edition of 35. Courtesy the artist and Durham Press.

Stepping into the sumptuous worlds of aesthetic possibility created by Chitra Ganesh (b. 1975) quickly reveals an artistic vision full of queer feminist postcolonial fantasies and futures. Ganesh's two-decades-long solo art practice moves beautifully across mediums—from charcoal drawings and paintings, to digital collages and films to new media animations and site-specific installations. Drawing on popular culture, comics, religion, and science fiction, Ganesh states that her visual vocabularies are most inspired by the Indian figure of the *junglee* (literally “of the jungle”)—a colonial pejorative term to police female transgression.¹

Chitra Ganesh

Text by Ronak K. Kapadia

Powerful femmes are front and center in nearly all her works; *junglees* appear as feminized forms twisted and reassembled with the visual iconographies of the sacred and profane. We see this most clearly in her fantastic 2014 *Eyes of Time* mixed-media mural at the Brooklyn Museum, which was part of her first solo museum show in New York. In this work, the artist reimagines the Goddess Devi's avatar Kali—the warlike feminist icon of creation and destruction—as a three-breasted headless cyborg, adorned with wildly braided cascades of black hair and a girdle made of bloodied human arms and hands, as she powerfully controls the cycles of time. Ganesh's luminous and complex works offer contaminated visions full of Hindu and Buddhist-inspired ideas of metaphysics, mythology, and temporality that are equally punk and queer. Wildness and wilding are everywhere in these works, which remind us that the *junglee* figure is not only a site of queer unruliness but also an altar to divine political knowledge about other ways of being in the world.

While Ganesh's acclaimed solo practice rightly circulates far and wide, less acknowledged is her equally compelling and longstanding interdisciplinary collaboration with fellow Brooklyn-based artist Mariam Ghani (b. 1978). Since 2004, this duo has built the *Index of the Disappeared* (Index), a material archive of post-9/11 disappearances and a platform for public dialogue and digital exploration. As scholar-activists, Ganesh and Ghani have convened diverse cross-sections of cultural producers to explore timely issues about the US global war on terror, with a focus on its domestic reverberations within Arab, Muslim, and South Asian communities. The Index has translated their impressive documentary archives into visual works installed in spaces far beyond gallery and museum walls. Recent commissions from New York University, the Park Avenue Armory, and Yale Law School have included mixed-media works on the US prison camp at Guantánamo Bay, codes of conduct from the Army Field Manual and Geneva Conventions, and the afterlives of torture at secret CIA black sites around the globe.

In their earliest exhibition, *Seeing the Disappeared*, the Index featured a window installation of overlapping watercolors of immigrant detainees to mimic the form of missing-person flyers that proliferated in public spaces in lower Manhattan after 9/11. Drawn from research interviews conducted by Ganesh and Ghani with formerly detained immigrants and their loved ones, these images deftly employed watercolor—a medium often associated with Sunday painting, landscape, and leisure—to make visible the countenances of imprisoned peoples and their loved ones, whose violent experiences with the militarized security state are often disappeared as part of war on terror discourse. In the process, the Index's paintings serve as reparative queer feminist intervention, calling attention to the violent absences and haunted abjections that distinguish and make possible contemporary US civic life while simultaneously restoring dignity and humanity to subjects deemed collateral damage of US global warfare. In these collaborative works we witness artists grappling with the most urgent political questions of our time—torture and its afterlives, radical forms of confinement and killing, spectacular brutalities that define the dystopian here and now. Ganesh is thus part of a unique subset of contemporary queer American artists of color whose interdisciplinary works are playing a pivotal role in amplifying creative revolt. Might these insurgent expressions help turn the tide against endless wars and militarisms that define the criminal disorder of things? After all, what could be queerer than the political artist's recognition in the here and now that the world we inhabit is unrelenting and not enough. Let's follow their lead.

¹ Ganesh's artist statement qtd. in Gayatri Gopinath, “Chitra Ganesh's Queer Re-Visions,” *GLQ: A Journal of Lesbian and Gay Studies*, Vol. 15, no. 3 (2009): 469.

Ronak K. Kapadia is an associate professor of gender and women's studies and affiliated faculty in art history, global Asian studies, and museum and exhibition studies at the University of Illinois at Chicago. He is author of *Insurgent Aesthetics: Security and the Queer Life of the Forever War* (Duke University Press, 2019) and at work on a new book titled “Breathing in the Brown Queer Commons.”



For Jason Bauer and Juan Mangiarotti, being active in the LGBTQI+ community means not only supporting artists and activists, but creating spaces for collaboration and connection. During the years before they knew each other, as well as in their time together, they have strived to bring people together and amplify the voices of others in their community.

Jason Bauer & Juan Mangiarotti

Text by Marianna Bender

Jason Bauer has been a member of Tufts University's LGBTQI+ Alumni group, Pride On The Hill, since graduating in 2007 and currently serves as the New York City chair. He is involved in a variety of arts institutions, from his work as the president of the Murlo Foundation, an organization supporting scholarship and conservation initiatives for archaeological excavations, to a Contemporaries member of the Whitney Museum of American Art. For him, "Art has a way of connecting us – not just through the image, but through the power of its message."¹ Jason Bauer was introduced to the Leslie-Lohman Museum of Art in 2010 through an unlikely source: real estate. As a broker, he helped sell an apartment that had been donated to the museum. He has been an active member of the museum ever since, and part of the Museum's Influencer Circle for young patron members since 2017. Bauer introduced Juan Mangiarotti to the Museum on a date to the Spring Gala, where Juan was moved by the Museum's impact on the LGBTQI+ community.

Mangiarotti's activism in the LGBTQI+ community did not start in New York, but rather in Argentina during the country's legislative push for Marriage Equality in 2010. "I noticed how my actions could actually have an impact. Sharing my story, marching, and spreading the word helped allies become involved, and these voters were the ones who allowed our story to be re-written back at home."² Argentina became the first country in Latin America to approve Marriage Equality. Years later at Duke University's Fuqua School of Business, Mangiarotti served as the co-president of the LGBTQ+ group, FuquaPride, in which members educated their community about the importance of opposing The Public Facilities Privacy & Security Act House Bill 2 (HB2) legislation in North Carolina, which prevented

transgender individuals from using the bathroom consistent with their chosen gender as opposed to the assigned gender on their birth certificate. Since moving to New York and beginning work at Microsoft, Juan Mangiarotti has been a member of Microsoft's Global LGBTQI+ Employees and Allies (GLEAM), which coordinates Pride Month activities as well as year-round LGBTQI+ initiatives.

Together, Jason Bauer and Juan Mangiarotti have focused on the importance of connecting people and the power of collaboration. They have co-hosted alumni events together with Duke and Tufts, as well as events for Microsoft, Sage, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and other organizations. They are proud to be members of such a vibrant and active LGBTQI+ community here in New York City.

¹ Jason Bauer, conversation with author, November, 2019.

² Juan Mangiarotti, conversation with author, November, 2019

Marianna Bender is a Brooklyn-based interior architect and furniture designer. She is currently working on hospitality and residential projects in New York City, Los Angeles, East Hampton, and the Hudson Valley.

This brief tribute to a large talent feels less than it should be because there's no language that can measure up to or can encapsulate what Wanda has done for New York and in New York for over twenty years now, and I hope it's not especially reductive to say that without Wanda I would have had less love in my life and no one should have less of that, ever.

Wanda Acosta

Text by Hilton Als

I am trying to remember a specific meeting—a time when I did not know Wanda—but I know it was during a time, an era, when many of us “survivors,” had buried our AIDS dead, but continued to be mangled by this and other events that changed us forever. I remember for sure spending time with her in a little club on 2nd Avenue near 14th Street. The place had a dining area with a floor show; it was there that I first saw stars like Justin Vivian Bond (b. 1963) doing their best to describe how fractured the world was, but emphasizing that at least us queers had each other. I remember, once, going out with Wanda to a nearby joint to have an after club hamburger, and I remember her telling me about her family.

She said that her mother was a singer and she was close to her sister, Bernadette, and that her brother and his wife lived in New Jersey, and how much she loved her father—her Papi. She seemed like such a well-balanced person in a crazy world, and I wondered what would become of her: so many people who had it together left New York around then, for Los Angeles or wherever. New York was just too hard. But it didn't take long to figure out that what Wanda loved about artists and queer people is that she could take care of them, learn from them, talk to them, and introduce them to one another. In case you didn't know or can't remember, gay people at that time didn't necessarily know one another. If you weren't in ACT-UP, you weren't in the same social set, especially queer women and queer men. Soon after that night of hamburgers and confidences, Wanda established or had established her historic club, Sundays at Café Tabac, on E. 9th Street.

It remains in memory one of the best clubs in the world, right up there with Larry Levan's The Loft, because it cultivated an atmosphere of genteel madness. The ladies there were so beautiful, everyone of them, and the men who were lucky to

be admitted learned something about personal space—not taking up too much of it, while being mindful about how space fit around other bodies, too. I met some great girls there. I was entranced by the notion that I was living in some aspect of the life of my favorite 1940s lesbian writer, Jane Bowles, because Wanda's place was like living in New York in the 1940s, when queer bars were elegant and ladies got into waiting cars in splendid suits and heels and sped off into the night. Recalling that time, certain things come back to me: a famous actress making trouble on the street outside, another beauty, a model, wiggling in her chair to the music because she had a cast on her leg, and another gorgeous woman smoking (you could smoke in bars then) with her cigarette holder perfectly poised because she was always perfectly poised. Always, in the midst of all this, there was Wanda, Wanda with her then black hair and always beautiful black jacket, Wanda negotiating a million dramas and parsing drink tickets. In the middle of all this was a feeling of fulfillment, because with her good sense and love of the outrageous she had made a home to protect the outrageous and if love came out of that, too, so much the better. It's pointless—sometimes—to talk about what you miss; life takes it as an insult, to talk about what it's not giving. But I miss what Wanda gave to New York then and I miss some of the love, but these memories are like love, and what a pleasure to share them with you now and on the wings of gratitude for what Wanda managed to create during a very specific time in queer history, the history of New York, the history of people living and loving as well as they can, through time.

Hilton Als is a staff writer and chief theater critic at *The New Yorker*. He is the author of two acclaimed works of nonfiction that explore gender, race, and identity: *The Women* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1996) and *White Girls* (McSweeney's Publishing, 2013). Als received the Pulitzer Prize for Criticism in 2017. Als is an associate professor of writing at Columbia University's School of the Arts. He lives in New York City.



John Burton Harter,



Fig. 1

Text by Perry Brass

An Enduring Legacy

I knew John Burton Harter (1940–2002), briefly, when I lived in New Orleans from 1982 to 1985; at that point New Orleans was heady with artistic ferment. As a newcomer I met many artists, including the eccentric George Dureau (1930–2014) and the very sweet Robert Gordy (1933–1986). It was an amazing period, before AIDS stuck its head through the door. There was an openness there, difficult even to explain in our current time.

Harter's work is like a passport to a culture that I have dubbed "gay chauvinism," which was a feeling that being gay, secret as it was, gave you a special insight into humanity that the non-gay world did not have. We were *significant*—and everyone was starting to get a whiff of it. As the comedian Wayland Flowers's alter ego Madame cooed about her own signature cologne, "Ahh, you know, the scent of amyl nitrate and gin!"

But Harter was not just a one-night-stand artist. His work is serious with an often mellow sadness to it. This was also part of life in New Orleans; the city's preoccupation with death (it had been the epicenter of many plagues), and overcoming it. Harter who had come from a repressed, but wealthy background, did not fully give himself over to art until the last decade of his life, and even then the homoerotic aspects of his work worried him. He wrote, "I have been turning out works of gay-oriented art for 30 years, most of which almost no one has ever seen. These paintings are ghosts to me... I am very conscious that art which touches on the sexual of whatever stamp is at the greatest risk against survival. It is the first to be discarded by the fanatical, the short-sighted... by the well-intentioned who would protect a reputation or a history, by sanitizing the inheritance."¹

Fortunately, both for himself and the Leslie-Lohman Museum of Art, Harter became a benefactor of Leslie-Lohman when it was still only a gallery supporting LGBT art. One of the artist's friends, George Jordan, introduced Harter's work to Wayne Snellen, Director of Collection who included eight of Harter's pieces in a group show in 2000. Leslie-Lohman became for Harter a support toward the artistic immortality he so desired. It was an opening from Harter's own long-closeted and fearful life in Louisiana, to the embracing and greater world of queer art.

Harter himself had a terrible fear of approaching death; like his mother he became almost deaf, and the toll of AIDS on his friends haunted him. In the hallway of his home on Mexico Street in the uptown, more parochial Gentilly area of New Orleans, he erected an "AIDS Wall," with 80 portraits of friends or acquaintances who had succumbed to HIV. Shortly before his death on March 13, 2002, he decided to leave Gentilly for the more gay-friendly Faubourg Marigny, slightly above the French Quarter. He had just finished building a home there with a *luxe* artist's studio, and a gallery for showing gay art. He wanted this to be his statement to the city of New Orleans, and planned to put on shows with loans from Leslie-Lohman.

Tragically, Harter died at the age of 62, in his home on Mexico Street. His death has been declared an "unsolved murder." The rush to judgment from the police was that it was a sexual encounter that had gone wrong; he might have picked up someone, and this person killed him. I had known about such things in New Orleans; the city was dangerous—a seamy seaport, with all sorts of characters floating about. This was especially true in the French Quarter's gay bars some of which, like hospitals, were open 24 hours a day. However, people close to Harter disagreed with this scenario. Harter was extremely discreet sexually and didn't pick up just anyone. He was also shy even when it came to working with models for his artwork—it was difficult for him to approach men, and when he was younger he often used himself as a model for that reason. So his tragic death was more probably a "garden-variety" home break-in and murder, in an area where this kind of violence was not unknown.

Burt, as he was known to his friends, left behind a catalogue of over 3,000 works of art, often displaying a rare technical mastery of paint. Light is important in his work: early morning light; the often sex-soaked light

¹John Burton Harter, *Encounters with the Nude Male: Paintings and Drawings* by J.B. Harter. (Swaffham, United Kingdom, 1997).



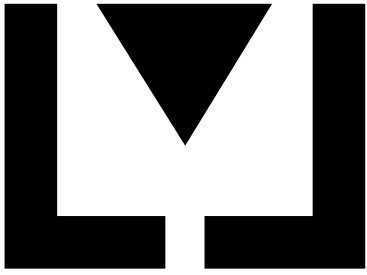
Fig. 2

Fig. 2: John Burton Harter, 1993, *Dawn with Terns*, Oil on board, 36 x 29.9 in. (frame 37.75 x 25.375 in.), Courtesy the John Burton Harter Foundation.

of twilight; as well as the deep shadows of venues like bathhouses and bars. A stunning example of this is an oil from 1993, *Dawn with Terns*, that shows two young male nudes in an idealized beach setting of first light. Harter does a masterful display of illumination on their faces; the seated nude has an intensity of light found in Francisco Goya's often confrontational, sun-drenched Spanish paintings. This picture has innocence yet worldliness, as the standing figure looks ahead, and the seated one gazes fully, directly, and, very knowingly, at us.

Finally open about being gay during the last decade of his life, John Burton Harter pioneered images of men as both objects of desire as well as vehicles of unsettling insight beneath the skin. 2020 is the 80th Anniversary of Harter's birth. Although his life ended sadly, Harter's legacy will live indefinitely, through the efforts both of the John Burton Harter Foundation that he started, well before he died, to preserve his work, and its enduring partnership with the resources of the Leslie-Lohman Museum of Art.

Perry Brass is a poet, author, and long-time gay activist. He recently published his 20th book, *A Real Life, "Like Mark Twain with Drag Queens,"* a memoir which traces his journey of self-discovery from Savannah, GA, to the streets of Los Angeles and San Francisco.



LESLIE – LOHMAN MUSEUM OF ART

26 Wooster Street, New York, NY 10013
leslielohman.org
info@leslielohman.org
Wednesday through Sunday
12:00–6:00 PM
Thursdays open until 8:00 PM
Closed Mondays and Tuesdays

THE ARCHIVE is co-edited by Riya Lerner and Gonzalo Casals, and designed by Studio Loutsis. You can pick up your free copy at the Museum. Become a member and get a mailed copy free of charge to your home. This issue of *The Archive* is made possible by a generous donation from the John Burton Harter Foundation.

Funding for the Museum's exhibitions and programming has been received in part from the generous support of New York City Department of Cultural Affairs, *in partnership with the City Council*; Council Member Daniel Dromm; Jimmy Van Bramer; Council Speaker Corey Johnson; Deutsche Bank Americas Foundation; Keith Haring Foundation; John Burton Harter Foundation; Metabolic Studio and the Annenberg Foundation; E. Rhodes and Leona B. Carpenter Foundation; Shelley and Donald Rubin Foundation; and The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts.

COPYRIGHTS for all art reproduced in this publication belong to the artist unless otherwise noted. Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International (cc By-NC-SA 4.0)



Deutsche Bank



COVER IMAGE CREDIT: Angela Dufresne, *The School of Gena Rowlands*, 2016, Oil on canvas, 84 x 132 in. Image courtesy the artist and Yossi Milo Gallery.