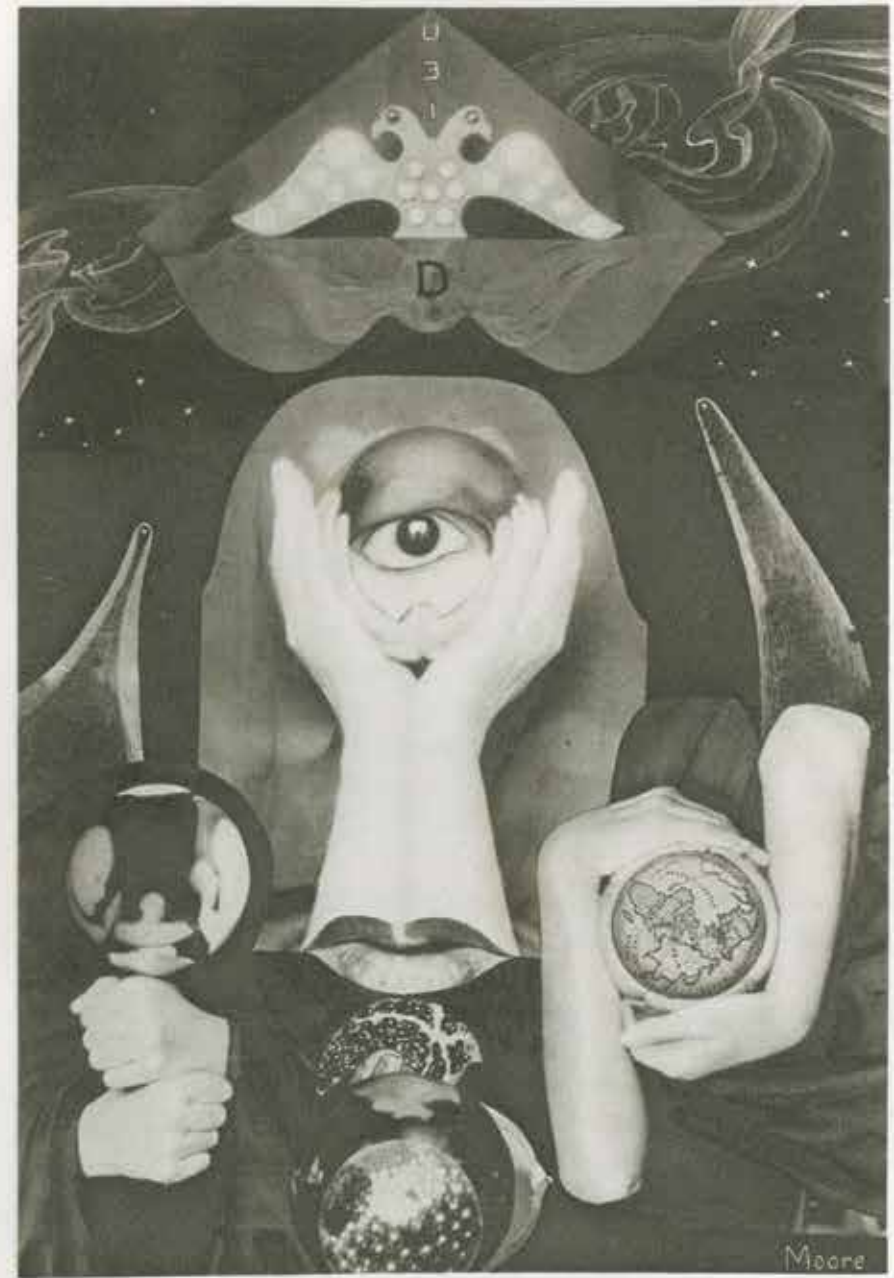
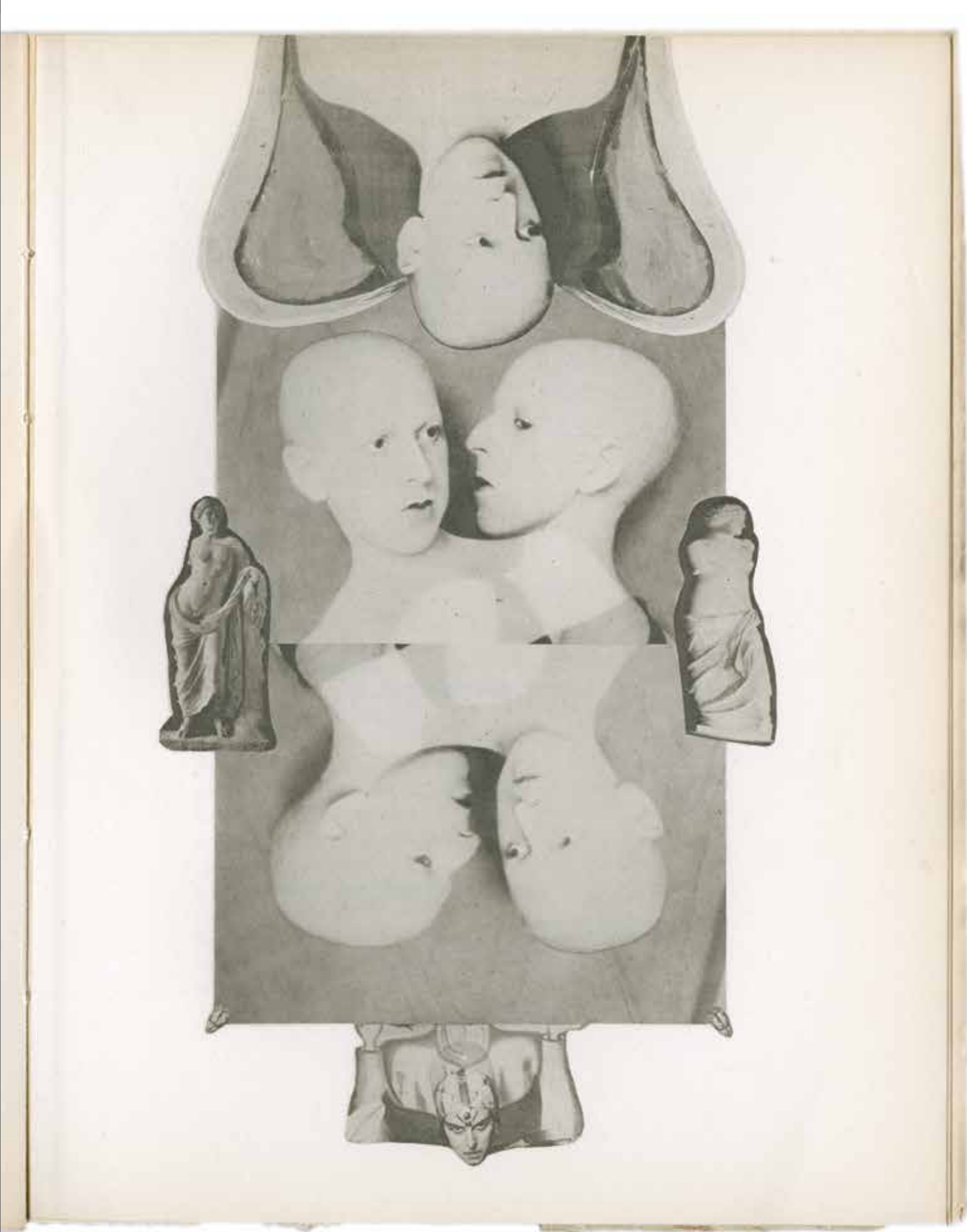


Show
me
as I
want
to be
seen

THE CONTEMPORARY JEWISH MUSEUM SAN FRANCISCO



















Show me as I want to be seen

NATASHA MATTESON

with contributions from
Porpentine Charity Heartscape
and **Rabbi Benay Lappe**

front matter images:

- p. 1: Claude Cahun (Lucy Schwob) and Marcel Moore (Suzanne Malherbe), *Fronti**Apiece to Aveux non avenues. Paris: Éditions du Carrefour*, 1930. Reproduction of photomontage. Original publication size approx. 8 7⁄16 x 6 1⁄2 in.
- p. 2: Claude Cahun (Lucy Schwob) and Marcel Moore (Suzanne Malherbe), *Untitled* [Portrait, standing and sitting in garden], 1939. Gelatin silver print, 7 1⁄8 x 5 1⁄8 in.
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Show Me as I Want to Be Seen is organized by The Contemporary Jewish Museum and curated by Natasha Matteson, Assistant Curator.

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The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts

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Director’s Foreword

LORI STARR EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

The issue of representation, no stranger to art history, has recently catapulted into the cultural zeitgeist. From #OscarsSoWhite to the #MeToo movement, the question of whose story gets told and by whom is dominating cultural conversations the world over. Traditionally, the art historical canon has upheld and affirmed the dominance of a ruling class comprised largely of white men, while narrowly categorizing the “other” as racialized and gendered. *Show Me as I Want to Be Seen* seeks to reject these static definitions, presenting work by artists intent on reclaiming their own narratives—stories that include a self that is empowered, complex, and ever-changing.

Many prominent Jewish thinkers are at the heart of this discourse around the self and representation, including Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, Ariel Goldberg, and Michael Pollan, to name a few. Rabbi Benay Lappe, whose words we are honored to feature in this publication, is one of the clearest advocates for Judaism’s role in re-centering the voices of those on the margins. “What it means to be queer,” she says, “is to embody a profound sense of otherness, the insights from which you walk through the world as a critique on the mainstream. In other words, to be Jewish is to be queer.”¹

I am so pleased on many levels to originate *Show Me as I Want to Be Seen* for our audiences. Of course, we are happy to participate in the ongoing reconsideration of the vitally important twentieth-century Jewish artist Claude Cahun and her partner Marcel Moore. Equally exciting is the presentation

1. Rabbi Benay Lappe, email message to Natasha Matteson, October 11, 2018

of work by ten living artists who echo Cahun and Moore’s concerns using contemporary vocabularies. Furthermore, this exhibition affords The CJM an important opportunity to proclaim our position as an identity-based cultural institution, and to engage in the necessary dialogue about who is represented in arts institutions, why, and how. As is the tradition at The CJM, we proudly present both Jewish and non-Jewish artists, which is at the core of our institution’s contribution to the broader cultural discourse. Building on that paradigm, this exhibition, curated by Natasha Matteson, is comprised entirely of work by artists of color, women, LGBTQ, gender non-binary artists, and those who defy classification altogether.

In addition to Natasha Matteson, I want to thank our curatorial leaders, Renny Pritikin and Heidi Rabben, who have mentored Matteson through her initial project here at The CJM. Rita Souther and Justin Limoges, Exhibitions Manager and Registrar, and Chief Preparator and Exhibition Designer, respectively, have also been wonderfully supportive participants. The exhibition catalog was guided by Creative Services Manager Isabelle Smeall, working with Director of Marketing and Communications Sarah Bailey Hogarty. The Education and Civic Engagement Department led by Fraidy Aber has devised an innovative set of resources for teachers and docents, and Gravity Goldberg, Public Programs and Visitor Experience Director, has organized a powerful repertoire of talks and events. Andrea Morgan, Director of Institutional Giving, and the Development team have raised essential funding for the exhibition and catalog.

We are especially grateful for the collegial participation of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, KADIST, and the Jersey Heritage Collection, which has been crucial in making the project feasible. Thanks to Commonwealth and Council, Penny Cooper and Rena Rosenwasser, CULT | Aimee Friberg Exhibitions, Beth Rudin DeWoody, Elisa Estrada, Hedy Fischer and Randy Shull, John Friedman, Martha Gabbert, Susan and Michael Hort, The Joyner/Giuffrida Collection, The JPMorgan Chase Art Collection, KOW Gallery, Marcia and Barry Maiten, Marti Meyerson, Mark Pollack, Yancey Richardson Gallery, Jessica Silverman Gallery, Stevenson gallery, Iris and Adam Singer, Leslie Tonkonow and Klaus Ottmann, Leon and Stephanie Vahn, Susanne and Jost Vielmetter, Susanne Vielmetter Los Angeles Projects, Christopher Yin and John Yoon, and a private collection in New York.

The exhibition is made possible thanks to the support of The CJM Board of Trustees. Lead Sponsorship for this exhibition is generously provided by the Lisa and John Pritzker Family Fund and The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts.



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The curator wishes to thank Renny Pritikin, Chief Curator, for giving her this opportunity and for mentoring her through every step of the exhibition process alongside Heidi Rabben, Curator. Thanks to Rita Sobreiro Souther, Registrar and Exhibitions Manager, for the patience and guidance in arranging loans and keeping to the budget. The curator wishes to thank Lori Starr, Executive Director, for understanding the ambitions of this exhibition and supporting it quickly and decisively. Thank you to Isabelle Smeall, Creative Services Manager, my partner in designing the catalog. Thanks to Justin Limoges, Chief Preparator and Exhibition Designer, for his leadership and creativity. Thank you to Fraidy Aber, Director of Education and Civic Engagement, and Gravity Goldberg, Director of Public Programs and Visitor Experience, for supporting the show with insightful educational and public programs. Thank you to Liz Heise-Glass for her sensitivity in molding the language in the publication.

Thank you to all the individuals at SFMOMA and Jersey Heritage for going the extra mile in making the works of Claude Cahun and Marcel Moore available, allowing the core of the exhibition to take shape. Special thanks goes out to Val Nelson, Corey Keller, Adam Ryan, Helen Lanier, Danica Gomes, Thomas Yarker, Kelly Parady, Nancy Arms Simon,

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Sincere thanks to Marcella Faustini for her curatorial advice and for connecting me with Porpentine Charity Heartscape and Young Joon Kwak. Thank you to Harry Dodge for his inspiring writing and for connecting me with Gabby Rosenberg.

Special thanks to my partner, Sasha Llyn Arden, without whom this project would not have been possible.

My deepest gratitude goes to each of the artists in the exhibition: Claude Cahun and Marcel Moore, Nicole Eisenman, Rhonda Holberton, Hiwa K, Young Joon Kwak, Zanele Muholi, Toyin Ojih Odutola, Gabby Rosenberg, Tschabalala Self, Davina Semo, and Isabel Yellin. Your work is important, and I am honored to present it to The CJM’s audience.

•

Avowal and Disavowal of the Self

NATASHA MATTESON ASSISTANT CURATOR

Show me as I want to be seen. When I say this, I do not believe that I can be shown as I am; I understand myself well enough to know that there is no one true self. Nor do I expect that I can be seen as I am; I understand seeing well enough to know that to be represented doesn't mean to be truly perceived. So, let's embrace the gaps: show me as I want to be seen, as I determine.

The Multifarious Self: Cahun and Moore

Show Me as I Want to Be Seen takes as its starting point and binding agent the work of lifelong lovers and collaborators Claude Cahun (née Lucy Schwob, 1894-1954) and Marcel Moore (née Suzanne Malherbe, 1892-1972). The pair is best known for their striking, collaboratively produced photographic portraits of Cahun, who would perform wildly varying iterations of the self by assuming diverse guises, gender presentations, and modes of affect. This exhibition positions their work in dialogue with ten contemporary artists who also address the opaque, constructed, and shifting self.

The Book of Esther offers a portal into Jewish thought on performed and fluid identities. In the story, the eponymous character is married to Xerxes, a king who was initially unaware of his wife's Jewish heritage. With the Jews of Xerxes' kingdom facing annihilation, Esther bravely reveals her Jewish identity to her husband in a successful bid to save her people. Queer theorist Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick has interpreted Esther's avowal of her identity as an act analogous to that of coming out. Both acts are incredibly risky, but within the risk lies the potential to protect and empower others who share that identity.¹

1. Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, *The Epistemology of the Closet* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1990), 75-81.

2. Judith Butler, "Imitation and Gender Insubordination," in Diana Fuss, ed., *Inside/Out*, (London and New York: Routledge, 1991), 16.

3. Reina Gossett, Eric A. Stanley, and Johanna Burton, eds., *Trap Door: Trans Cultural Production and the Politics of Visibility* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 2017).

4. Judith Halberstam, *The Queer Art of Failure* (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2011), 9-10.

5. Rosalind Krauss, *Bachelors*, (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1999), 42.

However, the simplicity of the coming out narrative read through the story of Esther is revealed to be more complex on second glance. The mere act of claiming an identity category does not miraculously create a self that is fixed, contained, or knowable. Foundational scholarship in the field of queer theory, for instance, posits that coming out of the closet, while seeming to promise clarity, only produces a new opacity. Identity descriptors do not tell us who a person really is, instead obscuring the nuance of someone's self-understanding.² Furthermore, while visibility is necessary, it is also problematic and at times even dangerous. The tidy narrative of gradual cultural change resulting in mainstream acceptance and material safety doesn't always play out as expected. Evolution is a messy undertaking. For example, the current growth we see in trans cultural visibility is met (both paradoxically and not) with a rise in anti-trans violence and the loss of trans civil rights.³

An avowal of the self, then, must allow for fluidity and take into account the dangers of visibility. In light of these complexities, illegibility can be seen as a powerful tactic. James C. Scott asserts, "illegibility, then, has been and remains, a reliable source for political autonomy." Following Scott's logic, Professor Jack Halberstam suggests we expand this concept from the sphere of politics into the landscape of so-called anti-disciplinary knowledge practices.⁴ Why, then, not also into art? There is agency in avoiding classification by the dominant systems of meaning-making. Of course, in the context of visual art—a field that still privileges vision—illegibility will and does yield complex outcomes. Importantly, an artwork's legibility inherently depends on its viewer, and some artworks deliberately speak in dialect. In this exhibition, artists use tactics of ambiguity, fragmentation, and mutability in empowered proclamations of a shifting self that defies categorization.

Cahun was born into a prominent Jewish intellectual family in Nantes, France. In 1909, she met Moore (whose mother was later to marry Cahun's father). Cahun and Moore began to collaborate soon after they met. After testing various pseudonyms, Cahun finally settled on her paternal grandmother's last name, a French form of Cohen. Given the heightened anti-Semitism in Europe at the time, it has been suggested that Cahun's avowal of her Jewish background was as radical, if not more so, as her election of a gender-ambiguous first name and an openly queer relationship.⁵

Supposedly Cahun’s response to the suggestion that she write a confessional narrative about her life, *Aveux non avenus* has been called an anti-realistic, surreal autobiography.⁶⁷ The book’s title is translated as both *Cancelled Confessions* and as *Disavowals*, and Cahun’s disclosures within the book remain unreliable. In the original French, the “I” is constantly shifting gender modifiers, and Cahun famously articulates (her own? the narrator’s?) gender fluidity: “Shuffle the cards. Masculine? Feminine? It depends on the situation. Neuter is the only gender that always suits me.”⁶⁸ The instability of the narrator’s identity in the text parallels the constant mutation of the text’s very form, as it shifts from short story to dream sequence, from letter to aphorism. *Aveux non avenus* is illustrated with dense, hallucinatory photomontages that incorporate the portraits of Cahun and drawings by Moore, presenting a proliferating, multiple, and various self.

In her writing, Cahun positively reclaims narcissism, linking it metaphorically to the mirror-like doublings of same-sex love and creative collaboration, themes that also recur in the duo’s photographic portraits. Both practices, along with Moore’s illustrations and their collages, declare Cahun an empowered, self-loving subject. Meanwhile, this subject is portrayed as ever-layered, with no underlying essential truth. The self in Cahun and Moore’s practice endlessly fascinates but never ultimately reveals: “Under this mask, another mask. I will never be finished removing all these faces.”⁶⁹ The lovers’ photographic practice was focused on that ever-mutable surface. The self they document is performed, constructed, iterative, and unfinished. Replying to Arthur Rimbaud’s statement, “I is another,” Cahun put forth her own variation: “I is another – and always multiple.”⁷⁰ This destabilization of the self is at the heart of their collective project.

The slipperiness of Cahun and Moore’s identities permeated their lives as well as their works. One iteration of their collective self is the “soldier with no name,” which became Cahun and Moore’s moniker in their anti-Nazi resistance activities. Living on the occupied isle of Jersey, the pair intercepted and translated BBC broadcasts. Using tactics borrowed from Surrealism to distribute the translated messages, the “soldier with no name” encouraged Nazi soldiers to mutiny. Their campaign was so formidable that the Nazis were shocked to discover – as they eventually did – that it had been carried out by two middle-aged women. Cahun

6. Tirza True Latimer, “Acting Out: Claude Cahun and Marcel Moore,” in Louise Downey, ed., *Don’t Kiss Me: The Art of Claude Cahun and Marcel Moore*, (New York: Aperture, 2006), 66.

7. Jennifer L. Shaw, *Exist Otherwise: The Life and Works of Claude Cahun*, (London, Reaktion Books, 2017), 68.

8. Claude Cahun, *Disavowals*, (Cambridge: MIT Press, 2008), 183.

9. Cahun, *Disavowals*, 151.

10. Lauren Elkin, “Reading Claude Cahun,” *The Quarterly Conversation*, accessed October 3, 2018, <http://quarterlyconversation.com/claude-cahun-disavowals>.



11. Shaw, *Exist Otherwise*, 197–258.

image: Claude Cahun (Lucy Schwob) and Marcel Moore (Suzanne Malherbe), *Untitled* [Portrait of Claude with Nazi badge between her teeth], 1945. Gelatin silver print, 5 ¼ x 3 ¼ in.

and Moore were arrested, imprisoned, and sentenced to death for their resistance activities, but the war ended and they were released before the sentence was carried out.⁷¹ A portrait of Cahun taken in May of 1945, immediately after the two were set free, depicts her visibly aged after a harrowing year of captivity. Yet, she stares defiantly into the camera with a Nazi insignia in her teeth. Reclaiming her agency in the wake of trauma through this potent image, Cahun’s identity shifts once again, this time from that of the captive victim to that of the empowered survivor.

In their shared lives and practice, Cahun and Moore established and declared an understanding of selfhood that was fairly unprecedented at the time. They avowed that self by disavowing its constancy. Presenting their work in the context of The Contemporary Jewish Museum opens a new path of inquiry into how Cahun’s Jewishness may have informed her radical life and work, and this exhibition is a space to consider the strong echoes of Cahun and Moore’s prescient work in contemporary art today.

Contemporary Avowals

In *Show Me as I Want to Be Seen*, Cahun and Moore are joined by contemporary artists Nicole Eisenman, Rhonda Holberton, Hiwa K, Young Joon Kwak, Zanele Muholi, Toyin Ojih Odutola, Gabby Rosenberg, Tschabalala Self, Davina Semo, and Isabel Yellin, who also play with avowal and disavowal in representation of the self. The exhibition links Cahun and Moore’s revolutionary work to the work of these contemporary artists who conjure, validate, and update their earlier tactics for the current moment.

While the nature of the self has been a subject of philosophical inquiry for thousands of

years, current discourse increasingly opposes the notion of a static, singular, essential self. Split-brain experiments in the field of neuroscience posit a “dual consciousness” theory of the brain (wherein each brain has one consciousness per hemisphere). According to *The New York Times*, gender-non-conforming people are the hot untapped market.¹² A term originating from feminist theory and critical race theory, “intersectionality” is increasingly discussed in mainstream publications.¹³

In the contemporary era, social media distributes a profusion of digital self-representations, revealing to any casual participant the extent to which the outward-facing self is constructed, networked, and referential. Filters can instantaneously generate fantasy representations of the self that previously never could have been realized outside of the context of art, drag, or theater. Though the arts have been significantly unburdened of their role as primary channels for the profound human need to be seen, representations of the self in the fine art context still have a unique capacity to subtly depict subjects as they desire to be understood. Mystery, awe, and productive confusion are crucial functions in that endeavor.

Many of the artists in the exhibition create overt self-portraits in which self-perception and self-determination take precedence over the pleasure or comprehension of the viewer. Like Cahun, South African artist Zanele Muholi employs powerful postures and varying adornments in their photographic self-portraits. Staring blisteringly into the camera, Muholi styles herself to emphasize the darkness of their skin, proudly upending both gender-normative and white supremacist standards of beauty. A self-portrait drawn by Toyin Ojih Odutola, *My Country Has No Name* (2013), depicts the artist from four angles, making her figure multiple. The figure’s ribbon-like skin, rendered in many lines of pen ink, looks almost fluid as it gleams with multi-colored flecks of light. Surface, self, and blackness itself are all destabilized through Ojih Odutola’s treatment. Rhonda Holberton has made 3D scans of certain of her domestic belongings and digitally rendered them in compositions that mimic a particular contemporary branding aesthetic. The series of images populates Holberton’s Instagram account in a breezy and chilling depiction of an idealized lifestyle—the self as defined by objects. Hiwa K’s video *Pre-Image*

12. Guy Trebay, “For Capitalism, Every Social Leap Forward Is a Marketing Opportunity,” *The New York Times*, accessed September 18, 2018. <https://www.nytimes.com/2018/09/18/style/gender-nonbinary-brand-marketing.html>.

13. Kimberle Crenshaw (1989) “Demarginalizing the Intersection of Race and Sex: A Black Feminist Critique of Antidiscrimination Doctrine, Feminist Theory and Antiracist Politics,” University of Chicago Legal Forum: Vol. 1989, Article 8.

(Blind as the Mother Tongue) (2017) depicts the artist balancing a sculpture made of mirrors on his nose while retracing the path he took to flee Iraqi Kurdistan for Europe on foot years prior. Seen through this mirror, Hiwa K’s self-understanding is refracted through the geographies he moves within, and the histories they recall. Nicole Eisenman’s *Morning Studio* (2016), a portrait of her close friends, depicts two lovers of indeterminate gender at rest in an intimate embrace, utterly relaxed and content. One of the figures, whose eyes are open, gazes easily at the viewer in a simple act of self-approval.

Other artists in the exhibition approach the conundrum of representing a complex subjectivity by rendering their figures intentionally illegible. In painter Gabby Rosenberg’s *Losing Body* (2018), a gender-ambiguous figure watches a specter-like cloud (irreverently rendered in spray paint) escape their torso, body-parts suspended in mid-air in an unmoored fragmentation of the body. The scene exposes the flimsiness of the construction “body-as-identity” while, paradoxically, the inner self appears to diffuse into thin air. The soft corporeal sculptures by Isabel Yellin evoke fleshy alien infants, desiring and exploring, indignant, it seems, at being constrained to a body. Yellin’s works, though somewhat abstract, maintain an expressive specificity of gesture that communicates the all-too-familiar discomforts and pleasures of embodiment. Like Cahun’s endless masks, Young Joon Kwak’s *Hermaphroditus’s Reveal I* (2017) plays on inconclusive discovery. The sculpture’s swooping arc of resin, an abstract stand-in for a body, meets the ground with its two attached hands. A third hand, uncannily realistic and perfectly manicured, lightly holds the back flap between two fingers, as if preparing to uncover the truth hidden by this ambiguous form—but we know that such a revelation would only ever produce another opacity. In Tschabalala Self’s sizable fabric-collaged painting, *Perched* (2016), a voluptuous poised figure turns her back on a mirror to squint pointedly at the viewer. Multiplying her view is an army of graphic eyes that fill the painting’s background. The central figure’s cool gaze seems to tell us that the mirror exists for the sole purpose of her own self-appreciation, not to satisfy the viewer. Broken auto glass like rock candy studs a small wall-mounted slab of concrete in Davina Semo’s *A GREAT THING IN HER LIFE IS THAT SHE HAS A SECRET* (2018). The shiny portal withholds the viewer’s reflection from them, while in contrast the title conveys a surprisingly specific interior experience.

The written contributions to the catalog serve as an extension of the ideas at play in the exhibition. Rabbi Benay Lappe, the founder of SVARA: A Traditionally Radical Yeshiva, aims to bring excluded voices back into the *beit midrash* by reading the Talmud through the lens of queer theory. A conversation with Rabbi Lappe traverses contemporary queer theory, the rabbinical discourse of Judaism, and self-determination. An original piece of fiction by contemporary artist, writer, and game designer Porpentine Charity Heartscape chronicles the journey of an individual from a persecuted religious and ethnic minority as she grapples with the boundaries of her identity. Heartscape’s fragmented text and unsettling narrator echo Cahun’s writings in form and tone.

The exhibition and its catalog present ideas and works that explore the fluidity of the self—works that communicate viscerally to unhinge normative understandings. Witnessing this mutability has the power to dislodge the static notions we hold of ourselves, expand our conceptions to encompass a much more multifarious self, and realize our own multiplicity. For some, this witnessing might engender a deeper understanding of those for whom identity is shifting and composite.

Self-representation, even in its most obtuse forms, is generous. By presenting ourselves as complex beings we may spark a deep sense of recognition in someone who sees a new facet of their own self mirrored in that complexity. The artworks included in this exhibition have already done this for many viewers, and I hope that positioning them together can expand and propagate a sense of their simultaneous mystery and articulation, activating that expansive self-recognition.

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A Conversation with Rabbi Benay Lappe

Rabbi Benay Lappe is an award-winning educator specializing in the application of queer theory to Talmud study. Curator Natasha Matteson spoke with Rabbi Lappe in August 2018 about current Jewish thought on self-determination and queerness. In the edited version of that conversation that follows, Rabbi Lappe shares her thoughts on mutability in the Jewish tradition, the problems with the inclusion narrative, and why it’s no accident that Claude Cahun was Jewish.

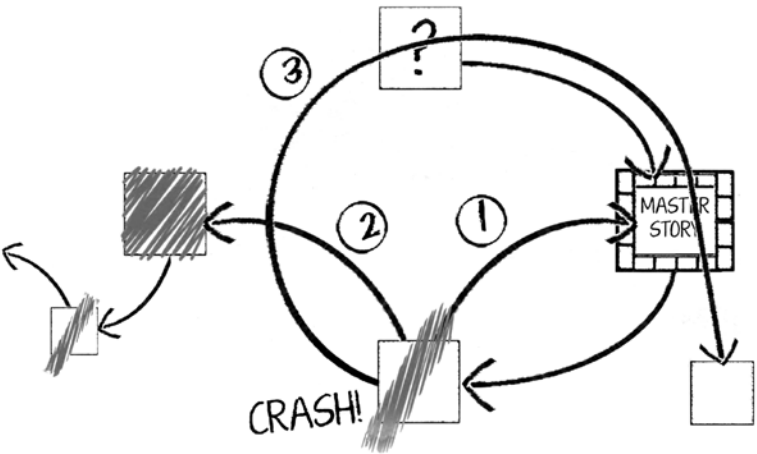
Natasha Matteson:

In your work you talk about the necessity of marginal voices in shaping the unfolding identity of Judaism. What is the historical basis of this claim, and why is it particularly important right now?

Rabbi Benay Lappe:

All revolutions begin while the prior regime or worldview is still in place. There are always folks for whom the master narrative crashes long before it ceases to function for everyone else. I think master narratives crash for the queerest folk first. Queer folk are like the canaries in the coal mine for everyone downstream.

image: Rabbi Benay Lappe, Crash Theory Diagram from ELI Talk, “An Unrecognizable Jewish Future: A Queer Talmudic Take,” May 29, 2014.



The early Rabbis were what I would call queer. They were outsiders to the power structure of Judaism in the Temple era—the priests being the ones in power—and these fringy, radical hippie figures that we now call Rabbis had a much more democratic,

egalitarian sense that everyone could and should be able to access God directly.

That was a very revolutionary idea at the time. And maybe that's all their queerness was, I'm not sure. But I think their sense of outsider-ness gave them the ability to look at the center and notice what wasn't working. I understand their exteriority as a kind of paradigmatic orientation—one that needs to be valorized, prioritized, and centered for all future shapers of the tradition.

NM What is *svara* and how is it important to this narrative?

BL Out of the Rabbis' critique of the status quo, they came up with this concept called *svara* that they raised up to be a source of truth equal to that of the Torah itself. *Svara* is the notion of moral intuition. It's the idea that every human being—not just those who have inherited a position of power like the priests but every human being—has the ability to suss out ultimate truth.

This idea of *svara* is extraordinarily important to this exhibition because it is what allows each individual to be an arbiter of what it means to be a human being, including all the sub-categories of what that means: what it means to be a man, a woman, both, neither, a gendered being, or a non-gendered being. It's this two-thousand-year-old insight that every human being has the authority to name truth that permeates and drives the entire Jewish enterprise. It has been largely hidden from view except to scholars, but can be sensed, in a visceral if not conscious way, as underlying and animating the entire Jewish tradition.

NM It seems that this emphasis on *svara* and the urge towards democratization were transformative impulses. Did these points of focus succeed in re-centering marginal voices? Was that the goal of the early Rabbis?

BL Yes, I think that was the goal. And it did succeed in centering a new set of marginal voices, but not all marginal voices, just as the Declaration of Independence's claim that "all men are created equal" really didn't mean all men, nor did it mean all people. And so it's our job now to pay better and better attention to who's missing. And then we have to be careful because as those on the margins succeed in reaching the center, they are at risk of losing their unique insight completely.

Back in the day, we lesbians and gay folk thought we had the whole thing figured out and didn't realize that there were insights that trans folk already had that we weren't paying attention to. There's always a queerer and queerer edge that initially coexists with the current queer edge but is so queer that even the queer community can't yet integrate or understand it. Eventually, though, it becomes the new cutting edge in the wider consciousness.

NM So how do we give those cutting edge voices a platform while still allowing those people to maintain their unique insights?

BL I don't think we'll ever be fully successful. We're limited as human beings, and the queerest of us are still not going to understand the queerness of the folks who come after us fully, because the folks who come after us will have had different life experiences. I think the best we can do is to be crash-flex, that is, to hold our truths lightly and to be flexible enough to allow for the possibility that someone else is going to come up with an even truer truth. When that happens, we need to give space to that new truth. We have to be humble enough to know that our truths are only our best guesses and that other folk are going to come up with even better guesses.

That's how the tradition evolves and how we come to better understand ourselves and God. Those are the queer stories that we need to pay attention to. The Queer 1.0 stories were the stories of Ruth and Naomi, Jonathan and David, narratives where we could see ourselves in the tradition in a very concrete way. At a certain point in our history as queer folk, those were really important and affirming. But now, I think the Queer 2.0 stories are much more important. These are narratives that reveal and prioritize the deep *svara* of the tradition—elevating it even over the Torah itself—in order to upgrade our notions of what it means to be a human being. And that's every story and every legal case in the Talmud! That's why the Talmud is such a queer document.

This photo emerged from a period of androgynous self-portraits begun by Benay Lappe and her partner at the time, Pat Standley, pictured. Lappe says, "We weren't familiar with Cahun's work at the time, but when I later encountered it, I realized that what we were doing was part of a much longer queer lineage of work trying to capture that person that we felt ourselves to be."

33



Photo: Marc Hauser

NM My understanding is that people use what you call the Queer 1.0 story of Esther and Purim to think about drag—concealing, revealing, and performing the self—and of course, about coming out. But perhaps now the coming out narrative is less relevant.

Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick calls this moment of coming out an “avowal of . . . identity.”¹ For Claude Cahun’s surrealist autobiography, *Aveux non Avenus* (1930), her publisher wanted a popular tell-all confessional kind of narrative. Instead, Cahun presented an unstable, thorny, and complex subject position by using different pronouns throughout, weaving between dream narratives, free association, and aphorisms. Rather than a straight “avowal of identity,” Cahun put forth a radical and poetic avowal of ambiguity.

So I’m thinking about that in terms of queer theory and contemporary art now. There was a moment in contemporary art that maybe parallels this sort of inclusion 1.0 thing, where we were striving to have more identities represented in the canon. And that’s very important work that still isn’t finished, but at the same time . . .

BL It’s work that will not disrupt the heteronormative, the white supremacist, or the patriarchal nature of the status quo. It will include more people in a reality that prioritizes the cultural assumptions and values of a certain group. And that’s my complaint with the idea of “inclusion.” This idea basically says: “Let’s all keep the assumptions of and the values of heteronormativity and invite queer people to be in that space.” What does that do? It’s not the revolution.

NM It allows “outsiders” to gain admission to an existing order of things, rather than completely roughing up that order.

BL Exactly. For me, that’s not even on the map of the queer project. Incremental improvements to the status quo don’t disrupt the status quo. And those who are down with the inclusion project are ultimately not interested in disrupting the status quo.

Going back to Cahun’s book, we can understand that meta-message of destabilization as the entire project of the Talmud itself. The Talmud is created in such a way that the person learning it is shaped by it, molded to be crash-flex, to be nimble. As the Talmudic scholar Moshe Halbertal points out, it is a formative text as much as a normative one.

1. Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, *Epistemology of the Closet*, (University of California Press, 1990), 76.

2. Rashi, BT Ketubot 17a, d.h. *daato shel adam m’urevet im habriot*.

And I would suggest it is primarily formative. The Talmud—and the entire Jewish enterprise, for that matter—exists to create people who are emotionally and intellectually available to new truths, who can sit with contradiction, complexity, ambiguity, uncertainty, and paradox; people who are disruptive rather than compliant, challenging rather than conforming.

NM This is a good time to talk about fluid identity in Jewish thought: God as non-binary, as full of gender, but also always changing, and as self-defined or self-proclaimed.

BL I would go a step further and say that the Rabbis, these queer folk, took that God that you’re describing now—the biblical notion of God—and further radicalized God as someone who ultimately wanted us to determine what that God was like, and who that God wanted us to be.

NM Where do we find self-definition and space for fluid identity in the Jewish tradition?

BL There’s story after story in the Talmud of God giving people agency to determine what the truth is, and time after time we see God taking a backseat and smiling in approval as his creatures chose to overrule him.

NM Can you discuss the story of the bride in the tractate of Ketubot 16b and 17a? What does that story communicate about the essence of who someone is in Jewish thought?

BL The story is a debate over whether to “call it like it is,” so to speak, and tell a bride who is thought to be unattractive that she is unattractive. After all, the Torah says “Don’t lie!” But on the other hand, we have the opportunity to lie and say that the bride is beautiful when we actually don’t think she is. The side that wins says you lie, because our *svara* knows that it’s wrong to hurt people’s feelings, and that *svara* trumps the Torah’s proscription against lying.

But as a postscript to the story, the eleventh century commentator Rashi said this: the terms of the debate were wrong in the first place. The question shouldn’t be do you or don’t you describe the bride as unattractive. The real goal, his postscript says, should be for our minds to be “interwoven with the minds of all creatures.”² In other words, our job isn’t to look at someone else and evaluate them and name them as

we perceive them to be. Our job is to get inside their heads and find out who they understand themselves to be, to understand them according to their own self-understanding, and to name them as they name themselves.

So the story of the bride has both a takeaway that gets at what I think Claude was aiming for, and presents itself as a mechanism for becoming the kind of person who can get there.

NM I know that Judaism’s approach to labels, categories, and classifications has changed over centuries. I’m wondering how you’ve navigated identity labels in Judaism or how you’ve seen other people do so. When are those categories useful and when are they harmful?

BL We misunderstand the tradition if we assume that the existing set of categories or the way the tradition *looks* at any given moment is its ultimate concern. These things just provide a snapshot, a still of any given moment of the *halacha*. Even the word *halacha*—it means movement, or a walking—is a worldview or practice-in-process. It’s meant to be understood as constantly in motion, always evolving.

The way we talk about the *halacha* needs to be understood as a momentary state in a constantly shifting understanding of our best guess at what these categories should be. And it’s very clear to me from the evidence of the tradition that the Rabbis are not *ultimately* concerned with what’s permitted or what’s not permitted, whom you marry, what you eat, or whether Shabbat is on Saturday or Wednesday.

What they’re interested in is a system that does its best at creating a certain kind of human being. They’re very willing to change the boundaries and the structures. They’re more concerned with having a healthy system of challenging and iterating past today’s snapshot.

For me, it’s this meta-process that is the most important to understand in the Jewish tradition. That’s where Judaism is at its queerest, because it’s only queer folk—in other words the outsiders—who can do the upgrading, the folk who embody a profound experience of marginality and who carry those insights with them in a way that allows them to effectively critique our current systems. That’s what it means to be queer. Only they can challenge this snapshot of what’s right and

wrong, what it means to be a human being, what it means to be a gendered person, or a non-gendered person, in order to create a new snapshot of reality.

And then you have to hold this new sense lightly so that it too can crash. The folks coming after you are going to be queerer and have even bigger critiques. And that’s what you want, so you have to hold this momentary understanding of definitions, categories, and boundaries lightly. You know they’re going to crash, you let them, and then let them reform in a new way, and so on. That’s the way the tradition works. That’s the way all traditions work.

It seems to me that Claude was living out this deepest level of the tradition, and it is not an accident for me that Claude was a Jew.

NM As we talk about the mutability of Judaism over time, is it possible to see the self as having an analogous “crash theory” progression?

BL I think that’s what I figured out as I was pulling my molecules together as a queer person and a Jew. I realized that my trajectory as a queer person—from crash, through denial and rejection, to a certain queer Jewish thriving—actually mirrored the trajectory that the Jewish tradition follows—as do all traditions and all people. It’s what learning and growth look like and what all human beings individually and societally go through as we grow.

The rabbinic insight, which every queer person of every variety comes to understand, is that the way you thought the world was, the master story that you inherited, is never fixed, eternal, unchanging, or immutable. It isn’t. That’s not the way the world works. Yet, that’s always the way we’re taught the world is: that what we inherited is the ultimate and complete truth. But it isn’t. That’s the queer insight. That’s the Jewish insight.

•

The Furthest Point Without Crossing

PORPENTINE CHARITY HEARTSCAPE

Under this mask, another mask. I will never be finished removing all these faces.

– Claude Cahun

★

Our time is up. I know this by the empty houses. We had fifty years of fortune-telling and unclean work. In a distant marble palace someone penned a paper that said we are bad again. The mines are scraped, the forest is quiet, it's the second drought in a row, and they need someone to suffer for it.

I should have left with the others.

★

The tree this staff was carved from is dead. Each step threatens to snap it against the hard soil. The herbs in my vials have lost their potency, I have traded the amulets of my god for enough food and water to cross the next horizon. My neck is naked and faithless.

The staff breaks, jolting me from my sleeping walk. My arm is so numb, the staff feels like leaving part of myself behind.

I'm very tired. Has anyone been tired before? In history? Possibly.

Hell is not a special place. It is an extension of our life on earth. In hell we fall forever. The idea of heaven is that you finally stop falling.

At the edge of town I smoke the rest of my pagan leaf, coughing as I uncork my vials and dump rue, laser, pennyroyal into the creek. Fish nibble and dart away.

★

I can eat at the inn if they don't think I'm a Zannoi. I remove the piercing from my tongue, shed my coat with its quaint ancestral patterns. But some things I can't remove.

On my back there is ink under the skin, punctured like a snake's bite when I was twelve, old enough for a bit of culture to enter my body. A stain on my tailbone, where the breath of life entered my spine.

I bathe alone.

I don't even remember what the symbol looks like. I think I once held a polished bronze circle behind me, tried to see it in the blur, but I never had much curiosity about it. It was just a thing that happened, like a childhood fever.

Hot weather. The sun is suspicious of me, wants me to loosen my sleeves, strip down to my undershirt. Why is she sitting there sweating in such heavy clothes?

I lay in the cedar-smelling room of the inn and have pretend conversations about what I would say if someone accused me. I imagine myself groveling, ingratiating myself, distancing myself from my own kind, and finally, begrudgingly, we come to an agreement. How sweet the understanding.

★

I get a job so I can afford the caravan north, where family are strewn.

Heat reflects from the mountain with its throbbing veins of glass. Hauling rocks for the new road.

Stupid me. Everyone is taking their shirt off. Flat, sweaty breasts, we're lean out here, even we and they share that. The milk is the same. If I were ever to raise a child, I would keep their skin clean, their words neutral, balanced between the square of the mountains, the marsh, the forest, the flat lands. I'd want them to be able to go anywhere.

I take my shirt off and I’m the only one here with sweat like ice. I keep my back to the mountain, shoulder blades twisting like knees under a blanket. I splash myself with the bucket they’re passing around, then throw my shirt back on.

★

A woman corners me on the way home. She knows, somehow, and I’m ready to run, but she just says: can you do for my child? I can do. She’s country, hinterland mothers like her have been coming to us for a long time, it’ll take a bit before the city hate spreads to her, before she sees and understands, through certain events transpiring in the public square, or perhaps by a deep enough body of water, how serious the matter is.

★

As I walk the road to her house I wonder if someone paid her to lure me out here.

I go through the trees in the back, beetles crawling in the bark. I look through the oily window. Just her and her child.

I haven’t been near a child for a long time. I cross the street when I see one. They say we steal children. And everything else that can be done to a child.

I crush petals and smear them across Sand’s forehead, I tried not to learn her name, but it was crammed past my ears. Her skin burns my fingers. I try to look calm, but she doesn’t have the look of life about her. Some spirits give up faster than others.

If the heat breaks her heart they’ll come for me.

I tell the mother I need an animal. There are snakes around here, but it has to be a good animal, one that is cared about. Why else should the gods care?

She has a tars. Domesticated, large for its breed. I was hoping to keep the mess on a plate.

She looks away as I run my hand along the collar, remove the wooden lozenge that bears its name. I want to ignore it but I force myself to read it. Two names now. Every step of this has to involve care. The rest of

the world is for looking away, but here, we look, and let ourselves hurt—it has to hurt.

The name is Anyit. It—she—has big wet eyes. I run my hands across her fur. Feathery, stubby antennae like bulrushes wiggle at my chin.

The mother seems angry. It is at this moment they are most likely to question, most likely to turn on me.

I concentrate on the tars’s eyes. She trusts me. I take strength from this. I give her pain, then darkness.

Things become easier after something irrevocable has happened. They are invested now.

The mother gives me coins and for a little while this evening she will feel hope. She will hold her daughter’s hand and feel the peace she felt before. For a time.

I walk faster through the brush.

★

Each province is divided by an oath-line. If a Zannoi passes the line without the proper writ, the food in their stomach will turn to gravel and their blood will write the capstone verses on the nearest surface—or that is the oath we swear. It is a disgusting, wet, lengthy oath. In summer we swear it in the sun, in winter we swear it in the river.

★

I rent a room in a quiet boarding house and peer through the blinds at people laughing in the street below, admiring them like dolls.

Remove my skin and start again. I wish I’d dreamed it innocently. But no, I wish it, how detestable. It is no vision, only my sorry little wish.

Our beliefs are not so different from the majority faith. We worship the same god. Most Zannoi don’t even perform divinations or sell dubious potions, what I am is just a splinter of a splinter. So why do we persist in our difference? It would be so simple! Shave the bones of my face a little flatter, suck the ink from my back, tweak the strings running from my brain to my tongue so I can pronounce certain words properly. We could disappear into them in generations.

Some of us do, and then we are lost to history, taken from the hot pan, when you are in the pan it feels like the most important place in the world. Why am I so afraid to stop hurting? Why do we cling to the heat at the center of the earth instead of letting ourselves be shaken off into the cold void?

Why don't I recant my body?

We are the idea that there are things worth dying for.

★

God created me. I know this because my soul hurts inside me. I deserve it. There is a lot of bad in me. I hurt animals, I take women's money even if I know what I have done won't help them, I steal when I think no one could possibly ever find out. There's an inertia to it. I think about getting a terrible burn on my back, my face, my tongue, I'd be deformed but I wouldn't be a Zannoi. Maybe the deformed think that about us.

I told my aunt how bad I was once, after I'd crushed a kitten and hid it under the porch. Told her I didn't deserve a thing in the world. She said, sweetie, people like you need love more than anyone.

I just cried. I was very upset, I think that's why I'd said it. I thought the kitten moved, I ran and banged my face into a porch support. Blood all over me, more than I could staunch with those little fingers.

She tilted my head back and told me to pinch my nose, watched with a strange worry in her eyes. When children played in the quarry she worried over me, held me back unless she knew someone was looking out for me, told me not to run so fast, and tucked a rag into my pocket.

★

I look at their lives, shooting so smoothly through time, and it looks like nothing. I can't imagine that simplicity.

★

There are disagreements among our kind as to which remedies are appropriate for a practitioner, as to which are not remedies at all but simply barbarous rites that shame us before our host cultures. I carried vials of pregnant horse piss, my aunt taught me to shatter the unborn in the womb, we lost family over it, moved to separate houses, we fracture, and

fracture again, whittled away by scriptural interpretations and medicinal schisms, because in the end, we don't even like each other.

★

I make a friend at work. She laughed at a joke I didn't even know I was making. She shares her flask with me, a disgusting drink, made with the tingling fruit we do not consume. But I drink it, a small sin to conceal my god from her. My fingers twitch with the signs for absolution, a motion I hide by playing with my hair.

Her name is Orn. These people have such ugly names. God crafted you with immaculate care and you give a child a name like a rabbit dropping?

She takes me home. I haven't touched someone of her faith since I was too young to know better. Her wholeness is like bathing in milk.

★

I dream of my family. I remember nothing but feel everything. I turn over in bed and kiss her to wash the taste clean. We hold the kiss, her saliva trickles inside me, please be etcher's acid, please be the hot blood of mountains. Am I changed? She embraces me, touching the small of my back in the dark. To her fingers my skin feels like any other.

★

Days sprout to weeks, weeks thicken to months, too gnarled to uproot without skinning the hands of my heart.

We walk home together after work.

Happy. Happy. Happy. Happiness is boring, it can't be recorded, skin without scars, smooth and forgettable. Happiness is amnesia, it is happening to a different person than the one who is miserable. What benefit is it to them?

★

She gives me a necklace. A silver triangle with a rune inside. It looks familiar but I don't know it, not in the heat of us.

I put it around my neck.

★

We grind in the dark, the sigil on my tailbone pressed against the sweaty sheets.

When we fuck, I am part of her ethnic purity. I am no longer greasy and broken, it is pleasure, it is relief. But this night, there is a moment when she’s sunk to the hilt on me, I’m being absorbed, swallowed, a pebble sucked into mud, it’s too much, I don’t have the substance to couple with this engine, but she is part of me, I know that now. I don’t know when they first put her purity in me, but I’ve been carrying her purity on my back, I’m fucking the boulder that is me, it’s crushing me into paste, crushing the bed into the floorboards, red paste oozing through the cracks into the kitchen below, I want to thrust her off, but no part of me belongs to me except the pain of experiencing that I am not myself.

★

Another night.

She’s very drunk. I went all my life without tasting that drink of hers, so I have no tolerance for the stink of it. I say, “want to give me a massage?”, and roll over with stupid innocence, thinking myself one of her.

Her hands flow softly onto me, nursing the knots from my shoulders.

I ask if she wants to make food with me downstairs. The answer starts in her mouth then fades like a winter exhalation.

Her fingers are stiff as harpy talons, framing my tailbone.

She touches it, the feeling is incredible, it burns hotter than my breasts, my genitals, I never imagined one of them would touch it with naked fingers.

She recoils.

I read her face: You kill babies. You poison spouses. You change boys to girls.

I make it to the porch, shirtless under the moonlight, before she catches me by the necklace. She drags me across the dirt, I kick and claw, I’ve never had so little breath to regard the sky, it seems dull as ceiling, stars like mold speckles. The chain breaks, she picks up the triangle

symbol and rubs it furiously against her shirt like a stain that will never come out.

“It’s not for you!”

Little bits of the chain litter my neck like scales.

I bite her leg and she kicks me, she is gone, leaving only the taste of dirty copper welling at my gums.

★

Part of me prepared myself for this moment. To be Zannoi is to have things taken away. I experience hurt like holding a stone separate from my body, but it means I hold everything else outside my body. Joy is only sleeping with stones.

I tell myself this.

I walk quickly through the dusk, climb a fence, cross a droughty crack of earth, rustle through dead maize husks, march into a coop and snap a bird’s neck, saying the prayer one says when you snap a bird’s neck.

Every time I think I will make a definite change in my life I kill a small animal. This has set back my personal growth immensely.

An egg, nestled in the straw, still hot from the bird’s body. The warmth of creation, of one thing separating to become two.

It tore me when I split in half. I know this now. I should have been kinder to the wound.

★

My legs carry me back to the village. I stop myself. They’ll take me in the dark.

Only one thing can wash a Zannoi from your skin. When I was eleven, I read my aunt’s books—there was a particular woodcut. I used to masturbate to how they did it. It was safe inside that final mutilation. I think that must be what heaven feels like.

★

Morning comes and she’s at work, hair tied back, face severe under the sun. I’m in the trees at the edge of the road, thin as a wall, if a rider passes on the plain behind they’ll see me from miles away.

She drops the rock she was hauling. Walks this way, to the dead grass. We used to piss together.

She’s wearing a cropped top, her belly sun-burnt and ripe. If I had her guts on the ground I could tell you the name of your child, where the bats sniff for gold, what color to paint your lips if you want to fall in love in winter.

But she is not an animal. They are designated for the shedding of blood, they are smaller parts of ourselves, taken in token.

No. I thought I was being strong, killing only animals. But a sacrifice should be what I don’t want to do.

I don’t want to take this rock to her temple. It would hurt me terribly.

She sees me, filthy sweating torso, breasts sticking with bark.

I’m too weak. The rock slides from my hands.

“Please.” Please. Whoever invented this word must never have had to use it.

She screams like the smoke pouring from a furnace.

★

It can’t get any worse than this, my aunt would say, smile cut across her face by the knife of years.

I thought she knew something but I guess she didn’t.

★

They’ll be waiting in my room, where I hid the money for the caravan, and more. I should have kept moving.

★

I find broken glass in the window of an overgrown house. God has given me teeth.

★

Bumps raise on my skin as I wade through the swamp, I’m too tired to swat the bugs away.

God has not placed into the world anything we cannot endure, this is the promise. I felt god with me as a child, in the animals I broke for her and hid under the porch. The purity of the feeling convinced me it was from god. Would the shadow of god be permitted to deceive a child? I could enumerate the tiny bones in their necks, the creamy furs I felt under my fingers. Would that help to decide?

★

I take the glass shard from my pocket and look to the water for a reflection, twist til my spine aches. I see the blemish on my tailbone, in the dim ripple it could be a smear of dirt. I touch the jagged edge to the ink, is that the ink? It all hurts the same under the knife. Such a cunning brand, the most deceptive odorless poison. Your skin whispering secrets to the world.

I see the circle outlining the symbol, the symbol unreadable like a dream. The reflection is muddied with mosquito eggs like black rice. I cut between the smallest specks of life to find my deformity.

Just a small cut. The circle is not so large.

★

The blood won’t stop, fast, clotless, I can’t see if the symbol is gone, but I can’t bear to cut anymore.

The caravan north is a broken idea. I’m not just a traitor, I’m a traitor to traitors, they’ll know it by the jagged shadow I’ve made of what is sacred.

What if I’d asked Orn to cut it from me? Maybe she would have admired that. If I had come to her with genuine repentance in my heart, instead of deceiving her into sleeping with an unclean.

I found a red ribbon in my tailbone, it runs through my entire life.

★

The sun is mounted in the killing position, and the grass below my feet agrees. The little water that falls here has converted itself to brittle blades. The water should never have come, what good is a little yellow grass in a lonely place?

I’m at the oath-line, where the brown has been scraped away to show pale clay hardened by lime. I slide along it, listening for hounds, trying to find the furthest point without crossing. I look for stones large enough to conceal me, I squeeze behind them like props on a stage.

My hand is stuck to my back, but the wet still kisses my palm. Not enough blood for even half of me.

Nature gave me this earth to rest my back on, gave me this boulder to shield me against the sun, and for its mute tenderness I have abused it. I’m sorry, little animals, for twisting your necks, for running a knife across your throats, for plunging you into water. I feel my neck wringing, I feel the water in my lungs, I’m twisting myself to pieces, no, if I stop killing small animals, it will be like how they stop killing us: stop so they can start again, let us earn money so it can be confiscated, let us own land so it can be taken, let us lay fallow. We’re just like those small animals, we have to hurt so real people know they’re real.

My throat cracks for water. I chew my wrist, trying to keep the fever at bay that says bite a little deeper and drink. The oath-line cuts past the boulder, a hair from my cheek. A single rotation of my torso would end this.

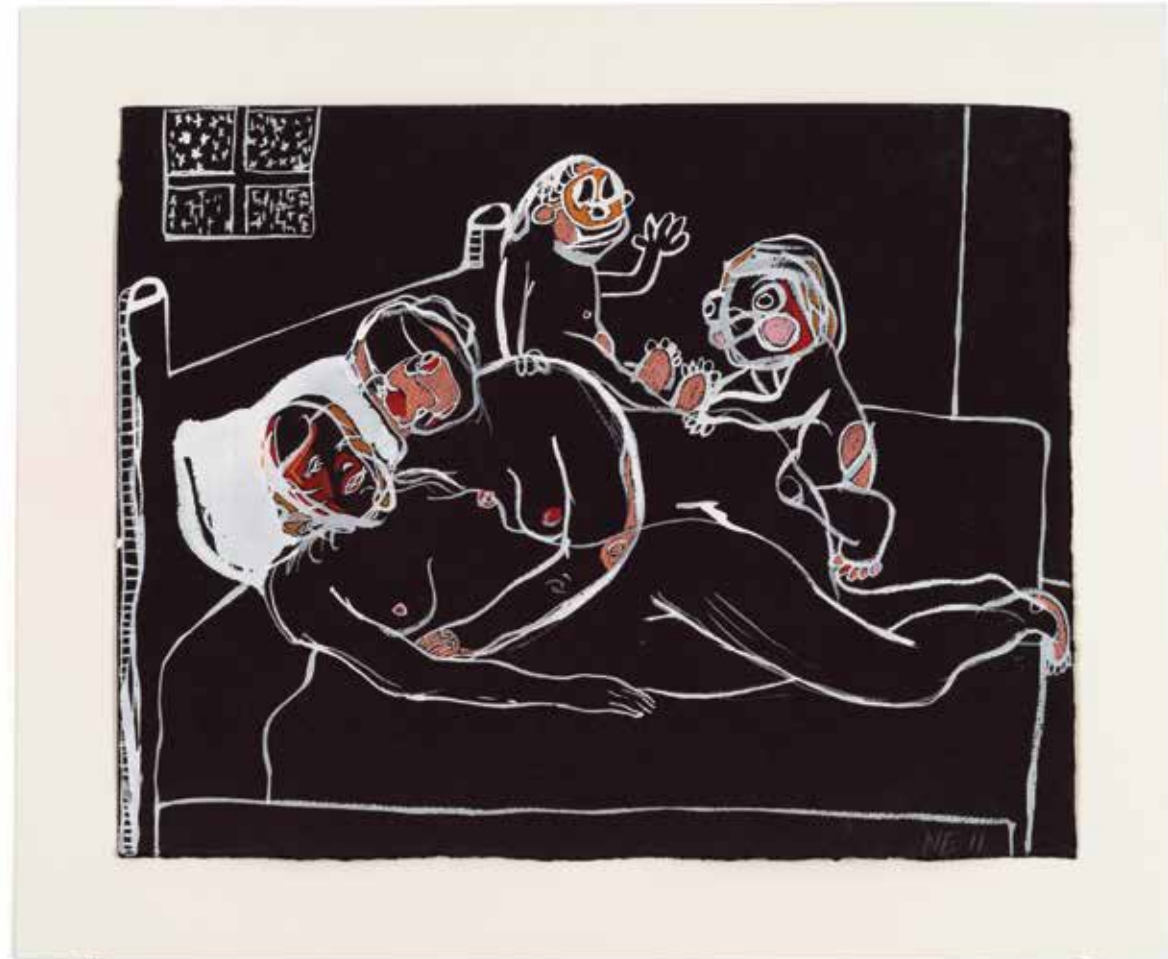
A lizard crawls under the rock and falls asleep by my fingertips, warm with life.

-

Claude Cahun, *Disavowals*, (Cambridge: MIT Press, 2008), 183.

Images

Nicole Eisenman



Untitled 11, 2011. Mixed media on paper, 15 ¼ x 18 ¼ in. framed



Guy Artist, 2011. Oil and collage on canvas, 76 x 60 in.



Untitled, 2012. Graphite, watercolor, and ink on paper, 21 ½ x 17 ¼ in.



above: *Untitled (G.B. Bathtub)*, 2013. Oil on canvas, 30 x 24 in.

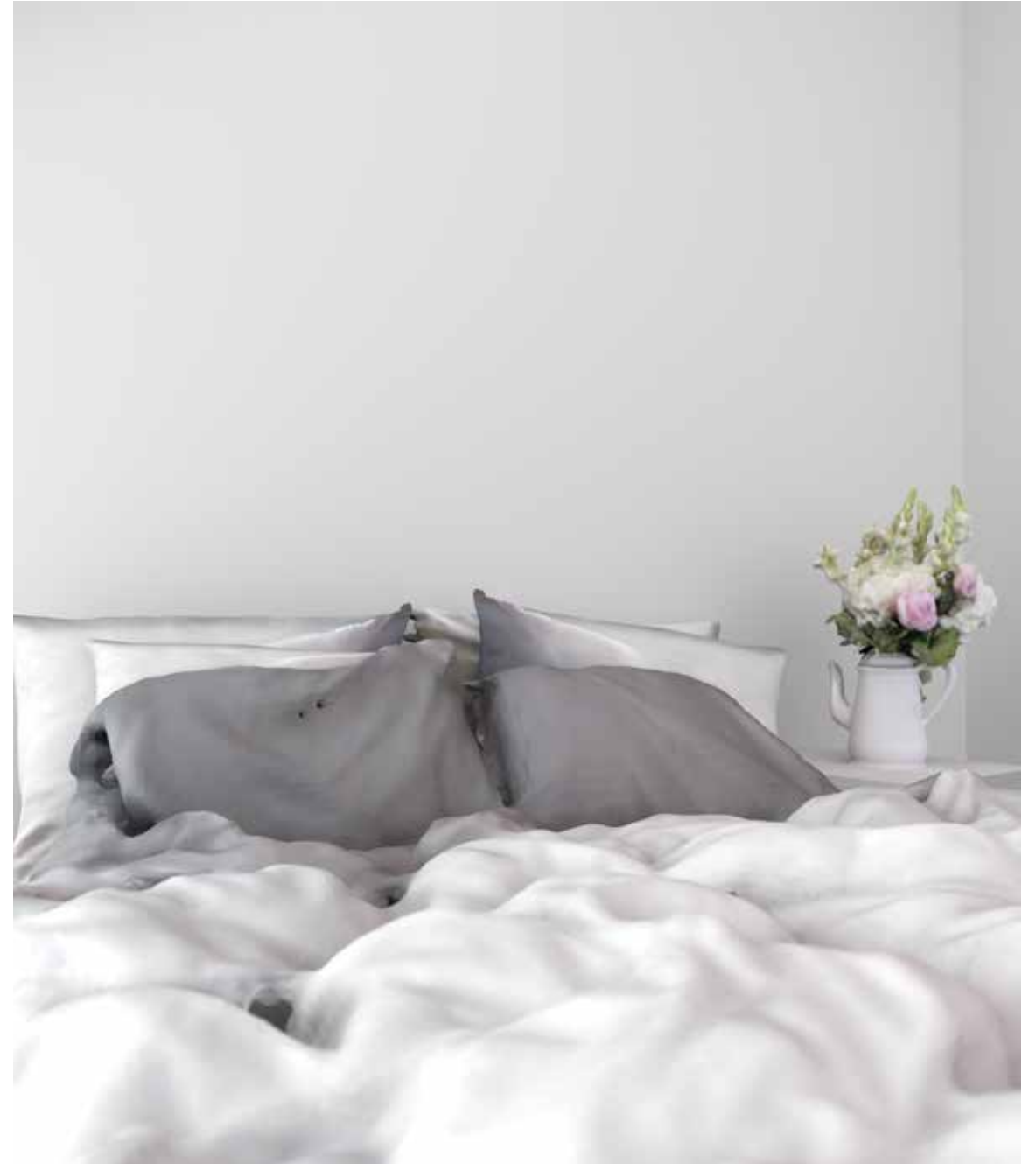
next spread: *Morning Studio*, 2016 (detail). Oil on canvas, 66 x 83 in.



Rhonda Holberton



#stilllife #pillowpile #sundayreading



#stilllife #sundaymorning



#stilllife #kitchenaesthetics #sundaybrunch

opposite: #stilllife #rainydays #quietlight #objectsandarchitecture

Hiwa K



o° *Blind Spot, Where Beloved is...*, 2017-18. Mixed media, 88 7/16 x 47 1/4 x 19 1/16 in.



above and next spread: *Pre-image (Blind as the Mother Tongue)*, 2017. Single channel HD video, 16:9, color, sound (with English language), 17:40 min.





Young Joon Kwak



Singing Mirror (II), 2016. Wood, mirror plexiglass, epoxy clay, pigmented resin, paint, synthetic fur, iPod touch, computer, speakers, and gold-plated wall peg, 28 x 12 x 2 in.





previous spread and above: *Hermaphroditus's Reveal I*, 2017. Fiberglass cloth, resin, cast resin, and gold enamel, 42 x 28 x 33 in.



Hermaphroditus's Reveal II, 2017. Fiberglass cloth, resin, epoxy clay, silver leaf, and paint, 39 x 24 x 7 in.



Phila I, Parktown, 2016. Gelatin silver print, 31 ½ x 21 ¼ in.

Zanele Muholi



above: *Faniswa, Seapoint, Cape Town*, 2016. Gelatin silver print, 31 ½ x 25 ½ in.

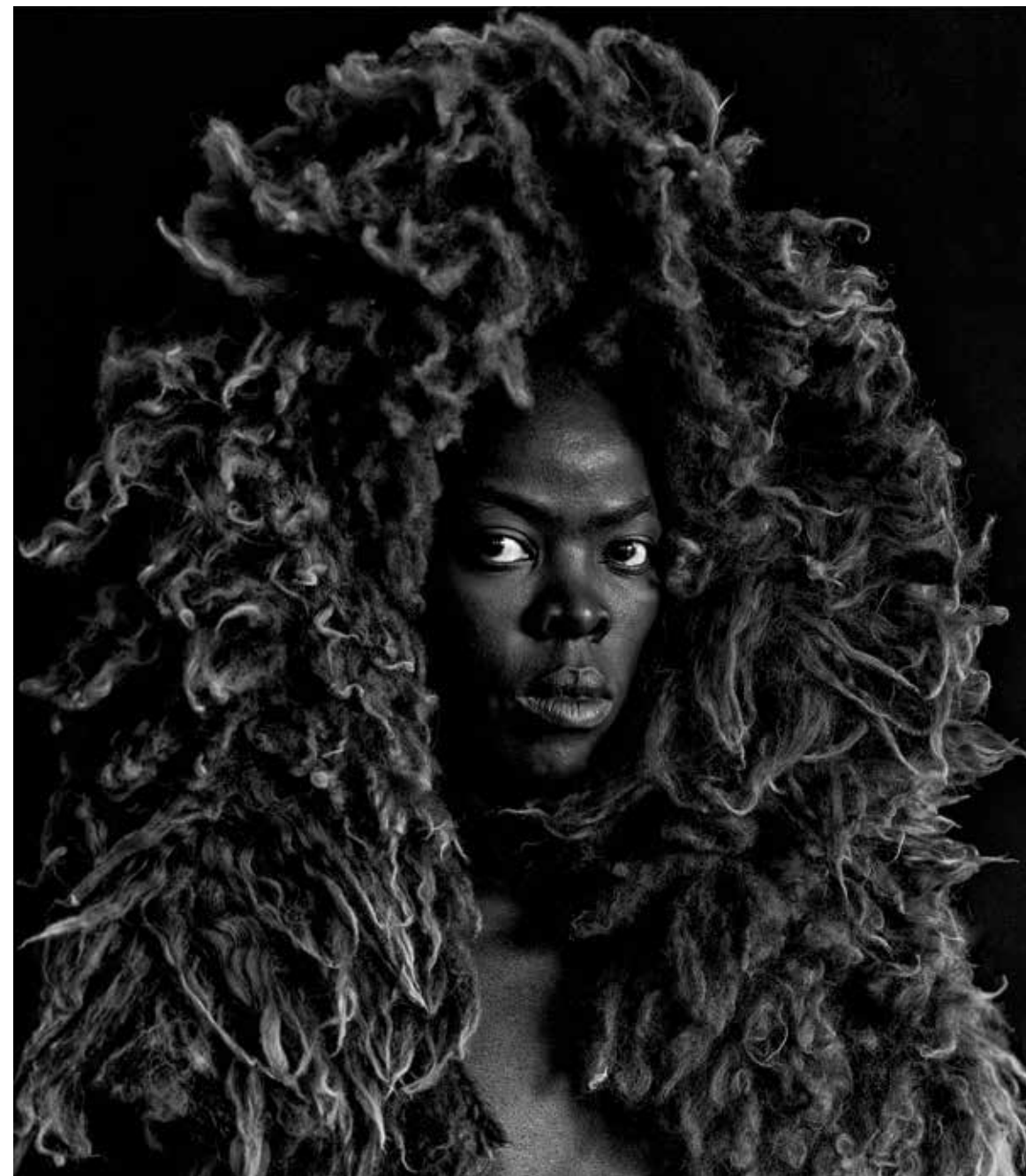
next spread, left: *Zamile, KwaThema*, 2016. Gelatin silver print, 39 x 31 in.

next spread, right: *Vile, Gothenburg, Sweden*, 2015. Gelatin silver print, 31 ¼ x 25 ¾ in.





Bakhambile, Parktown, 2016. Gelatin silver print, 31 ½ × 23 ¾ in.

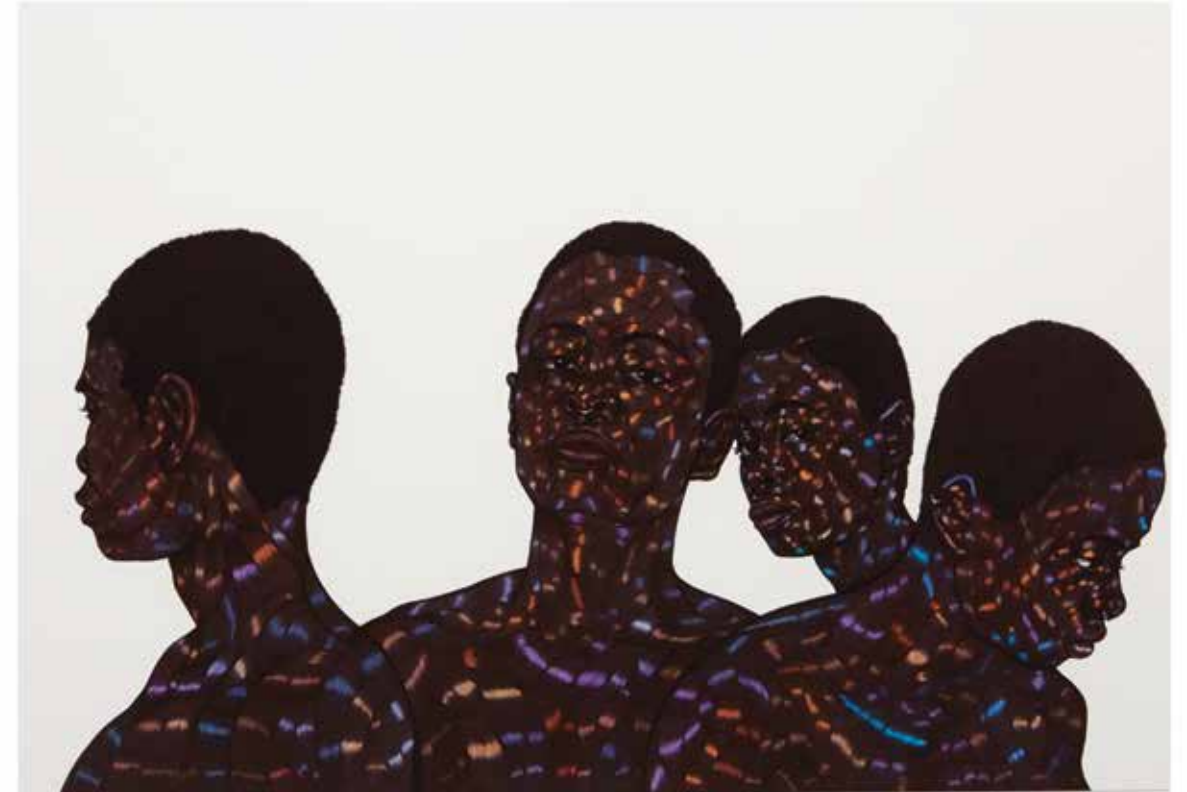


Somnyama Ngonyama II, Oslo, 2015. Gelatin silver print, 19 1/16 × 17 3/16 in.

Toyin Ojih Odutola



Prove how much you have grown, 2013. Pen ink and marker on paper, each 12 x 9 in.



My Country Has No Name, 2013. Pen ink and marker on board, 25 x 34 ½ in.

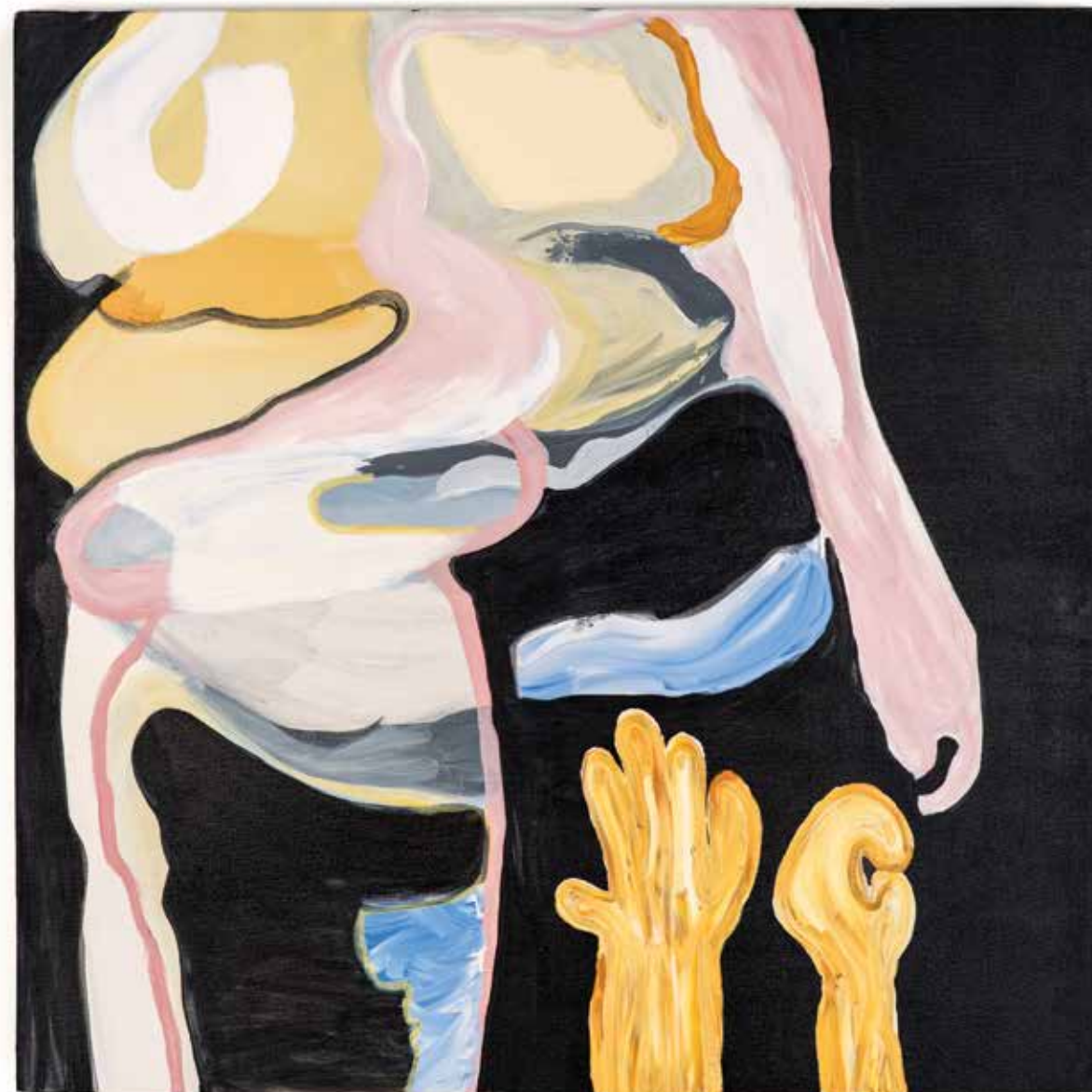


Untitled, 2015. Charcoal, pencil, pen ink, and marker on paper, 14 x 17 in.

Gabby Rosenberg



above: *Private Crowd*, 2017. Acrylic on canvas, 24 x 18 in.



above: *Lights Off: Self Hunt*, 2017. Acrylic on canvas, 40 x 40 in.

next spread, left: *Losing Body*, 2018. Oil, acrylic, and spray paint on canvas, 48 x 36 in.

next spread, right: *Extras and Outlines*, 2017. Oil, acrylic, and spray paint on canvas, 40 x 30 in.



Gabby Rosenberg



83

Tschabalala Self



above: *Scarlet*, 2018. Painted canvas, fabric, flashe, acrylic, gouache chalk, and pastel on canvas, 84 x 72 in.

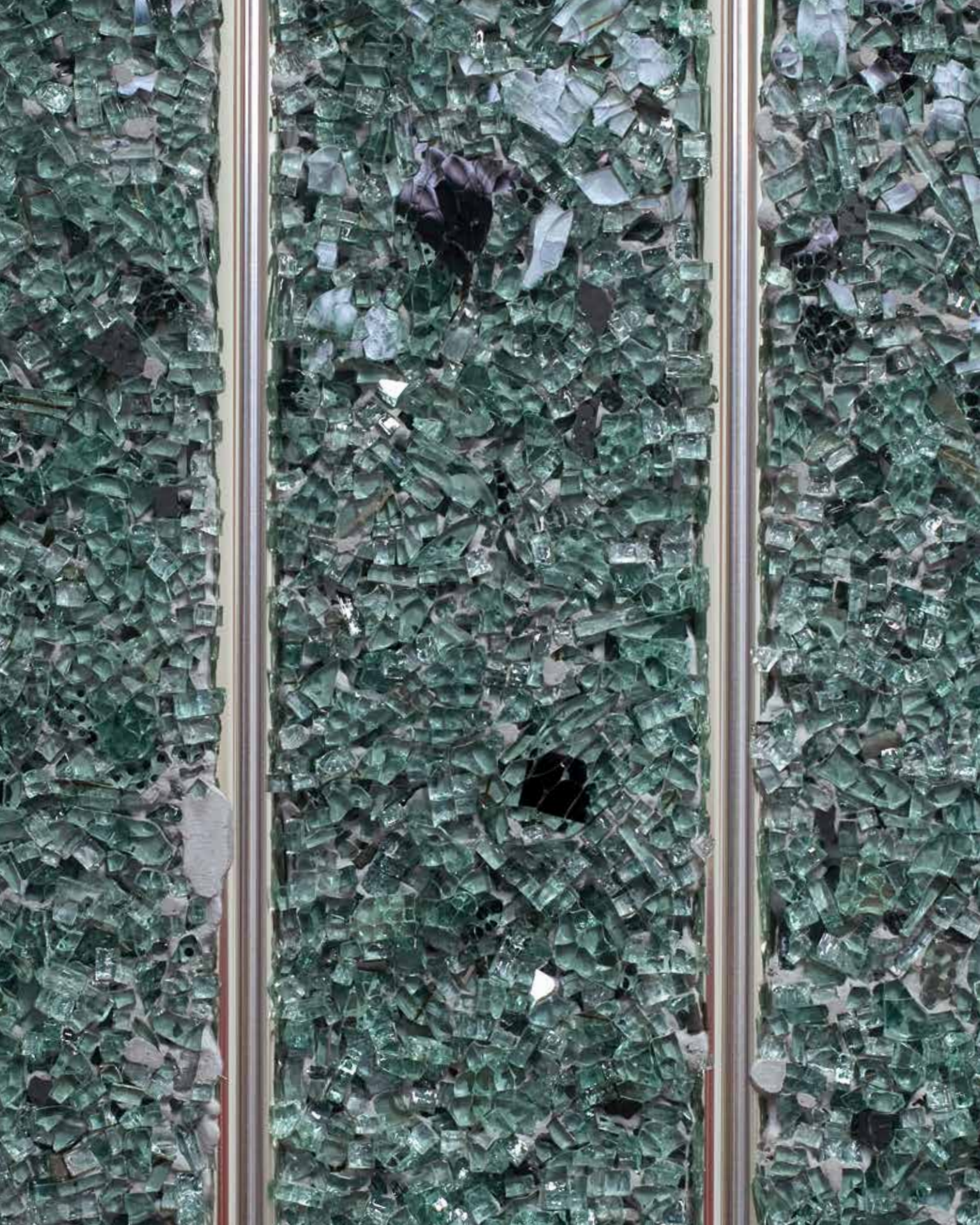
opposite: *Chop*, 2016. Painted canvas, flashe, acrylic, and colored pencil on canvas, 40 x 30 in.



above: *Greeneyed*, 2016. Oil, acrylic, flashe, and fabric on canvas, 40 x 30 in.

opposite: *Perched*, 2016. Oil, acrylic, flashe, handmade paper, fabric, and found material, 72 x 60 in.





Davina Semo

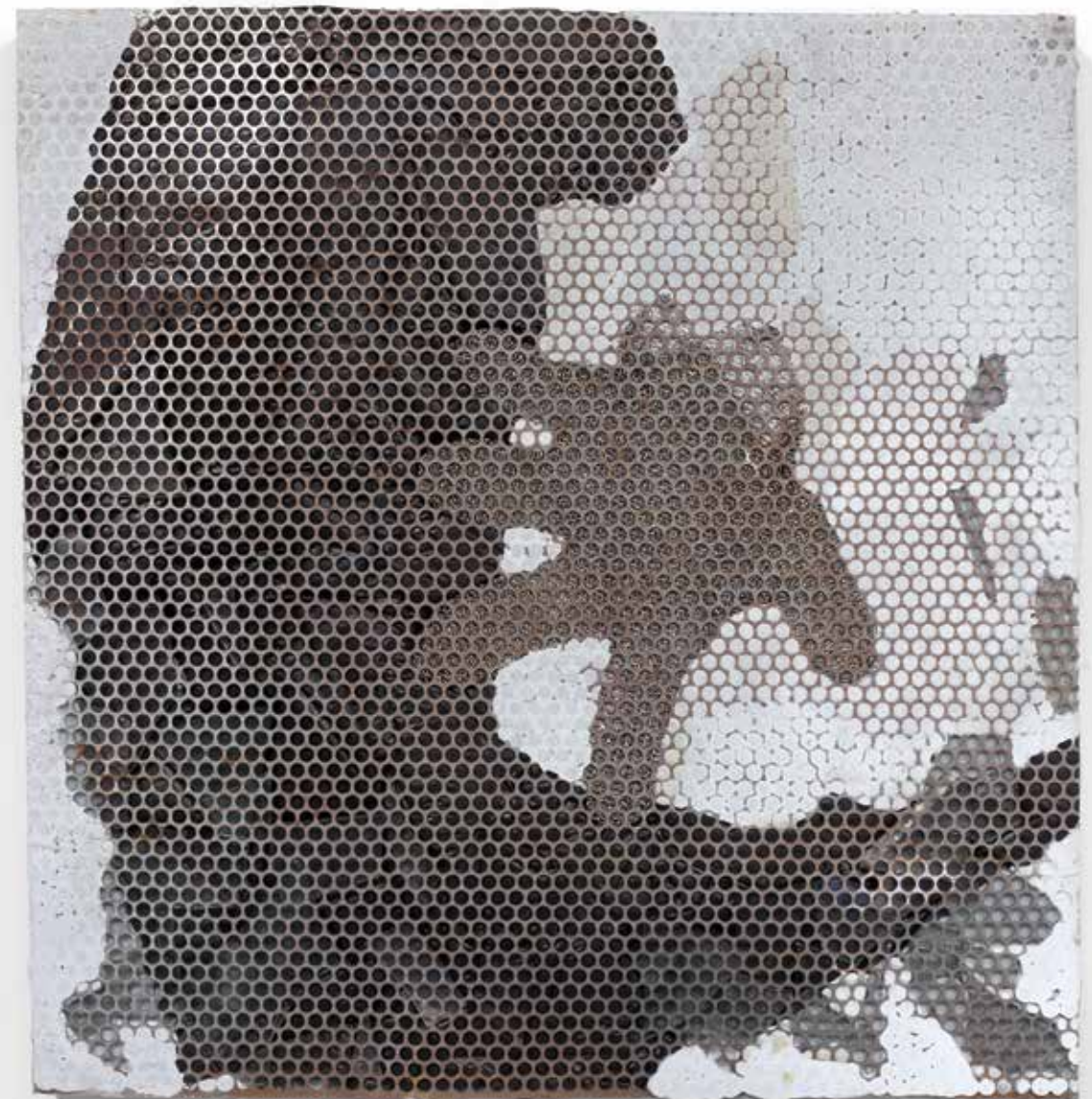


opposite: *A GREAT THING IN HER LIFE IS THAT SHE HAS A SECRET*, 2018 (detail). Pigmented and reinforced concrete, stainless steel pipe, and broken auto glass, 12 x 9 ¼ x 2 in.

above: *"I WON'T BOTHER YOU," SHE SAID*, 2019. Stainless steel, 14 x 1 ½ x 2 ½ in.

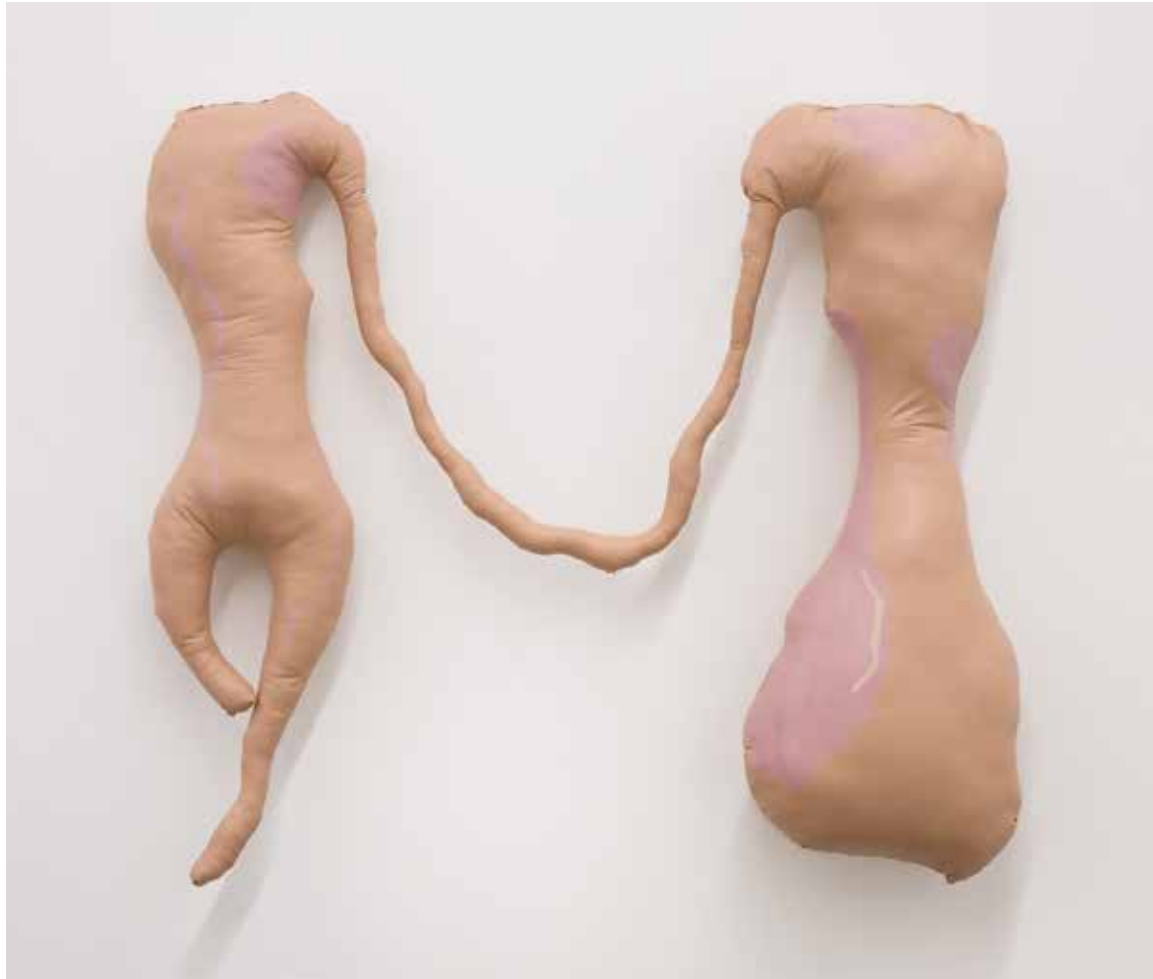


SHE WAS DETERMINED THAT ONE DAY SHE WOULD LIVE ACCORDING TO HER OWN INCLINATIONS, 2018.
Wire glass, enamel paint, and pigmented and reinforced concrete, 24 x 24 x 2 in.



SHE NEEDED SILENCE TO FUNCTION: SHE NEEDED IT BOTH FOR WORK AND REST, 2018. Stainless steel mesh, perforated steel grating, black plastic, broken glass, and pigmented and reinforced concrete, 18 x 18 ½ x 1 ½ in.

Isabel Yellin



above: *Erin/Heather*, 2017. Leatherette, acrylic, and stuffing, 45 x 12 x 54 in.
opposite: *Sheila*, 2017. Urethane, leatherette, dressform stand, and stuffing, 60 x 19 x 19 in.





above: *Claudette*, 2017. Urethane, leatherette, dressform stand, and stuffing, 67 x 12 x 20 in.

opposite: *Betty*, 2017. Leatherette, stuffing, and thread, 45 x 7 x 44 in.



Artist Biographies

97

CLAUDE CAHUN
(B. 1894, NANTES, FRANCE; D. 1954, SAINT HELIER, JERSEY)
and
MARCEL MOORE
(B. 1892, NANTES, FRANCE; D. 1972, BEAUMONT, JERSEY)

Claude Cahun was a groundbreaking queer Jewish photographer, writer, Surrealist, performer, and radical activist. Born Lucy Schwob, Cahun changed her name to the gender-ambiguous Claude Cahun in 1919, taking the last name of her paternal grandmother. This act of self-determination not only disrupted assumptions about her gender, but emphasized her Jewish heritage—Cahun is the French form of Cohen—which was considered an even more radical gesture in 1920s pre-war Europe.

Cahun, likely in collaboration with Moore, created some of the most startlingly original and enigmatic photographic images of the twentieth century. Prefiguring many of the concerns explored by contemporary artists by over seventy years, the importance of her work continues to increase in recognition today. Since her “rediscovery” over twenty years ago, Cahun has attracted what amounts to a cult following among art historians and critics working from postmodern, feminist, and queer

Claude Cahun (Lucy Schwob) and Marcel Moore (Suzanne Malherbe)
Untitled [Portrait of Claude on sea wall], 1947
Gelatin silver print
4 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{16}$ in.



theoretical perspectives. In 1986, Hal Foster dubbed Cahun “a Cindy Sherman *avant la lettre*.” Since then, photographs of Cahun posing in the 1920s and 30s in various dramatic settings and guises have been displayed alongside contemporary works.

Marcel Moore, who also changed her name from Suzanne Malherbe, was an active partner to Cahun in both life and art. Educated at the École des Beaux-Arts in Nantes, Moore’s drawings illustrated many of Cahun’s books. The two also collaborated on the wild photomontages that illustrate *Aveux non avenus*, Cahun’s pseudo-autobiography. While Cahun’s photographic work is considered self-portraiture by some, much of the work is beginning to be attributed to Moore as well, as Moore often took the photos of Cahun, or switched places with her both in front of and behind the camera.

NICOLE EISENMAN
(B. 1965, VERDUN, FRANCE. LIVES AND WORKS IN NEW YORK, NY)

Nicole Eisenman is an artist who is expanding the critical and expressive capacity of the Western figurative tradition through works that engage contemporary social issues and phenomena. Over the course of nearly four decades and working across various media, including painting, sculpture, drawing, and printmaking, Eisenman has restored to the representation of the human form a cultural significance that had waned during the ascendancy of abstraction in the twentieth century.

She draws on narrative and rhetorical modes—including allegory and satire—to explore such themes as gender and sexuality, family dynamics, and inequalities of wealth and power. At the same time, she stages dialogues with artists from the past, both by referencing specific works and by employing stylistic and thematic approaches derived from art historical movements. Eisenman’s skill as a painter of imaginative compositions is evidenced not only through the array of social types represented but also through the bold contrasts of color that inject the work with emotional and psychological intensity. In her challenging engagement with the human figure and investigation of social meaning, Eisenman is developing new conventions of figuration to address enduring themes of the human condition.

Nicole Eisenman received a BFA (1987) from the Rhode Island School of Design. Her work has been exhibited in solo and group exhibitions at such institutions as the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Museum of Modern Art, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, the Carnegie Museum of Art, Kunsthalle Zürich, the Ludwig Museum in Cologne, and the Staatliche Kunsthalle in Baden-Baden.

RHONDA HOLBERTON
(B. 1981, FALLS CHURCH, VA. LIVES AND WORKS IN OAKLAND, CA)

Rhonda Holberton’s multimedia installations make use of digital and interactive technologies integrated into traditional methods of art production. Working in sculpture, installation and photography, Rhonda Holberton employs a hybrid of scientific and metaphysical practices to reveal a symbolic reading of empirical canons of belief. Holberton received her MFA from Stanford University and her BFA from the California College of the Arts. She was a distinguished lecturer at Stanford University and is currently a professor of Digital Media Art at San Jose State University. Holberton was a CAMAC Artist in Residence at Marnay-sur-Seine, France, and was awarded a Foundation Tenot Fellowship in Paris. Holberton has recently exhibited at San Jose Institute of Contemporary Art, FIFI Projects Mexico City, the San Francisco Arts Commission, and The Berkeley Art Center. She is represented by CULT | Aimee Friberg Exhibitions.

HIWA K
(B. 1975, SULAYMANIYAH, KURDISTAN-NORTHERN IRAQ. LIVES AND WORKS IN BERLIN, GERMANY)

Hiwa K’s informal studies in his hometown of Sulaymaniyah were focused on European literature and philosophy, learnt from available books translated into Arabic. After moving to Germany at the age of 25, later on Hiwa K studied music as a pupil of the Flamenco master Paco Peña in Rotterdam before returning to the visual arts and settling in Germany. His works escape normative aesthetics but expand the possibilities of vernacular forms, oral histories (*Chicago boys*, 2010), modes of encounter (*Cooking with Mama*, 2006) and political situations (*This lemon tastes of apple*, 2011). The repository of his references consists of stories told by family members and friends, found situations

as well as everyday forms that are the products of pragmatics and necessity. He continuously critiques the art education system and the professionalization of art practice, as well as the myth of the individual artist. Many of his works have a strong collective and participatory dimension, and express the concept of obtaining knowledge from everyday experience rather than doctrine.

Hiwa K has participated in various group shows such as Manifesta 7, Trient (2008), La Triennale, Intense Proximity, Paris (2012), the *Edgware Road Project* at the Serpentine Gallery, London (2012), the Venice Biennale (2015) and documenta14, Kassel/Athens (2017). In 2016 he received the Arnold Bode Prize and the Schering Stiftung Art Award. Recent solo exhibitions include those at KW, Berlin (2017), De Appel (2017), New Museum (2018), S.M.A.K. Ghent (2018), and Kunstverein Hannover (2018).

YOUNG JOON KWAK
(B. 1984 IN QUEENS, NY. LIVES AND WORKS IN LOS ANGELES, CA)

Young Joon Kwak is an LA-based multi-disciplinary artist. Kwak’s sculptures reimagine the function, material, and form of objects, in order to create spaces and scenarios that propose different ways of viewing and interpreting bodies as mutable and open-ended. Kwak is the founder of Mutant Salon, a roving beauty salon/platform for experimental performance collaborations with their community of queer, trans, femme, POC artists and performers, and the lead performer in the electronic-dance-noise band Xina Xurner.

ZANELE MUHOLI
(B. 1972, UMLAZI, DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA. LIVES AND WORKS IN JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA)

Muholi is a South African visual activist and photographer. In 2002 Muholi co-founded the Forum for Empowerment of Women (FEW) and in 2009 founded Inkanyiso (www.inkanyiso.org), a forum for queer and visual (activists) media.

Muholi’s self-proclaimed mission is “to re-write a black queer and trans visual history of South Africa for the world to know of our resistance and existence at the height of hate crimes in SA and beyond.” Some of Muholi’s community work includes training and co-facilitating photography workshops for women in townships and beyond.

In 2003, Muholi studied Advanced Photography at the Market Photo Workshop in Newtown, Johannesburg. In 2009, Muholi completed an MFA in Documentary Media at Ryerson University in Toronto. Muholi is also an Honorary Professor at the University of the Arts/ Hochschule für Künste Bremen, Germany and has won numerous awards including Chevalier des Arts et des Lettres from France Embassy (2017), the ICP Infinity Award for Documentary and Photojournalism (2016), Africa’s Out! Courage and Creativity Award (2016), and the Outstanding International Alumni Award from Ryerson University (2016). Muholi’s *Faces and Phases* series was shown at the South African Pavilion at the 55th Venice Biennale, Italy (2013), and at dOCUMENTA 13, Germany (2012).

TOYIN OJIH ODUTOLA
(B. 1985, IFE, NIGERIA. LIVES AND WORKS IN NEW YORK, NY)

Toyin Ojih Odutola creates drawings utilizing diverse mediums and surfaces to investigate the potential in the striated terrain of an image as well to question its formulaic representations.

Ojih Odutola has participated in exhibitions at various institutions, including Brooklyn Museum, New York (2016); Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis (2015); Studio Museum Harlem, New York (2015, 2012); Aldrich Contemporary Art Museum, Ridgefield (2013); and Menil Collection, Houston (2012). Permanent collections include Museum of Modern Art, Whitney Museum of American Art, Baltimore Museum of Art, New Orleans Museum of Art, Philadelphia Museum of Art, Princeton University Art Museum, Spencer Museum of Art, and the National Museum of African Art (Smithsonian). She earned her BA from the University of Alabama in Huntsville and her MFA from California College of the Arts in San Francisco.

GABBY ROSENBERG
(B. 1992, CHICAGO, IL. LIVES AND WORKS IN LOS ANGELES, CA)

Gabby Rosenberg is a painter with a focus on abstracted versions of the body. Currently, she is concentrating on the ambiguous navigation of embodied perception, and the ways in which language and symbols misrepresent it in favor of categorization. Gabby was born in Chicago, IL in 1992. She completed her BA at Hampshire College in 2014 with a concentration in Studio Art. Gabby earned her MFA at California Institute of the Arts in 2018. She currently lives and works in Los Angeles.

TSCHABALALA SELF
(B. 1990, HARLEM, NY. LIVES AND WORKS IN NEW HAVEN, CT)

Tschabalala Self builds a singular style from the syncretic use of painting, printmaking and assemblage to explore ideas about the black female body. The artist constructs exaggerated depictions of female bodies using a combination of sewn, printed, and painted materials, traversing different artistic and craft traditions. The exaggerated biological characteristics of her figures reflect Self’s own interest in cultural attitudes toward race and gender. “The fantasies and attitudes surrounding the Black female body are both accepted and rejected within my practice, and through this disorientation, new possibilities arise,” Self has said. “I am attempting to provide alternative, and perhaps fictional, explanations for the voyeuristic tendencies towards the gendered and racialized body; a body which is both exalted and abject.”

Tschabalala Self holds a BA from Bard College in Annandale-on-Hudson, NY, and an MFA from the Yale School of Art in New Haven, CT. Her work has been exhibited domestically and internationally at public institutions such as the Studio Museum in Harlem, New York, the New Museum, New York, Crystal Bridges, Bentonville, AR, Parasol unit foundation for contemporary art, London, UK, and Tramway, Glasgow, UK. She is a recipient of the Yale School of Art’s Al Held Fellowship at the American Academy in Rome, and the Joan Mitchell Foundation Grant, and has completed residencies at the Studio Museum in Harlem and Parasol Unit. Self’s work is also in several public collections, including the Pérez Art Museum, Miami, and the Hammer Museum, Los Angeles.

DAVINA SEMO
(B. 1981, WASHINGTON, D.C. LIVES AND WORKS IN SAN FRANCISCO)

Davina Semo completed her MFA at the University of California, San Diego, in 2006. She received her BA in Visual Arts and Creative Writing from Brown University in 2003. Semo is represented by Marlborough Contemporary, New York and London, Jessica Silverman Gallery, San Francisco, and Ribordy Contemporary in Geneva, Switzerland. Semo lives and works in San Francisco.

ISABEL YELLIN
(B. 1987 IN NEW YORK, NY. LIVES AND WORKS IN LOS ANGELES, CA)

Dysmorphic and uncanny, stitched in imitation leather or covered in liquid rubber, Yellin’s forms conjure a language from another time or place, a tongue that speaks to the body and desire. Many of her works hang from the walls or stand independently, where they vacillate between the mutated and the vestigial—the xenolithic and the abject. Some works are adorned with slight gestural markings, seemingly superfluous, yet subtly grounding the forms in the artist’s own hand. Acting as surrogates for thought, each one a subconscious strain of emotion and fantasy, the works augur a new flesh. Staking out new representative territory for desire and the other, these perverse figures are present in their alterity.

Yellin received her MA in Painting from the Royal College of Art in London in 2014. Recent solo and group exhibitions of her work include *All Hands on Deck* (2018) at Ben Maltz Galleries at Otis College, *It’ll Come* (2017) at Night Gallery in Los Angeles, and *Tabula Rasa* (2017) at Studiolo in Milan. Yellin’s practice has been the focus of articles and reviews in *The New Yorker*, *Artforum*, and *LA Weekly*, among other print and online publications. Earlier this year, Yellin received a Pollock-Krasner Foundation Grant.

Contributor Biographies

PORPENTINE CHARITY HEARTSCAPE is a writer, new media artist, game designer, and dead swamp milf in Oakland. She makes cursed artifacts and records the endless war. She is a 2016 Creative Capital Emerging Fields and 2016 Sundance Institute’s New Frontier Story Lab fellow, a 2017 recipient of Rhizome’s Prix Net Art Award, and a 2016 Tiptree fellow. Heartscape has exhibited at the 2017 Whitney Biennial, New York, the New Museum, New York, the Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco, and the Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago. She is the author of *With Those We Love Alive*, *Howling Dogs*, *Psycho Nymph Exile*, and *Almanac of Girlswampwar Territory*, and has been commissioned by Vice and Rhizome.

RABBI BENAY LAPPE is the Founder and Executive Director of SVARA: A Traditionally Radical Yeshiva. After realizing that the spiritual technology of Talmud study had been accessible to just one percent of the Jewish people for the last two thousand years, Rabbi Lappe developed a method for bringing Talmud study to the other ninety-nine percent. She and the SVARA team are behind the wave of *beit midrash*-centered Jewish communities that are spreading across the country. Ordained by The Jewish Theological Seminary in 1997, Rabbi Lappe is an award-winning educator specializing

in the application of queer theory to Talmud study. She has served on the faculties of numerous universities, seminaries, and rabbinical schools, was named to The Forward’s list of Most Inspiring Rabbis in 2014, and was a recipient of the prestigious 2016 Covenant Award. While learning and teaching Talmud are her greatest passions, she is also a licensed pilot, shoemaker, and patent-holding inventor.

NATASHA MATTESON is Assistant Curator at The Contemporary Jewish Museum, where she has worked on *Sabbath: The 2017 Dorothy Saxe Invitational* (2017), *The Art of Rube Goldberg* (2018), and *Lew the Jew and His Circle: Origins of American Tattoo* (2018). Prior to working at The CJM, she curated *Take My Sex, I Don’t Need It* at 100% Gallery (2017), *Memory Meat* at The Red Victorian (2016), and co-curated *Threshold Sessions* with Carrie Katz at Savernack Street (2015), all in San Francisco. Matteson received her BFA in New Genres from the San Francisco Art Institute. As an artist, her work has been presented in San Francisco at Southern Exposure, Mission Comics, The Diego Rivera Gallery, Artists’ Television Access, Consciousness of Death Society, Queens Nails Projects, and the SOMArts Cultural Center. *Show Me as I Want to Be Seen* is Matteson’s first original exhibition at The CJM.

Exhibition Checklist

CLAUDE CAHUN
(LUCY SCHWOB)
and
MARCEL MOORE
(SUZANNE
MALHERBE)

Untitled [Portrait, standing
and sitting in garden], 1939
Gelatin silver print
7 1⁄8 x 5 1⁄8 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude,
double exposure in rock pool],
1928
Gelatin silver print
5 x 6 1⁄16 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait holding
mask], 1947
Gelatin silver print
3 3⁄8 x 2 3⁄8 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [I am in training don't
kiss me], 1927
Gelatin silver print
4 3⁄8 x 3 1⁄2 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude
with Nazi badge between her
teeth], 1945
Gelatin silver print
5 1⁄4 x 3 1⁄4 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude
in cupboard], 1932
Gelatin silver print
4 7⁄16 x 3 3⁄8 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude,
kneeling, naked,
with mask], 1928
Gelatin silver print
4 5⁄8 x 3 1⁄2 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude
with plaited fringe], 1917
Gelatin silver print
4 1⁄16 x 3 1⁄4 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude
on sea wall], 1947
Gelatin silver print
4 3⁄8 x 3 3⁄16 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude in
profile, sitting cross legged],
1920
Gelatin silver print
2 3⁄4 x 2 3⁄8 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude,
lying on leopard skin], 1939
Gelatin silver print
3 3⁄16 x 4 3⁄16 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude,
naked near rocks], 1930
Gelatin silver print
7 1⁄8 x 5 1⁄8 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude,
against granite wall], 1916
Gelatin silver print
4 3⁄8 x 3 1⁄2 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude
as Elle in Barbe Bleu], 1929
Gelatin silver print
4 3⁄8 x 3 1⁄2 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Gloves with sword
and feathers], 1936
Gelatin silver print
5 1⁄8 x 7 3⁄16 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of young
Claude], 1914
Gelatin silver print
6 1⁄16 x 9 1⁄4 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude
with shaved head], 1920
Gelatin silver print
8 1⁄4 x 4 7⁄8 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude
with bare shoulders], 1920
Gelatin silver print
5 1⁄2 x 3 9⁄16 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude],
1927
Gelatin silver print
4 9⁄16 x 2 1⁄16 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Portrait of Claude
with cat], 1939
Gelatin silver print
6 3⁄8 x 5 1⁄16 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Untitled [Hands and table],
1936
Gelatin silver print
4 5⁄16 x 3 3⁄16 in.
Jersey Heritage Collection

Entre Nous (Between Us), 1926
Gelatin silver print
and pigment
4 1⁄16 x 4 3⁄8 in.
San Francisco Museum
of Modern Art, Gift of
Robert Shapazian

Untitled, 1928
Gelatin silver print
3 5⁄8 x 2 5⁄8 in.
San Francisco Museum
of Modern Art, Gift of
Robert Shapazian

*Frontispiece to Aveux non
avenus. Paris: Éditions
du Carrefour*, 1930.
Reproduction of
photomontage
Original publication size
approx. 8 7⁄16 x 6 1⁄2 in.
Courtesy of the San
Francisco Museum of
Modern Art Library

*Photomontage illustration
from Aveux non avenus.
Paris: Éditions du Carrefour*,
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Reproduction of
photomontage
Original publication size
approx. 8 7⁄16 x 6 1⁄2 in.
Courtesy of the San
Francisco Museum of
Modern Art Library

Aveux non avenus
Paris: Éditions du Carrefour,
1930.
Illustrated book
San Francisco Museum of
Modern Art Library, Gift of
Robert Shapazian

CLAUDE CAHUN
(LUCY SCHWOB)

Self-portrait, c. 1925
Digital reproduction of
original gelatin silver print
4 ½ x 3 ¼ in.
Courtesy Collection of
Leslie Tonkonow and Klaus
Ottmann, New York

NICOLE EISENMAN

Morning Studio, 2016
Oil on canvas
66 x 83 in.
Collection of Susan and
Michael Hort, New York

Guy Artist, 2011
Oil and collage on canvas
76 x 60 in.
Collection of Martha Gabbert,
Minneapolis

Untitled, 2012
Graphite, watercolor, and
ink on paper
24 ½ x 19 in. (framed),
21 ½ x 17 ¼ (paper size)
Collection of Leon and
Stephanie Vahn, Beverly Hills

Untitled 11, 2011
Mixed media on paper
15 ¾ x 18 ¼ in. framed
Collection of Susanne and
Jost Vielmetter, Altadena

Untitled (G.B. Bathtub), 2013
Oil on canvas
30 x 24 in.
Collection of Susanne and
Jost Vielmetter, Altadena

RHONDA
HOLBERTON

/no stats the same, 2017
Single-channel HD color
digital animation, sound,
frosted acrylic, drywall,
and wood
120 x 88 x 120 in.
Courtesy of the artist
and CULT | Aimee Friberg
Exhibitions, San Francisco

Foil, 2014
Unique fragrance in
glass atomizer
Each 1 ½ x 1 ½ x 6 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Still Life, 2017
Archival pigment print
19 x 23 in.
Courtesy of the artist
and CULT | Aimee Friberg
Exhibitions, San Francisco

*A/fisherman/hunts/a/shark/
with/a/gun*, 2017
Archival pigment print
28 x 35 in.
Courtesy of the artist
and CULT | Aimee Friberg
Exhibitions, San Francisco

*The Ground Was Never Stable
in the First Place*, 2015
Single-channel HD color
digital animation (looping),
acrylic sheet
48 x 96 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Water Striders, 2015
Platinum cure silicone,
nylon Powermesh, and
polyurethane foam
34 ½ x 78 ½ x 30 in.
Courtesy of the artist

*All the Actors Have
Withdrawn*, 2014
Single-channel HD color
digital animation, acrylic
Courtesy of the artist

*The Italian Navigator Has
Landed in the New World*,
2014
Single-channel HD color
digital animation
12:11 min.
Courtesy of the artist

Just This One Thing,
2016-present
Instagram account
Dimensions variable
@rhondaholberton #stilllife

HIWA K

*Pre-image (Blind as the
Mother Tongue)*, 2017
Single channel HD video,
16:9, color, sound
(with English language)
17:40 min.
Courtesy of KOW Gallery,
Berlin

YOUNG JOON KWAK

Hermaphroditus’s Reveal I,
2017
Fiberglass cloth, resin, cast
resin, and gold enamel
42 x 28 x 33 in.
Collection of Christopher Yin
and John Yoon, Los Angeles

Singing Mirror (II), 2016
Wood, mirror plexiglass,
epoxy clay, pigmented resin,
paint, synthetic fur, iPod
touch, computer, speakers,
and gold-plated wall peg
28 x 12 x 2 in.
Courtesy of Commonwealth
and Council, Los Angeles

Hermaphroditus’s Reveal II,
2017
Fiberglass cloth, resin, epoxy
clay, silver leaf, and paint
39 x 24 x 7 in.
Courtesy of Commonwealth
and Council, Los Angeles

ZANELE MUHOLI

Bona, Charlottesville, 2015
Gelatin silver print
35 ¼ x 24 in.
Private Collection, New York.
Courtesy Pettit Art Partners

Zamile, KwaThema, 2016
Gelatin silver print
39 x 31 in.
JPMorgan Chase Art
Collection, New York

*Somnyama Ngonyama II,
Oslo*, 2015
Gelatin silver print
19 1¼ x 17 ¾ in.
Collection of Marti Meyerson,
New York

Phila I, Parktown, 2016
Gelatin silver print
31 ½ x 21 ⅞ in.
Collection of Hedy Fischer
and Randy Shull, Asheville

Vile, Gothenburg, Sweden,
2015
Gelatin silver print
31 ¼ x 25 ¾ in.
Collection of Mark Pollack

Bakhambile, Parktown, 2016
Gelatin silver print
31 ½ x 23 ⅞ in.
Collection of Beth Rudin
DeWoody, West Palm Beach

*Faniswa, Seapoint, Cape
Town*, 2016
Gelatin silver print
31 ½ x 25 ½ in.
Courtesy of Yancey
Richardson Gallery, New York
and Stevenson, Cape Town
and Johannesburg

Babhekile II, Oslo, 2015
Gelatin silver print
19 1¼ x 14 1¼ in.
Collection of Penny Cooper
and Rena Rosenwasser,
Berkeley

TOYIN OJIH
ODUTOLA

My Country Has No Name,
2013
Pen ink and marker on board
25 x 34 ½ in.
The Joyner/Giuffrida
Collection, San Francisco

*Prove how much you have
grown*, 2013
Pen ink and marker on paper
Each 12 x 9 in.
Courtesy of the artist and
KADIST, San Francisco

Untitled, 2015
Charcoal, pencil, pen ink,
and marker on paper
14 x 17 in.
Courtesy of the artist and
KADIST, San Francisco

GABBY ROSENBERG

Lights Off: Self Hunt, 2017
Acrylic on canvas
40 x 40 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Fake Friend Frankenstein,
2017
Acrylic on canvas
30 x 30 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Losing Body, 2018
Oil, acrylic, and spray paint
on canvas
48 x 36 in.
Courtesy of the artist

The Devil’s New Friends, 2017
Oil on panel
12 x 12 in.
Courtesy of the artist

You Again?!, 2018
Acrylic on canvas
30 x 24 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Private Crowd, 2017
Acrylic on canvas
24 x 18 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Extras and Outlines, 2017
Oil, acrylic, and spray paint
on canvas
40 x 30 in.
Courtesy of the artist

TSCHABALALA SELF

Sunshine, 2016
Fabric, flashe, and paper
on canvas
40 x 30 in.
Collection of Marcia and
Barry Maiten, Los Angeles

Greeneyed, 2016
Oil, acrylic, flashe, and
fabric on canvas
40 x 30 in.
Collection of Iris and Adam
Singer, Paradise Valley,
Arizona

Chop, 2016
Painted canvas, flashe,
acrylic, and colored pencil
on canvas
40 x 30 in.
Collection of John Friedman,
New York

Perched, 2016
Oil, acrylic, flashe,
handmade paper, fabric,
and found material
72 x 60 in.
Collection of Elisa Estrada,
Ecuador

Scarlet, 2018
Painted canvas, fabric, flashe,
acrylic, gouache chalk, and
pastel on canvas
84 x 72 in.
Collection of Iris and Adam
Singer, Paradise Valley,
Arizona

DAVINA SEMO

“I WON’T BOTHER YOU,” SHE SAID, 2019
Stainless steel
14 x 1 ½ x 2 ½ in.
Courtesy of the artist and Jessica Silverman Gallery, San Francisco

SHE SHOUTS BECAUSE IT MAKES HER BRAVE, OR SHE WANTS TO ANNOUNCE HER RECKLESSNESS, 2018
Pigmented and reinforced concrete, borosilicate glass rod, and broken auto glass
9 x 12 x 1 ¾ in.
Courtesy of the artist and Jessica Silverman Gallery, San Francisco

A GREAT THING IN HER LIFE IS THAT SHE HAS A SECRET, 2018
Pigmented and reinforced concrete, stainless steel pipe, and broken auto glass
12 x 9 ¼ x 2 in.
Courtesy of the artist and Jessica Silverman Gallery, San Francisco

SHE WAS DETERMINED THAT ONE DAY SHE WOULD LIVE ACCORDING TO HER OWN INCLINATIONS, 2018
Wire glass, enamel paint, and pigmented and reinforced concrete
24 x 24 x 2 in.
Courtesy of the artist and Jessica Silverman Gallery, San Francisco

HER POWER HAS BECOME ENVIRONMENTAL ITSELF, HAS MERGED INTO THE SURROUNDINGS, 2019
Cast bronze bell, birdbath basalt boulder, tap water, steel chain, and hardware
Dimensions variable
Courtesy of the artist and Jessica Silverman Gallery, San Francisco

SHE NEEDED SILENCE TO FUNCTION: SHE NEEDED IT BOTH FOR WORK AND REST, 2018
Stainless steel mesh, perforated steel grating, black plastic, broken glass, and pigmented and reinforced concrete
18 x 18 ¾ x 1 ¾ in.
Courtesy of the artist and Jessica Silverman Gallery, San Francisco

ISABEL YELLIN

Celia, 2017
Leatherette and stuffing
49 x 8 x 40 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Erin/Heather, 2017
Leatherette, acrylic, and stuffing
45 x 12 x 54 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Claudette, 2017
Urethane, leatherette, dressform stand, and stuffing
67 x 12 x 20 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Sheila, 2017
Urethane, leatherette, dressform stand, and stuffing
60 x 19 x 19 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Betty, 2017
Leatherette, stuffing, and thread
45 x 7 x 44 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Penny, 2017
Urethane, leatherette, acrylic, stuffing, sand, and wire
36 x 12 x 20 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Estelle, 2017
Nylon, corset boning, and acrylic
55 x 13 x 23 in.
Courtesy of the artist

Felix, 2017
Nylon, corset boning, and acrylic
16 x 8 x 55 in.
Courtesy of the artist

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show

me

as I

want

to be

seen