

Those Are Pearls... by Hélène Cixous

[EN]

First Meeting

The First-Meeting is a rare event that happens only after the fact. Long after it has taken place, one turns around and notices a certain hour has crystallized and remains back there as if in inaugural amber. A pearl of time.

I had a First Meeting with Jeff. It was in London, in an institutional setting where I was speaking as a well-received foreigner, for we were under the roof of Art. And there was this boy. What arrested me was this foreign body that he was, someone indecipherable, an it-is-not. It-is-not-only, something other or some other being also. Neither English nor American, a sculpture moreover, hewn in a gravity, large and slow like the statues Genet speaks of in L'atelier d'Alberto Giacometti, a kind of incarnation. I recognized him and I didn't know him. A man with a secret, young. Very young. I sensed the youth from something in him that was on a search, a quest. For what? In guest for. Revelation. A gathered force, tensed. That was in 1998.

I don't know when I learned that this Neither-Neither-Nor and Other was of Amerindian descent. But that was not it, the secret. For that he "knew."

Since then, the giant boy has always remained someone who is composed of what he is and what he is not together, a searcher for being.

Later, very quickly, he presented his first creations to me and they were creatures, primary creatures, emanations. These are the "Dolls"-that was the word-large figures with bodies hewn out of a strong natural cotton, textile sculptures neither naked nor dressed, clothed in their cotton skin like large cats that are neither naked nor non-naked. Divinities, then, human in appearance and with the gift of speech, for on their skin were inscribed in embroidered phrases some of their thoughts.

These obvious things for me were his people, his heritage, his self-portraits. Beautiful realized dreams that kept their secrets.

It began like that: a creator, traveling the world with a genesis hewn in both a modest material and a daring grandeur.

Nous sommes tissés. Nous sommes issus *de tissus*. We are woven. We are fabricated from fabrics.

Fabric is not a cover, it is a secretion and a text, a bark and a book. Livre. Liber. Book. Buch. Languages know the secret: we are written. We don't possess our secret. We are our secret. Living texts. Ancient speaking trees.

In 1998, I saw that Jeff, whether he knew it or not, had always already received the message of life: before Jeffrey Gibson, before his so "English" name, before his rich and ruined ancestry, before his mixed-genealogical multiweavings, before the memories and traces of his genealogical combinations transmitted to him a various and sundered inheritance, part Choctaw part Cherokee, part unknown parents, and confided to him the keeping of so many tragedies, Jeffrey had been alerted to a certain secret that is his lot: to him has been confided the chance and the mission to be a kind of Book, *un Livre Blanc*. Book of what? Book of all the colors of the soul, book of the humors and the passions, beliefs and doubts, yesterdays Livre de toutes les couleurs de l'âme, livre des and futures. Book of metamorphoses and resurrections.

In Jeff's beginnings there were then large dolls of colorless cotton, with neither masculine nor altogether male bodies almost female still in the slumber of gender, sex, still free, undecided, infinite, in waiting, in reserve, in promise, before the law of the day, the tribe of dreams, a whole theater troupe in waiting-for roles, for designation. What we are during nocturnal life, before the battles of the day.

In the other history, the Creator fabricated his first dolls out of earth. As for Jeff, he used, for working matter, cotton. For model, himself. And for prehistory, the history of cotton. In cotton breathes the text before the text. Later

[FR]

Première Rencontre

La Première-Rencontre est un événement rare, qui ne se produit qu'après-coup. Longtemps après qu'elle a eu lieu, on se retourne et on s'aperçoit qu'une certaine heure s'est cristallisée et demeure là-bas comme dans une ambre inaugurale. Une perle de temps

J'ai eu une Première Rencontre avec Jeff. C'était à Londres, dans un cadre institutionnel où je parlais comme une étrangère bien accueillie, car nous étions sous le toit de l'Art. Et il y eut ce garçon. Ce qui m'a arrêtée c'est ce corps étranger qu'il était, quelqu'un d'indéchiffrable, un ce-n'est-pas. Ce-n'est-pasque, quelque chose ou être d'autre aussi. Ni anglais, ni américain, une sculpture d'ailleurs, taillé dans une gravité, grand et lent comme les statues dont parle Genet dans L'atelier d'Alberto Giacometti, une sorte d'incarnation Je le reconnaissais et je ne le connaissais pas. Un homme avec secret, jeune. Très jeune. J'ai senti la jeunesse à quelque chose en lui qui était en recherche, en quête. De quoi ? En quête de. Révélation. Une force rassemblée, tendue. C'était en 1998.

Je ne sais plus quand j'ai su que ce Ni-Ni-Ni et Autre était de descendance amérindienne. Mais ce n'était pas ça, le secret. Ça, il le «savait».

Depuis, le garçon géant est toujours resté quelqu'un qui est composé de ce qu'il est et de ce qu'il n'est pas ensemble, un chercheur d'être.

Plus tard, très vite, il m'a présenté ses premières créations et c'étaient des créatures, des créatures premières, des émanations. Ce sont des «Dolls» – ça c'était le mot – de grandes figures avec un corps taillé dans un fort coton naturel, des sculptures de textile ni nues ni habillées, vêtues de leur peau de coton comme de grands chats ni nus ni non-nus. Des divinités, donc, humaines en apparence et douées de paroles, car sur la peau, étaient inscrites en phrases brodées, certaines de leurs pensées.

Ces évidences pour moi, c'était son peuple, sa descendance, ses autoportraits. De beaux rêves réalisés, et gardant leurs secrets.

Ça a commencé comme ça : un créateur, voyageant par le monde avec une genèse à la fois taillée dans une matière modeste et dans une grandeur audacieuse.

Nous sommes tissés. Nous sommes issus de tissus.

Le tissu n'est pas une couverture, c'est une sécrétion et un texte, une écorce et un livre. Livre. Liber. Book. Buch. Les langues savent le secret : nous sommes écrits. Nous ne possédons pas notre secret. Nous le sommes. Textes vivants. Anciens arbres à parole.

En 1998, j'ai vu que Jeff, qu'il le sache ou pas, avait toujours déjà reçu le message de la vie : avant Jeffrey Gibson, avant son nom, si « anglais », avant son ascendance si riche et si ruinée, avant ses multissages métigénéalogiques, avant que les mémoires et les traces de ses combinaisons généalogiques ne lui transmettent un héritage nombreux et déchiré, mi choktaw mi cherokee, mi géniteurs inconnus, et ne lui confient la garde de tant de tragédies, Jeffrey avait été averti d'un certain secret qui est son lot : à lui est confié la chance et la mission d'être une sorte de Livre (Blanc). Livre de quoi? humeurs et des passions, des croyances et des doutes, des hiers et des avenirs. Livre des métamorphoses et des résurrections.

Aux commencements de Jeff il y avait donc de grandes poupées de coton incolore, les corps ni masculins ni tout à fait mâles presque femelles encore en sommeil de genre, de sexe, encore libres, indécidés, infinis, en attente, en réserve, en promesse, avant la loi du jour, la tribu des rêves, tout une troupe de théâtre en attente de rôles, de désignation. Ce que nous sommes pendant la vie nocturne, avant les guerres du jour.

Dans l'autre histoire, le Créateur a fabriqué ses premières poupées avec de la terre. Jeff, lui, a utilisé, pour matière à faire, le coton. Pour

these first large mannequins will be *followed* by Vestments, Garments, rich, colorful, animated du coton. Dans le coton, respire le texte avant in multicolored growth like a forest of Skins part vegetal part animal.

Garments, not clothes. Their intention is not to cover or hide, but to make manifest the riches of the body, its treasure of signifiers. Like actors' costumes, they are a visual speech, a confided secret or a confession of desires and fears. These fine outfits do not veil. They exalt. They celebrate. They translate feelings into jewels. They are the glorious soul of the body. Not a covering, but a sudden appearance, an epiphanic outpouring. A revelation.

Those are Pearls

Full fathom five thy father lies; Of his bones are coral made; Those are pearls that were his eyes: Nothing of him that doth fade, But doth suffer a sea-change Into something rich and strange.

These precious, prophetic words by Ariel Shakespeare in *The Tempest* are addressed across time to the explorers of Art's Genesis, to those who thought their lives lost, to the astonished survivors, to you Jeffrey Gibson as to Ferdinand, as to Stephen Dedalus, to the magnificent escapees, poets or migrants, who see the world, for the first time, rise and gleam. Here is the paradoxical secret of the process: first mourning, then resurrection. To create, that is, to rise from the shipwreck, reanimate vision, open new eyes.

It is always a matter of transforming the *perte* into *perle*, as my French language can playfully say. And, you wonder, how to render into English the charm of this combination of words, which causes a gleam of sense to pour forth by grazing it lightly? Like this perhaps: there is a close relation between Loss and Gloss. To create is to capture the ultimate glistening.

Let us take a tear. The Painter gathers it up, humid and ephemeral, and changes it into a drop of immortal light. One paints by dipping the brush or the pen or the quill of a hedgehog into tears. The artist is that schoolboy who is initiated into the fertile sufferings of metamorphosis. In Jeffrey, there is a boy-hedgehog–who passes from one form to another and from one genre to another by way of *volvation*. One rolls oneself up into a ball, so as to shelter beneath a shield the pinkish delicacy of a secretly feminine belly and paws. To pass from one me to another, one has to turn round on oneself, turn like planet, without beginning or end, immobile mobile. One becomes *ball*. Eyeball. Crystallized. Just as a hedgehog is more than one, is subject to transforms, living emblem of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, so the creatures of Gibson's world are moved by Volvation.

What was a punching bag.

I am looking at this vibrant hive of all sorts of elements, natural or fabricated, this body composed of a crowd of richly colored flowers, toys, shells, somewhat human figures, precious pieces of vividly colored volumes, *kaleidoscopisculpture* that exerts an archaic seduction: a pure charm is released by it, here I am fascinated as I was as a child by the pure play of agate marbles.

Suddenly I remember that the childhood of art, its genius, is *multicolored*.

Well, this magical object, this ravishing work, was yesterday something opposite: a punching bag. In another life, it was an object of anger. It's like a fairy tale. By force of hitting it, by depositing on a passive but unbreakable body one's fury of a Homeric warrior roused by urges of destruction, by force of pouring out one's biles and poisons on a kind of foreign body, in truth, Jeffrey's inflamed soul finally delivers the forces of life, and it's a marvel, the dance of all the colors.

modèle, lui-même. Et pour préhistoire, l'histoire le texte.

Plus tard ces grands mannequins premiers seront suivis de Vêtements, Garments, riches, colorés, animés, en croissance multicolore comme une forêt de Peaux mi végétales mi animales.

Garments, pas clothes. Leur intention n'est pas de couvrir ou cacher, mais de manifester les richesses du corps, son trésor de signifiants Comme les costumes des acteurs, ils sont une parole visuelle, une confidence ou une confession des désirs et des craintes. Ces parures ne voilent pas. Elles exaltent. Elles célèbrent Elles traduisent en joyaux des sentiments. Elles sont l'âme glorieuse du corps. Pas un revêtement, mais un surgissement, un jaillissement épiphanique. Une révélation.

Ces mots précieux et prophétiques d'Ariel Shakespeare dans *The Tempest*, c'est aux explorateurs de la Genèse de l'Art qu'ils s'adressent à travers le temps, à ceux qui ont cru perdre la vie, aux survivants étonnés, à toi Jeffrey Gibson comme à Ferdinand, comme à Stephen Dedalus, aux rescapés magnifiques, poètes ou migrants, qui voient le monde, pour la première fois, se lever et resplendir. Voilà le paradoxal secret du processus : d'abord le deuil, ensuite la résurrection. Créer, c'est-àdire, relever du naufrage, ranimer la vision, ouvrir de nouveaux yeux.

Il s'agit toujours de transformer la *perte* en *perle*, comme le joue ma langue française. Et en anglais comment rendre le charme de cette son de mots qui font jaillir une lueur de sens en s'effleurant ? te demandes-tu. Comme ceci peut-être : il y a un rapport étroit entre Loss et Gloss. Créer c'est capturer l'ultime scintillement.

Prenons une larme. Le Peintre la recueille, humide et éphémère, et la change en goutte de lumière immortelle. On peint en trempant le pinceau ou la plume ou le piquant d'un hérisson dans les larmes. L'artiste est cet écolier qui est initié aux souffrances fertiles de la métamorphose. Dans Jeffrey, il y a un garçonhérisson – qui passe d'une forme à l'autre et d'un genre à l'autre par *volvation*. On se roule en boule, pour abriter sous un bouclier la délicatesse rosée d'un ventre et de pattes secrètement féminines. Pour passer d'un moi à l'autre, il faut faire un tour sur soi, tourner en planète, sans commencement ni fin, mobile immobile. On devient *ball*. Eyeball. Cristallisé De même qu'un hérisson est plus d'un, est sujet à transformes, emblème vivant des *Métamorphoses* d'Ovide, de même les créatures du monde de Gibson sont mues par Volvation.

l'art, son génie, est multicolore. Or cet objet magique, cette oeuvre qui ravit, c'était hier une chose contraire : un punching bag. Dans une autre vie ceci était un objet à colère. On dirait un conte. A force de taper

Those are Pearls

Full fathom five thy father lies; Of his bones are coral made; Those are pearls that were his eyes: Nothing of him that doth fade, But doth suffer a sea-change Into something rich and strange.

Ce qui était un punching bag. Je regarde cette ruche vibrante d'éléments de toute espèce, naturels ou fabriqués, ce corps composé d'une foule chamarrée de fleurs jouets coquillages figures un peu humaines, morceaux précieux de volumes vivement colorés, kaleidoscopisculpture qui exerce une séduction archaïque : un charme pur s'en dégage, me voilà fascinée comme je l'étais enfant par le jeu pur des billes d'agate. Soudain je me souviens que l'enfance de

Once this tree of lights was a poisonous bush. The past keeps watch. Whoever contemplates the old whipping boy still sees a little red.

Jeffrey's creatures remember. One still feels radiation from the torments and divisions that preside at the Creation. The creator is a divided divider. It is in the interval, in the dis-, the di-, of his being, between his being and his not-being, his *être* and his *n'être*, that his source springs forth. That a sweat of blood and tears oozes. Just as Kafka's soul finds lodging in the beautiful, strong disjunctions of Judaism–*Die schönen* kräftigen Sonderungen im Judentum–Jeffrey Gibson's soul finds place in the internal disjunction of the Cherokee, of the Choctaw, of the Amerindian, not only one dis-, for each dis-junction is separated in turn internally. A dis-location is at work. And it is to the incessant movement of art that is confided the chance of a place ("*Plats*," says Kafka) perpetually being woven. Between liberation and belonging, Jeffrey's coming and going, tying together separation, evasion, return, sewing and unsewing without stop. He advances between dangers. Between the Danger of dissolving into a communitarianism—and this danger that today shuts itself up in the enclosure of cultural appropriation is urgently topical-and the Danger of negating inheritance and the debt. Who? What?

He is and he isn't "Native American" when he wishes, "Native American queer male, etc.," he says, when it's necessary, according to the season, according to the day, or else "Queer American Male Native, etc." at noon, in the evening buffalo, ancient wolf, meeting tree, or shaman. That is to say, artist. Profession: gatherer of tears.

What do I have in common with the artist Jeffrey Gibson? A scar in memory traced by the Trail of Tears. Jeffrey's was carved in his chest. Displacements, deportations, repeated between palabre, ou chamane. C'est-à-dire artiste. 1831 and 1838, then much later still repeated persecutions massacres betrayals, which constitute the History of the extermination of his people. As one who was despoiled, excluded, Jeffrey is a remnant. A banished one. A caged animal. My Trail was carved in my brain between 1929 and 1938, then 1942 and until 1945 by the deportations exterminations of Jewish relations par les Déplacements déportations, répétés executed by the Nazis. There is a common horror between the Indian Removal Act and the Nazi Aryanization taken to the point of the final solution. As between all the Expulsions, Pursuits, Extirpations, Exhumanizations of human by human.

I have tears for the betrayed, persecuted, deported, repressed, assassinated peoples, those who believed they had signed treaties, believed they belong, possess, participate and find themselves expropriated of their humanity.

What is a pearl?

One might think it's a tiny sea hedgehog that has rolled itself into a ball inside the oyster shell, but in vain: a fisherman has flushed it out, dislodged it, brought it back to land and exported it. It is the result of a fear and an irritation. What makes for the charm of this secretion? It looks like a baby tooth. It's a little nothing that has a great market value. What makes for its value is that it is on the point of falling. The pearl is a withheld tear. The distant radiance of a sorrow. A message from a disappeared star. Some of our languages recall this: a tear pearls, we say in French. A pearl pearls. The pearl *parle*, l'a dénichée, délogée, ramenée sur terre et it speaks.

Let us take the pearl par excellence. Its portrait shimmers in the painting by Vermeer, where it is painted hanging from the ear of a young girl whom it illustrates and who in turn serves as its case and its equivalent. The girl is a pearl. The pearl is an allegory of the girl, the dessus, de déposer sur un corps passif mais incassable ses fureurs de guerrier homérique soulevé de pulsions de destruction, à force d'épancher ses biles et ses poisons sur une sorte de corps étranger, en vérité, l'âme irritée de Jeffrey délivre enfin les forces de la vie, et c'est un émerveillement, le bal de toutes les couleurs.

Autrefois cet arbre de lumières était une bûche

vénéneuse. Le passé veille. Qui contemple l'ancien souffre-douleur voit encore un peu rouge. Beads Beads are migratory. This is, first of all, what Les créatures de Jeffrey se souviennent On sent encore rayonner les tourments et les fills Jeffrey with wonder: they travel the whole divisions qui président à la Création. Le créateur universe. Whether they come from Japan or est un diviseur divisé. C'est dans l'intervalle, Bhutan, one finds them in Holland as in Africa, dans le dis-, le di- de son être, entre son être et they are particles of the History of Humanity. son n'être que jaillit sa source. Que suinte une What sends them on these transnational sueur de sang et de larmes. Comme l'âme de expeditions is perhaps the fact that they are so Kafka trouve à se loger dans les belles et fortes varied in size, in form, in colors, there is no disjonctions du judaïsme – Die schönen singular desire that does not find its response in kräftigen Sonderungen im Judentum – l'âme one *bead* or another. Each one of these travelers de Jeffrey Gibson trouve place dans les disis one of a kind. One does not tire of them. jonctions internes du Cherokee, du Choktaw, Their great number is one of their charms: beads de l'Amérindien, pas seulement une dis-, car love to gather their differences, each one, chaque dis-jonction se sépare à son tour threaded on a necklace, or on fabric, setting off intérieurement. Une dis-location est à l'oeuvre. the value of the other. To Jeffrey the artist, Et c'est au mouvement incessant de l'art qu'est they offer the pleasures of metonymy. confiée la chance d'un lieu (*Platz*, dit Kafka) Unlike Pearls, their fellows that come out of en perpétuel tissage. Entre la libération et marine continents, *Beads* are Spirits of the l'appartenance, le va-et-vient de Jeffrey, liant earth. They play with mineral and fire, sometimes la séparation, l'évasion et le retour, cousant stone sometimes glass. Some of them, like et décousant, sans arrêt. Il avance entre Dzi, have ancient and beneficent powers. Some les dangers : entre le Danger de se dissoudre beads have eyes. Dzi have up to twelve of dans un communautarisme - et ce danger them. Beads are themselves kinds of eyes. qui aujourd'hui s'enferme dans la clôture de Those who wear or cultivate beads are, like l'appropriation culturelle est pressant dreamers, destined to visions. Without knowing d'actualité – et le Danger de nier l'héritage et it, they are like ordinary demi-gods. la dette. I don't know when Jeffrey was alerted to this

Qui?Quoi?

«Native-American», il l'est et il ne l'est pas, quand il veut, «Native-American male queer etc.» dit-il, quand il faut, selon la saison, selon le jour, ou bien «Queer American Male Native etc.», à midi, le soir buffle, ancien loup, arbre à Profession : cueilleur de larmes.

Gibson ? Une cicatrice dans la mémoire tracée par la Piste des Larmes. The Trail of Tears. Celle de Jeffrey a été gravée dans sa poitrine entre 1831 et 1838, puis bien plus tard encore persécutions massacres trahisons répétés, qui constituent l'Histoire de l'extermination de son peuple. En tant que dépouillé, exclu, Jeffrey est un reste. Un banni. Une bête en cage. Ma Piste a été gravée entre 1929 et 1938, puis 1942 et jusqu'en 1945 dans mon cerveau par les déportations exterminations de mes parentés juives exécutées par les nazis. Il y a une horreur commune entre l'Indian Removal Act et l'Aryanisation poussée jusqu'à la solution finale Afterward comes the metamorphosis of tears. nazies. Comme entre toutes les Expulsions Chasses, Extirpations, Exhumanisations de l'homme par l'homme

J'ai des larmes pour les peuples trahis persécutés déportés, refoulés, assassinés, ermordert, ceux qui croient avoir signé des traités, appartenir, posséder, participer et se retrouvent expropriés de l'humanité Par la suite advient la métamorphose des larmes

Qu'est-ce qu'une perle?

On pourrait penser que c'est un infime hérisson de mer qui s'est roulé en boule dans une coquille d'huître, mais en vain : un pêcheur exportée. Elle est le résultat d'une peur et d'une irritation. Qu'est-ce qui fait le charme de cette sécrétion ? On dirait une dent de lait. C'est un rien qui a une grande valeur marchande. Ce qui fait sa valeur c'est qu'elle est sur le point de tomber. La perle est une larme retenue. Le rayonnement lointain d'un chagrin. Un message d'une étoile disparue. Certaines de nos langues

Qu'ai-je en commun avec l'artiste Jeffrey

photograph of a luminous brilliance that is going le rappellent : une larme perle. Une perle perle. to pass away, the instant of the ultimate moment La perle parle. that signals from the edge of decline. A mixture of triumph and melancholy. When the girl will be withered, there will remain the pearl: the painting. One day, Jeffrey became enthused (enchanted) by the mysterious powers of pearls. "Then I be-

came obsessed with beads," he tells me.

magical supplement to his multiple being: Native American Not Only Male Not Only Queer Visionary Artist Etc. In any case he knows that he has been elected by the *Beads*.

Beads seem to have a gift for the Secret. I take for example that they hide in certain languages. Thus in French, a single word designates Pearls and Beads, and yet... in Jeffrey's language, *beads* are not only Pearls. They are first of all Prayers. Beads Bid. Each bead is a prayer. One cannot utter just one prayer alone, only. That would be to believe that a prayer is a question followed by response. Prayer is an attitude, the affirmation of a recognition, a declaration of love and humility, a call and the opening of an expectation.

Jeffrey's creatures are radiant prayers, magnificent invocations to continue, to begin again, to carry on the proud fight.

Hélène Cixous, November 2018, for Jeffrey Gibson Translated by Peggy Kamuf

Prenons la perle par excellence. Son portrait scintille dans le tableau de Vermeer où elle est peinte suspendue à l'oreille d'une jeune fille qu'elle illustre et qui à son tour lui sert d'écrin et d'équivalent. La jeune fille est une perle. La perle est l'allégorie de la jeune fille, la photographie d'un éclat lumineux qui va passer, l'instant du moment ultime qui fait signe au bord du déclin Un mélange de triomphe et de mélancolie. Quand la jeune fille sera flétrie il restera la perle : le tableau.

Un jour Jeffrey aura été enthousiasmé (enchanté) par les mystérieux pouvoirs des perles. «Then I became obsessed with beads» me dit-il.

Beads

Les Beads sont migratoires. C'est d'abord ce qui émerveille Jeffrey : elles voyagent dans tout l'univers. Qu'elles viennent du Japon ou du Bhoutan on les retrouve en Hollande comme en Afrique, elles sont des particules de l'Histoire de l'Humanité. Ce qui les envoie dans ces expéditions transnationales c'est peut-être qu'elles sont si variées en tailles, en formes, en couleurs, il n'est pas de désir singulier qui ne trouve sa réponse dans une *bead* ou une autre. Chacune des voyageuses est sans pareille. On ne s'en lasse pas. Leur grand nombre est un de leurs charmes : les beads aiment à rassemblei leurs différences, chacune, dans le collier sur le fil, ou sur le tissu, faisant valoir l'autre. A Jeffrey l'artiste, elles offrent les plaisirs de la métonymie

A la différence des Perles, leurs semblables issues des continents marins, les *Beads* sont des Esprits de la terre. Elles jouent du minéral et du feu, tantôt pierre tantôt verre. Certaines, comme les Dzi, ont des forces millénaires et bénéfiques. Certaines beads ont des yeux Les Dzi en ont jusqu'à douze. Les beads sont elles-mêmes des sortes d'yeux.

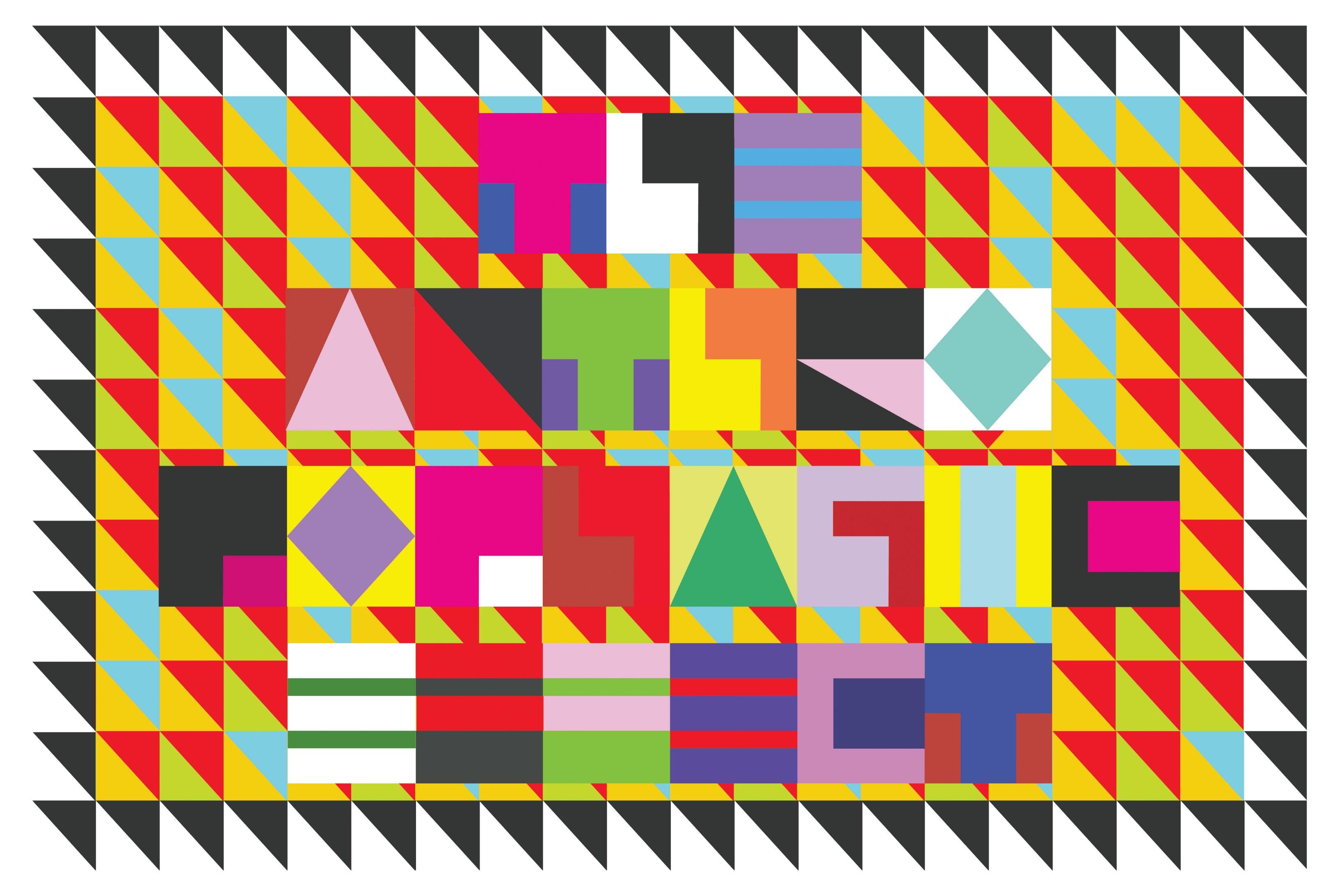
Ceux qui portent ou cultivent des beads sont, comme les rêveurs, voués aux visions. Sans le savoir, ils sont comme des demi-dieux ordinaires.

Je ne sais quand Jeffrey a été averti de ce supplément magique à son être multiple : Native American Not Only Male Not Only Queer Visionary Artist Etc. En tout cas il sait qu'il est élu par les *Beads*

Les Beads semblent douées pour le Secret. J'en veux pour exemple qu'elles se dérobent dans certaines langues. Ainsi en français, un seul mot désigne Pearls and Beads, et pourtant... dans la langue de Jeffrey, les *beads* ne sont pas que des Perles. Elles sont d'abord des Prières. Beads Bid. Chaque bead est une prière. On ne peut pas prononcer une prière seule, seulement. Ce serait croire qu'une prière est une demande suivie de réponse. La prière est une attitude, l'affirmation d'une reconnaissance, une déclaration d'amour et d'humilité, un appel et l'ouverture d'une attente.

Les créatures de Jeffrey sont des prières resplendissantes, des invocations magnifiques à continuer, reprendre, tenir le fier combat.

Hélène Cixous, novembre 2018, pour Jeffrey Gibson



Jeffrey Gibson: The Anthropophagic Effect

In the exhibition and residency "The Anthropophagic Effect," translated into English as "birch bark transparencies," in presented as part of the Department of Education and Public Engagement's Winter/Spring R&D Season: INHERITANCE, Jeffrey Gibson explores the material histories and futures of several Indigenous handcraft techniques and aesthetics. For this project, Gibson has produced a new series of garments and helmets employing techniques learned over the course of the residency, including Southeastern river cane basket weaving, Algonquian birch bark biting, and porcupine to expand questions of ownership and responsibility. While quillwork–crafts practiced by many tribes across this land long before European settlers arrived.

The title of Gibson's project, "The Anthropophagic Effect," gestures overtly to Brazilian writer and revolutionary Oswald de Andrade's legendary 1928 Manifesto Antropófago (Anthropophagic Manifesto), which argued that indigenous communities could "devour" colonizers' cultural forms in order to reject domination and radically transform Western culture to their own ends. His reference to anthropophagy (a form of cannibalism) is arguably symbolic but nevertheless serves as a powerful bodily metaphor. The logic of anthropophagy conjures a corporeal apparatus in which the mouth he refers. Alongside this new body of work, Gibson has secan be seen as the literal entry point to a larger system by which objects taken in are both absorbed and fundamentally changed.

It is significant that many of the crafts Gibson has focused on for the residency are oral practices, utilizing the mouth as the primary instrument of the materials' manipulation. Porcupine quills are traditionally flattened and rendered more pliable by running the quill tip between one's front teeth. Expert birch bark biters exert varying degrees of pressure from their jaws and teeth-at times piercing the bark completely to construct a series of small openings that resembles lace, and at other times resisting complete punctures, only slightly impressing the bark into delicate, translucent patterns. The Northwestern Ontario Ojibwe called this craft mazinashkwemaganjigan, which has been

addition to the more straightforward "birch bark biting." Here, teeth construct passageways for light as well as openings that quills and lines of beads can be threaded through.

Anthropophagy posits consumption itself as a critical tool for the transformation of material culture and ideological frameworks. Engaging with the histories and stakes of cultural appropriation, Gibson turns to anthropophagy fully immersed in these dialogues as they are unfolding today, the artist calls attention to the complex economies of appropriation present in nearly every cultural product. Rather than focusing on what images or objects can be used and by whom, he suggests that every "authentic" object derives from somewhere else. Yet, Gibson's attention to recycling as production does not aim to do away with the specificities of practices, individuals, or communities. His project for the New Museum re-roots his own hybrid, multidisciplinary artworks and actions within his family, his communities, and the histories of art and craft to which lected a group of Cherokee and Choctaw objects and garments from his family's collection, situating his own works within a wider lineage

The exhibition space is designed as a mobile staging ground for performances and photoshoots in which Gibson's come to own: the dispossession or erasure of others, for newly constructed garments and helmets are activated by performers. When not being performed in, Gibson's garments are staged as objects on a platform–which curves by, and in turn mark, the objects and ideas they only into an infinity wall forming a backdrop for bimonthly photoshoots in the gallery. Rejecting any singular or fixed context for his work, Gibson welcomes multiplicity and movement in these activations. His residency also includes a series of public programs featuring musicians, DJs, choreographers, artists, and scholars who uniquely engage with and incorporate his work in expanded frameworks.

MONTER PUTTIEN

MANNER

Annum Comme

The title of the first performance. The Spirits Refuse Without a Body, alludes to Andrade's text and Gibson's exploration of material, matter, and bodies as shared mediums for absorption and expression

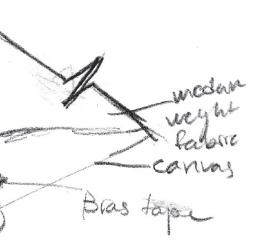
The season's theme, INHERITANCE, speaks to Andrade's notion of anthropophagy while more broadly alluding to the transmission of knowledge, skills, and capital. Though anthropography is often defined as equivalent to cannibalism, it actually denotes a fundamental difference. Cannibalism is understood as a social activity, enacted by and within a group, and is most often ritualistic and symbolic in nature. Anthropography is more inherently linked to base matter, to the properties experienced as one subject consumes another, rendering it an object. Such an individual, intimate transaction is not outside history or culture but momentarily rejects culture's premises and suggests others. For a period of time, two bodies become one and binary distinctions are rendered irrelevant. Across Gibson's now two-decade-long career, his engagement with these issues can be seen through his oscillations between abstraction and language, his use of pronouns that refer both specifically and generally, and his willful complication of the art object by insisting on its utility as wearable. *Inheritance*, of course, refers to what is handed down, usually through family, tradition, or even by chance. But it also points to other modes by which people instance. Yet, whether by generosity or violence, inheritance leaves a trace; individual and collective bodies are marked temporarily possess.

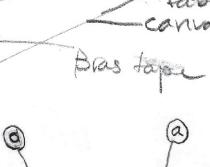


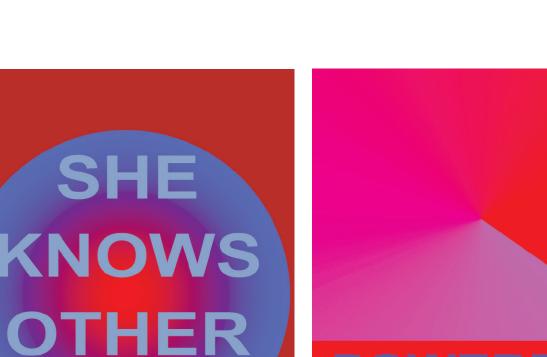


Unica lei do mundo. Expressão as girls. Tupy, or not tupy that is the Só me interessa o que não é meu. ei do homem. Lei do antropofago. Estamos fatigados de todos os ma-los catholicos suspeitosos os madrama. Freud acabou com o mento da logica entre nós. iigma mulher e com outros istos da psychologia im-

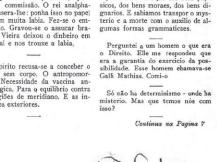


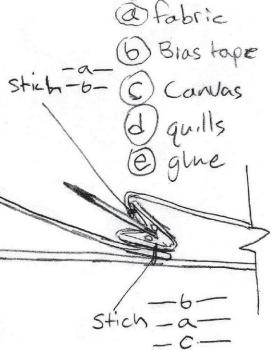


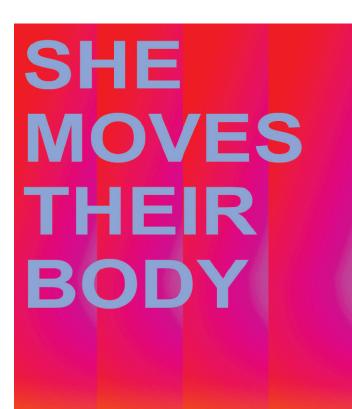












Jeffrey Gibson in Conversation with Johanna Burton, Sara O'Keeffe, and Kate Wiener

New Museum:

When you first decided to work with us on a project here at the New Museum, you noted that the central terms you wanted to focus on were *handcraft* and *atelier*. Can you discuss the importance of these terms and how they work together?

Jeffrey Gibson:

The first time I had the opportunity to look at and hold a fully beaded Lakota dress from the mid-1800s was in the early '90s at The Field Museum in Chicago. I immediately felt the weight of the dress and was in awe of its decadent beauty. I imagined who wore it and how regal and grand they would have looked. I always wondered if the dress was for everyday wear or for ceremony. I wondered how long it took to make and who made it. The level of craft was beyond impressive, but what I remember most is the weight of the garment-I imagined how it would feel on the body, my body.

I was not familiar with the history of couture at the time, but soon after my experiences at The Field Museum I began to study the history of fashion as a hobby and focused on a handful of designers who were making elaborate garments that existed somewhere between costume and everyday clothing. My interests became more and more focused and I found myself drawn to the world of artisanal handcrafts practiced in couture ateliers. The labor and skill involved reminded me of the dresses I had seen before and the ateliers made me think of artists' studios

I think about how and why these histories are not usually represented as having parallel qualities and I try to address this in my own work.

- NM: When we began speaking about the shape this project would take, you said that a key priority was acquiring some particular skills. Why was it important to you to learn birch bark biting, porcupine quillwork, and basket weaving, specifically? What does it mean for you to apply all three techniques, and others, within the same work?
- JG: These materials and skills are things that I never thought I would bring into my work because they seemed so laborious and tedious, but as my practice has developed over the years, I am drawn more and more to what can be achieved using handcraft. Birch bark, quillwork, and basketry all existed long before glass beads came into use for adorning Indigenous clothing and craft, and I have wanted to address that in my work for some time. Learning the traditional ways of using these materials has been really helpful for experimenting and innovating with them. I was also initially drawn to birch bark biting and quillwork because of how the materials engage the body of the maker, specifically the mouth. Birch bark bitings have been used historically as patterns for bead and quillwork designs and this is really exciting to think about within broader histories of abstraction. The history of birch bark biting represents a different approach to abstraction. The marks are personal and specific, generating patterns that become the foundation for an Indigenous abstraction.
- NM: Can you tell us more about your studio practice? How many people work on your team? What was the process for constructing these garments? How long did it take you?
- JG: My studio practice has evolved from me working alone on paintings in a small studio to employing eight to ten people who work specifically on the handcraft aspects of each artwork. Beadwork has been the most timeconsuming task for the studio team up to this point and that has expanded to include sewing and other hand embellishments. The garment series began nearly two years ago but had been an idea in my head for some time. It evolved from the bodily-ness of the punching bags and the cloaklike qualities of the wall hangings. Ultimately, I wanted to make something that could be worn, but the garments are still very process oriented and have come together over a long period of time. I do not know what any one of them will look like from the beginning and they all begin using the same pattern, which is meant to be oversized on my body. would say that, on average, a garment will take four to five months to complete, but they are not worked on consistently for that amount of time. The initial steps are completed and then I have to sit with it for a while, until I make a decision about what happens next. My production manager, Jenny Ghetti, has worked at the studio for five years. She has played a big part in developing a lot of the techniques that we use and I

THEIR DARK SKIN BRINGS LIGHT

rely on her a lot to help decide the order of how the designs. I am really happy these objects will be included garments come together. Everyone who is a part of the and that my family will be present in this way. studio team is also an artist who makes their own work NM: Your work often samples song lyrics and phrases from I am super proud of them and love them. The current team members are Jenny Ghetti, Amanda Daisy Lees, culture at large. Can you talk about your relationship to Sonia Corina, Kirby Crone, Christine Pfister, Emily music and your decision to make audio a major Gitt-Henderson, Magnus Gitt-Henderson, Henry Williams, component of the installation and the performances José Chardiet, and Ellen Siebers. we're presenting here?

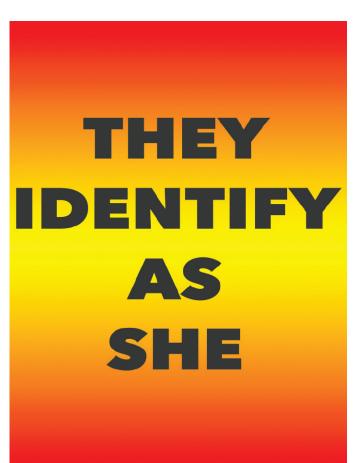
- project. Can you speak more about the importance of wearing and performing in these garments?
- JG: I think this is direct response to having seen so many garments in museums that are decontextualized from their cultures and the individuals who wore them. Having someone wear these garments only adds to their meaning as artworks. Since the garments are not gender specific, I'm excited to see how people decide to move in them and how their bodies-genders, races, ages, and more-influence how the garments are read. It is an experiment that will unfold over the course of the residency. I will take the photographs of them being activated myself and these photographs will document the beginnings of what these garments will come to mean in the future.
- NM: Each season, we work with our artist-in-residence on establishing a theme through which audiences can consider the exhibition and its related public programs. Your season's theme is *inheritance*. How are you thinking about inheritance in this project, in terms of both inherited culture, knowledge, and skills as well as capital and exchange?
- JG: I think of inheritance in many different ways. Of course, there is familial and cultural inheritance, and in my case, this involves the specificity of my own biography, being Choctaw and Cherokee but not having grown up in those communities and having to define for myself what that means. I never wanted to learn how to be Choctaw or Cherokee according to anyone else's expectations and neither of my tribes have ever put that kind of pressure on me. Instead, I have always wanted to claim space for people like myself who come from a mixed background and acknowledge the richness of this hybridity. I inherited a kind of craftiness from my grandmothers in particular. Looking at the crafts that they made during their lifetime, I can clearly see them as being culturally specific to their lives and representative of a specific time. I hope that my work will do the same thing by marking who I am in this specific moment. It's important that we mark where we are, when we existed, and under what conditions. This is what will be passed on to future generations

I have always been taught that this kind of generational exchange is important. I think it is our responsibility to continually shape a foundation for future makers and thinkers. Those people of the past have left behind their own achievements for me to build upon. I hope my work acknowledges the value of this kind of long-term exchange and feels generous to the people who engage with it.

I try to be transparent and open about sharing the layers of myself and my work because I think it opens up more and more access points for other people to engage with some quality of the work. I hope viewers connect on some level and see some reflection of their own mix of experiences and backgrounds. I see this residency literally as an opportunity to share what I do and what I am paying attention to with a very broad audience, many of whom may have little to no experience with Indigenous cultures or Indigenous aesthetics. I hope the audience will sense the generosity and richness in everything that is included in the space and learn from some part of it.

NM: We borrowed a selection of objects from your family for the exhibition. Can you speak more about them?

JG: These are objects that I grew up with, that surrounded me in our home. The clothing was made for my sister and me by my grandmother Lillie Gibson, and the baskets were collected over a number of years. We used some of them but now they are always kept on display. I always thought about textiles and weaving when I was making my early paintings but did not know that I would end up actually using these materials and processes in my practice. Looking at them now, I can see that the baskets and weavings use different types of geometry that have found their way into my paintings and beadwork



NM: The activation of the garments is a critical aspect of this JG: Music has always unified the communities that I have taken part in growing up in the US and abroad. My sampling of lyrics comes directly out of my love for house music and the sampling that I experienced in the late '80s. There were some DJs who I felt were like storytellers in the way that they would craft a set and carry the audience through a collective experience with sound and dance. Most of the music that I listened to growing up was made by non-Native musicians and, as an adult, I began to look for lyrics that better described my experience. During the past five years, I have encountered a number of Indigenous musicians making music that directly references Native experiences and even specific tribal narratives. That is exciting and these musicians are finding ways to produce and distribute themselves to both Native and non-Native audiences. I felt this residency was a great opportunity to draw attention to much of the contemporary culture being produced today by these artists.

> NM: The Resource Center includes a presentation of archival materials from the American Indian Community House during Kathleen Ash-Milby's tenure as the curator of their gallery. It was there that you had your first solo exhibition in New York, more than a decade ago. Can you speak about why you wanted to present these archival materials alongside your work?

> JG: When I had my exhibition "Infinite Anomaly" at The Community House in 2005, I saw the archive of all of their previous exhibitions and was blown away by the fact that so many of the Native American artists that I was aware of had shown their work there. It was literally like the who's who of the Native American art world. Kathleen was the curator of my exhibition and she has been incredibly supportive ever since. We had our first studio visit in 2002. I think it's important that people are aware of this local history and that other Native artists are aware that there has been support for artists by the Native community here in NYC. For me, representation is not just about being included in the mainstream art world but also about being supportive of Native artists from the past. Kathleen has organized numerous contemporary art exhibitions at the National Museum of The American Indian space, which is also in New York City. She has given many Native artists a platform to show their work in New York and has also helped to organize scholarship around these exhibitions over the past decade.

NM: Much of the public programming you developed for the residency aims to situate Indigenous crafts within a broader context of fashion and design history. Why this framing? Can you speak a little about the guests you are bringing into the project?

JG: During my formal education, in college and graduate school, I was constantly faced with gaps in history, which did not include Native American representation. My professors generally did not know anything about Native artists or contemporary culture that I could learn from. Now, as a professor myself, I see many students who are people of color, queer, trans, or other grappling with the same issues. For years, I held a lot of resentment about this because I felt that I needed to find, research, experiment, make, think critically, and present all on my own without much support from my professors. Part of my practice now is dedicated to filling in those gaps and to making this information public when I can, as well as expanding the scope of my work to include people who are not necessarily Native or Indigenous.

The people whom I've chosen to be a part of the residency are people who I deeply respect and who have knowledge in their field that extends far beyond what I know. Glenn Adamson is a genius in his thinking and work on materials and design, Valerie Steele is the best person to have discuss these materials in the many-layered context of fashion, Kathleen Ash-Milby is incredible for all the reasons I previously listed, DJ Kookum blows me away with her mixes and sampling, Laura Ortman mixes Indigeneity with classical music and pure punk energy, Kelly Church spent time in

SHE LIKE LION

the studio with us and taught us about birch bark biting and how to make reed baskets, Mx. Oops is someone whom I consider a great friend and is also an amazing dancer and choreographer, and Hélène Cixous is included because she is a legend and one of the primary people in my life who, I feel, truly understands what I have been trying to do for the past twenty years. These are all people who are working in ways that draw from the past in order to make new things happen in the present.

- NM: Speaking of Hélène Cixous, we are so thrilled that this iconic feminist philosopher and scholar has contributed a text to help frame your project here at the Museum. Can you tell us a little bit more about your relationship and the importance of her writing and thinking to your practice?
- Hélène and I met twenty years ago in London while she JG: was lecturing at The Royal College of Art. I was lost trying to figure out what I was doing in my studio and where I was going in life. I rarely attended lectures but that day I was very exasperated and decided to go. Hélène's lecture articulated so many things that I was struggling with-belonging, the problems of identifying oneself, being identified as something by someone else, and also the importance of one's own biography. I immediately approached her about meeting again. She was very kind and generous. She gave me her number in Paris to arrange a meeting, which I eventually did and then went to meet her there. She and I agreed to work together on some doll sculptures that were never actually realized and we became friends from then on. I have read her writing for decades and have found other writers that I also respond to through her references. I really didn't realize what an influence she has been on me until recently. She has always supported and encouraged me to develop my own vision of the world, to define it for myself, and to give it form. I have such incredible respect for Hélène and for her lifetime's-worth of work. It is truly an honor for me to have her write this piece

Image Captions

Cover image Jeffrey Gibson, Mirrored Quills 2018. Digital image, dimensions variable. Courtesv the artist. Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Page 3-4 Jeffrey Gibson, THE ANTHROPOPHAGIC EFFECT. 2019. Digital image, dimension variable. Courtesy the artist, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Production drawings by Henry Williams, 2018–2019

de Andrade's Manifesto antopofago. Revista de Antropofagia (São Paulo, Brasil), no.1 (May 1928): 3

Pages 5–6 Bottom row, left to right:

Jeffrey Gibson, SHE KNOWS OTHER WORLDS, from the To Name Another series, 2018-2019. Digital image, dimensions variable. Courtesy the artist, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Jeffrev Gibson. POWERFUL BECAUSE THEY'RE DIFFERENT, from the To Name Another series, 2018–2019, Digital image, Digital image, dimensions dimensions variable. Courtes the artist, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and **Roberts Projects**

Jeffrev Gibson. HE FINDS COMFORT IN HIS ARMS, from the To Name Another series, 2018–2019. Digital image, dimensions variable. Courtes the artist, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

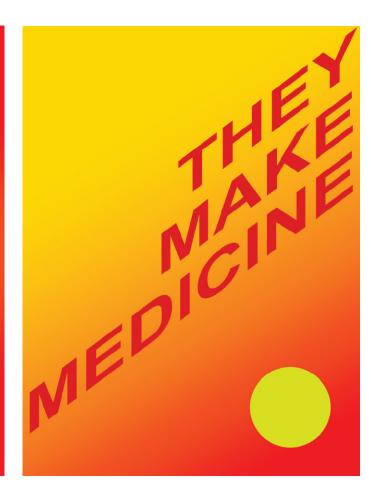
Jeffrey Gibson, SHE MOVES THEIR BODY, from the To Name Another series, 2018–2019. Digital image, dimensions variable. Courtesy the artist Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Jeffrey Gibson, THEIR DARK SKIN BRINGS LIGHT, from the To Name Another series. 2018-2019. Digital image, dimensions variable. Courtesy the artist. Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and **Roberts Projects**

Jeffrey Gibson, THEY IDENTIFY AS SHE, from the To Name Another series, 2018-2019 Digital image, dimensions variable. Courtesy the artist Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Jeffrey Gibson, SHE GROWLS LIKE A LION, from the To Name Another series, 2018-2019. Digital image, dimensions variable. Courtesy the artist Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Jeffrey Gibson, THEY MAKE MEDICINE. from the To Name Another series, 2018-2019. variable. Courtesy the artist Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects



Qdolyjuy JyJ Joff

List of Works

Jeffrey Gibson The Anthropophagic Effect, Garment no. 1, 2019 Canvas, cotton, vinyl, brass grommets, nylon thread, artificial sinew, dried pear gourds, glass and plastic beads, plastic beads, birch, porcupine quills, nylon ribbon 58 x 72 in (147.3 x 182.9 cm) Courtesy the artist, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Jeffrey Gibson

The Anthropophagic Effect, Garment no. 2, 2019 Canvas, cotton, vinyl, brass grommets, nylon thread, artificial sinew, dried pear gourds, copper jingles, glass and plastic beads, nylon ribbon 58 x 72 in (147.3 x 182.9 cm) Courtesy the artist, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Jeffrey Gibson The Anthropophagic Effect, Garment no. 3, 2019 Canvas, cotton, brass grommets, nylon thread, artificial sinew, dried pear gourds, glass and plastic beads, nylon ribbon 58 x 72 in (147.3 x 182.9 cm) Courtesy the artist, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Jeffrey Gibson The Anthropophagic Effect, Garment no. 4, 2019 Canvas, satin, cotton, brass grommets, nylon thread, artificial sinew, split reed, glass and plastic beads, nylon ribbon 58 x 72 in (147.3 x 182.9 cm) Courtesy the artist, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Jeffrey Gibson The Anthropophagic Effect, Garment no. 5, 2019* Canvas, brass grommets, nylon ribbon, glass and plastic beads 58 x 72 in (147.3 x 182.9 cm) Courtesy the artist, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Jeffrey Gibson The Anthropophagic Effect, Helmet no. 1, 2019 Split reed, brass bells, cotton thread, acrylic medium, artificial sinew Dimensions variable Courtesy the artist, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Jeffrey Gibson The Anthropophagic Effect, Helmet no. 2, 2019 Split reed, brass bells, cotton thread, acrylic medium, artificial sinew **Dimensions variable** Courtesy the artist, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Jeffrev Gibson The Anthropophagic Effect, Helmet no. 3, 2019

Public Programs

PERFORMANCE: The Spirits Refuse Without A Body Thursday February 21, 7 PM

Sky Room

Activating the collection of garments and helmets Gibson produced during this residency, this intimate performance will feature a live set by DJ Kookum and performances by musician Laura Ortman and choreographer Mx. Oops, accompanied by two dancers.

CONVERSATION: Glenn Adamson And Julia Bryan-Wilson Saturday March 16, 3 PM

Theater

This conversation between curator and writer Glenn Adamson and art historian Julia Bryan-Wilson will situate the Indigenous handcraft techniques that Gibson employs within a broader design history.

GALLERY TALK: Kathleen Ash-Milby Thursday April 11, 3 PM Fifth Floor Gallery

Curator Kathleen Ash-Milby will discuss the history of the American Indian Community House Gallery in New York City, where she served as curator and codirector from 2000 to 2005. The gallery presented many important exhibitions by Indigenous artists, including Gibson's first solo exhibition in the city.

CONVERSATION: Valerie Steele And Jeffrey Gibson Thursday May 30, 7 PM

Theater

This conversation between legendary fashion historian Valerie Steele, Director and Chief Curator of The Museum at the Fashion Institute of Technology, and Gibson will explore relationships between couture and Indigenous fashion design.

PERFORMANCE: To Name An Other Saturday June 8, 3 PM Lobby and Theater In a special closing performance for Gibson's exhibition, fifty performers will come together for a drumming event to give names to our current political climate.

To Name An Other was originally commissioned by the National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institute, IDENTIFY performance art series, 2019. Additional support was provided by Kavi Gupta.

Sponsors

Artist commissions at the New Museum are generously supported by the Neeson / Edlis Artist Commissions Fund.

Artist residencies are made possible, in part, by: Laurie Wolfert The Research & Residencies Council of the New Museum

Special thanks to Sikkema Jenkins & Co.

Additional support is provided by the Toby Devan Lewis Emerging Artists Exhibitions Fund.

Split reed, brass bells, cotton thread, acrylic medium, artificial sinew Dimensions variable Courtesy the artist, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., Kavi Gupta, and Roberts Projects

Selection of objects from the collection of the Gibson family (1980-present). Courtesy Georgia and James Gibson; Jeffrey Gibson, Rune Olsen, and Gigi

*This work is in process and will be produced over the course of the residency.

Further exhibition support is provided, in part, by public funds from the New York State Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Andrew M. Cuomo and the New York State Legislature, and from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs in partnership with the City Council.

NC Cultural Affairs



Endowment support is provided by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund; the Skadden, Arps Education Programs Fund; and the William Randolph Hearst Endowed Fund for Education Programs at the New Museum.



Published by New Museum 235 Bowery, New York, NY 10002 On the occasion of "Jeffrey Gibson: The Anthropophagic Effect" February 13–June 9, 2019

Copyright © 2019 by New Museum, New York Curators: Johanna Burton, Keith Haring Director and Curator of Education and Public Engagement, and Sara O'Keeffe, Associate Curator, with Kate Wiener, Curatorial Assistant Editor: Lily Bartle, Editor Graphic Designer: Sean Kuhnke Printer: Linco Printing

Samples and Citations

"Samples and Citations" presents some of Jeffrey Gibson's manifold influences in the Fifth Floor Resource Center, showcasing samples of works by contemporary and historical Indigenous musicians, visual artists, curators, and writers. Dialogue and collaboration are integral to Gibson's practice and his artwork often drawsmaterially, visually, and conceptually-on these connections. Employing mixed mediums, his works reference diverse thinkers and makers, interweaving text from poems, song lyrics, as well as materials and motifs from traditional indigenous handcraft and aesthetics. "Samples and Citations" offers visitors the opportunity to learn about some of the Indigenous platforms and practitioners that Gibson works in dialogue with, and to delve more deeply into this network of exchange.

This Resource Center presentation includes archival materials from the American Indian Community House Gallery, a historic community center and exhibition space-which mounted Gibson's first solo exhibition in New York City-alongside a diverse reading library with publications exploring Indigenous art and culture from the twentieth century to the present.

"Samples and Citations" is organized by Jeffrey Gibson and Kate Wiener, Curatorial Assistant. We are thankful to collaborators Kathleen Ash-Milby, John Lukavic, Polly Nordstrand, and Candice Hopkins for their generous insights and loans.

The Resource Center is a hybrid exhibition, study, and pedagogical space that provides a generative platform for presenting histories, in-depth research, and broader contexts for artistic and curatorial production. Overseen by the Department of Education and Public Engagement, the flexible space is programmed by a variety of practitioners.