



Diana Davies. *Donna Gottschalk Holds Poster at Christopher Street Gay Liberation Day Parade, New York, 1970.* Photograph © Diana Davies. Manuscripts and Archives Division, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations.

We Have a Future: An Interview with Sharon Hayes

JULIA BRYAN-WILSON

For the past fifteen years, New York–based artist Sharon Hayes has used video and performance to question the politics of address, to engage with histories of social movements, and to articulate queer desire in the public sphere. She has stood on street corners holding protest signs from the past (*In the Near Future*, 2005–present), respoken every speech President Ronald Reagan delivered from the Oval Office (*My Fellow Americans: 1981–88*, 2004/2006), and recited letters to an unnamed lover through a bullhorn while walking through lower Manhattan (*I March in the Parade of Liberty, but as Long as I Love You I'm Not Free*, 2007). On the occasions of the 2008 Democratic and Republican national conventions, she traveled to Denver and St. Paul for her two-part large-scale performance *Revolutionary Love: I Am Your Worst Fear, I Am Your Best Fantasy* (2008) in which she recruited large groups of queer people to read a scripted love letter in unison near the convention sites.¹ In late October 2008, we sat down to talk about that piece and its relationship to her other work.

Julia Bryan-Wilson: Let me start with a quote by the art historian Christopher Reed: “There is something queer about archives.”² This put me in mind of several signature aspects of your work: first, your reuse of historical documents; second, your commitment to queer politics. By twinning these things, do you suggest that our relationship to the past might be somewhat queer?

Sharon Hayes: That makes me think of an anecdote from *Revolutionary Love*. I first encountered the subtitle (*I Am Your Worst Fear, I Am Your Best Fantasy*) in the documentary *The Question of Equality* (1995). In it is a still of a woman wearing a protest sign hand-lettered with those words. That phrase captured what is interesting to me about gay liberation in the late 1960s and early 1970s, which was the total imbrication of politics and love, because for queer people to stand publicly in the space of their own sexuality at that moment was a political act. I was captivated by the phrase when I first encountered it as a sign in a video. Later, while doing research into images from the 1970s, I found an archive of Diana Davies’s photographs at the New York



Sharon Hayes. *Revolutionary Love: I Am Your Worst Fear, I Am Your Best Fantasy*, 2008. St. Paul, Minnesota. Photo by Gene Pittman for the Walker Art Center.

Public Library and saw the image again—this time encountering it accidentally—and decided to use the phrase in my piece. Shortly before the performance in St. Paul, someone at the Walker Art Center, Creative Time’s institutional partner in St. Paul, told me that an artist they work with named Michela Griffo had e-mailed them to say she had seen the still in their publicity. Griffo and Donna Gottschalk, the woman pictured, made that sign before the 1970 Christopher Street Liberation Day parade.

I bring up that anecdote because on one level it was a pleasurable encounter with someone who was located at the origin of the photograph, and the archive is precisely what threads me to her. On another level, photographs or other documents are the medium, the line of transit between past and present, and much of my work addresses such collapsed temporal moments.

JBW: A parallel queer charge or current runs between the photograph then and your use of it now, and between you and that woman in 1970. In addition, for documents and images to be stored in an archive, or to continue to circulate through time, someone has to *want* to see them and save them. Recovering a photograph from a dusty box is thus an act of desire. Collecting is rooted in a possessive urge, and whole archives are generated out of and depend on this desire. So much history gets disseminated, circulated, and uncovered because photos or letters produce a pleasure that exceeds their function as factual records. The longevity of a lot of the documents you deal with probably depends in part upon this libidinal exchange.

SH: For sure, there is something to be said for a photograph that is sexy. I noticed another kind of desire when I went to the libraries of gay and lesbian centers and looked through photographic collections; in particular, the collections of photographers who were shooting specifically queer events from 1969–1971. There the issue of desire is completely transparent, because if you look in the files you realize one photographer is taking pictures of beefy guys he’s attracted to. Or another is fixated on collections of people who are kissing and hugging. You see the desire of the documenter quite plainly. So one site of a desiring encounter is between the photographer and the subject, and then there’s my desire toward that desire. Because when I look at any of those images,

I'm not looking at just the body in the image; I'm looking through the desiring eye of the camera.

JBW: You bring another kind of desire to these histories. I don't think it's nostalgia exactly, but in *Revolutionary Love* you look back, perhaps with a certain longing, to the birth of gay liberation for what it might tell us now.

SH: *Revolutionary Love* is an extension of a set of projects I've been pursuing around love and politics where I've been doing what I call love addresses. My interest is in mapping political desire and personal desire on top of each other. In this case, in response to Creative Time's invitation to participate in the Democracy in America project, I intuitively gravitated toward the conventions, which I like despite their somewhat shallow spectacularity. For *Revolutionary Love*, I invited seventy-five to one hundred people in Denver and St. Paul to come out and be flamboyantly queer with me on the street and to speak a love address.

JBW: The performance functioned first as a live public act, but it was also shown as a series of videos at the Armory in New York. Likewise, your voice from the street performance *I March in the Parade of Liberty* was played through large speakers at the New Museum. You create installations, posters, photographs, and other material related to your actions that are shown in art spaces.

Are you conscious when producing video documentation or designing ephemera that you are creating your own archive? What kind of afterlife do you anticipate for *Revolutionary Love*?

SH: *Revolutionary Love* was a performance that had value and legitimacy as a live act, but I was very precise in shooting it. Always in my work I'm interested in the event of a performance and then what I call the not-event of its document. I wanted to generate an archival document that speaks exactly to what we're talking about, which is that it demonstrates a desiring camera, something that shows how the camera seduces.

JBW: The camera has more work to do in *Revolutionary Love* than in previous works of yours, because it must capture a diverse crowd rather than a solo performer. Could you speak more about your transition from performing by yourself to enlisting others to join you? In both cases, the address is in the first person, but the tone and tenor of a solo voice registers differently than that of a collective chorus.



Top: Sharon Hayes. *I March in the Parade of Liberty, but as Long as I Love You I'm Not Free*, 2007. Performance still. Photo by Kristine Woods.

Bottom: Sharon Hayes. *I March in the Parade of Liberty, but as Long as I Love You I'm Not Free*, 2007. Installation view, New Museum. Photo by Collier Schorr.



Sharon Hayes. *Revolutionary Love: I Am Your Worst Fear, I Am Your Best Fantasy*, 2008. St. Paul, Minnesota. Photo by Gene Pittman for the Walker Art Center.

SH: To be precise, seventy-five to one hundred people spoke a text three times that was written from the first person, from the “I,” so those people were speaking as one body. The shift from the “I” to the collective was partly intuitive. But I also was interested in the tension produced by a group of people speaking as one, because it spoke to the impossibility of a collective, essential being.

JBW: You went to the convention sites ahead of time to make contacts with local queer groups and enlist people as participants. How did you embark on this organizing process?

SH: In each place, I tried to meet as many people as possible. I held meetings where I explained where I was coming from and that I had a somewhat unusual request. In each city, I hired outreach coordinators to do local organizing. In St. Paul, I worked with two incredible outreach coordinators and we ultimately gathered about seventy-five to one hundred people. In Denver, though they have an active queer community, it was challenging to find people willing to risk being publicly queer as well as to occupy a public space in a nonnormative way. We started with twenty-five to thirty people, but we ended up with an amazing, open encounter where people joined in.

On the one hand, *Revolutionary Love* appears to be a community project because I’m inviting people to participate. I chose not to cast people or to hire actors, which was very important to me. It had to be an open call. People had to be able to self-select, and I had to entice people to participate. The process was an organizing effort, but typically an organizing effort involves some incentive; people usually respond to such efforts because they will be able to make something or learn something.

JBW: Or speak their minds.

SH: Right, that wasn't what the performance was about either. I'm not "giving voice to the community." And sometimes there was a fissure between the expectations a participant brings to a participatory project and the reality that they'd be speaking my text, my words. So the event offered a funny kind of collision, which I was up-front about. I couldn't predict how the participants would find their own relationship to the text, but I told them I hoped they would. I also asked them to dress flamboyantly queer, but I did not script what that meant.

JBW: Because you did not police that in any way, people interpreted flamboyance widely, as you can see in the photo and video documentation.

SH: I was also extremely careful not to predetermine what queer was. That was something that was vital to me. This strategy ended up really working, producing an event-ness for *Revolutionary Love* that is quite odd; something familiar, but not exactly identifiable.

JBW: It is not quite a performance, not quite a protest, not quite totally intimate, not quite fully collective—it *verges* on each of those. Was asking strangers to inhabit and vocalize your words an audacious request? They didn't cowrite the text; it was not based on collective brainstorming.

SH: Some things were really interesting and challenging about that. A couple of people memorized the script, but by and large they read from it; still, they invested themselves in an incredibly full way with a text that is not their own. It's something we talked a lot about.

JBW: The press release for *Revolutionary Love* stated that you were intentionally creating a spectacle in response to the spectacle of the conventions. The word *spectacle* was deployed in that context with great care, and it has a specific historical and theoretical weight. I'm curious to hear what, if any, relationship you might have with that word.

SH: I don't really feel any of my work is spectacular. And I'm not sure that this piece was really spectacular. Certainly it didn't and couldn't match the spectacle of the convention; nor did I ever intend it to. But, having said that, as soon as you arrive in a city during a convention, you're in the middle of a circus of wildly competing desires. In Denver a series of art events took place during the convention—the institutional partner was the group Dialog:City, and they had ten other art projects going on. More- and



less-organized sets of protestors came as attendants to the convention apparatus, and corporate philanthropic groups came to host events. Many things that were not at all related to the election were claiming the site of that audience.

JBW: Given the solo, micro-interventions that you've staged previously, *Revolutionary Love* represents a shift toward a drastically increased scale in your practice. Did you feel you needed to magnify the address and amplify your voice as a way to command some small part of these dispersed attentions?

SH: As an artist, I'm not willing to concede the space of politics to politicians and reporters and FOX News and CNN. I'm not willing to relinquish participation in the production of the cultural imagination around politics.

I felt strongly that to do something in relation to the conventions I had to magnify myself. I would get swallowed up if I were alone in that chaos. I needed some pals with me.

JBW: By bringing many people together to read about love in what was expected to be a space of protest and commercialism, were you attempting to model some sort of provisional public queer community, however fleeting?

SH: Maybe one answer to that can be got at anecdotally. In Denver the performance took place at the Sixteenth Street pedestrian mall, which is the only place I found a public—that is, people who don't intend to be on the street together: businesspeople, homeless people, musicians, queer youth. All sorts of Denverites were just going about doing what they usually do downtown on the pedestrian mall. A set of extra people, roving groups of protestors who were there for the convention, people selling Obama merchandise, and so on, were also present. The day of our performance, as we went to occupy the block and set up to speak, we saw a right-wing band of protestors carrying very large vertical banners. As we started to amass, we could see them coming. They had all these huge police guys with them. Their banners read "Fear God," "Homosex Is a Sin," "Homosexuals Are a Threat to

National Security”—basic variations on “Have Great Fear.”

JBW: A homophobic Christian group was on the street coming toward you: you couldn’t have choreographed it better. Those slogans encapsulate the bizarre combination of anxiety and fascination that queerness can inspire.



SH: And there we were with pink and yellow balloons that said “GAY” and were happy and festive. We hadn’t started yet, and they surrounded us, and then the police were around them, which caused a scene and a spectacle (to refer back to that term). All these passersby stopped to watch. I was sure they felt they had found their home and weren’t going to leave. The scene was quite tense, but I decided, okay, fuck it, we’re going to start. I got out a bullhorn and did a little countdown, and, right as we started speaking, they waved on. By and large we weren’t interacting with them. We weren’t shouting them down. Maybe because they couldn’t find anyone to spar with, they left. More likely, we were bigger than they wanted.

I never could have predicted this, but when they left an enormous sense of victory or relief swept over us. It was ecstasy; we were exuberant. And that was not constructed. Was it world changing? Did it ripple beyond that moment? No, but it was palpable. You could physically feel this claim to a sort of power. In addition, as we spoke the text three times, all these people joined in, many of them the queer and trans youth who hang out on Sixteenth Street. They had no idea we were going to be there, and suddenly we validated that space for them and marked it as an affirmative queer place.

JBW: That wouldn’t have happened if you hadn’t decided to be in that exact location. This emphasis on place takes me to some of your past work, such as *In the Near Future*, where site plays a significant role. In this work you are interested in rupturing a triangle of coherence around historical protest slogans. That is, you disarticulate the three elements that normally converge around slogans: first, the words on the sign that you are holding—such as “Ratify ERA Now!”; second, the body that holds the sign; and third, the place and the time in which the body is situated.

SH: *In the Near Future* functions differently than *Revolutionary Love* in that there is an action. I actually don’t call it a performance; I call it an action. I invite people to come and document that action of me standing on the street for an hour at a specific

Opposite, top and bottom: Sharon Hayes. *Revolutionary Love: I Am Your Worst Fear, I Am Your Best Fantasy*, 2008. Denver, Colorado. Photo by Andrew Clark Photography.

Above: Sharon Hayes. *In the Near Future*, New York, 2005. Detail.

site with a specific sign. None of them are reenactments. I never stand in the same site as the sign was originally held, but the sign is almost always a specific citation of a past moment.

JBW: So, *In the Near Future* is site specific and *cite* specific.

SH: Yes. Each place has a history as a site of public speech or protest. For instance, in one action I chose to hold the sign “I Am a Man,” which is from the 1968 Memphis sanitation strike, at St. Patrick’s Cathedral in New York City, which was the location of the Stop the Church action and a lot of the ACT-UP agitations in the late 1980s and early 1990s. That was an intentional mapping of those two places onto each other. That piece functions curiously because the action is completely quiet.

JBW: No surrounding demonstration legitimates what you’re doing. It’s rare to see a single protestor disconnected from a larger mass. That singularity has the potential to make you seem slightly crazy.

SH: Particularly because the places have by and large been urban sites, people do a small double-take when they see me. The texts are anachronistic. They don’t match the current situation. When you see somebody out on the street with a sign, you expect that you’re being addressed. But the current passersby aren’t being addressed by these signs.

The assumptive ground that I operate on is that there’s trouble in the site of public speech, a trouble that probably has always been there but in this present moment has a particular set of elements to it. A city like New York has much more private space now than in the past. I also think there is an exhaustion on the part of the listening public, because they know or they think they know what they can expect from people speaking publicly, particularly around politics. So, when they see me, they see a protestor, and they think that they know what that is, but then the incongruity of the sign belies that.

JBW: How important to you is it that *you* are the person standing with the sign?

SH: This is foundational to my work, particularly the work I’ve been doing over the last four years. It is not possible to plan what the work is until I am actually doing it. At the same time that I am doing the work, I am also rehearsing the work. So, the performance is also a place of labor for me. How can I possibly ask somebody else to do that work? If I did, then I wouldn’t get to understand what it is from the perspective of that encounter.

JBW: Several other artists working today are returning to past moments of political protest; for example, Andrea Bowers and Sam Durant. Mark Tribe had performers reenact historical speeches from the 1960s and 1970s in his *Port Huron Project* (2006–2008). Do you connect what you are doing to those practices?



Sharon Hayes. *In the Near Future*, New York, 2005. Detail.

SH: *Revolutionary Love* worked as a *reference* to gay liberation; it was not a *reenactment* of gay liberation. And with *In the Near Future*, I don't have an interest in the protest sign as an aesthetic object or in it circulating as a separate piece in the space of art. To make a return to a past political moment by taking the sign and putting it on a wall is problematic. My interest is in the act of protest as a speech act.

JBW: Photos of you performing holding the “I Am a Man” sign do circulate in art spaces, however. How does that differ from, say, Glenn Ligon's work that is based on the same sign (*Untitled [I Am a Man]*; 1988)?

SH: With Glenn Ligon's piece, there was a conscious and specific translation of that sign, a filtering. He took that slogan and reconstructed it through a process. He importantly reimagined it. Similarly, I can't just cut out the protest sign and put it on a wall in this present moment, because history for me cannot be accessed that way—it just becomes style. That excision is not actually an investigation; nor does it tease out how history is rupturing in a present moment. Instead, it becomes an anesthetizing of the conflict.

My interest was to actually work with protest and protest signs by putting myself in the space of enactment. In this work, I understand myself as a demonstrator, not only in a political sense but also in the theoretical and methodological sense that Bertolt Brecht describes in his essay “The Street Scene,” in which actors are replaced by demonstrators.³ In Brecht's epic theater, demonstrators propose that the event has taken place; what you are watching is a repeat. To think through my actions in *In the Near Future* as a certain kind of demonstration that asks for a form of critical viewership is helpful.

JBW: There's also something pedagogic about it, which puts me in mind of another aspect of Brecht: the *Lehrstücke* or learning plays. You engage with the people who see you on the street who



Sharon Hayes. *In the Near Future*, New York, 2005. Detail.

stop and talk to you. You explain that you are an artist standing there to ask questions about the space of historical political protest and its function in the present.

SH: I don't say I'm an artist. That's the only thing I don't say. I say I'm interested in protest. I say everything but I am an artist.

JBW: I didn't realize that. Why don't you identify yourself in that way?

SH: Because then they think they know what I'm doing.

JBW: But you do otherwise describe your process: you tell people where the signs come from and what their roles in history have been—so the work has an educative component. And *you're* also learning things—you're educating yourself about what it feels like to be associated with the words you hold,

with all the possible risks and assumptions and complications that entails.

SH: I think that is true; it is not didactic, but it is pedagogic. The demonstration is a communication and a telling: it's a narrativizing that recognizes the position from which it's narrating. I'm not trying to pull the wool over anybody's eyes. It's a very privileged space to be in.

Sometimes the understandings are very small. The first action I did with *In the Near Future* was at Union Square, and the sign said "Actions Speak Louder Than Words." I was standing there for twenty minutes with the sign in front of my stomach, watching people interact with me. And then I raised the sign over my head. That gesture made a huge difference. Maybe this is minimal, but in the space of doing *In the Near Future*, which is still ongoing, I became very aware of the body and the limits of the body in relation to the sign. That isn't a small matter, actually, because whether you hold the sign at your stomach or over your head is, on the one hand, a question of performance technique, but on the other hand, it also points to the critical import of the body to an act of protest.

JBW: It also raises some of the canonical issues of performance art, such as physical exhaustion, duration, and ability.

SH: In this way, of course, it is an aesthetic question, but it is an aesthetic question that is totally bound up in content as well, because it relates to intelligibility. How does protest become intelligible? Why and how can my specific body—versus other bodies—make this sign intelligible?

JBW: Some intelligent theoretical work has recently been done about art and historical research; for example, Hal Foster’s “An Archival Impulse,” Mark Godfrey’s “The Artist As Historian,” and Okwui Enwezor’s 2008 exhibition *Archive Fever* at the International Center of Photography.⁴

SH: Historians and artists are alike in a certain sense. One of the biggest challenges is how to embark on a search and truly not know where you’re going. Often an archival investigation will lead you toward what you knew or expected to begin with; so, you’re only uncovering and finding material to literalize and concretize the search that you’ve already mapped. That’s not the case across the board, however, and a lot of artists who have been talked about in the space of the archive or history are working in very complicated ways.

JBW: Although you’re somewhat connected to the artist-as-archivist issue, what you’re doing is a bit different in that you also pointedly conjecture about the future. You invoke time travel by inserting yourself into the space of possibility or speculation. Some of the slogans you use, for instance, do not come from the past but are invented—leaps of imagination, assertions of wishes for protests that might happen but have not yet; for example, “The American President Might Have to Call in the National Guard to Put This Revolt Down.” The title itself, *In the Near Future*, indicates that you’re intentionally Janus-faced: looking back and looking ahead.

SH: The present for me is a moment that is both reaching backward and forward, and it does so simultaneously. In a certain way, I haven’t yet reconciled with the term *archive*. My work is intensely research based, but “the archive,” particularly in the way that it’s been taken up over the last ten years in discourses around contemporary art, has tended to become quite solidified.

JBW: Well, that gets us back to the quotation that we started with. Maybe the intervention that you make around archives is specifically about queerness—that is, the unruliness, instability, and eccentricity of historical documents. How you approach the past and think about the future is inflected by your queer commitment to understanding how history might warp or distort given different

subject formations, different ideas about community, and different relationships one has to the sweep of normative or official history. We've had to create our own alternatives. We've had to piece together our own patchwork of histories from out-of-print paperbacks or hidden documents or stashed-away love letters. A lot of what queer history is interested in is precisely what has fallen out of the singular "archive."

SH: Competing desires have played out in terms of the relationship between queerness and history, especially the relationship between queerness and visibility. What if queer studies didn't steer itself so intensely toward visibility but instead steered itself toward questions of speech? What if, following Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, we were focused as much on hearing and speaking as on seeing?

JBW: This takes me back to your stories about Denver, because in part you were asking what it means to be a public listener. For some of the people watching the action, the queer way to listen was to join in. The invitation wasn't explicit, but observers clearly felt an implicit reciprocity or conversation that opened into a broadly articulated "you."

SH: Yes, and in English the singular and plural *you* are nicely the same. With *Revolutionary Love* the site of listening is much less in my control than it has ever been in my work. Because as soon as you speak about love, as soon as you stand on the street and say "I love you," that enters into the listener's psychosocial emotional space in completely unknown ways. When performing *Everything Else Has Failed! Don't You Think It's Time for Love?* (2007), on the third day I saw a woman cry. I thought, why is she crying? I can answer that question to a certain extent. She was crying because something had touched her. But how did this work touch her, and what does it mean to me that it's touched her?

JBW: In that piece, you stood on a street corner in New York with a small amplifier and spoke a series of love letters you wrote, many of which refer to loss and longing in a time of war. What do you feel is your responsibility for having sparked, or been the catalyst for, that kind of emotional response?

SH: It is a conundrum for me. I don't know what that means, and I appreciate that I don't know what it means.

JBW: Is it important that in these addresses the subject is queer love specifically?



SH: Absolutely. In *Everything Else Has Failed!* I dressed as a queer temp. I kind of butched myself up even more than usual because I didn't want the love to be read as heteronormative. Yet I want to be clear that queerness is not some kind of idealized space of political action. I am not positing queerness as the ultimate site of radicality, but I'm also interested in the specificity of gay liberation historically and what makes queer people threatening to a heteronormative political landscape.

Sharon Hayes. *Everything Else Has Failed! Don't You Think It's Time for Love?* 2007. Performance still. Photo by Andrea Geyer.

JBW: We're having this conversation one week before the 2008 election, in the midst of the raging Proposition 8 debate in California. What will happen is unclear, but the proposition, which seeks to ban gay marriage, seems increasingly likely to pass.⁵ Even today, with the ostensible end of the culture wars, something is still vexing or dangerous about queerness. And let me say that gay marriage is not my issue; it's not something I feel politically galvanized around, particularly because "No on Proposition 8" conversations interpolate all queer people as staunch supporters of state-sanctioned marriage, which many of us are not. At the same time, I recognize that gay marriage is a civil rights issue and have been concerned about the homophobic campaign tactics around it.

SH: I'm also not somebody who would stand as an activist for gay marriage. And yet gay marriage is the route through which queerness is put into the mainstream political landscape.

JBW: Sexuality—as much as race, gender, and class—seems foundational to the questions that are facing the American electorate.

SH: What makes me anxious is that people aren't so good around those terms. Sexuality can lag so far behind other political formations.



Rink Foto. *San Francisco Gay Parade, 1977.* Photograph © Rink Foto.

JBW: I think we should wind things down before we get into a frenzy about the election. I want to show you a photograph that seems to encapsulate the issues you persistently deal with and maybe leaves us on a hopeful note: in it, a group of men at a gay rights parade in 1977 are standing in the back of a truck. They are looking up and smiling at something just outside the frame of the photo, almost as if in anticipation of something to come. The banner underneath them reads, “WE WERE HERE, WE ARE HERE, WE HAVE A FUTURE.”

SH: I like that very much. The whole project of archiving, of documenting that “we have a past” is, in actuality, a desire for a future, no? What a nice way of evidencing ourselves.

Notes

1. The two components that together comprise this performance are titled *Revolutionary Love 1: I Am Your Worst Fear* (performed in Denver, Colorado) and *Revolutionary Love 2: I Am Your Best Fantasy* (performed in St. Paul, Minnesota).

2. Christopher Reed, "Design for (Queer) Living: Sexual Identity, Performance, and Decor in British *Vogue*, 1922–1926," *GLQ: A Journal of Gay and Lesbian Studies* 12, no. 3 (2006): 377.

3. Bertolt Brecht, "The Street Scene: A Basic Model for Epic Theater," in *Brecht on Theater: The Development of an Aesthetic*, ed. and trans. John Willet (New York: Hill and Wang, 1964), 121–129.

4. Hal Foster, "An Archival Impulse," *October* 110 (Fall 2004): 3–22; Mark Godfrey, "The Artist as Historian," *October* 120 (Spring 2007): 140–172; and Okwui Enwezor, *Archive Fever: Uses of the Document in Contemporary Art* (New York: International Center of Photography/Steidl, 2008).

5. Proposition 8, a popular referendum which amended the state constitution to define marriage as between a man and a woman, passed by a 52 percent margin on November 4, 2008. Though the validity of the proposition was challenged in the California Supreme Court, it was upheld in a decision announced in May 2009.