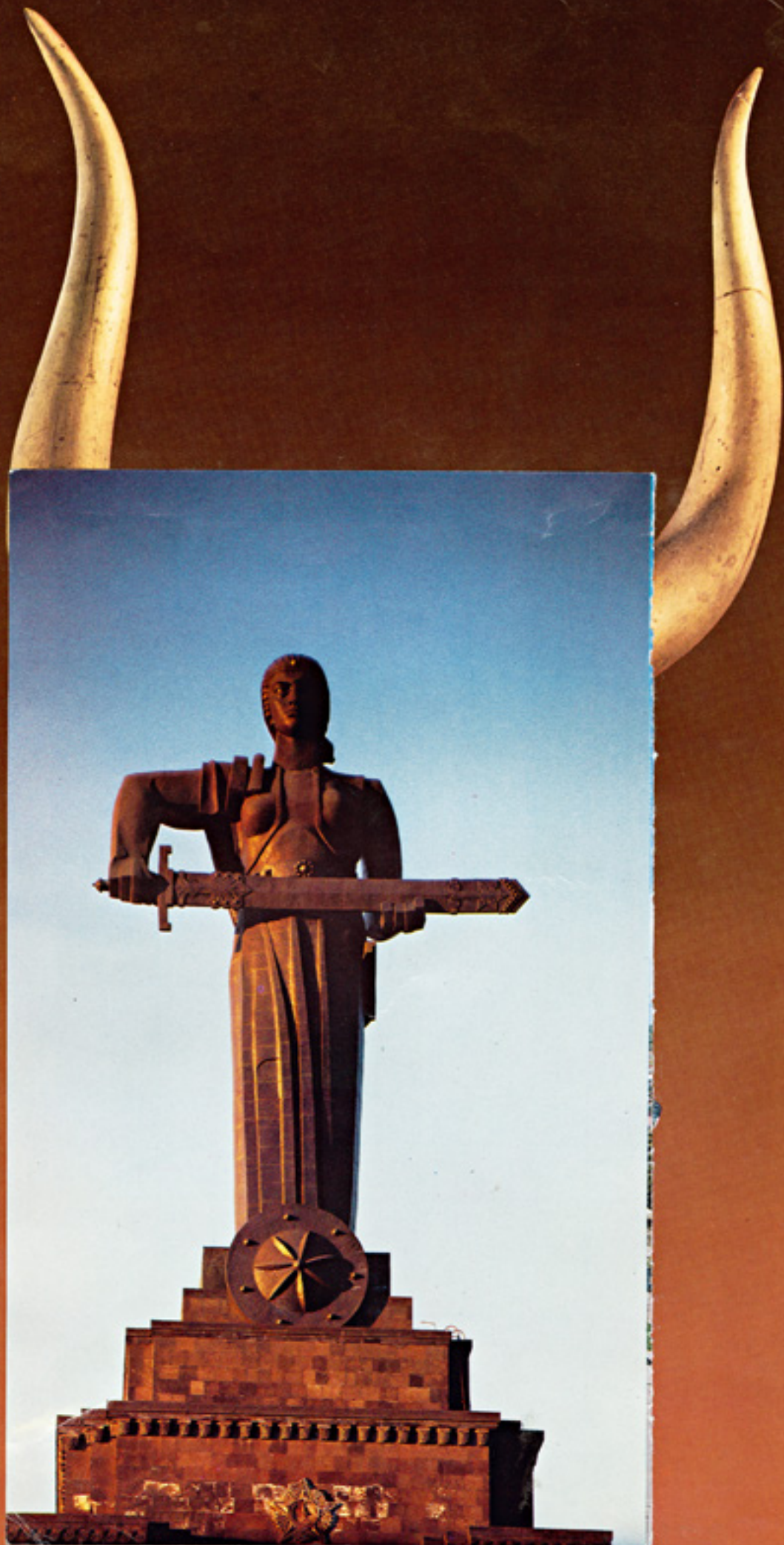
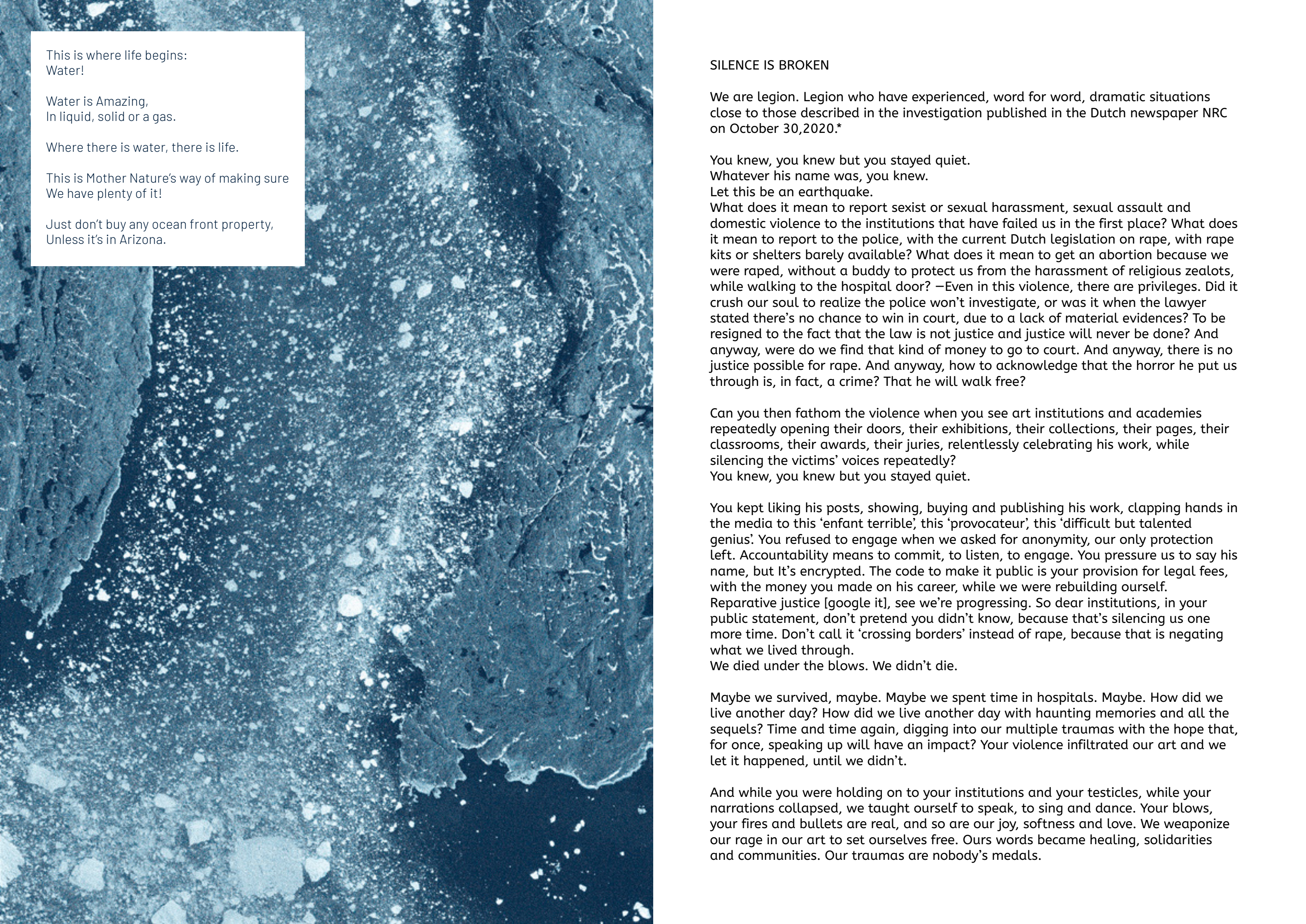






This is where life begins:
Water!

Water is Amazing,
In liquid, solid or a gas.

Where there is water, there is life.

This is Mother Nature's way of making sure
We have plenty of it!

Just don't buy any ocean front property,
Unless it's in Arizona.

SILENCE IS BROKEN

We are legion. Legion who have experienced, word for word, dramatic situations close to those described in the investigation published in the Dutch newspaper NRC on October 30,2020.*

You knew, you knew but you stayed quiet.
Whatever his name was, you knew.
Let this be an earthquake.

What does it mean to report sexist or sexual harassment, sexual assault and domestic violence to the institutions that have failed us in the first place? What does it mean to report to the police, with the current Dutch legislation on rape, with rape kits or shelters barely available? What does it mean to get an abortion because we were raped, without a buddy to protect us from the harassment of religious zealots, while walking to the hospital door? —Even in this violence, there are privileges. Did it crush our soul to realize the police won't investigate, or was it when the lawyer stated there's no chance to win in court, due to a lack of material evidences? To be resigned to the fact that the law is not justice and justice will never be done? And anyway, were do we find that kind of money to go to court. And anyway, there is no justice possible for rape. And anyway, how to acknowledge that the horror he put us through is, in fact, a crime? That he will walk free?

Can you then fathom the violence when you see art institutions and academies repeatedly opening their doors, their exhibitions, their collections, their pages, their classrooms, their awards, their juries, relentlessly celebrating his work, while silencing the victims' voices repeatedly?
You knew, you knew but you stayed quiet.

You kept liking his posts, showing, buying and publishing his work, clapping hands in the media to this 'enfant terrible', this 'provocateur', this 'difficult but talented genius'. You refused to engage when we asked for anonymity, our only protection left. Accountability means to commit, to listen, to engage. You pressure us to say his name, but It's encrypted. The code to make it public is your provision for legal fees, with the money you made on his career, while we were rebuilding ourself. Reparative justice [google it], see we're progressing. So dear institutions, in your public statement, don't pretend you didn't know, because that's silencing us one more time. Don't call it 'crossing borders' instead of rape, because that is negating what we lived through.
We died under the blows. We didn't die.

Maybe we survived, maybe. Maybe we spent time in hospitals. Maybe. How did we live another day? How did we live another day with haunting memories and all the sequels? Time and time again, digging into our multiple traumas with the hope that, for once, speaking up will have an impact? Your violence infiltrated our art and we let it happened, until we didn't.

And while you were holding on to your institutions and your testicles, while your narrations collapsed, we taught ourself to speak, to sing and dance. Your blows, your fires and bullets are real, and so are our joy, softness and love. We weaponize our rage in our art to set ourselves free. Ours words became healing, solidarities and communities. Our traumas are nobody's medals.

We died. We didn't die. We're becoming. Silence is broken. We are Legion.
#silenceisbroken #wearelegion #metoo #notsurprised

Delphine Bedel
Amsterdam, November 1st, 2020

* Ter Borg L. & Houtekamer C. (2020), 'Hoe een kunstenaar carrière maakt onder aanhoudende beschuldigingen van aanranding en verkrachting', NRC, Oct.30. [online] Available at <https://www.nrc.nl/nieuws/2020/10/30/hoe-een-kunstenaar-carriere-maakt-onder-aanhoudende-beschuldigingen-van-aanranding-en-verkrachting-a4018047>, last checked Feb.22, 2021.

USEFUL LINKS

Support the F-Razzor Solidarity Fundraiser: More than sixty international artists will participate on the 8th of March in a fundraising campaign called F-Razzor. With this fundraiser they want to raise awareness to current issues around the abuse of power, sexism and inequities in the Dutch art field. They want to financially support victims of sexual abuse with legal fees and psychological counseling expenses. On Monday, March 8, International Women's Day, an online web-shop will be launched featuring the work of artists, who attended the Rijksakademie in the period 2014-2017. All alumni are donating their work in support of the cause. The fundraiser runs until Monday, March 15th, 2021. <https://f-razzor.com/>

engagementarts.be is an artist-led movement tackling sexual harassment, sexism and abuse of power in the Belgian arts field.

mores.online Reporting point for undesirable behaviour, performing arts, television and film sectors, art education and museums

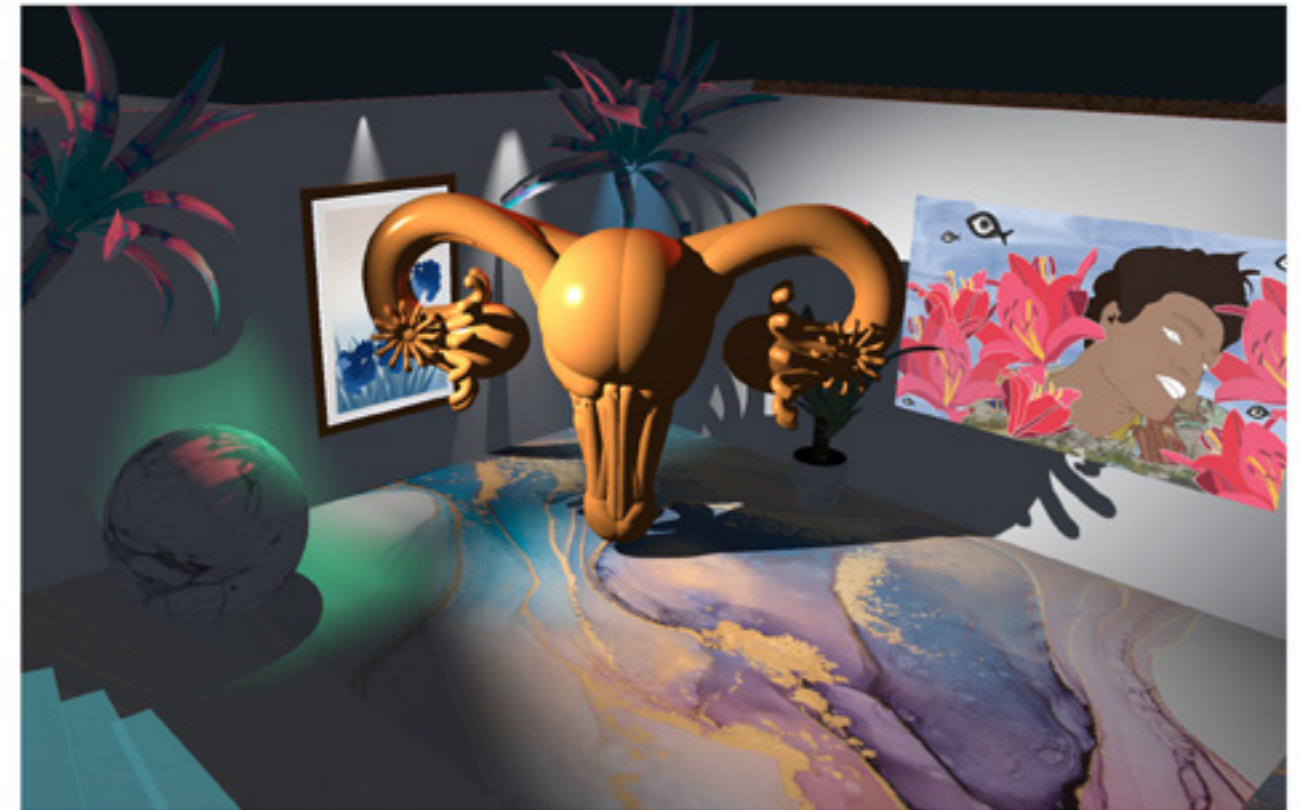
[The Roadmap to Equality in the Arts in the Netherlands](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCuABBtDAkRzIbSWkCczxORg). Watch the kick-off conference <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCuABBtDAkRzIbSWkCczxORg>

SILENCE

IS

BROKEN





The Uterine Cyber Parturition



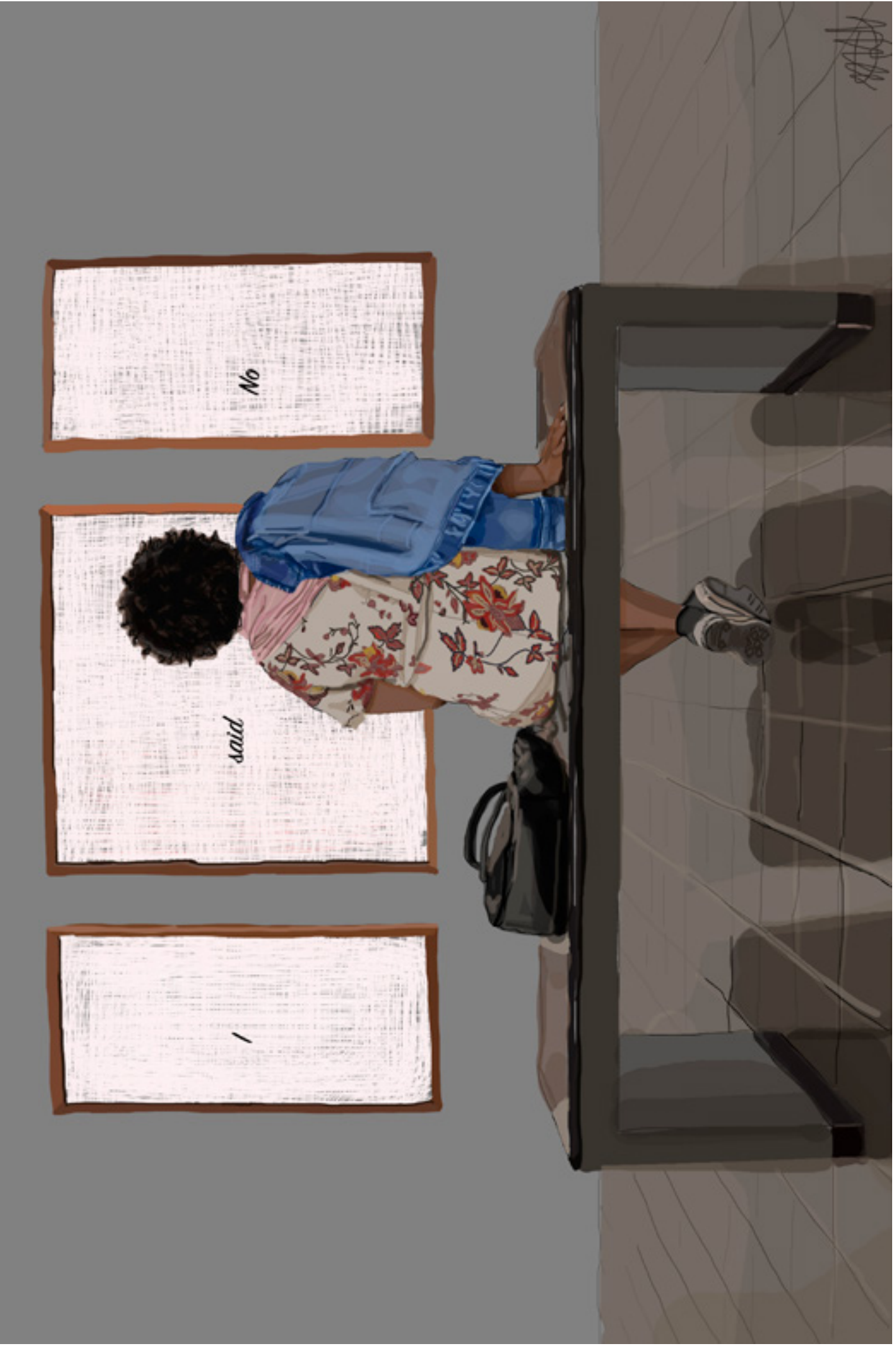
We are confronted with the uncanny realization that the virtual ecosystem's growth has taken another path than many of us had envisioned.

The lines between the virtual and the real are blurred to the extent that onscreen happenings have a direct impact on the offscreen world.

What the Cyber Feminists of the 90's sought for has not completely come to fruition. Their prophecy that Cyberspace would liberate us by dismantling hierarchies as well as structures of power, sexism and discrimination has only partially come true, while the virtual has simultaneously opened many dark gates that need to be addressed. It is up to us, the Post-Cyber Feminists to take their legacy and build upon it.

By envisioning the Uterine Cyber Parturition, I dream of an alternate parallel, where the Internet fosters her consciousness through the act of creation; regaining universal vision and liberating herself from the shackles that were imposed upon her.









Constance Marie Charpentier (Attributed to), *Portrait of Mademoiselle Val d'Ognes*, ca. 1800
Oil on canvas, 63½" × 50¾"
(Courtesy the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Bequest of Isaac D. Fletcher, 1917. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac D. Fletcher Collection)

and their portraits, like the works by David which inspired them, are characteristic by the powerful presence of the sitter against a simple, often dark background, a clarity of form, academic finish, and forthright definition of character.

The finding during reattribution to lesser known artists that works of art are "simply not up to the high technical standards" of the Master is common. More revealing, and more questionable, is a shifting language that accompanies changes in attribution in which gender is an issue. Speaking of the Metropolitan's *Portrait of Mademoiselle Charlotte du Val d'Ognes*, Charles Sterling noted that the "treatment of the skin and fabric is gentle" and "the articulation lacks correctness." Finally, he stripped the work entirely of its former stature, concluding that: "Its poetry literary rather than plastic, its very evident charms and cleverly concealed weaknesses, its ensemble made up of a thousand subtle artifices all seem to reveal the feminine spirit."²¹ Not only is one forced to wonder how such characterizations will hold up in the light of recent allegations that the work is not, in fact, by Charpentier after all and may well have been painted by either Gérard or Pierre Jeuffrain, a pupil of David, but also how André Maurois's characterization of the painting as "a perfect picture" and the Metropolitan Museum's own identification of it as exemplary of "the austere taste of the time" so quickly turned to "cleverly concealed weaknesses" in the eyes of the beholder.²²

The cases of Marietta Robusti, Judith Leyster, and the "Davids" reveal the roles played by modern assumptions about individual genius, market economics, and aesthetic expectations in the valuing of works of art. The existence of these and other falsely attributed works by women artists in major museum collections continues to challenge easy assumptions about "quality." It has led art historians like Roszika Parker and Griselda Pollock to argue that the hierarchies within which we range the visual productions of both men and women over the centuries have been created for us by art history.²³ It has prompted others to challenge the canons of art history by directing attention to the ways that dominant ideologies are reinforced through representation. And it has encouraged still others to question whether there is any significant place for women artists in art history as it is presently written. Nevertheless, we must guard against the tendency to solve these complex problems by returning the issue of women artists to one of representation, taking them out of the studio, as Zoffany did in *The Academicians of the Royal Academy*, and framing them on a wall defined by current theoretical preoccupations.

Today, as we seek to locate our investigations within the theoretical framework of postmodernism, views of feminism as an active political force working for change in the world often seem to come in conflict with the academic discourses of "postfeminism." Recent scholarly writing—deriving its theoretical structure and its methodology from disciplines as diverse as literary criticism, semiotics, and psychoanalytic theory—appears to be shifting attention away from "art" and "artist" to broader issues concerning ideologies of gender, sexuality, and power. There is an increasing tendency to see femininity and masculinity

The Stakes are a Thick Vision Images of Women Gambling in Eliot and de La Tour

Perri MacKenzie

*Was she beautiful or not beautiful? and what was the secret of
form or expression that gave a dynamic quality to her glance?
Was the good or evil genius dominant in those beams?*¹

These are the opening lines of *Daniel Deronda*, George Eliot's last book, published in 1876 – an epic novel in both the romantic and realist traditions, which courted great controversy throughout its serialisation, publication, and critical reception. The novel begins abruptly, with an enigma: an unknown observer watches a “she”, and a circle of questions arises: is she beautiful or not beautiful? Is she good or evil?

Abruptly, we (the reader) know we are watching her. The fact of our gaze is both implicit (unspoken) and complicit, in that we are immediately sucked into the eye of an unknown observer. However, her gaze is explicit, if confounding: her glance has a “secret”, her beams have an unknown “genius”. In the first three lines of *Daniel Deronda*, Eliot sets in motion concepts of attraction, virtue and the gaze in a dizzying circle of reasoning. As she spins these concepts, they refract: beauty becomes mysterious, morality becomes ambiguous. From this heady psychological whirl “the reader is implicated, with no possibility of distance, in a panic about the meaning of the woman.”² But what is it about this figure that causes such turmoil?

George Eliot (1819 - 1880) born Mary Ann or Marian Evans was an English novelist, poet, journalist, and translator.

She is best known as a writer of densely textured realist novels with interwoven plots and finely drawn characters illuminated by psychological insight. *Daniel Deronda* is, “one of the most controversial



Le Chauffage

70

We're observing a game of deflection. Daniel watches Gwendolen play, but she pretends to ignore his gaze. Daniel feigns anonymity with his gift of the necklace, but Gwendolen intuitively knows it's him. However, she in return must feign ignorance, to preserve her dignity. It's a bluff. There is “an interplay of ignorance and knowledge”³ like a pattern of light and shadow. Terence Cave, in his introduction to *Daniel Deronda*, argues that this interplay of ignorance and knowledge extends from within the novel to between the novel and its readers. We are implicated in a pact of silence and a psychological power struggle.

The first chapter of *Daniel Deronda* is a painterly vision. There are gazes that search, assume, judge, speculate; gazes that beam, calculate, ignore. The eye of the author roams the room, panning through the crowd, sliding into the perspective of an imagined male spectator gazing at Gwendolen. It directs us around the scene as if guiding us through a painting. In figurative painting, the dynamic space between the viewer's eyes, the painter's eyes, and the eyes of the subject is a territory of potential power – looking and being seen. Such an intersubjective dynamic echoes the explicit, implicit and complicit gazes of Daniel, Gwendolen, the reader and Eliot.

Gazes that are ignored or met sidelong are as powerful as gazes that are confronted, and contain erotic potential. Deflection is the lifeblood of Georges de La Tour's painting *The Cheat with the Ace of Clubs* (1630-34). A card game is underway and each figure looks shifflily to their far right, with the exception of a gaudily-dressed gentleman who remains ignorant to the ruse. The sidelong looks begin with the central figure of the painting: a pale, expensively-dressed woman whose eyeballs swivel with an ocular mobility so extreme it seems unnatural. What is the genius of her beams? Is her glance benign or sinister? And who is she looking at? Perhaps at her companion on her right, the domestic, who bows her head and does not meet her glance, but reflects it towards a plainly dressed man at the edge of the group, shrouded in brownish shadow. He turns his head away, his eyes cast over his right shoulder, to



Le Chauffage

72

prose fictions of the nineteenth century.”⁴ Eliot wrote it “with tears in her eyes.”⁴ Her inspiration for the opening scene of *Daniel Deronda* can be found in her notebooks. In one entry she wrote about witnessing “at a casino in Homburg, the gambling of “Miss Leigh, Byron's grand-niece, who is only 26 years old, and is completely in the grasp of this mean, money-raking demon. It made me cry...”⁵

In the enigmatic opening scene, we observe an anonymous female gambler, later identified as Gwendolen Harleth. She is playing roulette in a fashionable European resort (presumably Monte Carlo). A young gentleman named Daniel Deronda watches her from a distance, near the door of the casino. She had been winning her roulette game, but when she becomes conscious of the gentleman's gaze she begins to lose. Turning pale, the blood “is sent away from her lips.”⁶ She inwardly decides it is better to retain his attention at any cost, and theorises that if she cannot win strikingly, then she should lose strikingly. Returning to the game “with no other sign of emotion than this lip-paleness”⁷, Gwendolen thus loses all her winnings – a great deal of money – whilst Daniel watches.

Is Daniel's scrutiny a gaze of attraction, critique, or judgement? What does it mean, that Gwendolen is willing to engage his attention at any cost? What does her pallor signify?

The scene cuts to her room. She is reading a letter from home declaring that her family has lost their fortune. She is ruined. Early the next morning we see her pawning a turquoise necklace – an heirloom from her father – for nine Louis d'Or coins. Arriving back at her lodgings, she receives a small packet. Wrapped in a handkerchief with initials torn off, is her necklace, accompanied by the note: “A stranger who has found Miss Harleth's necklace returns it to her with the hope that she will not again risk the loss of it.”⁸

Gwendolen immediately intuits that it was the scrutinising figure of yesterday (who we know as Daniel) who had seen her pawning her necklace and repurchased it for her. She feels humiliated – “reddened with the vexation of a wounded pride.”⁹ She is placed in an uncomfortable position: she cannot send it back to him, in case she had guessed wrong, and even if she guessed right the recognition would cause her humiliation. In Marguerite Murphy's words, Gwendolen, “is powerless to refuse because the act of refusal would acknowledge the gift.”¹⁰

whom? Towards someone outside the painting? At us? The gazes are never met, but are repeated. *In place of exchange, there is deferral.* Eyeballs echo and triangulate in a non-linear circle of searching glances like a bouncing billiard ball, coming to a halt on the expensively-dressed young man, whose gaze is unaware and inward, resting on his hand of cards.

These glances perform an *interplay* of ignorance and knowledge between the parties at play and between the party and the non-innocent viewer. Our eyes bound around the scene between the inscrutable female card player, the dreamy rich boy, the suspecting domestic worker, and the shadowy man who reveals to us the ruse: a hidden Ace of Clubs tucked behind his back. The most emblematic poker face of the group is the central woman illuminated as with a spotlight: what does she know or not know? Is her gaze calculating, signalling? How much is she in on the cheat? In this early work by Georges de La Tour, master of candlelit *chiaroscuro*, the lighting of the central figure is cool and flat: does it come from within (the inscrutable pallor of her face) or without (the cold, ironic tone of the artist)? She looms blank, impassive: like an iceberg. She is in control and we can't understand her purpose. What is the meaning of this woman gambling? The blood is sent away from her lips.¹¹

She thinks she knows it's him. When Gwendolen's necklace is returned to her anonymously, we see the end of a cycling of value that began with the spinning of the roulette wheel in the fashionable casino. Value, here, would mean the economic value of Gwendolen's necklace as it moves circularly through different contexts. However, as it moves, the value of the necklace does not remain quantitatively or qualitatively the same. Its glimmering movements make our eyes spin. The logical transfer of value in Gwendolen's pawning is screwed up by Daniel's intervention. What does it mean to annul the sale of a stranger's goods? If this is a market exchange, how can we account for the extra nine gold louis in Gwendolen's pocket? Can a transaction be so neatly turned into a gift? The pile of gold coins glows headily.



Issue One

73

According to Lewis Hyde, the gift is an erotic commerce: it socially binds two parties through attraction and involvement (*eros*). Within a transaction the parties are distanced through the anonymity of the market (*logos*).³² Daniel and Gwendolen have seen each other in the casino but they are strangers. When Daniel buys back the pawned goods of Gwendolen, and then anonymously sends it to her, does his act bind them closer (*eros*)? Or do they remain distanced strangers (*logos*)? Does Daniel's gift represent an intrusion, a communication, a market exchange? What about the inclusion of the pawnbroker in the movement of the necklace?

Other analyses of Daniel's action have framed it within the context of the pawnshop. For Catherine Gallagher, the intervention turned Daniel into "a more formidable version of the usurer."³⁴ She argues that as a result of Daniel buying back the necklace, Gwendolen becomes more indebted: the pawnbroker has an inflated price, and Gwendolen is now in Daniel's debt (double-bound by her inability to acknowledge and therefore refuse the gift, for fear of further humiliation). For Gwendolen, it's a stroke in the accounts book that does not cancel the one before it, but makes it spin turbulently.

Marcel Mauss tried to reconcile the two etymological roots of "gift": "bride-price" or "dowry" (Old English) and "poison" (Old German). He speculated that the poison meaning functions as a euphemism. Poison is "a present" because we are scared to admit that poison kills, or that gifts poison their receivers with obligation and indebtedness.³⁵ Before the Married Woman's Property Acts of 1870 and 1882 (U.K.), the entirety of a woman's property (including jewellery) legally belonged to her husband upon marriage.³⁶ This context floods the gambling scene with a cold, stark light.

We can see that the gambling, the loss, the pawning, the repurchasing and the gifting come together to form a tangled chain. The movement is looping: the necklace returns to its owner, the accounts of the pawnbroker are settled, and the anonymity of the parties involved requires a consensus of false ignorance as if it had never happened. In this sense, the loop returns us to the state of affairs at the beginning. However, there is unfinished business. The extra nine gold Louis in Gwendolen's pocket and the pallor that haunts her face are the material evidence of a great transformation beneath the surface.

expectantly: a group of men. But after a while one notices a slighter figure to the right with handsome accessories and delicate features. Thrust to the back of the scene, it's unclear how much she participates.

The game this painting plays is much simpler than the intersubjective game of *The Cheat with the Ace of Clubs*. There is no elaborate narrative point, no ironical turn. The game we are invited to play is *who rolls the dice*? The painting offers us no clear answer, as the hand that rolls the dice is visually cut off by the drape of the man's jacket: we have to guess its origin. In terms of position and proximity, this rolling hand could plausibly belong to either the woman at the edge of the scene or the leaning man next to her. The man has a gaze of calculation that exudes power, yet the woman is illuminated the most. And the hand itself? Its sinews are powerful, its gesture elegant, with fingers long enough to suggest a masculine proportion. However, they are tapered finely, femininely. Whose hand rolls the dice? There is a darkness: the jump of a *secunde* (the micro-jump of an eye around a subject, building meaning from motion). Our eye leaps from the hand to the imagined shoulders of the woman and the man, conjuring ghost limbs that always fail to reach.

In the final acts of *The Odyssey*, the hand of Penelope, wife of Odysseus, takes on a powerful intensity. She is inspired by a god to unlock the storeroom where Odysseus keeps his weapons, setting in motion the bloody resolution of the story. As Penelope performs this momentous action of unlocking, her hand takes on a new aspect. In Greek, her hand is described as "thick". Translations into English since have either ignored this adjective or substituted it with something more normatively feminine, such as "steady."³⁷ In its latest translation in English by Emily Wilson, Penelope's hand is described as "muscular, firm."³⁸ This power-wielding decision-making hand is marked by its physiology. The agent of *The Dice Players* could be such a hand, its ligaments knotting and flexing with strength, control, and daring. An alien hand with godlike power, opens a new beginning. "Where does a story begin? How do you put an end to the past and turn it into the present? By an act of will."³⁹

The message of *The Dice Players* is its materiality. The air is thick and close. Bodies are vessels for shadow and glow: every surface brims with opacity and reflectivity, warmth and brightness. The glowing, playful, social body is affirmed in all its mass and luminosity, and its darkly burning shadows

To accept the existence of the nine gold coins is to accept the unacceptable: they are supernatural in their strange existence (how can one have both the commodity and its money's worth?). To accept a gift that was not someone else's to give: this too is unacceptable – impossible to accept on the part of Gwendolen, yet she must accept it. Depictions of women gambling have this in common: the viewer or reader must accept the inscrutable, the impossible, the unbearable. This is the price the viewer has to pay for entering this unstable vision.

*

In the opening epigraph to Daniel Deronda, George Eliot states that the beginning is "make-believe". Instead, she instructs us to start "in the middle". And we do start in the middle: in the enigma of this opening scene, with its abrupt intrusion into the scene of gambling. The narrative retrospects. The *who, where, what* of this moment is explicated through these two backstories, but the *why* never fully unfolds, rather it reverberates: "A single moment can contain a character's entire biography."⁴⁰

This device of "beginning in the middle" is a literary structure, known as *in medias res*⁴¹ ("in the midst of things"). It is most famously used in *The Odyssey*, where the stories of the protagonist's journey home and his son's quest to find him are told *beginning in the middle*. Daniel Mendelsohn details how Odysseus's trajectory spirals as he tells and retells his story to the people he meets along the way, in a ring composition.⁴² The eddying of the narrative reflects his frustrated longing for home. But home is a false ending: unfinished business awaits.

In *The Dice Players* by Georges de La Tour (1650-51) we begin in the middle of a game. A group huddle around a table. A player in the foreground shields a candle flame with his leaning forearm: a pictorial device that is arguably the subject of de La Tour's late work. The hidden flame spills dramatic shadows and dancing glows that entice us into the action: a set of dice have been rolled. The players draw in,



draw us to the shining hand in the middle of the painting. The ambiguity and inscrutability of the hand gives shape to the erotic power and radical potential of the painting as our eyes leap into the darkness, never reconciling. In the middle we encounter an unknown hand, and the painting splits open.

*

This essay is about examining the figure of the female gambler before women gained equal access to the financial sphere (the fields of work, property, inheritance, and speculation). Gambling was a type of economic activity in which women with means could participate as equals alongside men. They could win or lose, but the stakes and the choice were their own. This essay isn't populated by gamblers, but by their depictions. They are introduced to us in the thick of it, where framing comes first. Their representation is warped, clouded, sharpened by the eye of the artist/author, who portrays them as exhilarated, inscrutable, unselfconscious. Tugged along by a framing desire and moral vision, we are thrust headlong into a subjective existential crisis of *the meaning of a woman gambling*. We try to read these dazzling faces in the vortex of the game. With pale lips and sidelong glances they control powerful hands that may or may not belong to them. What do fingers mean? What do eyeballs mean? The roll of the dice, the deliberation of a card, and the spinning of a roulette wheel by female hands thickens and flexes into a radical gesture.

In these depictions by Eliot and de La Tour we meet these female gamblers *in medias res*. Whilst cards and jewels exchange hands, we are implicated as witnesses. Glances perform an interplay of ignorance and knowledge between the parties at play and between the gamblers and the viewer. Entering the scene, we encounter the female gambler as both a figure (*who she is*) and as a depiction (*how we see her*). Why is the image of a woman gambling so destabilising? Because the figure and the depiction are met at a crossroads.

*

What is painting, *in medias res*?

Getting to the middle of a painting requires that the painter sees herself as a gambler. With gambling, winning is important. But when a pre-modern woman chooses to gamble she chooses to lose as much as win. It's about ownership of the stakes more than about their speculative success. Beginning

in the middle of painting requires skills of critique. We look at our scene and ask ourselves how it became that way. What were the material conditions that gave rise to this action? How heavy are the jewels? What muscles animate this hand? The stakes emerge.

We have seen that stakes, as an economic carrier of value, can transform. They are the ghost in the machine, the reappearing jewels that were mine and suddenly became yours and somehow they are mine again. Supernaturally, we can pawn them and we can keep them too. In a feminist sense, acknowledging the stakes at play means recognising that



stakes are material, and that bodies are inevitably implicated, as bodies of premodern women were implicated in the gamble of marriage and the poison of dowry. Games may end, but the gambling continues.

Within the realm of the painted plane decisions are made and consequences ensue – an intersubjective game where someone or something may look back and call your bluff. With gambling, there are no innocent spectators. A viewer needs to find her role in the game, and understand its erotic and ethical complications. The painting is a scene of causality and intervention which we can enter and transform ourselves.

We are not looking at the end of the artists labours, we are peering into the middle of them. Such an active way of looking requires empathy, enquiry, sensuality. *In the middle of the painting, I find myself in a dark wood. Lost in the thick, dappled with shadow and caressed with light, tracing brushstrokes back.*

Where is the middle of the painting? We can find it in the anonymity of the rolling hand in *The Dice Players*. As the eye jumps from one potential agent to another, looking

Works cited:

- Ablow, Rachel. "One Flash," *One Person, and the 1870 Married Women's Property Act.* BRANCH: Britain, Representation and Nineteenth-Century History. Ed. Dino Franco Felluga. Extension of Romanticism and Victorianism on the Net. Web. [10/5/2020].
- Eliot, George. *Daniel Deronda*. Penguin Classics, 1876.
- Gallagher, Catherine. "George Eliot and Daniel Deronda: The Prostitute and the Jewish Question" *Sex, Politics, and Science in the Nineteenth Century Novel*. Ed. Ruth Bernard Yeazell. Baltimore: John Hopkins UP, 1986, pp39-62.
- Homer. *The Odyssey*. Translated by Emily Wilson. Narrated by Claire Daines. Audible Studios, 2018. Audiobook.
- Hyde, Lewis. *The Gift: Creativity and the Artist in the Modern World*. Vintage Books, 2007.
- "In medias res". *Encyclopedia Britannica*. *Encyclopedia Britannica*. inc. 2015. Web. [May 10 2020].
- Maus, Marcel. *The Gift: The form and reason of exchange in archaic societies*. Routledge, 2002.
- Murphy, Marguerite. "The Ethic of the Gift in George Eliot's 'Daniel Deronda'". *Victorian Literature and Culture*. Vol. 34, No. 1. Cambridge University Press, 2006. pp. 189-207
- Mendelsohn, Daniel. *An Odyssey: A Father, a Son, and an Epic*. Knopf, 2017
- Rose, Jacqueline. *Sexuality in the Field of Vision*. Verso: New Left Books: London (1986).

Footnotes:

- 1 Eliot 1
- 2 Rose 116
- 3 Cave ix
- 4 Cave ix
- 5 Cave, x
- 6 Ibid.
- 7 Ibid.
- 8 Ibid.
- 9 Eliot 20
- 10 Murphy 192
- 11 Cave xxvii
- 12 Eliot 10
- 13 Hyde 38
- 14 Gallagher 50
- 15 Murphy 204
- 16 Ablow
- 17 Mendelsohn 34
- 18 *Encyclopedia Britannica*
- 19 Mendelsohn 33
- 20 Wilson, Introduction
- 21 Wilson, Book 21
- 22 Mendelsohn 51

for causality and origin and never finding it – the painting ruptures. The hand – is it hers? Is it his? Is it its? In the middle of a leap of an eye lies the unresolvable material truth. Painting from the middle involves welcoming inscrutability for what it is. A viewer who starts to enjoy the limitations of her searching eye is in the middle of the work. This retreat of the eye is a middle focus. Scrutiny relaxes; maybe it becomes a gaze of longing, a searching for bodily warmth. Rather than resolve the incongruities of a turbulent work, this viewer enters into them. The hand is everyone's and no-one's.

The middle is a thick, painterly vision. An intersubjective, dynamic and entangled vision which places high stake bets on the subject, painter, and viewer within the scene of painting. A vision built on an erotic and economic analysis which then bounces out of the loop, screws up the exchange. A way of looking that gives, takes, receives. If creativity is a gift, it leaves a bitter aftertaste. This is the vision: heirloom becomes cash becomes gift becomes pallor becomes debt becomes redemption becomes illumination becomes ignorance becomes shadow becomes warmth becomes knowledge becomes poison becomes repetition becomes the beginning.



Georges de La Tour, *The Cheat with the Ace of Clubs*
Oil on canvas, c. 1650–54
97.8 x 106.2 cm
Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, Texas, USA

If Only to Kill Time

Chalk on cobbles. 900 x 200 cm. Bauhaus Museum, Weimar, Germany.
2015.

If only to kill time was an intervention at the entrance of the Bauhaus Museum Weimar. With the help of Saman Pourisa I painted one of the many textiles, done by female students of the Bauhaus in the 20's. The title refers to the words spread by Oskar Schlemmer, artist and professor of the Bauhaus: "Where there is wool, there is a woman who weaves, if only to kill time." During these years just a few women were allowed to take part in workshops other than textile. The avant-garde leaders developed progressive ideas in relation to art, design and architecture but still they happened to be strongly conservative towards the role of women in society. Almost a hundred years after, the production of the weaving workshop was not displayed in the museum, instead, they were kept in a storage room.

Julieta Ortiz de Latierro



Georges de La Tour, The Dice Players
Oil on canvas, 1650-55
92.5 x 130.5 cm
Preston Park Museum & Grounds, Stockton-on-Tees, UK



Boze Vrouw

Sinds kort ben ik een boze vrouw geworden. Ik heb het mijn leven tot nu toe behendig weten te ontwijken, maar ik ben ingehaald. Ik wist dat ik een boze vrouw was geworden de dag dat ik een fiets stal van een man die het had verdiend.

Ik *ben* al lang geen gekwelde Disney prinses meer
Ik *heb* geen mooi verdriet
Ik *ben* de medusa en als je nog eens in m’n ogen kijkt
Als je durft
haha

Het is oncomfortabel om een boze vrouw te zijn, al helemaal om het op te schrijven. Het opschrijven voelt kwetsbaar, terwijl het punt van woede juist is om je niet kwetsbaar te voelen, maar strijdbaar. Als het aan mij lag, dan legde ik mij liever geheel toe aan nieuwsgierigheid en verwondering, zoals een kind, of een man.

De dag dat ik wist dat ik een boze vrouw was geworden, leerde ik over een kunstenaar die in het college ook wel grappend de bijnaam ‘fietsendief’ kreeg, omdat hij het beeld stal van een Marlboro reclame. Als ik ergens fervent in geloof dan is het wel toeval, en ik vond dit een mooi toeval. De fietsendief (Richard Prince, niet ik) had door het stelen van het beeld de context veranderd, en hiermee de betekenis gezocht, de illusie van de Amerikaanse droom blootgelegd. Louise Lawler maakte een foto van een Pollock, maar in plaats van de context te veranderen hoefde zij slechts de context te tonen om de betekenis te zoeken. De context; een bourgeoises woonkamer, porselein voor het schilderij van Pollock. Het mythische schilderij leek op de foto van Lawler ontmaskerd, de uiteindelijke betekenis gestript tot een investering van een snobistisch kunstcircuit. De fietsendief (ik, niet Richard Prince) juichte hardop achter de computer.

In ***Semiotics of the Kitchen*** speelt, of is, Martha Rosler de boze vrouw. En net als bij het werk van Lawler krijg ik zin om ervan te juichen. Rosler toont op de meest droge maar tegelijk venijnige wijze op alfabetische volgorde verschillende keukenmaterialen aan de camera. Maar in plaats van de gebruikelijke ingekerfde glimlach van een keukenprogramma host, kijkt ze de kijker aan met een stalen gezicht. De bewegingen die ze maakt met de voorwerpen zijn vreemd, onpraktische en ogen vaak gewelddadig; het mes maakt geen beheerste snijbeweging, maar starre steek bewegingen in de lucht, met de soeplepel gooit ze de denkbeeldige soep mechanisch en doelbewust over haar schouder. Het is haar lichaamstaal die zich verzet tegen de maatschappelijk verwachte huishoudelijke rol van de vrouw. Ik krijg zin om te juichen omdat het een bevrijdende zucht door mijn lichaam doet vloeien. Een verstikkend verwachtingspatroon wordt voor een moment onschadelijk gemaakt met humor. Ik lach.

Maar de verstikkende verwachtingspatronen hadden zijn sporen lang en breed achter gelaten in de (kunst)geschiedenis. Why Have There Been No Great Woman Artists? Linda Nochlin vergelijkt de vraag met het afvragen waarom er geen bekende Litouwse Jazz pianisten zijn, of Eskimo tennissers. Context. Het is de context die mogelijkheden schept of ontnemt. Het heeft niets met het potentiële tennistalent van Inuits te maken, Litouwse muzikanten, vrouwelijke kunstenaars. *‘In actuality, as we all know, things as they are and as they have been, in the arts and in hundreds of other areas, are stultifying, oppressive, and discouraging to all those, woman among them, who did not have the good fortune to be born white, preferably middle class and, above all, male.’* (Nochlin)

Woede is een reactie op onrechtvaardigheid, verdrietig ben je als je pijn hebt, woede claim je als je weet dat je beter verdiend. Woede kan machteloos voelen, maar maakt ook machtig, uit woede groeit een transformatiedrift. Het is niet voor niets dat woede niet wordt geaccepteerd van vrouwen,

of andere mensen in de marges. De boze vrouw wordt verguisd omdat ze gevaarlijk is, omdat ze opkomt voor zichzelf.

Het is één ding om een boze vrouw te zijn, het is een ander ding om er openlijk voor uit te komen, of dit door je werk te laten spreken. En aangezien ik pas recent weet dat ik een boze vrouw ben, is het nog geen bewust onderdeel van mijn praktijk geweest. Misschien onbewust. Maar het lijkt me geforceerd om achteraf een feministische lezing te maken van het werk van een boze fietsendief. Liever trek ik een parallel tussen het ecologische en het feministische;

‘Putting something called Nature on a pedestal and admiring it from afar does for the environment what patriarchy does for the figure of Woman. It is a paradoxical act of sadistic admiration.’ (Morton, *Ecology Without Nature*, 2009)

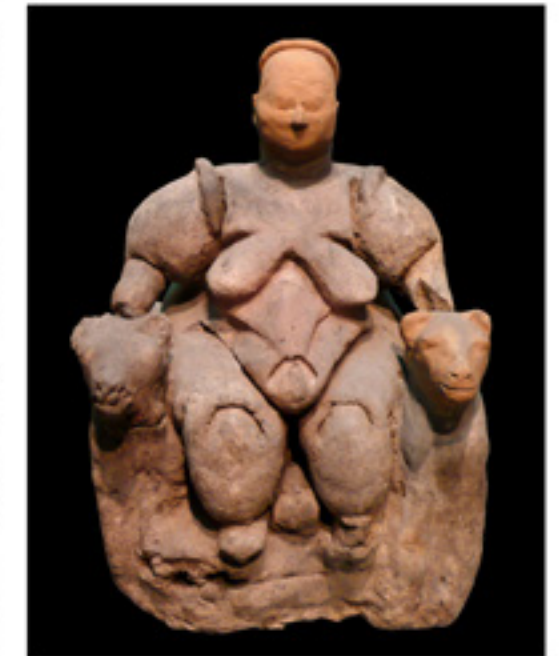
De paradoxale sadistische admiratie van ‘vrouw’ en ‘natuur’ hebben alles te maken met objectificatie, die, zelfs wanneer deze verborgen is in bewondering, schadelijk is. Om elkaar, mensen én niet-mensen, op gelijkwaardigere voet te ontmoeten is een ecologische benadering nodig, waarin er geen ruimte meer is voor het menselijk en patriarchaal superioriteitscomplex. Waar ik me in mijn werk vooral heb bezig gehouden met het onderzoeken van de verwrongen relaties tussen mensen en niet-menselijke organismen, en niet zo zeer direct met feminisme, zie ik nu ik dat het twee kanten van dezelfde medaille zijn. Een glimmende medaille voor de objecten, omgehangen door de subjecten. Best onschadelijk te maken met een dosis grimmige humor.



Penelope, in Greek Mythology: during her husband's long absence after the [Trojan War](#), many chieftains of [Ithaca](#) and nearby islands become her suitors. To spare herself their importunities she insists that they wait until she has woven a shroud for Laertes, father of Odysseus. Every night for three years, until one of her maids reveals the secret, she unravels the piece that she has woven by day so that she will not have to give up hope for the return of her beloved husband and remarry. When at length Odysseus does return, she makes him prove his identity and finally accepts him.

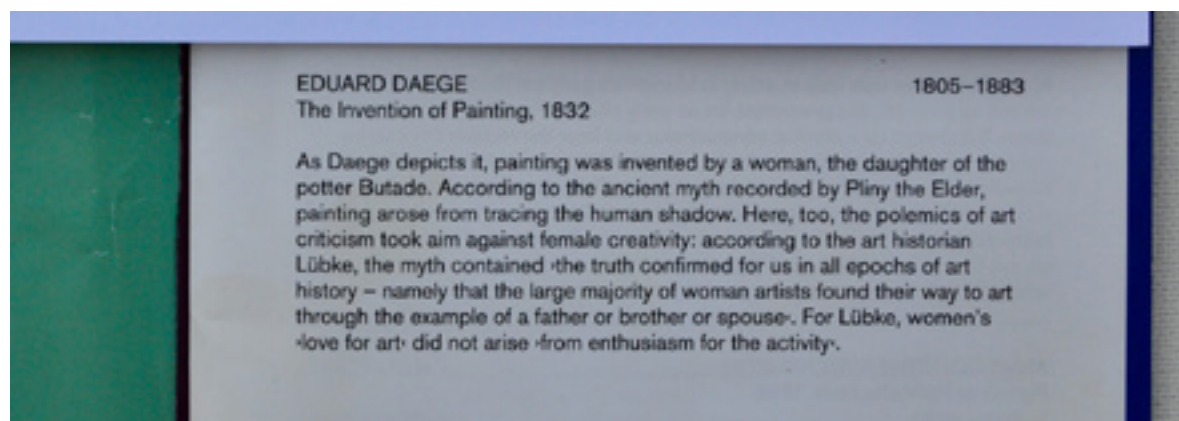
Both Sides of the Coin

Linda Nochlin's widely covered essay offers an alternative look to art history and many of the most renowned artists' personal lives. In its 50th year, it is still considered to be as a canon by many reviews. Many artists are still accustomed to epic artistic genius stories in a pastoral setting from previous centuries mentioned in Nochlin's essay. However, unlike patriarchy that has been reigning over for centuries, the matriarchal cult was observed in the primordial form in first-ever arising social structures around the 6th millennium BC^[1]. But sexism had made women been subjected to exploitation for so long that it was forgotten and suppressed in many ways since the archaic age through recent times. Be it slavery, prostitution, or witchcraft, with stereotypical attributes of gender-based discrimination, in case of any dispute coming from women to authority, they were imposed to and accused with those that has been passed down



for centuries, from generation to generation to keep status quo as it is. On the other hand, from the masculine spectator's viewpoint, while idealistic woman body were confined within the notion of beauty and norms, Olympia painting is accepted to be as a turning point which made a great fuss on the usual customs of the art world with the symbolism and elements of class-related features that Manet used. Whereas in the same era, orientalist Harem paintings were just a part of the excitement and pleasure exchange. After

centuries of being constructed by society, our minds are still likely to be highly polarized between the walls of the binary world (male - female, us - them, high - low), and it goes on like a game of ping pong. This drama is entirely valid for creating a dialogue between the two planes, but eventually generates



a static energy that depletes each side. Thankfully, we are getting closer to a non-binary society for a few decades. Women liberation movement does not only empowered LGBTQIA+ communities but the movement per se was supported by them. Therefore, a non-homogeneous social structure offers a great deal of diversity on re-thinking the notion of art practices as well. As Alain de Botton suggests a functional framework to art in his book "Art as Therapy", art & design-related socially responsible projects, can offer tangible opportunities for people in dire needs.

From an empirical context, by the nature of expanding consciousness through knowledge, while male artists and historians acquired know-how, potential women artists must have probably been busy with carrying out gender-based social roles such as raising kids, taking care of home etc. Quoting from Gerda Lerner, *"Women are essential and central to creating society; they are and always have been actors and agents in history. Women have 'made history,' yet they have been kept from knowing their history and from interpreting history, either their own or that of men. Women have been systematically excluded from the enterprise of creating symbol systems, philosophies, science, and law. Women have not only been educationally deprived throughout historical time in every known society, they have been excluded from theory-formation"*^[2] Women have been dictated by restrictions even in the 19th century. Artist Marie Bashkirtseff's diary gives us a clear depiction of her experience on the brink of modernity era *"What I long for is the freedom of going about alone, of coming and going, of sitting in the seats of the Tuileries, and especially in the Luxembourg, of stopping and looking at the artistic shops, of entering churches and museums, of walking about old streets at night; that's what I long for; and that's the freedom without which one cannot become a real artist. Do you imagine that I get much good from what I see, (...) , in order to go to the Louvre, I must wait for my carriage, my lady companion, my family?"*^[3]. In some cases, in order to have some degree of freedom, adapting masculinity related traits can be a part of daily practices. According to Nochlin, it can be partially discussed in Rosa Bonheur's case as freedom granted her by her father and due to change in the institutional regulations of her era. Kim Chernin refers to a body dysmorphia in her book "Hungry Self", featuring a masculine appearance adapted by the fashion industry at the beginning of the 80s with a "boyish look" that has been lurking in the female psyche as *"(...) it is just easier to clothe ourselves in a male attire that stands for*

privilege and power."^[4]

As Nochlin's text referred, mostly seen in previous centuries, artistic success was granted to male artists with ease, by having organic ties with the art institutions from their paternal relationship^[5]. But in present day, to be an artist, an institutional approval is not a necessity anymore since it includes different praxis than the former associations. As a practice of humankind, art is evolving as well as society. With the advent of technological devices, art and the entertainment embodied an industrialized function altogether. In most cases, many art school graduates are engaged in entertainment industry, excluding purists. Rather than having a household name, many artists make their living by working in the background, collaborating with set workers in the media sector, in front of computer screens or else partaking at events, and staging with their minds, souls and bodies; simply responding to a demand which is expected from them. Not to mention that the market economy is what drives these expectations with the information gathered from statistics, social tendencies, viral campaigns and big data networks. Also starting by 2020, most theaters and performance halls where people are offered -with a relatively more direct financial model by individual enterprises- to meet with art in the same space, were shut down because of the pandemic. However artistic installations and design projects can offer a credible alternative for linking local communities with art galleries apart from the industrial practices. Design Museum Gent features a great project in this sense of social responsibility for empowering local communities and women labour. Rather than having a direct creation of artwork by the artist, research project Pink Beasts by Fernando Laposse and Miami Design District, shows us how to disperse prosperity to local communities with an environmentally friendly and



socially responsible design. In the province of Yucatan Mexico, a natural red dye is produced by Cochineal insects to paint Agave fibers. Instead of using synthetic materials and dye; hammocks, hanging tassels and hairy sloth toys were manufactured for the Pink Beasts collection with the participation of the local community in the same region.

Moreover #artistsupportpledge campaign is also an example to support artists within their circles. *Artist Support Pledge is a not for profit company in support of artists and makers, founded by artist Matthew Burrows on the 16th March 2020 in response to the Global COVID-19 Pandemic.*^[6] as Matthew Burrows states in his own words. What the campaign simply offers is; when an artist sells an artwork, they spend their one fifth financial gain to be shared to support another artist.

In conclusion, the year of 2020 showed us that we might need to come up with new ideas and rules that have yet to be unwritten. Mainstream art history was viewed critically after Nochlin's rhetorically well-supported essay was published. Both our confinement within our cubes and national borders grew stronger because of the pandemic. Ironically, having heavily distanced physical lives, brought every one of us empathically closer to each other through the ambiguity of a way out.

Solidarity is important as it has never been.

[1] See Cybele

[2] Lerner, Gerda, *The Creation of Patriarchy*, p. 5

[3] Pollock, Griselda. *Modernity and Spaces of Femininity*

[4] Chemin, Kim. *Hungry Self*, p.36

[5] Nochlin, Linda, *Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?* p. 9

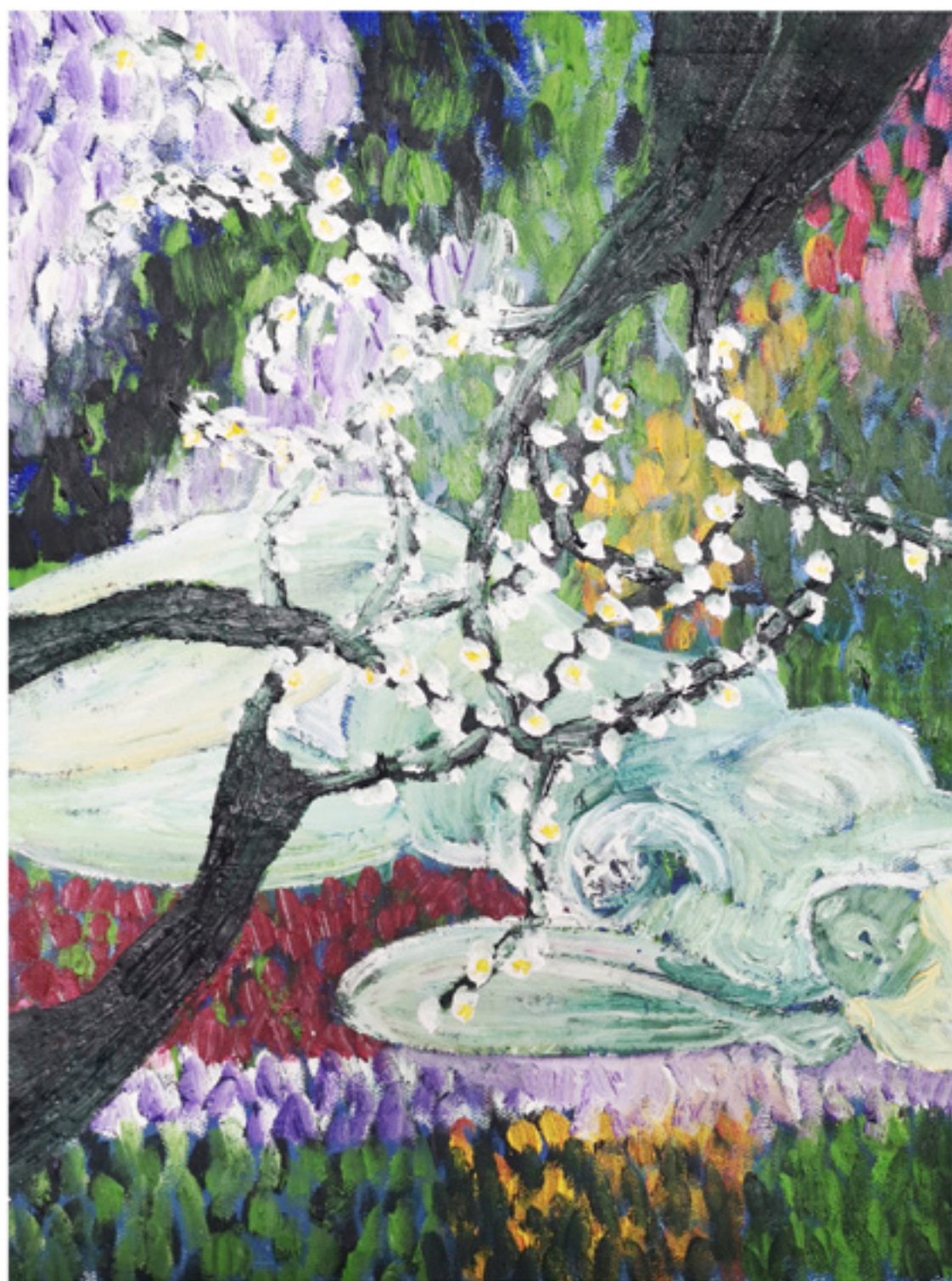
[6] See <https://artistsupportpledge.com/>



'Double Portraits' renders homage to Ana Mendieta's 1972 'Untitled (Facial Hair Transplants)' in which she activated a cultural conception of the body. By gluing her friend's beard onto her (female) face, she highlighted the fact that sexual classifications are social conventions that frame and overdetermine sexualities. By staging a mutant sexual identification, the artist problematized those classifications and disrupted the normative models of beauty by which society operates, differentiating between the feminine and the masculine. (Brooklyn Museum – Brooklyn, NY)









BOUQUET, FOR JULIETTE GRECO AND KENZO TAKADA 2020





Hello Everyone,

I am writing you as I am doing a survey around the artistic path of women in the current art world.

Since the beginning of my career, I faced many challenges related to my status as a female artist. From that, I seek to design a board game playfully approaching certain taboos in the art world. The game offers the opportunity to embrace the professional career of female artists and curators.

The game is an adaptation of the game “Career” created by James Cooke Brown in the United States after the Second World War. In short, in this game, players choose their winning formulas by dividing 60 points between three criteria: money, happiness and fame. For instance, I can decide to devote 30 points to money, 10 to fame and 20 to happiness. Careers are diverse: politics, business, showbiz, astronauts, farmers, sailors, etc. Each career brings you points of money, happiness and fame but some are more focus on money (as politics and business) whereas others will bring you more happiness (farmer, sailing) or fame (showbiz, astronauts). So depending on your original formula, you will tend to choose specifics careers to reach your goal.

I wish to adapt the game to the career of women in the art world. Careers will be divided between: artist, curator, gallerist, museum profession, lecturer, teacher (fine art/history of art), director of an alternatif art space, etc.

Besides, I aim to complexity the game by adding “ethics” in the winning formula. So gamers will have to divide their 60 points among: money, happiness, fame and also ethics. Finally, while money is the sole exchange tool in the original game, I wish to add “networking points” as a game currency.

In order to conceptualize the game, I am currently collecting testimonials from female artists, art historians, critics, gallery assistants and curators tracing their backgrounds in the art world and the obstacles they have faced so far. All testimonies will remain anonymous and only devoted to the conception of this game.

I thank you in advance for your help.

Olivia Hernaiz

Survey

Name: (optional)

Age:

Sexual orientation:

Work: yes / no – full time/part time For how long have you been working? Which area do you work in? Is it related to your artistic/curatorial/critic practice?

Artistic practice: which media?
Curator/historian/gallerist: which focus?

Studies: bachelor/master/ PHD?

Fine Art

Art history

Management

Communication

Autre :

Beginning of the artistic career: year

For Artists : gallery: yes / no, current/ past, when did the collaboration started? Is it a punctual collaboration or permanent one?

For Curators, Museum/Art Center: yes / no, current/ past, when did the collaboration started? Is it a punctual collaboration or permanent one?

For Art historian, do you work at a university? What is your status?

For gallerist, do you have a permanent position in a gallery? What are your tasks?

Exhibition as artists, curators in an institution (art centre, museums) or gallerist: yes / no, which and when?

For artists,

- partial production support from a foundation/a state: yes/no

- sales to collector : yes/no

Thanks for explaining in more details.

Sexism

Have you once been discouraged by an actor of the art world telling you that as a woman, you had less chance of succeeding? If so, what did he/she said and how did you react?

Have you ever heard sexist comments about your artistic/curatorial practice? (for instance, your work is very feminine, cute). By whom and how did you react?

Have you ever met people who were surprised that you were the author of the work/ curator of the exhibition as a woman? And why (your work/exhibition was considered too physical, ambitious, dangerous, etc.)?

Have you been invited to do/organize an exhibition “Women only”? Did you participate or not and, for what reasons?

Sexual harassment

Have you been sexually harassed by an actor in the art world? If so, can you describe the situation, the position of the actor towards you (curator, artist, curator, gallery owner, collector, journalist, etc.) and your reaction?

Have you ever been scared of an actor in the art world who threatened you physically or verbally? What was his position towards you and how did you react?

Have you ever been advised to use your charms to gain recognition in the art world? Can you explain the situation?

Sexual orientation

Have you hidden your sexual orientation to avoid stigma in the art world? Can you explain the situation?

Has your sexual orientation ever helped you to get recognition (exposure/work/curatorial practice) in the art world? Can you explain?

Women

Did you experience negative encounter with female actors in the art World (competition, parasitime, pro-masculine attitude, seduction) ?

Couple

Has your former/current partner ever prevented you from advancing in your professional career? If so, how and what was your reaction?

Does your former/current partner support you in your professional career? If yes, how (creatively, financially) and what was your reaction?

Maternity

Do you want to have children or do you reject the idea for professional / personal reasons? Can you explain your choice?

Do you have children? If so, how do you manage the situation with your job and your partner?

Have you hidden your pregnancy status as you were afraid to lose a job or an exhibition opportunity?

Have you missed professional opportunities being a mother? If so, can you describe one situation?

Confidentiality

Do you agree that your name is mentionned along with all the testimonies that helped buidling this game ?

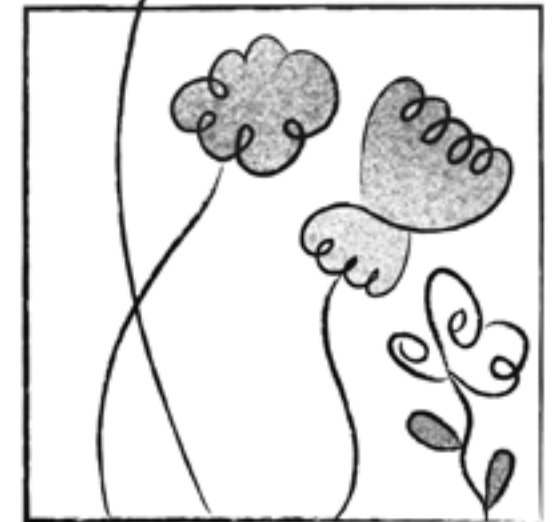
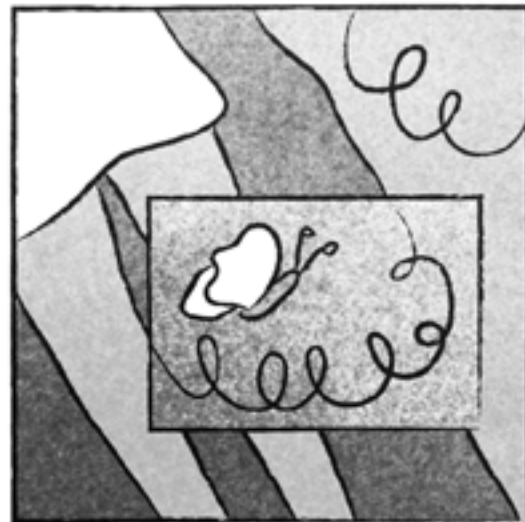
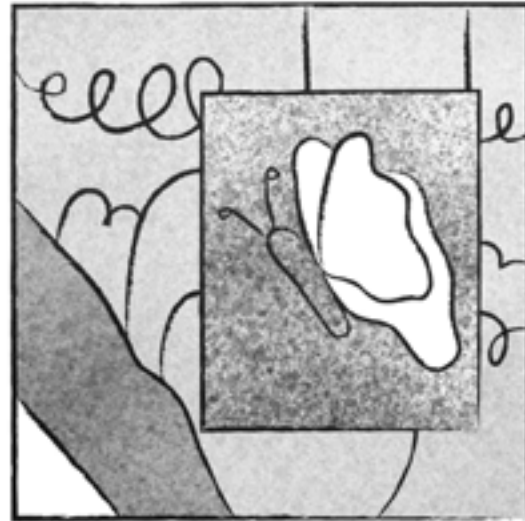
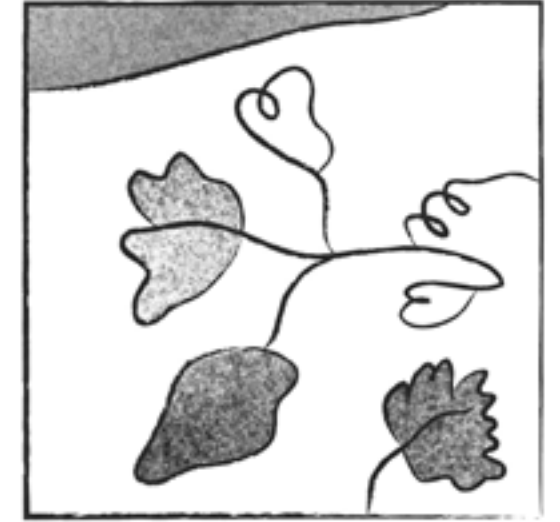
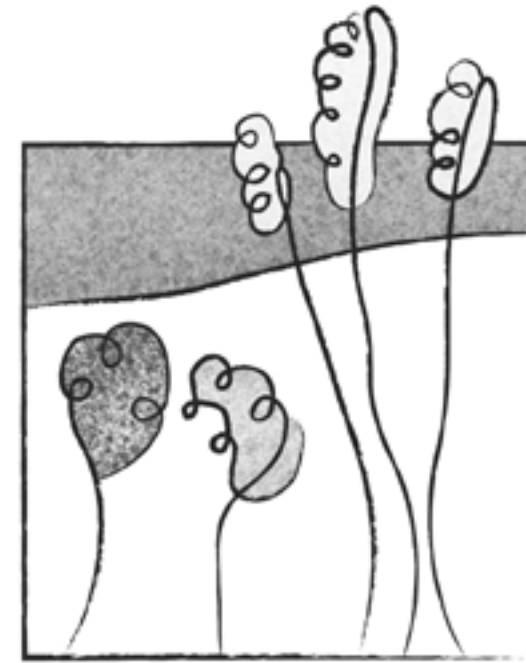
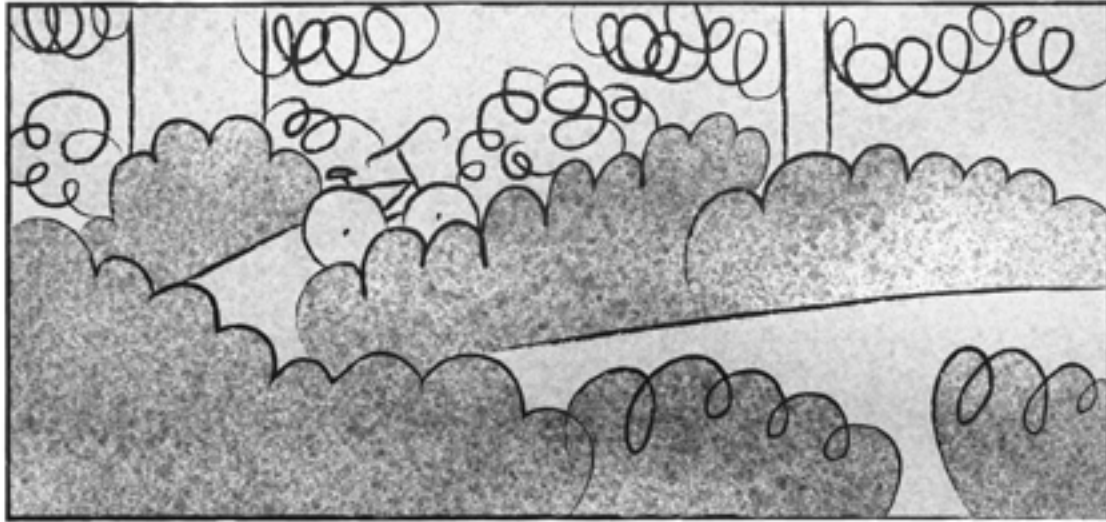
Commentary

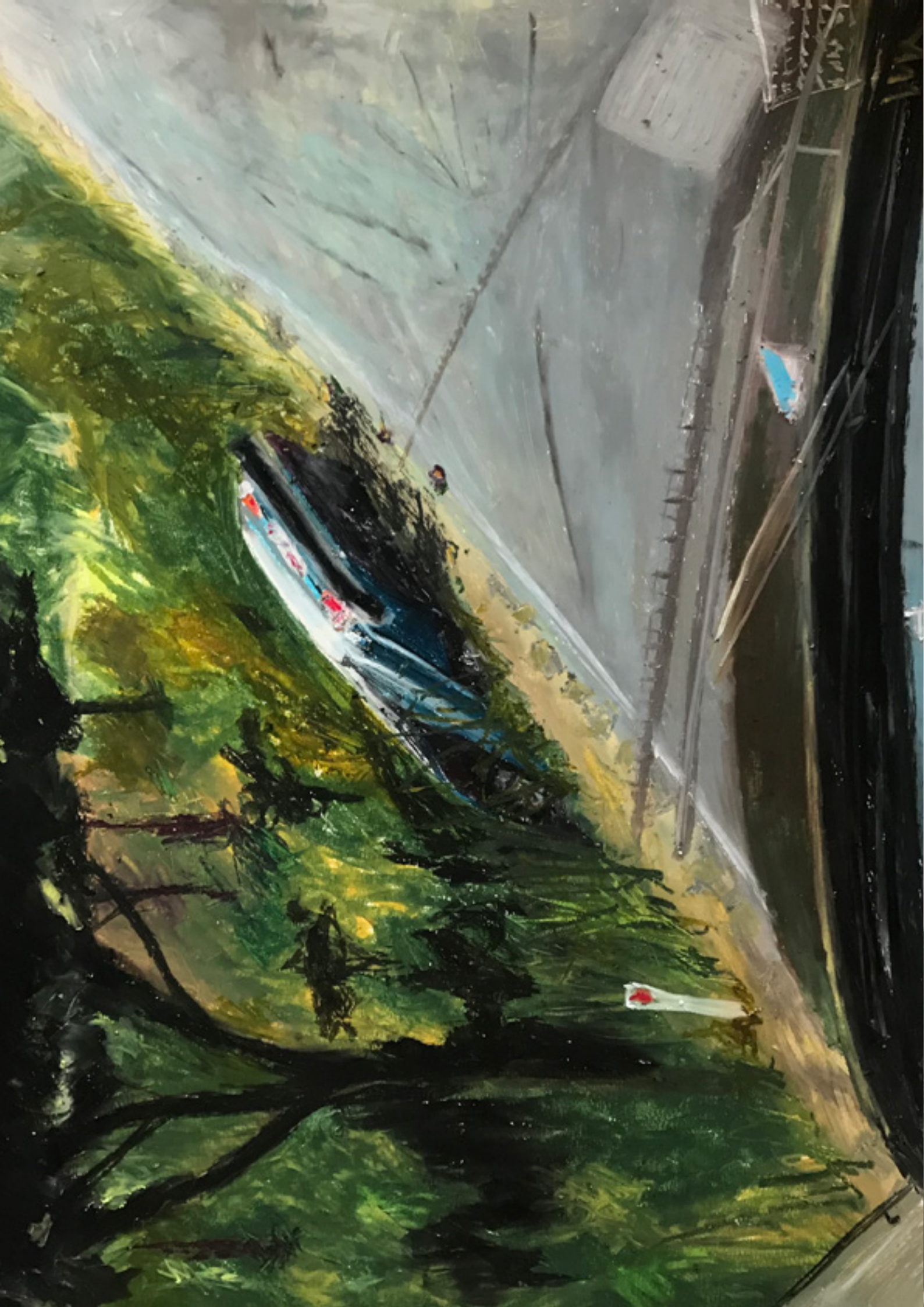
Any additional experiences as an artist, curator, gallerist, historian not described above that could enrich the game:

Any commentary about the survey:

Thanks to every one of you!

Olivia









THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A WOMAN ARTIST:

Working without the pressure of success.
 Not having to be in shows with men.
 Having an escape from the art world in your 4 free-lance jobs.
 Knowing your career might pick up after you're eighty.
 Being reassured that whatever kind of art you make it will be labeled feminine.
 Not being stuck in a tenured teaching position.
 Seeing your ideas live on in the work of others.
 Having the opportunity to choose between career and motherhood.
 Not having to choke on those big cigars or paint in Italian suits.
 Having more time to work after your mate dumps you for someone younger.
 Being included in revised versions of art history.
 Not having to undergo the embarrassment of being called a genius.
 Getting your picture in the art magazines wearing a gorilla suit.

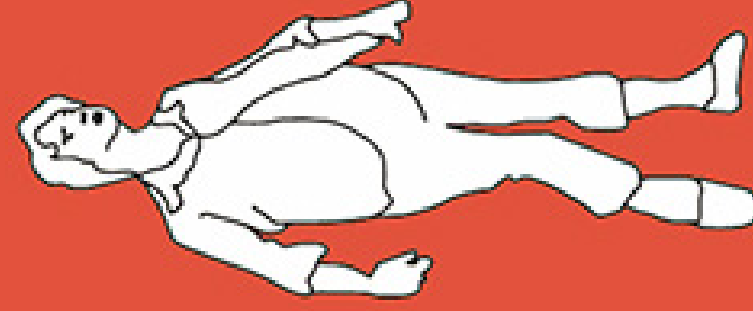
Please send \$ and comments to:
 Box 1056 Cooper Sta. NY, NY 10276

GUERRILLA GIRLS CONSCIENCE OF THE ART WORLD

pay taxes here



Artist



The patron you
were flirting with
at the after-party
buys your work.

Collect \$5000

Your ex-partner
sues you in court
claiming that you
stole all their
ideas... Lose 10

At 80 years old,
retrospective
at MUMA 12
... stroke,
go to hospital

Sell your
artwork to the
Giggounheim
Foundation...

Collect \$10.000

build your
network

Accused of
cultural
appropriation...

Lose ALL
your cash

The babysitter
lets you down.
You take your
kid to your
opening.... Lose 10

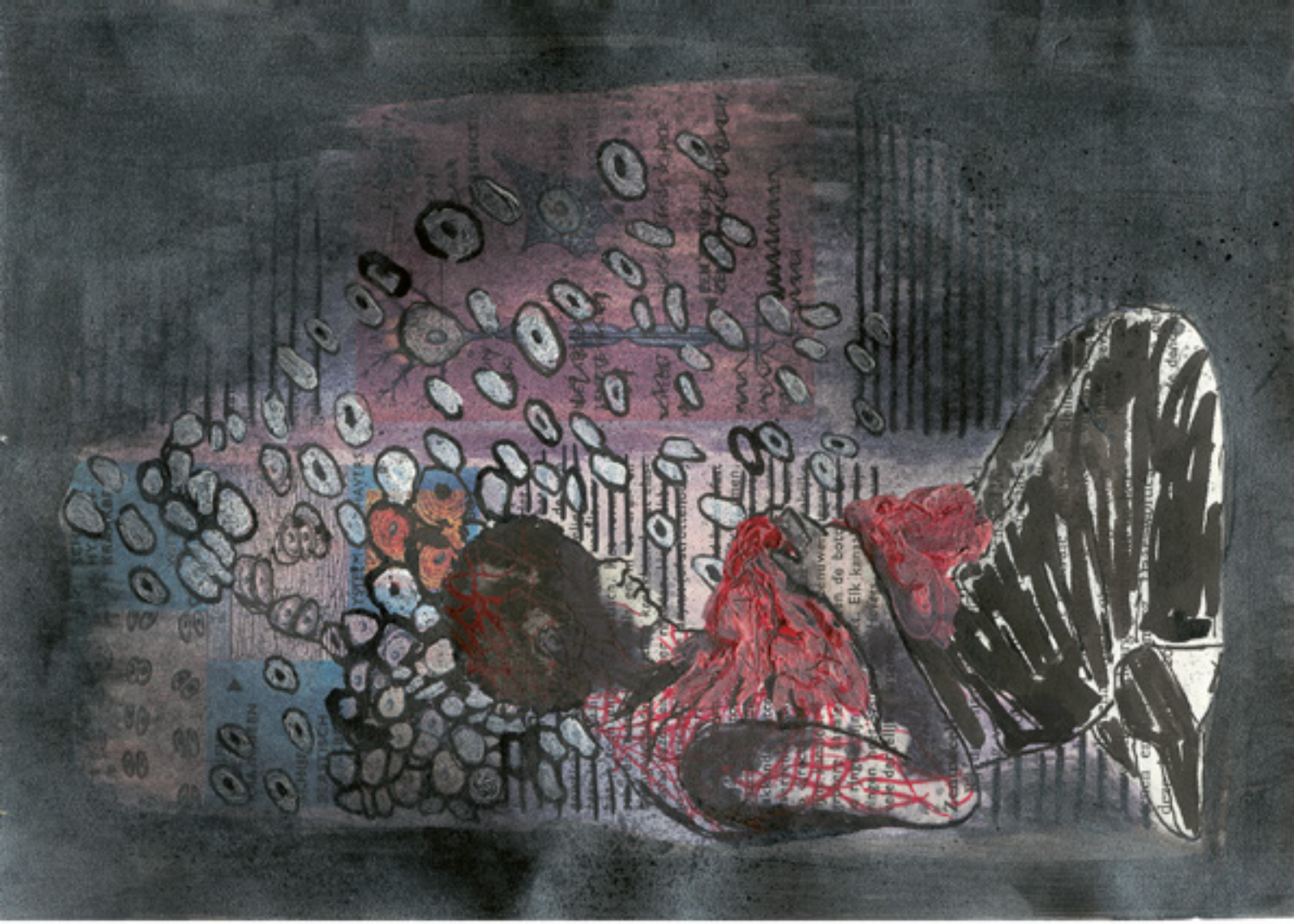
Succeed in
hiding your baby
bump from your
gallerist...

Get a 6
show! 4

Take part in a
"Women Only"
exhibition.

... and you stand
naked and shivering
before the millions of
eyes who look through
you unseeingly.

Hjalmar Eklund Invisible Man



Light confirms
my reality,
gives birth
to my form.



l'aube rouge

There is
 pause
 when the light
enters
 the room
wrapped in a peach-coloured coat
the smell of wood
 and
old moquette
hands roaming
helicopters circulate
whisk
and shy
hovering onto
 that blue
 mountain
 sky



Dag allen,

hierbij de tekstjes voor WEEK 1 —, ik maak er verder geen woorden aan vuil.

Veel leesplezier,
Lien

Een vrouw met grote borsten was haar blauw parkietje verloren onder de baan. Ze vroeg of ik hem niet gezien had. Ze had een doosje en een handdoek bij zich. (Ik keek ernaar en toen vielen mij haar grote borsten op.) Ik zei dat ik haar blauw parkietje jammer genoeg niet had gezien. ‘Patrick’, zei ze, ‘Hij heet Patrick.’ Patrick vond ik een vreemde naam voor een parkiet, maar Patrick was blauw, dus kon hij zo’n naam wel hebben, dacht ik. Ik wierp haar een verontschuldigende glimlach toe en probeerde de prominente borsten te negeren. Ik bedacht me dat blauwe Patrick gevangen zou worden met de handdoek, en dan in het doosje zou verdwijnen. Dat vond ik een erg triestig vooruitzicht. Of ze zou hem verstoppen tussen haar borsten, zodat hij het steeds warm zou hebben. Maar blauwe Patrick wilde uitbreken! Hij hoefde haar zachte handdoek en warme borsten niet! Hij koos voor de blauwe lucht! Ik knikte naar haar borsten en wandelde verder.

Ik heb mooie, ronde, bordeaux bollen die maar niet willen uitkomen. Ze staan in wat water op de keukentafel. Iedere dag knip ik een stukje van hun kontje en geef ik ze wat te drinken. Ook stop ik hun bolletje onder lauw water en streel hun huid, in de hoop dat er een velletje afkomt en ze naar buiten zullen komen. Maar ze blijven binnen. De bordeauxrode bollen geven zich niet prijs. Ze zijn koppig. Maar ik ook.

De laatste eitjes worden voor mijn ogen gejat door een oud vrouwtje. Zie ik daar een grijns op haar gezicht?! Twaalf eitjes neemt ze mee. Er blijft er nog ééntje over. Maar daar kan ik geen doosje mee vullen. Ze kan er toch 6 meenemen, zodat er ook nog 6 voor mij overblijven? Neen, eitje per eitje vult ze traag haar doosje. Bij ieder eitje loenst ze uit haar ooghoek naar mij. Ik staar naar het laatste overgebleven eitje. Ik pak het voorzichtig vast in mijn handpalm, loop er mee naar het oude vrouwtje en sla het stuk op haar kop. Ik grijns, loens en loop traag verder.

Dag allen,

hierbij de tekstjes voor WEEK 2 —, met vers gestreken woorden, lippen en wangen.

Veel leesplezier,
Lien

De geur van vers gestreken lakens. De geur van nog lichtjes vochtige lakens die worden gestreken, en de hete stoom die naar boven stuift. Ik passeerde een wasserette en ze kwam mij tegemoet. Plots stond ze voor mij. In haar lichtblauwe schort met verkreukelde handen. Haar ellenlange zwarte haren en haar verpletterende glimlach keken me aan. Ze wikkelde me in haar vers gestreken lakens, en vouwde er een ellenlange glimlach omheen. Ik stoomde lichtblauwe tranen.

FRANS: “Il buvait ses paroles.”
NEDERLANDS: “Hij hing aan zijn lippen.”

FRANS: “Il s’accrochait a ses mots.”
NEDERLANDS: “Hij dronk zijn woorden.”

Ik ga weer even in uw wangen duiken, als dat ok is?
Dat is ok.

[duikt in wangen, in stilte]
Weet je wat ik het liefst van al zou willen eten?
Euh, pannenkoeken?

Neen, pannenkoeken zijn ook lekker, maar er is nog iets anders. Het is wel een beetje luguber dus niet verschi-eten... Het kan ook niet echt, maar moest het kunnen dan zou ik het superlekker vinden. Jij kan er wel niet van mee-eten.

Hmm, wat is het dan?
[kijkt even op vanuit wangen, adempauze]
Jouw wangen, in een sausje. Zoals vol-au-vent maar in plaats van varkenswangetjes zijn het dan jouw wangetjes die in dat sausje liggen. Liefst ook met frietjes en veel mayonaise erbij.

400-234-5678

JE PEUX PAS CONSTAMMENT ME PLAINDRE

Mijn armen zijn schoorstenen, we hebben er twee, mijn benen de oprit voor wie op me rijdt, mijn buik is de living, mijn navel het raam, mijn hoofd staat er zinloos wat op.

Mijn lippen gordijnen, steeds open en dicht, mijn schouders het dak en mijn nek nog een toren, mijn borsten balkon voor wie 's nachts dan zal zingen, mijn tepels de bloemen errond.

En tussen mijn benen de deuren naar binnen, gesloten, met duizenden sloten erop, zodat niemand, en niets, nog binnen geraakt, zelfs ik niet, die er woont, zelfs jij niet, die het koopt, zelfs niet wie er vroeger dacht welkom te zijn.

En zo dus, het huis, waar niemand nog leeft, waar alles nog staat waar het stond. Waar koelkasten dagelijks rotter nog rotten, en zetels verstoffen, waar lakens geen leven ververst.

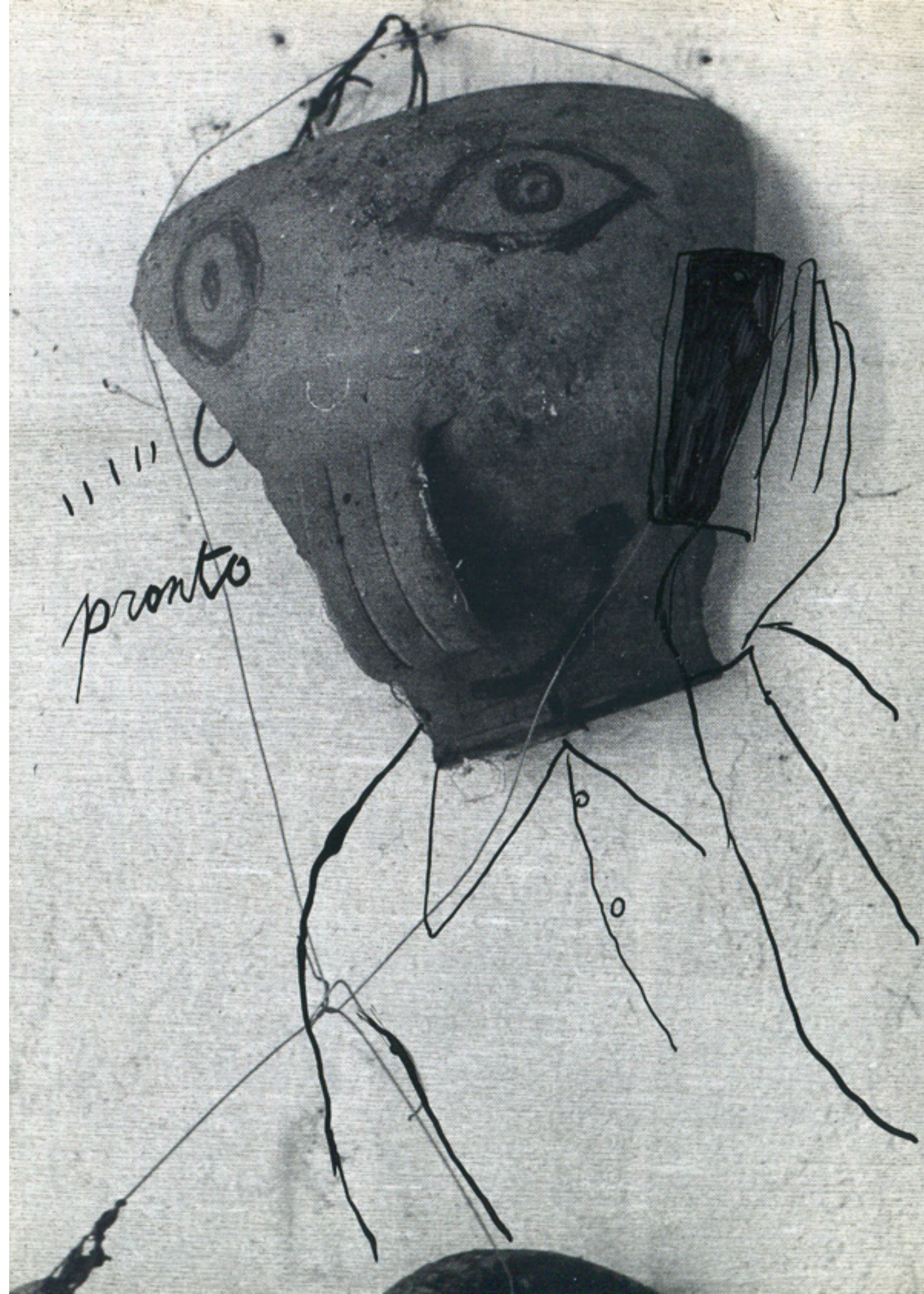
Ik heb niets meer dan de herinnering aan rook die tegen licht aan lichter was, en minder rook, de lijnen van je rimpels.

Ik heb niets meer dan de herinnering aan armen, aan roze pyjama's met ribbels en lijnen, aan zacht tegen de huid van voor altijd omhelzend tot het banger zijn wat warmer werd.

Ik heb niets meer dan de herinnering aan kamers waar je stond te koken, en ik te eten, waar je zei dat ik groter werd zoals vanuit mijn ogen alles kleiner werd, en dat dan groeien heet.

Ik heb niets meer dan de herinnering aan warmte, het laken dat je op me legt, de wind die buiten luider waait, je hand die niet verdwijnt zoals alles wel verdwijnt.

Je hebt bergen te beklimmen die niet buiten zijn maar binnen, die niet rotsen zijn maar huid, die elke dag van vorm veranderen. Soms zijn ze rood als goudvissen, glad en zacht, soms ruw als herfstbladeren, krakend kreunend verkleurend en dan pas gevallen (met luid, luid gezucht). (eet me maar, eet me maar op, neem me maar mee, breng me maar weg naar waar je me wilt).





PRONTO



MARBA



pronto

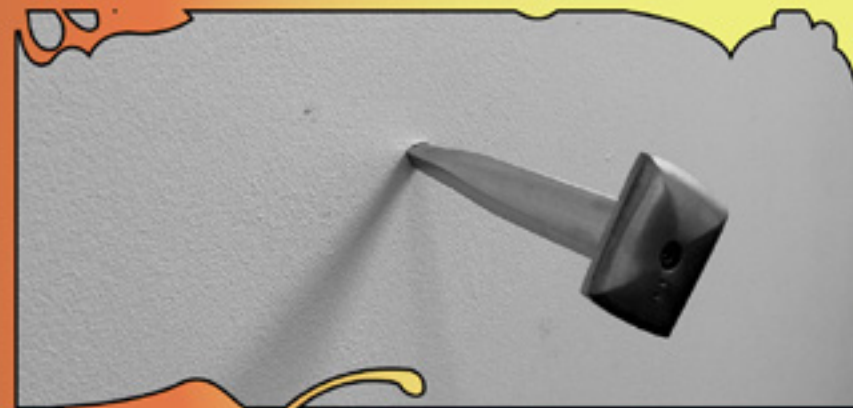




SOLIDARITY FUNDRAISER

Shigeo Arikawa + Josefin Arnell + Mehraneh Atashi + Mercedes Azpilicueta + Marcel van den Berg + Catherine Biocca + Inez de Brauw + Sander Breure & Witte van Hulzen + Tim Breukers + Felix Burger + Ruta Butkute + Gaëlle Choisne + Jude Crilly + Koen Doodeman + Jonathan van Doornum + Alex Farrar + Becket Flannery + Marije Gertenbach + Ceel Mogami DeHaas + Margaret Haines + Tamar Harpaz + Takeshi Ikeda + Pauline Curnier Jardin + Frederique Jonker + Sonia Kacem + Sam Keogh + Joost Krijnen + Aimée Zito Lema + Arvo Leo + Mauricio Limón de León + Jenny Lindblom + Ana Maria Gómez López + Inge Meijer + Christine Moldrickx + Katja Novitskova + Funda Gül Öczan + Naimé Perrette + Josse Pyl + Janis Rafailidou + Evelina Rajca + Lisa Reitmeier + Noah Ryu + Floris Schönfeld + Caterina Silva + Eva Spierenburg + Joscha Steffens + Nora Turato + Kubilay Mert Ural + Adam Ulbert + Wouter Venema + Rutger de Vries + Smi Vukovic + Tchelet Weisstub + Riet Wijnen + Geo Wyeth + Müge Yilmaz + Marieke Zwart

08.MARCH.2021 WWW.F-RALLZOR.COM



SOLIDARITY FUNDRAISER



08.MARCH.2021
WWW.F-RALLZOR.COM

Contributors to this issue in order of appearance:

Alkaterini Gegisian, *Mother, A Small Guide to the Invisible Seas (The Sea of Passions, 8)*, collage on paper, 35x25cm, 2015

Ségolène Bellon, *Mulissat Kangia*, digital print, 21x29,7cm

Delphine Bedel, *Silence is Broken*, 2020 - 3pg

Isabella Theys, *The clinical therapist*, oil on canvas, 100x100cm, 2020

Émilie Mallard, *Les corps incorruptibles*, 2019 - 2pg

Sine Özbilge, *The Uerine Cyber Parturition*, s.d.

Megan-Leigh Heilig, *I Said No I (Alexa)*, digital print on archival paper with Dibond mounting, 88,88x57,9 cm, 2020; *I Said No II (Vita Nova)*, digital print on archival paper with Dibond mounting, 121,92x81,28 cm, 2020 - 2pg

Ludwig Vandenberg, *Sad Waters*, acrylic on watercolor paper, 14,8x21cm, 2021

Shervin/e Sheikh Rezaei, *It's early in the morning and I'm in pain*, drawing on paper, 2021

Els Roelandt, *Whitney Chadwick, Women Artists and the Politics of Representation, in Feminist Art Criticism, An Anthology*, Icon Editions, New York, 1991, digital photo, 2021 - 2pg

Perri MacKenzie, *The Stakes are a Thick Vision*, 2020 - 8pg

Julieta Ortiz De Latierro, *If Only to Kill Time, chalk on cobbles*, 900x200 cm, Bauhaus Museum, Weimar, Germany, 2015

Maria Stuut, *Baze Vrouw*, 2020 - 2pg

Christine Clinckx, *RENELORE*, video still, 2004

Perri MacKenzie, *Dear Diary*, oil on canvas, 80x100 cm, 2020

Kaat Van Doren, *Research Tables*, mixed media, 2020

Esin Güler, *Both Sides of the Coin*, s.d.

Tom Bogaert, *Double Portraits*, video still and video, 2005 - ongoing

Pei-Nsuan Wang, *Sounds of Love*, graphite on paper, 8,25x11,75 cm, 2020

Amelie Karweick, *Vague*, 2017

Laura Tack, *Women in Spring III*, oil on canvas, 40x30cm, 2020

Leen Galle, *Great Aunt Ate the Wolf*, acrylic on canvas, 88x120cm, sd.

Martine Laquiere, *Bouquet, for Juliette Gréco and Kenzo Takada*, Vahnemühle paper, 70x100cm, 2020

Joke De Peever, Vleeshoop, 135x180 cm, oil and acrylpaint, pearls, yarn, cardboard, glitter and silicone on canvas, 2020

Léonore Bienert, *Period Hoobs*, oil on MDF, 22x22cm, 2020

Olivia Hernaiz, *Career Survey for Women*, 2020 - 5pg

Natiye Garip, *Une journée au parc / A day at the park, digital tools*, 21x29,7 cm, July 15, 2020 - 2pg

Nse Popelier, *The Rocks*, oil pastels on paper, 73x55cm, 2020

Jnes Claus, *Sesame and wine*—from the *EUROTYLLIONS* Drawing series, acrylic and ink on paper marouflé on canvas, 38x55cm, 2020

Melissa Ryke, *Fluid*, installation, stereo sound, wires, hooks, perspex screen, projector, 2015

Pemo Park, *Vaimoni*, digital print on sticker, digital print on foam-board, s.d.

Anna Schlooz, *About Being*, digital photo, 2020

Loë De Bock, *De Lat*, 2020

Melena De Preester, *Untitled*, digital photo, Barcelona, 2019

Olivia Hernaiz, *Art & My Career*(det.), 2020

Daniella Géo, *Who ordered Marielle Franco's murder?*, 2021

Anonymous, *Libération* 13–14 juin 2020, digital photo, 2021

Patricia Kaersenhout, *Invisible Men*, detail from the publication *Invisible Men, Work on Paper* by Patricia Kaersenhout, *Eindeloos Publishers, The Hague*, 2007, 2021 - 2pg

Marjolein Guldentops, *L'aube rouge*, s.d.

Nele Tas, *Dienbladportret (beschrijving: zelfportret plus banaan)*, oil on canvas, 25x38cm, 2020, photo: Tomas Wyltendaele.

Lien Van Leemput, *Briefnieuws, WEEK 1- Ik maak er verder geen woorden meer aan vuil*, and *WEEK 2- Met vers gestreken woorden, lippen en wangen*, s.d. - 2pg

Sandrine Morgante, *Mélatonine - de l'aide* and *Mélatonin Bura - me plaindre*, both from *Mélatonin serie*, *A4*, graphite and marker on photocopy, 2020 - 2pg

Lisa Gautama, *untitled*, 2021

Posture Editions, *Pronto Picasso*, offset, woodprint, collage, gouache, East Indian ink on paper, 21x29cm, 2017 - 4pg

Sofie Deckers, *Mezierreis*, photo collage, 41x59 cm, December 2019

F-Razzor, *Solidarity Fundraiser*, posters, 2021 - 2pg

Colophon

KIOSK's *LINDA NOCHLIN FANLINE*
Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?
Issue 1

50 years ago, in January 1971, Linda Nochlin's essay *Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?* was published in *ArtNews* magazine.

Few art historians have been as influential, prolific and radical as Nochlin who, between 1980 and 2017, wrote seventeen books and countless articles in which she socially and historically examined, commented on and argued for equality for women in the arts. To mark the 50th anniversary of the essay, KIOSK aims to contextualise Nochlin's work and that of artists and writers, activists or designers who identify as women, in the creation of a set of 4 *FANLINES*.

KIOSK's *LINDA NOCHLIN FANLINE* is published online on Kiosk.art in a pdf that can be printed at home.

Future contributions can be sent to kiosk@hogent.be or by regular mail to: KIOSK, *LINDA NOCHLIN FANLINE*, Louis Pasteurlaan 2, 9000 Ghent, Belgium. All textual or visual contributions in the form of essays, poems, or visual art forms such as drawings, moving image, photographs etc. are welcome. The contributions can be signed, anonymous or under a pseudonym. Next deadline: April 14th 2021

Editorial team: Els Roelandt, Simon Delobel and Louise Souvage

Thanks to: the artists, contributors and Lien Van Leemput

Published by KIOSK, Ghent, 8 March 2021

Copyright: Kiosk, the artists and contributors. All textual contributions are added without prior editing by the editorial board.

Font: CirrusCumulus by Clara Sambot (downloaded from <https://www.design-research.be/by-womxn/>).