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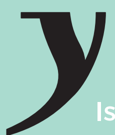
An undergraduate feminist art publication

Une revue étudiante d'art féministe



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Yiara was an indigenous mythological Brazilian Queen, legendarily beautiful, but also a mighty warrior. She thus embodies many different issues of interest to feminist art history: sexuality, power and racial and cultural identity.

Yiara est une reine indigène brésilienne mythique dont la beauté est aussi légendaire que les talents de guerrière. Elle incarne de ce fait un ensemble de facettes se trouvant au croisement de l'histoire de l'art et du féminisme : sexualité, pouvoir et identité culturelle.

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Letter from the editor

In 1986, Marie Shear, riding the briny toss of second-wave feminism, famously proclaimed that "feminism is the radical notion that women are people." The first time I ever experienced this quote was not in a book, or a journal, or even a pamphlet. No, the first time I read those words, they were emblazoned on a classmate's t-shirt—lame, I know. Still, I was instantly taken by the directness of Shear's statement (whose name, of course, I did not yet know). "Yes!" I thought. "That's exactly what it's all about!" For a long time, I held those words close as a quick and concise answer for anyone who asked for my opinion on feminism. Like a mantra, it consoled me against the snide comments of those who thought that feminists were ugly, angry creatures and helped me convince friends and family who were wary to associate with the F word. "See," I'd insist. "We're not threatening. It's all about equality. Don't *you* think women and men should be equal?"

But one day, in the midst of a heated art history class, I realized that Shear's witty sentence wasn't the be-all and end-all of feminism. Yes, gender parity is a great thing to strive towards, and yes this was once a revolutionary idea...but is feminism really only about equality, only about women? Surely not. It dawned on me then that my constant wielding of Shear's quote stemmed from my desire to encapsulate, to tame, to justify my beliefs in feminism so that others wouldn't think me a raging man-hater.

But why shouldn't I be angry when I peer into the art historical past only to find an overwhelming under-representation of female artists, collectors and thinkers; to find that elaborate tapestries, baskets, and quilts are cloaked in anonymity? How can I not cringe as I rewatch Warner Brothers' *Thumbelina* or my favourite episodes of *Star Trek*? More importantly, how can I ignore the staggering amount of Indigenous women still missing in Canada today? Yet, in the face of all these realities, I also know that indignation isn't enough—it's just the ignition.

Over time, I stopped trying to formulate abridged definitions of feminism. I learned to see that the movement's wonder lies in the fact that it is a wriggling snake, impossible to pin down, constantly branching off in different directions; irritable to all who fear its power and kind to those who make the daring effort to understand it. Feminism is a controversial idea that is not easily defined even by those who subscribe to it and that *bothers* people—it really irks them. Why? Because how can you knock something down when it keeps transforming and dodging blows, when it is still extraordinarily relevant to the world we live in?

Nowadays, those of us who are lucky to live in open-minded places like Montreal can be proud that feminism has become strong enough to swim in the mainstream—the endless trail of Shear quote shirts and "We can do it!" memes attests to this. But we must also be extremely wary of the distillations that occur when 'radical notions' become t-shirt selling tactics. The golden balance to strike is to promote feminism in every way, shape and form without diffusing it for the sake of popularity.

This issue of Yiara, as well as those that came before, is about maintaining an inclusive discussion that is open to all conceptions of feminism. This magazine is shaped by our wonderful contributors, the tremendous efforts of our team, and the valuable support of our funders. Of course, this labour of love is dedicated to all those who believe that feminism is so much more than the sum of its parts.

Thanks for reading!

Stéphanie Hornstein
Editor-in-Chief
March, 2015

How has Feminism Informed my Art Historical Practice?

Dr. Eric Weichel
Faculty contributor
Concordia University

My first experience of feminist theory and art history came in 2001, as a first-year undergraduate in English at Nipissing University. The studio classes were all full, so I took an art history course as an elective. At that time, J.W Waterhouse's *The Lady of Shalott* (1888) was (and still in some ways is) my favourite painting: I knew almost nothing of the Pre-Raphaelites, but had loved the work as much for its shimmer of grey water as for the loveliness of its flame-haired maiden. In my parents' house in Northern Ontario, the image was a controversial one: I bought a big poster of the painting at a university poster sale, and my mother's religious scruples led her to put butterfly stickers over the crucifix and its guttering flame.

At that time in my life, the realism of the scene was a wonderful inspiration: its believability, and yet at the same time its evocation of a beautiful, sensual, mysterious world of the past, stimulated my interest in art history. Waterhouse pursued a near archaeological rigour in his study of medieval material culture, and I just loved how easily you could "jump" into the painting. *The Lady of Shalott* represented all the romance of late 19th-century British history painting and, perhaps through that even, the entire tradition of European history painting itself, which at the time I only dimly glimpsed. I'd assumed all art historians were also lovers of my own standard of beauty, and thought that feminist art historians would also love the work.

Reading feminist critiques of the motif of the Lady of Shalott, and of representations of gender, sexuality and ideal beauty in Pre-Raphaelite painting, have certainly changed my opinion on Waterhouse's famous piece. I am now certainly far more wary of the image, of how its referential literary text by Tennyson can be read as discourse that reflects Victorian social obsessions with patriarchal control, female death and unfulfilled female sexuality (the latter an almost necrophilic device of scopophilia, right?). I now read Millais' *Mariana* (1851), Collier's *Lady Godiva* (1898), and Dicksee's *La Belle Dame sans Merci* (1901), all personal teenage favourites, through a critical lens informed by feminism: what do these paintings have in common in their treatment of beauty, sexuality, or the female body? Why are these narratives of sexualized control and coercion not more informed by consent? Does the allure of the object itself (its composition, colouring, demonstration of the artist's skill) help to naturalize social attitudes towards women?

This initial experience of engaging with feminist art history was both a shocking and stimulating one. In the years that followed, Michelle Roycroft and Cynthia Hammond were the first of what would be many passionate, hardworking and incredibly inspiring women professors, whose personal practice of feminism much informed their scholarly practice. The majority of my fellow students were women. I learned that you could identify as a feminist man. Artists and groups like the Guerilla Girls, Kiki Smith, Niki St. Phalle, Tracey Emin, and Ana Mendez were all fascinating discoveries in those years, partially because their aesthetic was so contrary to the established canon of late 19th and early 20th century aesthetic beauty showcased in *The Lady*

of Shalott and replicated, to a large extent, by the beauty industries of our own society.

Engaging with the work of feminist scholars of gender and art was an indispensable part of graduate school: I (privately) suffered through Spivak, bounded through Butler, grew entranced by Eve Kofosky Sedgewick. Laura Mulvey's 'Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema' remains a foundational text in my own art historical practice of "looking at looking". Feminism and feminist theory became valuable methodologies to appreciate the distinctiveness of women artists across history, many of whom lived outside the confines of normative gender in their own time and place.

Feminism is helpful in grasping the resilience and innovation of older women artists, some of whom come to art making late in life. Anna Maria Garthwaithe's painstaking design process is reflected in a life's worth of productivity, from the cut-out paper landscapes of her youth to the glittering colours and complex compositions of her late textiles. Mary Delaney's delicate paper collages of flowers, Julia Margaret Cameron's careful and striking photography, or Emily Kame Kngwarreye's beautiful tributes to the desert landscapes of her outback home are all works that have suffered in the past from (male) critical neglect, and are beginning to be valued by new generations of feminist scholars. An enhanced appreciation of the sharply critical, versatile and creative outlook of many older female artists has been of immense value to me as a teacher. Ageism continues to negatively impact our society, and finding space in my own career to appreciate the cultural production of older women has been of irreplaceable personal and professional value.

Practicing feminism as a queer male art historian means balancing theory with practice, experimental reading with experiential knowledge, knowing (and this is very difficult as a teacher on occasion) when to speak up and when to stay silent. Reading histories and theories of gender, sexual identity and discourses of being is useful, but the day-to-day *practice* of learning different and disparate modes of listening is something I have found that, as a scholar and teacher of art history, feminism is absolutely central to. Each student's approach to an image is a highly distinct one. Any pedagogical strategy that does not maintain a focus on equality, inclusion and consent fails to consider the value of these multiple ways of seeing. Even my mother's butterfly stickers, placed over a laundry-room poster, are in some ways a performance of the self: iconographic screens, the stickers protected her from seeing a religious symbol that made her deeply uncomfortable, while the act of placing them was a poignant and powerful re-claiming of looking. Feminist art history has given me the ability to recognize this aspect of her approach to art, and for that, and for so many other things, I am deeply grateful.

Pavilions

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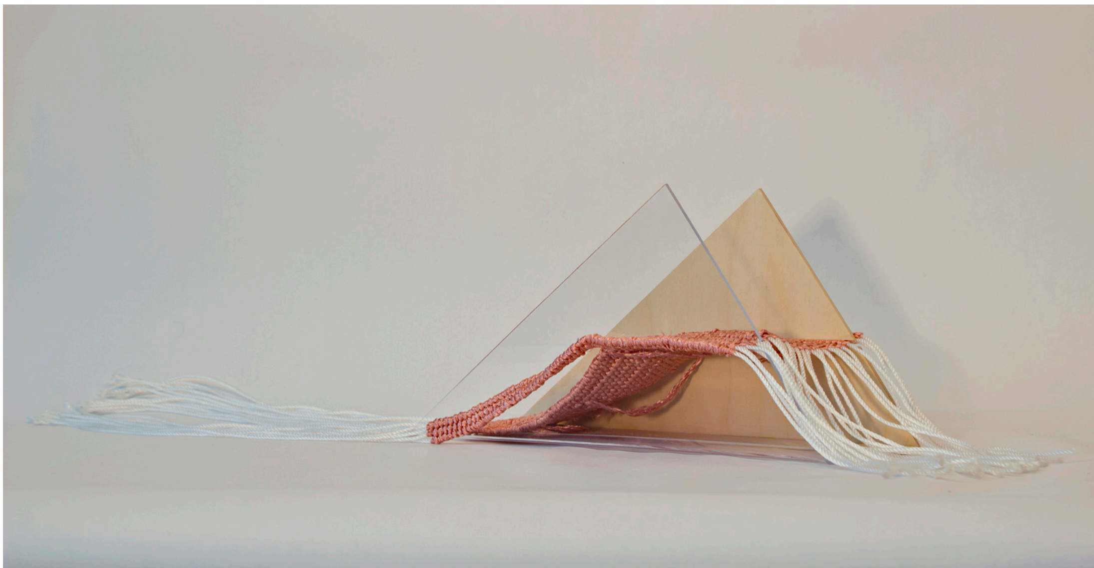
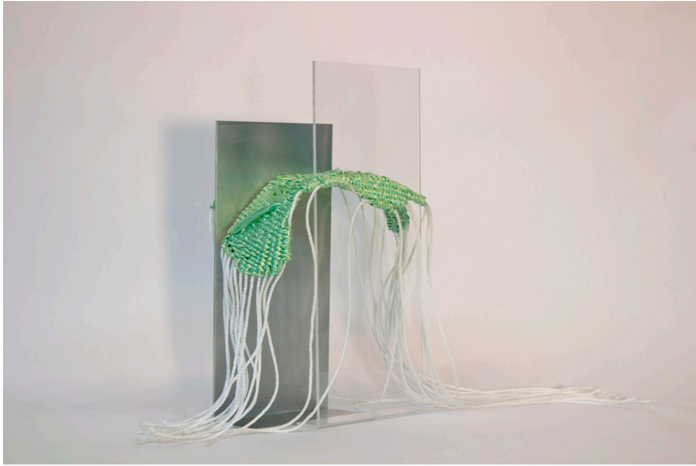
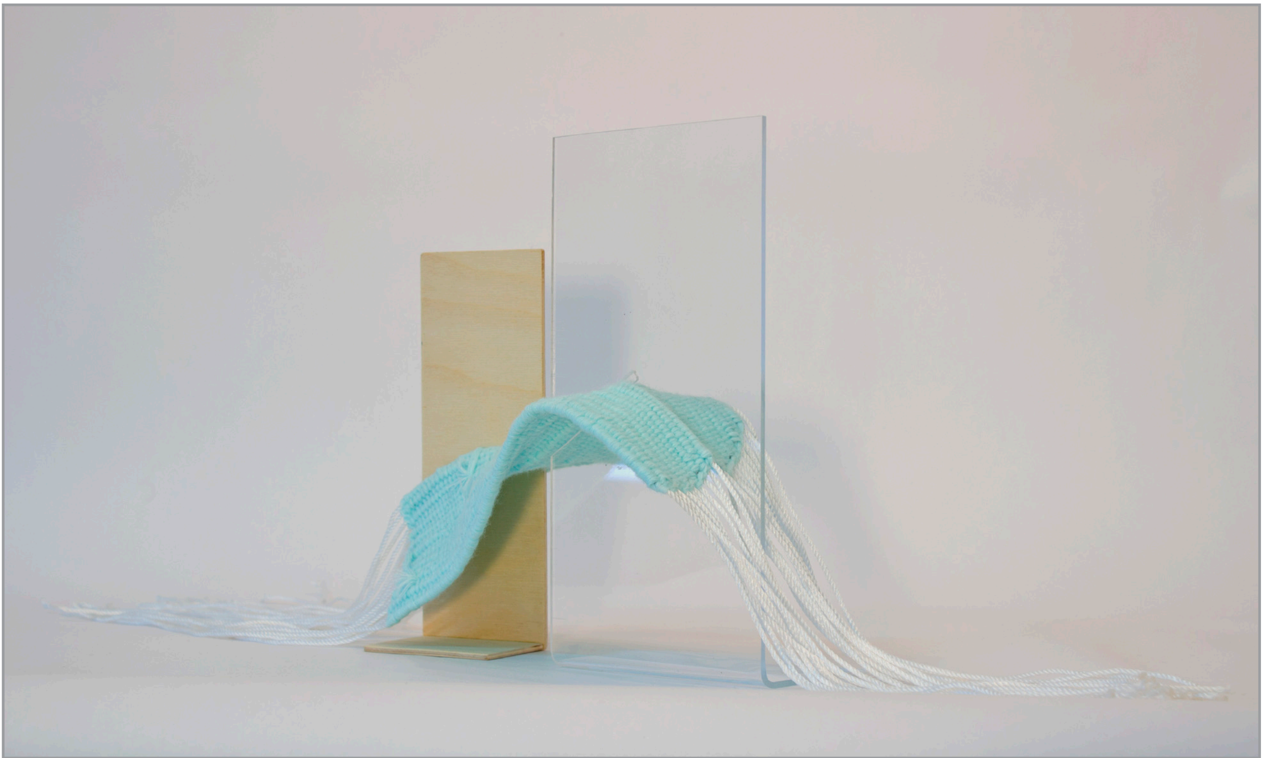
Concordia University, 2015

Hand-woven tapestry, nylon mason line, synthetic yarns,
plexi-glass, plywood, aluminium panels.
Approx. 12” x 18” x 6” each

Borowska’s tapestry maquette tributes to four women of the 20th century Bauhaus weaving workshop pose some innovative questions about design: where does the architectural end and textile begin? What counts as “structure,” and what can and cannot be built in full-scale? The weavings involve synthetic as well as traditional materials as homage to the experimentations of artists such as Gunta Stölzl and Annie Albers. The textiles incorporate slits that notch them into the plexiglass, aluminum and plywood panels, permitting the materials more associated with the feminine and the domestic to self-support while retaining soft and draping elements. Partially unraveled, and able to shift and change shapes each time they are taken apart and reinstalled, the structures gesture to a more dynamic and fluid relation between gendered experience and its spatial possibilities.







An Ordinary, Well Conducted Household

Idealistic Architecture and Toronto's Andrew Mercer Reformatory for Females

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The Toronto neighborhood of Liberty Village has undergone rapid and intense gentrification in the past several decades and is now home to several condo developments. Liberty Village—a rather ironic name[1]—was once home to Toronto's notorious Central Prison, the Provincial Lunatic Asylum and the Andrew Mercer Reformatory for Females. This paper addresses the legacy of punishment and reform in Toronto that has for both obvious and unknown reasons been omitted from public memory. Specifically I will discuss the architecture of the Andrew Mercer Reformatory for Females—Canada's first correctional facility for women—that operated in Toronto from 1880-1969, and was initially praised for being "innovative and humane."[2] This paper will briefly acknowledge the theoretical contributions of French philosopher Michel Foucault, and will then unpack the social and political climate that lead to the construction of an all-women correctional facility in Ontario. This will be followed by an examination of the architecture and design of the institution itself, and how spatial divisions affected inmate experiences. Finally I will investigate how this institution functioned, how it failed, and how it's history has been socially and structurally obscured. After closing its doors in 1969, the Mercer Reformatory is now the site of a multi-use sport arena called *Allen A. Lamport Stadium*.[3]

Michel Foucault's seminal text on the invention of the modern prison provides an important theoretical framework for this discussion of the Mercer Reformatory as it allows us to better understand the employment of architecture as a method of control. In *Discipline* and *Punish*, Foucault proposes that the built space is an active agent in the dissemination of power and institutional control. This idea is best articulated in the chapter on 'Panopticism.' According to this vision, architecture and space control the function and understanding of power relations within an institutional setting.[4] Viewed in this light, the educational and punitive measures employed at Mercer should be discernable in the reformatory's very architecture.

The Andrew Mercer Reformatory was built on a swath of land east of Dufferin Street and South of King Street near Toronto's waterfront. The edifice was built as a site of reform through confinement and labor, and the location of the Reformatory was in line with these ideals. Farms and factories surrounded Mercer—a landscape that symbolically and physically cut it and its inmates off from urban society. The north and east edges of the site were met by the Grand Trunk Railway, while the south and west ones were met by the Industrial Exhibition Grounds.

The Mercer Reformatory was constructed in tandem with a spike in the criminalization and punishment of single, urban, wage-earning women. Unmarried women in nineteenth-century Toronto were seen as "icons of unsettling change,"[5] because they resisted the societal expectation that girls should become mothers and wives. Women associated with vagrancy, disruption of urban space, inter-racial dating, or having a child out of wedlock (to name a few) were perceived as deviant, and their 'unconventional' lives were considered a threat to the family unit.[6] This supposed social deviance eventually became synonymous for legal deviance, justifying legislative action.[7] The division of men and women in penal institutions first appeared in the United States and Britain

Aerial View of Andrew Mercer Reformatory in Metro Toronto (Mercer Reformatory distinguishable by its cruciform plan to the South-West of train tracks), 1957. Photo reproduced with permission from and courtesy of the Archives of Ontario, C 30, job #1390, roll 4411.

before making its way into Canada. This nineteenth-century Victorian archetype promoted the idea that because "men's and women's natures…were distinct,"[8] their correctional facilities should be as well. While it was not all that complicated to create separate buildings for female offenders, "no one was quite so sure how they might be 'reformed' once they were behind bars."[9]

Scottish-Canadian businessman, politician and prison inspector, John Woodburn Langmuir (1835-1915) spearheaded the construction of Mercer Reformatory in the late 1870s.[10] Langmuir modeled this institution after the architectural and pedagogical designs of American and British institutions. For example, the similarities of Mercer to the Reformatory Prison for Women in South Framingham, Massachusetts (1906) are striking. Langmuir was optimistic about Mercer and he hoped that by employing an all-female staff, the inmates could be 'mothered' back "into respectable womanhood."[11]

Langmuir oversaw every detail at Mercer, from the accounting to the architecture. When he hired architect Kivas Tully (1820-1905) in 1872, he specifically demanded that the building's design appear "more like a college than a prison."[12] This stylistic choice matched Tully's previous architectural work for Trinity College as well as Toronto's Central Prison and the Provincial Lunatic Asylum.[13] The proposed collegiate style would also symbolize the educational mandate that the Reformatory sought to carry out. To avoid Mercer's *looking* like a prison Tully was to disregard the following conventions of prison architecture: "rustication; large pieces of masonry; spare use of windows…; round arches for windows or flat arcades' moralistic inscriptions or symbols; [or] plans dominated by geometrical dispositions."[14] Tully's choice to design Mercer in Modern Gothic style was as an effort to leave behind "the gloomy or prison-like aspect."[15] While Langmuir's demands contrast with traditional prison design, underlining just how different the architecture of the *reformatory* was to be from that of the *prison*, the success of this effort remains contested.

Despite its benevolent (if misogynistic) beginnings, Mercer was nevertheless constructed as a penal institution. The edifice was built as a site of reform through confinement and labor, and was to "combine the uplifting features of a home with austerity of a prison" by tempering severity with "feminine tenderness."[16] One of the most significant things that Langmuir said was that, "if properly managed, [Mercer] would resemble 'an ordinary, well conducted household'."[17] The combination of the domestic and the institutional became the keystone of Mercer's mandate.

One of Mercer's first superintendent's, Mary Jane O'Reilly, believed that domestic labor was critical for the reformation of 'fallen' women.[18] This was enforced through laundry and sewing that was undertaken in the reformatory's workshops. Anthropologist Mary Douglas explains how the nineteenth-century obsession with cleanliness and hygiene upheld the notion that abnormal behavior was transgressive, *dirty* and dangerous.[19] The various laundry tasks undertaken by Mercer women—bleaching, cleaning and re-

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Mercer Reformatory [Andrew Mercer Ontario Reformatory for Females], ca. 1895, Photograph. Photo reproduced with permission from and courtesy of Library and Archives Canada/Credit: Frank W. Micklethwaite/ John Harold Micklethwaite fonds/e003894555.

moval of dirt—were not only a physical duty, but worked as metaphors for the 'cleansing' of the inmate's societal transgressions. Cleaning was believed to have the ability to rid these insurgents of their "unclean and filthy habits,"[20] by banishing the evils of idleness seen in the earlier jails (gaols) of Ontario.[21]

The Mercer Reformatory was built, as evidenced by aerial views, in an irregular cruciform plan, and constructed in red brick. The original brick was presumably similar if not identical to the brick used for the superintendent's house, which still stands today. The words of Velma Demerson—an inmate at Mercer—offer one of the most detailed descriptions of the exterior, as she remembers driving up to Mercer for the first time: "I see the Andrew Mercer Reformatory for females as a dark formidable fortress penciled black against the white sky. The enormous structure with its jutting turrets appears to stretch an entire city block. It casts a shadow over the grassy exterior extending to a wide spiked iron fence and onto the street beyond. The tall steeple gives a church-like appearance but the numerous iron barred windows embedded in the dark stone exterior frighten me."[22]

In the same vein, Historian Frederick Armstrong describes Mercer as a "forbidding and grubby" gothic fortress.[23] However, what is most known about Mercer's architecture is that—like any correctional facility—the division of space was highly articulated and incredibly important. Historian Jennifer Brown, who did extensive research on Mercer for her 1975 doctoral thesis, lists the following spatial divisions: 12 wards; 130 cells; 66 small rooms; isolation cells in the basement; a hospital; a chapel; a storeroom; and offices for administration.[24]

Inmates slept in cells with barred steel doors. There were workshops where inmates would sew or do laundry,[25] a nursery for women with children,[26] a large communal dining hall and a medical examination room. Prisoner cells were located on three floors in the rear of the main building and were designed for single occupancy, measuring 7 feet long and 4 feet wide.[27] There were four 'grades' of inmates at Mercer, and unsurprisingly the more compliant women received less austere cells. Incoming inmates, however, were invariably placed in the east wing where the architecture was the "most prison-like."[28]

A large part of the Reformatory was dedicated to workshops. The workshops at Mercer became an important part of daily life and the economy of urban Toronto. Formally called "Mercer Industries Ltd,"[29] these facilities earned the province of Ontario thousands of dollars a year by employing inmates 9 hours a day at a cost of 6 cents per hour.[30] As previously mentioned, this labor was understood by enforcers as a critical component of criminal reformation and moreover, in this context, it was employed to teach women "their *proper* roles and prepare them for an eventual reintegration into the community and hopefully into their traditional functions."[31]

Superintendent O'Reilly, Mercer's superintendent from 1880-1901, declared that Mercer was unable to successfully reform many of its inmates due to a structural deficit; in other words, the design introduced by Langmuir and modeled on American and British systems, was inflexible

Photograph of Women's State Prison, 1980. Farmingham Illustrated, Lithotype Printing Co. of New York. Photo reproduced with permission from and courtesy of the Farmingham History Center.

and incapable of providing different care for different offenders.[32] This meant that women who had been indicted for vagrancy received identical treatment as women who were incarcerated for interracial dating.[33] Accounts of O'Reilly's rule suggest that while she may have been invested in the rehabilitation of the inmates, Mercer's architectural inadequacies kept it a prison.[34]

No matter how motherly the superintendent, she could never transform the cells, workrooms and dungeons into a home. Every inmate who walked through Mercer's archway knew she had been sentenced to prison, even though the words above her spelled "Reformatory."[35]

Mercer began as a highly idealistic institution, one that saw a domestic setting, maternal guidance and physical labor as capable of 'saving' women whose habits and lives existed outside nineteenth-century norms. Despite its benevolent beginning, Mercer was met with difficulties and controversy during its 89 years of operation. Mercer closed in 1969 after a slew of scandals surfaced concerning the mistreatment and abuse of inmates, and the building was demolished for $10,000 more than it had cost to build. The remaining bricks and rubble were dumped in Lake Ontario where they formed the base of the man-made islands on which Ontario Place was built.[36] This institution's peculiar, frightening, and fascinating history merits recognition in Canadian architectural studies. So far unfortunately, what has proven most significant about Mercer's history is its lack thereof. The scarcity of writing and research on such an important and unique Canadian institution raises questions concerning the cause of its historical omission.

Collegiate, domestic and punitive architecture informed the construction and design of the Andrew Mercer Reformatory. These models were thoughtfully employed by Langmuir and Tully in the hopes of creating a space of education and reform. In actuality, however, these very prototypes lead to the dysfunctional and abusive methods employed at Mercer. This research has not revealed answers or conclusions about Mercer's historical significance, but has rather provoked the following questions: Why has this institution been so neglected in the study of Canadian architecture? How can oral histories contribute to our comprehension of architectural history? How does the history of women's reformation in Canada fit within the current discourse of feminist politics? How has the Andrew Mercer Reformatory affected contemporary institutions for female criminals? Linda Cobon, a Toronto-based archivist, has noted "how [quickly] awful things like this [Mercer] disappear from view."[37] Cobon's observation aptly summarizes the effects of collective forgetfulness, and its direct impact on the writing and understanding of history. Despite the fact that Liberty Village as it now stands in Toronto was built up on the lofty idea of cultural history, politicians, community leaders, citizens and virtually everyone has largely ignored the physicality and cultural significance of what previously occupied this not-so-liberated place. Δ

Female Mythology

Kate MacMullin
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Maybe this sort of thing comes naturally to the girls who slide out of the womb straightening their hair. Definitely not for the girls who spend the first fourteen years of their lives thinking that liking Star Wars makes them zany or offbeat, or when they do become zany or offbeat, they think it's a good thing. No. From the moment God or whoever wrote out my DNA, no matter what I did, it was going to be a big deal.

It was the summer after I turned seventeen. My birthday was in January so I had had time to grow comfortable with the age. I knew its limits and its privileges. The limits were mainly concerned with all the spaces I was still in, such as my parents' house, a small, conservative town, and high school. The privileges did not appeal to me much more. They included bottomless angst, and an acutely painful awareness of my own shaky self-indulgence. The awareness, unfortunately did not aid in restraining the indulgence. Neither did the conservative, small town.

Oh yes, I was progressive. High on feminism, my school bag was stuffed with *Second Sex, A Room of One's Own, The Beauty Myth, The Purity Myth*, and every other book that dispelled every other myth. I was fully ready to accept that woman was a state of mind. My vagina was but a biological coincidence, my period was proof God has a weird sense of humor, and the rest of my disadvantages were merely social constructs. I was poised to take on the world.

I was a seventeen-year-old feminist warrior. He was six months older and when he kissed me in his car after Winter Carnival, I disappeared. Not in a dumb way. In a way that had me certain that vaginas and penises were irrelevant, even if we weren't defying social norms by being together. They just didn't matter. He kissed me and our souls collided in a way that broke us both to pieces and left me unsure of which bits belonged to him and which bits belonged to me. But combined, we were bigger than the universe. That was what mattered.

* * *

The months after our climactic kiss were spent slowing fading away from the rest of the world and into our newly discovered lives. We fell out of the school clubs we had joined together earlier in the year one by one. Gradually, our old friends felt dull in comparison to the supernova our entwinement had created. We were the obnoxious high school couple that spent all their time together and who I had previously seen as juvenile when I was on the outside looking in. What little I knew. Lunch time at school was spent sneaking

kisses in hallway corners and Saturday nights at the movies.

We didn't get much time alone, though. His mom was a school teacher so she got home shortly after we did and my mom worked nine to five as an administrative assistant. There wasn't much time for wildly inappropriate exploration and we were both too paranoid about getting caught to take too many risks. Still, we had fun together, watching movies and doing homework. We flew through the rest of eleventh grade on cupid's candied wings and found ourselves in yet another new place.

The summer. It was warm, carefree and most importantly, school free, which meant we suddenly had entire days to ourselves in empty houses. Oddly, it took us a little while to realize the full potential of this. He also had a car so we drove out to the beach almost every day that I wasn't working at the Children's Place for the first two weeks of July.

Then one day it was raining so we holed up in my house to watch the comedy network. We were sitting close on the couch when he suddenly grabbed me and kissed me in a way I wouldn't want my mother to see. I didn't quite know what to do at first. He was practically on top of me and pinning my arms down. I tried to shift into a position where I could move if need to, but I realized my mom wouldn't be home for hours. Then I began to kiss him back in a way I wouldn't want his mother to see. It wasn't like we were saints before, but discovering this new freedom had us becoming recluses in my house for the next two weeks of July.

One day, while we were making out to The Big Bang Theory, he popped the question:

"What do you think about sex?" I considered it for a minute and shrugged.

"It doesn't sound so bad," I said in what I thought was a matter-of-fact tone.

"Right." He looked terrified. "Do you want to plan it out?"

"Aren't you not supposed to?" I asked. He looked confused.

"I just mean, don't they say it's not something you plan, it just happens, or whatever."

"Who's they?" There was genuine curiosity in his voice.

"I don't know. I never thought to ask." We both laughed and then proceeded to set a time at his house for Monday the following week.

Twelve minutes late, I arrived at his house at 11:42 a.m. that Monday. I was nervous but not overly so. I had read enough and heard enough from friends' older siblings that I thought I had a good grasp on the concept. It wasn't a big deal and occasionally it was fun. That seemed to be the consensus.

He kissed me at the door and told me I was beautiful, before taking me into the kitchen where he offered me something to drink or eat. I declined everything but water, figuring maintaining clean breath could only heighten my experience. We made polite, if a little awkward, adult conversation before he asked if I would like to go upstairs. I gulped down the rest of my water in an unladylike fashion and agreed.

He took my hand and led me up a staircase that was so narrow, with its three or four tiny landings, that it felt like a spiral staircase when in reality, it was a regular staircase that changed direction a couple times. When we finally emerged from the last set of stairs, onto the third floor, I found myself in his room rather suddenly. Up until now, we had usually hung out in his rec room, on the second floor, to keep his parents' minds at ease. This was the first time I was seeing his room and in that moment, it looked so wonderful. It was small, in a cozy way. The walls were white with exposed wooden moulding around his window and there was an alcove to sit. The curtains were orange and ugly but perfectly so. His overhead light was off and soft light was coming in through a small part in his curtains. He had wooden shelves on the wall opposite his bed, filled with books. I let go of his hand to explore, moving straight to the bookshelf. Hearing him sit down on the bed behind me, I felt him watch me.

Brave New World and *Freakonomics* annoyed me, but I felt better upon seeing *The Sun Also Rises*, and *The Beautiful and Damned*. I ran my fingertips across the spines of the books slowly, as you do when you're discovering someone's literary tastes in such an intimate way. Intimate because he didn't have any opportunity to justify or explain what was on his shelf. He couldn't even see my face to determine if I was pleased or disappointed

with my findings. Something about it aroused me, so I went slower still, revelling in tangibly pleasurable discomfort that warmed the air between us.
I noticed some markings on the wall behind *Pornographer's Poem*.
"What's this?" I asked, tipping some of the books towards their bindings to get a better look.
"Oh, it's nothing. I mean, it's a cheesecake." he answered, quickly.
"A cheesecake?" And it was, drawn in pencil on the white wall.
"Why?" I asked, pushing the books back in their places so they kept it hidden.
"My parents told me when we first moved in that we would be painting my room but it never ended up happening." He laughed quietly.
"But why a cheesecake?" I turned to face him and almost fell into him, not realizing he had gotten off the bed and was now standing behind me.
"I don't know. That's what the muses were hungry for that day?" The corners of his eyes were crinkling spectacularly.
"I like you," I blurted the words out.
"That's reassuring," he smiled, his nose brushing against mine.
"I mean, I obviously love you…" the words were spilling out of my mouth now, taking on a life of their own.
"Right…" he swallowed a laugh, and his hair flopped in his eyes.
"I just want you to know I don't just love you. I also really like you. I mean, I get along with you, you know? You're funny and I like that, I guess. I just thought you should know."
His hands slipped behind my back. They were warm, like everything else in the room. I couldn't think of a time when I felt more comfortably warm in all my life.
"Well, I like and love you, too." He smiled down at me. I looked up into his blue eyes and forgot that I was supposed to be nervous. The next thing I knew, his soft lips were on mine, moving quickly and gently like a whisper. I felt how vast this person was, how much more I could get to know beyond his bookshelf. I still didn't know which book was his favourite, though I prayed it wasn't *Brave New World*. I didn't even know what he liked for breakfast, yet I loved him. It all seemed so spectacular. I felt myself swell in his arms, with every breath. I felt my life expand, as I saw all the things I never knew I wanted. A home. A dog. Wedding rings. Kids.
And calm. I felt so calm. It wasn't like I had all the answers all of a sudden. I just had certainty about the important things. About him.

And calm. I felt so calm. It wasn't like I had all the answers all of a sudden. I just had certainty about the important things. About him.

With great readiness, we fell on to the bed, pulling off socks, and sweaters, pushing pants and underwear to the floor. Getting naked took no time at all and he quickly wrapped us up in blankets. He took my face in his hands and kissed my cheeks, my nose and finally my bottom lip. He pulled back just a bit and I had the clarity to debate breathing through my nose or my mouth in the instant before he began.
And.
And.
And.
And nothing.
Nothing.
Still nothing.
Not a single thing.
No feeling whatsoever.
I felt numb in every sense. Physically and mentally. Worse than numb. My body felt far away and all I wanted was to be in it, with it. And my mind was vaguely disappointed for a few minutes before anxiety raced from the pit of my stomach to the back of my throat where it was making my mouth dry.
I tried to calm down. I reminded myself that none of the feminist literature I read promised an orgasm the first time. It wasn't like I was going in with expectations. But still nothing? I hadn't expected to feel nothing. Just like this person was jumping around on top of me. It occurred to me that maybe if I expected to get something out of it I needed to put something into it. So I tried moving, too. It just felt like we were in each other's way. I wanted to say something to him, to take charge of my sexuality, like all those feminist bloggers had been telling me to, all along, but it looked like he was enjoying himself. And he seemed to think I was, too. Probably because of all the heavy breathing (through my mouth incidentally, forced out with all the pressure on my stomach). All of a sudden, I felt like I couldn't tell him. Like it wasn't something he needed to know. What if I hurt his feelings? Maybe he'd think it was his fault. Maybe it was his fault. Maybe it was rude to point that out.

Eventually it was over. He seemed reluctant to end it. He even looked at me a bit expectantly right before he stopped. I wish I could say my decision not to fake my own finale

was a deliberate one, but if I'm being truthful I just didn't have any sense to, then. He fixed the covers around us, and I started to feel a bit better but when he kissed me and said he loved me, that distant numbness came back worse than before.

After spending a half hour still in his bed (it seemed like the appropriate amount of time) I said I had a headache so I needed to go home. When I got home, my mom was still at work so I crawled back into my bed and it was as if it hadn't even happened.

As if. Not quite. I was over taken by a madness crazier than love that drove me to find a satisfactory explanation for my unsuccessful first time. I started my research that week. I found a table at the back of the public library the following Thursday at 10 a.m. and set up camp with my laptop.

My first hypothesis was that I must have some sort of bodily dysfunction preventing me from feeling sexual enjoyment. I poured over a wide variety of literature, including medical journals, women's health magazines, sex guides for women, and whatever else I could get my hands on through the public library or the internet. I read all about vulvas, clitorises and the female prostate I never knew I had. Different positions that stimulated all thirty-something parts of the vagina at once were suggested, but in all my readings, there seemed to be little consensus on which parts of the vagina were actually involved in sex, and if some parts even existed, let alone what was key to female pleasure.

By 3 p.m., it finally dawned on me that while the human race was so concerned with putting a man on the moon, somehow, it slipped our minds to figure out how the female body worked. My anatomy was still mythical to the top scientists in the world. My confusion quickly turned to anger, as I felt cheated from a biological endowment by these men in white lab coats that were trying to convince me my body was simply not as susceptible to pleasure as a man's. I was positive they just hadn't put in their time researching female anatomy.

My mission for the rest of the summer quickly made itself apparent. If science didn't have the answers I was looking for, my path needed to be experimental. I took matters into my own hands. I decided practice would make perfect, spending all my days off in his room and evenings masturbating on my own, until I was sore. I wanted to expand my horizons. There was no way I would be leaving any stone unturned. I even tried watching porn a couple times until I realized how little it did for me when I was left literally watching porn and forgetting to touch myself.

It did get better, physically, by the end of the summer, but while I was so caught up in my self-discovery, he sort of fell to the wayside. Not to say he wasn't there in all of it, but even when I started to enjoy what we were doing, some of the numbness didn't go away. His neuroses just seemed a little over-dramatic. His laugh kind of bugged me. And finally, on one of our last summer mornings in his room, I noticed how it just felt hot and cramped now. And I was rubbing up against our insignificance until I got sore on it.

"Why would you draw a cheesecake on your wall?" I asked crabbily.

"I don't know. I just did." He sighed.

I paused.

"Do you regret it?" He got still for a minute.

"No. It just turned out differently than I thought it would."

I smiled, despite myself. The August heat didn't lessen but it stopped being quite so unbearable. ∆

Aging, Frailty & Death

Muriel Jaouich
Major in Studio: Painting
Concordia University, 2014

Paint on 4 canvases
16cm x 20cm and 40.6cm x 50.8 cm

Muriel Jaouich's series consists of four portraits showcasing the latter stages of a woman's life that address the lack of images in contemporary culture of femininity and aging. Investigating the invisibility of older women and their subjectivities through colour and shape, Jaouich destabilizes preconceptions of ugliness and beauty associated with the youthful and the elderly. The portraits emphasize the element of transformation and growth through time. In painting the subject's features from a new perspective in each frame, the metamorphosis of aging develops as a generative process rather than a degenerative one. Chaotic but recognizable, human but otherworldly, the subject of the paintings becomes abstract and expansive as she breaks the boundaries of her form and splinters the viewer's expectations of aging as an unseemly decline.

À mes amies les licornes et Another Perfect Day

Réflexions féministes chez Cynthia Girard et Janet Werner

Marie-Lise Poirier
Histoire de l'art
UQÀM, 2014

«Il y a un principe bon qui a créé l'ordre, la lumière et l'homme et un principe mauvais qui a créé le chaos, les ténèbres et la femme.»[1]

— Pythagore

La pratique artistique de plusieurs Québécoises souligne, encore aujourd'hui, une filiation manifeste aux théories féministes des années 1970 héritées de Simone de Beauvoir et de son célèbre *Deuxième sexe* paru pour la première fois en 1949. Représentant, analysant et critiquant le rapport homme-femme, ces artistes dénoncent l'aliénation féminine et le dogme phallocentrique du patriarcat[2] par une approche multidisciplinaire qui n'est définie ni par des constantes stylistiques ni par des sujets prédéterminés.[3] À la lumière de cette affirmation, comment pourrait-on définir l'art à discours féministe[4] du Québec actuel? Nous croyons que les expositions *À mes amies les licornes* de Cynthia Girard et *Another Perfect Day* de Janet Werner présentées entre septembre et décembre 2013 peuvent répondre de manière subjective et fragmentaire à cette question. Nous tenterons de définir, à l'aide du texte de Rose-Marie Arbour, l'art à discours féministe, ce qui nous permettra d'établir les bases pour l'analyse subséquente. Nous vous proposons d'étudier les différents moyens adoptés par Cynthia Girard et Janet Werner pour représenter les rapports homme-femme ainsi que la relation dominant-dominé qui leur est inhérente. Puisque ce sujet compte parmi les préoccupations des femmes artistes depuis leur insertion dans le champ de l'art, nous pensons qu'il est pertinent de l'aborder en nous appuyant sur les textes de Simone de Beauvoir, de Judith Butler, de Kate Linker et de Rose-Marie Arbour.

L'art à discours féministe

«Le mâle est par nature supérieur, et la femme inférieure; l'un gouverne et l'autre est gouvernée; ce principe, établi par nécessité, s'applique à l'ensemble de l'humanité.»[5] Cette citation, prise hors de son contexte initial, paraît offensante; on se gardera toutefois de commenter les propos d'Aristote, car ceci nous éloignerait de la définition du féminisme de Linda Nochlin, qui stipule que ce mouvement doit se fixer dans le présent.[6] Pour l'auteure, l'histoire étant marquée par des rapports homme-femme où le premier domine la seconde, il serait vain d'étudier et de critiquer ses manifestations historiques.[7] Pourtant, l'art à discours féministe québécois ne cesse de graviter autour de cette relation, car il porte en lui « les signes et les marques […] d'une distance critique par rapport au modèle traditionnel imposé aux femmes et dont les critères ont été acceptés et intériorisés.»[8] C'est donc dans une tentative de conscientisation du spectateur de la naturalisation des identités sexuelles[9] que les artistes se tournent vers l'historicité des rapports homme-femme.

Hantée par sa féminité, la femme est confinée «dans un rôle passif plutôt qu'actif, comme objet plutôt que sujet.»[10] Ce constat pessimiste est tributaire du caractère normatif du stéréotype féminin modelé par le regard masculin. S'appuyant sur les écrits de Freud et de Lacan, Kate Linker affirme que la fixation des identités socio-sexuelles dépend de la présence ou de l'absence de pénis, se rattachant ainsi à une vision essentialiste de la féminité.[11] Ce «manque» convie

Janet Werner, *Sisters*, 2012, Huile sur toile, 56 x 51 cm. Parisian Laundry, Montréal. Photo reproduite avec la permission de Parisian Laundry. Image de Parisian Laundry.

une image négative de la femme, parce qu'elle incarne une altérité qui la différencie *par rapport* au sujet masculin.[12] À la manière d'un miroir, elle devient le reflet d'une entité homogène qui l'oblige à renoncer à sa féminité. Puisqu'il n'existe aucune réalité en dehors de la représentation,[13] celle-ci devient l'instance par excellence de la subordination de la femme, car elle lui impose de s'insinuer à l'intérieur d'un éventail restreint de stéréotypes. Bref, son identité lui préexiste.

Pour Rose-Marie Arbour, deux pôles émergent des conceptions féministes : le politique et le spiritualisme.[14] Alors que le premier repose sur une question sociale à la fois inspirée du marxisme et d'un modèle de revendication intellectuelle, le second s'ancre dans une volonté de réécrire l'histoire des femmes à partir d'un imaginaire propre à celles-ci.[15] Ainsi, la pratique des artistes féminines s'oriente sur leur expérience en tant que sujet féminin individuel et collectif et adopte un point de vue spécifique à la femme en abordant des thématiques liées à leur quotidien.[16]

Se positionnant contre le modernisme, les femmes artistes adoptent un processus de production qui s'éloigne des médiums traditionnels, leur permettant de développer une pratique qui leur est propre, notamment grâce à l'artisanat et à la performance. Le corps devient alors le médium de prédilection de plusieurs artistes. Bien que l'art corporel soit toujours d'actualité, mentionnons que la peinture est (re)devenue le moteur utilitaire de l'expression d'un soi intérieur pour plusieurs femmes artistes entre la fin du XXe et le début du XXIe siècle.[17] À titre d'exemple, mentionnons Janet Werner et Cynthia Girard. Alors que la première restreint sa pratique au seul médium de la peinture, la seconde développe une pluridisciplinarité que l'on associe à la postmodernité.[18] En effet, Girard utilise des matériaux diversifiés comme le papier mâché, la céramique, l'acrylique, la gouache et le tissu. Par ailleurs, un engouement pour les stratégies d'appropriation pousse ces artistes à puiser leur inspiration dans la culture populaire et dans l'histoire de l'art : les images de la tradition artistique étant porteuses non seulement d'une représentation de la femme objet, mais également d'un regard strictement masculin,[19] ces emprunts sont significatifs pour l'art à discours féministe, car ils permettent aux artistes de se positionner contre une iconographie réductrice séculaire.

Femme grotesque devient sujet : le laid ne peut être un objet

Au Québec, comme à l'international, un processus d'émancipation s'opère entre 1960 et 1970 et permet (enfin) aux femmes de s'affranchir des stéréotypes qui les affligent en «prenant possession de leur image, en affirmant leur identité sexuelle autant qu'artistique.»[20] Ceci leur permet de découvrir qu'elles font l'objet de discriminations par l'intermédiaire des stéréotypes socioculturels : elles remettent alors en question les valeurs qui leur ont été enseignées depuis l'enfance. Afin de s'extraire de ces stéréotypes, Stuart Hall et Kate Linker suggèrent de s'y introduire pour mieux les exposer et les déconstruire.[21] Pour Judith Butler, dont la théorie féministe se rattache à une vision culturaliste, l'homme se voit déstabilisé lorsqu'un «objet» féminin soutient le regard de celui qui l'observe, ce qui lui permet de défier la place et l'autorité

du sujet masculin par l'affirmation de son existence.[22] C'est donc en confrontant directement et indirectement la figure paradigmatique du patriarcat qu'il est possible de mettre au jour le phallocentrisme qui édicte la hiérarchie des genres et de prouver que celle-ci est le point d'ancrage de la misogynie qui accable la société contemporaine (mais surtout historique). Déconstruire les stéréotypes (ou les genres, selon Butler), c'est «défaire la représentation que nous avons de ce que nous sommes […] pour en inaugurer une autre, relativement nouvelle, dont la finalité est une vie plus viable.»[23] C'est donc dire que d'embrasser sa différence est la première étape de l'émancipation féminine.

Plusieurs stratégies permettent de dévoiler les stéréotypes, mais la plus courante est sans doute celle du grotesque. L'artiste américaine Cindy Sherman est l'une des figures phare de l'art contemporain s'étant intéressée à la représentation du grotesque par le truchement de la photographie. Lors d'une entrevue, elle explique sa pratique :

> Les gens n'aiment pas a priori le grotesque parce qu'ils en ont peur. Or si vous vous confrontez à votre peur, ce n'est plus dérangeant. Il y a du beau dans le grotesque, voire du sublime. Nous devrions embrasser tout ce qui nous entoure et pas seulement la perfection.[24]

Janet Werner appuie les propos de Sherman, car elle croit que «l'art accorde parfois trop d'importance à la beauté.»[25] Werner préconise, au même titre que Cynthia Girard, une approche fondée sur un antagonisme qui oppose la beauté classique idéalisée de la féminité au grotesque du corps matériel de la femme. Ces artistes, à travers leur œuvre respective, illustrent en effet ce stratagème, notamment grâce à une déformation délibérée des corps qui se moque des canons véhiculés tant par l'art que par les magazines de mode. La facture naïve, mais puissante, employée par Werner et Girard convoque d'ailleurs une impression d'immédiateté qui met l'accent sur l'exagération de la déformation de la figure humaine. À travers l'analyse qui suit, nous verrons quelques exemples du grotesque chez Girard et Werner, notamment dans *Justine* (2013) et *Sisters* (2012).

Domination, aliénation et stéréotypes.

Femme objet : constat d'une situation historique chez Cynthia Girard

Bien que les œuvres de Cynthia Girard puissent se confondre à l'univers onirique des contes pour enfants, nous aurions tort de nous fier à cette seule impression. En effet, derrière la reproduction naïve d'un bestiaire, traité à la fois de manière réaliste et arbitraire,[26] l'artiste évoque des préoccupations sociales et des rapports de pouvoir en convoquant diverses valeurs démocratiques. L'exposition *À mes amies les licornes*, présentée à la Parisian Laundry du 6 septembre au 12 octobre 2013, poursuit d'ailleurs cette réflexion, qui concilie contestation et revendication, en proposant une relecture des bouleversements sociaux survenus lors du Printemps érable[27] et en présentant quelques paradigmes de la domination qui sont personnifiés, entre autres, par le marquis de Sade.

Les manifestations matérielles du pouvoir sont omniprésentes dans l'exposition *À mes amies les licornes* et ses représentations permettent de les lier à un passé historique. Parmi celles-ci, mentionnons le phallus, symbole par excellence de l'organisation patriarcale de la société; *God I* en est d'ailleurs un exemple probant. Cette sculpture de papier mâché, de céramique et d'acrylique révèle, en effet, l'autorité masculine ainsi que le processus de sujétion de la figure féminine qui lui est inhérent. En érigeant ce phallus comme entité autonome, l'artiste illustre la fixation et la naturalisation des identités selon des concepts sociaux normalisés. Afin de maximiser la compréhension du spectateur, Girard retranscrit le titre de son œuvre au centre de celle-ci dans une sorte d'allégation propagandiste. En utilisant la religion (*God*) comme principal référent, l'artiste expose une nouvelle source de subordination dans laquelle la femme est littéralement considérée comme l'extension de l'homme (n'oublions pas qu'Ève fut créée à partir d'une des côtes d'Adam). Finalement, grâce à la couleur employée, qui rappelle celle du cuivre vieillissant, Girard signale la longévité du patriarcat.

Dans *Justine*, Girard expose les traces d'une conception idéalisée de la féminité, d'abord en littérature, puis en peinture. Le titre de l'œuvre renvoie au prénom du personnage principal d'un roman écrit par le marquis de Sade au XVIIIe siècle dont la trame narrative retrace les malheurs d'une jeune fille trop vertueuse pour la société dans laquelle elle évolue. Orpheline et sans le sou, Justine est faussement accusée de vol, violée, maltraitée, incarcérée et torturée. Son corps est au cœur de plusieurs dialogues, dont celui-ci, qui affirme que la femme, «[…] n'existant que pour servir de jouissance aux hommes, c'est visiblement l'outrager que de résister à l'intention qu'elle a sur vous; c'est vouloir être une créature inutile au monde et par conséquence méprisable.»[28] Selon cette logique, Justine doit adhérer au modèle féminin qui la condamne à une vie de sujétion et de passivité. Justine est non seulement perçue et exhibée comme objet sexuel, mais utilisée à cette fin, sans aucune considération pour un désir de chasteté qu'elle ne cesse de revendiquer tout au long du roman.

L'image utilisée par Girard pour sa *Justine* a pour source la mythologie grecque, mais plus spécifiquement la légende de Persée où il est brièvement question de Danaé, sa mère. Le père de celle-ci, Acrisios, apprend par l'intermédiaire d'un oracle que Danaé mettra au monde un gar-

Cynthia Girard, Table 1 (Justine, God 1, Matraque 1, La cave), 2013, Papier mâché, céramique et acrylique, 17 x 11 x 3,5 cm; 30 x 19 x 13 cm; 21 x 14 x 3,5 cm. Parisian Laundry, Montréal. Photo reproduite avec la permission de Parisian Laundry. Image de Parisian Laundry.

çon qui le tuera. Horrifié, Acrisios s'empresse d'enfermer sa fille pour éviter sa propre mort. Malheureusement pour lui, Zeus, séduit par la beauté de Danaé, se présente à elle sous la forme d'une pluie d'or, réalisant ainsi la prophétie.[29] L'emprisonnement de la femme est un aspect récurrent de la mythologie et, dans le cas de Danaé, il permet (théoriquement) de prévenir les conséquences de sa sexualité.[30]

Bien que Danaé soit souvent dépeinte en convoquant les nobles concepts de chasteté, de beauté spirituelle et d'humilité,[31] cette image virginale est abandonnée au tournant du XIXe siècle au profit de l'incarnation de la perversité débridée et de l'immoralité.[32] Malgré les discours profondément misogynes de l'époque, la femme demeure, paradoxalement, le fantasme masculin par excellence. En peinture, les modèles sont fortement idéalisés selon les préceptes de l'académisme et leur apparence implique une invitation sans équivoque à la luxure;[33] leur suggestivité sexuelle exacerbée et leur expression extatique démontrent une passivité toute féminine.

À travers Justine, Girard s'attaque directement à la représentation : elle propose une version «enlaidie» de Danaé en présentant un corps disproportionné à la peau fade, aux cheveux ternes et aux traits grossiers soulignés par de larges cloisons maladroitement esquissées. Cette opposition entre beauté et grotesque permet une forme de résistance à l'égard des canons esthétiques traditionnels et demeure, comme nous l'avons déjà mentionné, une stratégie communément employée dans l'art à discours féministe.

Bref, les images de Justine et de Danaé confirment que l'identité féminine est constituée de stéréotypes construits selon les fantasmes d'un sujet exclusivement masculin. De plus, ceci nous permet de constater que Cynthia Girard puise ses références dans un passé historique où la femme est davantage considérée comme un objet de désir que comme un sujet de représentation. Girard critique non seulement la relation homme-femme, mais aussi les déterminismes sexuels féminins, comme la passivité et la sentimentalité.[34] Mentionnons par ailleurs que *God I* et *Justine* sont intrinsèquement liées, car elles permettent d'appréhender, mais surtout d'apprécier, la profondeur de la réflexion de l'artiste.

Le malaise et le silence : fascination et oppression chez Janet Werner

Les portraits de Janet Werner ne sont pas réalisés pour commémorer un individu; la question de la ressemblance s'efface pour laisser place à une vision ironique de la représentation dans laquelle l'artiste explore les thématiques de la subjectivité et du désir. Opposant la beauté au grotesque, Werner manipule, massacre et transforme délibérément les corps, imposant ainsi au regard une étrangeté déconcertante qui combine photographie de mode et référents à l'histoire de l'art tout en incitant la réflexion sur la nature fictive de ces portraits, sur la notion de sujet dans la peinture contemporaine et sur l'image de la femme dans la société. Cette idée est d'ailleurs au cœur du travail de Werner[35] et est évoquée dans *Another Perfect Day*, une exposition présentée à la Galerie de l'UQÀM du 31 octobre au 14 décembre 2013.

Les œuvres de Werner sont le résultat d'un étonnant amalgame entre les référents culturels historiques ou ac-

tuels et la liberté créatrice de l'artiste. Ces fragments épars, souvent anonymes, rassemblés en un tout intelligible, permettent à Werner de subvertir les conventions du portrait en provoquant, chez le spectateur, de multiples émotions qui font écho aux affects des personnages qu'elle représente.[36] Puisque puisés dans la culture populaire, le spectateur s'identifie davantage à ces portraits, car il a l'habitude de réagir face à l'anonymat des figures publicitaires.[37] Évacuant le fantasme évoqué par ces représentations grâce à une dysmorphie corporelle presque caricaturale, Werner suggère donc un message plus profond qu'une simple démonstration du caractère iconoclaste de sa démarche.[38] Elle met au jour non plus la femme comme objet du désir fantasmé, mais comme une inquiétante fascination narcissique du sujet regardant, car l'artiste nous montre, par le truchement de ses portraits, la véritable nature de notre identité.[39]

Dans *Big Girl*, par exemple, Werner allonge considérablement le corps de son modèle, tout en conservant la maigreur quasi anorexique de ses bras et en élargissant ses hanches. Par ailleurs, son visage pâle et son maquillage lui donnent l'aspect d'un cadavre. Son regard demeure néanmoins pénétrant et d'une profonde humanité. Cet antagonisme entre humanité et monstruosité est sans doute ce qui déclenche le malaise chez le spectateur, et ce, quel que soit son sexe. En faisant appel à notre conceptualisation idéalisée de la beauté féminine, Werner en révèle à la fois le stéréotype et l'initiateur, c'est-à-dire le patriarcat.

Le malaise se poursuit avec *Sisters*, un double portrait peint avec une maladresse calculée. Werner dévoile ici une nouvelle forme d'assujettissement de la femme : le silence. La voix féminine a souvent été étouffée par l'hégémonie masculine. En effet, afin de conserver l'emprise qu'il a sur elle,[40] l'homme a toujours refusé l'auto-détermination de la femme.[41] Étant réduite au silence, elle devient une victime de la société et, du coup, ne peut que ressentir un puissant sentiment d'oppression qui l'empêche de se définir en tant que sujet pensant.[42] «Bien trop de femmes dans bien trop de pays parlent la même langue : le silence.»[43] C'est donc ce silence que Werner tente de le briser grâce à *Sisters*.

Les deux femmes sont représentées côte à côte; l'une d'elle, vêtue d'un pull orange, se tient légèrement de profil, à droite de la composition, alors que l'autre, arborant un chemisier bleu, nous fait face. Bien que cette œuvre soit manifestement figurative, la représentation des corps y est négligée, voire abstraite. L'anatomie humaine n'y est effectivement pas respectée : les cous sont anormalement longs, les têtes minuscules et les visages expulsent toute notion de réalisme. Werner a même volontairement mutilé le visage de la femme située à gauche du tableau : deux cercles noirs définissent ses yeux, et un autre, béant, remplace sa bouche. Muette, quelque chose semble entraver sa gorge; rien ne sort de sa bouche qui, pourtant, est prête à prendre la parole.[44]

Un examen plus attentif de ce visage déformé nous incite à rétracter notre pensée : il semble en effet que ce portrait ne soit pas la représentation d'un silence oppresseur, mais bien celle d'un acte de résistance, un silence qualifié de révolutionnaire par Magda Gere Lewis.[45] En plus de déconstruire le stéréotype d'une beauté classique idéalisée, Sisters devient l'emblème d'une colère revendiquée, d'une tension entre le portrait et quelque chose d'autre, qui semble destiné non seulement à saisir la violence des passions féminines par le grotesque, mais également à ruiner les conventions d'un genre pictural.

De minces sourcils froncés surmontent des yeux qui ne sont pas tout à fait rond et de cette bouche béante, cette tache «qui produit l'effet le plus choquant du monde, sans parler de l'aspect repoussant qu'elle donne au reste du visage tordu et grimaçant»[46], s'échappe un cri. Celui-ci reste sourd à travers le médium de la peinture; toutefois, au-delà de la beauté «irreprésentable» des figures de Werner s'élève une émancipation des codes d'un langage dont les femmes ont toujours été exclues : l'art, mais plus précisément le formalisme de Greenberg, dont les préceptes sont construits autour d'une pensée linéaire et hiérarchique.[47] Grâce à *Sisters*, Werner met de l'avant un discours dont la teneur est étroitement liée au corps et aux émotions d'un sujet féminin qui se réclame du modernisme. Bref, les tableaux de Janet Werner dévoilent le stéréotype de la beauté idéale tout en le subvertissant par le grotesque et un discours profondément féministe.

Le chemin qu'il nous reste

Depuis Simone de Beauvoir, les femmes n'ont cessé de revendiquer leurs droits. Pour certaines d'entre elles, l'art est devenu le véhicule d'une profonde critique sociale. En analysant quelques-unes des œuvres de Cynthia Girard et de Janet Werner, on dégage une volonté de révéler le phallocentrisme de la société et la construction de stéréotypes naturalisés par un regard exclusivement masculin. Girard et Werner utilisent le grotesque afin de subvertir ces clichés : chez Werner, cette subversion va plus loin, en ce sens qu'elle réussit à déconstruire les conventions du portrait traditionnel en refusant la commémoration d'un individu par l'anonymat de ses figures. Pourtant, malgré tous les efforts entrepris et les victoires accomplies, il reste encore beaucoup de chemin à parcourir avant d'évincer de notre bagage culturel tous les stéréotypes générés par notre société. ∆

Doll Gesture Triptych

Sarah Riley Mathewson
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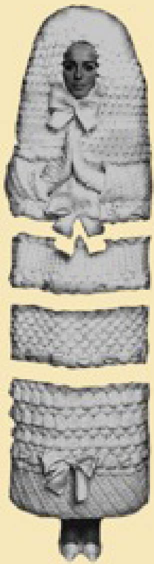
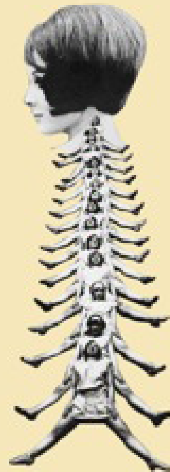
Concordia University, 2014

Digital collage on inkjet printer
13” x 19” each





Mathewson’s Triptych of images emerges from a close study of modernist media portrayals of women in the 20th century. Utilizing the collagist methods popularized during the period, the series comments on the hyperfeminizing tactics of pop culture, advertisement and fashion industries in their creation of a marketable female body. The YSL Habit, named so by Mathewson due to its resemblance to a nun’s habit, references both the absurdity of such a modest and simultaneously phallic wedding dress as well as its function in erasing the female subjectivity, as the image itself partially erases the body. Open Legged Spine alludes to the “backbone” of the media’s ideal subject: a long, dehumanized line-up of sexually available women. Finally, the tabbed shoulders and faceless depiction of the woman in the third image indicate the replaceable nature of the wife as is she is figured by the advertisement; this paper doll tells us, simply, What June Brides Wear in July. The series calls for a critical and yet thoughtful, humourous and empathetic reflection on the consistent lifelessness and lack of autonomy characterizing these media representations of womanhood.

The New Woman Painting

Sexual Subversion Through the Image & Imagery of Tamara de Lempicka

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In the era of Modernity, where political landscapes were shifting as quickly as the newly-industrialized urban environment, expectations of femininity changed considerably. During the early 20th century, particularly in Paris, a new archetype of the Modern woman emerged[1] and was increasingly portrayed by artists such as Tamara de Lempicka. By the 1920s, figures known as the New Woman, the flapper, and the *garçonne*, had begun to permeate public perceptions of femininity, furthering ideas of female emancipation; these women smoked in the streets, drove cars, were sexually liberated, and generally less reliant on their male counterparts.[2] The domesticated ideal of bourgeois femininity had fallen out of fashion.

An unprecedented number of women artists began creating portraits of other women as well as themselves. In doing so, they constructed the appearance of radical femininity in Modern portraiture. Each of these women used their work to illustrate alternative types of femininity, many of which were dramatically different than those of their male counterparts. From Mary Cassatt's depictions of mothers and children, to Romaine Brook and Gluck's dandy-esque self-portraits, or Claude Cahun and Marcel Moore's critical explorations of gender, women developed a new paradigm of female representation in art. All of these artists questioned and challenged the role of women in Parisian society by representing women in ways which were previously unseen and often taboo. The New Woman was one of the many subversive characters of the era.

Sexual emancipation is an integral aspect of the New Woman and essential to the independence and autonomy that she symbolized.[3] This new-found sexual liberation was due in part to the shifting cultural dynamics which allowed women of higher social standing to claim more agency than had previously been available.[4] The most significant development was the availability of birth control; this gave way to the shift in female sexuality and enabled sex for women to be recreational as well as procreational.[5] The New Woman was encouraged to experiment not only with heterosexual prenuptial affairs, but also extramarital liaisons with both men and women.[6] For the New Woman, lesbianism, bisexuality, interracial relationships, and various other forms of sexual experimentation or dissident sexuality were acceptable as being non-heterosexual was synonymous with being Modern.[7]

As an artist, Tamara de Lempicka pushed the boundaries of how the sexual liberation of the Modern woman was represented. Her practice is remarkable not only because of its huge commercial success, but also due to her role in setting a precedent for sapphic homoerotic imagery. In many of de Lempicka's depictions of women, tension and desire are palpable. She makes no concessions for censorship—depicting only pure voyeuristic infatuation. The dynamic sexuality de Lempicka chooses to portray reinforces her persona as a rebellious New Woman. This essay will explore both the implicit and explicit methods Tamara de Lempicka uses to subvert traditional expectations of female sexuality in art and life during the interwar period considering her portraits, fashion paintings and nudes.

In many ways, subversion was inherent to de Lempicka's practise; the very action of painting female nudes as

Tamara de Lempicka, *La Belle Rafaëla*, 1927, Oil on canvas. Private collection, United States of Ameria. Courtesy of Tamara Art Heritage.

a woman artist was radical in itself. Even without the emphasized sensuality of the subject, which is distinct in de Lempicka's work, her adoption of the traditionally male role of Artist/Creator was rebellious. With her appropriation of this role, she destabilized the active/male and passive/female paradigm that continues to dominate visual culture.[8] Her paintings continue to undermine this paradigm by reclaiming the female body as something other than its traditional role as a signifier of masculine creativity.[9]

De Lempicka further performed the role of the Artist[10] by participating in practices that were condoned for the Artist but were inaccessible for women of any status. For instance, de Lempicka's adopted the prostitute-as-model tradition, wherein she painted a prostitute named Rafaëla regularly for more than a year.[11] According to her daughter's biography, de Lempicka was walking down a Parisian boulevard when she saw Rafaëla; she was then so struck by her beauty that she became instantly infatuated.[12] This story demonstrates not only the amount of agency that de Lempicka had, but also suggests that she was able to experience the same lust/love that had roused her male predecessors since the beginning of Art. Through the coalescence of her artistic and sexual identity, de Lempicka provocatively shifted the female gaze, creating space for sapphic desires to unfold in her objectification of the female body.[13] Her treatment of Rafaëla's body is clearly erotic—the often-dramatic lighting and sensual poses highlight the fleshiness and sexuality of Rafaëla's body. There is no question of the pleasure that the artist takes in painting her model.

In *La Belle Rafaëla*, de Lempicka chooses to portray her prostitute-model in the traditional pose of the odalisque—a genre of reclining nude that can be seen throughout the Western canon of Art in infinite variations. French painters such as Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres and Édouard Manet have most famously employed the form of the odalisque in the 19th and 20th century.[14] This pose adds to the sexual complexity of de Lempicka's painting due its historic relevance. The term 'odalisque' is rooted in the Turkish word *odalik* and is used to describe slave women from a harem.[15] De Lempicka's use of this form complicates her relationship with the model and by extension her role as an aggressor/gazer/owner.

Academics such as Emmanuel Cooper have questioned who de Lempicka was creating these erotic images for and what her intentions in doing so might have been.[16] Throughout her career, de Lempicka produced work for important patrons who were heterosexual men as well as patrons who were non-heterosexual women.[17] Whether she was creating her paintings for heterosexual men, non-heterosexual women, herself, or all of the above, I would argue that each situation is subversive in its own right. In the case of heterosexual male patrons, de Lempicka's work provocatively suggests that she, as a woman (sapphically inclined or not), understands male desire. If she created these works for women, then through her work she acknowledges, and indulges, female sexuality and desire, which have historically been ignored, particularly within the context of lesbianism.[18] Furthermore, if she is painting these women for herself, not only is she acknowledging female sexuality, she is manifesting her own sapphic desire through art. However, if de Lempicka's

Tamara de Lempicka, *Portrait of Marquis Sommi*, 1925, Oil on canvas. Private collection, United States of America. Courtesy of Tamara Art Heritage.

paintings are meant to appeal to anybody interested in female bodies, then they suggest that heterosexual male and sapphic female desires are not so different. Each of these situations lead to the questioning of accepted paradigms of sexuality.

Since there is little scholarship which pertains to de Lempicka's portraits of men, my findings are based in personal observation. Compared to her portrayals of women, de Lempicka's depictions of men are much less sensual—the air of voyeurism and painterly pleasure that are so prominent in her portraits of women are absent.[19] The only occasion that de Lempicka depicted a male nude was for her commissioned piece *Adam and Eve*, which was requested for use as an advertisement for the contemporary French film *Sexualism*.[20] Other than Adam and Eve, de Lempicka treats her male subjects with a sense of professionalism. Much like in Italian Mannerist portraiture, de Lempicka portrays men accompanied by objects that signify their occupation. For instance, in *Portrait of Dr. Boucard*, the doctor is represented with a test tube and microscope. In this painting, similar to her many other scenes which depict men, there is little to no focus on the actual body.

In most cases, de Lempicka was commissioned to portray her male models and only painted them once, though a few exceptions do exist. Many of the men whom she painted were rich patrons and her lovers—she painted the Marquis Sommi Picenardi twice during their affair.[21] The sexual energy that works like *Portrait of Marquis Sommi Picenardi* exert differs dramatically from that of the artist's paintings of women. In de Lempicka's portraits of men, the allure lies in the sense of power that she imbues these figures with, rather than seduction being based in sensuously painted bodies. There is a sense of authority and prestige that works such as Portrait of Marquis Sommi Picenardi convey; the harshness and austere quality that emanates from the figure is due in part to the way de Lempicka positions the model to dominate the canvas, as well as from the geometric strength of the moderate abstraction.

As a mother and married woman, de Lempicka's artistic chronicling of her sexual liaisons can be seen as a subversion of sorts. Not only did she enjoy the company of the Parisian and Italian elite, she had flagrant affairs with some of the most prominent figures of the era.[22] Through her biographies, it becomes apparent that there is an interplay between her seductiveness as an artist and as a lover, for both men and women.

De Lempicka's depictions of women vary much more than her depictions of men. They loosely fall into four categories: professional portraits, glamorous fashion paintings, erotic nudes, and works with religious themes (these, however, are outside the scope of this essay and were mostly painted later in her career). Though her depictions of bodies in these genres are often markedly different, works from each of these categories have facets which subvert expectations of how

female sexuality was portrayed.

De Lempicka's *Portrait of Duchess de La Salle* is the work which most closely resembles that of her male portraits, depicting the duchess as an androgynous figure in dandy-esque dress. The painting places the model in an ambiguous cityscape—the centre of Modernity itself. This woman is modern in a distinctly different way than the fashionable flappers de Lempicka often depicted; she has appropriated characteristics of the dandy, which acts as a clear signifier of her dissident sexuality.[23] This model's sexual preference is unquestionable, if not explicit. Despite the lack of sexuality in the work, this portrait maintains sexual implications through the codified dress—the black coat and pants combined with a white shirt—and the masculine positioning of the model.

Possibly even more so than her nudes, de Lempicka's fashion paintings are the works that she is best known for as she was often commissioned to create works for European magazines, and was a featured artist in Harper's Bazaar.[24] Many of her portraits, whether intended for fashion publications or not, are imbued with a strong sense of the fashionable. With very little exception, her portraits of women depict variations of the fashionable New Woman, sporting short-cropped hair and red lipstick. Often accessories and clothes are emphasized, heightening the air of glamour. Tricia Laughlin goes so far as to suggest that de Lempicka fetishizes these objects of fashion.[25]

De Lempicka pushed the sexual implications of her fashion portraiture even further with her emphasis on the bodies of women in these paintings. In *Young Lady With Gloves* she depicts the model in a dress so tight that the indent of her navel is distinctly visible; it is as if the cloth is melded to her skin. This painting is more anatomically explicit than some of her nudes, such as La Belle Rafaëla, which do not feature details such as nipples and navels. There is an unmistakable sexuality in this painting despite the model's clothing.

It has been noted by Laughlin that fashion portraiture is a safe way for women to gaze upon other women while avoiding be suspect of sapphic desire.[26] De Lempicka's paintings make this type of scopophilia more accessible because many of them were featured in magazines and, oc-

Tamara de Lempicka, *Portrait of the Duchess of La Salle*, 1925, Oil on canvas. Private collection, Germany. Courtesy of Tamara Art Heritage.

casionally, galleries. She has numerous works that are not nudes, and thus ostensibly less explicit, which might have been viewed by a non-heterosexual population without revealing any sapphic inclination.

The political and personal implications of the masculine fashion of the *garçonnes* and flappers were sometimes quite severe, particularly in terms of the popular short-cropped hair.[27] When the style was first introduced, reception was so harsh that in some cases husbands and fathers took legal action against hairdressers, wives, and daughters, if their permission had not been granted.[28] Much of the violent reactions towards this style were based in the anxiety surrounding the rebellious shedding of bourgeois expectations of femininity. This figure, with short hair and rouged lips, was not confined to the home; she existed in the streets and nightclubs of Paris, using fashion to deemphasize the maternal aspects of her womanliness, which were the basis of bourgeois feminine ideals.

Though de Lempicka's political intentions were never recorded, it would be doing her a great disservice to assume that she was unaware of the politics that the fashions she portrayed were imbued with. De Lempicka was involved with an exclusively female group that exhibited the work of Modern women artists and was known as *Société des Femmes Artistes Modernes* (FAM)[29]—a group that has almost been completely ignored by scholars of Modern Art.[30] These women regularly experienced the political constraints associated with being a woman through their ongoing struggles to be exhibited and respected within patriarchal society.31 FAM thus created a platform for these women to have representation and establish their own exhibitions. Many other women artists who also explored female bodies in a variety of ways, such as Suzanne Valadon, were included in the FAM's exhibitions.[32] Despite never having made any direct political statements, de Lempicka expresses a conscious choice to represent sexually emancipated women in her work.[33]

The final category of de Lempicka's paintings which I will be discussing is her nudes, some of which are undoubtedly the most provocative pieces of the early 20th century. They are remarkable for a number of reasons. One of the most compelling aspects of these nudes is the enticing voyeurism which the viewer is invited to experience. Unlike other famous odalisques by male artists (*Odalisque* by Ingres, or *L'Odalisque* by François Boucher), in de Lempicka's *La Belle Rafaëla*, one of her more famous renditions of the nude, her model's attention is directed inwards.[34] The model is not looking out towards the assumed male viewer, vulnerable and in anticipation of his desire; rather she is completely focused on her own self. A man is not needed to complete this act of pleasure, nor is he seemingly wanted. The viewer is invited to gaze upon Rafaëla's own intimate moment. De

Tamara de Lempicka, *Group of Four Nudes*, ca. 1925, Oil on canvas. Private collection, United States of America. Courtesy of Tamara Art Heritage.

Lempicka's groups of nudes are similarly composed, particularly *Group of Four Nudes*, and *Rhythm*, wherein the models are being looked upon without showing any awareness of being viewed.[35]

It is precisely her denial of the necessity of a male presence in her artistic practise that makes Tamara de Lempicka the epitome of the New Woman. Not only did she support herself, her daughter, and her husband through painting, but in doing so she was able to attain extraordinary amounts of agency for herself—both in the professional realm of heterosexual men and in the bohemian subculture of sapphically-inclined socialites and intellectuals. She was extremely successful commercially and sought after as a well-known femme fatale. In many ways her art is a catalogue of both her lovers and her lovers' lovers. Having lived in a time where domestic bourgeois ideals of femininity were the established, and often unchallenged, values, de Lempicka was a radical presence in the art world. The clarity of her style and candidness of her scenes allowed her to capture a raw sexuality and emotionalism that set her apart from her contemporaries. De Lempicka's paintings are dynamic as both masterful works of portraiture and socially complex depictions of women. Δ

A Handbook for Lonely People

Sophie Tupholme
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McGill University, 2014

The fastest I ever came
was midway through morning yoga

I was a plane on the mat,
the floor sticky with sweat and dust,
that charcoal self-portrait
– timidly drawn, roughly torn –
gazed warily from my wall,
and my own lids kept closed

deep inhalation
long exhalation

You looked asleep when I'd started
I looked asleep when you started

So you caught me –
my lower back lifted, hips pulsed,
I opened
and I loathed us for it,
we were fluid
as if you did that all the time.

Dazed, hollowed, muddled,
my stomach contracted, sick with my self
but only after, not during –
I should know better
because
I don't put up with that sort of thing.

And then we were silent.
The mat,
the room,
the portrait,
my ordinary witnesses

deep exhalation
deep exhalation

Untitled

Brady Winrob
Major in Judaic Studies
Concordia University, 2014

Film Photography and Poetry

The hypersexualized female body is ever-present in a contemporary culture obsessed with voyeurism and nudity. Constantly constructed as serving an external purpose or existing to reinforce a patriarchal entity, whether that is through advertisement or entertainment, the body is rarely represented as belonging to its owner. Winrob's series of images confronts the difficulty of reclaiming beauty in an environment that allows others to repeatedly co-opt it. In alternatively depicting the subject's desire to freely expose and to hide the body, Winrob calls attention to the ways that misogyny acts as an obstruction between the female self and its own physicality.

he said he wanted to take my
virginity from me

"as friends"

take it from me
take it back from me
back because he owned it
back because he owned me

i wish it weren't years later when he
and i went for a walk
his girlfriend and his disdain for her
the main topic of conversation
he said "i'm hard for you"
grabbed my hand and put it on his
pants

i hope i never see him again so i
don't have to tell him that he sexually
assaulted me
because men don't tend to take that
confrontation well
men don't take walks well
june two thousand twelve

Caryl Churchill's Cloud 9 & Sexual Paradigms of Expression

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Before the twentieth century, the tradition of theatre took its cues from Aristotle's *Poetics*. According to this Greek philosopher, drama is both calculated and mimetic; it represents or imitates the material world through a number of characteristics that promote stability and unification. These techniques, it is assumed, express universality as they mirror human experience—but in the myriad of people that populate our societies is there really one static, essential, universal experience? This idea of individuality challenges Aristotle's notion that a character should be "appropriate…consistent and the same throughout."[1] His emphasis on the "natural order of things,"[2] which he uses to justify much of his theory, merits to be called into question by the contemporary reader—who decides what is, or is not, privileged by this paradigm?

For feminist thinkers, the conventions of mimetic art are inherently male-dominated and shaped by phallocentric traditions. According to Aristotle, comedy originated from the celebration of the cult of Dionysus, specifically in the practice of the phallic procession and its songs. This cult that glorified masculine virility in rites and ceremonies organized processions "in which giant phalluses made of wood were carried through the streets to the temple."[3] This exclusively male expression of sexuality is mirrored in the model of Aristotle's theatrical structure that crescendoes in the climax, emulating "the male sexual experience, proceeding from foreplay to arousal to ejaculation."[4] This privileging of the male experience is at the crux of feminist critique; while man is valorized by society, woman is represented as peripheral and outside of humanity. For this model to succeed, femininity must be eternalized and unchanging so *femininity and sexual difference* come across as synonymous terms. Men become the norm, women the problem to be explained; men embody humanity, women remain imprisoned in their feminine difference"[5] (emphasis in original). Thus, Aristotelian theatre limits the creation of new, culturally progressive meanings, while imposing "a standard of narrative and thematic unity that mimics the artificial unity of the engendered subject in patriarchy."[6] Alternatively, Brecht's modern definition of epic theatre formulates a new paradigm through which feminist re-imaginings are possible, and where "the structure of epic is more like the female experience of multiple consecutive orgasms."[7]

The value of Caryl Churchill's approach to theatre lies in its refusal to perpetuate the Aristotelian tradition in favor of engaging with Brechtian modes. Rather than reproducing the hegemonic, male-centered discourse that defines classical conventions, her work aims to disrupt the notion of fixity. If Aristotelian theatre encompasses an exclusively patriarchal project, then Churchill's feminist theatre subverts the phallocentric tradition and its inherent marginalization of the female experience. As masculine subjectivity relies on the construct of the mythologized woman, Churchill dissents from the archetype of the eternal feminine that serves to uphold these masculine ideals. In doing so, Churchill maintains control of her own tradition, effectually breaking the cyclical pattern whereby "an innovation will pass if it is calculated to rejuvenate existing society,

Cylla von Tiedemann, *Mirvish Productions' Cloud 9*, 2010. Courtesy of Mirvish Productions. All attempts were made to contact the owners of this image.

but not if it is going to change it—irrespective whether the form of the society in question is good or bad."[8] By showing a capacity for change and fluidity within the characters, Churchill's *Cloud 9* deconstructs, de-historicizes ancient conceptions of theatre and most importantly produces new meanings that do not rely on the oppression of others for the perpetuation of self-serving discourses.

Churchill opens her feminist play with a monologue given by the patriarch of the family, disrupting any illusion of reality. He presents his wife Betty, whose role is played by a man. Churchill's cross-casting technique employs the Brechtian alienation effect to expose the strictures of gender, effectually revealing, "gender-as-appearance, as the effect, not the precondition of regulatory practices."[9] By explicitly reminding the audience that the theatre does not directly mirror reality, Churchill limits the audience's emotional investment in the play in order to allow for the exploration of a critical social commentary. The decision to cross-cast forces the audience to question the legitimacy of gender as a natural and fixed identity. For Judith Butler, "gender is in no way a stable identity… it is an identity tenuously constituted in time—an identity instituted through a *stylized repetition of acts*"[10] (emphasis in original). The character of Betty is an astute example of this theory. As the man cast to play her must continually put on the role of woman by submitting to the patriarch, Churchill demonstrates the performative nature of gender as well as the oppressive quality of these constraints; to be recognized as a woman becomes synonymous with the sacrifice of one's subjectivity.

Throughout Act I, language plays an integral role in defining Betty as a wife and mother. Upon Betty's introduction, she sings "I live for Clive, the whole aim of my life Is to be what he looks for in a wife, And what men want is what I want to be,"[11] signaling her internalization of this gender role. Betty assumes an identity that entirely conforms to her husband's projection of the feminine ideal—as such, she embodies all female stereotypes, from her susceptibility to fainting and hysteria,[12] to her blind acceptance of these expectations. Harry, Clive's friend and Betty's lover, similarly projects Victorian notions of femininity onto Betty, calling her "safety and light and peace and home,"[13] while she begs, "Please like me… Please want me."[14] As Betty confesses that her aim in life is to fulfill the masculine ideal of wife, her identity is portrayed as dependent on these male projections. Harry admits that "when I think of you I always think of you with Edward in your lap."[15] This line exemplifies the fact that he is unable to separate Betty from the essentialized image of maternity and femininity through which he defines her. When she does attempt to stray from these conventions, asking Harry, "Can't we ever be alone?" he quickly reinforces her position as inferior to him, stating, "You are a mother. And a daughter. And a wife."[16] Harry emphasizes Betty's sexual difference, as "from patriarchy's earliest times [men] have deemed it useful to keep woman in a state of dependence; their codes were set up against her; she was thus concretely established as the Other."[17] Harry and Clive reproduce the patriarchal discourse of woman as myth and perpetuate the notion that man "attains himself only through the reality of what he is not."[18] (ie: woman).

And yet, Churchill's decision to cast Betty as a man

entirely undermines this portrayal of womanhood. For Aristotle, "imitation is natural to man from childhood,"[19] but Churchill's cross-casting seems to suggest more than this. While Betty imitates the gendered identity of a woman, the cross-casting indicated that gender is "capable of being constituted differently."[20] Churchill subverts the Aristotelian notion of imitation by utilizing it to disprove the very continuity it is meant to portray.

Because Churchill re-appropriates traditional conventions to serve her own feminist project, she prevents the reproduction of problematic ideologies by disturbing the male gaze of the spectator. According to Laura Mulvey, in conventional theatre, "the spectator identifies with the male protagonist" who then actively "participates in his power."[21] If a play mirrors a patriarchal, phallocentric society and its dynamism, the spectator is given authority over the objectified female, because he "can indirectly possess her too."[22] By cross-casting Betty as a man, Churchill disrupts this gaze and effectually disallows the spectator to impose preconceived notions of gender and femininity onto Betty's character. This inevitably causes the viewer to question the meaning beyond their patriarchally-constructed, and thus limited, knowledge of womanhood.

Churchill's decision to cast Victoria, the other central female figure of the play, as a dummy during Act I, skillfully recalls Simone de Beauvoir's theory of constructed gendered identity. For Beauvoir, "one is not born, but rather becomes, a woman."[23] Limiting both her presence and dialogue, Churchill presents Victoria as a woman who has not yet entered subjectivity—or, one who has yet to internalize masculine projections of the ideal. Either way, she is a fresh slate. Beauvoir's suggestion refutes the idea of an inherent femininity and promotes gender as a learned behaviour. As Victoria is a girl, too young for marriage or childbearing, she has not yet become instrumental for the reproduction of patriarchy. Churchill exploits this opportunity to showcase how society values women's participation—as a secondary figure to the male primary. In reducing Victoria's character to an entirely dependent and speechless object, Churchill critiques the oppressive extent of constrictions women inherit based on their sex.

By using a similar cast for Act II, Churchill is able to explore the ways in which inherited femininity works cross-generationally between female characters. In Act I, Maud, Betty's mother, functions as a submissive model for her daughter, guiding her on the issues of a woman's duty, such as, "you have to learn to be patient… My mama was very patient,"[24] (15), and "Clive will know what to do. Your father always knew what to do."[25] Maud continually reminds Betty of both their positions under male authority. Maud's mode of understanding the world is closely related to her identity as a wife, mother and daughter—an ideal she encourages Betty to adhere to. Without realizing the harmful reality of the values she imposes on her daughter, Maud supports the hegemonic discourse that maintains patriarchy as the reigning principle of society.

In Act I, Churchill illuminates the inner workings of oppression by challenging the Aristotelian tradition of theatre. To orchestrate to this subversion, she does not restrict her female characters to static and immutable ideals. In Act II, in the absence of Clive, the women begin to question their roles in relation to their gender and sexuality. Victoria emerges in human form as not just a mother and wife, but as a feminist. Now played by a woman, Betty assumes Maud's role from Act I and imposes her learned notions of femininity onto her daughter: «I think Victoria's very pretty but she doesn't make the most of herself, do you darling, it's not the fashion I'm told but there are still women who read Vogue, we hope that's not what Martin looks for, though in many ways I wish it was. I don't know what it is Martin looks for and nor does he I'm afraid.»[26]

Betty's long, digressive conversation, not directed towards anyone in particular, shows her attempt to impart the internalized masculine discourses she learned through Maud and Clive. However, her evident confusion in the passage suggests that she is unaware of why she believes, or is articulating, these thoughts. The fact that Victoria is no longer listening to Betty suggests that discord is emerging in the cross-generational imparting of these patriarchal narratives. Victoria represents the first generation of active feminism (as it exists in the play) and thus the potential to end the reproduction of harmful gendered constructs, at least on the behalf of women.

Victoria's feminism is evident in her dissatisfaction towards the roles she is expected to assume. In response to Betty's persistent reproaches on her subpar performance of femininity, Victoria replies: "Does everybody hate their mothers?"[27] This outburst counters the force of inherited femininity by directly addressing its source. By acknowledging the ways in which these internalized behaviors are passed down through generations, Victoria draws attention to the larger discourses at play, stating: "You have to look at it [men] in a historical perspective in terms of learnt behaviour since the industrial revolution."[28] By bringing into focus the historical perspective, Victoria roots behaviour in experiential rather than essentialist terms.

The crux of Victoria's development as a character occurs during her ritualistic acts that take place in the park in the company of Lin and Edward. Victoria leads the chant: "Goddess hear us calling you back through time, hear us, Lady, give us back what we were, give us the history we haven't had, make us the women we can't be."[29] Calling upon a

Cylla von Tiedemann, *Mirvish Productions' Cloud 9*, 2010. Courtesy of Mirvish Productions. All attempts were made to contact the owners of this image.

female power in order to recognize the real and lived consequences of women in a male-written history, Churchill establishes woman as a product of circumstance. While this scene is an act of empowerment, it also implies that female voices have been so lost and excluded that a supernatural recuperation of history is required.

Betty struggles to find her place once she no longer serves as a wife and is cast aside as a mother. In Act I, her identity is entirely reliant on male perceptions, causing her to think that "if Clive wasn't looking at [her] there wasn't a person there."[30] In Act II, Betty regains possession of her subjectivity; she embraces her sexual autonomy and recognizes her desires as a force separate from her duty to a husband. The play closes with Betty reflecting on her sexual identity. She recalls the repression of her sexual curiosity as a child in an instance when her mother dragged her out from under the table where she saw Betty "with [her] hand under [her] dress rubbing away."[31] Once she rediscovers her sexuality, she expresses: "I felt myself gathering more and more… I felt triumphant because I was a separate person from them. And I cried because I didn't want to be. But I don't cry about it anymore."[32] In these poignant terms, Betty is reconciled with her subjectivity, and no longer depends on others to define her. Churchill ends the play with the Bettys from Act I and II meeting in an embrace—an encounter that symbolically reunites the women with the history that was stolen from them. Betty acknowledges her oppression and no longer blindly accepts what others impose on her. In a liberating moment, she declares her autonomy from patriarchal society, forging the way for others to do the same.

As Churchill disrupts the tradition of theatre, she deconstructs the oppressive male systems that they are built on. By using cross-casting, the playwright questions numerous issues of identity—be it performativity of gender or the disconnect between subjectivity and its expression. In doing so, Churchill champions innovation, she refuses to "rejuvenate existing society"[33] and the patriarchal ideologies that it is built on. The number of critical feminist and gender theories that are seamlessly articulated in *Cloud 9* attests to the play as an innovation in both theatre and feminist justice. Δ

Badlands Archive

Alexandra Reghina Draghici
Major in Theatre
Concordia University, 2014

Performance

Performance, painting, dance and photography fuse with research and intertext in Draghici's Badlands Archive Series. Through an investigation of the light, darkness and atmosphere of the setting as well as the physical experience of the body in relation to it, Draghici engages with the sublime as it has been famously represented in works by Rodin and Turner. Using the body as an archival space in which imprints of experiences are stored, the series highlights a dialogue between itself and the material objects, landscape and architecture of its environs. The erotic and embodied aspects of woman's way of being in the world are thereby brought to light, and with them come possibilities of the conscious and unconscious, the energetic and alchemical, and the transcendent and creative.

Photo Credits
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Imprint photo: Alexandra R. Draghici

"White Guys Won't Get It, But That's Not The Intention"

Discussing the Colonial Gaze in Archival Photographs with Sanaa Hamid

Amelia Wong-Mersereau
Major in Communication and Cultural Studies
Concordia University, 2014

Four months ago, Sanaa Hamid (b. 1993) was just a person on the Internet that I never thought I would connect with in a tangible way. Scrolling through Tumblr one night, I came across her Kickstarter project entitled, "My Body is Not Your Battleground in Pakistan." After contributing to her fundraiser, I followed Hamid on the social networks to track her burgeoning career. Her work became increasingly relevant and important to my studies; I was determined to write about her, speak with her, and perhaps even collaborate. The interview that follows was conducted in the context of a research methods course in the Communication and Cultural Studies program, but I believe it goes beyond that class. Here, Hamid and I discuss "Ethnographic Selfies" and "Colonialism Sucks" (2014), two of her works that explore problematic archival photographs, the colonialist male gaze, the politics of image making, and how to address this material in a contemporary photography practice.

AMELIA: I guess we can start by discussing *Sorryyoufeeluncomfortable* because I'd really like to hear about that residency and the work "Ethnographic Selfies," which you did as a result of it.

SANAA: *Sorryyoufeeluncomfortable* was created by artist Barby Asante and the educational curator at Iniva, Teresa Cisneros. I came into it really late, they had already formed. They had to do proposals and then they chose who was part of it. Two days before their show, Teresa emailed me saying, "Can you come in, we can just talk? I've seen your work." So I was like, okay that's fine. So I went and at the end of our meeting, she just like, proper got my work. And she's the one that picked up on the "Colonialism Sucks" video. I did that just as a stupid little thing on the side. I didn't put it on my website or anything. But she said, "This is amazing, what you've done here!" and I was like, "Shit really?" I've been told by everyone that it's offensive, it's rubbish, it's not very good, it's a bit silly, whatever, so I didn't really think of it. I thought, "Hmm, I could get along with these people [at Iniva]." She asked me to join the collective, but I was really scared because collectives are such a tight knit thing and you really have to have that sense of trust and growing up together. They had already been there for a month, like, they knew each other. So I was a bit scared. But they were all so nice! And literally, within an hour, I was low key in love with half of them. They are just so intelligent, and really young. And not all of them were necessarily artists. There was a history student, one hasn't even gone to university, he's in a gap year, but he's so clever. It was just this group of critically-minded creative thinkers. The feed-

Sanaa Hamid, *Still from Ethnographic Selfies #1*, 2014, Gif. Photo reproduced with permission from and courtesy of Sanaa Hamid.

back we got on the first night [of the show] was amazing. Then the residency...we're not based in Iniva, but Iniva's been accommodating us. So the residency was a month, I think? And they basically wanted us to expand on the work that we'd produced beforehand, which was supposed to be a response to the film *Baldwin's Nigger* by Horace Ove. I hadn't seen it before. So I was like, okay, I don't know how my work is a response, but they said it fit. [*About coming to "Ethnographic Selfies"*]: So kind of, extending on "Colonialism Sucks," with that in hindsight and watching Baldwin's Nigger I incorporated and developed on all that. At the same time I thought, "Shit I don't have a camera because I've left university, how do I do this?" At first, I was trying to get really technical. I wanted to get a video camera and a green screen and make it really slick. And then we were talking about it, in a group crit, and they said, "No! Use your Mac!" But you know when it starts getting all funny [in reference to the Photo Booth application], when you try and have a background? Like, WHY WON'T YOU STAY?

A: [*Laughs*] There's a serious problem.

S: Seriously! How could they, I mean it's Apple come on! It stressed me out so much sometimes. Like you move a bit and then it's gone. But they said embrace it, work with it. That's the nature of technology. It turned out quite fun! I showed my mum and she said, "I don't get it." [*Laughs*] I try and explain but she's like, "I don't get it." When she says she doesn't get it, I'm on to something.

In the photos from the archive that I used, we see the women through the colonial white male gaze. I am kind of inserting myself into that space. I was reclaiming that accessibility of image making. Now, you can take a picture on anything, your phone, your computer, it's not a privilege. In those days, it was a privilege reserved to the white male scene, wasn't it, photography? So now, I'm kind of reclaiming photography and reclaiming my own agency as a photographer, as a Muslim woman, and engaging with the figures that are in the pictures. When I first looked at the archive I was just looking into these women's eyes and I could see the fear, the oppression, I could see all of that in their faces. I just wanted to fuck those guys up for them! It was just horrible to see. How do I respond to that in not such a serious way? Because it's definitely serious. But my work is often…I try and make it a bit tongue in cheek, and like, take the piss. Them [the white males] photographing these women, it was *dehumanizing*. It was cold. My response to that is, you dehumanized them, I'm going to dehumanize you by taking the piss out of you.

The military, especially in this country, they're so overly patriotic. But what are they even supporting? I think the museum and my university had problems with it when I started making it ["Colonialism Sucks"]. The Royal Engineers Museum is placed right next to the barracks where some of the training army is based. It's kind of…weird? We had to be escorted to and from the museum, and there's all these military kids walking around. It's almost a justification of what the Western military is doing. By placing all this history next to it [the barracks], and trying to say, "Oh we've had such a long history of fighting all these battles." And I was the only one looking at these pictures and saying, "What? Can you see how fucked up it is what they're doing?

This is photographic evidence of that!"

A: Yes and now it's the hundred years since World War I and it's really weird to see the kind of artwork that people are doing that is *prettifying* this terrible thing.

S: Exactly, and painting them as such heroes...But I'm really anti-military anyway. Have you seen in England there's these poppy hijabs that have been made?

A: No?

S: Hijabs with poppy prints on them. In Canada as well, the poppy is the symbol that remembers, yeah?

A: Yeah, yeah.

S: And they do the poppy badge appeals, and everyone's supposed to wear a poppy at this time. Which is bullshit anyway…But they made some hijabs with poppy prints on them. There's articles that say, "Muslims are encouraged to wear this." And I'm like, hold up! They try and force Muslims to have the same bullshit patriotism but…why would Muslims support the oppression of other people when we're being oppressed right now?

A : Yeah that is odd.

S: It is really odd. But I think that's why the museum was so edgy about what I was doing. It's within *their own archives*, what I'm highlighting.

A: Good on you, seriously, for going into those archives. It makes sense being next to the military kids walking around, to feel incentive. I would feel the same way.

S: It's uncomfortable, isn't it? The kind of environment where you're being escorted to and from a bloody museum.

A: I'm kind of wondering how you came to animation in "Colonialism Sucks" and "Ethnographic Selfies" because you said you didn't feel so confident in the film you made originally. Then with these ***gifs***, you used animation again from your film. So how did you come to animation? Was it as a means to cut the heads off these men in the photos?

S: In a sense…this was a university mini project, and everyone else [in the class] did really serious, borderline boring work with the archive. So I would be that one who takes the piss a little bit and does something not so serious. It was literally just before I went to Pakistan, so I thought, "right I don't have a lot of time for this, so I'm going to do something a bit silly." My ex is an animator so he helped me do that. I was, in a sense, manipulating these figures literally. When I first started it was just small movements and I started making gifs giving them bobble heads and making them move. Then when the museum lady and my head course leader said it was offensive, I thought, "I'm going to push it further! I'm going to make it more offensive!" I suppose animation was just naturally what I thought. Have you seen Monty Python before? The animation style in that is kind of similar.

A: Yes! Absolutely.

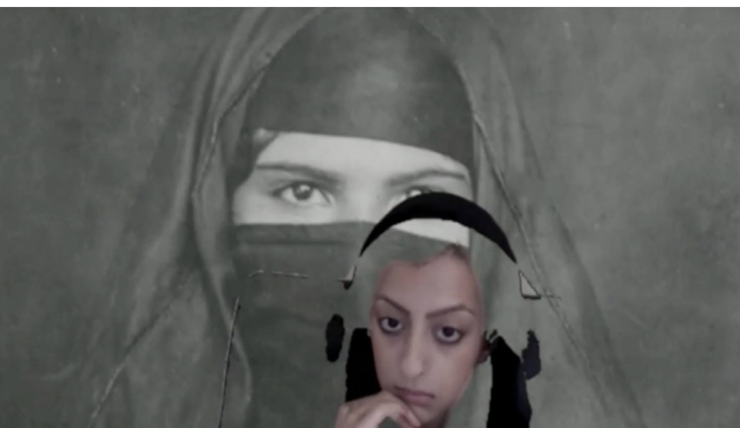
S: Their idea of *disrupting Britishness* and the sense of British patriotism and all of that, is kind of similar to what I wanted to do. A bit silly, only 52 seconds, there's not really a narrative within it. It's just me picking these few images and disrupting the archive a little bit, in a way that people aren't really used to seeing. A lot of archival work is about either reconstructing a narrative, creating someone's own narrative, or looking at the object's physicality and the ephemeral nature of the archive. Transporting it into this thing to be protected, to be touched with cotton gloves and putting it on a digital screen and manipulating it digitally in a way that is there forever now. I thought that was quite interesting, the transformation from physical object rather than image, to something on a screen.

A: Right, well let's talk about the accessibility of image making then. Somebody wrote about you from Digital Women UK and they emphasized your tool kit of social media. What do you think about using your own computer for image making… since a lot of self-ethnography and even mobile ethnography are reduced and invalidated?

S: Exactly! Especially by white men! White men love to write articles about how selfies *are* the narcissistic generation, all of this shit. But look, I am passionate about selfies. I encourage all brown girls to take selfies because it's YOU reclaiming your representation. You get ready and you think, "Damn I look good why shouldn't I take a picture?"

Years and years ago when photography just started, to take a selfie you had to sit there for ten hours. Was that called a narcissistic generation? White dudes would sit to be painted for hours and hours. Was that not a narcissist experience? It's just as you said, [a tone, an attitude] to invalidate the image of ourselves. It's fine if a white man takes a picture of these poor little brown girls in Pakistan or India, but if we take a selfie it's invalidated.

A: Well yes because I think the accessibility of it means that we're just contributing to the junk space of the Internet. It's



Sanaa Hamid, *Still from Ethnographic Selfies #3*, 2014, Gif. Photo reproduced with permission from and courtesy of Sanaa Hamid.

Sanaa Hamid, Still from Ethnographic Selfies #4, 2014, Gif. Photo reproduced with permission from and courtesy of Sanaa Hamid.

equivalent to and it's associated with the Internet, which is always placed back down to the low genre.

S: I have this network of cute brown girls on Tumblr who are the kind of girls that reblog your selfie. They're always there just to, "Yeah! Yeah!" [cheer you on]. And everyone's so engaged with representing themselves in whatever damn way they please and not being apologetic for it. Sometimes you do feel a bit apologetic, like "ooh sorry for the double selfies on Instagram, but actually, no I'm not sorry." Right?

A: Yeah absolutely! Now let's talk about colonialism and let's unpack your description of "Ethnographic Selfies." *[Reads]"In this series of gifs, I revisit the archive at Royal Engineers Museum, using the idea of self-representation and the selfie as a means to responding to the oppressive colonialist gaze."* How have you worked before with the gaze? I remember your piece "Through Her Eyes" and I think that that was a different exploration of the self and the self-portrait.

S: Yes, definitely.

A: But so with "Ethnographic Selfies," how have you moved into a different zone, shall we say?

S: Definitely, you know there's this photographer Marc Garanger, and he did this series called "Femme Algériennes," and he was a French military photographer. He did thousands and thousands of portraits of Algerian women. You have to see them! The gaze in them is so…that work fuelled my whole project. They were stripped of their veil and he had to photograph them for their I.D. cards for their refugee camp, which was controlled by the French military. The anger and the repulsion, the oppression in their eyes…They're returning that *gaze*, with the aggression of having this camera put in front of you and being stripped of your veil. There are hundreds of them, definitely check them out.

A: Okay so that series definitely fuelled this project.

S: And the whole idea of the gaze, the colonial gaze.

A: I was going to ask about contemporary examples that you may have seen of this gaze since your work is with historical archival material, but I know that we are not really in a post-colonial era either. It's everywhere, this colonial gaze, and I was going to ask, are you seeing any other artists or photographers addressing it or is there a hole that you see your work kind of fits into?

S: I mean I would never consider my work particularly revolutionary. I think I'm too immature, and I've only been doing this for a few years. There's this artist Pushpamala N. and she kind of addressed the idea of the ethnographic study and of clinical measurement in photography. She's kind of taking the piss as well; she's on the screen with a grid measuring her arm, dressed as the native woman. That was really interesting to me because it isn't overtly funny, but it's quite tongue in cheek in the way that she's playing with the idea of archival imagery and the colonial gaze. Which, again, she's reclaiming that by taking the photo herself.

A: Absolutely, right. I recently went to go see a work by Shirin Neshat and I wanted to know what you think of her. I'm a bit conflicted because I studied her work in my post-colonial art history class and then we were instructed to go see her new film with Natalie Portman, sponsored by Dior, and it's very aesthetic and nice. It was a very haunting and beautiful film. It's called *Illusions & Mirrors.* My issue is that, Neshat was doing work with the motif of the veil in her earlier years and I'm not sure about this shift…She's claiming she wants to move toward a timeless and universal narrative, which is a bit problematic I feel. Especially because if she is also claiming she wants to leave behind the socio-political issues with Iran etc.

S: What's her new thing called?

A: *Illusions & Mirrors.*

S: [*types into her computer*] I haven't seen it. I don't know. I quite liked Shirin Neshat.

She is one of those photographers that is brought up whenever there's any kind of discussion about race and photography or religion and photography. So many people would say to me through my education, "have you heard of Shirin Neshat?" and I'm like "Yes! I've bloody heard of Shirin Neshat! Because I'm a Muslim woman!" Some of her video work is beautiful, but I'm not liking this Natalie Portman situation.

A: As you were kind of saying, everyone knows her, and also everyone's paying her the big bucks now.

S: Exactly, that happens a lot, the industry will clock onto one person of colour. And they will throw all the money at them and they will highlight them to shit but they're the one token person. I think that's what's happening to Shirin at the moment.

A: Yeah. Anyway, I wanted to talk about the way you engage in each specific gif image, since you have specific poses that you chose. You said you felt an interaction with the women in these images already just by looking into their faces in the archives. But how did you go through the pictures and choose how you would engage the female subject?

S: I spent literally hours and hours, weeks on weeks at the ar-

chive. And there were so many pictures. I had over 200 that I was whittling down. So I had a lot of stuff, but I was wary of not making a video that was too long, because I wanted something [*snaps fingers*], short and snappy, bit funny, that's it, done. And I was also aware that I didn't really have a lot of time to do this as well as I'd like to. So if I made it too long, I won't be able to finish it. The pictures that I could manipulate, you know the ones of the guys in the portrait? All of them lined up?

A: Yes.

S: That kind of thing, I don't know, I just found it so funny. I would just laugh at them. I would just sit there, look at them, on my own, just laughing at these pictures. And the guys in black face when they're doing the boxing.

A: Oh my goodness…

S: Why do you have to be in blackface to do boxing? I don't understand. I'd take those kind of pictures and I'd show the woman at the museum. I was like, "Look at them!" and she'd make excuses! To follow what they did, "Oh, they're just playing" and I said…"That's the point though isn't it? They're just playing, as a black person." That's not cool, they're like mocking the nation.

A: You were talking a little bit earlier about how you want to go forward, and you're thinking of future projects and other works. How do you feel now that you've worked within your toolbox of homemade work? Are you going to continue addressing these problematics, making the work yourself on your own computer? It's very trendy right now. There was a blog I saw that was all "Snapchat art." So people are using apps and their computers to do these things, which is cool because it's kind of a taking down or a decolonization process.

S: *Sorryyoufeeluncomfortable* are thinking about making our own Vine channel, and making vines that kind of address the issues that affect our lives in that kind of six second punchy way. I definitely know what you mean about it being trendy at the moment and I'm very wary of maintaining a practice as a photographer and an artist. I like my gif series but it is just that isn't it? It's a gif series.

I want to go back to actual traditional photography. I work with medium format and it's this long process and I really miss that kind of intimacy with my own work, the kind of long process it takes. For my next project, I'm definitely going to go back to my medium format. It's just hard because obviously I don't have access to the processes and everything now, but I'm learning to be a functional artist outside of The Institution.

A: Of course.

S: That's my next challenge in life. But I'm going to go back to traditional. Obviously in the future I'm definitely going to bear in mind the Internet and how central that is to my work. I'm going to be editing an issue of *Interrupt Magazine* soon. You choose one idea to interrupt, and I'm going to interrupt the idea of South Asian stereotypes. I'm really going to incorporate all the South Asian girls from Tumblr from the Internet that I know that do creative things, but their output and their audience is just the rest of us. Do you know what I mean?

A: Yes.

S: White people don't really get it, but it's not *for them*. It's just for ourselves. And it's the kind of work that other girls can see and really relate to. White guys won't get it, but that's not the intention. The Oxford talk that I was at, I was asked, "is the reaction to your work important? Who do you want to react to your work?" And I honestly don't care what people think about my work. All the brown girls, that's all I care about. I want them to like it and I want them to kind of have some kind of connection to it. Everyone else, I don't really care.

A: Yeah, elicit a response from *them*. And it does! I want to say, I think your work is moving because, for me especially, it deals with everything at once that I want to see in art. I'm in Communications and we've done the history of every kind of media possible. I'm moving now into Art History classes as well, to have access to ones like post-colonial theory in art history. If I could only write on you and your work that would be so cool. It is the culmination of everything! Especially because in my communications classes, and in talking about visual culture, and through feminist media analysis, I was able to talk about M.I.A. a little bit last year. But not enough! So I just feel like your work is the most relevant thing to be talking about right now. And I'm thankful for your work.

S: You're so cute, you're making me emotional!

A: Don't get emotional, it's just the reality! One other thing I should ask I suppose is… well your work is so driven by these problematic realities. Even if you can say that "it's just a series of *gifs*," the images, they are really driven with purpose. Your engagement with the person at the archive who, didn't exactly laugh it off, but reduced or gave excuses [about the past]… that's problematic. In your piece about cultural appropriation, which is so prevalent and it's in everything we wear… I wonder, have people understood? You talk about being frustrated by these problematics, but has anyone gotten it?

S: The appropriation series specifically? You know that was how my work online actually started because that was in my second year of university. It was just a project. I uploaded it on Tumblr with a few typos here and there. I thought I might get a couple of likes. Went to sleep, woke up, and there was just this debate blowing up on Tumblr. I was like, "shit!" I seriously got so many messages of abuse.

A: Oh my god…

S: You know those white girls on Tumblr saying "Why can't I wear a fucking bindi?" [*Laughs*] well I got a million of those…but I got hundreds and hundreds from other people, and I still get to this day, emails from people pouring their hearts out to me. Some people really did get it, and some people said "Thank you so much for just highlighting that, leaving it out there as a discussion." That's all I wanted to do, I didn't really put my opinion about appropriation in the work because I'm not really aggressive about it, but I left it completely neutral. People emailed me saying, "Oh I didn't realize that I was appropriating until I saw this and I thought maybe I shouldn't, maybe I should check with people, maybe I should ask if that's offensive." I still get people sending me messages asking me, "Is this offensive?" But I'm not everybody's one stop, like, am I appropriating or not or like…

A: The appropriation police!

S: Yeah, that can be really annoying sometimes. So I'm like just Google it, trust me. But no, certain people don't respond in the way you want, obviously. My work got posted on this awful website, it was like some photography website, like SLR Lounge or something? So obviously, most of the audience for that website is white males. All the comments were just… There was this guy who was like "I'm a fashion photographer and I use the native Indian headdress as a prop, and why shouldn't I?" I don't usually reply to things like that, but I literally went mental. I wrote that this is the exact problem that I am addressing and you need to Google the term 'white privilege' and try and understand it a little bit.

A: Google the term 'white privilege'!

S: Some people don't get it, but I don't really give a shit. I'm not going to sit down and write these long messages to people that don't get it and hope that they will try. Some people can't see past their privilege, so they would never be able to see the work in the perspective that me or you would be able to see it because they know nothing about that. They know nothing about the experience of oppressed people.

A: Especially if they see that you're still working in a medium that they associate with… well they know that the medium of photography is a privileged medium, so how is it that you're working within this medium but you're doing something kind of different?

S: And then the work, "Through Her Eyes" that was a personal project and I didn't expect anyone to really relate to that, but so many people did! I got a sweet email from this girl in Pakistan she was like fifteen and she lived in a really tribal area but she said she saw my work and she was so happy to just see something that she could recognize in contemporary art! That's the only reason I carry on doing my work.

Sanaa Hamid and Amelia Wong-Mersereau, 2014, Digital screenshot. Photo reproduced with permission from and courtesy of Amelia Wong-Mersereau.

I probably could have just dropped photography and done something more practical by now, if it hadn't been for the response.

A: What you're doing is so important. I feel like, if you go back to the longer process of photography you were working in, there is something very rewarding in that also.

S: Life is so fast-paced now, and we just want everything to be instant. Photography, with a digital camera is just [*camera shutter sound]*, is just done! I like that you can go back and really think a bit more about what you're doing [*slowly*].

A: Absolutely! ∆

Heritage

A Work in Progress

Fannie Gadouas
Major in Studio Arts: Photography
Concordia University, 2014

Photography, video and performance

In a multimedia work of video, photography and fibres, Gadouas questions the authenticity of heritage and related material objects by dismantling and remaking a family heirloom. She does so alongside her mother and grandmother, repositioning their shared genetic history in a specifically gendered way. Ripping the demure, frilly, white dress to shreds, Gadouas deconstructs the patriarchal values that accompany its material and political existence. Because her mother and grandmother knit and sew the shreds back together, engaging in a domestic and feminine practice, the three female subjectivities participate in a conceptual dialogue about what it means to belong to a tradition. The piece, a cyclical, ongoing process, reflects the nature of heritage and familial belonging as itself ongoing, evolving and unstable rather than fixed.

“Man is a true Narcissus: he makes the whole world his mirror”

An Analysis of the Male Artist’s Relation to the Female Figure

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In Ovid’s “The Story of Pygmalion and the Statue,” featured in his *Metamorphoses* (8 A.D.), a Cypriot sculptor carves an image of the perfect woman with whom he instantly falls in love. Dissatisfied and even disgusted with the “lascivious life” of ‘real’ women who are “unknowing how to blush, and shameless grown,”[1] Ovid’s Pygmalion decidedly carves his perfect (read obedient, beautiful and mute) woman. Infatuated by her goddess-like beauty, he begs Venus to provide him with a wife of the “living likeness of [his] ivory girl.”[2] Upon pressing his lips to those of Galatea—the name he gives his sculpture—the stony statue miraculously transforms into a real woman.

In the nineteenth and early twentieth century, the changing role of woman led to many societal anxieties in Europe.[3] It is no surprise then that the legend of Pygmalion and Galatea—a story which quite clearly defines the ideal woman as a beautiful speechless statue—features prominently within the art of this period. Fearful of the ‘feminization’ of culture, male artists, in a similar fashion to Pygmalion, looked to their work as a means through which to “control, master, [and] fix the woman of their desire as a reflection of [their] own creative energy.”[4] Catherine Maxwell, among others, theorizes that the male-artist’s tendency to depict provocative women was a way of sheltering themselves from their own hidden desires: “Man, succeeding to the position of anthropomorphic and masculine deity, becomes the master of his own match. Women, rather than being a subject in her own right, functions as the device that completes man’s lack, simultaneously reflecting him back to himself in reassuring fullness.”[5] As such, male artists hid their socially unacceptable desires by portraying female subjects.

Pygmalion, too, turned to “his happy skill” when he wished to resist the shameful lure of the prostitute, and yet “fear[ed] idleness.”[6] In this way, as Maxwell judiciously remarks, “male subjects, threatened by woman’s independent spirit, replace her with statues, pictures, prostheses, corpses, which seem to them more than acceptable substitutes for the real thing.”[7]

Many 19th and 20th century depictions of the Galatea and Pygmalion myth show the period to have been one of simultaneous change and stagnation. In portraying this classical story, the works of Jean-Léon Gérome (who visited the tale in three major pieces), Francisco Goya and Honoré Daumier are all indicative of the male artist’s anxious desire to create and control the female figure through his art-making.

Gérome’s Representations of Pygmalion and Galatea (1890)

Around the year 1890, the story of Pygmalion and Galatea appears to have become a veritable obsession for Jean-Léon Gérome (1824-1904): he dedicated two major canvases and a sculpture to the subject. Borrowing from theorists Maxwell, Michelet and Blanc, it can be extrapolated that each of these pieces clearly demonstrates Pygmalion’s—and by extension the male artist’s—use of the figure of Galatea as a mask for his hidden desires. They also speak of Gérome’s own masculine anxieties towards the ‘modern woman’ of nineteenth century France.

Jean-Léon Gérôme, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, 1890, Oil on canvas. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Courtesy of Wikimedia Commons.

First, Gérome created the sculpture as a model for his subsequent paintings—one that depicts Galatea from behind, the other from a frontal viewpoint. The back view, which was painted after the scandal that the initial frontal version caused, shows Pygmalion, embracing his statue that is in the process of transforming from stone to woman. Cupid hovers nearby, aiming an arrow at the two figures; two masks and a shield rest just beneath him.[8] The background is composed of Pygmalion's old artworks cast in shadow. A carved fish remains inanimate at Galatea's feet. Unlocking these details is crucial to understanding the painting's meaning.

In this rear-view depiction, Galatea represents both the old and 'modern' female nude: "she is newly born,"[9] in the midst of being touched while having never been touched before. Galatea therefore possesses a different kind of virginity bequeathed upon her by the goddess Venus of whom she is thought to be an effigy.[10] Though not depicted in the work, Venus' presence is felt, as it is she that grants Pygmalion's deepest desires. The male artist shields himself from the viewer—a move symbolically echoed in the inclusion of a shield. In hiding his Pygmalion figure behind a woman, Gérome enables him to indulge in his secret desires while holding Galatea responsible for his actions; she is both the passive recipient and the instigator of the embrace,[11] the pre-lapsarian and post-lapsarian woman. Here, Gérome's Pygmalion embodies every man's ultimately unattainable desire to embrace the virgin and the prostitute—a contradiction that opposes the dual male needs for societal acceptance and personal pleasure. The painting epitomizes what Jennifer L. Shaw terms the "crisis of the nude." This phenomenon, which according to her "resulted less from internal stresses and contradictions in codes of representation than it did from conflicting discourses about the status of woman as a social and sexual agent and from the nature and terms of man's relation to and control of the feminine,"[12] had its roots in the Salon of 1863 and would continue to have an effect throughout the nineteenth century.

In this specific piece, the power of the gaze is very important. Here, the viewer looks on at two figures that do not look back and so is offered up the scene in all its erotic intimacy. Within the work itself, Pygmalion looks upon his Galatea as he embraces her, their hands grasped tightly together. She, who up until her transformation could not gaze at all, is now twisting her body passionately, engulfed in her creator's attention. The first subject Galatea looks upon will inevitably be the very source that seeks to control her; she "see[s] her lover before she perceives the light."[13] In physically obstructing her view with his body Pygmalion engages in "the taming of the woman's gaze, the control of her license to survey."[14]

The fish resting at Galatea's feet refers to the sea, which was a common metaphor for women during the nineteenth century.[15] According to Michelet, "the sea represents the eternal change" and "the source of both man's fascination for woman and of woman's ultimate inferiority."[16] Men possess the power to control the eternal change of woman's body, which was thought impossible to be control-

Jean-Léon Gérôme, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, 1890, Oil on canvas. Private collection. Courtesy of Wikimedia Commons.

led by women themselves.[17] Indeed, it is only when a man impregnates a woman that her metaphorical cycle of the sea, her menstruation, is tamed: "the uncontrollable sea submits herself to the 'wound' which man metaphorically inflicts upon her through sexual intercourse."[18] In addition to the very obvious fish, other elements of the painting make reference to the sea. For one, Pygmalion is dressed in blue silk that recalls briny waves. Furthermore, the traces of broken marble on the floor, which fell from Galatea, give the impression of a small puddle of water, emphasizing the woman as being homogenous with the sea. This effect may as well be an allusion to Galatea's life-giver, Venus, who was born from the sea. In that case, the image of the sea would have definite erotic connotations.

Pygmalion embraces Galatea in a manner that seems to invite her to engage in a sexual act. Her body bends to his pull, acquiesces, mirroring the movement of a wave in its fluidity and curved axis and giving visual support to Michelet's theory that woman's "internal physiology…makes her more susceptible to transformation by man."[19] The only power that Galatea is credited with is the power of seduction, which prompts Pygmalion to appeal to Venus. We can assume that, only a moment before the instant that Gérome has depicted, the sculptor would have sat admiring his work like "a man sitting by a chaotic sea [which] is, above all, a metaphor for sexual desire, and represents a fantasy of control over woman's body."[20] Man then wishes to simultaneously give in to feminine sexual lure whilst maintaining control over her body and mind.

Charles Blanc (1813-1882), a nineteenth-century French art critic, believed woman to be "the cause of all that is ugly and foul, her original sin compelling man to transform what she had defiled 'le beau.'"[21] According to his theory, man was put on Earth surrounded by beauty, represented by Eve; however, upon her tasting of the forbidden fruit, she damned the world to a lesser state of beauty. Thereafter, "the purpose of all creative endeavor" was to "reclaim what the feminine ha[d] lost for man."[22] Male artists, conforming to Blanc's views, must therefore depict nature in its original idealized state, as it was before the Fall caused by woman. Gérome's Galatea is an artistic depiction created by two male artists—narratively by Pygmalion and practically by Gérome—and so, according to Blanc's theory should represent woman in all her prelapsarian beauty. Thus, this figure is in a unique position: "as the being whose uncontrolled act caused the need for art in the first place, [she] becomes the very site of transformation back to the original state of grace."[23] Pygmalion's dramatic movement, his lunging forward, signifies his intense desire to finally embrace the 'right,' the untainted woman. Her perfection is contrasted with the two female sculptures that sit in the background: a mother and child ensemble and a seated woman holding a mirror. These stereotypical subjects stand on opposite sides of the 'mother/whore' dichotomy, which casts the female body either as a birthing vessel or as a site of male pleasure. Ideally, according to Michelet, motherhood and eroticism would be combined into one ideal body, here represented as Galatea.

And what is the viewer to make of the two masks that sit under Cupid? The paired faces of tragedy and comedy, a common theatrical motif, may hint at the dual nature of Galatea's transformation. While Pygmalion, through the intercession of Venus, has granted his sculpture life, he has also made her mortal and drawn her into the post-Fall world. Furthermore, the masks embody the carnivalesque, the land of folly and madness, all of which can be linked to the spectacle of the woman; prostitution and the corruption of the mind, for which 'imperfect' women were supposedly held accountable. Finally Susan Waller proposes another theory on the masks. According to her, "their leers and smirks become the signifiers of a masculine loss of control, a response that contrasts with the artist's preternatural restraint. Rather than denying or suppressing the erotic gaze, Gérome's image displaces it, separating it from the aesthetic gaze, which he—the artist—embodies. His masculinity is distinguished by self-discipline and self-control."[24] Thus, Waller enforces Shaw's claim that paintings such as Gérome's were "merely an excuse for the titillating display of the naked female body"[25] and Maxwell's claim that male artists are hiding behind a mask, now apparent more than ever

with the displacement of the gaze from the creator of the sculpture to the masks he hides behind.

Gérome's rear view of *Pygmalion and Galatea* (1890) epitomizes many arguments of Blanc, Maxwell, and Michelet's theories. However, this is Gérome's second depiction of the subject, the original painting being overtly controversial and a clear articulation of the male artist's obsession to control the female figure and indulge in her 'provocative' nature. There is no doubt that this first piece is more erotically charged and emotionally vibrant. While the rear-view painting shows a Pygmalion who is simultaneously drawn to and supports his creation, Gérome's frontal rendition presents a Galatea who does not rely on his support. Pygmalion, on his toes, reaches and yearns for the woman of his dreams; she in turn actively pulls him towards her. Her erotic power is made clear by her left breast, which rests seductively on Pygmalion's forearm. Galatea does not seem to be leaning as much, but draws Pygmalion towards her. In contrast to the later painting, Galatea's hair is a very noticeable red—a colour attributed to passion and lust. Furthermore, Pygmalion wears no shoes and a garment lies strewn about lazily on the chair—elements that give off the aura of a man-and-mistress *rendez-vous*. The black cat sitting on the chair belongs to the tradition of the feline as promiscuity motif.[26] This not-so-subtle allusion to prostitution casts Galatea—and by extension women in general—as "an accomplice to the decay of the social order by figuring her as willing partner to the men."[27] Such tropes highlight "the masculine subject and his attempt to police the crumbling borders of social order."[28]

A certain narcissistic quality is manifested in this piece through the artist's signature, found on the statue's standing block. This branding "represents a projection of the author's aesthetic ideal or his erotic desire."[29] Gérome then is not so much attempting to realize the ideal original beauty of nature before the Fall as he is depicting his own ideal woman and his deepest primitive longings. Man's impulses thus drive him to bring about transformation in the opposite sex and fuel his "desire [for] feminine simulacra, static art-objects, whose fixed value will reflect their self-estimation."[30] Similarly to Edouart Manet's At the *Folies-Bérgères* (1882) where the artist's signature can be found on a mass-produced bottle, Gérome inscribes his name on his consumer product display: the standing block.[31]

On the wall closest to Pygmalion we find two theatrical masks, which could hint at her dual role in the situation, and two small sculptures. The sculpture on the far right represents a woman who peers from underneath

Jean-Léon Gérôme, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, c. 1890, Marble. Hearst Castle, California. Photo reproduced with permission from and courtesy of the Hearst Castle.

Francisco de Goya, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, 1812-1820, Brush and sepia wash. J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles. Photo reproduced with permission and courtesy of the J. Paul Getty Museum.

Honoré Daumier, *Pygmalion*, 1842, Lithography. Bibliothèque Nationale de France, Paris. Courtesy of Wikimedia Commons.

a garment. This is no doubt a bathing scene, which in the nineteenth century symbolized purity and cleansing. This image of the bather stands in sharp contrast to its neighbor: a female figure that kneels half-hidden behind Galatea. Her head, seat of human intellect and personality, is not visible; instead we find a mask on the other side of Galatea, which recalls the popular tendency of the day to dehumanize and dismember the female body of the prostitute. It would seem that Galatea is to be read as a combination of these figures, at once a pure virgin and a seductive temptress. Differing mainly through form, colour, and juxtaposition, Gérome's first work scandalized society by confronting audiences with a frontal nude elapsed in a heated embrace—a sight that was considered utterly perverse in the Salon.

Gérome also explored the Pygmalion and Galatea myth through sculpture, an appropriate medium considering the subject. In this piece, the figures are sculpted closer together than in his paintings, so much so that it is difficult, at first glance, to determine which figure is the artist and which is the statue. The only other figure in the work is the fish, which in contrast to its position in the paintings, is wedged between the two figures. As the only element separating the two, the animal can be read as the obstacles that bar man from attaining the ideal female and the 'proper' woman. The fish lies between them, with enough force to keep Pygmalion at bay, posing as a foil to his plan of "assert[ing] the primacy of masculine creativity and control."[32] So although Galatea is depicted in Gérome's sculpture as ideally compliant, the fish alludes to the growing self-awareness and autonomy that women enjoyed within society at the time. And this autonomy is portrayed as an obstacle; as "both threatening and morally retrograde."[33] It is within this seemingly innocuous element, the fish, that Gérome's masculine anxieties towards the growing power of women are articulated.

Francisco Goya's Pygmalion and Galatea (1820) and Honoré Daumier's Pygmalion (1842)

In comparison to Gérome's pieces, Goya and Daumier each produce outstandingly different takes on the same subject matter. While Gérome emphasizes transition, Daumier and Goya seem to draw attention to the pre and post-lapsarian states of the woman respectively.

About thirty years prior to Gérome's work, Francisco Goya adopted a more crude approach towards Ovid's myth, mocking and practically undermining the idea of the perfect female figure. In his brush and sepia wash, his Galatea is dressed nun-like in a head to toe garment called a 'habit'. This garb traditionally "serves to shroud the body and to mask the individual…it is the antithesis of extravagance and sexual allure, yet it impresses and arouses."[34] This item of clothing befits a woman who dedicates her life to

God by bearing children and adhering to social convention. Clothed this way, she is "both less than a female but greater than a human."[35] As Goya prepares for another swing at his sculpture, he is symbolically hacking away at this façade, undressing his Galatea and robbing her of "the mission of an order, joining together groups of woman across the globe and across centuries in a common purpose."[36] In Goya's retelling of Ovid's myth, the idealized woman is clothed, not nude. However, this clothing does not prevent her maker from figuratively stripping her and asserting his control over her body. Commencing with her private parts where his chisel is directed, he exposes the part of her body where he wishes to gain entry.

There are far more narcissistic elements in Goya's work. Indeed, the work's composition, with Pygmalion's open legs and phallic chisel, alludes to the act of masturbation. At this point in the narrative, the sculptor is still technically alone in his studio as there is no indication that Galatea has yet come to life. It appears, as he grasps his hammer in one hand and his chisel in the other, that he is pleasing himself through his own creation with the absence of any companionship. According to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "women functioned as a mirror for masculine desire, reflecting back at the male viewer narcissistic tendencies that could not be represented directly."[37] Not being able to depict masturbation directly, Goya uses a mediator, the figure of an unreal idealized woman, to implicitly represent self-pleasure. Goya's Galatea does not react, does not transform; she is only a statue, passively reflecting Pygmalion's nature. Here then, Goethe's declaration applies directly: "man is a true Narcissus: he makes the whole world his mirror."[38]

Unlike his contemporaries, Honoré Daumier's rendition of the myth focuses on Galatea's power of seduction and how it acts upon the poor, helpless Pygmalion. In Daumier's drawing, the creation entices the creator to the point where he loses all reason. The figures are rendered caricature-like and the lusty red of Pygmalion's garment draws the eye. Galatea seems to dominate Pygmalion, a notion further emphasized in the displacement of the hammer from the artist's hand, as in Goya's work, to the sculpture's pedestal in Daumier's. This displacement of power is also evident in Galatea's extended arm pushing into Pygmalion's 'real world.' Framed by artwork, Pygmalion appears more limited in his movement than Galatea, who emerges as an independent individual.

The background of Daumier's work reveals much about his radical stance as an artist on the representation of women in painting. Firstly, the dismembered body parts such as the foot, the faces, the finger and the male torso recall the compartmentalization of the body within the practice of prostitution. Prostitution is also present in the figures' exchange, which is eerily reminiscent of that of a prostitute and paying customer. Galatea points to his hand as a naive Pygmalion stares back. Mockery is a strong theme in Daumier's depiction. Unlike Gérome's work, only one theatrical mask is present, that of tragedy, but the comedic mask can be found in Pygmalion's features. In making the sculptor the slightly dopey counterpart to the tragic mask, Daumier appears to be mocking the artist's attempt to seem pious and wholesome. While Goya highlights the animalistic nature of the artist's instinctive desires, Daumier highlights the pathetic, desperate attempt of the artist to preserve what dignity he has left after giving in to his socially unacceptable desires.

Conclusion: A scene from the male-artist's life

Leave the artist's studio and go outside and look upon nineteenth century France. The women *of* the street walk among the women *in* the street as 'mothers' or 'whores'. And yet neither category can match the 'Galatea standard' men seek. Male artists turn to their art to find their bliss; they hide behind the female figures they create. Men pass merchandise displays on the street as they walk to and fro looking guiltlessly at the clothing, the gifts, the trinkets; they need not paint such trivially accepted commodities. It is them, the woman of the night, the corruptors of the mind, the flesh eaters, the perverse, the prostitutes, the whores of France who plot together against men. It is these women that men feel the need to aesthetically trap and control within the confines of the canvas. Like sirens, the females in Gérome, Daumier and Goya's pieces 'call' and men have trouble resisting.[39] 'They cannot help it' they tell themselves, 'now they are just asking for it' they say.[40] Later, beguiled with remorse and a mixture of immense satisfaction, the male artist turns to his work to portray what he again wants but cannot in good conscious have. To control and dominate is what he desires more than anything, but this is impossible to obtain from the increasingly emancipated 'modern woman'. Exhausted and spent upon completion of his piece, the artist has resolved nothing, but feels slightly comforted in the fact that, according to society, it is not his fault. In this way, he is able to enjoy all the self-righteousness associated with depicting a virtuous figure like the idealized nude, while indulging in the interaction with the overtly morally ambiguous and demonizing sexuality of the prostitute. Δ

My Vagina

Vanessa Fleising
Major in Studio Arts
Concordia University, 2013

Woven on hand-made loom, string, feather, toy baby, butterfly wing
9" x 6" x 4"

My Vagina is a merkin or pubic wig hand-made out of fibres and natural as well as synthetic materials. Fleising expresses the anxieties, fears, pleasures and joys that play parts in her complex and layered relationship to her vagina. Rather than imagining it as only vulnerable, the work weaves multiple nuances of humour, chaos, sexuality and sadness into a surface that functions as a wearable garment. The various potentials for unwanted pregnancy, pain and creativity—represented by the presence of the doll and the butterfly wing—escape a narrow, socially constructed definition of chastity to instead revel in multifaceted experience. Though playful, the piece addresses notions of consent and ownership as the artist claims the right to represent her own vagina. The piece's playfulness extends also to ideas of feminist rebellion and what exactly a reclamation of sexuality entails, suggesting perhaps that empowerment is being unafraid to be either delicate or troubling, and can be related to a slippery boundlessness.

In Conversation with: Claudia Edwards

Rudrapriya Rathore for Yiara Magazine
February, 2015

Claudia Edwards hails from Vancouver and currently studies at Concordia University. Her practice follows divergent directions, first by seeking to emphasize an immediate social sensitivity and presence through a synthesis of actions—the time-based mediums of sound, voice, movement, video and public interventions—and second by contrasting this with the creation of unreal and self-historicizing social spaces, shared through the web and other mass communication platforms. Alternately, found materials or found spaces in the institutional or public context are reconfigured or rearranged so as to illuminate their origins and problems. Investigating the dynamics of inter/dependency, Edwards applies the dictum 'think global, act local' to her artistic practice, where art and activism share the liminal space of the ideal. Her works can be found at claudiaedwardsworks.tumblr.com. Keep an eye out for her upcoming performance as a part of the League of Lady Wrestlers Montreal: a collective of athletes, aesthetes, performers and circus freaks, taking place at the SAT on May 29th, 2015.

RUDRAPRIYA RATHORE: I've noticed while looking at your work as a body of different pieces, that a lot of them are very preoccupied with different understandings of space and how people move through space, as well as what it means to be on display or what it means to perform. Where did the interest in these concepts come from, and how is it tied to your feminism?

CLAUDIA EDWARDS: Performance is interesting to me because I started out as a theatre and dance student, and I started to feel that those weren't conceptually dense enough for me, so I shifted into visual arts. I explored traditional practices before moving into sculpture, which is so inherently spatial, and the ideas just kept getting bigger. I was asking myself, how are we in this space right now, how is this an intervention into space? That brought me to architecture and thinking about how architecture is a methodology of designing social interactions. It allows certain behaviours or excludes certain people from behaviours as a form of social control.

Another reason I give particular attention to space is my own person, my own body, which is very physically sensitive to things like headaches and trouble breathing. So I am generally very aware when I'm in the public domain. I'm

paying attention to things like how much freedom people feel they have to talk to a stranger or have an unconventional interaction.

RR: In terms of your specific projects, one that was really interesting to me as a direct confrontation with space was Echo Chamber. Can you talk about this project and why it was carried out in a metro station?

CE: That was one of the interventions. I was thinking about social control and surveillance. Metro stations are these very interesting in-between spaces, obviously public but also private spaces in a way because one has to pay to go inside and use the service. They're also spaces for performers, but people often have to do an audition in order to get permission to use them, which is kind of crazy. So I was thinking about permission, permission to act.

I brought a group of about 20 people with me into a station and I had them set up on each of the 4 levels of the station, which had security cameras I'd located. Some of the cameras were dummies. I had participants simply stand in front of a camera with newspapers over their faces. Where the actual turnstiles are located in front of the STM booths, there isn't a security camera, because someone is there to observe what's going on. But there are the screens showing footage from the other cameras. So the STM agent was able to see everyone with newspapers over their heads while I was off to the side, unrecorded, performing live.

I had these bronze shoes on and I walked over newspapers I had laid out in a kind of musical pattern of a four-panel grid. There was a lot of echoing. I wanted to do something banal and only vaguely musical to disturb the others in the space, to interrupt their way of being in the space.

I was also thinking about archives, and how there are cameras all over the metropolis, and most of the time the footage isn't seen. The presence of the cameras doesn't necessarily make the space safer to exist in—in fact, I feel less safe when there are cameras around. And the footage gets erased, usually within a month. So we have these ongoing archives of completely banal activity that just disappear, and I wanted to question what their social purpose is.

RR: So, knowing that so much of what is recorded, unseen and erased without the explicit permission of people—that made you want to do something deliberate in this space?

CE: The thing about activist art like this, this kind of intervention, is that you know it isn't going to really do anything. It isn't going to make the STM take out their cameras. It doesn't make a change. But you plan the action and do the action so that you can have the conversation about it and expand the thinking around it by bringing up questions. And that is really crucial.

RR: Yes. Another project you did called Gold Shit also deals with similar subject matter in a very participatory way. Can you talk about that one?

CE: The idea behind that was to examine this kind of alchemy of transforming something into art, which has a high-culture value ascribed to it. At that level there's an aesthetic language or a vocabulary that you're using that comes to only those privileged enough to be educated in it. That vocabulary is supposed to tell you how to identify "good art." So in the gallery space I dressed up as what I called "Academic Spice," in a knotted button-down shirt and Union Jack shorts and a whistle. I had a baseball bat that arrived shrink-wrapped from Taiwan that I wanted to use because of the violence embedded in that kind of object. I started off by reading definitions from the Oxford English Dictionary, the first dictionary ever written, supposedly inclusive of every word and meaning, supposedly inclusive of everything that can be communicated in this language. I got audience members to read things too, stuff from the Western canon, Plato, Heart of Darkness, Henry Miller, Homer's Odyssey. And I had Art in America. Once I decided the quotation they were reading got boring, I blew the whistle, they pitched the book to me and I hit it with the bat into a wall.

RR: That's a very irreverent production of art! I like that it was when you got bored that you smacked the books. That sort of judges their value differently, ascribes to them a new value or lack thereof. The inability to sustain your attention was the moment when the piece of canonical literature became waste. I love that.

CE: That kind of ties into what you asked before about Echo Chamber, what these interventions actually do. It's very anticlimactic. I'm not even going to damage these books materially, really, with this abuse. It was another performance of failure, utter failure.

RR: But I imagine there was something very satisfying in that thunk of making contact with the bat. There seemed to be a very playful, communal appreciation for that moment in the group. And it transformed an institutional space into something else, however temporarily.

CE: [*laughter*] Yeah.

RR: With your Whiteny project, as well, I think you're able to respond to something very big on a smaller scale and in a way that is much more open and relevant to the community around you. Do you want to talk about the process of that?

CE: Yeah. This is a long trailing discourse. Joe Scanlon, the artist I was responding to, participated in the Whitney Biennale in 2014. In general he creates these female personas, and in this case he created a Black female persona played by two different actresses at different times. This persona he calls Donelle Woolford went to the Biennale instead of him and did a performance, which itself was a kind of drag reenactment of a Richard Pryor comedy set. So it's very self-conscious already in terms of the discourses that are going on, and there are a lot of layers to it. But it can also be deconstructed as a pretty racist thing to do, the way he takes advantage of race politics more to get controversy and publicity than out of any desire to actually dive into those problems. I had a friend who I spoke to as part of my project who pointed out that if Scanlon really wanted to raise visibility about these issues, he could have just given up his place at the Biennale and asked a Black female artist to go show her work instead of his, and that would have made a point about the Biennale being almost entirely made up of white artists. But he wanted the credit without any of the accountability.

I visited the Whitney museum, which is so beautiful and no longer going to exist—they've shut it down and they're building a new one—and I was thinking about how historically biased this space is, how unaccountable. I wanted to do something that would help me reconfigure what that history means and intervene into how it gets interpreted. So I made these architectural mock-ups where I covered the floor and the walls with hair and skin tones of many different people. I used that as a kind of utopian reclamation, as a surface texture. And then this turned into a bigger project where I actually made this space real in a gallery, in the VAV, by projecting footage that scaled the walls. I had interviewed those people I recorded about their thoughts on Scanlon, and I had their opinions available through headphones. I also had a little book I'd made with an essay and some of my sources. This whole thing was basically me reaching out beyond the arts community, because I'd tried to have this conversation with so many people and it never really went anywhere. I wanted to get more perspectives, especially from people that he's targeting, which seem to be women of colour. And that was very revealing, and great. It really confirmed certain patterns of problematic discourse for me at a more human level.

RR: Yes, and I think re-centering those voices in a gallery space is really important, because at the Biennale, Scanlon was still the center of this conversation about race, which is such a problem. On a wider scale, aside from just that project, do you deliberately have a process you use to bring your personal politics into your art? Do you think there's an artistic responsibility there?

CE: Well, at one point after getting immersed in art I was feeling like I had to neutralize myself, in my person and appearance, and the themes I was talking about, which tended to circle around vulnerability and relations of interdependency and marginal experiences, and turn them into something distilled and more concrete. And into something more aesthetically pleasing in order for it to accessible to more people. And then I realized that was kind of baloney, because that aesthetic language is one that you have to be privileged to understand in the first place. So it's only more accessible to certain kinds of people. I'm trying now to let myself be a part of the work more. Not only because it's important to speak to the ways that people are made less visible in our social space, through microaggressions in art school, the small forms of injustice and sideways glances in addition to the big things, the fact that 70% of art programs are made up of women but the big names still tend to be white men… but also because it's way more comfortable to just be honest about the fact that I come from where I come from, and I'm a woman of colour, etc. The fact is that I've had experiences that not a lot of people share, and that's why they really ought to be shared.

RR: Thank you so much. Δ

Yiara's Staff / L'équipe Yiara

Stéphanie Hornstein

Editor-in-Chief

Born in Montréal, Stéphanie Hornstein is presently completing her final year as an Art History major and a Creative Writing minor at Concordia University. Her current research interests center around the place of women and memory in amateur photography from the turn of the century. Increasingly, she is also drawn to the study of textiles, more precisely in the activist practice of yarn bombing. Her written work can be found in CUJAH, the Jerusalem Art History Journal and the Architecture Concordia Journal. Being a part of Yiara's team this year has been an unforgettable experience filled with challenge and fun.

Isabelle L'Heureux

Assistant Editor-in-Chief

Isabelle L'Heureux complète cette année son baccalauréat avec un certificat en archivistique, après avoir passé deux merveilleuses années en histoire de l'art à l'Université de Montréal. Elle s'intéresse présentement aux stratégies de diffusion de l'art et des archives par le biais de plateformes multipliées, revues, galeries, portails web, et souhaite poursuivre ses réflexions dans le cadre d'une maîtrise en muséologie.

Chloé Martel

Associate French Editor

Chloé Martel détient un baccalauréat en histoire de l'art de l'Université de Montréal et entâme présentement un diplôme d'études supérieures en gestion d'organismes culturels aux HEC. Elle s'intéresse particulièrement au marché de l'art, à la performance et à l'art vidéo. Chloé est fière de joindre l'équipe de Yiara et espère pouvoir partager son expérience tout en s'enrichissant de celle des autres.

Sara Kloepfer

Associate English Editor

Sara Kloepfer is from San Francisco, California and is currently completing her final year at McGill University in the Cultural Studies program with a double minor in Art History and Communications. Sara is drawn to contemporary art, especially film and photography. In her own writing, she engages with power dynamics relating to gender, race, and sexuality. Sara is also involved in Montreal's feminist collective F Word and is both co-founder and co-Editor-in-chief of Slate, McGill's undergraduate film journal. Sara is proud to be part of Yiara's talented team.

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Rudrapryia Rathore

Head Writer

Rudrapriya Rathore was born in New Delhi and raised in Kolkata and Toronto. She writes fiction, poetry and essays. Her academic interests include feminist and post-colonial literature and art. During her English & Creative Writing degree, which is quickly coming to an end, she won the Irving Layton Award for Fiction and organized the 3rd annual Literature Undergrads' Colloquium at Concordia. Her work has been included in Headlight Anthology, Black & Blue Magazine and The Veg.

Mattia Zylak

Events Coordinator

Mattia Zylak is a second-year undergraduate student majoring in Art History with a minor in Sociology and is also a member of the Co-operative program at Concordia University. While her interest in art is as immense as it is diverse, she is consistently drawn to new modes of visual expression, especially those that deal with issues regarding gender, sexuality, and culture. Mattia has been published in Combine 2014 and is an executive member of CUJAH, Concordia's undergraduate journal of Art History.

Annie Trudeau

Graphic Designer

Annie Trudeau a gradué en design graphique au collège Dawson en 2013. Ayant des intérêts variés, elle travaille présentement dans un domaine complètement différent. Elle continue d'approfondir et appliquer ses connaissances graphiques de façon libérale, saisissant diverses occasions d'explorer sa créativité. Annie, qui ne parle pas souvent à la troisième personne, est bien fière de faire partie de l'équipe Yiara!

Zara Domingues

Photographer

Zara Domingues is a Portuguese-Canadian raised in Montreal who is currently completing her second year as an undergraduate student in the Communications Studies department at Concordia University. Whenever she can, Zara travels off to explore the different cultures on earth. Every country she visits fuels her creativity which translates through photography and soundscape practices. She has considered herself to be a feminist long before she learnt the word. She loves the social impact that various mediums and art forms produce. Her experience working as a photographer for Yiara's third edition has been magical. Working among the wonderful humans behind this project is a treat!

Notes

'An Ordinary, Well Conducted Household': Idealistic Architecture and Toronto's Andrew Mercer Reformatory for Females. By Zoë Wonfor

1 The area of Liberty Village is named after Liberty Street—located in between the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, it was the street that a freed inmate would first walk on back towards Toronto.
2 Carolyn Strange, *Toronto's Girl Problem: The Perils and Pleasures of the City 1880-1930* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 19951), 132.
3 Although Lamport is mentioned in records of Mercer's history, the reformatory is rarely (if ever) mentioned in the history of this stadium. The Ontario Soccer Association, accessed October 10, 2014. www.ontariosoccer.net.
4 Michel Foucault, *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1977), 195-230.
5 Strange, *Toronto's Girl Problem*, 5.
6 Jennifer M. Brown, *Influences Affecting the Treatment of Women Prisoners in Toronto*, 1880-1890 (Waterloo: Wilfred Laurier University, 1975), i.
7 Ibid., 10.
8 Carolyn Strange, "The Criminal and Fallen of Their Sex': The Establishment of Canada's First Women's Prison, 1874-1901," *Canadian Journal of Women and the Law*, Vol 1 (1985): 81.
9 Ibid.
10 Peter Oliver, "Langmuir, John Woodburn" in *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, accessed September 28 2014, http://www.biographi.ca/en/bio/langmuir_john_woodburn_14E.html.
11 Strange, "The Criminal and Fallen of Their Sex," 81.
12 Oliver, "Langmuir."
13 Kivas Tully designed Trinity College as well as the Bank of Montreal (now Hockey Hall of Fame) in Toronto.
14 Jennifer McKendry, "The Early History of the Provincial Penitentiary, Kingston, Ontario," *Bulletin: Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada*, Vol 14, No. 4 (December 1989): 100.
15 Brown, Influences *Affecting the Treatment of Women Prisoners in Toronto*, 37.
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19 Mary Douglas, *Purity and Danger: An Analysis of Concepts of Pollution and Taboo* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1969), 3.
20 Brown, *Influences Affecting the Treatment of Women Prisoners in Toronto*, 38.
21 Peter Oliver, *Terror to Evil-Doers: Prisons and Punishments in Nineteenth-Century Ontario* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1998), 424-463.
22 Velma Demerson, *Incorrigible* (Waterloo: Wilfred Laurier University Press, 2004), 1.
23 Frederick H. Armstrong, *A City in the Making: Progress, People & Perils in Victorian Toronto* (Toronto & Oxford: Dundurn Press, 1988), 227.
24 Brown, Influences *Affecting the Treatment of Women Prisoners in Toronto*, 37.
25 Women at Mercer did laundry, sewing and knitting for the Central Prison and the CN railway.
26 Many women would enter Mercer pregnant and gave birth while incarcerated.
27 Demerson, *Incorrigible*, 6.
28 Strange, "The Criminal and Fallen of Their Sex," 84.
29 Demerson, *Incorrigible*, 11.
30 Strange, "The Criminal and Fallen of Their Sex," 87.
31 Brown, *Influences Affecting the Treatment of Women Prisoners in Toronto*, 10-11.
32 Strange, "The Criminal and Fallen of Their Sex," 87.
33 Demerson, *Incorrigible*, 47.
34 Strange, "The Criminal and Fallen of Their Sex," 91.
35 Ibid., 92.
36 Pat McNenly, "Historic Mercer reformatory falls under wrecker's hammer," *The Toronto Daily Star*, November 12, 1969, 44.
37 Linda Cobon, e-mail to author, November 30, 2014.

À mes amies les licornes et Another Perfect Day : réflexions féministes chez Cynthia Girard et Janet Werner Par Marie-Lise Poirier

1 Pythagore cité dans Simone de Beauvoir, *Le Deuxième sexe*, Paris, Gallimard, Coll. «Folio Essais», tome I: *Les faits et les mythes*, 2013, 9.
2 Élisabeth Badinter, «Femmes, vous lui devez tout ! », *Le Nouvel Observateur*, 18-24 avril 1986, 39.
3 Rose-Marie Arbour, *Art et féminisme*, Catalogue d'exposition, Montréal, Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal, Québec, Ministre des affaires culturelles, 1982, 5.
4 Nous empruntons ici l'expression de Rose-Marie Arbour. Celle-ci distingue en effet l'art féministe, qui implique un engagement explicite de l'artiste en tant que féministe et l'art à discours féministe qui sous-tend un message à caractère féministe émanant des œuvres d'art. Voir Rose-Marie Arbour *et al.*, op. cit., 4.
5 Aristote cité dans Joseph A. Ketsner, *Mythology and Misogyny*. The Social Discourse of Nineteenth-Century British Classical-Subject Painting, Madison, University of Wisconsin Press, 1989, viii. Traduction libre. «*The male is by nature superior, and the female inferior; and the one rules, and the other is ruled; this principle, of necessity, extends to all mankind*».
6 Linda Nochlin, «Pourquoi n'y a-t-il pas eu de grands artistes femmes ?», *Femmes, art et pouvoir*, Paris, Éditions Jacqueline Cambon, 1993, 201.
7 *Ibid.*
8 Rose-Marie Arbour *et al.*, op. cit., 9.
9 Bien que le substantif « spectateur » présuppose une forme de neutralité, mais surtout d'universalité du genre masculin, Kate Linker soutient qu'il est marqué par de multiples différences qui alimentent sa subjectivité, dont l'altérité sexuelle. En effet, elle insiste sur la sexualisation du spectateur, car il est « historiquement constitué, formé dans et à travers le langage ». Le langage étant constitué du discours et sa représentation découlant du patriarcat, Linker y voit une forme d'oppression féminine. Par ailleurs, la naturalisation des identités se manifeste à travers un processus inconscient d'assujettissement, car elle implique un classement social des individus dès leur naissance. Voir Kate Linker, « Représentation et sexualité », dans Chantal Pontbriand (dir.), *Parachute, essais choisis* 1975-1984, Bruxelles, La lettre volée, Montréal, Éditions Parachute, 2004, tome 2, 165-167 et 172.
10 Kate Linker, *op. cit.*, 168.
11 Il existe deux approches pour discuter du féminisme : la première, essentialiste, se rattache à une définition biologique de la femme; la seconde, culturaliste, repose sur la construction du genre et contribue à définir les identités par les codes, le langage et la représentation. Cette approche permet d'engendrer et de maintenir les identités tout en permettant d'établir des barèmes d'identification par des mécanismes de fixation des genres. Bref, l'approche culturaliste soutient que le sujet est dans un processus de formation perpétuel et qu'il n'est pas dépendant de la biologie sexuelle. Simone de Beauvoir a d'ailleurs brillamment exprimé cette idée : «On ne naît pas femme : on le devient». Voir Simone de Beauvoir, Le Deuxième sexe, Paris, Gallimard, Coll. «Folio Essais», tome II : *L'expérience vécue*, 2013, 13, Judith Butler, *Trouble dans le genre*. Le féminisme et la subversion de l'identité, Préface d'Éric Fassin, Paris, Éditions La Découverte, 2012, p. 67 et Kate Linker, op. cit., 169-170.
12 Simone de Beauvoir, *op. cit.*, 16-18.
13 Kate Linker, *op. cit.*, 178.
14 Laura Kipnis distingue aussi deux formes de féministes qui se rapprochent des catégories avancées par Rose-Marie Arbour. Kipnis nomme la première la *Feisty Feminist* (la féministe fougueuse). Celle-ci est revendicatrice d'une égalité entre homme et femme et, dans un effort d'autonomisation, brise les conventions et les traditions. La seconde, l'*Eternal Feminine* (l'éternel féminin) demande le respect de

ses caractéristiques qui la différencient de l'homme. Le pouvoir de ces femmes est inhérent à leur corps qui, selon Kipnis, terrifie profondément les hommes et la société. Voir Laura Kipnis, *The Female Thing: Dirt, Envy, Sex, Vulnerability*, New York, Random House, 2009, 4.
15 Rose-Marie Arbour *et al.*, *op. cit.*, 6.
16 *Ibid.*, 9
17 Oli Sorenson, « Frôler la mort : tombeaux ouverts sur le parcours de la peinture du XIXe au XXIe siècle », *esse art + opinions*, n° 76, 2012, 11.
18 Douglas Crimp, « Images », L'Époque, la mode, la morale, la passion. *Aspects de l'art aujourd'hui 1977-1987*, Catalogue d'exposition, Paris, Centre Pompidou, 1987, 592.
19 Helen Molesworth (dir.), *This Will Have Been: Art Love & Politics in the 1980s*, Catalogue d'exposition, Chicago, Museum of Contemporary Art, New Haven, Yale University Press, 2012, 33.
20 Julie Gauthier, « Féminin, féministe ? L'art des femmes en question… », *esse arts + opinions*, n° 51 (printemps/été), 2004, 32.
21 Stuart Hall, « Representation and the Media », (produit et dirigé par Sut Jhally), Transcription (vidéo, 55 minutes, son, couleur), Northampton, Media Education Foundation, 1997, 22. En ligne. <http://www.mediaed.org/assets/products/409/ transcript_409.pdf >. Consulté le 6 avril 2014 et Kate Linker, *op. cit.*, 168.
22 Butler va plus loin : elle affirme que l'un des moyens les plus efficaces pour « semer le trouble dans le genre », est de déconstruire la hiérarchie spécifique du patriarcat par le truchement de la performance, car elle « déstabilise les distinctions mêmes entre le naturel et l'artificiel, le fond et la surface, l'intérieur et l'extérieur, sur lesquelles le langage du genre fonctionne presque toujours ». En effet, Butler voit le genre comme une « performance culturelle ». Judith Butler, op. cit., 52-53.
23 Judith Butler, *Défaire le genre*, Nouvelle édition augmentée, Paris, Éditions Amsterdam, 2012, 13.
24 Cindy Sherman citée dans Fabrice Bousteau, «Cindy Sherman. Photographe de grotesques», Beaux Arts Magazine, n° 263 (mai 2006), 50. À propos du grotesque dans la pratique de Cindy Sherman, voir aussi Lysanne Duguay-Patenaude, «La mise en relief du caractère construit et normatif de la figure féminine dans les images de mode de Cindy Sherman par l'utilisation de stratégies du grotesques», Mémoire de maîtrise, Montréal, Université du Québec à Montréal, 2012, 62-65 et 67-95. Pour une étude approfondie du grotesque de la figure féminine, voir Mary Russo, *The Female Grotesque: Risk, Excess and Modernity*, New York, Routledge, 1994, 233 pages.
25 Janet Werner citée dans James D. Campbell, *Janet Werner. Too Much Happiness*, Catalogue d'exposition, Montréal, Parisian Laundry, 2008, 103.
26 Ce contraste marqué entre figuration et abstraction est au cœur de la pratique de l'artiste. Cynthia Girard, *Fictions Sylvestres*, Montréal, Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal, 2005, 7.
27 Marie-Ève Charron, «Contester sans en avoir l'air», *Le Devoir*, 21 septembre 2013. En ligne. < http:// www.ledevoir.com/culture/arts-visuels/387904/ contester-sans-en-avoir-l-air >. Consulté le 7 février 2014.
28 Marquis de Sade, Justine ou les malheurs de la vertu, Paris, Gallimard, Coll. «L'imaginaire Gallimard», 2010, 92.
29 Jacques Desautels, *Dieux et mythes de la Grèce ancienne*, Québec, Les Presses de l'Université Laval, 1988, 183-184.
30 Joseph A. Kestner, *op. cit.*, 159 et 347.
31 *La Danaé* (1527) de Jan Gossaert (c.1478-1532) exemplifie cette affirmation. L'étoffe bleue qui recouvre partiellement son corps souligne une filiation sans équivoque à la Vierge Marie qui, traditionnellement, est vêtue de bleue afin de symboliser sa virginité.
32 L'érotisme est manifeste dans *La Danaé* (1907) de Gustav Klimt (1862-1918) : la pluie d'or se glisse entre les cuisses de Danaé qui, le visage extatique, est représentée dans une position fœtale, un symbole de la fécondité.
33 Nous pensons notamment à la *Danaé* (1891) d'Alexandre Jacques Chantron (1842-1918) et à la Danaé (1900) que peint Carolus-Duran (1837-1917).
34 Rose-Marie Arbour, *et al.*, *op. cit.*, 9.
35 David Balzer et al., *Janet Werner. Another Perfect Day*, Catalogue d'exposition, Saskatoon, Kenderdine Art Gallery, 2013, 68.
36 James D. Campbell, *op. cit.*, p. 113-114.
37 John Pohl, « Our imperfect view of feminine perfection. Janet Werner's subversive portraits deconstruct what passes for mainstream beauty today », dans *The Gazette*, 29 novembre 2013. En ligne. < http://www.montrealgazette.com/entertainment/Visual+Arts+imperfect+view+feminine+perfection/9228539/story.html >. Consulté le 6 avril 2014.
38 Marie-Pier Beaulieu, « La beauté subversive : portraits déconstruits de femmes en série », dans Vie des Arts, 29 novembre 2013. En ligne. < http:// viedesarts.com/article432-La-beaute-subversive-portraits-deconstruits-de-femmes-en-serie >. Consulté le 6 avril 2014.
39 James D. Campbell, *op. cit.*, 112.
40 Simone de Beauvoir, *op. cit.*, 111.
41 L'auto-détermination est la décision de se définir, de se nommer et de prendre la parole, au lieu d'être défini par les autres. Voir Audre Lorde, « The Transformation of Silence into Language and Action », *Sister/Outsider*, Trumansburg, The Crossing Press, 43.
42 Magda Gere Lewis, *Without a Word: Teaching Beyond Women's Silence*, New York, Routledge, 1993, 49.
43 Anasuya Sengupta citée dans Assemblée nationale, *Journal officiel de la République française*. XIVe Législature, 24 juillet 2012, p. 2381. En ligne. < http://www.assemblee-nationale.fr/14/pdf/cri/2011-2012-extra/20121014.pdf >. Consulté le 6 avril 2014.
44 Colleen O'Neill, *Janet Werner*, Corner Brook, Sir Wilfrid Grenfell College Art Gallery, 1998, 57.
45 Magda Gere Lewis, *op. cit.*, 49.
46 Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, *Laocoon*, Paris, Éditions Hermann, 1990, 52.
47 Collen O'Neill, *op. cit.*, 57.

The New Woman Painting: Sexual Subversion Through the Image and Imagery of Tamara de Lempicka By Alyse Tunnell

1 Whitney Chadwick and Tirza True Latimer, introduction to *The Modern Woman Revisited: Paris Between the Wars*, ed. Whitney Chadwick and Tirza True Latimer (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 2003), xvi.
2 Whitney Chadwick and Tirza True Latimer, "Becoming Modern: Gender and Sexual Identity after World War 1," in *The Modern Woman Revisited*, 1.
3 Chadwick and Latimer, introduction, iiv.
4 Lucy Fischer, "The Art Deco Style: Modernity and the Feminine," in *Designing Women: Cinema, Art Deco, and the Female Form* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2003), 34.
5 Ibid.
6 Ibid.
7 Jasmine Rault, introduction to *Eileen Gray and the Design of Sapphic Modernity* (Burlington and Aldershot: Ashgate, 2011), 4.
8 Laura Mulvey, "Visual pleasure and narrative cinema," Screen Vol. 16, No. 3 (1975): 19.
9 Griselda Pollock, "Modernity and the Spaces of Femininity," in *Vision and Difference* (London: Routledge, 1988), 54.
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11 Baroness Kizette de Lempicka, *Passion by Design: The Art and Times of Tamara de Lempicka* (New York: Cross River Press, 1987), 82.
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2003), 97.
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18 Erica Rand, “Women and Other Women: One Feminist Focus for Art History,” *Art Journal* Vol. 50 (1991): 29.
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20 Paula Birnbaum, Women Artists in Interwar France: Framing Femininities (Surrey: Ashgate Publishing, 2011), 177-78.
21 de Lempicka, *Passion by Design*, 59.
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24 Alain Blondel, “Tamara de Lempicka: An Introduction,” in Tamara de Lempicka: Art Deco Icon (London: Royal Academy of Arts, 2004).
25 Laughlin, “Tamara de Lempicka’s Women,” 100-1.
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32 Ibid., 3-4.
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Caryl Churchill’s Cloud 9 and Sexual Paradigms of Expression By Rebecca Anderson

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3 J.H. Field, “Sexual Themes in Ancient and Primitive Art,” in *The Erotic Arts*, Second Edition, ed. P. Webb (New York: Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, 1983), 57.
4 Robert Leach, *Makers of Modern Theatre: An Introduction* (New York: Routledge, 2004), 147.
5 Toril Moi, “From Femininity to Finitude: Freud, Lacan and Feminism, Again,” *Signs* Vol 29, No.3 (2004): 844.
6 Amelia Kritzer, “Theatricality and Empowerment in the Plays of Caryl Churchill,” *Journal of Dramatic Theory and Criticism* Vol 4, No. 1 (1989): 129.
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23 de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex*, 283.
24 Churchill, *Cloud 9*, 15.
25 Ibid., 35.
26 Ibid., 61-62.
27 Ibid., 64.
28 Ibid., 59.
29 Ibid., 82.
30 Ibid., 95.
31 Ibid.
32 Ibid., 96.
33 Brecht, “The Modern Theatre is the Epic Theatre,” 447.

“Man is a true Narcissus: he makes the whole world his mirror:” An Analysis of the Male Artist’s Relation to the Female Figure By Kimberly Glassman
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2 Ibid., 327.
3 Marsha Meskimmon, *We Weren’t Modern Enough: Women Artists and the Limits of German Modernism* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999), 41.
4 Catherine Maxwell, “Browning’s Pygmalion and the Revenge of Galatea,” *ELH*, Vol. 60, No. 4 (1993): 989.
5 Ibid.
6 The prostitutes Ovid describes are more specifically the ‘Propoetides’ prostituting themselves, forced to do so by Aphrodite (Venus) after they denied Aphrodite’s divinity. Ovid, “The Story of Pygmalion and the Statue,” 325.
7 Maxwell, “Browning’s Pygmalion and the Revenge of Galatea,” 990.
8 The inclusion of Cupid is a newer tradition in the Pygmalion and Galatea depictions as J. L. Carr explains: “Gone are the cherubs of a former generation, descending Prometheus-like with fiery brands or infusing life from puckered lips, and in their place is a single cupid, insipidly smiling as he aims his dart.” J. L. Carr, “Pygmalion and the Philosophes: The Animated Statue in Eighteenth Century France,” *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*, Vol. 23, No. 3/4 (1960): 246.
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12 Shaw, “The Figure of Venus,” 542.
13 Carr, “Pygmalion and The Philosophes,” 249.
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22 Ibid., 550.
23 Ibid.
24 Susan Waller, “Fin de partie: A Group of Self-Portraits by Jean Léon Gérome,” *Nineteenth Century Art Worldwide*, Vol. 9, No. 1 (Spring 2010): 1-37.
25 Shaw, «The Figure of Venus,» 541.
26 See the appearance of this motif in Edouart Manet’s Olympia, 1863.
27 Meskimmon, *We Weren’t Modern Enough*, 29-31.
28 Ibid.
29 Carr, “Pygmalion and The Philosophes,” 255.
30 Maxwell, “Browning’s Pygmalion and the Revenge of Galatea,” 990.
31 Ruth E. Iskin, “Selling, Seduction, and Soliciting the Eye: Manet’s *Bar at the Folies-Bergère*,” Art Bulletin Vol 77, No. 1 (March 1995): 41.
32 Shaw, “The Figure of Venus,” 541.
33 Ibid., 554.
34 Elizabeth Kuhns, *The Habit: A History of the Clothing of Catholic Nuns* (New York: Doubleday, 2003), 7.
35 Ibid., 8.
36 Ibid., 9.
37 Martin A. Danahay, “Mirrors of Masculine Desire: Narcissus and Pygmalion in Victorian Representation,” *Victorian Poetry*, Vol. 32, No. 1 (Spring 1994): 35.
38 Ibid.
39 Gerald K. Gresseth, “The Homeric Sirens,” *Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association* 101 (1970): 203-218. This article explores the dual incarnation of sirens: first as Greek idea of anthropomorphic, otherworldly enchantresses who capture men singing their magic song; second, as soul-birds derived from Oriental art. I believe there is room for further comparison in the duality of women roles based on the dual comprehension and analysis of the sirens as artistic figures.
40 Meskimmon, *We Weren’t Modern Enough*, 42.

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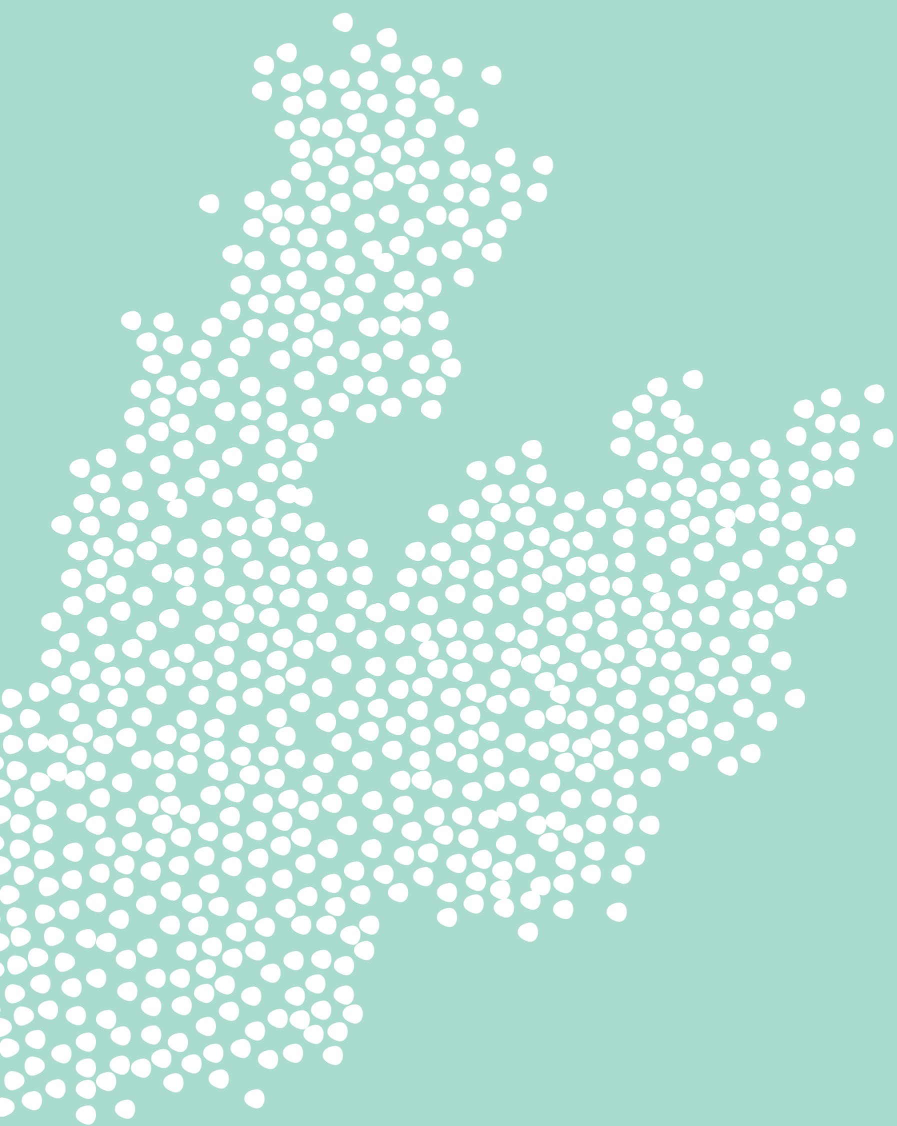

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