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RECENT HISTORY
The collaborations and collected works of Alison Jones & Milly Thompson
2010 - 2014

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His photographs hit you, they make a mark you never forget. They speak of desire, tell secrets you feel you've always known, about men, about women, human nature.

Alison Jones
2020, ink on paper, 100 x 70 cm

Hottips
Martha Rosler
2010, digital image, 19 x 6 cm

Beauty as isolating as genius (Romance Posters series)
Milly Thompson
2010, archival inkjet, 55 x 100 cm
The works in this show by Alison Jones, Martha Rosler and Milly Thompson span three decades. The show reflects on post-feminism as anti-feminism where new forms of self-objectification correspond with the old forms of oppression through the discourse of the free market and consumer culture.

Alison Jones, Martha Rosler, Milly Thompson

Grey Area Shanghai, 13th March - 4th April 2010

Installation view left to right: Alison Jones, Overflowing with Contemporary Masterpieces by Newton, de Kooning, Warhol, Dubuffet and Ruff; their Park Avenue Upper East Side residence gives new meaning to the term Art House. 2010, watercolor on paper, 70 x 100cm. Milly Thompson, Tears (Romance Poster series II), 2010, archival inkjet print, 109 x 55cm.
The video Martha Rosler Reads Vogue (Martha Rosler, 1982) coincides with the moment a backlash against feminism was first identified and the term post-feminist was coined. The values Rosler interrogated then are now ubiquitous within popular culture, but granted legitimacy through the invidious incorporation of feminism within mainstream politics.
Combining a shellfish of such elevated standing as scallops with swine seems louche. But then again, oysters walk the same path to great acclaim...
ÉVASION, an exhibition which performs genuflection before the neo-liberal imperative - institutional critique in f*ck-me shoes. ÉVASION considers the veils through which the amorous glances of commodities charm and fascinate with their illusions: identification, aspiration, wealth, social superiority, luxury, distinction - all imbricated in an orgy of bourgeois values. To-be-looked-at-ness and being-for-others are the enduring signs of women's asymmetric relation to power insistently pervasive throughout the private world. The elliptical worlds of Fashion-Art-Media-Entertainment circle each other in the galaxy of F-A-M-E and the nexus is money.

Alison Jones, Josephine Meckseper, Martha Rosler, Milly Thompson, Nicole Wermers

LGP Paris, 14 January - 19 February 2012
http://lanchestergalleryprojects.org.uk/project/evasion/
Alison Jones

Four monochrome watercolours of private art collections featuring Modern and Contemporary Masters (de Kooning, Dubuffet, Newton, Ruff).

Moving the Helmut Newton, 2011, watercolour on paper, 70 x 100cm
**Josephine Meckseper**

Contaminator is the film of Meckseper’s project for *W* Magazine’s Nov 2010 Art Issue in which she styled accessories for a photo shoot in the style of her own work—a standard commissioning format for *W* Magazine’s Art Issues. The film shows the photographic equipment, lights, technicians, reflector panels and dry ice rolling over the shop fittings and handbags to a soundtrack of industrial noise.

**Martha Rosler**

*Martha Rosler Reads Vogue* is the video of a live performance for Paper Tiger Television’s public access cable program in New York. Rosler sits leafing through *Vogue* reading selected excerpts from the copy, adverts and her own text. She reads aloud a Visa ad quoting Robert Louis Stevenson, “To be what we are and to become what we are capable of becoming is the only end to life”, and an article about Conde Nast, the “cunt crazy” publisher of *Vogue*. 
Romance Posters are aestheticised utterances - subliminal messages of solitude, anticipation, and rejection. The electric pulse of neon signs throb through dark streets and deep rain.

Milly Thompson
Nicole Wermers

Suite 2 comprises three sculptural elements; white upholstered modernism, black zinc cosmetic and scrunched up ball of printed sheet-steel all linked together by heavy gauge chain. The work fuses formal aspects of modernism with the bewitching aesthetics of consumer culture.
ÉVASION installation from right to left: Nicole Wermers, Suite 2, 2011, upholstery, painted steel, zinc coated polystyrene, lacquer, stainless steel chain, dimensions variable. "Herald Street London: Alison Jones, Sensational Ruff: Double Nude in the library, 2011, watercolour on paper, 152 x 122cm. Alison Jones, The last de Kooning Woman in private hands she enters in a dappled red dress which manages to be both attention-seeking, yet demure… casual even (detail), 2011, watercolour on paper, 152 x 122cm. Alison Jones, One of a series of paintings by the French artist Jean Dubuffet entitled ‘Corps de dames’ or ‘Ladies’ bodies’ (detail), 2011, watercolour on paper, 152 x 122cm. Alison Jones & Milly Thompson, ÉVASIONISTA, 2012, live sculpture and creation, glass table top, magazines, champagne cooler, bottle and glasses, Kristalia Plana chair, i-phone 4, MacBook Pro, duration exhibition length. Milly Thompson, Les rêves sont déjà réalités, (Romance Posters, Series II), 2011, digital print, wallpaper paste, hardboard, wood, 263 x 90cm.
the milky succulence of a grilled scallop, the silken elasticity of a slice of mozzarella, the jammy inside of a ripe fig, or exquisite swirls of melting butter...
VUOTO (Italian, meaning 'empty')- a publication of artist projects for ÉVASION.

Mirroring the luxury magazine, VUOTO embodies the essence of the show, being both a collection of critical artworks and high-end self-objectification. It considers the fields of Fashion-Art-Media-Entertainment, where opposition nests in co-dependency.

Alison Jones, Josephine Meckseper, Martha Rosler, Milly Thompson, Nicole Wermers, editorial by Nina Power

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http://lanchestergalleryprojects.org.uk/project/vuoto

MAGAZINE

VUOTO

Alison Jones' Advertising Promotion (2011) draws on advertisements (mainly Artforum) for exhibitions by female artists who use their own bodies or those of other women: Vanessa Beecroft, Lynda Benglis, Gillian Carnegie, Tracy Emin, Andrea Fraser, Yoko Ono and Hannah Wilke.

Art-House (2011) is a feature on a private art collection.


Milly Thompson's Romance Posters Series II, Beauty as isolating as genius; Tears, Alone - 9:30pm, She waited; it closed, Les rêves sont déjà réalisés and Beautiful woman adventure (2010).

Nicole Wermers' blank advertising pages, Grey Pages Collection (1996 - 2010).

Overleaf: Nina Power, VUOTO editorial, 2012, © The author, all rights reserved
New light of a beautiful dawn
NINA POWER

Well, dear readers, the beginning of the year est arrivi. Time to shake off your dusty tail-feathers and emerge, breading and busines into the new light of a beautiful dawn in which you are the star of your own show. It's like the X-Factor and um, I feel swellish in our glorious out walk of self celebration. All this talk of austerity has finally been getting me down, it's as if we're all depressed, disabled {and cross} that our libraries are closing down. Well, Britain may be broken, but there are plenty of shiny things to take. If the economy's depressed we should give it a cherny, helping hand and spend, spend, spend... So treat yourself, you've special like everyone else. It may not be sunny outside, but this season there's no excuse for not wearing fur on the beach, in the bedroom, in the kitchen, just that you should be cooking, silly thing, when you could get him to take you out for dinner. Having slaughtered the world's last remaining furry animals, there's now a huge waiting list for detectable gifts by Versace, if you're not wearing one of these by mid-January (see page 30).

you may as well stay indoors and stare out the window.

If you simply must pay attention to all this "austerity chic", make sure your eyes are on the "chic" bit, not the dreary overalls of film-desniers what is this, Soviet Russia? All those students getting upset and shouting at policemen - don't only they spent more time thinking about what they wear to protests rather than coming up with oh-so clever slogans, the world would be a happier place. Anyway, they seem cross about having to spend more on their education or something, which would certainly make me depressed, so perhaps they have a point. And the girls! With their ever-less bared, combat gear, smashing up public vans and running riot all over the city, they're hardly the best advertisement for our wonderful urban spaces, are they? London's supposed to be the fashion capital of the world, isn't it, especially now we don't really make anything anymore...So what's wrong with a little protest fashion? No doubt the kidnappers on the streets would never at little old me suggesting that it wouldn't be out of place to wear this season's splendid yellow's little red star on a curvy mini-dress might even look quite cute. Don't they teach you anything at the schools you can no longer afford to go to those days?

Anyway, those of us who didn't bother wasting our money on unnecessary educations do indeed have some cash to splash... and WHAT a time to buy. Some feeling old fraumint once declared that we've all been turned into addicts for ourselves, or something, but it's a hard thing. I say bring it on, I can't think of anything more worth advertising than my way. I'd employ a whole army of ad-hoes to work on my head, who wouldn't, right? - put on some of these gliby little Hiroshma-earnings that are all the rage after whatever it was that happened in Japan, and some of those limited edition Manolo Blahniks made from freshly slaughtered calf skin, bathed in mummy-tears for that expensive, soft feeling of subtle maternal melanoly. He'll love it when you kick them off casually whilst sipping one of Heston Blumenthal's new 'naud and fur' cocktails. Uh-oh, BAD-MOOD alert! Some grumpy protesters came to our office last month, whining that some of the clothes featured in the magazine had been made by children in horrible treble-dark factories for a couple of pence a day in some distant country or other. To them I say, go...I imagine those little gypsy's are exploited precisely because they have such little hands, all the better for sewing some pretty detail on some bright and boorsy new outfit. They should be thanking us - the spending public, rather than those meanly boring people who spend all their time rooting through the bins at Scope, - if we weren't so happy to pay for those outfits, those little boys and girls would be out of job, wouldn't they? And besides, I think it's rather lovely that little girls over here can wear up to the minute outfits made by little girls over there - rather empowering, don't you think, and a nice little reminder that we're all, you know, connected. The world often seems to me to be a lovely place, all linked up and pecky about itself.

As I'm sure you're all aware, nothing makes me happier than a nice weekend break away after a hard week's work writing and pondering all the latest trends so that you too may shine as brightly as me. So imagine my disgust and horror when, at the usually (see page 20)
serious and relaxing Oprah Winfrey Hotel (real Llama stuffed Egyptian cotton pillows), a
group of women, cleaners and maids who work there. I suppose, were protecting outside about
what they were calling 'inappropriate sexual contact' by their male guests. Judging by the look of
them, however I can’t think why anyone would bother. None of them appeared to have seen the
inside of the luxury spa and gym complex at the Oprah, and not a single one of these ladies
who should have been busy prepping my Ethopian bubble-bath, in my humble opinion was
wearing anything on their feet I would dignify with the noble and transcendent term "shoes.
Speaking of badly-dressed women meaning about sex, just think they get away, what about this
shut-walk hussies? We all know the pleasure that comes from being partly chastised by a very
rich man on his third Vagira, his reddish face baring down at you from above as he uses what
less worldly might term "inside" as a way of demonstrating his great desire for you. I finally
recall being chased around the Penthouse suite at the Toffington by one our very drunk and excited
millionaire art dealer as he tried to struggle me with a towel while screaming something about
his mother - "kinks!" But these so-called 'kinks don’t seem to understand these subtle and exciting
games, do they? I don’t think they’re very smart at all, frankly, and don’t understand anything
about sex as far as I can see. Besides, looking at the pictures, I would say they should count
themselves lucky if any man bothered to talk to them at all, let alone meddled with special words.
Which leads me on to something that really makes me cross, but not so cross that I forget not to
freeze: the moment a wrinkle forms up I shall book my place at Dignitas. Time was when women
had little else to do but scrub their husband’s dirty bostonian work underpants before getting a
rock into some lukewarm water for dinner, or something. And that was only like five minutes
ago. We’re coming a long way, baby, and there’s no looking back. As my face writer, Marinietti once
said: 'Beauty requires only in struggle'. But we should feel very, very grateful that our struggles are
no longer boring ones like getting the vote and getting jobs and other grey and dull and worthy
things that make people old and cross and dour, but fun things like working out whether to
splash out on the 24 carat gold plated trousseau or stick to the diamond-encrusted ones your
mother got you for your last birthday. There’s never been a better time to be a girl, and even if we
haven’t yet quite evolved into supreme beings with naturally hairless legs and an year-round
honey-coloured hair. bunny up evolution, we would be very grateful indeed to all those
lovely men who spend so much time coming up with such splendid designs for us to wear even
if they don’t want to sleep with us very often...

When the Berlin Wall came down and all those people with identikit smillets came rushing
through in search of papa, I felt, even as a very young person and now, I’m not telling you my age
that this quest for fashion, however misguided those poor East Germans were, was something
that unite us all. For one, we were personally glad when the government decided to abolish
languages and history at school, in hopes were clearly no longer relevant when everyone, simply
everyone, could speak the language of fashion instead. And no more boring part to hold in back.
I only wish those frumpy measures would wake up and smell the coffee from wherever it is
that coffee comes from... there is a new humanity on the horizon, and it’s wearing this season’s
fashion with panache. Soon all the little girls who get to make all our clothes will be able to wear
them too... unless we run out of material, of course, in which case, every sister, but I got here first,
and plus I don’t really want to look like everyone else now, do I? I mean, from where I’m sitting,
the future looks very grey indeed. Just remember not to think about all those dumpy things like
war and poverty and you’ll be sure to look 21 till you die.

Winnie Pozone

"UH-OH,
BAD-MOOD
ALERT!"
Alison Jones & Milly Thompson, Stacked, 2002, 113 copies of VUCO, 50 x 120 x 80 cm
In the exhibition ÉVATION a young female gallery assistant sits on a Kristalia Plana chair at a desk. She performs her fonction mystérieuse activating the objects on display.

Alison Jones and Milly Thompson
Live sculpture and creation, 2012, duration exhibition length
LGP Paris, 14 January - 19 February 2012
http://lanchestergalleryprojects.org.uk/project/evasion/
Alison Jones & Milly Thompson, ÉVASIONISTA, 2012, live sculpture and creation, glass table top, magazines, champagne cooler, bottle and glasses, Kristalia Plana chair, i-phone 4, MacBook Pro, duration exhibition length.
Where are artists in an increasingly neo-liberal art world, guiltily producing recherché commodities for the luxury market? What does feminism mean to its monstrous spawn, post-feminism?

Is it Cheryl Cole and her hard-bargained $1m divorce settlement, pole-dancing classes at the gym, slut-walking?

Responses from: Angela McRobbie, Monika Szewczyk, Nicholas Cullinan, Mark Harris, Ian Hunt

LGP Auditorium, Paris, 18/2/2012 13:30 - 17:30
http://lanchestergalleryprojects.org.uk/project/evasion-panel-discussion/
From the late 1990s, my attention, as a feminist sociologist, kept being drawn to media images which were intended to provoke some imagined group of (always humourless) feminists. These images appeared, in a celebratory fashion, to reverse the clock, turning it back to some earlier pre-feminist moment, while at the same time doing so in a rather tongue-in-cheek kind of way. The prevailing use of irony seemed to exonerate the culprits from the crime of offending against what was caricatured as a kind of extreme, and usually man-hating, feminism, while at the same time acknowledging that other, more acceptable, forms of feminism, had by now entered into the realms of common sense and were broadly acceptable. The famous Hella Boys Wonderbra billboard advertisement was the most obvious example. The rhetoric of this image proposed the deviant pleasure of being ‘politically incorrect’ with force and energy. The old feminist was addressed implicitly, as a woman who sought to limit the pleasures of the ‘rest of us’. Thank goodness, the image seemed to suggest, we can now, once again, enjoy looking at the bodies of beautiful women with impunity. So skilful with the use of postmodern irony was the image, that it also sought to produce a kind of humourless) feminists. These images appeared, in a celebration of young women that they renounce or disavow the need for a new sexual politics. They were expected to refrain from gender critique and become both quiet and quiescent. This marks a complexification of the backlash referred to by Susan Faludi in her book, precisely because post-feminism registers, time and again, the seeming gains and successes of the second wave of the women’s movement, the fact that things have changed and hence the irrelevance of a new feminism (Faludi 1996). We might ponder how and why this has happened.

Sociologists Boltanski and Chiapello have provided a wide-ranging analysis of the way in which contemporary capitalism has replenished itself, producing for itself a new ‘spirit’ which substitutes older bureaucratic modes with more flexible social relations in work and employment, by taking on board many of the criticisms levered by the left especially those associated with the student movements of the late 1960s and early 1970s (Boltanski and Chiapello 2007). It would be possible to extend their argument to include some of the critiques provided by second-wave feminism. Indeed we find this being suggested recently by Nancy Fraser who states that there is a ‘disturbing convergence’ of feminism with the new brand of neoliberal capitalism (Fraser 2009 p1). Fraser sees unwitting collusion on the part of feminism here which, she argues, had by the time at which neoliberalism was in the ascendant, subordinated (or suspended?) the trenchant critique of economic injustice within capitalism for a more nebulous cultural critique more directed towards regimes of meaning and representation. Fraser posits a connection therefore between feminism at a moment when it had relinquished some of its hard-edged critical stance on economic inequities and the surface of contemporary cultural life.

I have referred to this phenomenon as a form of symbolic power which can be understood as post-feminist: There is a double entanglement, across the socio-political universe as feminism is taken into account, in order that it can be understood as having passed away. What once may have had some role to play on the historical stage, is now no longer needed. Feminism is associated with the past and with old and unglamorous women (Germaine Greer in the UK, Alice Schwarzer in Germany) and this encourages a dis-identification with feminism on the part of young women. Though the first decade of the 21st was a mark of the cultural intelligibility of young women that they renounce or disavow the need for a new sexual politics. They were expected to refrain from gender critique and become both quiet and quiescent. This marks a complexification of the backlash referred to by Susan Faludi in her book, precisely because post-feminism registers, time and again, the seeming gains and successes of the second wave of the women’s movement, the fact that things have changed and hence the irrelevance of a new feminism (Faludi 1996). We might ponder how and why this has happened.

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inequality, with the rise of neoliberalism which, pace Boltanski and Chiappello, was now reaping the rewards from its incorporation of what they call the ‘artistic critique’ preferred by the cultural avant-garde of the contemporary culture of the late 1960s and early 1970s. Like myself Fraser recognises that western feminism, in a popular vein, had entered into everyday life especially around a set of values which appeared to challenge and contest visible inequalities and injustices, but she underplays the way in which capitalism actively sought to undo feminism. There is nothing in her argument which documents the sustained undermining of feminism and feminists. She makes it sound as though there was simply a convergence, an unexpected liaison. In contrast I argued forcefully in The aftermath of Feminism, that a new gender regime comes into being which directly acts upon the bodies and capacities of young women. The world of media imagery and the politics of meaning are deeply and inextricably connected to and part of the wider political economy. It was through the intersections of popular and political culture that feminism was undone and, hey presto, was instead replaced by a prevailing, even dominant, discourse of female individualism (informed by a veneer of feminist principles and buzz words such as choice, female empowerment and A1 girls etc) which could then quite easily be set to work as part of an emerging neo-liberal agenda, this time directly addressed to, indeed customised for, young women.

The Italian neo-Marxists who have recently garnered much attention in the wake of the success of Hardt and Negri’s Empire, offer a different perspective which suggests that western women are nowadays liberated from tradition, freedom or capacity to women, and with this the idea that the male workforce became overtly critical of the dull repetitious nature of work and threatened to escape this fate at the very moment at which women sought to enter the workforce decisively. The concession capitalism makes in both cases social changes are dictated by what happens where capital and labour confront each other, and this produces something of a re-run of the old debate that female empowerment in the workplace (see Littler and Moor 2008). Nevertheless the novelty in each of these influential arguments by Chiappello and Boltanski and also by Hardt and Negri is that some grounds are found for countering the relentless path of power which has produced so many variations of ‘left pessimism’. In each case, though with different inflections, feminism could be seen as having forced some concessionary response on the part of the status quo and the dominant social groups in society (or the patriarchy). However I am already reading more gender dynamics into this as having benefited from the struggle. In both cases social changes are dictated by what happens where capital and labour confront each other, and this produces something of a re-run of the old debate that feminism whereby sexuality and everyday life were forced to defer to the politics of work and employment. I would prefer to re-cast this debate by arguing that feminism necessarily calls day-to-day governmentality, rather than focus on the meta-categories of capital and labour. What I am arguing is that the case of re-contouring of contemporary young women’s bodies, their desire for and the construction of gender equality marks out the horizon of a more profound hegemonic process. This granting of some degree of freedom or capacity to women, and with this the placing of western women are nowdays liberated from tradition, becomes, at the same time, the means and the measure of a new form of capture or control.

run into the problem of how to avoid an analysis which simply focuses, in a rather mechanical way, on the power of the press and media and its obligations (or not) to government, including, in this case, the government of the Blair decade. This is merely to set one powerful apparatus alongside another, each with an agenda which may or may not coincide. It’s altogether more instructive to examine the complex intersections and flows of media and political discourses which spread, sometimes intersecting, in unpredictable ways, far and wide across the whole social fabric. Looked at in this Foucauldian manner we can see the emergence of similar mobilising vocabularies and clusters of expressions and ideas. Nikolas Rose subjected the whole grammar of New Labour to close examination seeing there a new focus on self-reliance, on the ‘conduct of conduct’ on individualisation and self-entrepreneurship, on talent and competition (Rose 1999). The argument I proposed in New Labourism was that within the passage to a new form of neo-liberal governmentality, young women came to occupy a key position, indeed they became exemplary subjects (McRobbie 2006). One reason for that is within the realms of sex and power, women, who in their subordinate or dependent status, have long been deemed particularly malleable or even ‘docile subjects’. Those who are exceptions to this rule are somehow abnormal. There is nothing new about casting the feminist or indeed the lesbian as the arch-villain whose anger and hostility stems from some personal inadequacy. What changes in the new neoliberal era as it was embarked upon by the New Labour government was a joining of forces across the media and political life which had the effect of intervening in the space where previously feminism may have done its work, and substituting, in a pre-emptive manner, so that young women in particular become the object of intense attention. For example, on some occasions, concerned about young women’s health and eating disorders, government sat down alongside the editors of the women’s and girls magazines, as well as the famous feminist Susie Orbach, to try to establish a code of practice discouraging the use of size zero models in fashion and beauty images. While such an event may be interpreted as supportive and positive we need to dig deeper below the surface to understand what could be at stake in this kind of concern for young women and their body anxiety? Here we see ‘help’ including self-help made available, without however any penetrating analysis as to the underlying sexual politics of contemporary female pathologies. Apart from some so-called light touch proposals that the women’s magazine industry self-regulate with new codes of practice, the widespread nature of serious illnesses such as anorexia and bulimia was denied a far-reaching social and environmental explanation, and within weeks the appearance of anorexic bodies (especially legs) re-appeared as normal on the pages of the glossy magazines.

The world of media imagery and the politics of meaning have been taken into account, required the active participation of the media and popular culture. Here we see the emergence of similar mobilising vocabularies and clusters of expressions and ideas. Nikolas Rose subjected the whole grammar of New Labour to close examination seeing there a new focus on self-reliance, on the ‘conduct of conduct’ on individualisation and self-entrepreneurship, on talent and competition (Rose 1999). The argument I proposed in New Labourism was that within the passage to a new form of neo-liberal governmentality, young women came to occupy a key position, indeed they became exemplary subjects (McRobbie 2006). One reason for that is within the realms of sex and power, women, who in their subordinate or dependent status, have long been deemed particularly malleable or even ‘docile subjects’. Those who are exceptions to this rule are somehow abnormal. There is nothing new about casting the feminist or indeed the lesbian as the arch-villain whose anger and hostility stems from some personal inadequacy. What changes in the new neoliberal era as it was embarked upon by the New Labour government was a joining of forces across the media and political life which had the effect of intervening in the space where previously feminism may have done its work, and substituting, in a pre-emptive manner, so that young women in particular become the object of intense attention. For example, on some occasions, concerned about young women’s health and eating disorders, government sat down alongside the editors of the women’s and girls magazines, as well as the famous feminist Susie Orbach, to try to establish a code of practice discouraging the use of size zero models in fashion and beauty images. While such an event may be interpreted as supportive and positive we need to dig deeper below the surface to understand what could be at stake in this kind of concern for young women and their body anxiety? Here we see ‘help’ including self-help made available, without however any penetrating analysis as to the underlying sexual politics of contemporary female pathologies. Apart from some so-called light touch proposals that the women’s magazine industry self-regulate with new codes of practice, the widespread nature of serious illnesses such as anorexia and bulimia was denied a far-reaching social and environmental explanation, and within weeks the appearance of anorexic bodies (especially legs) re-appeared as normal on the pages of the glossy magazines.

Under this new gender regime the subjectivities of young women are defined and described in a repetitive manner in popular and political discourses across the lives of female individualisation. This permits a replacement for feminism
Angela McRobbie – Post Feminism and Beyond

The young woman is addressed as a potential subject of great capacity. As Harris puts it she is a ‘can do’ girl (Harris 2004). In a culture of sexual-feminism gestures, women are applauded and celebrated and supported for their potential and for what they ‘can do’ in the world.

Across the field of corporate culture initiatives to support the global girl becomes a mark of compassion and concern as well as ethical responsibility. Underlying this spotlight of Deleuze would call a ‘luminosity’ in a subtle process of marketisation (whereby young women comes to be harnessed to an idea of consumer citizenship a term which was much bandied about during the New Labour era) the government designed to give a bigger place to consumer culture in the theories of everyday life, marked out not just a recognition for the ability of consumer culture in a world of cohesive values but also a neo-liberal strategy of offloading the work of government into a more self-regulating territory whereby the market is given more leeway to shape the needs of the population, in this case young women. Then, when things go a bit too far government will step back in to pull the free market forces back into line. (This could be seen in recent months on the public debate this time undertaken by David Cameron which tackled the sexualisation of childhood and the recent rise in sexual crimes.

My focus of interest in The Aftermath of Feminism was in what I termed a new sexual contract. This was a hegemonic process of an era of ‘new boyfriends’ (symbolically at least) the status of an over-enthusiastic schoolgirl. If we also acknowledge the statements of Justice Minister Kenneth Clarke regarding a seeming disparity in the treatment of women, while the hedonistic sexual freedoms proudly dispensed by western government, can also license figures like Berlusconi, in the name of harmless self-improvement and the need for constant make-overs.

But under the surface and taken unawares, he betrays his own attitudes as well as the way he envisions what feminism has meant in political life, by referring in the House of Commons, to Labour MP Angela Eagle in a derogatory way as ‘my dear’. Here he showed just how the language of feminism undone.

Let me conclude this update on the question of post-feminism with one final consideration. This again concerns the UK Coalition government which I would argue is a government that which suggests the forging of a more explicit conjuring of neo-liberal policies, if not with feminism, then with an idea of masculinist values.

The Punch that the lack of social mobility in contemporary Britain is partly accounted for because so-called middle class women (symbolic at least) the status of an over-enthusiastic schoolgirl. If we also acknowledge the statements of Justice Minister Kenneth Clarke regarding a seeming disparity in the treatment of women, while the hedonistic sexual freedoms proudly dispensed by western government, can also license figures like Berlusconi, in the name of harmless self-improvement and the need for constant make-overs.

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Let me conclude this update on the question of post-feminism with one final consideration. This again concerns the UK Coalition government which I would argue is a government that which suggests the forging of a more explicit conjuring of neo-liberal policies, if not with feminism, then with an idea of masculinist values.

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political homes for themselves within the centre-right as elite women. Across the spectrum of European politics it is the small super-league of polished, professional women who gain prominence from their prestigious jobs. So far removed are they from ordinary women, especially those now losing their jobs across the public sector, that they may as well be film stars or celebrities. They function more as role models, issuing a clarion call to young women that ‘you can do it’.

In strict neo-liberal terms they act as benchmarks. These political high-flyers function as measuring devices against which young women can gauge their own performances and also confront their failings. They become a space of calculation, by propounding the question, what does it take to get from where you are to where I am?2 To sum up I have argued here that the logic of post-feminism is to sustain and develop a further call to young women which would have them emulate the new female international elite, borrowing directly from the corporate language of the fashion and beauty complex and the whole apparatus of the commercial feminine media and adding to this a normatively middle-class idea of achievement, ambition and professionalism, at the cost, once again, of the category of the political.

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References


1 Body Image Summit, Cabinet Office 2000.
2 Gillo Dorfles talks about feminines as role models, these high-flying young Conservative women are also making a political bid for the female vote at election time. They detect a very recent change of outlook among young women (thanks to think groups, polls and surveys) that feminism is no longer such a wholly detestable thing. They can also exploit the fact that the Labour Party still cannot dare to risk such an endorsement leaving the Conservative party to be so bold. Similar strategies can be seen at work in Germany with the Christian Democrats.

22.5 possibilities for wit and irony in a relentlessly ironic culture

It’s a great pleasure to join this symposium for ÉVÉSION today, and I’d like to thank Alison Jones for inviting me to speak. I’m not an art historian, and I will be, among other things, working through some quite basic definitions of wit, humour, and irony as a way of opening out some troublesome terrains in contemporary culture. I might not get very near the serious subject of neoliberalism that was announced as one of the themes for today (the exhibition and the publication that accompanies it, do it, so very well, and also show the usefulness of irony, which will be my main area of worry and a strategy I’ll be aiming to defend. Irony is something that has a bad reputation in art, in that its very structure works on being included or excluded, on knowing the signs. If you get an ironic remark, you’re in with the in crowd, not the out crowd — though you may find this ability doesn’t help to pay the bills. Irony, as a social resource and even a special kind of solidarity (it has functioned as this in totalitarian societies and can do so in the neoliberal set-up too), is particularly troublesome in visual art, which because of its history tends to be weirdly close to and interested in power. Ironies in the visual arts are entwined in, mixed up with the wider questions of how art mirrors, maps, flattens and challenges class prejudices, and vested interests.

Alison Jones’s work is unusual in its determination to track these processes and name them. Women artists using irony, of different generations, some feminist, some not, become brands of themselves and their galleries and get mashed together with old-style patriarchal artists into a wider cultural history of patronage in which Thomas Ruff’s internet-sourced pornographic images, too, become a backdrop to ostentatious sumptuary display, and are written up by eager journalists as showing ‘a sense of dignity and beauty’. Jones’s approach is structurally ironic in that the work seems both fascinated and appalled by what it shows, but the pose is a kind of guileless simplicity, close to the cartoons. The paintings limpidly tell us things literally are, in black and white. This isn’t a tidy, superior view on things but an unusually direct attempt to show some of the repeating loops of ideology and the trapped circuits of gender assumptions messily entangled with actual economic power. It’s a kind of public service broadcast: showing what we know to be true but are usually too wary to think about. And it’s desperately, painfully funny.

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There are nevertheless considerable resources in irony that should not be discounted. Denise Riley has argued, in her book *The Words of Sexual Identification, Solidarity, Irony* that it is a political necessity. This builds on her approach in her earlier work *Am I That Name?*, which examined the necessity for feminists to both affirm the category of ‘women’ in history to fight particular disadvantages and also to struggle against the category and to dissolve its power as a way of organising society. This approach to irony, based on the possibility of a nonidentitarian solidarity, does not sound like a rallying cry — what banner would ironists rally under? But her book is subtly attuned to real and material struggles that happen in language, and it does construct an account of irony that goes to places one does not expect.

A section arguing for a political necessity for irony begins with the following exchange: Julius: I understand it. I even believe it. A joke can make a joke about everything: a joke is free and universal. But I’m against it. There are places in my being, the deepest ones in fact, where for that reason an ordinary hurt is unimaginable. And in these places a joke is intolerable to me: Lorenzo: So the seriousness of these places is probably not completely perfect yet. Otherwise there would be irony there by now. But for that very reason irony exists. You’ll only have to wait awhile.

Denise Riley explains that Lorenzo, a character in Schlegel’s novel *Jacent*, is implying that irony will arise spontaneously within that injury which has been compelled into self-contemplation. That irony is not an effect of any lengthy distance, but of the strongest and most serious engagement with hurt. ‘The point is subtle, and I can’t fully explain here how Riley develops her defense of irony philosophically and socially, but the unexpected linking of irony not with protective distance, but with hurt is clear philosophically and socially, but the unexpected linking of irony not with protective distance, but with hurt is clear.

The first extract I want to show is from *The Mighty Book*, series 2. In this episode, ‘The Priest and the Beast, Vincent Noir and Howard Moon take the characters of Rudy and Spider, two musicians from some hallucinated memory of the 1970s, who have gone to the desert to look for what they think is ‘the new sound’. This episode is incredibly funny.

The second extract is a collaborative work by Siân Robinson Davies and Diego Chamy, who write under the assuming name Internet. It’s called *My First Ever Stand-Up Comedy Gig*. The name Sarah Rews was adopted for the occasion: an open-mic comedy night at the Ape and Apple pub, Manchester, in 2011. There were two audiences present: the regulars, who come for the comedy, and those who follow performance art, who knew that it had been commissioned as a public work. Neither audience was treated disrespectfully. This is a brilliant response to the sexist positioning of women in comedy, making a position of strength out of the impossible place of being a woman comedian who has sold her jokes to a man (and so leaves out the punch-lines). From there the performance makes a further and unexpected move, inaugurating what may be truth-telling, of an important kind.

We have got this far, and into quite deep complications, without me attempting some much more basis distinctions between wit, irony and humor. And the reason why I am not doing this because, although I have started political discussions I can’t really finish, I want to introduce some more, by looking at more maine culture. I’m going to screen two examples of comedy that reveal very different dimensions of contemporary culture as it supports men being funny and does not support women being funny. This is not to repeat the lie that women aren’t funny, but to invite some attention to the overall cultural factors that mean mean get to occupy the funny position, all too often, and women don’t. My wife, Judith Williamson, pointed out to me as I was preparing this talk that for women comedians -- Dawn French, Jennifer Saunders, Joanna Lumley, Catherine Tate, or Miranda Hart -- the humour is frequently about their role as women, it depends on that for its effects. This is simply not the case for men, whose position is more assured, indeed, they don’t even realise it is a position of dominance.

All those men stand-up comedians who wanted us to buy their new live DVDs last Christmas compete with each other but the position they are aiming for is there in culture, in a way it isn’t for women.

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It’s not my job to be, so I’ll say it’s based on homosocial comic purposes. Another episode explores the lack of real women of any kind in the universe of *The Mighty Book* in a very disturbing way: when, stranded on a desert island, the duo develop a rivalry over their relationships with wives they make for themselves made of coconuts and straw. It’s the men’s angst and egos that count, the women don’t really exist. I find this brilliantly funny, better than much contemporary art in its imagination, energy and care. But the only way, ultimately that it rocks any larger cultural categories is by its appeal to childhood fantasy as some kind of short circuiting device, a source of energy that the Booshes try to keep alive in place of adulthood, which is feared.

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Ian Hunt is an art critic who teaches Critical Studies in the Department of Art, Goldsmiths.
If the question to answer is “What strategies enable artists’ (women artists’) self-determination today?” I want to start my response with Marcia Hafif, an older New York artist who has mostly painted single-colour works, monochromes. In 2011 I wrote a catalogue essay on her work that she didn’t like at all. I’m an advocate for Hafif’s work and I’ve known her for almost thirty years, but my writing was an unpaid offer to the gallery and taken by me as an opportunity to experiment with different interpretative positions.

There wasn’t time to give Marcia a chance to review the essay before publication and to be honest I didn’t want to take that risk. Besides, I thought, is anyone really going to care about an essay coming out of a small artist-run gallery in the Midwest? But Marcia made a list of some of the figurative metaphors and literary references she found distasteful and wrote to me: “I think it is the pervasive irony and contempt for the work and the installation that disturbs me the most. I would try to respond to all the offensive phrases and sentences but there are too many and I don’t have the time”. I fought back pretty hard saying that she was wrong in her interpretation of my piece and that she was lucky to have someone bring new scholarship and ideas to the work. Since then we’ve had a lengthy and cordial email exchange and reached some kind of middle ground accepting our differences. The other week Hafif sent me a self-produced pamphlet called The Inventory: Painting which does what it says on its cover by methodically listing all the forms of painting that she has made from 1972 to the present.

Perhaps this is one example then of what a contemporary artist can do to preserve self-determination. There’s the aspect of fighting for your art long after its been made, if necessary arguing with writers who go out on a limb and appear to misrepresent your work. More specifically however, you might agree that Hafif gains self-determination by sticking with her method and ignoring other tempting procedural avenues and opportunities at self-commodification. Of course you might disagree, seeing this instead as forcibly induced consistency that preserves a sense of integrity at a cost of innovation and engagement with the world.

In 1976 somewhere between Wall Painting and Neutral Mix, Hafif made an aberrant untitled work for the inauguration of New York’s PS1. She tells me she has no photos of this work, but it can be found reproduced in the PS1 catalogue as well as in Rosalind Krauss’s early book The Originality of the Avant-Garde and other Modernist Myths. In the installation Hafif painted some upper sections of the walls in brushy colour but used the blackboards for a hardcore text that her friends understood to be an account of sex with boyfriend Robert Morris; in effect a (feminist?) objection to his serial affairs. That’s interesting, some of you might be thinking, if you remember Fiona Banner’s porn text painting in the 2002 Turner prize. In view of our question regarding self-determination in what ways should we take this text, given Hafif’s rather unforthcoming commentary on its status? “The installation too was not directly about sex though the text was quite explicit. Because of the wrecked and dilapidated nature of the room when I was given it I chose colors that might have been used at Pompei for the painted sections and the text seemed appropriate remembering that when I visited Pompei (1961) there were rooms women were not allowed into, and I had to ask myself, ‘what was there?’” On the one hand it’s an instance of local interests (this narrative of one sex act with Robert Morris, someone known to Hafif’s friends and colleagues) colliding with more global directives (reductive painting, color and facture, a PS1 commission, addressing the community of emerging international artists also commissioned to engage with the building). Looked at differently this narrative becomes a
fairly early occurrence of a woman taking possession of the discourse of pornography and redirecting it. In that sense a personal occurrence given political dimensions. Or am I wrong, and is it instead a political misstep with Hafif’s? And if so, were we not even granted the opportunity to decide? Or perhaps if we could interview some of the men and women who attended the exhibition we could draw conclusions based on their reactions at the time. Do the qualities of a narrative form have the same thing? If we could read Hafif’s text we might find it fair to say that hers was a position of self-determination, a kind of voice would Hafif have had to have used for us to male delectation rather than to women’s pleasure? What have control since that narrative form has invariably catered to male treatment of women then the direct evidence of them. If Mackinnon argued that porn was emblematic of male treatment of women at that time the direct evidence of them. If Mackinnon argued that porn was emblematic of male treatment of women at that time, if it was abruptly cut short by pro-Mackinnonites when I referred to BANES’s work as celebrating inappropriateness, as pervasive that it is mirrored in all our inflections, however opposing they may seem to us. As soon as I start down this path however, I worry at overt interpretative dependence of a totally simplistic or oversimplified way of understanding the act of pornography, but perhaps even in my case as consumers of pornography, but perhaps even in my case as consumers of pornography, but perhaps even in my case as consumers of pornography, but perhaps even in my case as consumers of pornography. Not just as consumers of pornography, but perhaps even in my case as an academic entrusted to teach a seminar on pornography that legitimizes itself by its objectivity and its relation to contemporary art. If we find this idea plausible we might say that one obvious part of this process is the continuing normalization of sexual images and narratives—think of Vincent Gallo’s Bylene Bunny, Michael Winterbottom’s 9 Songs, or more recently Steve McQueen’s Shame, for example. If these are not so different from emerging sex narratives of the last few decades, perhaps they only refine in arthouse manner what was more boldly depicted in earlier examples. Perhaps this classily arthouse quality is itself a reflexencroachment into our ability to think and feel independently, sexually or otherwise. The closest I’ve come to understanding Évocation’s point is to imagine the prospect of an envelopment of sexualizing representations, a kind of sexualization of contemporary art. If we find this idea plausible we might consider it as a kind of political gesture. There is another play of contexts going on here for Hafif had been a schoolteacher before becoming an artist. Underlying the aesthetic and narrative effrontery is a humorous transgression of responsible teaching. “Bad Teacher” indeed.

Back to Fiona Banner’s Turner Prize for a moment. In November that year Guardian journalist Emma Brookes had the bright idea to take the porn star turned director, Ben Dover, to see Banner’s show. He found Banner’s large, printed text work titled Arsewoman In Wonderland clever for the naughtiness (rather than libidinous thoughts) it might arouse, but ultimately it failed for him by remaining no more than a literal transcript of a typical porn film. Far better, he reflected, would have been for Banner to act in one of his films as a way to generate her artwork, or to have someone read her transcript over a replay of the original film. “It could be quite funny. Especially if you got someone like Jim Broadbent to do it. Or maybe Liz Hurley or Joanna Lumley could do it as a talking book. I’d listen to that”, he said.

So while Banner’s Arsewoman In Wonderland flaunts an indifference to its subject matter that is contemporarily savvy in a marketable fashion, what Ben Dover proposes contrasts it with what Huntington thought was a challenging advancement. Hafif’s problematic act of self-objectification would now be viewed through the medium that Hafif did so with such wrongheadedness what might have become a startling critique of art’s engagement with pornography. It’s worth mentioning that the practice of having been already here in various ways with her replay of Warhol’s Blow Job, and her 2001 video nogography for Images of Sex (aka Art and Pornography). At that time the pro- and anti-censorship debates were still virulent. Diana Russell’s critical collection of extreme porn images Against Pornography was in circulation, while civil rights lawyer Catharine MacKinnon was working, with significant success in Canada, to criminalize the distribution of certain kinds of imagery that she classified as de facto discriminatory towards women. I remember concluding at the time, in light of other readings like Jane Juffer and Linda Williams who this pro-censorship activism was too draconian and simplistic. This could reconceived as a rather more widely (including housewives taking a break from chores and straight couples viewing gay porn) that porn can thinking through some of these problems for Hafif had been a schoolteacher before becoming an artist. Underlying the aesthetic and narrative effrontery is a humorous transgression of responsible teaching. “Bad Teacher” indeed.
marked London art of the late 90s? That dogmatizing
emerged and was acclaimed as an antidote to the political
seriousness and responsibility of early 90s art-think of the
Elizabeth Susman Whitney Biennial that introduced
coco Fusco, Glenn Ligon, Janine Antoni, Byron Kim, Renée
Green, etc. to a large public. When I came back in ’95 after
ten years in New York I couldn’t believe how unusually
trashy British TV had become (remember Davina McCall’s
Stand By Your Man and the program So Graham Norton)
and I couldn’t initially understand the art I was seeing in
artist-run East End galleries. I started to write about it as
an attempt to figure it out. Sometimes this yfa
counter-reaction was seen as rejecting ‘political correctness’. Where
the right wing exaggerated (some might say created) the
phenomenon of ‘political correctness’ as a way to ridicule liberalism, British artists (Tory and Labour supporters)
found an opportunity to turn against a reflexive critique
of the use of language, image and behaviour in a feverish,
ephemeral as a distraction, an entertainment, with no
lasting impact on us? I suggest that in MacKinnon’s attack
or being exploited by them?
on images of sex lies a capitulation to hyperreality, to the
idea that images have utterly supplanted a reality of what
are in fact subtly calibrated intuitions and judgements that
guarantee our ability to effectively evaluate and reconfigure these representations.

I’ve been away in the States a long time, and I sometimes
wonder what has happened to the healthy irreverence that
marked the counterculture. That dogmatizing I’ve been away in the States a long time, and I sometimes
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"A teahouse, he decided, would make the perfect setting for his own collection... "I think that’s a more sophisticated way of presenting art..."

Nicholas Cullinan reads W

Martha Rosler Reads Vogue, Martha Rosler, 1982, colour video with sound. 25:45 min (ÉV ASION, see p. 14)

Nicholas Cullinan reads W

A performance in the style of ‘Martha Rosler Reads Vogue’
..."Ai Weiwei, Chinese artist and dissident...", who was recently imprisoned for his opinions and..." ..."...is afraid of no one and nothing–not even fashion."...
Despite Simon’s efforts to deflect attention, when they catch a glimpse of her, ‘mind fuck,’ ‘...says one smitten male, men break off in midsentence ...’ ‘She’s why we have the expression who asked not to be named...’
"'The line honors my family's refined sensibilites,' she says, 'but also breaks free a bit. That's basically been the theme of my life.'" (ariannarockefeller.com)"
Nicholas Cullinan reads

"The idea that having good hair and doing good works are mutually exclusive died around the time Angelia Jolie became a United Nations goodwill ambassador. Let's face it: A shot of glamour really helps a cause."
One of the great doubts of today, and perhaps particularly for women of my generation, is women born in that recently neoliberal decade—the nineteen-seventies—concerns invoking what is often called said decade’s most revolutionizing concept, as this concept has more recently been minted into something of an f-word. Especially when speaking of the achievements of other women, invoking this pesky, polarizing, proud, at one time liberating, yet now somehow sometimes also limiting word, FEMINISM (there I said it!), runs the risk of reductions. Women do not necessarily want to be seen through the feminist lens, not first and foremost. The attendant compulsion is to make too many qualifications—disqualifying the writing put to such apologetic uses from the ranks of pleasurable prose. What follows is written (admittedly quickly, recklessly) in an attempt to register this historical doubt as a space within which an artist might work and in which her work may be recognized.

Here, I already feel myself weaving a knot as I hear in my head the voices of certain friends. Among them are pioneers in the feminist revolution of the seventies and members of its punk persistence in the eighties and beyond, who see “doubts” about the feminist stance as a sign of selling-out (or of naïvely buying the “you’ve come a long way baby” marketing). At best they might attribute such doubts to a profound misunderstanding of the lessons of feminism, rather than to how I would consider it: a profound absorption of those lessons that allows us to proceed without naming what we do—a pause in the forging of weapons in order to use them.

Now, speaking of lessons, it must be recognized that we have reached a point when not only women but also men are learning. Feminism is no longer considered women’s work—indeed and increasingly I observe men—quite consciously working with women, some by showing chiefly women artists, others by writing about women and others still by teaching classes on feminism. And these men are gaining great appreciation for their work…to the point where I begin to wonder about HOW and WHY we praise the men who support women, recognize their brilliance, but also want to work with women because they are women. Here a strange imbalance is perceptible, as we might still question women for teaching, writing about or showing “mostly men”:

Are they trying to get ahead in a man’s world? And today, more so than say two decades ago, we may be prone to see women who carry out programs similar to those of the above-mentioned “feminist men” as showing or teaching and writing about “too many women,” as if they were harping on “an old cause.”

Thinking of how the flag of feminism is not quite available to western women today, we might also note how often we hear of the “problems of women in the Arab World,” and deposit the desire to speak about the foward eastwards. The oft-cited invisibility of Eastern Women— they are behind the veil, behind the walls of the Harem, but also (as a recent HSBC advert points out) behind the lens of the camera—has of course also been used as a way to critique (Western?) voyeurism, snoopingness and the overall obsession with visibility as virtue. On the one hand, in meandering through this complex, we begin to see how the very terms of female empowerment are difficult to define. On the other, in layering one binary on top of another—Women vs. Men plus East vs. West—we see that feminism can be dismissed on the charges that it addresses only “part of the problem.”

Perhaps the biggest problem, however, is a particular type of binary thinking that is a hangover from the Cold War and the Computer, where we get either East or West, zero or one and where there is little room for another kind of sensibility which has seduction, not war, at its center. How might such seduction work? Or how might it play out? One thought: we might proceed by putting into play inversions, deliriums, drunken re-visions or other con-fusions—and yes indeed evasions—especially of what’s powerful, what is high and what is low, who leads (who’s on top). But also, we might just keep certain things quiet. After all, the moment you spell out to a potential lover that what you are involved in is indeed “a seduction,” is not the game over?

On this point, and when it comes to playing out the politics of identity in a seductive manner, I always think of a small exhibition curated by David Hammons at the Christine Koenig Gallery in Vienna, which featured the abstract paintings of Ed Clark, Denyse Thomasos and Stanley Whitney. At issue was abstraction—as a concern for these African American (and African Canadian) artists—and the very fact that their concern with identity was veiled, painted
Another thought: If we want to be truly emancipated, truly powerful, genuinely fe-nale even, might we want to keep this somewhat quiet? If we want to persevere in feminism, I would venture that this silence could even be a non-traumatic kind. It might rather be a sign of flirting with a politics, flirting rather than re-grounding it, taking a long time to show the naked truth, like its strip-tease.

Of course, flirting, like feminism, comes with it’s negative connotations – the flirt is seen as unserious, coquetish, even cheap. But flirting is also a great test of wits and it raises the temperature, reminding us we have minds and bodies. It is thus, perhaps, one way to awaken an often-overlooked power to produce enough space for thought. I think it is an ancient strategy is also at play in the oversized accessories – the giant shoes, the giant hats, the giant necklaces. We have to ask: What is it about the oversized that resonates? What is it that we can learn from this?

I've almost said all I want to say on the topic of feminism and what I think could be the most cunning form of art. I've said: Silence is NOT something we can talk about at length without killing some essential spirit of the matter. So instead of speaking directly about this, let us humour Alison and Milly’s provocation to confront neo-liberalism and its intersections with luxury, glamour, identification, aspiration, wealth, social superiority, luxury, distinction, etc. And let us remember, somewhere in the back of our minds, that we look really hot when we think.

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1. Recently, the exhibitions B/W: Art and the Feminist Revolution (which toured from The Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, to the National Museum of Women in the Arts in Washington, D.C., to the Whitney Contempory Art Center in Long Island City N.Y. and the Vancouver Art Gallery in Vancouver, B.C. between 2007 and 2010), Global Feminisms (Brooklyn Museum, also 2010) and PORTRAIT: Female Pop-art (Now Gallery, London, 2009) have brought feminism to the fore-ground of themes to be addressed, but have also tended to redefine its status as a histori-cal category rather than a present politics. It is interesting to note that Global Feminism was rare (representing works made since 1990, and PORTRAIT: stripping out of carefully claiming feminism for its artists and works; they are presented in the often-ambivalent as proto-feminist, in a show that simplistically “does not position non-geographically female art”). The question remains if the return of the feminist frame in exhibition making. As I write, I also discover that in that nodal year of 2007, ALLIES published a special issue Feminist Art. The Next blas with an article by Juli Finkel entitled “The Feminist who says if” which I have yet to read, but which seems to testify to the dilemma I am foregrounding.

2. The advert notes: “Only 5% of American films are made by women. In Iran it’s 55%.”

3. On by buying the Australian rug and the pub carpet, the gaudy and the stripey, and by creating “the vertical expression of a horizontal desire,” to quote George Bernard Shaw, by way of Shami math.

4. Here, and also in reference to the desire to move beyond binaries, I recall a passage that has stuck in my mind so much in the exhibition curated by Hammons: “Face me, clandestinely, make Christ-me everywhere, for the wonder of a non-gendered life to be created. Face me now, you have finally become symbol-head... Your act, your stance, your... Must we have it at that, three states, and no more: primitive heads, Christ-heads, and probe-heads?” from William Deakin and Felix Guattari’s A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, trans. Brian Massumi (London: Continuum, 2010), 211.

5. A question that stems from thinking of Shannon Bool’s work in the role of the super-human, super-natural woman as a kind of third term beyond the female and male binary, offering an archetypal identity without a unique face.

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Monika Szewczyk is a writer, editor and curator.
A photomontage considering gendered labour against the backdrop of the contemporary art world.

A large-format print displayed on a Paris city centre Clear Channel adboard and a stack of mass-produced riso prints available as a free carry-out from the gallery during the exhibition Planches Volées de Sous la Phalange de Bourgeois.

Alison Jones and Milly Thompson
Artists residency, LGP, 25 September - 20 October 2013

Overleaf: Alison Jones & Milly Thompson, C2 1st Art-Worker (detail), 2013, large-format digital print, 180 x 120 cm

RESIDENCY
C21st ART-WORKER

C21ST ДЯТ-WORKER
She is ДМБІЄЄЄ, she is ДЯТ, she is ФУРАІТУЯЄ...

She is ЯСНІТЄЄЄ, COSMETICS.
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Soft skeins of molten Fontina coated with raw egg yolk course over the surface of the rice as you break the membrane.