

THE PINK MANIFESTO
SOME PEOPLE SAY THE
COLOUR IS SOMEWHAT
CONVENIENT. BUT THE
SIDE IS WET. REPEATED
SWEAT. THAN AN UNUSUAL
SWEAT. UNUSUAL. UNUSUAL. UNUSUAL.
NOT ALWAYS. NOT ALWAYS.
GIRL. GIRL. GIRL. GIRL. GIRL.
THESE SEX ARE MEANINGFUL.
TOP. TOP. TOP. TOP. TOP.
TEN. TEN. TEN. TEN. TEN.
ATTENTION. PINK. PINK. PINK.
BY OUR ATTENTION.
RED IS NOT PINK.
PINK IS RED.



Under Deconstruction

High Maintenance Required

Constructed by Issy Wilson

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“It seems to me that to reject all of these aspects of women’s experience as dangerous stereotypes often means simultaneous rejection of some of the more valuable aspects of our female identity.”

Lucy Lippard



Issy Wilson, *Under Deconstruction: High Maintenance Required*, 2020,
Mixed media, 4x22x9 feet



Issy Wilson,
*Under Deconstruction:
High Maintenance Required*,
2020, Mixed media, 8x8x9 feet

Under Deconstruction: *High Maintenance Required*

Under Deconstruction: High Maintenance Required is a mixed media installation challenging color, material, and gender expectations. The work that I've created has been built up, taken apart, and woven back together. The process disregards seeing any of the pieces as being finished and untouchable—they can always be reworked into a new format. I'm embracing my femininity through this absurd amount of the color pink and using materials and making methods like cheesecloth, hair, and sewing. I'm challenging these associations by combining it with materials and methods like plywood, 2x4s, and constructing a large-scale installation. I'm physically linking explorations on color, materials, and gender in that I see them all coexisting and fostering the development of each other. They contradict and emphasize one another. Although it's 2020, a study into gender and feminism is far from being clear and concise. There is no neat box to check, and this installation exemplifies that.

Materials for Installation

Female

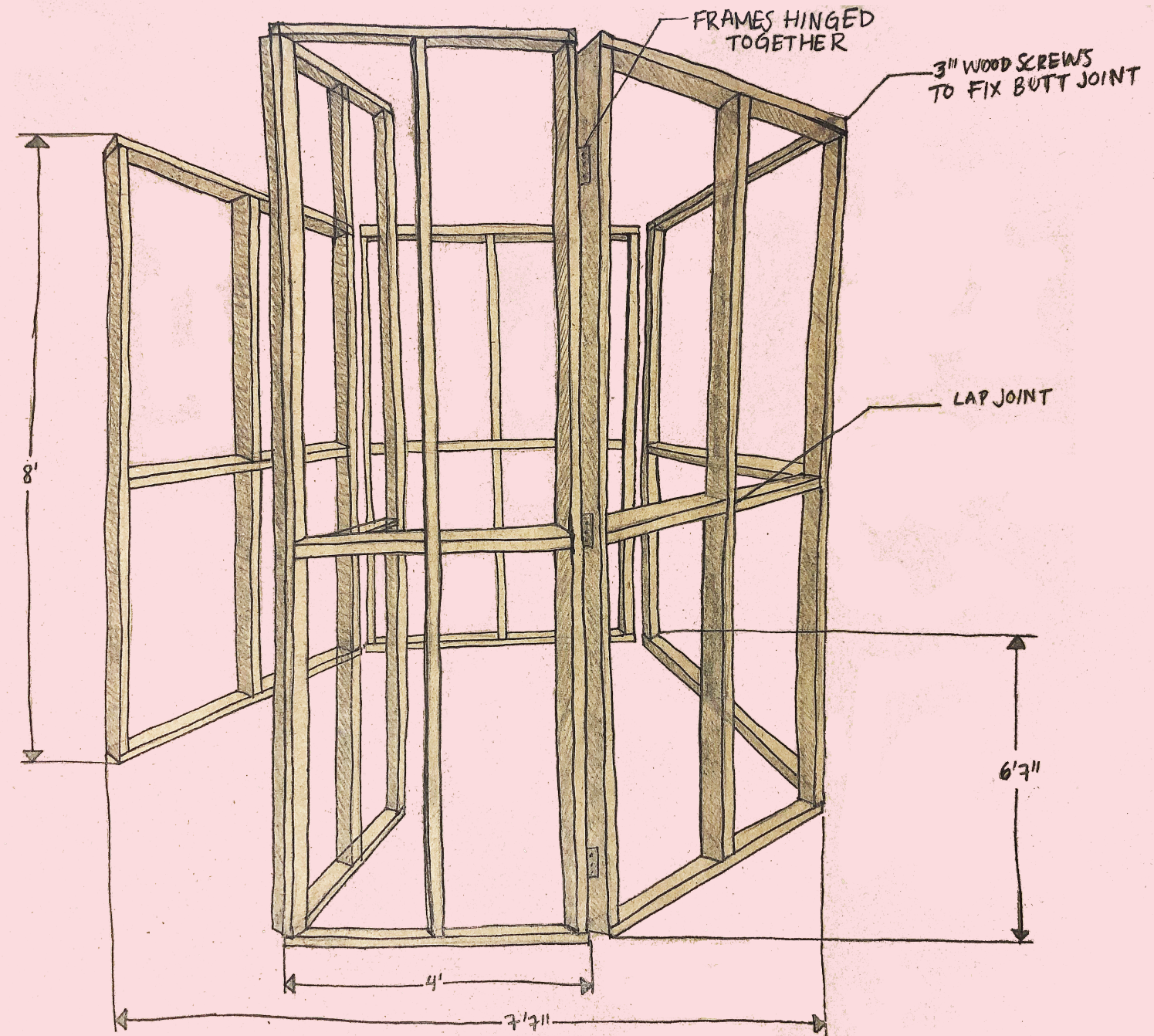
- Human Hair
- Cheesecloth
- Tulle
- Cotton Sheets
- Found Fabric
- Yarn
- Thread
- Bath Tissue
- Plastic Wrap
- Clothespins

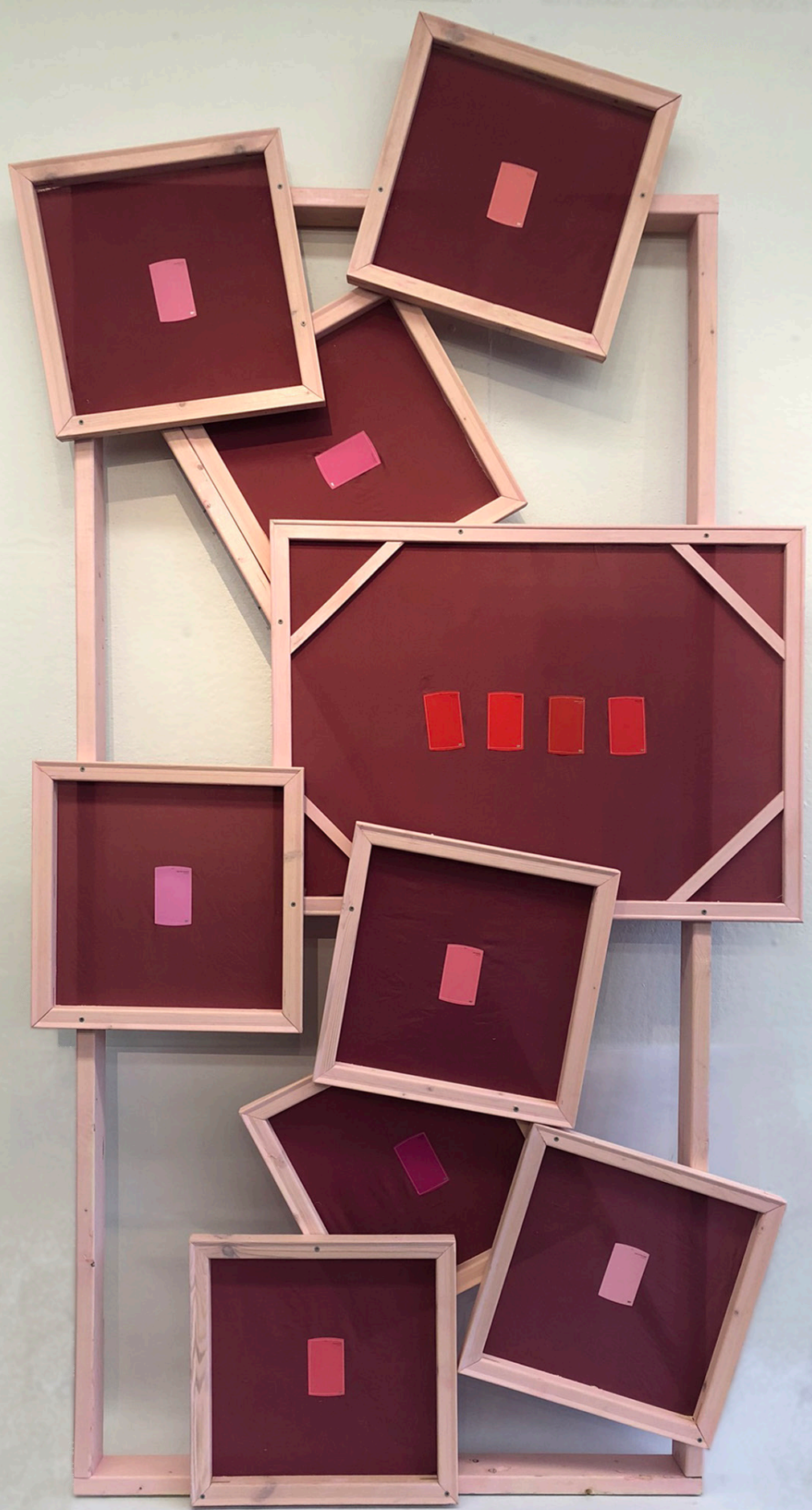
Neutral

- Paper
- Paint Swatches
- Elmer's Glue
- House Paint and Primer
- Acrylic
- Ink Jet Photographs
- Book Pages
- Sharpie
- Pencil
- Pen
- Markers

Male

- Plywood
- 2x4s
- Wood/Construction Screws
- Hinges
- Canvas stretcher bars
- Canvas
- Staples
- Steel
- Kilz Klear Primer/Sealer
- Acetone
- Spray Paint
- Gamsol/Mineral Spirits
- Oil Paint





Issy Wilson, *Table of Contents*, 2020,
Mixed media, 48x108 inches



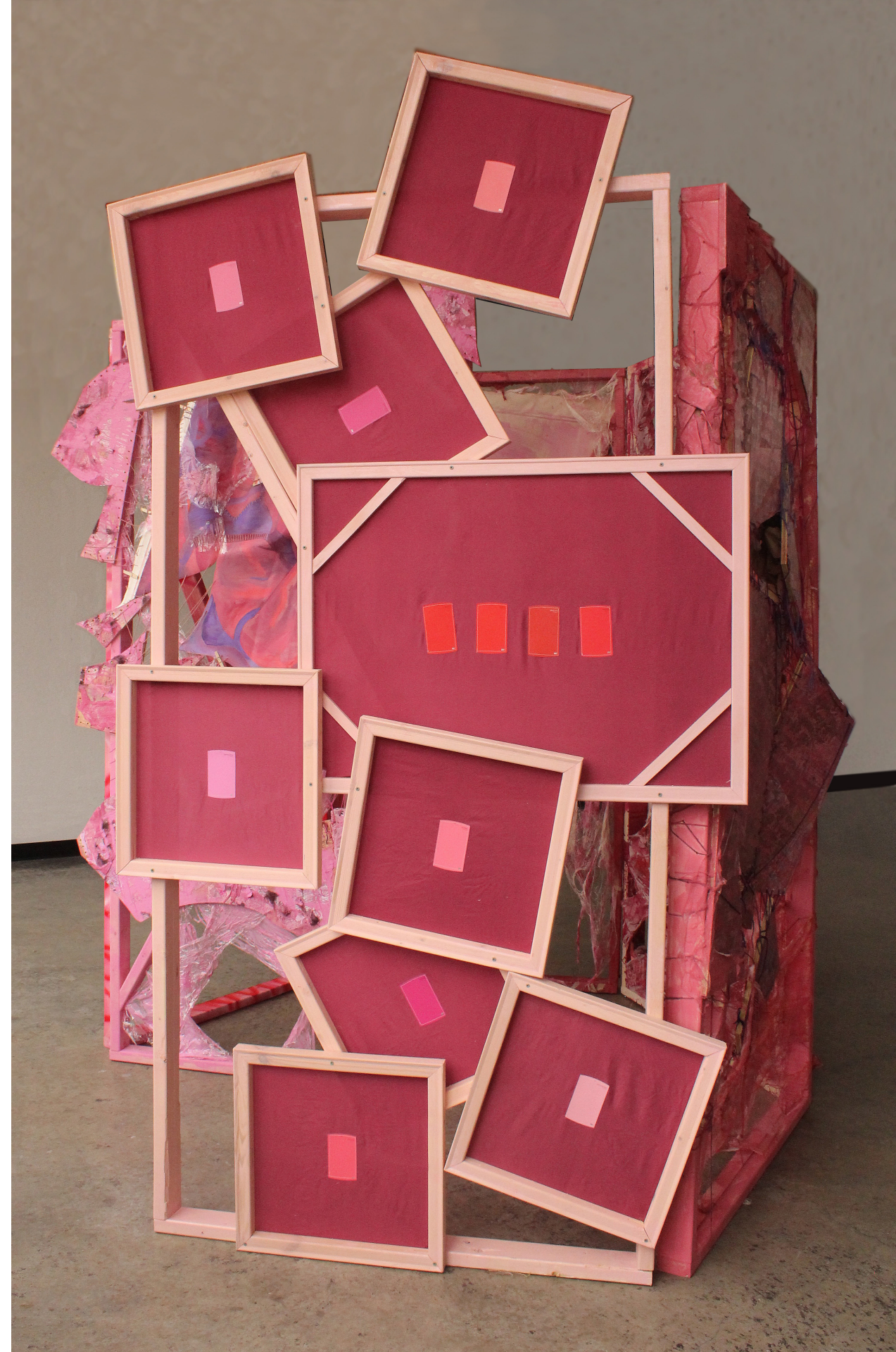
Table of Contents

Each frame on the “Table of Contents” is a canvas stretcher from an earlier series of paintings. They are each stained light pink in the same way as the 4x8 foot frame that they are installed onto. Within each canvas stretcher is a pink or red paint swatch sewn to fabric that is then stapled into the back of each frame. The frames are then screwed into the larger piece with three-inch construction screws. Five of the paint swatches displayed refer to the other frames in this series. The idea of this is that there could always be more to add on to this research project. I chose these paint swatches as names because of their connotations and relationship to women, girls, and sexuality. As such, this created the pieces, “Hot Gossip,” “Beauty Queen,” “High Maintenance,” “Little Bow Pink,” and “Juicy Details.”

The larger frame with four red paint swatches in the center highlights the range of names for certain paint colors. These red swatches are named “Flirt Alert,” “100 MPH,” “Stiletto Love,” and “Whiplash.” I am interested in the way that red borders between the sexy, feminine, and the more aggressive, masculine and where this transition between the two could be found.



Table of Contents details and process photos



“My work isn’t rectangular, and it isn’t framed, but it does rely on the rectangle and on framing—on people having some sense of framing in their minds, and some sense of what the pictorial is.”

Jessica Stockholder



Issy Wilson, *Hot Gossip*, 2020, Mixed media, 48x96 inches



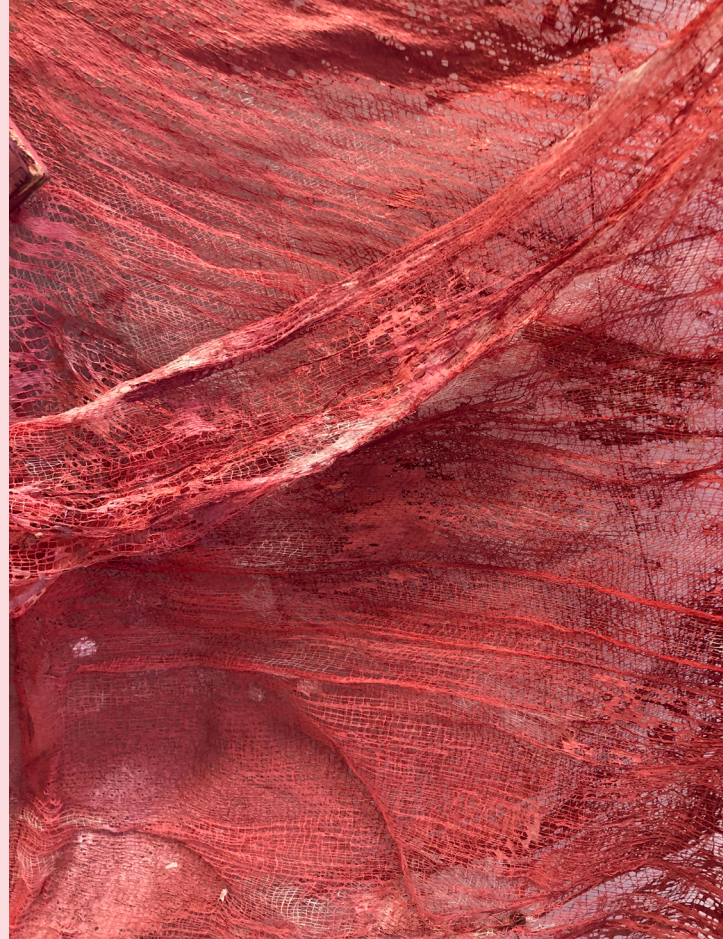
Hot Gossip

“Hot Gossip” began as a collage of my writings and drawings on plywood. I then cut this plywood up, drilled holes along the edges, and tied the pieces together so that they would hang from each other. I installed this hanging wood piece onto the 4x8 foot frame and covered the back and sides with cheesecloth, paper, and other fabrics that I painted pink. The writings come from my journals and drawings when traveling in Spain, Germany, and Israel the summer of 2019 and feeling frustrated with men touching me. The phrase “Please Don’t Touch Me” is repeated many times throughout and it highlights the annoyance but also the confidence that I felt while traveling alone as a woman.

Overall, it creates a vulnerable and raw piece of the anxiety and fatigue of having to navigate choices to keep yourself safe. In this iteration, the text has become so obscured and difficult to read that “Hot Gossip” actually became a more fitting name for the way that certain information is either revealed or covered up.



Hot Gossip details



“In women’s clothing, pink is most often used in especially delicate fabrics. These textures enhance the soft, delicate character of the color. Color and material allude to qualities girls and women are expected to embody: sensitivity, gentleness, friendliness, and eroticism.”

Barbara Nemitz



Issy Wilson, *Beauty Queen*, 2020,
Mixed media, 48x96 inches

Beauty Queen

“Beauty Queen” was both closest in color to this paint swatch, but I also find the name ironic in that this is the grossest of the frames. The combination of hair, cheesecloth, staples, paint, and glue creates an unsettling texture reminiscent of bathroom drains or murder scenes and so naming it “Beauty Queen” seemed fitting.

“Beauty Queen” started as a photograph of me, in the kitchen, shaving my armpit over the stove. I found this image intriguing for the way that I am doing the “correct” things a woman should do—hair removal and cooking in the kitchen—but in a way that is “incorrect.” I repeated this photograph nine times and fixed it to a piece of canvas. I then covered this in hair and cheesecloth and toned it pink. I cut away parts of the printed image, creating unique shapes and a need to look at the entire piece to put together the figure.

I took close up photographs of this piece as it was still wet. I printed these photographs onto cotton and then made small pillows out of them. These pillows are backed with found fabric, stuffed with toilet paper, and stapled closed. They are then sewn to the frame or canvas piece or piled up in different sections. The back of this frame is also covered in cheesecloth, hair, and staples.



Beauty Queen details

“Sculpture (and art) is in its very nature supremely erotic. On so many levels. Start with the obvious ones: it has a sublime sense of surface, textures, caresses, and embrace.”

Susan Quinnell





Issy Wilson, *Juicy Details*, 2020,
Mixed media, 48x96 inches

Juicy Details

“Juicy Details” is also based on the same photograph as used in “Beauty Queen.” In this case, though, it is a large scale oil painting that was done on top of collaged papers, cheesecloth, and hair. After completing this painting, I cut it apart and sewed it back together with yarn. I glued cheesecloth and hair on the back in these openings. I then covered the 4x8 foot frame with similar materials and sewed the canvas to the frame with thread and cheesecloth.

I found the combination of a familiar kitchen painted in blocks of pink with these kinds of materials an interesting juxtaposition. The use of cheesecloth refers to the household nature of this material that also gets clumpy and gauze-like. I find hair intriguing for the way that it is sexy or beautiful when groomed correctly and in very specific contexts but repulsive in others.

This piece also questions the way that we make and view paintings. It has been removed from its frame but placed on another. There is both intentionality with the way the paint is applied and the sewing together of different pieces but also a destructive and precarious feeling in the way it has been assembled. It is these kinds of contradictions that drive my work and push me to explore further.

Issy Wilson, *Is This Not How You Like It?*,
2019, Oil on mixed media, 38x60 inches





Juicy Details details



Little Bow Pink

“Little Bow Pink” had bigger plans than just being a spray painted frame but given the circumstances with the COVID-19 outbreak, I was unable to complete this frame. Instead, it now functions as a window for this installation. It frames the other pieces and emphasizes the repeated structure that each piece is built on. The 2x4s used refer to wall studs within houses and larger buildings. It is a structurally sound and functional way to build something at this scale, but it also refers to the idea of construction and home-making. The combination of pink with carpentry was a large driving force for this project in seeing the way that this “girly” color would operate with this large-scale structure.



Issy Wilson, *High Maintenance*, 2020,
Mixed media, 48x108 inches



Issy Wilson, *Experiment #4*, 2019,
Acrylic and oil on canvas, 40x40 inches

High Maintenance

“High Maintenance” came from a self-portrait that I painted on top of an old self-portrait. I also combined paper, cheesecloth, hair and paint on a piece of plywood. The oil painting was then cut apart and combined with the plywood. The two then get pieced together on this frame, sewn and pinned with plastic wrap. The plastic wrap is also sewn into the surface of the painting. I found this combination created a very explosive and dynamic composition that reads as medical and womb-like. My intention was to disrupt the figure and the way that traditional paintings are seen, similar to “Juicy Details.”

The term “High Maintenance” has been important for this project in the way that the term refers both to things like fancy cars and women. My research into this term was quite fruitful in the way that women were overlapped with expensive objects and whether or not they are worth your time. The common issue with high maintenance women was that they look amazing but spend too much (of YOUR) time and money on their appearance. This double standard, that can be added to the list of impossible expectations that both men and women are asked to fulfill, was brought to my attention by this pink paint swatch in Home Depot.



High Maintenance
detail



High Maintenance detail

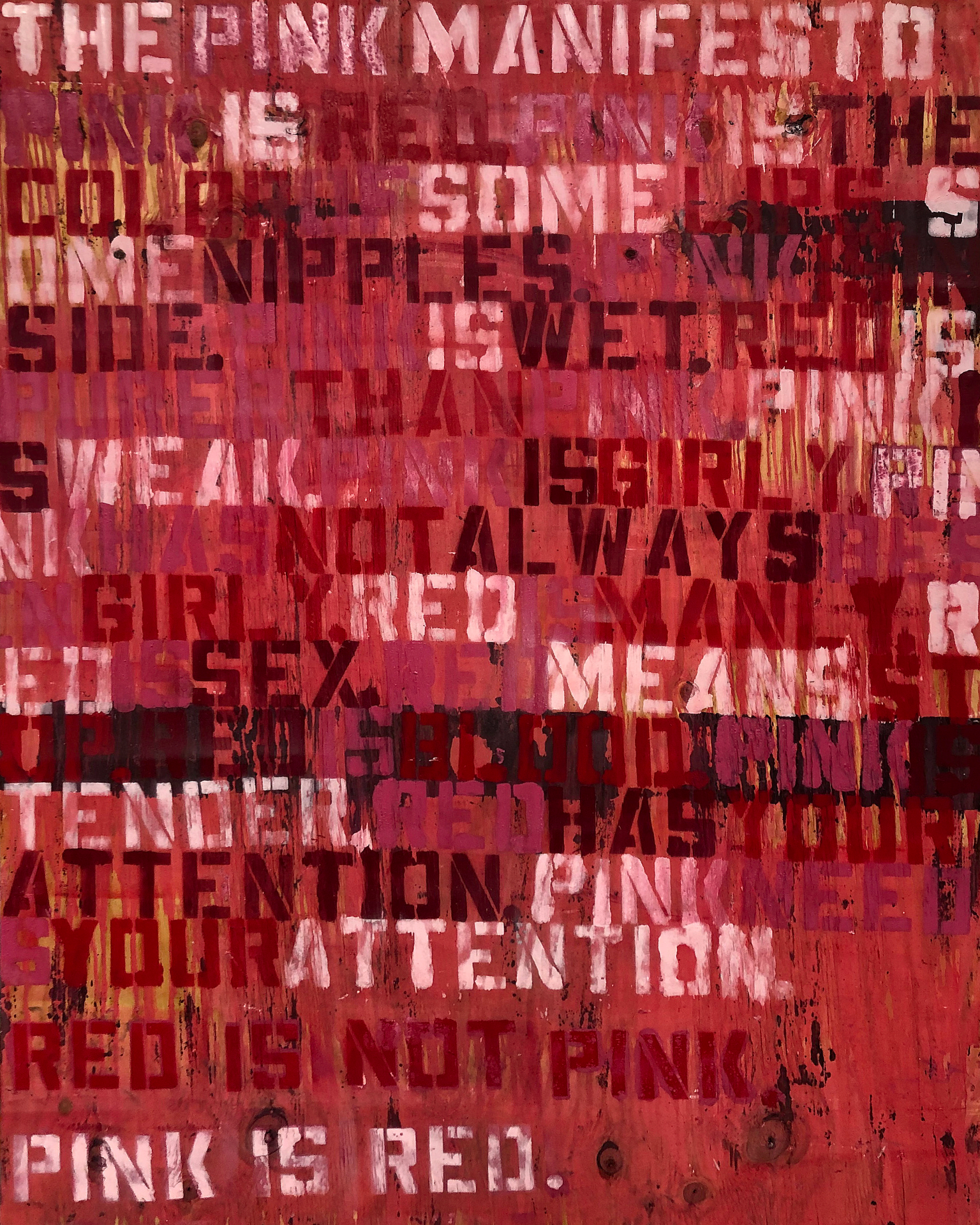
“I emphasize hand-stitching and -sewing as a way of marking time, a way of kneading life into my work. I think we’ve lost touch with our hands, because there are so many mechanical devices we can use now. So I like to give people that sense of something that takes time and has taken time to make, hours and hours and hours”

Lesley Dill



RP3-1	High Maintenance P120-3 ^M	RP4-1	Little Princess P130-3 ^U	RP5-1	Love at First Sight P140-3 ^U	RP6-1	Pinque P150-3 ^U	RP7-1	All Dressed Up P160-3 ^M	RP8-1	Infatuation P170-3 ^M
RP3-2	Heart Breaker P120-4 ^M	RP4-2	Sweet Chrysanthemum HDC-MD-10A ^M	RP5-2	I Pink I Can P140-4 ^M	RP6-2	Hot Gossip P150-4 ^M	RP7-2	Juicy Details P160-4 ^M	RP8-2	Sugar Poppy P170-4 ^M
RP3-3	Beauty Queen[§] P120-5 ^D	RP4-3	Little Bow Pink P130-5 ^M	RP5-3	Lovebirds P140-5 ^M	RP6-3	Kiss and Tell P150-5 ^M	RP7-3	Pinkadelic P160-5 ^D	RP8-3	Roulette[§] P170-5 ^D
RP3-4	Diva Glam[§] P120-6 ^D	RP4-4	Ballerina Tutu P130-6 ^D	RP5-4	Hibiscus Flower P140-6 ^D	RP6-4	Whip Lash[§] P150-6 ^D	RP7-4	Intrigue[§] P160-6 ^D	RP8-4	Race Car Stripe[§] P170-6 ^D
		RP4-5	Glamorous[§] P130-7 ^D	RP5-5	No More Drama[†] P140-7 ^D	RP6-5	Flirt Alert[§] P150-7 ^D	RP7-5	Stiletto Love[§] P160-7 ^D	RP8-5	100 MPH[†] P170-7 ^D

Research and Methodology



Issy Wilson, *The Pink Manifesto*, 2019
Acrylic and spray paint on plywood, 38x60 inches

Pink

The color pink has been an important aspect for this project, when trying to define and think about gender and gender expectations. From a European/American perspective, pink is primarily associated with femininity—a calm, nurturing, cute color. But how did a color become associated with gender? Pink is so ingrained as being a female color that it would be impossible for me to use the color without this association coming up. This would not be the case for any other color. The goal I set for myself, then, was how can I make pink work? How can I almost exclusively use pink in my installation but combine it with textures and images that are most certainly not calm, nurturing, and cute?

Through my research, I discovered from multiple sources that pink has not always been a girl color, but that, “Pink was once a color associated with masculinity, considered to be a watered down red, and held the power associated with that color” (Jeongmee Yoon). This change took place after WWII and reveals the way that color was associated with gender because of social constructs and commercial incentive.

One of the most intriguing qualities of pink soon stood out to me: pink is red. No other tint (lighter version of a hue) has its own name like pink does. Pink describes a whole category of light reds that also each have their own connotations. In the image on the previous page, I took a photo of all the red to pink paint swatches at Home Depot. The names highlight the associations people have with the color and some of the contradictions. Some of my favorites being the titles of the pieces in this series. Additionally, what really struck me was distinctions between things like when does “Flirt Alert” become “100 MPH,” where is the line between pink and red and the idea of girly/sexy to masculine/aggressive? These minor shifts, this in between pink and red has been exactly what I’ve explored in my installation. It has highlighted the absurdity of so strongly gendering something as seemingly simple as color, while also making me wonder what else has been gendered? What other binaries have we set up for ourselves with objects, ideas, and actions that have nothing to do with sex?

Feminism

Feminism plays an important role in the making of this installation, but the term “feminist” has a complicated history. I have been reading many classic novels that are either feminist or with female authors, such as *The Awakening* by Kate Chopin, *The Bell Jar* by Sylvia Plath, *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë, *Frankenstein: The Modern Prometheus* by Mary Shelley and more recent novels like *Americanah* and *We Should All Be Feminists* by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie. I have been reading about and trying to understand things like the development of birth control in the early twentieth century with Margaret Sanger, the underground abortion services in the 1960s and 70s, and domestic violence laws and awareness. While this is casting a wide net, I am endlessly interested and engaged with issues primarily related to the female body. It feels incomplete to dismiss older texts and the way they precede modern ways of thinking, even if some of the movements in the 1970s fell short when it came to including lower class and non-white women. These histories are important to understand and acknowledge. This piecing together of information is apparent in the way that my works come together—I am constantly layering, overlapping, revealing, and tying together seemingly disparate parts of my pieces in the same way that I am trying to synthesize all this information.

A core message to this piece relates to gender and that people should not be prescribed to live a certain way based on the gender that they present. A quote from Adichie explains this well, “The problem with gender is that it prescribes how we should be rather than recognizing how we are. Imagine how much happier we would be, how much freer to be our true individual selves, if we didn’t have the weight of gender expectations.” I find this quote optimistic, showing the way that by stripping away gender expectation, each person can learn and develop their truer selves. While there is so much work to be done to achieve these goals, I find that this thread of positivity is very important for myself and my practice. While my work tends to have sinewy, clumpy, and uncomfortable textures and images, I also have an optimism and curiosity when it comes to these subjects of women. While it is a painful history, I find it a fascinating one that I would like to dissect. This is my intention with my work—that this is an ongoing exploration that is not necessarily good or bad but something that we need to keep thinking about and editing.



Issy Wilson, *Steel Lotus*, 2019
Steel, 5x5x12 inches



Issy Wilson, *Experiment #12*, 2020
Acrylic and oil on canvas, thread, yarn, staples, 50x50 inches

Methodology

My making methods have directly reflected the kind of reading I've been doing. I have physically been weaving together and collaging different elements in my attempt to combine and digest the plethora of information and stories on feminist movements over time. From the documentary, *Feminists: What Were They Thinking?*, Laurie Anderson states that women are, "Very skilled at understanding networks and how things work, seeing things as not a big story line with a big narrative arc, but as a fabric that is bound together. You can't do anything without it affecting something else." With this mentality in mind, the idea of creating a "fabric" of ideas and materials has been imperative for the making process. I've been covering up layers and information, while revealing and emphasizing other areas.

The idea of deconstructing and dissecting the works that I've made and then putting them back together has also been a crucial part of my making. I have been disregarding the sacredness of individual paintings and cutting them apart and sewing them back together with a new arrangement. I've been combining some paintings with cuts of wood that have been collaged or fixing together the canvas with cheesecloth. This dissection process references anatomical practices of taking apart bodies and putting them back together to understand how they work. I've been doing the same with the pieces I've made—a variety of paintings with many materials—and trying to understand how each of those work. And so, this series has become a collection of pieces and experiments that can constantly be rearranged.

Americans can't deal with death unless they own it. If they own it they will celebrate it like in the airforce museum of the Atomic Bomb where entire families of camera-toting tourists gather for the required I.d. security checks. In the grey carpeted rooms they walk the maze of portable screens and platforms and walls containing enlarged photographs of death and incineration as seen from a discreet distance. The distance is far enough so you cannot see the bodies, the shadows of people who previously occupied space, the melted watches and clocks, the burnt flesh and sores; you only see the architecture. The tours in the museum are led by an androgynous man who explains various myths of the bomb's invention with all the glad bearings of a parent who has just given birth to her first child. I couldn't deal with it, with the crowds, with the perfume, with the functions of self-restraint, so I wandered off ahead by myself to walk the maze. There were machines that clicked on set off merely by my presence and I found myself walking through a paranoid blur of mechanical men's voices crawling out of hidden speakers and image after image floating and shifting into fragments of large grainy black and white blow-ups of soldiers standing half-conscious with plide next to sinister fat cannisters looking like overturned pot bellied stoves. The voices have all the tone and texture of high school film soundtracks explaining the abstract motions of the sperm entering the side of the egg and fertilizing it, or the hunger and desire implicit in the tiny snake swallowing the egg in times the size of its own head. Through a back window that overlooks the concrete edges of the airforce runways I see a playground littered with defunct jets and spare engine parts from spacecraft from the last two decades; a playground for the kids and at the moment there is a family gathering among the hulks of bombers and WWII relics for a photo op. The air is filled with the constant shrill vibrating sounds of jets taking off into the afternoon heat. Standing in the shadows of a life model bomber a grandmotherly type gathers three kids in close to her body so as to fit them in the frame of their parents camera shutter. It's three generations of a family and everything is so clean and abstract I'm feeling dizzy. I'm watching this surrounded by two different screens showing speeded up videos of a nuclear reactor being built by men the size of ants. They build and rebuild the reactors in twenty seconds flat and I'm thinking if I owned the museum I'd hook the constant smell of rotting flesh into the air-conditioning unit and leave all the screens filled with speeded up films of rotting corpses and the family outside the window is moving to the next place for the next photo and a man suddenly steps out of the wall from behind a doorway I hadn't previously noticed and offers me his hand in greeting, asking if I would like a cup of coffee. He looks like the kind of guy who would one day end up in an alcohol detox center studying snakes and insects. I turn away without a word. I'll never shake the hand of someone I might be fighting against in war time.

This kid walks into my sleep he's maybe seventeen years old stretches out on a table says he's not feeling well. He may be naked or else he's shirt hands behind head I can see a swollen lump pushing under the skin of his arm pit. I place my palms on his stomach and chest and try to explain to him that he needs to be looked at by a doctor. In the shadows of the room in the cool blue light descending down the walls from the ceiling the kid is a very beautiful boy he looks sad and shocked and closes his eyes like he doesn't want to know or somehow he can shut it out.

Later some guy appears in the place—he has an odd look about his face tries to make it known that he knows me or someone close to me. He seems close has flat dull eyes like blue silver coins of metal behind his irises. I think it is the face of Death. I feel disturbed and want to be left alone. Try to steer him away to some other location. He reappears in the distance but far away isn't far enough. I turn and look at the kid on the table he looks about ten years old and water is pouring from his face.



David Wojnarowicz

Since I stumbled upon a retrospective on David Wojnarowicz in Madrid last summer, he has been an important artist for my creative process. He worked with a variety of materials and produced a large body of work, mainly addressing the AIDS crisis and homosexuality in the 1980s and 1990s. His work aggressively collages and pieces together text and image. For example, the piece, *Americans Can't Deal with Death*, from 1990 is an acrylic painting on Masonite with two black and white photographs sewn into the piece and then screen-printed text. In many of his works, Wojnarowicz is considering things like degrees of readability for text—how important is it that the viewer can read the writing? He is pushing boundaries on what two materials can be paired together and his incessant making reveals a passionate drive that shows his frustration and personal connection with the AIDS crisis. His making methods and use of found materials translates well into my own practice. I find myself motivated to deeply investigate gender and feminism and it manifests itself in my work in a seemingly violent manner. While we are addressing different topics, I feel as though our methodologies overlap with the extent of the layering involved in the pieces, the mixing of different materials, the inclusion of text, and jarring and cut apart imagery.

David Wojnarowicz,
Americans Can't Deal with Death, 1990

March 15, 2020

Following the cancellation of all in-person classes but before the art school was completely closed due to the Corona virus, I was able to make this painting. I sewed together pink fabrics and then stapled them to a canvas frame. I painted this organic, grid-like structure on top of this with oil paint. It all came together within one day because of these external circumstances. It created a raw and personal expression of my frustrations and anxieties concerning the global pandemic. I find that it relates to the work of Wojnarowicz in that it was created with a countdown in mind—how much longer will I be able to access this building? When will these resources be available again? Deadlines beyond those specifically created by a class or job have the ability to create fruitful, haphazard works. Similar to Wojnarowicz, I wanted to join together whatever materials I had, disregarding categories like sculpture or painting. I find this piece rounds out my time as a student well in that it refers directly to my present anxieties about the world but uses the methodology I developed throughout the year.



Issy Wilson, *March 15, 2020*, 2020,
Oil on fabric, 40x60 inches

Mona Hatoum

Mona Hatoum is a significant female sculptor, and her piece, "Recollection," played a major role in my incorporation of human hair into my artwork. Many artists have worked with hair before, but I found this installation particularly relevant because of the hair woven at a desk in the corner, the strategically placed hanging hairs, and the delicate hairballs that cover the ground. Through hair, she completely fills a room, even though it takes a moment to realize this. Hair alludes to the body without being figural, something that I've been trying to push in my own work.

Hair, especially long hair, feels very feminine to me. I am fascinated with how desirable long hair is for women, on their head, but that hair on other parts of the body is typically undesirable. Hair detached from the body also has the ability to be repulsive, and I've explored these different contexts, particularly in pieces like *Beauty Queen* (page 25). In addition, the decisiveness of the placement of the hair is crucial. In my own work, it pushes me to make specific choices of where hair shows up, where it is more covered, and what materials I would like to be emphasizing.

Mona Hatoum, *Recollection*, 1995



Mona Hatoum, *Keffieh*, 1993-99, detail





Mari Katayama, *you're Mine #001*, 2014



Mari Katayama,
bystander #002,
2016

Mari Katayama

Mari Katayama is a Japanese photographer that challenges beauty standards through her self-portrait pieces. Her legs were amputated when she was nine and she has a cleft left hand. She also sews and creates her own soft sculptures that she frequently poses within and among, as seen in *bystander #002*. The pose in *you're mine #001* refers quite directly to the classic pose seen in Manet's *Olympia* from 1865. I found myself intrigued in this pose and was curious to see how contemporary artists were challenging this kind of body positioning. On the following page are two of my attempts at challenging and reworking this reclining pose. *Experiment 6A* is using the hanging wood piece as seen in *Hot Gossip* as a sort of blanket. The mixed media painting, *Domestic Life*, is an androgynous self-portrait of me wearing a suit. I created and repeated this flower pattern in this painting and in many other works throughout the year.

Another key aspect of Katayama's work is the way that she combines her body with objects that she has created. It is this element that I was particularly interested in photographs like *Experiment 6B*. It is a close up photograph of my thigh and hip that is combined with the wood, paper, and yarn piece. My intention was to explore ways that skin and bodies can be mimicked with materials in my work. I find this experiment more successful in the way that I am departing from the explicit figure and exploring the body more conceptually.



Issy Wilson, *Experiment 6A* (above),
Experiment 6B (left), 2019

Issy Wilson, *Domestic Life*, 2019,
Oil on mixed media, 38x60 inches





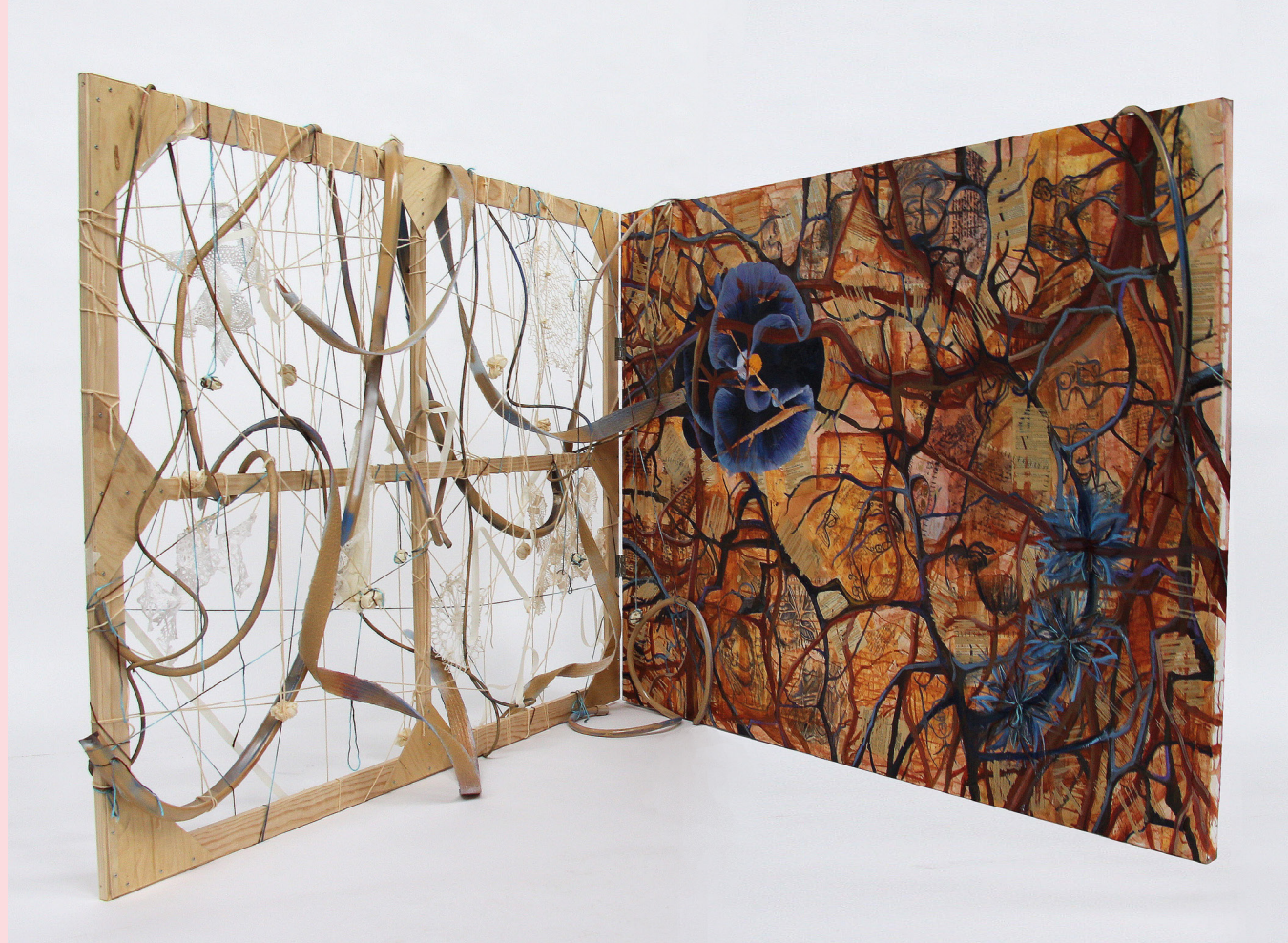
Louise Bourgeois, *Maman*, 1999

Louise Bourgeois

Louise Bourgeois has been important for my creative process because of her ability to create psychically charged spaces through a variety of media. Her *Cell* series have been influential because of the way she hinged together doors to create a space a viewer can look into but not necessarily enter. I have also been hinging together my own frames, which has provided a flexible way to combine and move around the different pieces. In addition, Bourgeois' sculptural works reference the body without it always being figural. Through combining writing, mirrors, and highly textured materials, she creates both beautiful but unsettling imagery. Along with the *Cell* series that provided

a precedent of the structure I wanted to create, her reference to spiders and women as weavers has also played an important role. A big aspect of my project has been pulling together disjointed elements through thread and yarn. I find the history of women as weavers, women as mothers, and women as spiders combines many of these elements that I am interested in in terms of objects being both inviting and unsettling, comforting and abject.

Louise Bourgeois, *Structures of Existence: The Cells*, 2016 (left)



Pansy

In conversation with Bourgeois' *Cell* series, I questioned the way that paintings are presented and viewed in *Pansy*. I hinged this painting to another frame, similar to *Under Deconstruction: High Maintenance Required*. This piece began as an exploration of my frustrations with birth control, and branched out into an encompassing research project into gender and health. I investigated the ways that women have been excluded from health and the way these inaccuracies are shown through the history of anatomical drawings. Women have historically only been included in medicine when it comes to their reproductive health, ability to have children, and sexual maturity. While this is crucial

information, it was also withheld from women until the mid-twentieth century, leaving women uneducated, confused, and not in control of their bodies. This work explores these complications by combining cellular structures and blood vessels with floral and branching imagery. These images overlay and intertwine with the collaged drawings and writings to show their interwoven history. By physically sewing into the canvas, I'm mimicking medical stitches in skin and quilting. Throughout the piece, I'm navigating a fine line between the grotesque, factual, and painful and the beautiful, biased, and feminine.



Issy Wilson, *Pansy*, 2019.
Oil on mixed media, 54x72 inches



Concluding Statement

Under Deconstruction: High Maintenance Required has been an enveloping investigation into the expectations associated with color, materials, and gender. Throughout my time in undergrad, I've developed an intensive methodology of layering and combining different materials. This physically links together the different avenues of research, both personal and academic, that I am constantly embarking on. My interest in feminism and gender studies has proved to be a catalyzing agent for my creative process. These different "recipes" that I've developed for making can be reworked and applied to a plethora of topics. I look forward to building on the research that I've started here and to continue my creative and academic endeavors.





Issy Wilson, *A Study on Juicy Details*, 2019,
Acrylic, cheesecloth, hair, paper on plywood,
38x60 inches

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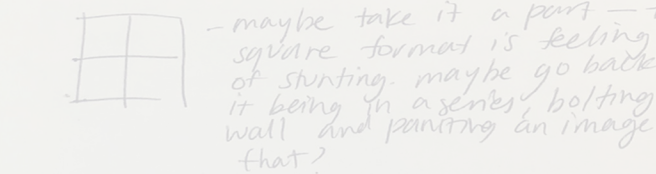
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Is pink too hard? is it the right color? I have all these reasons for it but at the end of the day will my work be taken less seriously b/c of it? does it seem too obvious?

Purple? I'm having anxiety pink

