NO MORE FUN AND GAMES

Feminist Parasite Institution
The 1980s American sitcom WHAT'S TO KNOW?...LOGAN SISLEY Claffey. Watching it today, performance by Mason Leaver-Yap and Vaari made an appearance half way through language reflective of historic prejudices 1921 recorded the following donation, using the Principal Acquisitions During the Year The Victoria and Albert Museum's 1912 and 1914. Her work, however, is to be Biennale, Gloag was included in group shows will represent Ireland at the 2017 Venice worked as an illustrator and stained glass She exhibited at the Royal Academy and also exhibitions and, more importantly, how we think – about what we do and about the values privileged, power, talent and reputation over movements. It does not herald a new age of gender equality. the end of homophobia, one exhibition alone simply think that we've 'done feminism' and the complex agendas fills and fissures and the social collective communication through performance and large scale theatre that hinged on spectacle but resisted the socialist realist oversimplification of the body that would emerge later under Stalinism. It was nuances and communicated gesture as temporal and exact. Through a week spent in Callarts 2 practiced these etudes with the students, and one particular etude primed my body for a half-decade later's magical archery. The bow is an etude which through a complex Muybridge-like sequence created a muscle memory of the exacting act of shooting the bow. This gesture was embodied, I discovered my secret skill. I had never tried archery before but for some reason it had always appealed to me; an Amazonian feat of war and elegant cunning. I had no expectation to excel at this having a dodgy right eye and poor hand eye co-ordination but to my astonishment bullseye on my first three loads of the arrow. Asphart, I assumed beginners luck but then reloaded and again another three hit centre. How could I have had this inside me the whole time? It was as though I picked up the bow and immediately it was a phantom extension of my arm. The group was equality dismayed and shocked by the performance not to mention a bit miffed our team went from bottom of the league to joint winners over one last round of games.

It was afterwards I realised the probable cause for this virtuosity was in fact an etude I had made in 2011, The Struggle Against Ourselves. In the summer of 2011 I went to Los Angeles to make a film which saw a group of Callarts theatre students re-enact a workshop by avant-garde theatre maker Vsevolod Meyerhold from the 1920’s. The bio-mechanical studies were devised by Meyerhold after the Russian Revolution and aimed to simulate the body as a powerful site of social collective communication through performance and large scale theatre that hinged on spectacle but resisted the socialist realist oversimplification of the body that would emerge later under Stalinism. It was nuanced and communicated gesture as temporal and exact.

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On a recent adventure with my best friend Eleanor it was revealed I had a secret skill, a skill that came at first as quite a surprise. It was Eleanor's 50th birthday so on her was a much anticipated event that involved a gang of women costumed as cowgirls, post - Apocalyptic-feminist survivalists and a nun. We began with a trip for supplies to a discount German food store much to the bemusement of commuter belt Saturday shoppers. Loaded down with birthday picnic booty we headed to a day of clay pigeon shooting and outdoor activities. Through intermittent rain showers we ran between an assault course of willy-throwing, clay pigeon shooting and tug-of-war and laughed together. Many had in fact become friends through the Parasite Institution; it became like our work day out. There we were the Feminist Parasite Institution's office workers on the shooting range. It was the last task on the agenda that I discovered my secret skill. I had never tried archery before but for some reason it had always appealed to me; an Amazonian feat of war and elegant cunning. I had no expectation to excel at this having a dodgy right eye and poor hand eye co-ordination but to my astonishment bullseye on my first three loads of the arrow. Asphart, I assumed beginners luck but then reloaded and again another three hit centre. How could I have had this inside me the whole time? It was as though I picked up the bow and immediately it was a phantom extension of my arm. The group was equality dismayed and shocked by the performance not to mention a bit miffed our team went from bottom of the league to joint winners over one last round of games.

The item makes to the institution and prompts a reflection on what we might learn from the exhibition process. This is one of the challenges the exhibition does not herald a new age of gender equality. the end of homophobia, one exhibition alone does not herald a new age of gender equality. It is one part of a broader cultural movement.

Collections reflect an elaborate dynamic between objects and agents, and exhibition-making is frequently a process of negotiation between artists, curators and other players. The host institution can challenge the artist in turn - the artist: in the case of Jessie Jones, the Feminist Parasite Institution can also productively provoke its host. This requires a level of institutional responsiveness. Working with artists constantly teaches us to be adaptable, both in how we resource and manage exhibitions and, more importantly, how we think - about what we do and about the values embodied in the work of the museum. This reflects the institution's role as a site of social collective communication through performance and large scale theatre that hinged on spectacle but resisted the socialist realist oversimplification of the body that would emerge later under Stalinism. It was nuanced and communicated gesture as temporal and exact.
The curtain moves on a journey through galleries 17 to 14. It is a part of my personal journey moving from the old to the new. Moving the image object through the galleries has provided me meditative movement through public space and time. This rapt experience of pure embodied pleasure. Arms reaching, torso twisting stretching in diagonal lines across the body, weaving with fluidity through the gallery space. Pausing… to take a moment… before moving again.

To be fully present in your body, with who you are, at any moment is a deep pleasure which we are not all lucky to experience so often. Observing how it feels to stretch my arms, grasp my hands, the weight of the curtain, the momentum of my body, my muscles working during the slow careful backward steps before the dance begins again. In this space it is enough to be in my body and to move, nothing else is needed. With that comes freedom and grounding. The Feminist Parasite Institution has allowed me space to think and feel and be.

This agency has been given in generosity not only to me but to the other performers. Throughout No More Fun & Games I have felt the desire to speak with and gain knowledge of the other performers. As the closure of the exhibition is imminent I have thought more and more of the many pairs of our hands that have taken a hand in this work, the fingers that fill those white gloves almost every day of the week. The shared experience that we have had though we have not always been present in the same room together; yet I always feel the presence of the other performers at the Feminist Parasite Institution.

We have spent time communicating over email, via post-it notes, and drawings. Leaving chocolate gifts, improvised sculptures and positioning of the gloves to welcome the next performer in the morning. We have been reaching out to each other throughout the duration of the Institution in its current form. This reaching out, I hope, will continue on beyond the Hugh Lane to stretch into future work and collaboration. Perhaps we will don the same gloves again or join our hands in another way to make new moments of expression.

NIAMH MOLONEY
ON FEMALE FRIENDSHIP AND SOLIDARITY...GERALD BUSBY

As a typist in an advertising agency and the proud occupant of a tiny $50-dollar-a-month apartment at the corner of Spring and Mulberry in Little Italy, I felt like I belonged in New York. In 1964 and I had voted for John F. Kennedy. It was exhilarating. I learned early in my travels to arrive at my destination before dark, check into my hotel, and locate the best vegetarian in town. In Salt Lake City I always stayed at the Hotel Utah, right across the street from the leading department store Z.C.M.I. (Zions Cooperative Mercantile Institution). They sold good crystal decanters of glasses for low prices. You needed your own glasses back then and your own wine too. It wasn’t easy to come by. The Mormon way of reminding you that it was sinful to drink was to locate your stores, all government controlled, in out-of-the-way and hard-to-find places. They also moved them every few months and made you fill out a lengthy form before selling you any alcohol. The only gay bar in Salt Lake was right down town and called the Radio City Bar. My first visit there I ran into the composer Ned Rorem who was a guest lecturer at the University of Utah.

My cousin Ruth Jones was teaching creative writing and research at the university, and this was my first time to meet her. She was famous in our family for being smart and playing the trumpet "better than any man." That meant she was a lesbian. When she opened the front door of her house and invited me in, I knew we’d be close. She wasn’t pretty; she was lanky and had a tight weathered face like her mother Zada, one of my mother’s nine sisters. But Ruth was charming and funny and obviously just the right girl to be with. Arnold was a guy who had gone to Yale. He practically fell into each other’s arms talking endlessly about everything including Kierkegaard, who, she had set out to prove in her Ph.D. thesis, was a major influence on the English poet and critic Matthew Arnold (1822-1888). I wasn’t really sure who Arnold was, but it didn’t matter. Ruth and I laughed and drank wine and talked and talked until her partner Marian Sheets told us to stop. Marian was the director of the Arabic Collection at the University of Utah, and she needed some sleep.

I was euphoric when I left Ruth’s house that night. Meeting her was the loveliest gift. She was my exact love opposite and we talked and talked about each other. I was surprised when I began to cry on my pillow. I told her that night about the main compliant was his Catholicism. Their religious bigotry underscored the miracle he was excited political awareness that was new to me. I defended him to my parents in Texas whose main complaint was his Catholicism. I was surprised when I began to cry on my pillow. I told her that night about the main compliant was his Catholicism. Their religious bigotry underscored the miracle he was excited political awareness that was new to me. I defended him to my parents in Texas whose main complaint was his Catholicism. Their religious bigotry underscored the miracle he was excited political awareness that was new to me. I defended him to my parents in Texas whose main complaint was his Catholicism. They moved them every few months and made you fill out a lengthy form before selling you any alcohol. The only gay bar in Salt Lake was right down town and called the Radio City Bar. My first visit there I ran into the composer Ned Rorem who was a guest lecturer at the University of Utah. As a typist in an advertising agency and the proud occupant of a tiny $50-dollar-a-month apartment at the corner of Spring and Mulberry in Little Italy, I felt like I belonged in New York. In 1964 and I had voted for John F. Kennedy. It was exhilarating. I learned early in my travels to arrive at my destination before dark, check into my hotel, and locate the best vegetarian in town. In Salt Lake City I always stayed at the Hotel Utah, right across the street from the leading department store Z.C.M.I. (Zions Cooperative Mercantile Institution). They sold good crystal decanters of glasses for low prices. You needed your own glasses back then and your own wine too. It wasn’t easy to come by. The Mormon way of reminding you that it was sinful to drink was to locate your stores, all government controlled, in out-of-the-way and hard-to-find places. They also moved them every few months and made you fill out a lengthy form before selling you any alcohol. The only gay bar in Salt Lake was right down town and called the Radio City Bar. My first visit there I ran into the composer Ned Rorem who was a guest lecturer at the University of Utah.

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Scene Two: The Difference Between Men and Women

(Performance excerpt)

LY exits to get helium balloons.

Returns with helium balloons

V starts to read.

LY attaches helium balloon to V’s arm, hair, finger.

LY and V move to talkshow area, stage front

LY pisses about with the wired mics while V starts to read

V: [Reading slowly] The Gender of Sound Essay...

LY INTERRUPTS: Waiting...

V: [At mic, Inhales a helium balloon]

LY INTERRUPTS: Waiting...

V: [Inhales a helium balloon] Men often...

LY INTERRUPTS: Waiting...

V: [Inhales a helium balloon] Men...

Laugh a Defiance is a project by Vaari Claffey and Mason Leaver-Yap which emerged from the program of NO MORE FUN AND GAMES, Feminist Parasite Institution by Jesse Jones.

It is a performative and amorphous collaborative project that seeks to explore the power of laughter as a political action. Laughter is both euphoric and absurd and has the possibility to mobilize embodied subjective experience, to activate agency through collective howls, to disrupt the everyday with the ecstatic.

Laugh a Defiance Episode 2 will be staged in Temple Bar Gallery and Studios on the 2nd of September 2016, Starring:

Mason Leaver-Yap and Vaari Claffey on vocals
Miriam O’Connor and Jesse Jones on scenography
Sarah Grimes on Drums

The feminist concepts explored by Jesse and the Feminist Parasite Institution have provided the inspiration for the design of Femmina, a new feminist typeface. Concepts such as social renewal, interruption, institutional oppression, female vocalization, plurality and female cooperation were deconstructed into graphic forms and used to inform the design of selected groups of letters.

Femmina has been deliberately designed as miniscule typeface; the absence of majuscules is a metaphor for the elimination of patriarchy, a society of equal voices. Alternating angular geometries confer a sense of movement and social change, while gestures of resistance are incorporated through the use of sharp-edged terminals. Letterforms are elongated, reminiscent of the mighty arm that has been infiltrating the Hugh Lane Gallery since February.

The design of Femmina made me embark on a personal journey. I strived to listen and truly understand the voice of other women; I found my own voice and a way to positively contribute to their message with my “words”.

Alessandra Ravida
“the master’s tools will never dismantle the master’s house”

audre lorde
The No More Fun and Games reception desk is unusually high and furnished with institutional objects ranging from flowers and information sheets to the ubiquitous bell.

Hidden on the other side, however, is a small enclave scattered with feminist books and catalogues, all hand-selected by members of the Feminist Parasite Institution and enabling a shared web of knowledge amongst its members. The first book I reached for was Griselda Pollock’s *Encounters in the Virtual Feminist Museum* and I delighted in its irony – at last, a feminist analysis of the museum was possible irrespective of the power relations that govern it.

My own involvement with No More Fun and Games coincided with research I undertook on the eighteenth-century painter, Elisabeth Vigée Le Brun. I read esteemed critics reduce Le Brun’s painting to words like ‘shallow’, while others played up her ‘rivalry’ with female contemporaries. Disappointingly, a handful of feminist critics were equally dismissive, describing her work as ‘clichéd’ and referring to her self-portraits as ‘male fantasies’.

But reading this criticism – in the context of No More Fun and Games – did more than cement my scepticism of the History of Art replete with its rivalry narratives and disdain towards lionised women. Instead, it provided me with a new vantage point on feminism.

The Feminist Parasite Institution succeeded in creating a fresh dialogue amongst artists, who co-exist within an expanded canon rather than operating in isolation. But for me, the curatorial collective also underscored the importance of friendship – that voluntary thing without which feminism is unsustainable.

Throughout the exhibition, notes have frequently been left behind the desk congratulating individuals on a new exhibition; wishing someone a nice day, or even just post-its stuck to catalogues with thought bubbles capturing the silly, imagined reflections of a sixteenth-century Venus. The universal friendliness amongst all involved has taken me aback, reminding me that kindness and cooperation are two of the greatest feminist gestures and essential in challenging immutable stereotypes, both in Art History and the wider world.

In the gesture of friendship, the Feminist Parasite Institution readily shared their books and expertise with me. And in return, I have shared my knowledge with the public and hopefully, in some small way, contributed to a richer narrative within the History of Art. This exhibition took feminism offline, outside the university walls and significantly, presented kindness, sharing – and friendship – as indubitably feminist.
'FEMINISM, A CLASS QUESTION' REFLECTION FOR THE ZINE...EMMA BALFE

The Feminist Parasite Institution operates as an institution of resistance. As women in Ireland, we occupy the margins. As the Feminist Parasite Institution, we create a new centre. The institution comments on ownership and visibility, and critiques the State in its formation of a society that fails us. What is pertinent is that we must extend the ideology of the Parasite Institution outside of the gallery. We must recognise that our anger is not exclusive to the arts. Feminists have historically spoken of disadvantage from a space of relative privilege. While women of every class need Feminism, not every class can afford to act within its grasp. Feminism is a Working Class issue. Ownership is a Working Class issue. Abortion is a Working Class issue. The discourse that the Feminist Parasite Institution has promoted needs to be shared with those who do not see the gallery as a comfortable place. As Feminists, we must acknowledge the class disparity that excludes so many from engaging in educational discourse. The Feminist Parasite Institution must now extend beyond the Hugh Lane and continue our critique of State oppression. We must be relentless and demand recognition for all women.

ON THE SUBJECT OF THE RED SHOES... RACHEL FALLON

On the subject of red shoes and other associated thoughts at the Feminist Parasite Institute.

A red shoe peeps out from beneath the demure full-length skirt. Step, step, swish, swish, red shoes clicketty clack through the space. The moving curtain on the rail sounding the ebb and flow of the sea dragging on pebbles; drawn onwards towards the silvery room, as the tide to the moon.

I am six when my mother allows me to try on the red shoes. In the gloominess of Mrs. Fern's shop, with the rows and rows of shelves, the patent red gleams. I feel their power as I strut. They are taken off and packed away, back into their box. We leave with the sensible black ones.

When I think of red shoes I think of blood and lust and punishment and the story of the Red Shoes where the girl is castigated for her vanity and lack of piety, for her wish to dance and express herself. I think of the pure joy of dancing and the blood of loss and creation, of sweat and tears and newborn work and children. Blood runs through us all deep in our veins. We never know its redness until we bleed. How many other things, stories, histories are lives that are hidden from us? How often must we go to the basement to retrieve the forgotten?

Rachel Fallon, 'Drawing She Speaks from between her legs', pencil drawing mapping the movement of the curtain in NO MORE FUN AND GAMES